Let's Try Again

by DayDreamer315

Summary

After the war Harry Potter's world falls apart. Then he is offered a chance to try and make a better future for himself and his friends. Of course things are never simple.

Notes

This is my first fan fiction so please keep that in mind.
This was just an idea that came into my head and I decided to give it a try. I have no idea where it is going, or if it is even going anywhere at all.

Let me know what you think.

This is a combination of different ideas with my own spin on it.
I own nothing.
Chapter 1: From the Future to the Past

On the deepest level of the Ministry of Magic, in the least known section of the Department of Mysteries, a dark haired man sat at a well used desk reading what looked like an ancient scroll by candle light in silence when an alarm started to go off. Unspeakable Emerald, an inside joke from his recruiter, calmly got up and tucked the scroll into his trunk before shrinking the trunk and tucking it in his pocket.

Hadrian Jameson Charlus Prince-Potter, more commonly known as Harry James Potter, made his way into the DOM’s ritual room at a calm pace.

Normally, when alarms start sounding, most people would panic and start to rush but that wasn’t him, not anymore at least. Many years ago, when he had been a teenager, maybe, but not any more. They had made sure of that.

At the age of 17, when most other children were having fits of teenage rebellion, Harry had been leading a rebellion. He had willingly walked to his death, only to find out it wasn’t worth it less than a year later.

Less than a week after the final battle Dumbledore had come forward. He explained that he had faked his death so that he could do more research unwatched. Everyone accepted that it had been ‘for the grater good’. If Albus Dumbledore said it, it had to be true.

Harry had been feeling off that entire week but it wasn’t until the funerals started that he realized something was wrong. He stood next to the Weasley family at Freds’ funeral but he didn’t cry. In fact he attended dozens of funerals and never once cried. It was at the funeral of Remus Lupin that he figured out why. It was because he felt nothing.

Thinking back, he realized that ever since the battle he had not felt a single emotion. But that wasn’t right… He had willingly walked to his death before facing the most feared dark lord in single combat, and during it all, he had felt nothing.

When he told his best and most trusted friends he was told that it was just shock, he would get over it in time. He just needed to let himself relax. But time went by, and still… He felt nothing.

It had been almost a full year later that he learned why.

Harry had been sitting in Chief Ragnock’s, Director of Gringotts, office. He was there to finalize the repayment for breaking in and releasing the dragon.

Seeing something in Harry’s eyes, Ragnock called in another goblin. The then preformed an inheritance test. What they discovered caused Harry’s world to flip.

Harry was not the son of Lily and James Potter, but instead, he was the son of Severus Snape Prince and James Potter. He was the Lord of 8 houses. And that wasn’t the worst of it.

There was evidence that he had been under loyalty, submission, and compulsion potions since he
had been a young child. Blocks had been placed on his magic, the first was placed on November 1, 1991, the second block was placed when he was 2, and others were placed when he was 5, 11, 13, and 16. He was also under glamours. All of which bore the magical signature of Albus Dumbledore. There was also a block on his soul mate bond and he had been dosed with over 200 different love potions, a vast majority of which were aimed at Ginny Weasley.

Ragnock explained that that was why he was no longer able to feel anything. His body had been fighting against the soul mate block since it had been placed when he was only 4 months old, with the addition of the potions it had caused his emotions to burn out. The goblin healer that had been brought in to remove all the potion residue, spells, glamours, and bindings that were on him theorized that all of his emotions since the age of 16 had been potion or spell induced.

Sitting in the healing wing of Gringotts Harry, now Hadrian, swore that he would get revenge.

A light knock on the door had drawn everyones attention. As they watched an elderly female goblin with pale eyes walked in holding hands with none other than Luna Lovegood. Luna went and sat next to Hadrian and gave him a hug before explaining.

Luna told them that she had seer blood and knew that everything was about to change. She couldn’t see the specifics but she did have information, the goblin seer that she came in with said that they both would help. They explained that they had seen a way to fix everything but it would come at great cost and great risk, and there was no guarantee that it would work.

They said that terrible things were about to happen, and there was nothing any of them could do to stop it. When the time was right the brightest of the lion would come and show Hadrian how to find the light in the darkness. In time they would find a way to cause the sands to reverse and give them a second chance. A chance to break the chains.

Hadrian agreed to wear glamours so that Dumbledore, and those that worked for him wouldn’t know that he had discovered their treachery. He actually found it really easy to play the role of double agent. Hadrian realized that he was doing the same thing that his father, Severus, had been forced to do.

Over the next few months what remained of Hadrian’s world fell apart. Dumbledore past laws that were drafted by none other than Hermione that forced all house elves to be freed, outlawed all ‘dark’ creatures, and made it illegal to have a dark core.

The first thing Hadrian had done when he heard about those laws was to go to Andromeda’s and try and convince her to take Teddy and run. That was where he learned of more deception. Like him, Remus had been dosed with love potions. Tonks had only pretended to marry him to make sure that he didn’t try and take Harry away like he and Sirius had been planning. Teddy wasn’t really his son, but the son of Tonks and Moody of all people.

He had left quickly before she could call anyone and gone to the next place he could think of, Shell Cottage. Only to find it in flames. Running inside he had found Arthur Weasley. He had been hit with multiple cutting hexs amongst other things, there was nothing Hadrian could do but watch him die. Arthur told him that the Ministry had taken Bill, Fleur, and Victoire. Hadrian had removed Arthurs body from the house and laid him to rest next to Dobby.

It took days of searching for information at the Ministry to find out where they had been taken. Ultimately he had made arrangements with George and Charlie to see if they could get them out of the country. Unfortunately they were not a successful as they had hoped.

Hadrian had managed to slip into the prison camp but it was already too late for Bill and Fleur.
Going past the cells he saw a few people he recognized and started opening the doors. They opened as many doors as they could in order to cause a distraction and at least give a few people a chance. A few of the students that he had gone to school with, including Draco Malfoy, chose to follow him as he headed to where the children were being held.

In one small building in the middle of the compound was where 11 children between the age of 3 to only a few months were being held. The conditions were terrible, and it was clear that no one had been looking after them.

Hadrian and the others gathered the children up before they used the portkey he had brought with them to get away. They had been lucky, it seemed that all of the so called lights morals were only for show, as the entire place had been destroyed with fiendfyre. That was the last time he would see many of them, though he did manage to set up back channel communication with George, Charlie, Draco, and Blaise Zabini later.

For the most part, most of what had happened that night had been covered up but Hadrian had managed to use his fame to start an inquest. He pointed out that many old pureblood families had been attacked and that they didn’t want to risk another ‘dark lord’ issue.

Less than six months into the inquest Hadrian had collapsed. He had woken up in St.Mongo’s a few hours later and been told that he had been slipped a very rare poison and that there was no cure, all they could do was keep him comfortable. His so called friends and pretend family showed up and cried for the cameras but they never really spent any time with him which he was grateful for.

One night Hadrian had woken up, feeling like he was being watched. Sitting beside his bed had been a person in Unspeakable robes. When the hood had lowered Hadrian had almost actually felt something. For a moment he could have sworn that he was looking at Sirius Black, but then he noticed the small differences between this man and his beloved godfather.

Sitting next to him was none other than Regulus Black. That was when the first part of what Luna had said made sense. The star Regulus was the brightest star in the Leo constellation.

Regulus told Hadrian about how after he had sent Kreacher home with the locket he had been attacked by the Inferi in the water. A combination of the madness from the potion, the fear of death, and accidental magic, had allowed him to apparate through the anti-apparition wards around the cave. Except that the effort involved almost killed him. He had actually been discovered comatose in a muggle hospital 8 years later by an Unspeakable that had than recruited him. He was now only known as Unspeakable Onyx, another inside Unspeakable joke.

He told Hadrian that the Unspeakable department could offer him a cure for the poison if he was willing to work for them.

That night Harry Potter had died and Unspeakable Emerald was born. The Unspeakables had been tracking the actions of Dumbledore since Voldemort had started his rise. The had seen a pattern in the fact that a second dark lord was connected to Dumbledore.

Shortly after Harry’s ‘death’ a woman came forward with an incredible story. She claimed that her husband had been the illegitimate brother of James Potter. This meant that her 4 year old son was the heir to the Potter fortune.

The goblins had administered the inheritance test and proved that the boy, Brian, was indeed a Potter. They were forbidden by treaty to tell the public anymore than that the boy was a Potter. Ragnock secretly told Hadrian the truth. The boy was the son of James Potter and Lily Evans.
After a few months of investigating Hadrian learned the truth. Voldemort had not actually killed anyone that night in Godric’s Hollow, but instead he had killed golems. Lily Evans had, with the help of Dumbledore, placed James Potter in a magical coma and kidnapped him days before the attack. James had been kept prisoner. They had wanted Lilly to give birth to another Potter heir so that when Harry died, as they had already planned, Lily would be able to come forward under a fake identity and claim the Potter estates.

Hadrian had eventually found the cottage that had been James’s prison in the woods just outside of Godric’s Hollow. They hadn’t even had the decency to bury the body. The corpse of James Potter still rested on a cot in a locked room in the basement. An autopsy performed in the Department of Mysteries showed that James had been kept unconscious the entire time. They had given him potions to assist Lily in getting pregnant. It had taken them as long as it had because James was a natural carrier. This meant that he was able to magically become pregnant and carry a child, but it was incredibly difficult for him to impregnate someone.

Over the years the unspeakables had discovered that Dumbledore had been working closely with Grindelwald. One of the unspeakables had even managed to get into Nurmengard to question him.

Grindelwald had explained that they had planned to play both sides of the chess board. He would be black, and Dumbledore would be white. They would use each other to get rid of anyone they didn’t deem worthy, and in the end they would ‘compromise’ and ‘reconcile’ to make their world a better place.

Ultimately Dumbledore had betrayed him when Grindelwald was getting to powerful. Dumbledore had invited him to a strategy meeting and attacked without warning, taking the elder wand in the process, before locking him up in the prison they had built together. Dumbledore had then made himself out to be the hero rather than the villain he was.

Within a few hours of Hadrian’s final defeat of Voldemort the unspeakables had gone into his manor. They had found all sorts of things. The most interesting of which was the book on how to create horcruxs. The book still held residue from compulsions cast 50 years before, meaning that the compulsions had been incredibly strong. Every time Voldemort had touched the book he would have felt compelled to make another horcrux. Horcruxs didn’t just divide ones soul, they divided the mind, this was why Voldemort had lost his mind.

Over the next few years after ‘Harry Potter’ had died things went from bad to worse.

The freeing of the house elves caused them to become almost extinct in wizarding Britain. House elves need the connection to a wizard to supply and regulate their magic. Without that connection the house elves magic goes wild and ultimately kills them. The only reason they were not completely extinct was because some people, that actually understood the symbiotic relationship between wizards and elves, had hidden them away and kept them bound to themselves, this included all the unspeakables.

The next to go was the magical creatures. Magical creatures do not differentiate between light and dark. they also, generally, do not have the same hatred issues as humans. Werewolves and vampires may not have the best relationships but given the choice between helping one another or siding with the wizards that had persecuted both of the they will never choose the wizards. Once the magical creatures saw there magical brethren being rounded up and exterminated they turned on the wizards.

Once all different types of magical creature started to turn on the wizards the ministry, under the
continued influence of Dumbledore and his followers, decided to make all magical creatures a target.

The rest of the magical world could only watch in horror and confusion as the British Ministry of Magic legalized the hunting of everything from Basilisks, unicorns, and even phoenixes. As phoenixes can’t truly be killed Fawkes was trapped in a binding cage that had somehow been spelled to bind him. He wasn’t there long as as soon as Hadrian and the other unspeakables learned of his fate, and the fate of another phoenix in Britain, they had broken into Hogwarts where they were being held and rescued them.

Fawkes, for his part, was found to be under an old magic binding curse forcing him to do what Dumbledore wanted. He was kept in the cage until they were able to find a ritual that could free him. After being freed Fawkes chose to stay mostly in the DOM and help the unspeakables.

The average witch and wizard, by this point, had started to pull away from Dumbledores ‘Greater Good’. There discomfort turned to fury when the ministry cost them their gold. All of a sudden the public cared, but by then it was to late to save them as they had not bothered to help anyone else and therefore had no allies.

The event that caused outrage was when the ministry attacked Gringotts with dementors. The ministry had used their control over the dementors to force them into the bank before sealing the doors. They expected that the dementors would wipe out the goblins. But they were wrong.

It was true that a great number of goblins died in the initial attack, but goblins know the secret of dementors, their origin. Many people knew that obscurials were amongst the most dangerous things in existence, but they also though that they were rare. That was not the truth. It was just rare for them to fully form.

As a child, Hadrian thought he was the only student at Hogwarts that was being abused, he was wrong. The abuse of magical children by there muggle relatives was actually more common than they had known. Most cases were only minor but more severe cases did exist. It was even more common in the past.

Everyone knew that severely abused children could become obscurials. But they never considered what happened if they died before they manifested. Most children that are abused severely enough to start the process of becoming an obscurial don’t survive. When a child like that dies the obscurial magic attached to their soul doesn’t allow them to move on.

Instead they become dementors. They feed off others happiness in attempt to provide comfort to the child that they used to be, while at the same time trying to let those around them understand how they feel. Although it is relatively rare in modern times it does happen,

Knowing this, the goblins used an ancient ritual to release the souls of the children. It was a very complex ritual that used many different forms of magic. The only way to release the souls of the children was to strip away the dementor exterior and acknowledge the child beneath. Then allow the child to explain their pain, followed by providing the spirit with the comfort and love that they had never received. It was very difficult to do because not many had the physical and emotional strength required.

The goblins had managed to release all the children over a 12 day period. Dumbledore and the ministry had believed that it would take about a week for the dementors to wipe out the goblin nation, but had kept the building sealed for 2 weeks just to be on the safe side. They expected that when they opened the doors they would find their hoard of dementors surrounded by the soulless husks of the entire goblin nation. Once the goblins were dead they would simply take control of the
bank and confiscate the gold.

That was not what happened. Two weeks after sealing the doors they cracked them open and sent their patronuses in. When they stepped in they found an almost completely empty bank lobby, the chandelier and even the teller desks had been removed. The only thing in the room was a single table sitting in the middle of the room. On that table was the most recent peace treaty with the goblin nation, it was torn in half. They all knew what it meant. It was war.

Months went by and the ministry started to relax as there were no attacks by the goblins. There new problem was the people. They had been so supremely confident in their ability to take control of the bank they never considered what would happen if they failed. The tunnels that lead into the heart of the nation, as well as down to the vaults, had been sealed shut with goblin magic. This meant that no one had any access to their gold.

Almost over night the economy collapsed. The ministry tried to keep control but they were struggling. The people were angry and small rebellions started. The ministry’s response was brutal but it never stopped some people.

Like the goblins, many magical creatures decided to bunk down and let the stupid little wizards destroy themselves. The only people that they had any real contact with was the unspeakables, and Hadrian in particular. Learning from the different species allowed them to form a plan. Using time crystals from the goblin caves, they were ground to dust to make time turners, as well as rituals from the centaurs, mermaids, silkses, elves, goblins, as well as many others, they found a way to reverse time itself to give them a second chance.

The next year and a half was spent getting everything ready. It was decided that Hadrian would be the one to go back. This was due in part to the fact that he had used all three of the Deathly Hollows and if there was any truth in that story than he could be the master of death. It was hoped that this would help him, though no one was sure.

All the information they could gather was stored in dimensional trunks that were shrunk and place inside another one, and the outer trunk was covered in shards of time crystals. They gathered thousands of memories. There was no way if knowing if Hadrian would remember this timeline but they hoped the information in the trunks would help.

He even managed to get memory balls, something similar to a pensive that projected a holographic image of a person, from many people, including Charlie, George, and Draco. Hadrian had used Fawkes to visit them when he brought Brian to George. They had been capturing and interrogating a lot of Dumbledores people in their attempt to get as much information as possible, that included Lily Evans.

That was when Hadrian had learned that Lily somehow managed to be an even worse parent than her sister Petunia. Although Hadrian had come to hate Lily as much as he did Dumbledore, he sympathized with his younger half brother. It wasn’t his fault that Lily was his mother.

Hadrian had used Kreature to get past the wards and into Potter Manor, where Dumbledore had established his base of operations. He had Potter blood in his veins so he couldn’t be warded out. When he found the now 7 year old little boy in a small room in the basement he knew that he had done the right thing.

Gently Hadrian explained who he was and then asked Brian if he wanted to leave. The scared, under weight, and bruised, little boy didn’t even hesitate before throwing himself into Hadrian's arms begging to never have to come back. Hadrian saw so much of the boy he once was in this little boy, Brian seemed to be the opposite of how Hadrian had when he had been under
Dumbledores glamours. The glamours had made him look exactly like James with Lily’s eyes but Brian was the opposite. His hair and face looked like Lily’s but he had their fathers hazel eyes. It was clear that the boy wasn’t being looked after properly and was being abused.

As a final screw you before leaving Hadrian sent all the files and paperwork that had been in the manor to the DOM before blood sealing the property. Hadrian then took Brian to Prague where Charlie, George, and Victoire, were currently living. Hadrian’s friendship with George had been strained since the war, though he had no idea why, but they had learned to deal with each other again after Hadrian had explained about his inability to feel. Though their relationship was complicated, when Hadrian had told him that he believed Brian was being abused George had instantly offered to adopt the boy. While he had been dropping off Brian, now renamed Gabriel, George and Charlie had given him their message orbs.

The plan was to send Hadrian back to just after the fateful trip to the zoo, but before he received his Hogwarts letters. This time was chosen because after the zoo incident Hadrian had received one of the worse beatings he had had to endure before he started school. There was no doubt in Hadrian's mind that he had been close to death, they hoped that this fact would allow him to merge with and overtake his past self.

There were many people that had been willing to help him. It was an odd mix and match of people from all of the houses. All wanted a chance for a better life.

That was what led up to today. The alarm meant that they had been found out. Fey Dunbar, who had been in Gryffindor in the same year as Hadrian, though they never really interacted, had been alerting him. She worked as a secretary in the Ministers office.

Kingsley had been ‘retired’ a few years ago and Hermione had gotten her dream of becoming the youngest Minister of Magic, she was as terrible at it as Hadrian had expected.

She also hated the unspeakables and the DOM. This was because, although the unspeakables worked in the ministry they did not answer to the minister. It was in the Unspeakables contracts that their only loyalty was to lady magic herself.

Hermione and Dumbledore thought that they would have access to all the information in the DOM once she was minister, they were wrong, though it didn’t stop them from trying to force their way in. They had even tried sending a few spies, but they had quickly been found out and sent packing.

The unspeakables had been taking more and more risks lately. They knew that they were close to being found out so they had had to through caution to the wind.

The alarm meant that Dumbledore knew knew that Unspeakable Emerald was Hadrian, and that they were now on their way to the DOM to get rid of him.

As Hadrian got everything in place for the ritual Unspeakables Opal and Amber entered the room. Lowering there hoods Hadrian looked at the faces of his most loyal friends, Luna and Neville. Taking their positions they started the ritual.

While they were doing the ritual something started pounding on the door. Standing in the centre of the ritual runes Hadrian’s world started to spin as they finished the ritual. As his vision began to tunnel Hadrian could only watch as the door burst open and in walked the people he hated most. Dumbledore, Hermione, Ron, Molly, and Lily all came into the room throwing curses. Hadrian watched as both Luna and Neville fell. Then Dumbledore himself threw the Killing curse at
Hadrian just as the world went black.

**Pocket Universe - No Time**

Sitting in a far off dimension Fate, Destiny, Death, and Time were in deep discussion. They were trying to figure out what to do.

Should they let Hadrian go back. Or should they stop him.

Fate wanted to allow Hadrian his second chance as she felt that she had been cheated by her sister Destiny. Fate had had such great plans for Hadrian until Destiny had messed everything up one day when she had been in a bad mood.

Destiny wasn’t sure. She did think that it would be entertaining to watch Hadrian grow up again, that boy certainly knew how to get himself in interesting situations.

Death, like Destiny, was conflicted. He wanted to let his master have this chance as it would make it so that he didn’t have to collect all the souls he had had too. So many had died before their time because Dumbledore didn’t know his place. At the same time he hated the idea of having a master. Hadrian had been the only person to ever gather all the Hallows in one place, and even though he was going back in time he would still be his master. Having a master was bad enough, but having a master that was a child was even worse.

Time was completely against it. He hated when mortals messed with him. And Hadrian had done so already with that whole time turner mess. It wasn’t his fault that Fate and Destiny had never learned to be careful with their toys.

After centuries in their little pocket universe the immortal beings agreed that they would give Hadrian a second chance. But they didn’t want him knowing everything, as Destiny said, that would take all the fun out of it, so they made sure that his memories would be vague.

They sent Hadrian’s unconscious soul back through time and left to go about their business. None of the other saw Destiny slip back into the room with a devious smirk on her face. She just couldn’t resist messing with one of her sisters favourites and her brothers new master. With a quick gesture she added her own twist on the ritual Hadrian had preformed and giggled as she snuck back out of the room.

Fate was gonna be so mad at her, but it was so much fun.
Arrival

4 Private Drive - March 3, 1996

Young Harry James Potter knew nothing but pain. His uncle had gotten drunk and beat him for hours yesterday because something strange had happened. Harry knew that more than one strange thing had happened last night. Though he couldn’t exactly remember what.

He vaguely remembered a man with long white hair promising his aunt that something would stop the outbursts. He didn’t know what that meant, only that he felt tireder and weaker than he had since he was a toddler. It was like some sort of iron weight was wrapped around his chest.

When he heard Aunt Petunia slam on his cupboard door and demand he make breakfast Harry opened his eyes painfully. He had had such a strange dream but he couldn’t remember what it was really about. Like many of his dreams, this one also had a flash of bright green. He always wondered why he dreamed about green lights.

Slowly getting up Harry couldn’t stop himself from flinching. His entire body hurt. standing up, he didn’t notice the pocket sized trunk that sat next to his makeshift bed.

Going out and into the kitchen he saw he was being watched by his aunt. She had her usual pinched expression on her face, like she was seeing something completely disgusting.

“What are you looking at you little freak?” She snapped when she noticed his eyes on her.

His eyes returned to the floor, where he had been trained that they should be. “Nothing Aunt Petunia.”

“Well,” she demanded, flourishing her arm in the direction of the stove, “Get to work. Vernon and Duddykins need breakfast.”

Harry made breakfast as quickly as he could. He made as much as possible in the hopes that he might be able to get some of the leftovers. He knew that it was pointless, Vernon and Dudley would eat until they made themselves sick just to make sure that Harry wouldn’t get a proper meal.

As he thought Harry once again had to go without food. Petunia kept him home from school that day as there were still bruises on his face. And they couldn’t let the neighbours or teachers see that.

It was times like these that Petunia was glad that the little freak healed so quickly. She knew that a normal child would take weeks to heal from the beating he had received last night, but the freak, with his freakish ways, would be completely healed in a day or two.

Harry spent the entire day working around inside the house. After he finished serving the Dursley’s their dinner Harry was given his first and only food of the day. A slice of stale bread and a glass of water. Then he was sent back to his cupboard.

Sitting in his cupboard Harry felt his heart break just a little bit more as happened every night. He couldn’t understand what was wrong with him. It seemed that no matter how hard he worked the Dursley’s would never care about him.

Grabbing his thin blanket Harry went to go to sleep. It was then that his foot hit on something. Sitting back up Harry looked at what looked to be a miniature trunk.
He knew this trunk from somewhere. Why did he know this trunk?

Going off instinct Harry pushed a small amount of energy into the trunk. He didn’t even understand what the energy was, or where it came from, but he just decided to go with it. What’s the worse that could happen.

Harry let out a muffled yelp as the trunk suddenly grew. Holding his breath Harry waited to see if his relatives had heard him, but thankfully the TV was loud enough and he had muffled his cry enough that they hadn’t noticed. That was the last thing he needed right now.

Opening the trunk Harry looked in. The inside of the trunk was way bigger than it should possibly be. It was filled with other small trunks, large amounts of paper, and small corked glass vials that held something shiny in them. In the back of his mind Harry recognized all of this and knew that he was the one that packed this trunk.

Harry was just reaching out to grab a letter that said Ragnock on it when someone cleared their throat behind him.

This time Harry did not manage to stifle his slight scream. “I’m sorry… I din’t mean to… Who are you?” Harry slapped his hand over his mouth and glanced fearfully towards the door. He wasn’t supposed to make any noise, but even more importantly he was never supposed to ask questions.

Harry was very confused who this man was, but more importantly, how he was able to stand up in his cupboard and not hit his head. He was small but even he could barely stand in his little cupboard without his hair brushing against the ceiling.

Death gave a soft huff. Now he knew just why Fate had been throwing things at Destiny when he had left to come here. Then there was the boys reactions. His little master was clearly being mistreated and was damaged.

Summoning a chair Death sat down. “Hush little master. I am death, you have no need to fear me. Relax, I have placed silencing spells around us so those disgusting ‘people’ out there won’t hear us. Now, tell me what you know about who you are, who your family is, and what is going on. I will work from that.”

“My name is Harry Potter. I’m 5 years old. My mom, Lily, and my dad, James, were killed in a car crash when they were driving drunk. It was my fault.” Harry’s voice broke a little bit here. He hated knowing that his parents were dead because of him. “I live with my Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, and cousin Dudley. But that’s not right is it. My minds all fuzzy. I know things but I don’t know them, you know.”

Death let out a frustrated sigh. This was one of the reasons they had intended for Hadrian to return to the age of 10. The minds of younger children were just to simplistic for the kinds of memories that Hadrian had. Death knew that in time, Hadrian would be able to recall more but that could take years. It didn’t help that he and the others had intentionally left his memories vague. That was meant to protect his sanity just as much as to provide entertainment for Destiny. As it was now things were much more complicated as Hadrian was not going to be able to properly remember the plan, let alone have the power or control to carry it out. He was going to need help.

Gently rubbing his eyes Death made a choice. “So pretty much everything you know is wrong. Ok, this is what we’re going to do. I am going to send you to someone who can help find a work around for this. Give me that letter addressed to Ragnock in the trunk.”

Once Harry had done that he watched as with a swirl of Death’s hand a sheet of parchment
appeared. With another wave of his hand and some muttering under his breath words appeared on the page. The parchment was then slipped into the envelope, all without breaking the seal.

Turning his attention back to the small boy now sitting on a flat, old, crib mattress. “If there is anything you want to take with you quickly grab it and put it into the trunk because you are never returning to this hovel again, I can promise you that.” At this point young Hadrian gave him a dazzling smile.

Harry quickly grabbed a few of his drawings and the baby blanket he had had when he was dropped off. Putting them in the trunk he turned back to the strange being. Something inside him was telling him that this man was far more than he appeared.

Saying goodbye Death transferred all the tracking and health monitoring charms onto the fat child sitting on the couch with his parents, than Death waved his hand and Hadrian disappeared with a small pop. Turning around Death stepped out of the little room that had previously housed his young master. Bending reality around him once again he made it so that the door adjusted to his size.

Turning himself invisible he went into the living room and saw the Dursley family sitting on the couch. Even he was disgusted by the sheer size of the man and his son. It didn’t help that both of them were each holding a full tub of ice cream and eating directly from it.

Death had never considered himself to be cruel. Death just was, he wasn’t the one who killed people, no that was the job of his siblings, he just collected. It was a job that needed to be done, so he did it.

He also knew he had to do something to these disgraceful people. If he didn’t and word got out then he would have to constantly worry about his young master. Not all of his siblings were as nice as Fate, Destiny, and Time. He couldn’t have any of the others thinking his master was fair game. If he did he would end up having to constantly protect the young boy. Some of the others would have no problem killing his young master just to mess with him.

Thinking for a few seconds he thought up the perfect punishment. They would experience his young masters life at their hands. Even though his master was now safe, these people had meant to torture him for years to come. Now, in their dreams, they would experience Hadrians life with them. Every night they would live through what his days would have been like if he had remained. And when they woke up they would still feel it though there would never be any marks.

They would feel the hunger that comes from denying a child food. The pain that came when a child is whipped with a belt, the agony of being forced to work with broken bones. The exhaustion that came from working long hours with little to no sleep. The discomfort that came from sleeping on a crib mattress in a cramped cupboard. And most importantly, at least to deaths mind, the heart breaking pain of being told that you were responsible for the death of your parents. They would feel all this in the years to come and there was only one way to stop it. True remorse. Petunia and Vernon would have to acknowledge what they had done to young Hadrian was wrong and then feel true remorse for what they had done.

Once that was done Death turned to the boy. This was more complicated. Yes, he had gone on to do terrible things to Hadrian in the future, but he had come to regret it. He and Hadrian had actually made peace in their later years, especially after Dudley had had a magical daughter that had had a dark core, it had been Hadrian that had helped to smuggle Dudley, his wife, and the baby out of the country. Most of the bad things that Dudley had done in his past life could be traced back to his parents and how they raised him.
To Death’s mind, there was still hope for Dudley. In the end he made a decision. Dudley would feel the pain of his victims every time he bullied them. There was a time delay aspect on this curse. If Dudley was still a brutal bully by the age of 15 his curse would develop into the same one as his parents. Death thought that a decade of chances was more than enough for the spoiled little boy.

Death watched as Vernon got up and went into the kitchen. He could hear as Vernon went through the fridge attempting to find something to satiate the hunger that came from only getting a slice of stale bread and a glass of water all day. Death grinned knowing that it didn’t matter, Vernon wouldn’t be able to feel full.

He watched as Petunia started to gently rub her arm. Death knew that that was the exact same place as the fracture that Hadrian currently had. He knew that Hadrian would be healed within the next few hours but Petunia would have to feel the pain of it healing naturally.

Walking out of the house, Death decided to extend his punishments. The people in this neighbourhood had seen Hadrian grow up, and most had done nothing to help the clearly abused child. The teachers had seen the shy, undernourished child, and rather than helping him they had done nothing. They had all chosen to believe the lies spread by the Dursley’s because it was easier to do.

As punishment they would all dream about the abuse. In their dreams they would see young Hadrian being abused, they would watch as they themselves did nothing, their children or a young member of their family would then take the boys place. The dreams would always end the same. A battered ad bruised child would turn to them and ask them why they never did anything to stop the abuse, why they never helped the child. As most decent people would instantly feel regret he needed to make this curse longe lasting so rather than a trigger to release the curse a time limit was set. As it was right now Hadrian had had to live in this hell for 4 years, so they would have these dreams at least once a month for the next 4 years. As far as they would be concerned the young Potter boy had run away by the age of 5, they could only hope that he was ok.

The children in the neighbourhood were cursed in the same way as Dudley. Whenever they chose to bully someone else they would feel the resulting pain. This curse would dissipate in 10 years. Death hoped that this would teach them all to be better people.

The only member of the neighbourhood that was treated differently was Arabella Figg. Death couldn’t do much to Dumbledores spy so instead he created intricate vision spells. Arabella would see and experience the life she would have lived if Death hadn’t intervened. She would watch as Harry Potter was abused and do nothing about it, just like before.

With a smile, Death disappeared.
Gringotts - March 3, 1996

Chief Ragnock of the Gringotts Clan was a proud goblin, like all other goblins. He was well over 200 years old and had been the chief of his clan for over 30 years now. He had lived through the reign of 2 dark lords that saw goblins and beneath them, and worthy only of death. He was a skilled warrior that had first blooded his blade at the age of 10.

He had thought there was nothing left that could surprise him. That was until tonight. He had been working late in his office, he had wanted to rush as his mate was probably back in their cavern and he didn't want to keep her waiting, that was never a wise thing, but he had a little bit more work to do and Ragnock never shirked his duty.

Just as he had been finishing the last page of his paperwork there was a soft pop and he felt the presence of another. In less than a second his mind went over all the scenarios that he could think of, he hadn’t even considered this one. Casually dropping his hand to the battle axe he still kept at his waist he subtly pulled it out and kept it behind the desk so the intruder wouldn’t notice it until it was too late.

Glancing up, he froze. Rather than some shadowy enemy or some foolish thief, was a startled wizard youngling. Then Ragnock’s mind caught up with what he was seeing. He could clearly see the younglings small size, the bruises, the way it was favouring its arm, but most of all was the guarded cautious expression. He knew goblins in their 30’s that weren’t as guarded or cautious as this youngling appeared to be. The only way to have a look like that was if one had seen battle and shed blood. This youngling was way to young for that, even by goblin standards. Ragnocks opinion of wizards dropped even lower, though he hadn’t believed that was even possible.

Cautiously Ragnock approached the confused youngling, just incase this was a trap. once the youngling had focused on where he was and caught sight of Ragnock he did something that surprised Ragnock once again. The youngling snapped his feet together, laid his hand over his heart, bowed at the waist ensuring that the back of his neck was visible and exposed, and then gave a traditional greeting.

Harry was confused. He had no clue where he was or how he had gotten there. He also had no idea why he had just said and did what he did. He only knew that it was the right thing to do.

He took a seat when Ragnock, and he somehow did know that this was a goblin named Ragnock, had gestured to the chair in front of his dest. Retaking his seat Ragnock looked at the youngling.

Harry snapped out of his shock and flushed. He quickly handed Ragnock the envelope that Death had handed to him only a few minutes ago.

Ragnock cautiously took the envelope. He was quite interested when he saw his name on the front, he was then confused when he realized that not only was this his name, it was also his handwriting. Flipping the envelope over to open it he saw the Gringotts seal. This had to be something important as the banks official seal could not be faked.

Opening the letter Ragnock read the first page while still keeping a cautious eye on the youngling. When he reached the end he was shocked. He had to reread the letter, and this time he gave it his full attention.
The letter stated that he was writing this letter to himself in the future. It explained that the young boy in front of him had become an unspeakable and had found a way to send himself back in time. He told himself about the attack on the clan and how this boy had stood with them, even against his own kind. It gave him a brief outline of how they had planned to change the future in a way the bettered the world while still providing a profit for the goblins. It ended with the information that this youngling had been declared a goblin friend, and a request of himself to help the boy who could one day save them all.

Ragnock could only look from the letter to the boy in front of him. How could something so small and damaged save them. Than he flipped to the next letter.

Chief Ragnock

As I am sure you are aware of by now young Hadrian Potter has come back in time. There has however been a slight complication. My sister Destiny decided to play a trick and he has arrived to early. It was intended that he would arrive 5 1/2 years from now.

His mind is not yet strong enough to process all the information. He will have natural instincts from his past life but will be unable to explain why, at least for the next few years.

It is my belief that he will start to consciously be able to remember what happened in the next few years.

He will need an inheritance test. I would recommend that you use the full in-depth one. You will be surprised at what you discover.

I am forbidden from interfering too much by the Ancient Mage Peace Treaty so I request that you assist me. Contact Severus Snape and Remus Lupin. Both will also need to be checked and purged.

Please take the funds required from my own personal family vault 001, the Mortus Immortalis Vault, To help Hadrian and his family.

Help my young master, I have no desire to collect the souls of some of your clans bravest warriors early again.

Lord Death

P.S. There is no need to worry about the despicable people that harmed my master, I am dealing with them personally. I will also ensure that the boy is not missed.

Ragnock glanced from the youngling to the signature a few times. The Ancient Mage Peace Treaty governed how the immortal beings interacted with the mortal world, that couldn’t be right, could it. Looking back at the letter he had written to himself, he saw that he too had addressed the boy as the Master of Death a few times.

Ragnock swore softly in gobbledygook. He was holding a letter from Death himself, while sitting across the desk from Death’s master who had traveled back in time, and somehow Destiny had gotten involved. This had so much potential for greatness, it could also be a complete disaster if handled incorrectly.

Deciding to do as Death had suggested, although it seemed more like an order, Ragnock got out the
ingredients for an in-depth inheritance test.

Once all the ingredients were prepped he looked up to the youngling that had yet to speak any more than a greeting. “Give me your hand young one. I’m going to do the inheritance test that was suggested. I’m going to need 7 drops of your blood. I will add it to this potion, mix in the other ingredients, and then spread it on this enchanted parchment. It will tell us who you are, who your family is, what you are in line to inherit, and any block or potions in your system.”

The child didn't even flinch when Ragnock cut his finger to add the blood. Quickly healing the finger, Ragnock mixed everything up, poured it onto the parchment. Once everything was absorbed Ragnock handed the parchment over.

Sitting back Ragnock watched as the boy's face turned to one of confusion. “There has to be a mistake, this isn’t mine.”

“Blood never lies young one.” Taking the parchment, Ragnock read it and was as shocked as the youngling. If he himself hadn’t mixed the ingredients he would think there had been a mistake. This changed everything.

Name: Hadrian Jameson Charls Prince-Potter

Father (Sire): Severus Prince-Potter (Status: Alive)

Father (Bearer): James Prince-Potter (Status: Alive)

Blood Adoptions:

Sirius Lupin-Black: September 7, 1990 (Legal, Godfather Ritual) (Status: Compromised)

Remus Lupin-Black: September 7, 1990 (Legal, Godfather Ritual) (Status: Alive)

Lily Evans: June 10, 1991 (Illegal) (Status: Alive)

Titles:

Potter: Heir (Eligible to claim upon death of father)

Prince: Heir (Eligible to claim upon death of father)

Peverell: Heir (Eligible to claim at 11)

Gryffindor: Heir (Eligible to claim at 11)

Ravenclaw: Heir (Eligible to claim at 11)

Black: Heir (Eligible to claim upon death of godfather)

Slytherin: Heir by right of Conquest (Eligible to claim at 11, test required)
LeFey: Heir by right of Conquest (Eligible to claim at 11, test required)

Lord of Lightning (Gifted by Lady Fate)

Breaker of Chains (Gifted by Lady Destiny)

Vaults:

Potter:

487: 7,685,000 Galleons, 104,083 Sickles, 195,795 Knuts

488: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire

713: (Hadrian Trust (Vault Self-Refilling)): 10,000 Galleons, 50,000 Sickles, 50,000 Knuts

Prince:

697: 11,378,061 Galleons, 52,627 Sickles, 227,258 Knuts

698: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Potions

Ingredients

714: (Hadrian Trust (Vault Self-Refilling)): 10,000 Galleons, 50,000 Sickles, 50,000 Knuts

Peverell

285-286: 148,000,00 Galleons, 100,000 Sickles, 100,000 Knuts

287: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Journals

Gryffindor:

037-041: 197,000,000 Galleons, 100,000 Sickles, 100,000 Knuts

042-046: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Weapons

Ravenclaw:

047-049: 78,000,000 Galleons, 100,000 Sickles, 100,000 Knuts

050-058: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Ravenclaw Library

Black:

511: 48,383,262 Galleons, 184,285 Sickles, 396,539 Knuts

512: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire

Slytherin:

032-033: 148,057,246 Galleons, 128,293 Sickles, 137,918 Knuts

034-036: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Plants
LeFey:

007-013: 242,000,000 Galleons, 100,000 Sickles, 100,000 Knuts

014-017: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Books/Scrolls

Gifts:

Vault 1287 (Boy-Who-Lived Gift Value): 15,000 Galleons, 405,959 Sickles, 820,467 Knuts, Stuffed Animals (5,086), Letters (14,684), Miscellaneous

Abilities:

Metamorphmagus (90% Blocked - Lily Evans)

Parseltongue (75% Blocked - Albus Dumbledore)

All Speak (Gifted by Lord Death)

Natural Carrier

Mage Sight

Blocks/Curses/Potions

Core Block/Leech:

10% - June 20, 1991 (Lily Evans)

5% - Horcrux (Tom Riddle)

50% - November 1, 1991 (Albus Dumbledore)

10% - January 6, 1992 (Albus Dumbledore)

10% - Less than 24 hours ago (Albus Dumbledore)

IQ Block: 45% (Albus Dumbledore)

Photographic Memory: 60% (Albus Dumbledore)

Natural Healing: 50% (Albus Dumbledore)

Wish Magic: 100% (Lily Evans)

Soul Mate Block: 100% (Albus Dumbledore, Lily Evans, Molly Prewett)

Anti-Homosexuality Curse: (Lily Evans, Molly Prewett)

May You Live in Interesting Times Curse (Placed by Lord Time)

Submission Potion: Focused towards Dursley Family
Loyalty Potion: Focused on Lily Evans, Albus Dumbledore, Molly Prewett, Ronald Weasley, Ginevra Weasley, Gryffindor House

Hatred Potion: Focused on Severus Snape, Slytherin House, Dark Magic

Contract(s)

Marriage Contract: Between Harry Potter (Hadrian Prince-Potter) and Ginevra Weasley
Signed by Albus Dumbledore, Lily Evans, Molly Prewett, Ginevra Weasley (Signed with blood)

Setting down the parchment Ragnock looked at the youngling in a whole new light. This little one was probably the riches person in all of Britain and he had enough potions and blocks to bring down an entire quidditch team.

“We must hurry young Lord.”

Harry was very confused. “Why? What does all that mean?”

“It means youngling that we need to move.” Ragnock said sternly. They only stopped for a moment so that the youngling could open the trunk and remove another shrunken trunk that had Ragnocks name on it, the trunk was placed on his desk for later before he led the boy out of his office. Ushering the boy down the hall towards the medical wing Ragnock explained about what the parchment meant.

When Ragnock walked into the medical area he caught the eye of one of the healers. Once the Healer, Vessra, caught sight of the youngling it took every ounce of strength Ragnock had not to flinch at her gaze. Luckily the young lord was looking around at everything and missed it. Ragnock really did not want to see what a look like that would do to the clearly abused youngling.

Children in the wizarding world were rare but not in comparison with the goblins. There were generally less than 50 goblin younglings born every year world wide. This led to an intense protective urge towards younglings of all species.

Putting Hadrian on one of the beds Ragnock quickly led Vessra over to one of the offices and threw up a silencing ward.

“Just what is the meaning of this Chief Ragnock.” Vessra all but hissed at him.

Attempting to make a calming gesture with his hands Ragnock built up the courage to hand her the inheritance test. “This wizard youngling was brought to me less than an hour ago. The one who brought him requested our aid and offered to pay from his own vault. Given that the most recent core block is less than 24 hours old I hoped that you and our curse breakers would be able to remove it before it completely latches on to the poor youngling, if we wait much more it will only add to the rather large amount of pain he is already going to have to endure.”

“Good,” Vessra snapped at him as she read over all the potions and blocks on the youngling. “Summon your mate, I think I am going to need her assistance if we want this one to survive.”

Ragnock agreed as they left the office. Vessra went over to the poor youngling and in a manner much sweeter than any other wizard had, or would, ever experience she started to work with the
boy. As she was starting to cast an in-depth medical history scan Ragnock went to one of the guards outside the room and sent him to get his mate.

It took less than 5 minutes for his mate to come into the room. Ragnock flinched slightly as he saw the look on her face.

“Just what is the meaning of this Ragnock?” His wife, Cora, demanded. “You were supposed to be home 3 hours ago, and then you summon me here.”

Before Ragnock could manage to get out a response Vessra came storming over, Ragnock let out a silent relieved breath as she drew his mates attention away from him. “Oh good Cora, your here. Your mate has brought us some work.” With a scowl Vessra handed Cora the medical scan. “We have an abused wizard youngling that is going to need a lot of work if we want him to make it through the next week.”

Ragnock could only watch in fear as his mate went over the health scan and the inheritance test. As she read Ragnock could almost feel the temperature in the room rise as her fury grew.

When she looked at him Ragnock froze. “I want to be involved in dealing with what ever fool thought they could do this to a youngling.”

“I’m sorry my dear, they have already been dealt with.” Ragnock tried to keep the stutter out of his voice. He was not successful.

“And just who do you think can handle them properly.”

Ragnock took a deep breath. This was a complicated issue. Taking the inheritance test out he showed them the gifts from the immortal beings. “This youngling has managed to draw the attention of the Olde Ones. It was Lord Death himself that sent the youngling to me. I was informed that he would deal with them personally.”

His mate was slightly mollified with this information, though she still didn’t look happy. “I guess I can accept his decisions on this matter. Now, Ragnock. It is going to take about a month to deal with all the damage that has been done to this youngling. When he wakes up his family will be here. I do not care what you have to do to get it done, but you will get it done. If they are not, than you will be sleeping in your office for the next decade. Do I make myself clear.”

Ragnock gave a slight nod. Once the two female goblins had gotten what they wanted from their chief they returned to the nervous youngling.

It took him almost a full minute to build up the courage to move. Oh yes, Ragnock was a proud goblin, he was brave and he knew it, but he was no goblins fool. He was not about to tell his mate no, he wanted to live longer than the next few minutes.

While Vessra and Cora were gathering some of the clans best curse breakers and healers Ragnock returned to his office.

He quickly wrote out letters to Remus Lupin and Severus Snape. He knew that they were probably potioned and blocked like the youngling so he made the letters sound innocuous but important enough that they would come to the bank.
Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the positive support.

Note: My favourite way to read fan fiction is to set up the speech function on my computer and have it read to me.

Hogwarts - March 9, 1996

Severus Snape was annoyed. He honestly had no idea why anyone ever thought that it would be a good idea to make him a teacher as punishment for what he did during the last war. No, wait, he knew exactly who’s idea it was, Albus bloody Dumbledore.

Severus both loved and hated the man. Albus was clearly biased against those like him, but at the same time he had saved him from Azkaban, and had attempted to protect the only woman he had ever loved, Lily. Even thinking her name Severus felt his heart break a little. He loved her so much.

Last week he had received a letter from Gringotts. The was odd for Severus as he had been informed that his finances would be taken care of by the ministry for the next decade as part of his parole. Figuring it was just some kind of mistake and that a representative of the ministry would meet him there He hadn’t bothered to tell the head master. The last thing he needed was more guilt trips from the man, or having Minerva look down her nose at him.

Now it was spring break. Since all of his Slytherins had gone home for the week he was free to go and gather potions ingredients. He had made an appointment for after lunch that day so that he would have the rest of the holidays to gather ingredients.

Dumbledore and Minerva had originally tried to make him stay at the school. He had simply pointed out that either he collected the potions ingredients himself or they would have to pay for them. When they had tried to say that they really didn’t need that much he smirked and said then it was there responsibility to inform Poppy that he would not be able to make the potions she had requested for cold and flu season because they felt that they weren’t needed. That had shut them up. He knew that both Dumbledore and Minerva were on better terms with the schools matron than he was but even they were afraid to tell her how to run her hospital wing.

Once all his Slytherins were packed and ready, he walked them all down to the train. He may not be overly fond of children but there was no way he was going to let his students behave like the lions. Minerva’s house seemed to have no decorum, yet for some reason were seen as perfect.

Diagon Alley, Gringotts

With that done, Severus apperated to Diagon Alley. Going into the bank he got in line to speak to one of the tellers. When he reached the front of the line he politely informed the goblin he had a meeting with Chief Ragnock and requested to be shown the way. Severus rarely ever had to deal
with any goblins other than Filius, but he always made sure to be polite, only a fool angered those that managed your money, not that he had much.

Severus was led to an office deep in the bank. Once the goblin on the others side of the desk indicated he took a seat wondering what was going on as there was no one from the ministry there. But before he could ask the goblin spoke.

“Greetings Lord Prince, as I am sure you have guessed I am Chief Ragnock. During the course of an investigation we noticed some irregularities with your accounts so I decided to meet with you personally so that we could work this out.”

“Chief Ragnock I am confused. I was informed when I was released from Azkaban that I was on probation and that my parole officer would be in charge of my finances. Also, I can’t be Lord Prince, My mother and I were disowned.”

Ragnock Quickly preformed the in-depth inheritance test. He made sure to keep it and not hand it over to Severus due to what he saw.

“Wrong on both counts. You are indeed correct that your mother was disowned. She broke a marriage contract with another pureblood family when she ran away with your father. However, your grandfather was very specific in is will. Although he disowned your mother he never disowned you. He left everything he had to you.” Stopping for a moment Ragnock ordered some tea for them both before continuing.

“According to our records you were here for the reading of your grandfathers will and claimed the Prince lordship that day back in 1988. It is my belief that someone has tampered with your memory and another victim of this has shown evidence of curses and blocks, like the ones I that are on you. There is also the fact that you were never placed on parole. According to the records here and at the ministry you were granted a full pardon. Our records here show that about 1 week after you were released a signed release form was brought to the bank, with your authorization, for another to manage your accounts and take over as proxy for the Prince seats that had until then been proxied by the chief of the neutral party, Lord Greengrass.”

“I did sign a release form for my accounts, but only because of the parole information I had been given. I had been unable to attend my own hearing as I had fallen ill while in Azkaban and my healer, Poppy Pomfrey, refused to allow me to attend.”

Severus was in shock. He could tell that Ragnock was going out of his way not to name names but he knew who it was that had taken over his accounts. Albus bloody Dumbledore. He said as much when he managed to find his voice under all his rage.

“Your saying that Albus bloody Dumbledore has taken control of my accounts by lying to me.”

“I’m afraid so yes. Now I am going to suggest that you follow me to the healing ward for a full purge. Your test shows a number of potions and spells that I think we should completely remove before you see your test.”

It was a quick walk from Ragnock’s offices. Severus was naturally very curious as to what his test showed but knew that it must be bad if, after everything he had already learned, the goblin didn’t want to tell him until after.

In the ward Severus could see 4 areas were already sectioned off, most likely for goblins that had
been injured in some sort of mining accident. There was also a small goblin healer working in her office, coming out she gave them a severe look.

“Now, what seems to be your trouble young wizard?”

Severus answered before Ragnock with a rather vicious snarl. “Albus bloody Dumbledore.”

Ragnock found himself impressed by the growl and sneer that that name seemed to evoke from the young wizard, it would make a goblin jealous.

“It would seem that we are in need of another purge and memory block removal.” Ragnock said as a more understandable answer to the healers question, although he was beginning to think that that wizards name was beginning to be enough of an answer to that question.

Ragnock watched as young Severus Prince-Potter underwent his purge. The man was screaming and writhing something fierce. Having everything that had been placed on that man removed was guaranteed to be agony.

He was grateful that the healers had been able to put young Hadrian into a magically induced coma before purging him. What that youngling would have had to go through if he had been conscious probably would have resulted in his death. Actually there was no doubt that the youngling would have died. There were three of their curse breakers in beds in the ward that had almost lost their lives in the battle to free the boy.

The removal of the horcrux had become rather bloody. All three curse breakers were lucky to be alive and they knew it. The only reason that they had survived was that at Cora’s insistence they had brought in a secondary team as backup. Although they were all annoyed that they were now trapped in the ward for at least a week according to their healers they had enjoyed the battle. It had been a long time since any of them had been able to have a decent fight against an enemy.

He watched as they finished up with the man and moved him to the bed next to his son. Once he woke up he would probably want to see the youngling that had been stolen from him years before.

Ragnock watched as Severus woke up rather violently. This wizard just kept impressing him. His natural instinct to grab for a weapon showed this young man’s past as a warrior. His wife stood next to him waiting expectantly. She had become rather fond of the youngling in the next bed and wanted to make sure that this wizard was worthy of bing his father.

Severus was confused. He knew that he was in the bank and had just undergone a purge but his mind was a mess. He was a practiced occlumens so he was not used to the jumble in his head. There was only one thing that he could see clearly. It was a memory of holding a newborn baby in his arms, happy tears flowing down his cheeks, as he looked down into the dark green eyes of his son.

“Hadrian,” Severus croaked, looking at the watching goblins. “Where is my son? What have those bastards done with him? I will kill them slowly.”

Cora gave a smile. That was exactly the response she had been hoping for. Yes, this wizard was a worthy father for the youngling. Stepping forward she moved the curtains between the beds back so that Severus could get a view of his unconscious son.

Jumping to his feet Severus made his way over to his sons bed before dropping down in the chair next to it. He was grateful for the chair as he felt like his entire body was on fire. As he looked
down at his sons face he started to cry.

“Please be ok. What did they do to you? Please wake up my son.” Severus tried to wake Hadrian up but nothing worked. then he looked to the goblins. “Why won’t he wake up? Whats wrong?”

Ragnock decided then and there that he actually liked this wizard. He was strong yet vicious but still willing to cry for his youngling. With the importance of younglings in their society, if a youngling was gravely injured the entire clan would grieve as one. Not many wizards were willing to show such weakness in front of a goblin but all this wizard cared about was his son, and that was something he respected. Leaving a copy of Lord Princes test on the table next to him Ragnock left. He had another meeting to get to.

Cora stepped forward to stop Severus from trying to wake the boy. “He is fine. He had even more issues than you did. It was decided to induce a coma so that he would not have too endure the pain of the purge. All of his issues have been fixed. He is perfectly healthy, we simply decided to keep him in the coma so that his body could rest and recover form all the strain its been under. We are planning to let him rest until at least the middle of next month before we wake him up.”

Severus could only nod as he looked down at his son, now much more calmly. At the recommendation he grabbed his test to look it over now that he was fully purged. Looking at the parchment so many memories came back to him.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name: Severus Tobias Prince-Potter</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Father: Tobias Snape</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mother: Eileen Snape (nee Prince)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Husband (Sub): James Prince-Potter</td>
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<td>Son: Hadrian Jameson Charlus Prince-Potter</td>
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<tr>
<th>Titles:</th>
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<tr>
<td>Prince: Lord</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ravenclaw: Heir (Eligible to claim Lordship)</td>
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<td>Pottor: Consort</td>
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<th>Vaults</th>
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<th>Potter:</th>
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| 487: 7,685,000 Galleons, 104,083 Sickles, 195,795 Knuts |
Prince:

697: 11,378,061 Galleons, 52,627 Sickles, 227,258 Knuts

698: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Potions Ingredients

Ravenclaw:

047-049: 78,000,000 Galleons, 100,000 Sickles, 100,000 Knuts

050-058: (Valuables Vault): Portraits, Jewels, Antiques, Heirlooms, Family Grimoire, Ravenclaw Library

Abilities:

Natural Legilimence (50% Block (*35% broken) - Albus Dumbledore)

Natural Occlumence (75% Block (68% Broken) - Albus Dumbledore (50%), Tom Riddle (25%))

Blocks/Curses/Potions

Core Block/Leech:

15% - Date Unknown (Albus Dumbledore)

10% - Dark Mark Leech - Date unknown (Tom Riddle)

20% - November 27, 1991 (Albus Dumbledore)

IQ Block: 35% (Albus Dumbledore)

Photographic Memory: 10% (Albus Dumbledore)

Compulsion Spell:

Demean children in all houses except Slytherin (Albus Dumbledore)

Be cruel to non-pureblood children (Albus Dumbledore)

Feel overwhelming love for Lily Evans *Trigger word: Lily (Albus Dumbledore, Lily Evans)

Loyalty Potion: Focused towards Albus Dumbledore, Minerva Mcgonagall, Poppy Pomfrey, Lily Evans, Hogwarts, the ‘Light’

Hatred Potion: Focused towards James Prince-Potter, Sirius Lupin-Black, Remus Lupin-Black, Tom Riddle, Hadrian Prince-Potter, Self, Children, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor

Love Potion: Focused on Lily Evans

Severus was furious that he had been manipulated like that. How dare they do that to him and his
son. Wondering what had been on Hadrian he asked Cora for a copy of his results. After he finished reading he wanted to go and gut Dumbledore, the only thing that kept him where he was was that he didn’t want to leave Hadrian yet.

Looking back at his test and his eyes locked on the line that said husband. He had spent the last few years hating the man but now when he thought of him he felt nothing but love and longing. He now could remember the first time he had been with James.

*Flashback Start*

It was the first week of his sixth year and Severus was on his way to the come and go room on the seventh floor. He had discovered it during one of his attempts at hiding from that aggravating Potter and his little band of ‘Marauder’s’. It had been the only place he had successfully been able to hide from them.

As he walked down the hall he saw Potter turn the corner and head in his direction. All he could think was ‘great, here it comes’ but Potter hadn’t seemed to notice him yet. But it didn’t take long until he did.

“Well if it isn’t my favourite snake.” Potter said in a deep mocking tone.

“Bugger off Potter.” Severus didn’t even bother to look at him as he passed him. Severus had decided that he wasn’t even going to pay any attention to him or the marauder’s this year, no matter what they did. They had already cost him his friendship with Lily, though it wasn’t like the girl was exactly a good friend anyways.

“What’s the matter. Don’t think I’m worth your time. Oh, now you’ve gone and hurt my feelings. I think you should get down on your knee’s and beg my forgiveness.”

Severus just ignored him until he came to the spot where the door could be called. Resting against the wall he decided to wait until Potter was gone, no point in letting him know his best hiding spot.

As he watched Potter stormed towards him and push him hard against the wall. “Think your too good to pay attention to me. Just who do you think you are?” Potter demanded as he invaded Severus’s personal space.

As Severus looked down at the shorter boy he saw something he had always missed, the last thing he had ever expected to see, desire. Than it all made sense. All those times that Potter had targeted him was when he had been ignoring him. Potter had been pulling pigtails all this time.

Like a silly little boy trying to get the attention of his crush in class he had been doing what ever it took. It would seem that bad attention was better than no attention in Potter’s mind. And in spite of himself, Severus couldn’t seem to get angry.

If he was being honest, Potter was hot. Big eyes, full lips, and a fit body. No, the more he thought about it the less of a problem he had with the idea of bedding Potter.

As he had been thinking James had become angry. “Speak up snake. Lets hear what you have to say.”

Severus cocked his head to the side and smirked down at James, yes, he was James now. “Speak… Something tells me that’s not all you want me to do is it James. No I think you want a lot more than that.”
As Severus had spoken, in a deep sultry voice, he had watched as James’s eyes became clouded with lust, his cheeks flushed, his breathing increased, and Severus could feel his body tighten up a little bit. Not giving James a chance to respond he continued.

“How is it that makes me think you want more. Oh yes, I know what it is.” In a flash Severus had flipped their positions. Now James was backed up against the wall and Severus was the one who had him pinned. Reaching down he palmed James’s growing crotch. “Well would you look at that. Someone seems to want more than just my voice. What now James, are you going to speak up, or should I walk away and let you deal with this on your own.”

While he had been talking Severus had been massaging James’s now rock hard cock. “P...Please... Sev... Don’t stop” James managed to stammer out and instantly Severus was as hard as he was.

Pulling back slightly Severus summoned the room. The entire time he had kept rubbing James’s crotch and James kept pleading with him not to stop.

In quick succession Severus pulled James away from the wall that was now a door, quickly moved them inside, spun them around so that James was pinned agains the door once again, and slammed his mouth down on James’s full lips.

They both kissed each other like their lives depended on it. Severus loved the soft mewling noises coming from James.

Normally Severus would take his time, draw it out more, especially with someone that was a submissive as James clearly was, but he just couldn’t do it, maybe next time. Whoa, where did that thought come from, no this was definitely a one time thing, or maybe a two time thing if James kept up that whimpering.

Moving away from the door James started pleading with him not to stop again, as if he would. Moving them over to the large, soft, bed that the room had created for him, Severus gently pushed James down.

Straddling him, Severus returned his lips to James’s as his hands reached down and started to undo James’s pants. As he worked he felt James’s hands come up to undo his. He quickly smacked James’s hands, wrapping his hands around James’s wrist he forced his hands above his head and wrapped his fingers around the metal headboard.

“If you remove your hands I will be very upset, and will stop.” Severus said as he stare down into James’s eyes. Once he was sure that James wasn’t going to move his hands he went back to work.

With practiced ease he quickly stripped them both before leaning back to enjoy the view. There was no denying James was gorgeous. All that golden tan skin stretched over hard muscle.

Reaching down he palmed James’s cock once again, this time without any barriers. Using the pre-cum that was already dribbling out of James’s cock he started to work his hand up and down the length for a few seconds, once he felt James start to tighten up he stopped. James once again started to whimper and beg perfectly.

Grabbing his wand Severus wordlessly cast some protection spells and a lubrication charm on both of them. With all of his attention on James he watched as he started to open the other boy. He started with one finger, but with the lubrication charm he was quickly able to and a second, and then a third. Once he was sure that James was stretched enough that there wouldn’t be any damage or much pain, but still tight enough that he would feel the burn as Severus went in, Severus pulled his fingers out.
By this point the proud James Potter was begging and pleading for him to fuck him. Who was Severus to deny such a request.

Looking up, Severus saw that James was still holding on to the headboard, good, at least he knew the boy could follow simple commands, though it would be fun to train him. James’s eyes were clenched tightly shut and he had started to bite his lips.

Covering James, Severus lined his lubricated cock up with his pulsing hole. Looking down he smiled. “James, I want you to open your eyes and you can’t look away.”

James’s eyes instantly snapped open and stared up at him. Once he had James’s undivided attention he moved forward. It only took a few shallow thrusts before he bottomed out.

Both of them were panting now and had a thin sheen of sweat. Severus smirked down at Jame’s lust filled, dazed face. “I’m going to give you a choice now James. I can take you slow and sweet, or hard and fast. Which do you want?”

“Please… Please, fuck me.” James begged. “Hard and fast. Please, fuck me now…Please.”

That was all that Severus needed to hear before he started slamming in and out of James’s delectable body. It only took him a few minutes to reach his edge. Reaching between their bodies he started to stroke James’s cock.

As he felt James’s tense and his balls draw up he leaned forward and whispered in his ear. “Cum for me James.”

Once he felt Jame’s start to cum he allowed himself to follow with a few more quick thrusts. As he came he bent down and bit down where James’s shoulder met his neck. He wanted to make sure he left his mark.

James seemed to like the little flare of pain if the moan was anything to go by. Reaching up Severus removed James’s hands from the headboard and brought them back down to his sides.

By this time Severus was exhausted and decided to skip the studying he had been going to do and just decided to go to sleep. He didn’t care what James did, but he couldn’t stop a small smile from forming on his face as James curled up next to him, and using his chest as a pillow, went to sleep.

*Flashback End*

The next morning they had both sworn it was a one time thing. That was until 2 days later when they sought each other out again. And then it happened the next week, and the week after that.

They ended up sleeping, wrapped in each others arms, in the come and go room at least once a week for the rest of that year. Although it wasn’t until they started their seventh year that either of them admitted that it was more than just casual sex and agreed to start dating.

They had decided to keep it all a secret because of the political climate, both inside and outside the school. Only Remus and Sirius had known.

There wedding had been a quiet, low key affair. Only the minister, Remus and Sirius attended, and the minister was vowed to silence.
Now Severus sat next to his son in a hospital bed and wept for everything that had been stolen from them, and swore that he would find his James and bring him home to their son.

While Severus had been going over his test results Remus Lupin was cautiously entering the bank. He honestly had no idea why he was here. It wasn’t like he had any money.

Thanks to all the restrictions on werewolves it was almost impossible for him to get a job.

Once he was able to speak to a teller he was led to Ragnock’s office. Just like last time Ragnock got them tea and explained who he was and that an investigation had led to some questions about his account. Like Severus before him, Remus was confused and said so.

“I’m sorry mister Ragnock. There has clearly been some kind of mistake. The only money that I have in your bank is 3 Galleons, 14 Sickles, and 38 Knuts. There is no way stealing for me would be worth it.”

Ragnock once again preformed the inheritance test before handing it over to the werewolf so he could read it.

Name: Remus John Lupin-Black

Father: John Lupin

Mother: Marie Lupin (nee Grace)

Husband (Sub): Sirius Lupin-Black

Son (By Blood Adoption): Hadrian Jameson Charlus Prince-Potter

Remus only managed to finish the family section before he set the parchment down with trembling hands and pushed it away from him. “I don’t understand. What’s going on I don’t remember any of this.”

“I figured as much, although from the way your eyes keep flashing I think your wolf does.” Ragnock watched as Remus visibly flinched at the mention of his wolf.

Taking the inheritance sheet he read over it and understood a great deal. Remus was under dozens of spells and potions to make him hate himself and his husband.

“Mr. Lupin-Black, we currently have 2 others in our healing ward that had come in in connection with this case. They were both covered in potions and spells and had had their memories altered. Now just by looking at your test it is clear that, like them, you have been layered with potions and spells. I would also bet my entire years salary that you have had your memories altered. Now, I need you to stay calm and understand most of what you are feeling right now isn’t you, it’s the spells. Please follow me and I with take you to our healers and they will fix you right up.”
“But… But… I don’t understand.” Remus looked down in shame and fidgeted with the torn cuff of his old robe. “I can’t pay for something like that and most healers refuse to treat a werewolf. The only healer that has been willing to see me since I was a child was Poppy Pomfrey at Hogwarts, and I don’t like going there as my wolf doesn’t seem to like her for some reason.

“Money is not an issue Mr. Lupin-Black. The gentleman that brought the issue to our attention was kind enough to offer to pay for the purges of the victims of this plot, and goblins don’t have the same prejudice toward wolves. Now please, follow me and we will deal with the issues in your test.”

Ragnock was grateful that everything on the werewolf seemed to be focused of keeping him weak and docile. He didn’t want to have to be the one that got between a wolf and his cub, which Hadrian clearly was.

Like with Severus the purge was excruciatingly painful. Remus was than move to the bed on the other side of Hadrian. They didn’t bother to put up the curtain this time as Remus’s clear wolf senses would not allow for anything between him and Hadrian so soon after being denied contact with him for so long.

Remus felt both worse and better than he had after any full moon. His body ached in ways even he wasn’t aware that it could but his mind was sharper than it had been in years. Taking a deep breath he froze.

Moony howled with joy as his cubs scent hit his nose. Remus was up and next to Hadrian before Severus had even noticed he was awake.

“Cub… Oh my sweet little cub, what has happened to you? Severus what’s wrong? I don’t smell any illness.” Remus demanded without ever taking his now bright amber eyes off the small boy in the bed.

Severus, Ragnock, and Cora quickly informed him about Hadrian’s condition. Remus was still unhappy but he did relax a little.

During the week between when Hadrian appeared in his office until now Ragnock had been studying everything in the trunk that had been given to him. Ragnock knew that he was the one who had packed it which only made him realize just how important it all was.

There were documents detailing all goblin account managers that were dishonouring the bank by exploiting their positions. There was information on plots and evidence of theft. By the time Ragnock had finished going through all the paperwork he had been ready to declare war, but he had held back.

A plan had been made and that was what they were going to follow. Looking to Remus and Severus he knew that he was going to need their help.

“Gentlemen, if I could have your attention, there are things that we need to discuss.”

Ragnock knew that he would not be able to move the two men so he summoned a table and the trunks from his office and started to lay everything he had out before starting the explanation.

“Now, there is no better way to say this, so I will just say it. Over 20 years in the future Hadrian preformed a ritual to send his mind back in time until this point. Although this was not his intended destination, he was intending to go back to when he was 10 but seems to have overshot by a few
years. This actually works in our favour.”

Both Remus and Severus looked at Ragnock as if he had grown a second head. Ragnock quickly summoned a bottle of fire whisky and some tumblers. Once they all had drinks in their hands he continued as the others didn’t seem to be able to form words, Remus was actually opening and closing his mouth like a fish.

“Given that he is so young, from what I have been told, he will not remember most of his past life, but will regain those memories in time. As it stands right now, it seems to be up to us to begin his plan.”

Severus downed his drink and became the first to find his voice. “So… Ok… What can you tell us about this plan.”

Ragnoch grinned at him. “Most of the information that I have is focused more on the financial side of things. But from what I have managed to piece together the original plan was to come back to just before he started his first year. He was going to come to me. He would then contact the both of you through me and have all three of you purged, so actually he is right on track, just a little earlier than he expected.”

They all smirked at that before he continued. “He knows where his other father is being held, although I wasn’t able to find the location in the information I was given, I assume its in the packages that were set up for one of you two. Now, once James was freed, we at Gringotts were to provide him with a false name, background, and glamour, and then he was to take up the Peverell lordship. Once he is Lord Peverell he is to bring up Lord Black’s lack of trial. I have already retrieved the documentation that proves Peter Pettigrew is still alive.”

“Wait…” Remus interrupted him. “Are you telling me that my husband is in the worst prison in the wizarding world while innocent and they never even bothered to give him a trial.”

Remus was furious. How dare they, how dare they do that to his Siri. He swallowed what remained of his drink before pouring himself another, he then swallowed that one too.

Severus was devastated, he had spent 2 weeks in Azkaban himself after the war, he knew what Sirius would be experiencing. He and Sirius had actually become very good friends during James pregnancy, that was one of the reasons he and James had insisted that he and Remus blood adopt Hadrian after he had been born. They had known that if anything had happened to them than their son would be loved. There was also the fact that the location of his love could very well be in the trunk sitting innocently next to Ragnock. He wanted to throw himself on the trunk and start digging until he found what he was looking for.

Before he could however, Ragnoch continued. “Once his family was brought back together he seems to have planned to slowly and systematically dismantled Dumbledore’s empire. Starting with changing Hogwarts for the better. Dumbledore has almost completely destroyed that once great school with his bigoted ways.”

Agreeing that they would all try and follow Hadrian’s plan, at least in a broad sense, they would have to refine certain details since it was starting at a different time they got to work. Severus was searching as quickly and thoroughly as he could in an attempt to locate where his James was but wasn’t able to get far.

Less than half an hour after they started working a young goblin came in with a message for Severus. The message was from Dumbledore demanding his return to the school as there was some sort of emergency.
When he saw who it was from Severus had initially started to panic as Dumbledore had a bad habit of adding tracking charms to everything he sent. His worries were quickly eased when the messenger goblin explained that it was policy to scan all incoming letters and break any enchantments. They had arranged it so that the tracking charm would report that it had been opened at Severus’s house at Spinner’s End. The goblin also informed him that besides the tracker there was a compulsion placed on the letter to encourage him to return. Severus was furious at the audacity of the man, as well as the fact that it had worked for so long.

“How dare he. I will kill him for what he has done to my family.” Severus fumed as he headed for the door. Intent on murder.

Just before he left the ward Remus jumped in front of him and grabbed his shoulders. “You will do no such thing Severus.”

“Get out of my way Remus. Why are you even defending him? I figured you would want to help.”

“Oh trust me, I do.” Remus practically snarled as his normally soft green eyes flashed amber. “I want to keep that man awake and alive as I rip him apart. There is no amount of suffering that will ever make up for what he’s done to us. But right now we need to keep our focus.”

“What do you mean?”

“Hadrian comes above all, even our need for revenge.” Remus could see the murderous intent leave his friends eyes as he looked back to where his son slept, so he continued. “Your son has given us everything we need to destroy Dumbledore. It might not be as violent or instantaneous as we would like, but I am willing to bet it will be more satisfying. If he is anything like you he will have made sure that it will be very enjoyable to watch. We need to trust him. We don’t want to turn Dumbledore into some kind of martyr. Not to mention if you kill him now you will most likely end up in Azkaban next to my husband, and Hadrian needs you with him, he deserves that much.”

“You just had to be logical. And don’t think I don’t know that you are manipulating me.” Severus sighed softly before returning to his son’s side. “So what do I do.”

It was Ragnock that answered this time. “You pretend everything is normal. You go back to that school and pretend everything is fine. There are communication mirrors in the trunk. You will take one with you and we will let you know when we discover Lord Prince-Potter’s location. You will just have to leave the school for a weekend to help retrieve him.”

“And how am I supposed to get back out of that school. Albus and Minerva act like prison wardens.”

“Potions. I’m assuming that you were originally planning on gathering potion ingredients.” When he saw Severus nod Remus continued. “You haven’t even been gone for 24 hours. Since they have made it impossible for you to gather the ingredients you are just going to have to leave at nights and on weekends. Just make sure you tell them in front of everyone. That way they can’t make you out to be the bad guy. After all you tried to do it on your own time, and for free, but they stopped you.”

“That should work.” Severus started to like this plan. The only real draw back was having to leave his son so soon.

“Do not worry Lord Prince-Potter we shall keep a close watch on your son and will let you know if anything changes.” Ragnock informed him.
“Please, if we are going to be working together than I must insist you call me Severus.”

“And I’m Remus.” The wolf added.

After a few last minute things they said goodbye and Severus left.
James Returns

Hogwarts, Great Hall - March 18, 1996

Severus was ready to kill. Spring break was over and the students were all back, and he had not managed to get off the school grounds since returning.

The so called emergency had been that one of Minerva’s lions had wandered into the forest on a bet. The foolish boy had been found and returned within an hour of his return. Albus had even excused the boy from any punishment claiming that the trauma of getting lost in the forest was punishment enough.

After that it was pointless task after pointless task. The only contact he had been able to have with the outside world was the nightly mirror calls with Remus. Remus would even turn the mirror so that it faced Hadrian so that Severus could get a look at his son.

Thankfully the wolf was good at research and was quickly able to make sense of all the information from the trunks. Two days after Severus had been forced to leave he had discovered where James was being held. Remus was now doing nightly surveillance on the small cottage.

Their plan was for Severus to take the weekend off under the guise of ingredient gathering, Remus had already used his Ravenclaw vault key to order the ingredients for him. They would then go to the cottage to retrieve his James.

Hadrian’s plan had been to use one of the goblins prisoners, under glamour, to replace James to make sure not to arouse Dumbledore’s suspicions. He had recommended Ignatius Lestrange. He had been caught attempting to steal from the goblins and been sentenced to the mines. Only a few years after he had been sent down he had come across some sort of rare creature, if the goblins had ever identified what it was they weren’t saying, and he had suffered severe trauma and was completely brain dead. The goblins used a slavery collar to keep his still living body working.

If they used him and Albus ever found himself in need of a conscious James he wouldn’t be able to wake him. The goblins had glamour so strong that not even Albus would be able to remove them.

The use of one of their prisoners was costing them a fair amount, but to get James back safely Severus would pay almost anything.

Now all he needed to do was get away.

He had to admit that he had a better chance with Remus’s plan. Whenever he had met Albus in his office he was almost always denied. If he confronted him in front of the rest of the staff he might have a better chance. He knew he couldn’t count on Minerva but in order to get her potions Poppy might help him. Filius, Pomona, Septima Vector, Bathsheda Babbling, and Aurora Sinistra might also support him.

That was what led to him sitting at the breakfast table getting Aurora’s attention.

“Aurora, would you be willing to help me this weekend?”

“Certainly Severus. What is it you need me to do?”

Severus could already see Albus getting worried and smiled internally. Normally Severus hated asking anyone for anything.
“I was hoping you would be willing to watch over my snakes this weekend.”

“Now Severus my boy,” Albus interjected, with that damnable twinkle in his eyes. “We only just got back from break. Surely you wouldn’t want to shirk your responsibility. I know that you are a bit young for so much responsibility but I have faith in you.”

“Nothing of the sort headmaster.” Severus almost snarled at the blatant attempted manipulation. “And to remind you headmaster, I didn’t get a break. You and Minerva demanded my return because Minerva lost one of her little lions in the Forbidden Forest and was incapable of looking after it herself.”

Severus wanted to smirk so badly at the glare he was now receiving from Minerva, but he resisted the urge before he continued.

“As it was I had only just gotten home and had no time at all to get any of the ingredients that we need. So I will tell you again, as I did when you tried to make me stay before the holidays began, I either have to go and collect the ingredients or the school will have to pay for them. I was going to do the gathering on my own time, and I will remind you that I am not even compensated for that time and the work that goes into it. As it is given our current potion stock the hospital wing will run out of headache cures and pain relievers by the end of the month. I am also going to have to do the brewing late at night and on weekends if you want me to teach my classes and get the hospital restocked. I am the only member of staff that is licensed to brew medical potions after all.”

“Now surely you are exaggerating Severus,” Albus said, the twinkle no longer in his eye.

“I hate to inform you headmaster, but he is quite right.” Poppy put in. “And as we are coming up on exams in a few months I will also need a stock pile of calming draughts for our fifth and seventh years.”

“Really Albus” Filius interjected, shooting a small smile to Severus. “Severus has a point. It was not his job to go and retrieve Mr. Giles. There is also the fact that you then put him to work around here. You had no right to deny him his vacation time. I don’t remember either you or Minerva giving up your vacation time to help him with his snakes. Besides, as Poppy has said, we need those potions. Either you give him the time to get the ingredients and do the brewing or the school will have to pay for them. Severus, if you ever need someone to take your rounds or detentions so that you can do the gathering or brewing, let me know. I will be glad to assist you. I personally don’t think you should have to do so much extra work for no pay on your own.”

There was a small course of “I’ll help too” that came from other members of the staff. Severus was actually surprised at how many of them there were. Both Albus and Minerva returned to eating, both looking like they had smelt something particularly nasty. Filius gave him a small wink before he too, returned to his food.

Godric’s Hollow - March 23, 1996

The rest of that week had been one of the worst and best weeks Severus had had teaching. The students were the same fools they always were, but he was finding them a lot easier to deal with now that he had gotten the compulsions removed. He was still a strict teacher but was finding the students responded better now he wasn’t constantly being force to yell at them. It was the teachers that had made this week worth while.

Both Albus and Minerva had gone out of their way to track him down and try to convince him to
stay. It seemed that most of the rest of the staff had come together to protect him. Every time one of them cornered him one of the other teachers would intervene.

Now he was hiding in the brush around the cottage in Godric’s Hollow that held the man he loved. From where they were he could see that bitch Lily moving around inside. Oh, she was under a pretty good glamour making her look like a beautiful blue eyed blonde, but he knew it was her.

From what Remus had told him she went out to wander around town almost every afternoon. Remus said that she would make sure to draw attention to herself. The glamour was clearly designed to make her desirable. Lily had always craved attention, and she clearly wasn’t getting it from the comatose gay man she kept in her basement.

Once they saw her get in her fancy car and leave they moved in. It was actually incredibly simple to get past the wards. They clearly didn’t think anyone would be looking for a supposedly dead couple less that 20 minutes from the house they were supposedly murdered in.

Remus stayed upstairs to search through the rooms. They were hoping that he would be able to find some information that Hadrian might have missed in the future.

Severus went down into the basement. going to the room that both Hadrian and Remus had identified as James’s he raised a shaking hand to the door knob. He was so scared that James wouldn’t be there and that this had all been one big mistake. Gathering his courage, Severus opened the door.

And there he was. His James. Perfect and beautiful as ever. He looked like he was just taking a nap.

Severus walked over to the cot they had him on. Gently he trailed his fingers down James’s cheek. For a few moments he just stayed there looking at his lost husband.

With a deep breath he took out the portkey he had gotten from the goblins. This was a special type of portkey that was created by the goblins that the ministry didn't even know existed. It was a special switching portkey. There were two parts to it. You would place one key on one object, and the other on the other object. When you pushed a little power into it to activate them the portkeys would switch whatever they were attached to.

Putting the green coloured portkey on James’s chest he pushed a little of his magic into it. There was a flash and then Severus saw James laying on the bed with a purple portkey in his hand.

Severus had to admit, the glamour the goblins had done was amazing. Especially since it had been from Severus’s and Remus’s memories.

Taking the purple portkey and tucking it in his pocket Severus left the room, erasing any trace he had been there. He then went upstairs to help Remus search.

He really wanted to go directly back to the bank so he could look at James some more but they had to finish their search of the house. Besides, Vessra and Cora had planned to move James immediately to the purge room. No one knew exactly what had been done to him and they didn’t want to take any chances. The sooner he was purged the better.

Once they had searched the house completely and made copies of anything they thought they might need they snuck back out of the house. Making sure to leave no traces behind. Once back outside the ward line they rewove the wards, once again making sure to make them look and feel exactly like they had before. They were lucky as just when they finished their work Lily came
home in a huff. Remus told him that that happened almost every time she went out. It didn’t seem to matter just how beautiful Lily made herself, people still managed to see through it to the ugly person she was underneath.

That wasn’t to say that Lily hadn’t been popular. During her 7 years at Hogwarts she had had an always changing group of friends around her. The reason the group was always changing was because no one could stand her for overly long. Severus had in fact been the only person that had been the only one that had been able to stand being around her for more than a year, and that was mainly out of loyalty to his first friend. Even Alice Meadows, later Longbottom, had barely managed a full year, and she was the perfect example of her house values, Hufflepuff.

Turning away they walked a short distance from the cottage before activating their own portkeys that would take them directly to the healers wing at the bank.

The first thing that Severus saw when the world stopped spinning and he was back in the ward that had become so familiar was Cora standing next to Hadrian’s bed holding his hand while Vessra fed potions to James.

“Is everything ok? Did something go wrong?” Severus was starting to panic.

“All is well.” Cora quickly came over to calm him. “The tests showed a great deal of spells and potions but they are all out now. He appears to be slightly anemic, and his muscles will probably feel weak for a few days but other than that he is ready to be woken up. We figured we would wait for you so that you could be here. He will probably be pretty anxious when he wakes up and will respond best to you.”

Remus agreed that Severus should be with him when he woke. Going over he sat next to Hadrian while Vessra and Cora put up the privacy barriers so that they wouldn’t overwhelm him when he woke up.

Severus watched as Vessra preformed a counter spell to bring James out of the coma and then left. This left him and James alone in their little makeshift room.

It was only a minute or two later that he heard James give a soft grown and scrunch up his face. James had always hated waking up. Severus had loved to wake up just so he could watch James try and fight himself for just a few more minutes sleep.

“Come on James, it’s time to wake up. Please I need you to wake up.” Severus was almost pleading as he looked down at his husband.

James didn’t know what was going on. Everything felt wrong. This wasn’t his bed. Then he caught the smell of hospital and wondered what had happened. He couldn’t think straight. Then he heard Severus begging him to wake up.

Everything came back to him. He had been putting Hadrian down for his nap and someone had come into the room behind him. He didn’t know what had happened but the next thing he remembered was being in a small house with that slut, Evans, and she was calling his and Severus’s son hers, and had changed his name to Harry. The worst was he had thought he loved her.

Slowly he opened one eye and caught a glimpse of his husband. Please, oh please, don’t let this be another dream. “Sev’rus.”
Severus heard James say his name and all of a sudden he couldn’t stop himself from crying. “Yes love, I’m here. It’s all going to be ok, you’re ok.”

“Hadrian. Please, tell me our sons ok. Please tell me he’s ok.” James sobbed back as he gingerly pushed himself up with sore arms and wrapped his husband in a hug.

“He’s fine James, He’s going to be just fine.”

“Where is he?” James asked, looking around. “I want to hold my baby.” James froze when he saw the look on Sev’s face. “You said he was going to be ok. What happened?”

Taking a deep breath Severus explained. “James, Jamie… You and Hadrian were taken almost 5 years ago. Hadrian will be 6 in a few months. Now like I said he is going to be fine. On Halloween just after the two of you were taken the Dark Lord went after him. Somehow Hadrian survived the attack and the Dark Lord was banished. He is not dead, but he is no longer a danger. Lily had taken you and faked your deaths. Hadrian was sent to live with her muggle sister. I’m not going to lie to you James. They abused him. But the goblins have been a great help. They have healed him and treated all the damage. He is right now in a magically induced coma in the bed just behind that curtain, Remus is with him. We were all given potions and put under spells that made us hate each other if we weren’t forced to forget each other completely. But we’re fixing it.”

James just stared at him for a moment before speaking in a deadly calm voice. “Move that curtain now, I want to see my son.”

Severus knew better than to argue with a calm James. It was when James was completely calm that he was at his most dangerous. Getting up he moved the curtain. With a quick flick of his wand James’s bed moved over so it was pressed up against Hadrian’s so that he could have access to their son without having to get up.

James slowly examined his son. “Anyone who harmed my baby is going to suffer more than they ever thought possible.” he demanded.

“Already in the works my love.” Severus responded. For some reason he got turned on as his husband threatened those that hurt their son.

Remus shook his head with a small grin as he smelt a change in Severus’s pheromones.

As James sat there, stroking Hadrian's hair, they explained everything that had happened and what they were planning. When they got to the whole ‘time travel’ thing he just stared at them for a moment before motioning them to continue.

By Sunday evening James was back on his feet and fully involved in making plans. When they had told him that Sirius, his brother in all but blood, had been sent to Azkaban without a trial he had been ready to storm the ministry. Severus had actually had to physically restrain him in his bed after that.

They had originally planned to give James another week to recover before they planned on him getting a new identity, claiming the Peverell lordship and trying to get Sirius out of prison. That time frame went out the window immediately.

By the end of the weekend James had his new identity, he was now Sebastian Alexandros Peverell Gryffindor, Lord of the Ancient and Noble houses of Peverell and Gryffindor. He also had his new glamour. He was now a comfortable 6 foot, still a bit shorter than Severus. His hair was now a
sandy blond and his eyes were now a light blue with hints of green.

The hardest part for him was learning how to move and walk in his new body. Suddenly being 4 inches taller threw off his strides. He ended up using a cane to keep his balance. Their plan was to say that he was a homeschooled curse breaker that worked for Gringotts. An accident, hence the cane, had necessitated some time off and he had decided to return to Britain and learned of his lordships. He was planning on getting involved for the betterment of his home country. As he was related to one of the founders of the school he would automatically have a say on the running of the school so he was going to be able to make Dumbledore’s life difficult over the coming years.

After some discussions with Ragnock they decided to add some reality to their story. James had been trained in wards and curses when he was an auror so the bank was willing to hire him as a curse breaker. Remus had also been hired due to his knowledge of defence and history. This would give them an excuse to be at the bank and also something to do when they weren’t plotting to overthrow British magical society.

That evening was a solemn one. Severus had to return to the school and both he and James wished it wasn’t so. Promising that he would call every night, and would come back as soon as possible Severus left. Although not without a deep, long, passionate kiss leaving James wishing that the goblins would clear him for more than that.

Ministry of Magic - March 25, 1996

A tall distinguished looking man made his way through the crowds towards the ministers office. Seeing the minister himself just about to enter his office he called out.

“Minister Fudge. I was wondering if I could have a moment of your time.”

Cornelius Fudge knew that no one would ever accuse him of being the smartest, strongest, or most talented of wizards, but there was one thing he did better than anyone. He had the ability to identify wealthy and powerful people and use them for his own gain. And looking at the man that had called him, Cornelius saw a very wealthy and powerful man.

“Certainly my good man. I’m sorry I don’t believe we have met. Pleas come into my office and we can have a cup of tea.”

James almost shuddered at how slimy the man was but managed to hold it back, just barely. Once they were seated with tea he introduced himself.

“My name is Sebastian Alexandros Peverell Gryffindor and I have just been named Lord of the Ancient and Noble houses of Peverell and Gryffindor. I am planning to attend the Wizengamot during the April session. I decided to come and meet with you today as there is a matter of grave importance that I must discuss with you. If you would please summon the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement Madam Amelia Bones. I think she should be involved in this discussion.”

As soon as Cornelius heard the name he realized just how right he had been. This one man had the potential to be one of the richest most powerful people in their country. But then he asked for Madam Bones, Cornelius got nervous. What could he possibly have to say that needed that old goody two shoes. Deciding it was better to stay on his good side Cornelius made the call.

Once Amelia had arrived and introductions were done, James got right down to business. “I am
here about a major miscarriage of justice that has the potential to be extremely damaging to this government. I am here about the case of Lord Sirius Black."

"S…Sirius Black. Surely you must be joking, that man was sentenced to life in Azkaban after he was found guilty of the betrayal of the Potters and the murder of Peter Pettigrew and 12 muggles." Fudge stammered while Amelia just surveyed him critically.

"That is where you are wrong minister. As I am sure you are aware, the Potters are a house under the Peverell’s, up until his death, James Potter was my legal heir. With his death that title passes to his son. I decided that I wanted information on why a man, that most said was closer than a brother with James Potter, would turn around and betray him before going on a murder spree. I decided the best place to start would be to look over his trial transcript before going to the prison itself and having a word with the man. But you will never guess what I found… No trial."

"That can’t be right," Amelia butted in. "There must have been a trial, it’s the law."

"I checked Madam Bones. According to what’s on file Lord Sirius Orion Black was arrested November 3, 1991. The thing is, there isn’t even an arrest warrant. No charges were ever even filed. According to his file, the man was in Azkaban by nightfall and hasn’t left since. Figuring that there must have been some kind of oversight I decided to look into the case, and honestly, it couldn’t have been handled worse if you had tried. At the scene of the deaths of the muggles and Pettigrew no evidence was collected, the muggles were immediately obliviated without ever being asked to give a statement, no one even bothered to do a prior incantato on Lord Blacks wand."

By the time he had been halfway threw his statement Fudge had started sweating hard and Amelia’s eyes were so large her monocle had fallen out without her even noticing.

"Then things get even more interesting. Peter Pettigrew was reported dead off of the evidence of a single finger and a robe. According to what little reporting there was the muggles were in pieces, pieces yes, but they were all there. All there was of Pettigrew was a finger that had been cleanly cut off. And the robe. Tell me, do either of you know a spell that could obliterate a man so badly that only a single finger could survive yet leave a robe intact."

Amelia slowly took a sip of her tea before replacing her monocle. Outside she seemed calm and collected but inside she was screaming. Something had always seemed off about what had happened, but this. Not many people knew that shortly after she had lost her brother Edgar and his wife, Sarah, her house had been attacked. She had been home alone with her 6 month old niece that she had taken in after the death of her parents. She had been wounded while trying to get to the nursery where little Susan was.

It had been James Potter and Sirius Black that had answered the call. James had gotten her out while Sirius had gone in after Susan. When he had come back out of the house he was covered in blood. He had ended up having to spend almost a month at St.Mongo’s healing from the injuries, but there hadn’t been a single scratch on Susan. Sirius had shielded the baby with his own body.

Now to find out that he was in Azkaban without having received a trial. And worse, he may be completely innocent. She did not care what the minister said, she would not let this stand.

"But… But how could Pettigrew have possibly escaped without anyone seeing him, he’s dead."

Fudge was really not liking this. He himself had been present at the scene shortly after the explosion.

"I have spoken to a few old friends of Pettigrew and I learned something very interesting. It would seem that Mister Pettigrew was an unregistered rat animagus. He could easily have transformed
after cutting off his finger and fled. No one would notice a rat on the streets of London.” James was jumping for joy on the inside. He knew he would get his brother back sooner rather than later.

“You think he’s still alive?” Amelia questioned.

“No Madam Bones, I know he’s still alive. I work as a curse breaker at Gringotts. Because of that I am more aware of the ins and outs of the bank. Did you know that your vault is blood sealed for instance. Thats why you have to give three drops of blood when you open a new vault. The thing about a blood seal is that it remains active until you cancel it, or you die. This means that the moment someone dies their vault at the bank seals shut until their will is administered and the seal is cancelled. Now, a person can not simply go to the goblins and start requesting other peoples banking information, but they can get information on the status of the vault if it pertains to a personal friend that has been reported dead and you believe you may be in the will. I had one of Pettigrew’s old school friend come to the bank and had him ask. We were informed that no will will be read as, according to the blood seal, a seal that has never been fooled in the 3,000 years since it was first invented I might add, Peter Pettigrew is still alive. Using my contacts I was able to get a little more information. It would seem that the most recent transaction from the vault was less than a month ago for an owl order, and the receipt was signed in blood. Pettigrew’s blood.”

With all this said, James sat back in his seat and took a drink.

“We must be very careful with this.” Fudge said. He was trying to think of a way to work this in his favour but was having a particularly hard time with it. “We don’t want to cause a panic.”

“Screw not causing a panic Cornelius. There is and innocent man sitting in one of the worst prisons in the world and he never even received a trial.” Amelia snapped.

James let them bicker back and fourth for a little while before he intervened. “If I may. I mean no disrespect when I say that I do not believe that the ministry and the Wizengamot will be able to handle something like this properly. Now, I have already spoken to my contacts at Gringotts and they have agreed to be neutral arbiters. For a small fee, which I will pay personally, they have arranged an office where we shall meet in two days time at 10 o’clock. They will provide the truth serum and we will be able to get our answers. If he is found to be guilty we can arrange his trial in front of the Wizengamot, if not, than he will be released, as there is no arrest warrant there will be no need to hold a trial. Lord Black will, of course, be given reparations and a settlement for having to endure this ordeal. Once everything is handled I suggest that we keep it a secret while a select few trusted aurors handle the search for Pettigrew. I do not think that it will be in anyone’s best interest to alert Pettigrew that we know about him or panic the public. This is one of the reasons I cast the strongest privacy ward I know once we were all in the room. None of us will be able to discuss any of this with anyone else. Once the rat has been captured we can hold a public trial. That way if anyone asks about Black we can assure them that it was handled promptly and correctly.”

“And just how are we supposed to get Black from Azkaban to the bank without causing a panic.” Fudge questioned.

James pulled out a portkey and slid it over to Amelia. “This is a portkey that will take you directly to the meeting room. It is set to activate 5 minutes before 10 on Wednesday. I figure you can go to the prison, collect Black, and then just wait for the portkey to activate. The goblins assure me that it will be able to get through the wards around both the prison and the bank.”

Taking the portkey Amelia smiled at him. “I will see to it personally. Now, if I may ask a question. You have repeatedly addressed Sirius Black as Lord Black. I thought his parents had disowned him.”
Smiling, James nodded. “Yes it is true that Orion and Walberga Black disowned Sirius, but that was only from them. Neither of them was ever the head of the family. The Last Lord Black was Sirius Black’s grandfather Arcturus Black. When he died he stated in his will that he did not feel that Orion or Walberga were fit to lead the family. He named Sirius Black as his heir. According to the records that I have acquired, Sirius Black claimed his lordship less than 2 weeks before he was arrested. That was why no one yet knew, there hadn’t been a Wizangamot session for him to be introduced at yet.”

“Interesting.” Amelia said.

James could see that Fudge was gearing up to make an ass of himself and decided it was time to leave. “If you will excuse me I have other things to attend to.”

Getting up, he bid them farewell and headed for the door. Just before he opened the door to leave he turned back to add one more thing. “Oh, and just so we’re clear. Sirius Black will be at this meeting I have arranged, alive and unharmed, or I will hold the two of you personally responsible. If anything should happen I will make it my personal mission to ruin you both, both politically and financially. Good day.” And with that final warning he left the room.

Once he was gone Fudge had a melt down and he started ordering Black’s execution. It took Amelia 10 minutes and 4 calming draughts to get him relaxed enough to talk him down. After giving her own warning to him not to interfere, she left.
When Amelia stepped out of the office she saw Lord Peverell Gryffindor standing in the hall waiting.

“May I have a moment of you’re time Madam Bones?” James asked in his most charming voice.

“Of course Lord Peverell Gryffindor.” She said as she placed her hand in the crook of his arm and let him escort her back towards her office.

“Please call me Sebastian.”

“Amelia.”

“Well than Amelia, I wished to apologize for how I spoke to you before I left. I know about you’re personal past with Sirius as well as your reputation. There is no doubt in my mind that you will do the right thing. I just wished to impress upon Fudge that his actions will have consequences with me. With him nothing is more important than his money and power so that is what I threatened. A vague threat is no ones friend after all.”

Amelia let out a small chuckle. “I fully understand. How that man managed to become minster I will never understand. but he is what we have so we must deal with him. Now tell me, is there anything that I could say to Sirius that might make him more willing to trust me. Something tells me he is not going to be in the best mood with any ministry officials.”

“Yes. Tell him that Mooney wants him to come. That should get him to follow you anywhere.”

“And just who is Mooney.”

“His less then pleased, extremely anxious, husband.”

“Oh.”

“Amelia, I know it is not my place to tell you how to deal with the people in your department but if I may make a suggestion. I know that it is policy that whenever someone goes to Azkaban with the intent of meeting with a prisoner they are required to have back up. I would personally suggest that you take Kingsley Shacklebolt with you. He is a good man and seems to be more honest than others in your department that I shall not mention. There is also the added bonus that Sirius was his training officer.”

“I agree with you. Kingsley is a good man. I know I will be able to trust him with this. Thank you for your suggestion. Now, if there is nothing else Sebastian I shall leave you now and get back to work. I will see you in a few days.”

“Thank you Amelia. I shall be seeing you.”

With that the two parted company and James headed for the exit. He didn’t make it to far before he caught a glimpse of someone else that made him hesitate. As he watched Lucius Malfoy arrived at the ministry.

James had never been overly fond of Malfoy, he found him to be overly pompous, even by pure blood standards, but he had been one of Sev’s most trusted friends. The only reason that he hadn’t been aware of their relationship at school was because he had already graduated and had the dark
mark.

From reading everything that Hadrian had provided he now knew the the imperious defence was more than just a way to get out of trouble. Lucius had indeed been placed under the curse, by none other than his own father. He had been forced to take the mark and forced to do unspeakable things to protect his wife and child, and he would have to do it again if they were unable to change time.

Making a decision he headed over to the other man. There was a memory orb that was meant for him in the trunk after all.

“Lord Malfoy, if I might have a moment of your time. I promise it won’t take much time.”

Lucius looked over at the man. This was someone he did not know but there was still something familiar about him. Looking him over he saw the posture of a born and raised pureblood. He also saw the refined clothing that spoke of both wealth and class, two things that so rarely went together these days.

“If it is quick, I don’t have much time.”

“Oh, it wont take long. It was suggested by Severus Snape that I meat with you. My name is Sebastian Alexandros Peverell Gryffindor and I am Lord of the Ancient and Noble houses of Peverell and Gryffindor. I have recently come across some interesting information that affects you. I was hoping that I might be able to bring it to your manor sometime tomorrow.”

Lucius examined the man in front of him. This was not somebody he wanted as an enemy, but he hadn’t made it this far in life by not knowing when to be cautious. It was the mention of Severus that sealed the deal for him. Sev was one of his oldest friends, if he sent this man to him it must be important.

“I have meetings most of the day tomorrow but I can spare about 20 minutes around 3 o’clock. Floo to my home office and we can discuss this information you have.”

“Thank you Lord Malfoy, I shall see you tomorrow.

Malfy Manor, Lucius’s Study - March 26, 1996

Lucius Malfoy sat in his grand study thinking. He had lived a hard life, and he knew that most considered him to be a bad man, but he wanted better for his son. Looking out the window he could see Narcissa walking around the pond in the back yard with young Draco in her arms.

He was worried about his wife. She had suffered 3 miscarriages before they managed to have Draco, and 2 since. Narcissa craved to have more children but every time it didn’t happen she broke a little more. She rarely smiled anymore and he knew that Draco was starting to pick up on it. The little boy would do almost anything to see his mother smile, but it was becoming harder and harder.

Then there was this new lord. It was not all together unheard of for a new lord to take their seats. So many had died during the last war that there were dozens of empty seats in the Wizengamot. There was also the fact that he knew Severus, when Severus had never mentioned him before.

His train of thought was interrupted as Lord Peverell Gryffindor stepped out of the green flames. “Ahh, Lord Malfoy. A pleasure to see you again.”
'The pleasure is all mine.'

Glancing out the window James saw Narcissa and smiled. “And there is your lovely wife. I so hope it is not to forward of me to request that she be involved in this meeting. The information that I have will affect the both of you.”

When he saw Lucius hesitate, clearly wanting to protect his wife he continued. “You have nothing to fear from me Lord Malfoy. This truly is just about information. Besides, if Sev thought that I had done anything to threaten your family, his beloved godson in particular, he would have my head on a platter for you by the end of the day.”

Lucius smiled at this. Severus was indeed rather protective of his godson. Agreeing he sent an elf to go get Narcissa.

Once she joined them James introduced himself and kissed the air above her hand as was tradition.

“Lord Peverell Gryffindor, it is a pleasure to meet you. You are most welcome in our home.” Narcissa said in her perfectly cultured, cool voice.

“Please, call me Sebastian.”

“Narcissa, than”

“And you should call me Lucius, we will be working in the Wizengamot together after all. Now you mentioned some important information that involves us.” Lucius was concerned that this might be some kind of shake down, using evidence from his past.

James could see that Lucius was weary but there really was no need for it. “I should tell you first that I was never supposed to be the one to bring this information to you. Originally Sev was planning to be our messenger but a controlling old man is making it particularly difficult for him to leave the school at the moment.”

Lucius nodded at this, he knew just how controlling Dumbledore was, especially when it involved Severus.

Seeing that the other two knew who he was referencing he continued. “This information originates from deep within the ministry. To be more specific it is from the Time Chamber in the Department of Mysteries, where time turners are made and stored.”

Lucius became very interested at this point. It was almost impossible to get any information out of that particular department. “I’m sure that if there was any information that I needed from there Fudge would have passed it on.”

“Actually he wouldn’t have known. It is a little known fact, but although unspeakables work out of the ministry building, they are not actually classified as ministry employees. They are only sworn to serve magic, not the government, so they almost never pass on information to the minister unless it pertains to something the ministry is doing.”

Lucius found this rather interesting. Fudge did so love to brag about all the top secret information he had access to in the DOM due to his power and position. It would seem the little creatine was just running his mouth, like usual.

“So what in the time chamber involves us, neither of us have ever even been in the DOM?” Although Narcissa found it interesting she would rather be with her son.
James took a sip of the tea that he had been given by the elf that had originally brought Narcissa. “One of my contacts got in touch with me last week. They had recently come into possession of a trunk that originated in the time chamber, it was covered in time crystals. What should interest you was what was inside. The trunk was filled with documents, memory vials, and messenger orbs. When it was tested, all of it dated to 20 years from now.”

“What about information from 20 years ago should interest us?” Lucius asked.

“You misunderstand me Lucius. The contents were not from 20 years ago, but from 20 years in the future.”

Narcissa gasped and Lucius gaped in a very undignified manner. Pulling himself together Lucius asked, “So you think we were involved in sending ourselves something from the future.”

“No. I am sorry to tell you that according to what we found in the trunk both of you had been killed. According to what we have learned there is a second war growing, and it will then be followed by another. Our society will be decimated. No, the reason I am here is because one of the message orbs was addressed to the two of you. The rest of us that have received these orbs have been given tasks in the hopes of avoiding the death of our nation.”

Reaching into his robe pocket James pulled out the orb that was addressed to Lucius and Narcissa. Both stared at the tag that had been stuck to it for a few seconds before Lucius reached out and took it. The tag read:

To: Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy

From: Draco Malfoy (Age 27)

Once he had passed over the orb James got up.

“Now that that is done I must be off. I have to prepare for a very important meeting tomorrow.”

“You… You don’t want to know what it says?” Narcissa stammered.

“Good Merlin no. I have enough to do with my own message. No I am more than willing to pass off the responsibility for that one to you. I will let you know, the rest of us have all used secrecy wards when we have listened to ours. The kind of information on them is not something that we want getting out.”

With that, James quickly flooed away.

Later that evening, after Draco had been put to bed, Lucius and Narcissa met in his office. Putting up the strongest wards they could, they activated the orb.

Narcissa gasped and felt tears form in her eyes as she saw the man her little boy would grow up to be. He was so handsome. Then she noticed the pain that was evident in his eyes.

Lucius looked at his son with pride and love. Then the image started to speak.

“Mother, Father. I can only hope that this reaches you. As it is right now none of us really know if this will work, but we had to try.

But, first things first. I need to say something to you, something that I wish I had said more before I
lost you. Mother, Father, I love you both so much. I owe you so much for everything you did for me. No matter what has happened or will happen, I will always love you.

Now… Father, I know about how you were forced to join the Death Eaters. I know what happened. What you need to know is that when I was 14 he returned. The information that we have provided will help stop this, but just be ready.

You were once again forced to his service under threats to mother and I. When I was 16 Aunt Bellatrix brought me before him. You and mother were being held across the room from me. He explained to me just what he would do to you and how he would give mother to McNair as a personal toy if I refused to join. I of course agreed and was branded.

Like you, I was then forced to do unspeakable things. But there was hope. When I was 17 Hadrian Potter defeated him once again.

We thought that was the end, but it wasn’t. In revenge for the atrocities committed on that monsters orders we became the hunted. The ministry, led by Dumbledore and his little pets, declared that simply being born with a dark core was outlawed. They started to round us up, every man, woman, and child, that they could get their hands on.

That was how I lost the both of you. I was lucky. Hadrian, who is a good friend, had broken into the compound in an attempt to rescue the infant daughter of a friend released as many of us as he could. He then helped to smuggle us out of the country. I will admit, most did not survive, I lost a great many friends to the purges.

I need your help to make sure that this doesn’t happen again. Luckily what I need you to do is fairly simple in comparison to what some of the others will have to do. It will actually probably not take more than a few hours, if that.

Father, the Dark Lord gave you a diary shortly before his defeat. This diary carries the darkest of black magic and must be destroyed to stop him. You must get the diary, make sure to use dragon hide gloves when handling it as I do not want you to risk yourself. Take the diary to Gringotts. Go to one of the guards across the hall from where the carts are and tell them that you have been sent by Hadrian and need to see chief Ragnock. They will know who he is. That is all. Ragnock is also involved in this and will no what to do by now.

Mother. I know how much family means to you and I am sorry to have to tell you this, your sisters are lost to us, there is nothing we can do. They are both to set in their ways to ever change. Bellatrix is so infatuated with the Dark Lord that she will willingly hand her own flesh and blood over to him. Andromeda has become so bitter in her loathing of the Black family and everything that it stood for that she will be one of the biggest advocates for the destruction of dark magic. She supported your execution and would have supported mine if I had not escaped.

What I need you to do is go to the ministry and claim conservatorship over Bellatrix, this will give you control of not only there personal vaults but the entire Lestrange fortune and Wizengamot seat. It will be easy as she is clearly crazy. It is just a few basic forms. Once that is done like father you need to go to Ragnock at the bank. Have him go down to her personal vault with you. Inside there is a gold chalice that is imbued with the same magic as the diary. Let him deal with it.

I would also request that you donate the Lestrange fortune to charity. So much of that money came from doing awful things there is no way it isn’t cursed. Give it to charities for children and St.Mongo’s.

One last thing. Mother, I know you have always wanted more children and that the healers as
St. Mongo’s always tell you to just get pregnant and wait and see, that will never work. What you need to know is that muggles have also struggled with infertility but they actually decided to do something about it. There are things known as fertility clinics in the muggle world that are completely focused on helping women get pregnant and give birth safely. One of my friends that escaped the compound with me struggled as you have. Within two years of starting their treatments she had a magically powerful, healthy baby boy.

I will warn you, some of there techniques may seem barbaric, but they actually work. I don’t mean to pressure you but it might be worth a try.

Oh, and another thing. We should have a house elf named Dobby. He is extremely odd and no matter what you do you will never be able to get him to behave properly. Give him to Hadrian Potter. I know it sounds odd, but those two just work together.

With that said, I love you and I hope that this may help save us all. Goodbye.”

With that the orb went dark and the room was silent. Both Lucius and Narcissa had tears running down their face. Their son had suffered so much and was so strong. They knew that they would do anything he asked if it meant that they might be able to lessen the pain in his eyes, even if just a little.

Lucius went over to his liquor cabinet and got himself a glass of scotch before going to sit in his chair and stare blindly at the wall for a bit.

Narcissa quickly fled the room. She ran through the manor until she reached her son’s room. Going in she laid down on the bed with him and cuddled him protectively in her arms and let herself cry for a bit.

Draco was a little confused at being woken by his crying mother but just decided to hug her back and go back to sleep.
Sorry I haven't been around.
My older sister ended up needing surgery and needed my help with looking after her and her daughter since her husband works away.
Side note. There is just no reasoning with a 6 month old. Sometimes she just wants to throw her toys on the floor and then cry cause they're on the floor. It doesn't matter how many times you pick them up.
There is also no way to calm a first time mom, who's doctor has given her specific instructions that she is not aloud to pick up her baby for a minimum of a week while her stitches heal enough that they won't rip.

Azkaban Prison - March 27, 1996

Sirius Black sat in his cell as a dog in the worst place imaginable. He still wasn’t completely sure how he had ended up here.

He knew what he had been told. That he had betrayed James and Lily and then killed Peter but that didn’t make sense. He had been here long enough that the spells on him were starting to fade so he knew that James had never been with Lily.

He actually hated her. The summer before their sixth year James had gotten ill. His mother, Dorea, had been a healer so she decided to treat him at home. During her test she discovered that he had been loaded down with potions, they included and obsessive love potion focused on the bint. Once he had been purged he had sworn to never go near her again. He had realized that he had actually been in love with Severus Snape for a few years and had been forced to treat him horribly.

But later that year everything had worked out. Severus had forgiven all of them and he and James ad gotten involved. Sirius could still remember how deliriously happy, and completely shagged out, James had looked after his first time with Severus.

Sirius knew that James would never willingly get together with Evans.

James had had a son… With Severus…. What was his name again?

Hadrian. Oh yes that was his name, Hadrian. His precious godson, his pup.

As Sirius once again managed to remember his godsons name he heard someone coming. They weren’t wearing the big boots so they obviously weren’t guards.

Turning back he waited. He watched as two people he vaguely recognized approached his cell. One was Amelia Bones, as he thought about it he remembered the attack on her house. How those disgusting death eaters had attempted to kill her baby niece.

Looking at the other one a little closer he remembered. He had called him Kings. He had trained him when the other man had first joined the aurors.
“Welcome to my humble home Amelia. I do hope you will forgive me if I don’t invite you to have a seat. Kings, what the hell are you doing here. Only screw ups and fools get stuck on Azkaban duty, I thought I had taught you better than that.”

Amelia smirked and Kingsley let out a deep chuckle.

“Yeah, yeah. Maybe you should have listened to your own lessons a little more old man.”

That was one of the things Sirius had always liked about Kings. He may be a naturally serious person but he knew how to take a joke.

“That’s enough out of you two. Come on Sirius, it’s time to go.” Amelia rolled her eyes. Honestly this was not the time or place to joke.

“And just where am I going to go Amelia. In case you haven’t noticed, I’m in Azkaban. Has the ministry finally pulled their heads out of their collective ass and decided to give me a trial.” Sirius was not in the mood, not that you ever could bee in a decent mood in this place.

“In a way Sirius, yes the ministry is giving you a trial. I have a portkey that is going to activate in 3 minutes that is going to transport us to a secure room in Gringotts where you will be questioned under veritaserum. If you can show you are innocent, which I know you are you are to be released with compensation. Lord Peverell Gryffindor arranged it.” Amelia knew that she needed to keep him calm. After this long around the dementors it would only make sense that Sirius would have some emotional control issues, not that he ever had much emotional control to begin with.

“Who’s he?” Sirius demanded. He knew that sometimes prisoners just disappeared from here. Not all the guards were exactly innocent. “I’ve never heard of him.”

“He told me to tell you that Moony wants you to come, if that means anything.”

“He knows Moony. Well what are we waiting for, lets go.” With a little help from Kingsley Sirius was up and on his feet.

He quickly went over to Amelia and soon enough there was a small pop, and the cell of Sirius black was empty.

Gringotts Bank - Same Day

Landing in the bank Sirius looked around hopeful that he would see Moony. He felt his heart sink a little when all he saw was a strange man and a goblin. For some reason he couldn’t clearly remember Moony’s face and he wanted to so bad. It was like he couldn’t breathe without him. He honestly didn’t know why he missed his old friend the way he did. He missed James too, but it was different from how he missed Remus somehow.

The unknown man stepped forward and extended his hand and introduced himself. When Sirius shook his hand he felt something was off. This man was a stranger to him but there was something so familiar and comforting about him.

Once everyone had been introduced they got right down to it. Sirius was led to a seat where the goblin administered the truth serum. Given the fact that the ministry had already messed things up so bad, the man that insisted they call him Sebastian was going to be the one asking the questions. If anyone else had a question to ask they would have to write it down and hand it to him, or cast a silencing spell and ask him to ask Sirius.
Quickly James started the interrogation.

“What is your name?”

“Sirius Orion Black”

“What is your date of birth?”

“November 3, 1969”

“Are you or have you ever been a death eater?”

“No”

“Were you the Potter’s secret keeper?”

“No”

“Did you betray the Potter’s to Lord Voldemort?”

“No”

“Who was the Potter’s secret keeper?”

“Peter Pettigrew.”

“When you were found after the explosion you were laughing, why?”

“Peter hit me with an over powered cheering charm”

“How did Peter Pettigrew die?”

“He didn’t”

“How did Peter Pettigrew escape?”

“He cast a blasting curse at a muggle fuel line, after the explosion he transformed into his rat animagus and escaped down the sewer pipe.”

Casting a silencing charm around Sirius he looked to the others in the room and asked if they had any other questions. When they all just shook their heads, they finished up.

The two aurors in the room seemed to be in shock. It had just hit them completely. One of their own had just spent 4 years in Azkaban while innocent and no one had done anything to help. If it could happen to him, it could happen to them.

Sirius was then given the antidote.

Amelia cleared her throat. “Now that that is done. Sirius, I am approved to offer you the sincere apologies of the ministry for this ordeal. I also apologize for not doing anything sooner, your arrest always felt off to me but I did nothing. I have also been authorized to sign over reparations for this injustice in the form of 1,000,000 galleons for every year you spent in Azkaban, plus a further 500,000 galleons for any medical treatment you require.”

Sirius still hadn't managed to get his voice back so James was the one to answer. “That seems adequate. Now, I do believe that I should get Lord Black some of that much needed medical
James started to usher Sirius out of the room when Sirius stopped him. Seeing that Sirius was about to start talking, James quickly threw up silencing and privacy charms so that neither Amelia or Kingsley could properly see them or hear them.

“And just who are you? Look I appreciate your help and all but I don’t know you. How do you know Mooney? Why did you help me? Why should I trust you?”

James smiled, Sirius always was the most suspicious of them. He decided to answer him in a way that would let him know who he was without actually saying it.

“When we were 13, you came over to spend the summer. Mom decided to be helpful while we were out on the quidditch pitch and unpack your things. She found a skin mag that your little brother Regulus had slipped in to mess with you. Once we came back inside, mom sat us both down and gave us the sex talk. That wasn’t the worst part that made us swear that we would never tell anyone. No, because mom was a healer she got really into it. She started transfiguring fruit into anatomically correct parts so that she could make sure we had a proper understanding. I don’t think we could look each other, or her, in the eye for the rest of the summer.”

Sirius just stared. There was only one person that knew that story. He had never told anyone that, and he knew James hadn’t either.

“Prongs?”

“The one and only brother. Don’t mind the look. It’s best if I stay dead so I’m using a glamour the goblins whipped up for me. Now you need to follow Ragnock. He will take you to the healers who will, well, heal you obviously. And before you start arguing with me that you want to stay and be involved in these discussions, I will tell you that both Remus and Hadrian are there.”

That was all it took to get Sirius moving.

James dispelled everything and turned back to the table as Sirius left the room.

Just before Sirius left Kingsley spoke up. “Sirius… I’m sorry.”

For Sirius that was all that he needed to say. He had always really liked Kingsley with his simple ways. Nodding back at him, Sirius walked out.

Once both Sirius and Ragnock were gone James turned back to the two aurors in the room.

“So if that is everything, I think were done here. Sirius will expect the restitution money to bee in his account by the end of the month.”

“Wait.” Amelia held up her hand. “You said that we didn’t want Pettigrew to know that we were on to him. Just how are we supposed to do that? As soon a Sirius is seen out in public everyone will know that he has been released.”

“He won’t be seen out in public, at least not here.” James really was having a lot of fun bossing his old superior around. “His husband currently works for Gringotts. He has just signed on to a 5 year contract that will have him working outside of Britain. I do believe that he is headed for Asia soon. That will give you 5 years to find the rat and publicly clear Sirius of any wrong doing.”

Amelia nodded, that could work. She decided that she would put Kingsley in charge of the search and see what happened.
After that was done, they hammered out a few of the finer details and the aurors left. James then went to the healing ward, he was really getting sick of that place.

Sirius Black was in pain. After the tests had shown just how many blocks and compulsions had been on him he had immediately agreed to the purge. He just hadn’t realized how much it would hurt.

He knew that he was laying in a bed. But that was about it. Slowly his mind started to piece things together. Remus. A man who claimed to be James said Remus was here. Now all he had to do was open his eyes.

With a great effort Sirius did just that, he opened his eyes. Sitting there next to him was his husband. The spells and potions in his system seemed to have made him forget he was even married, but now he remembered.

Slowly sitting up he looked around. Where was Hadrian, where was his pup.

Seeing that he was awake Remus leaned down and gently kissed him. “Please tell me you remember me.”

“Oh course I do. Your name's Bob, right.”

Remus reached out and smacked him on the arm. “Don't be an ass Siri.”

“Where's Hadrian?”

Remus pointed across the room to where another bed lay. In that bed was a small little body of a tiny little boy. But to Sirius that boy was the most important child in the world.

“Pup. What happened to him?” Sirius was panicked. What could've happened to his poor pup.

Soon enough the other man joined them, and yes, he was James, just with a new look. James and Remus then brought him up to speed on what had happened. To say Sirius was shocked was an understatement.

There was only one thing to do in Sirius’s mind. Do what their pup wanted them to.

**Hogwarts - March 29, 1996**

Severus was thrilled. Over the last month he reunited with his son, his husband, and two of his best friends. Now the only thing wrong with his life was a meddling old coot that made it impossible to spend any time with them.

Albus was becoming even more difficult, if that was even possible. He seemed to take it as a personal insult that anyone on staff had taken his side and was making them all pay for it.

He was walking down the empty hall when he saw one of the tapestries on the wall twitch. Sev knew that that particular tapestry covered a recess in the wall that worked as a great hiding place. Flipping the tapestry back he saw none other than William ’Bill’ Weasley.

“Mister Weasley,” Severus almost purred. “Would you like to explain to me why you are hiding behind a tapestry when you are supposed to be sitting in history class. This is not the conduct I
Severus now knew more than he had ever wanted to know about the Weasley family. The papers from the trunk had given a great number of details about how Molly Weasley and the 2 youngest Weasley children were active participants in Dumbledore’s plot. But it also showed that Arthur Weasley and the elder 5 boys were all good people.

He knew what the future had held for this young boy. If they hadn’t changed anything he, his wife, brother, and father, would all end up losing their lives to Dumbledore’s plans. As it was, he had the potential to become one of the best curse breakers in the world. Seeing the defeated look on the boys face he made a snap decision, he would help him.

“I... I was just...” Bill had no clue what to say. Of all the teachers in the school to catch him skipping class it just had to be Severus Snape.

“You just realized that you were late for history class?” Severus hid a smirk as he saw the boy quickly nod and turn to head towards his history class. “Oh, and mister Weasley. You will come directly to my office after dinner so we can work on your memory. We wouldn’t want you to forget any other classes.”

Bill silently nodded as he dejectedly made his way to class.

It was later that evening that Bill made his way down to the dungeon. He was not looking forward to this. Professor Snape always made you scrub dirty cauldrons.

Arriving at Snape’s office he knocked. When he was called to enter he went in.

Professor Snape was sitting at his desk. Bill was surprised that he was motioned to sit down rather than directed into the classroom to start cleaning.

“Mr. Weasley. I would like you to explain to me just why it is that you feel that you don’t have to attend your history class. You will be taking your OWL’s in 3 months after all.”

“I know sir. It’s just... Binn’s is so... He’s such a...” Bill was at a loss for words. Snape was almost being kind. This was definitely odd.

“I believe the words you are looking for is ‘dreadful bore’.” Severus couldn’t help but chuckle at the completely shocked look on the teens face. “Don’t look so surprised Mr. Weasley. Binns has been teaching at this school for over 50 years. I had to suffer in his class just like you. The only difference is I was smart about it. I am actually surprised at you. You, unlike some of your classmates, are not a complete dunderhead. Even some of the lions in my year figured out how to survive Binns class a few weeks after the snakes did during our second year.”

“How? I mean... How sir?” Snape seemed to be in a good mood, it was kinda freaky but he was just gonna go with it, he didn’t want to upset him.

“Two words Mr. Weasley. Silencing wards.” Seeing the look of confusion Sev shook his head. Dumbledore really had dumbed down this generation. “We would place silencing wards around ourselves and self study. A silencing charm will silence a person, but the ward silences an area. We would cast the wards around our desks before class started. By being there early none of the other students that might tell on us would know what we had done. Besides, Binns never changes his class schedule, so all the assignments and tests are given at the same time every year. I do believe that it was your uncles Fabian and Gideon and one of their Ravenclaw friends that made a tidy sum
at the beginning of every year selling a sort of information packet for that class, not that I would ever suggest doing something like that. Especially given that the headmaster has strictly prohibited possession of that sort of material, and you after all know just how important rules are. Once we finished our OWL’s, if we were going to go for our NEWT’s, we would then sign up for self study and spend that period in one of the empty classes working together. It was necessary given the fact that Binns seems to be stuck on the goblin wars but your exams will cover much more than that.”

Bill was shocked. Was the professor really suggesting what he thought. He decided to ask a few questions to make sure this wasn’t some sort of trap to get him into even more trouble. “But where did you learn to create wards from sir? And why do you think it is so important to learn history?”

This was exactly what Severus had been hoping for, a chance to lead the boy in his direction. “When I myself first started school here there was an entire section in the library that was dedicated to wards. Unfortunately the headmaster decided that that sort of information was far to difficult for the delicate little students that now attend this school and had it removed during my final year.” There, that might get the boy to question just how much information was being denied to the students by Dumbledore. “As for why history is so important to learn, there is a muggle saying that I think sums it up perfectly. A muggle philosopher named George Santayana said those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. What do you think that that means Mr. Weasley?”

“Hmmm… That we need to remember what we learned in the past. It’s like lessons that we learn in class. We need to remember what we learned during the term if we want to pass a class. If we don’t learn it properly the first time then we have to repeat the class.”

“An apt analogy Mr. Weasley. That is exactly what it means, its just on a larger scale. Look at our very own country. A broken system allowed for the rise of Grindelwald. After he was defeated the system stayed the same. And then everyone was surprised when, less than 20 years later, another dark lord was on the rise. A dark lord, I might add, that had a similar ideology, used a similar plan of attack, and used the same loopholes to gain power. We had a chance to fix the system in between the two but nobody bothered to learn from the mistakes. They believed that they were safe and were to set in their ways to do anything, so it happened again. And do you know what Mr. Weasley. Once again those in power are not learning from the past.”

“But… What do you mean? We’re safe now aren’t we. I mean, he’s gone isn’t he?”

“Yes and no Mr. Weasley. He is no longer a threat, but whats to stop someone else. The Dark Lord was able to get as many followers as he did because he appealed to what they wanted. Many of the old pureblood families were promised the return of their rituals and traditions, traditions that were made illegal to make the muggle borns feel more welcome in our society, rather than expecting them to adapt to a culture that has existed and strengthened us for thousands of years we are expected to acclimatize to their beliefs and morals. There is actually evidence that this is weakening our magic. Creatures that are classified as dark were promised more freedoms. Take werewolves for example; all that they needed to be offered to side with him was the right to have jobs and children. A friend of mine that works for Gringotts was attacked when he was only 6. He did not ask to be turned, instead he, like most, was forced into it. He is a very smart and caring man that just so happens to turn into a wolf once a month. A condition that can be safely managed, he did so his entire 7 years here after all. But do to the bigotry of our ministry he is barred from taking a job that would put him in prolonged contact with people, which is almost all jobs, he was able to get the job at the bank because goblins are less prejudice to those in his position. He is also barred from having any children, and the only reason he is married is because he and his husband went to France. Our ministry doesn't recognize his marriage. Vampires are in a similar situation only worse. They are forbidden from hunting to feed, but it is also illegal to donate blood to feed a
vampire. A vampire doesn’t need more than a few mouthfuls of blood a week and they don’t need to kill or turn someone to feed. But it is pretty much completely illegal for them to eat. So they have a choice, break the law and feed and be killed, or abide by the law and starve until they enter blood lust and go on a killing spree and be killed. If you were in their position where you were forbidden from having a family and/or eating just how loyal would you be to the government that did that to you?”

Severus hadn’t taken his eyes off Bill. He watched as the boy first paled, and then his mouth fell open in shock. He clearly had no way to answer the question so Sev continued.

“You have grown up in a safe home, and there is no doubt in my mind that you have had a sheltered life, but not everyone has. Many will see the injustice and attempt to do something about it. It is true that both previous self styled dark lords were insane, but they were able to become as strong as they did because of things like that. We need to make sure that we don’t forget what happened, and how it happened because it can, and probably will happen again. Until we learn from the past we cant stop it. That is why history is so important. It also shows us where we come from. And reminds us how hard we have worked to reach the point we have now. Do you have any other questions Mr. Weasley?”

“No… I… Do you know where I could find information on those silencing wards? I think I should at least try and pass my history OWL.”

Sev thought for a moment and examine Bill critically. “I’ll be right back, don’t touch anything.”

Sev went through the door that led to his personal room. Going to his book shelf he looked for the introduction to warding book that he himself had used while studying for his OWL in the subject. It was the first book that had gotten him interested in the subject in the first place, it also had very useful information for casting wards at any level. Just before he left the room he stopped as the perfect punishment for skipping history class hit him. Going over he grabbed one of the history books that Remus had recommended. He then placed glamour charms on both so that if anyone other than he or Bill looked at them they would just see regular course books.

Once back in his office and sitting at his desk he handed the warding book over. “This, Mr. Weasley, is the book I used when I was first learning warding. It got me through my OWL in the subject. I will expect it back by the end of the school semester.”

“Thank you professor.”

“Now, for your punishment. As today all my classes were theoretical, so there are no dirty cauldrons, I have decided instead to assign you an essay.” Severus then handed over the second book he had brought with him. “This was suggested by my friend that works as a historian at the bank. You are to pick a topic from the book and write me a minimum of two feet on it, due by the end of the weekend. Am I understood? And don’t think of just regurgitating what it says in the book. I will be sending it to my friend and having him mark it to make sure that you actually understood what you were talking about.”

“I understand sir. Sir, can I ask another question?” Severus gave a nod. “Why would a bank need a historian? I thought they just handled the money.”

“The reason Gringotts needs historians is the same reason that they need curse breakers, which two other friends of mine are. You see, the goblins don’t just handle money, they also find it. My friends are part of a team that tracks down and explores ancient tombs and gather artifacts and knowledge. The banks historians will examine different historical material until they find a tomb or temple mentioned that hasn’t yet been found. By crossing the information from different sources
they can usually narrow down where the ruin might be located. Then the curse breakers go in because most tombs have been layered with enchantments and curses to ensure that no one can get at what is hidden inside. Since there are no copyright laws that date back that far, any information or technology that they find can be used for free by the goblins or sold for profit. The historians and curse breakers that work for the bank are actually closer to those adventurers and treasure hunters that are so common in those books marketed to children your age.”

“Really, you mean there are actually people that do stuff like that?”

“Yes, and they get paid very well for it too.”

“Cool.”

“Indeed Mr. Weasley. Now you had better get back up to the tower. We wouldn’t want you to get caught out after curfew and get a detention.”

“Thank you sir, and good night.”

Just before Bill left Severus called out a warning, a smirk playing around his lips. “Just remember Mr Weasley, you are technically not supposed to be in possession of that warding book. I have glamoured it to help hide it but you will still need to be careful. If you are caught with it then I will have no problem letting you go down for it. Like the self respecting Slytherin I am I will have no problem telling anyone who asks where you got it that you must have stolen it.”

“Of course sir. I would expect nothing less.” Bill said with a smirk of his own before leaving.

Hogwarts - March 30, 1996

Bill Weasley had finally found something that fascinated him. Last semester, when he had had his career advice with McGonagall he had told her that he didn’t really know what he should do. She had suggested that he should get a job in the ministry, just like his mother wanted.

But Bill really didn’t want to. He saw the way that his dad was treated. He honestly hated the ministry for that. Then add in what Snape had said. It was clear that the ministry was completely intolerant of anyone that thought differently.

Now, he was sitting on his bed with the curtains closed reading, he was also exhausted. He actually hadn’t slept last night. As soon as he had gotten back to his dorm he had decided that he wanted to get the essay out of the way and gotten to work.

He really wished that book was the kind of history that they learned. He had spent over an hour trying to decide on a topic. Eventually he had settled on ancient Egypt.

Never had he finished an essay so quickly. He actually had almost three feet by the time the sun was coming up.

Then there was the warding book. As soon as he had finished the essay he started to read it. It was so interesting. He was still only on the basic information, and hadn’t reached the point where he could start attempting to cast but he loved it. The book gave a step by step guide and explained how each was developed.

Bill thought all the different things you could do was amazing. It was too bad that the books had been taken out of the library. He really didn’t understand why the headmaster would do that. It
wasn’t like warding was dark magic. It actually seemed less dangerous than some of the stuff that they learned in transfiguration. Self transfiguration, like what they would be learning next year, had much more potential for dangerous backlash.

Deciding that he wanted to get his essay to the professor, and try and get some access to more of the information that the headmaster was clearly hiding from the students Bill went to leave. But he didn’t get very far. Taking a single step, his legs started to give out underneath him. He clearly needed some sleep first.

Bill woke up just in time for dinner. After dinner was done he made a familiar trek down to Severus’s office to hand in his essay.

Knocking, he was once again quickly granted entrance. Going over to where his professor sat, with a surprised look on his face. He handed over the parchment.

Severus was startled by not just how quickly the boy had finished his paper, but his appearance. Although Bill was never the most well put together of his students he was a mess right now. His clothes were rumpled and wrinkled. His slightly too long hair, was a mess and made it appear as if he had just gotten out of bed. But the most startling thing was the dark circles under fever bright eyes.

“I gave you the entire weekend Mr. Weasley. I'm surprised you managed to finish so quickly. Let's hope it isn't because you weren't putting in a decent effort.”

“No sir. I just found it all so interesting. Given our history lessons here I didn't think I would like it. But it seems when you're not learning about goblin wars, from the ghost professor that speaks in monotone, history can actually be pretty interesting.”

“And are you here just to hand in your essay or is there something else you would like Mr. Weasley?”

“I was wondering… I mean… I was hoping that you would be able to help me learn more about warding. I’ve only gotten a few chapters into the book, but I really want to learn more. I can’t just start practicing in my room if I want to be able to keep the book a secret, but I really don’t know where I could study. I was also wondering, you said you used this book while you were studying for your OWL in warding. I’ve never heard of that OWL. Was it canceled when those books were removed from the library?”

Severus thought quickly. He wasn’t sure how Bill had gotten interested in warding and curse breaking in the original timeline but he could work this to his advantage. He could easily manipulate Minerva and Albus into allowing him access to the boy. It may be useful in the future.

“I think that I may be able to help you Mr. Weasley. I will casually mention to Minerva that you have been pestering me for extra potions lesson. She, naturally, being the lioness she is, will demand that I help you. During that time you will have access to my personal library.”

“Thank you Professor.”

“As for the OWL, no it was not canceled. Hogwarts only offers 12 OWL and NEWT subjects, but the ministry offers OWLs and NEWTs in over 200 subjects, though most of those are languages. Anyone wishing to take tests in those subjects have to go to the ministry and pay to take the test during the summer.”
Bills face look downcast. “Oh.”

“Is there something wrong Mr. Weasley?”

“Not really sir. It's just my family doesn’t… We don't really have much extra money you see.”

“Neither did my family Mr. Weasley. There is nothing stopping you from getting the money yourself.”

“But how sir”

“It's called a summer job Mr. Weasley. As I love potions I took a summer job working at a potions apothecary starting the summer I turned 15. I then use that money to allow me to take any extra tests in any extra subjects I wanted as well as help save up for my mastery.”

“But who would hire a student. I've been to Diagon Alley every year but I've never seen any help wanted signs.”

“That's because the shops there tend to belong to old established families. Usually the only people hired to work in those stores are members of the family. I would suggest that you try one of the shops on River Run or one of the other alleys.”

“Where is that? I can’t get a job in Knockturn, my mother would kill me.”

“Mr. Weasley, how many magical alleys do you think there are in London?”

“Three. There is Diagon Alley, of course, Knockturn, and I have heard of Celestial Alley. But I heard that it was really expensive.”

“Wow, you really have been sheltered. There are actually 7 alleys. the three you mentioned plus Horizon, Morning Dew, Crimson Fang, and River Run. Horizon is were most of the manufacturing business are located. A lot of there goods are actually purchased by shops in Diagon and then sold at a marked up price. Morning Dew has both the older forms of magic and the newer age stuff. It’s where the Temple of the Moon is located, which is a very important site to the original magical religion. You can also find a lot of the fortune tellers there, not the kind of stuff that is taught here, but the real seers. Crimson Fang is dedicated to black magic. I would never recommend that you go there, it is one of the most dangerous places in the city. Not even the ministry aurors go there. And then there is River Run. That area tends to be more academic, although at the far end of the alley is where the wildlife conservation area is. It has dozens of little shops focusing on transfiguration, charms, and many other subjects. I go there for top quality ingredients that I can’t find anywhere else. It’s also where the public library is, it’s the biggest library in the country. If you really want to learn more I would suggest that you get a job in one of the used book stores, that will give you ready access to books. Spend the summer working and studying and you could apply to take any extra OWLs you want before school starts again in the fall. However I will warn you. If you decide to go to the alleys and get a job you should probably take your father with you for the first time. I don’t want to risk getting one of your mothers howlers saying that I sent her poor, defenceless, baby somewhere dangerous.”

They both grimaced as they remembered some of the howlers his mother had sent over the years. Although most of them were directed towards Charlie.

Then Severus had an idea. “And might I suggest that you convince your father to go with you by making a special trip to Horizon to visit Junior Technologies.”

“What’s Junior Technologies?”
“I assume you know about the Wizard Wireless Network.” Bill nodded. “Well, the radio that you use to listen to it was developed by Sophia Junior from the preexisting muggle radios. With the money that she made from it she opened up Junior Technologies to combine other muggle technologies with magic to improve them. They struggle here in Britain due to the bigotry, but they are a very successful business around the world. Their shop in Horizon is the only one in the United Kingdom.”

“That sounds just like something dad would love. Wait a minute. You mean that muggles developed the radio?”

Severus nodded. “It really is unfortunate that the muggle studies classes offered here are so far out of date.”

“Anyways that sounds like it could work. But something else you said sir. I thought that Hogwarts had the biggest library. Everyone says so.”

“Hogwarts did have the biggest library a few decades ago. But over the past 50 years or so more and more books have been removed because people like the headmaster feel that they are to dangerous to allow children to have access too. The library that we have now is less then half of what it used to be. And it’s only getting smaller. I know for a fact that Headmaster Dumbledore has already marked another dozen or so books that will be removed over the summer.”

“That’s insane. This is a school. We’re supposed to be learning things. Isn’t that the purpose of a school, to give us a safe environment to learn and ask questions. If we can’t learn it here, in a secure environment, we might try to learn it on our own, and that could kill us if we don’t know what we’re doing.”

“I agree. But I think that’s enough for tonight. You need to get back to your dorm and actually get a proper nights rest. I will speak with Minerva tomorrow so don’t be surprised if she tells you after class on Monday that she has arranged some extra potions lessons.”

“Thank you sir. Goodnight.”

**Hogwarts, Staff Room - March 30, 1996**

Severus hid a grin as he watched Minerva and Albus enter the staff room. They were in quiet discussion until they caught sight of Severus. He wondered what it was that they were trying to keep secret.

This was what he had been waiting for, and the only reason he had bothered to waste his time in the staff room.

“Ah, Minerva, good I was hoping to have a word with you. You need to get one of you little lion cubs under control.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean Severus?” Minerva’s tone was icy. She was still angry about his implying that she was incompetent because one of her students got lost in the forest.

“William Weasley has decided that he wants a better potions grade because he is considering a job in the ministry and has decided that I should waste what little free time I have giving him private tutoring sessions.”

Minerva and Albus glanced at each other and shared a small smile. Severus almost rolled his eyes,
did these two not understand anything about being subtle.

“Now my dear boy. Surely you would be willing to help a young boy reach his dream. You know how Gryffindors can be when they want something. Lily was just the same. Surely it wouldn't take too much of your time to help him, it really is for the greater good my boy.” Albus said with a twinkle.

Severus wanted to gag. He really didn't understand how he had missed their blatant manipulation, even with all the potions and bindings on him. These people had no tact.

They argued back and forth for about 10 minutes until Severus finally conceded. Severus then walked out of the room hiding a small grin.

As Severus was congratulating himself on a job well done so where Minerva and Albus. It had been there idea after all for Bill to join the ministry.

When Molly had originally gotten together with Arthur, they had planned on using his position in the Ministry to help achieve their goals, but that hadn't worked out. Arthur just didn't have what it took to truly make it within the current atmosphere of the ministry, an atmosphere that they enjoyed and cultivated.

Bill was a smart, powerful, pureblood that was clearly going to grow into a handsome young man. He was the perfect kind of person to rise to power within the ministry. And he was going to help them along the way.
Wizengamot and Waking Up

Potter Manor, Hadrian’s Room - April 14, 1996

The last two weeks had been hectic to say the least. James and Sirius had been cleared to leave by the healers, though they were still on restrictions, which led to 4 very sexually frustrated males, due to malnutrition and weekend muscles that needed to heal naturally.

They had then moved them all to Potter Manor. Hadrian was brought along even though he was still in the coma. This led to the men spending most of their time in his room. There were papers and memories all over the place from the mens research and planning.

Severus was also having a hard time of it. He had classes, head of house duties, brewing for the hospital wing, rounds, and now his tutoring sessions with Bill Weasley. He was exhausted but still tried to get home as often as he could just to spend a few hours with his husband and son before he had to leave again. As it was he hadn’t been able to get away today so they had one of the mirrors propped up so that he could see them and Hadrian.

Right now they were all trying to help prepare James for his entrance into the Wizengamot which was scheduled for the next day. James had never gone to the court before, stupidly trusting Dumbledore to do what was best, he was kicking himself for that now.

They had decided that they needed to do something that would get people to sit up and take notice. They just needed to make sure that whatever they did couldn’t be misconstrued by the public.

They had rented two dedicated mail boxes from Gringotts that allowed them to send documents and small objects back and fourth in the blink of an eye, it had the added benefit that the goblin magic made it untraceable, unstoppable, and completely safe. As they were working Severus noticed that Remus was staring at him. “Is there something I can help you with Remus?”

“I was just thinking. You should come and work for Gringotts with us.”

Severus didn’t even bother to try and stop himself from rolling his eyes. “Oh yes, like thats going to happen. I am under contract with Hogwarts. The only one that can break the contract for me is Dumbledore, and he’ll never let me go.”

“I think there might be a way.” Remus mused. “As soon as James walks into the Wizengamot Albus is going to want to know everything he can about him right?” They all agreed. “But he won’t be able to find anything because we just made him up. Who better to gather information than his favourite spy. A spy that he still thinks is completely loyal to him. If James mentions that our curse breaking team needs a potions master than he might just be willing to let you go.”

“He might.” Severus was a little unsure. He would love to get away but he didn’t want to get his hopes up. “The problem is that he made me sign an exclusivity contract that isn’t up for another 10 years.”

Now it was Sirius’s turn to come up with an idea. “We use the goblins contracts. The reason it took me so long to sign up to work for them was the contract negotiations. One of the few things that I learned from my paranoid family was that you have to read every line of a magical contract, especially if it is with the goblins. Goblin contracts supersede almost everything and they don’t leave loopholes. My grandfather always told me that Dumbledore was a fool because he never bothered to read the contracts he signed, he always thought that no one was brave enough to try
and cheat him, and for the most part he has been right. If we hand him a contract and tell him that
its just a standard contract he won’t bother to read it. We just need to make sure that it includes
clauses that will nullify any other contracts you are under. I even used mine to make James the
proxy for the Black seats. We know from the voting records that he is using the Prince seat, so we
could use it as another way to mess with him.”

“It could work.” James was starting to get excited, he might just be able to save his husband from
that old man. “Even if it doesn’t, what do we have to lose, it can’t get much worse.”

Remus gave Severus a look. “It is the best thing I can think of that would allow you to be with your
husband and watch your son grow up Sev. You all deserve that.”

“Then we give it a try.” Severus smiled as the others all cheered when he agreed. “Now we just
need to make sure that we make a big enough show of it to interest him.”

“I was thinking about that too.” Remus was really getting into his planning mode. “We need to do
something that he feels is a threat to his little kingdom that we can be sure that people will support.
We make it something about the kids. We already know that kids from that school are being
returned to abusive homes, so we can get everyone’s attention and help them at the same time. It
has the added benefit that no one is going to want to be seen as voting against the protection of
children.”

“Ok, then let’s get to work. The sooner we do this, the sooner I get my husband back from that old
man.” James’s smile quickly fell. “EWWW, bad mental picture.”

Wizengamot Chambers - April 15, 1996

James walked next to Amelia, heading towards the Wizengamot chambers. He had gone to her to
request that she be the one to introduce him. She was seen as light leaning neutral and that would
help his image.

She had also helped him seal his proxy of the black votes. Other than that his biggest worry was if
the chamber would acknowledge his name change. The chamber had a magic all its own and if it
didn’t accept him as Sebastian Peverell then he was in a lot of trouble. The goblins had assured him
that his name change was all completely legal and excepted by magic already, but he couldn’t help
but be nervous.

Stepping into the chamber he and Amelia went their separate ways. Looking around he could see
that he wasn’t the only new face. Across the room from him was Narcissa Malfoy, sitting in the
Lestrange seat. Hadrian had mention that Draco was going to suggest she take conservatorship over
her sister. It seemed like she had listened.

The session started a few minutes later when Albus Dumbledore, Chief Warlock, came in and all
his glory. James really wanted to know who thought maroon robes was a good fashion choice.

After the session was officially called to order and the minutes of the last session were read they
came to the new introductions. Lucius went first, announcing Narcissa. There were more than a
few hostile looks, particularly from Dowager Longbottom and the Chief Warlock himself, though
he was better at covering it, Narcissa didn’t show any acknowledgement of those looks and held
herself tall with the haughty grace the Malfoys were known for. Then it was his and Amelia’s turn.

“Chief Warlock, members of the Wizengamot it is my pleasure to introduce Lord Sebastian
Peverell Gryffindor. Common name Sebastian Peverell. He holds the seats of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Peverell, Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Gryffindor, the proxy of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Ravenclaw, and one other house, though that house has been sealed by the head of house.”

Almost the entire chamber wore shocked faces. Then the murmurs started. To have not just one but two of Hogwarts founders seats active was incredible. It hadn’t happened in over 200 years, and for one person to hold both was stunning. James was thrilled when the chambers magic accepted him.

Standing at his podium Dumbledore was stunned and furious. Just who did this man think he was coming in here with those titles. This was his Wizengamot, and he wasn’t about to share it. Then a thought struck him. Peverell.

That would mean that he would hold primary over his Harry Potter. This man could step in and take his best pawn away before he had even gotten a chance to use him. This was not good. It also meant that the Potters were almost broke, at least in comparison to what they had had. Pretty much all of the Potter money came from the Peverell vaults. The vaults that now belonged to this man, if he wanted to he could take it all back. This one man coming into these chambers had almost completely destroyed any value that James Potter served. Oh, the Potters still had money and influence, but it was almost cut completely in half now.

James was jumping for joy, internally, as he watched the expressions flash across Albus’s face. The old man had just realized how much influence he had lost.

After him there were no other introductions. They got right into it then. James quickly started to question the intelligence of these people as he listened to speech after speech about pointless topics. It seemed some of them just wanted to hear themselves speak.

He almost lost his temper when a toad like woman in disgusting pink put forward a bill that would make werewolf’s have to join a registry and wear a tracker. Her reasoning for this was all the attacks recently. It was James that shot her down when he simply asked her where she was getting her information. She had no answer to that, she had just made up the statistics, no one had ever bothered to call her on it before. He then asked Amelia how many attacks had been reported. The bill was almost immediately dismissed when she said that they hadn’t had a single report of a werewolf attack in over a year.

Then it was his turn. Standing up James got ready to make his motion, and hopefully piss off a certain old goat.

“Ladies and gentlemen there is a matter of great importance that we need to address. I am proposing that we establish a new department in the ministry. This department will be focused on the welfare of children. As many of you know in our society children are sacred. But that does not mean nothing bad ever happens to them. When I originally took my lordship I decided to start looking into the school one of my ancestors helped to establish and what I found astounded and terrified me. Looking at the school registry I noticed that about 15% of the students that attended Hogwarts left. Many of the students that left had the name of the school they transferred to listed. But some did not. I decided to investigate why some students did not return to school but did not transfer to another school. What I found was the death certificates of these children. It would seem that many of our muggleborn students are being returned to abusive homes. I have only had a few days to look into this problem and what I have found so far is over two dozen students that have been killed by a member of their family. One of these was the case of 13-year-old Emily Winters. She was found beaten to death by her father less than two weeks after summer vacation started. When asked why he did it the muggle aurors reported that he said she had demonic powers and
needed to die. He has never shown any remorse. When we say children are sacred it means all children regardless of blood status. According to the muggle government there were over 50,000 children reported to have been abused in Britain last year. I am willing to bet my fortune at least a few of them are magical children. We cannot standby and allow this to continue. I believe we should establish a department whose sole focus is to ensure that the children of our world are safe.”

As he had been speaking James spelled the different reports that they had compiled to the different members. This included statistics on abuse as well as files on individual children that were verified to have magic. He was glad that Hadrian had made sure to include reports like this in the trunk, there was no way they would have been able to gather them in time for the meeting if he hadn't.

The room broke out in a cacophony of noise. To most of them this was unthinkable. They did not even want to consider that something like this could be happening. Even those houses in the darker faction that did not support muggleborns were sickened when they read the reports, the idea that children were sacred was more than just a theory to a majority of the magical world.

“Surely the auror department can handle this. There really is no need to finance and staff an entirely new department.” Fudge said. He really didn’t like to have to spend money on something that would not benefit him.

“Actually, and I mean no offence to any aurors, I do not believe that they can.” James had expected someone to say something like this, though he was surprised it was the minister, he had actually figured the man would be better at understanding the politics of a subject like this. “Our aurors are trained to stop crimes, not work with children. In the muggle world, those that work in their child welfare offices are specifically trained to work with children and how to spot abuse.”

“I must agree with Lord Peverell.” Amelia added. “We are already understaffed and don’t have the budget for anyone else, as it is. We can not hire and train more people with the budget that we receive.”

With a flick of his wand, James had reports from mind healers appear in front of the members. “As adults we understand that when someone hurts us, they are the ones responsible, but children don’t. If you look over these mind healer reports you will see that when a child is abused most of them will internalize their pain and blame themselves. Because of this shame, when asked if they are being abused, they will more often times deny it. Then, of course, there are those that deny it out of fear as they have been threatened by their abuser. One of the major problem for the muggles is that unless they can prove abuse they can not remove the child. We don’t have that problem. All that needs to be done is to preform a medical history spell and we will know. We need people that are trained to do that.”

Once James had finished Gerald Greengrass stood up and seconded the motion. As soon as Dumbledore called the vote it was automatically passed. Not a single person was willing to vote against it, just like they had predicted.

The next thing that they had to deal with was staffing. James knew that there would be those that would try to get one of their relatives in place so that they could control a department that was more than likely going to be very popular with the public. He knew he needed to head them off.

“If I may,” when he was acknowledged he proceeded. “I have brought two people with me today.”

As he said this and older man and woman were escorted into the room from the antechamber. This is Cecilia Perra, and Edward Brown. Mrs. Perra has worked in the muggle children’s welfare office for over 40 years. Mr Brown has worked as a mind healer for victims of child abuse for close to 50 years. I would like to nominate them to be co-heads of the new department.”
Lucius had watched the proceedings with a blank look on his face. But he had also watched as his wife fought to maintain her mask. Children were infinitely precious to Narcissa, and listening to these self important fools bicker about what to do, how to do it, and when to do it, was not helping to ease her temper. The idea that there were children being abused and they were worried about politics was very dangerous. Narcissa was naturally a very calm person until it came to the safety of a child, then she was even more dangerous than Bellatrix.

Oh, he understood the issues that some were having. It was clear that Perra and Brown were either muggleborn or half blood. In the history of the ministry every single minister and department head had always been a pure blood. There was no denying that even though Dumbledore and the so called light had been in power since the fall of the Dark Lord they had done nothing to stop the blatant blood supremacy issues. But it seemed Lord Peverell was planning on making a name for himself, he may as well use that to start improving his own families image.

He and Narcissa had already talked about everything they had learned from the message orb. They were going to do what they could to make sure their son never had to suffer like that again. Though they both did not believe muggles capable of much, mainly due to their own upbringing, they decided to follow Draco’s advice and seek out one of those fertility clinics. It had only taken a few tests for them to tell them that Narcissa’s fertility issues were actually quite common and they believed, completely fixable. The healer they had seen had said with a few treatments and a bit of luck Narcissa may be able to be pregnant by the end of the year. Despite what he had been raised to believe about muggles, if they could help them in this he would never say another word against them.

Making his decision, Lucius got everyones attention. “I second Lord Peverell’s nomination.” Stunned silence. No one even seemed to be blinking. “As Lord Peverell has already showed there is a real and serious threat to some of the magical children in our world. Given the fact that we, as a governing body, weren’t even aware of this problem shows that we do not know how to handle it. Mrs. Perra, and Mr. Brown, on the other hand have spent decades working in this field. This is not something we can risk failing at, there are literally the lives of children on the line here. We need this department to be run by competent individuals, not someone out to make a political name for themselves. When it comes to the lives of children we must leave politics at the door. More over, we need competent people involved because they will be able to get everything ready faster. I hope I don’t need to remind everyone here that the Hogwarts term is set to end in just over 2 months, and as we have already covered, some of those children leaving are going to abusive homes, we have no guarantee that they will all make it back. There is no room for mistakes.”

When Lucius took his seat the silence continued for a few seconds before others started agreeing with him. Then the vote was called, Perra, and Brown were confirmed. There were still a few people that voted against them, but they had a comfortable margin.

They debated for a while longer about different aspects of what the department was going to do. When the issue of what to do with any children that needed to be removed from their homes was brought up James once again took the floor. He explained how, since the Peverell’s had so many properties, he was willing to rent one of the manors to the new department for 1 galleon a year so long as the property was used as a home for the children in need of a safe home.

Eventually they agreed on as much as they could and the session was called to a close. James was glad. He, Sirius, and Remus had been up all night planning this. The only reason he was even still standing was because he had taken 3 grand pepper up potions. He really wanted to go home and crash.

But that was not to be. He had to play the game and meet with the other Lords and Ladies, and they
all seemed to want to speak with him.

Many yammered at him about how nice it was to meet him, how he had done such an incredible job, how he was so generous. They all seemed to think that they could get him on their side if they said nice things to him. When James had first been introduced he had informed them that he would not be joining any of the established parties as he needed time to figure out which party he most agreed with, until then he would be independent.

When Lucius came over they shared a few soft words. Lucious thanked him for the information he had passed on, though he only said ‘talk’ in the chamber, no need for anyone to know about the orb. And James thanked him for supporting his nomination.

Then he met up with Amelia and asked if he could have a private word with her in her office. It was just when they were about to leave that Dumbledore came up to him. James groaned internally as he sent Amelia on a head, promising that he would meet her as soon as he could.

“Sebastian, it is a pleasure to meet you my dear boy.”

James held back the sneer that wanted to come out when his title was dropped. Although he preferred not to be so formal the dropping of ones title without permission was a subtle sign of disrespect that all those of noble birth knew.

“Lord Dumbledore. The feeling is mutual I assure you. I must admit that I have been interested in meeting you. There are just so many stories about you, I have always wondered just what was true and what was merely rumour.”

“Indeed my boy. Please call me Albus. I must admit that I was surprised by the issue that you brought up today. You were very skilled in how you manoeuvred to get your bill and proposals through.”

Out of the corner of his eye James caught sight of a reporter that was clearly listening in. He had no clue who she was, but this was perfect. She would most likely report every word she heard.

“Yes. I was surprised when I learned of the issue myself, and when I found that nothing was being done I was thoroughly disheartened. So I decided to do it myself. But, on the topic of children. It has come to my attention that you are the only one that seems to know the location of my heir, Hadrian Potter. I was hoping that you would be able to arrange a meeting for me.”

Albus’s jaw tightened. “I am afraid that will not be possible my dear boy. There are those that still threaten the boys safety, that was why I arranged his current living accommodations. I would not risk the security of the poor boy now.”

“I understand your worry, and I thank you for being so cautious with the safety of my heir. I will accept having you bring a message to the boy from me so long as you can guarantee that he is safe and happy. That is the most important thing, after all? As my heir I must ensure that he is bing properly looked after and learning what is expected of him.”

“I would be happy to pass on any information for you. I can assure you that the boy is safe and is learning everything that he needs to know to be a great light wizard, just like his father was. I have made sure that his guardians teach him all the lessons that he needs.”

“Then I shall write a letter to him and give it to you at the school board meeting next week. Now, if you will excuse me I have a meeting to get to.”

With that James walked away, completely furious. How dare that man, how dare he. To someone
who had no idea of what was actually happening what Dumbledore had said would be comforting. To someone who knew the truth it was disgusting. ‘Teach him all the lessons that he needs.’ How dare he, he had basically just confirmed that the abuse was on his instruction. And bringing him in to this, though it wasn’t like Dumbledore knew that he was James.

Just before James could stalk out of the room the reporter he had seen stepped in front of him.

“Lord Peverell, my name is Tamsan Dove, I’m an intern reporter with the Daily Profit. I was wondering if I could ask you a few quick questions.”

“Certainly Ms. Dove.” James was glad this wasn’t Rita Skeeter, from what Hadrian had written about her she was a horrible reporter. “Although, like I said. I have a meeting so it will have to be fast.”

“Ok, so lets go quick, you said that Harry Potter was your heir, correct?”

“No,” seeing her confused look he smirked a little. “I honestly don’t know where the idea came from that the Potter child was named ‘Harry’. All one would have to do is check the birth record to see that his name is not Harry James Potter, but Hadrian Jameson Charlus Potter. I personally find it interesting that he is celebrated as a hero of the people yet no one ever even bothered to learn his name.”

“Really, ok that’s interesting. Next question. What do you intend to do with him?”

“Well, as you just heard me and Lord Dumbledore say, I want to make sure that he is safe and knows about who he is in our world and what his responsibilities will be as a future lord. To put it simply, my intentions towards him are to make sure that he is safe and loved. Lord Dumbledore has assured me that that is the case. If I learn that that changes at any time in the future I will not hesitate to step in, as anyone would do if they saw a child in need. I am also planning on making sure that people stop taking advantage of him.”

“Taking advantage of him? Who would dare to take advantage of him?”

“Apparently a lot of people. I have only been back in Britain for a few weeks and I have seen plenty of books, memorabilia, and products claiming he recommends them. Tell me Ms. Dove, do you truly believe that a 5 year old is out battling trolls like it says in some of those books, do you think that he is old enough to have given consent for dolls to be made of him. Although I might add, how do they know what he looks like, he has been hidden away since he was only a year old. I also don’t think that a 5 year old knows enough about quills to recommend one, but I saw signs saying just that. I do not like that there are people exploiting the tragedy of a war orphan. Given that he is a member of my family I intend to contact a barrister and make sure that that exploitation stops. Now, I really must be going, if you have any other questions send me a letter and I will see what I can do.”

Tamsan thanked him. James was then, finally, able to get away. He was glad that he himself had once been an auror because the ministry layout could be incredibly confusing to those that didn't know it. Walking the familiar route to the DMLE he thought of what he was going to say. They had all agreed on the story that they were going to tell. The last thing they needed to do right now was bring any suspicions.

Entering the office he greeted Amelia. Once they were both settled with tea she asked what she had been wondering ever since she left the Wizengamot chambers.

“Sebastian. What is it that I can do for you?”
“Amelia, I believe that I might need your expertise on something. I will let you know that I have been bending the truth a little.” When she nodded he decided to just go for it and tell her the story they had worked out last night. “When I was originally hurt in a curse breaking accident I decided to spend my medical leave on a nice, hot, sandy beach. Instead, I was contacted by the British branch of Gringotts and summoned here. On the evening of March 4th an unidentified man brought a small child into the bank. All that he told the goblins was that it was a wizard child and that he was being abused. Although not overly fond of wizards, goblins are very protective of children so they agreed to help the child. They ran an inheritance test to get a proper identification of the child. When it showed that the child was related to the Peverell’s and I was one of the few living relatives they summoned me. The child was Hadrian Potter.” As he spoke James had handed her a copy of Hadrian’s health scan and watched as she glanced over it while she listened to him, her face darkened as she read and James knew that he wasn’t going to have much trouble from her now.

“Don’t you mean Harry Potter?”

“No, I mean Hadrian Potter. As I just explained to a young reporter that asked me the same question, the boy you know as Harry James Potter is actually Hadrian Jameson Charlus Potter. I really don’t know how the entire British magical world seems to have gotten the boys name wrong, but they have.”

“That’s interesting, but back to your issue. Are you asking me what you need to do to gain custody of the boy, because that’s simple. To gain his custody you just need to file a petition for custody. I will however warn you it will probably end up in front of the Wizengamot due to his fame.”

“Actually custody is not what I’m worried about. You see, James Potter was a smart man. He knew that he was a target, and he knew that there was a good chance he might die. As a layer of extra protection he went to 2 of his best friends, Sirius Lupin-Black, and his husband Remus. The two of them were named godfathers in a bonding ritual where they also blood adopted the boy with his parents permission. Sirius and Remus are legally and magically his fathers. So custody is automatically theirs, with no need to file any paperwork. If Sirius had been legally convicted then they would’ve lost custody, but since there was no trial they were never stripped of his guardianship.”

“So that’s why you were so adamant that Sirius be freed. It would mean that there was no need to involve anyone else in saving Hadrian from an abusive home.”

“Yes. They are currently with Hadrian at my manor. They have both agreed to join my curse breaking team and we will be leaving the country in July after my medical leave ends. I will be using a dedicated portkey to attend the Wizengamot and any other meetings I have in Britain but Sirius and Remus do not intend for Hadrian to return to this country until he starts Hogwarts. They want to give him a chance to be a normal kid, and that isn’t going to happen here. My issue is Dumbledore.”

“Dumbledore? What does he have to do with this?”

“If you will remember after the attack at Godric’s Hollow it was Albus Dumbledore that took custody of the boy, even though he had no legal right as Sirius and Remus were both still alive. He then put the boy in an abusive home, though I do not know if he knew about the abuse or not. What I do know is that I just asked him to arrange a meeting with Hadrian, as he is my heir. Dumbledore just told me that that was not possible because the boy is in hiding. He told me that he checks on him and is ensuring that he is learning everything he needs to know. It is clear that, given the state of the boy when he arrived at the bank, and what he said to the goblins he had no knowledge of our
world and if anyone was checking up on him they should be charged with child endangerment. I was hoping that we would be able to handle this between ourselves and leave him out of this. He has too much power, and even with me backing them, we don’t want to risk Hadrian being placed back in that kind of environment for Dumbledore’s ‘Greater Good’.”

“Can I go with you and speak with him? It might help if I can see him so that if it ever comes out we can say that I approved his placement.”

“It will have to wait until the weekend at the earliest. Hadrian must have been a powerful child because Lily Evans placed a binding on his core. It is not overly common but it can be done if an infant is to powerful and it endangers them, as you know. But those bindings are legally required to be removed by the age of 3 because of the danger they pose to a growing core. But since he was placed with muggles after the attack the binding was never removed. Removing a binding like that can be extremely painful if it’s been left on for too long. That coupled with them having to fix the physical abuse issues, the goblins decided to put him in a magically induced coma and he isn’t scheduled to be woken up until Saturday.”

“Are you telling me, that Albus Dumbledore abandoned the magical worlds saviour to muggles with bindings on him.” When James nodded she seethed. “If he hadn’t been brought to the goblins and had them removed those bindings could have killed him.”

“We know. Lily never even informed Sirius or Remus what she had done, so they wouldn’t have known even if they had instantly retained custody like was intended.”

“That is just reckless. Now, if it is ok with you, and Remus and Sirius, I will stop by the bank on Saturday. If I can verify that Hadrian is safe and healthy then I will be able to help. Given his importance, and as Dumbledore is always saying that he needs to stay hidden as he is in danger, I will be able to classify Hadrian as being in protective custody. With Sirius being a former auror I can have him listed as a trained guard. I can seal it for up to 10 years if we need too. That way no one will be able to take him away, or claim that he was kidnapped. Will that work for you.”

“That would be perfect Amelia. I am also planning to go to the new department, once they are up and running, and explain things to them just to cover my bases. Would you be willing to back me up with them.”

“Of course.”

Knowing that they now had the head of the DMLE on their side and sealing Hadrian’s file James said his goodbyes and left.

**Hogwarts, Headmasters Office - April 15, 1996**

Minerva was worried about Albus. She had been so busy last night that she hadn’t been able to see Albus after the Wizengamot meeting, and he wasn’t at breakfast when she got there. She decided that she would go and make sure everything went well yesterday. She knew that Deloris was supposed to propose a new bill during the session. They didn’t really work with Deloris but she was easy to manipulate into doing what they wanted.

Reaching his office she knocked sharply before going in.

Albus was sitting at his desk, stroking his beard, and staring out the window.

“Albus, is everything ok.”
“It’s been better. Yesterday a new lord was introduced to the Wizengamot. He is the lord of the houses of Peverell and Gryffindor, he also sits as proxy for Ravenclaw and another house.”

“He represents two of the founders!”

“Yes. And he looks like he is going to pose a problem.”

“What did he do?”

As she asked her question an owl flew in the open window with the Daily Profit clasped in its talons. After he paid, Albus took the paper and handed it directly to Minerva after glancing at the front.

Looking back at them from the front page was a picture of Sebastian Peverell and Amelia Bones. Quickly skimming the articles Minerva understood why Albus was so upset. This man could clearly be trouble.

There were 4 separate articles dedicated to the Peverell Lord. All of them were glowing. They went over the new department that he had gotten confirmed, the history he had made by nominating the first muggleborn heads of department, his offering of a family home to be used as an orphanage, and his connection to Harry Potter, now confirmed to actually be Hadrian Potter as well as how he would be protecting the child from those that would take advantage of him.

“Well, he looks like he will be trouble.” Minerva said with a sigh.

“Oh, you have no idea how much trouble he could be Minerva. This one man has the potential to upset everything we have worked for over the last few decades.”

“What else could he possibly do?”

“He has legal rights to the Potter boy. My placing him with his relatives and assuming control of his magical guardianship was technically illegal.”

“But you are trying to save our world, surely no one will oppose you. We need to ensure that the boy will be what we need.”

“I agree with you about what we need to do, but the public won’t. You know as well as I do that the people are to weak to do what needs to be done. If it were up to them they would sacrifice our world to the darker forces rather than make the needed sacrifices. Just what he did yesterday has made him a darling to the people but a menace to us. He single handedly demolished Deloris’s bill. And then weakened our control over the children. Now every child that has strict parents will go crying to his new department. They don’t understand that a little adversity will make them stronger, it also makes them more malleable to our cause. The orphanage being his will also give him control over the children.”

“Isn’t there anything we can do? Surely we will be able to gain control of this new department. If we can do that then we will have access to the orphanage and by extension of that, to the children.”

“No, I don’t believe that we will be able to gain control of the department. The two in charge were a Hufflepuff and a Ravenclaw, so we wouldn’t have had much to do with them. Plus they have been out of the magical world for so long I know nothing about them so there is no favours that I can use to sway them to our side. The fact that it was Lucius Malfoy that seconded their nomination just makes things harder.”

“I have no idea why that monster would have supported them. Everyone knows that the Malfoy’s
are the darkest of the dark.”

“He was probably trying to curry favour with them and Sebastian Peverell, while also rehabilitating his image to the public. This coupled with is imperius claims will make the public truly believe that he had no choice and is actually a good person. It is sickening how gullible people are sometimes. Then there was this whole Harry, Hadrian mess, and he even threatened lawsuits”

“What is the difference between Harry, and Hadrian? And just who is he planning on filing charges against?”

“It was Lily’s idea to change the boys name the Harry. It was her own fathers name, meaning that he was named after a muggle rather than a traditional pureblood name. We wanted the muggle connection. There is also the fact that we don’t know who his mother is. James never spoke of anyone around us. When we got James and the boy there was no evidence of a woman in the house. We figured that it was a one night stand, but we didn’t want her to be tempted to come back. As for the lawsuits. Since I took over for the role of guardian for the boy I have allowed for books and commemoration items to be made. Since I can not access too much of the Potter fortune due to the ridiculous rules of those disgusting goblins, I set up another vault for that money to go into so that we would be able to use it as needed to better our world. He seems to be planning on suing anyone that was using the boy’s name, image, or likeness without the proper permission.”

That was one of the more important aspects to Albus. They needed that money. If Lord Peverell became involved then they would lose that money too. The goblins had restrictions on how much money you could remove from a vault so he couldn’t even remove all the money and move it into his own vaults. It wasn’t that he was poor, he just preferred not to spend his own money on something like this.

Albus popped a lemon drop in his mouth before he continued. “Thankfully I have managed to convince him not to interfere in the boys life, I convinced him it was safer for the boy. But he is going to be sending him a message through me. So I will just have to forge a response from the boy. No, the part that truly worries me is that he is planning to get involved on the school board.”

“But he doesn’t have a child here at school. Don’t you need one to be considered for the board? And how much damage can he actually do? He’s just one person on a board of twelve parents and you.”

“As an heir of a founder, and a proxy of another, he automatically gets a place on the board. With two houses of the founders backing him up it means he can effectively render the board useless. The way I arranged the board was 4 light, 4 dark, and 4 neutral. 2 of the neutrals lean light while the other 2 lean dark. Since there is almost always a tie, I have the deciding vote. It makes people think that they have a say when they actually don’t. He actually holds more power over the running of the school then the board and I put together now, and I do believe he knows it. No, this is going to take some thinking.”

“This could be bad. We need to learn as much as we can about him. See if theirs anything we can use against him.”

Albus huffed, annoyed. “That’s another problem. I spent the rest of the day yesterday, and most of the night gathering as much information as I could on him. There is almost nothing.”

“What do we know.”

“We know that he is a pure blood that was home schooled and has worked for the goblins for years. Other than that, I have found nothing.”
“We will just have to wait until the school board meeting and see if there’s anything we can do or learn then.”

“I agree. I just really don’t like having an unknown in our midst.”

Gringotts Bank, Healing Ward - April 20, 1996

The day had finally arrived. Today was the day that they were going to wake Hadrian. James, Severus, Sirius, and Remus were all basket cases. They were all terrified that something would go wrong, or Hadrian would hate them.

Severus was pacing the ward. He had argued with Albus for over three hours the night before about having to leave the school grounds. He had ultimately left a note with Filius about needing ingredients and snuck out at 5:00am. He was not sure what was going to happen. From reading the journals he had been given, he had been completely awful to Hadrian in his past life. What if Hadrian wanted nothing to do with him. Sev didn’t think he could survive that.

Eventually Cora said it was time. Cora, Vessra, and Ragnock had all joined them for this. After a few minutes of chanting Cora and Vessra stepped back saying that he was just sleeping now. The three goblins decided to go and talk in Vessra’s office to give the wizards some alone time with the little one before they scanned him to make sure all was well.

It took a few minutes, that actually felt like hours to the men, before Hadrian started to wake. Severus couldn’t help but think that he woke up like James as he watched the small child fight to go back to sleep.

Hadrian’s little nose crinkled as he tried not to wake up. James leaned over and called to him. “Hadrian, come on baby boy. It’s time to get up.”

Harry was comfortable for what felt like the first time in his life. No… Not Harry. His name was Hadrian. That paper and the goblins said his name was Hadrian, not Harry. That was ok, he liked Hadrian better. Then he heard a voice calling. Oh no. he must have slept in. He was going to be in so much trouble. What if he didn’t manage to get breakfast ready in time.

“I’m sorry aunt Petunia.” Hadrian shot into the sitting position expecting to see his aunts scowling face. Instead there were 4 men.

He knew that he knew the men but he didn’t know how. The man with the blond hair didn’t look like anyone he knew, but there was some type of energy around him that made Hadrian feel loved. “I know you, don’t I?” Hadrian asked more than said. “I remember you from somewhere but I don’t think I’ve met you.”

James, Severus, Remus, and Sirius were all startled. When Hadrian had first woken they had seen the fear in his eyes. That look alone made the men want to hunt down the muggles that had hurt him. Then that fear had turned to confusion, and a slight amount of recognition. His speech was also far more advanced than it should be at 5.

It was clear that some things had transferred over from his past life, but he couldn’t clearly remember it. His recognizing them slightly could be from his past life, or just from when he had been a baby.

Sev sat down on the edge of the bed and took Hadrian’s hand. “Hadrian. My name is Severus and
this is James.” As he spoke he reached out and took James’s hand and held it between his and Hadrian’s.

Hadrian’s eyes went unfocused for a moment. “You’re my dad and papa. The bad man with the white hair took you away from me, and hurt us.”

James was shocked as he sat on the other side of the bed, still holding onto the hands of his son and husband. “You remember that?”

“No, not really. Its like a story that I was told. There’s all this stuff in my head. I know its real, but it hasn’t happened. Does that make sense?”

“Yes Hadrian. That makes perfect sense. Yes, James and I are you fathers. and these two other men are you godfathers and honorary uncles Remus and Sirius.” Severus said as he indicated the other two.

“Ok.” That was more than enough for Hadrian. The energy and colours around these men said that they were safe, he had never seen the colours before but somehow he just knew them.

The others watched in shock as Hadrian crawled out from the blankets and into Severus’s lap. He then burrowed into his chest, latching his arms around him like a baby koala.

Severus could only wrap his arms around his son and lean back on the bed, tears forming in his eyes. Even after everything Hadrian had been through he clearly felt safe in his arms. And Severus couldn’t have felt happier if he tried.

James looked at his husband laying his cheek on top of their son’s head as he held him wrapped in his arms and he had never felt more love for anyone in his life. They were all safe. So long as they all had each other Dumbledore could never hurt them again.

Feeling left out, Sirius and Remus crawled up on the bed too. James and Sev sat squished together at the top of the bed, their backs resting on the pillows and headboard, while Sirius and Remus took their place at the footboard. Hadrian stayed where he was, wrapped around his papa, but one of his hands had reached out for his dad, and was now wrestling in his.

This was the view the three goblins saw as they came in. It was clear just by looking at them how much these 4 men loved the small youngling.

Before they could say anything however, a messenger goblin came running in saying that Madam Bones had just arrived. All the adults in the room knew what they had to do.

It did take a few minutes to convince Hadrian to release his grip on James and Severus. But they did eventually manage it. They explained to him that he couldn’t mention Severus, and that he needed to call James Sebastian. Eventually everything was set.

When Amelia came into the healing ward she saw a completely different sight than the goblins had just a few minutes earlier. A small, practically skeletal child, was curled up in Sirius’s arms as a goblin healer ran scans.

“Amelia. It’s good to see you again.” James said, charm oozing from his voice. “As you can see, Hadrian has just woken up. it will take a few more minutes for the healers to finish before we can go and talk to him. Do you have any questions that I might be able to answer?”

“Why is he so small?” Amelia was stunned at the small size of the child. Susan was small for her age, but this boy couldn’t way even half of what she did, and they were only a few months apart in
“Ah yes, that. It would seem that the muggles he was with did not think he needed to eat more than once a day, if that. The healers have been giving him nutrient potions but those are not enough. They only provide the body with what it needs to function. He will need to actually eat real food if we want him to gain any weight. As it is, it will be difficult. He has a shrunken stomach from the lack of food and that isn’t something that can be fixed by magic. He is going to need to eat small meals every few hours for the next few months to gain weight and hopefully allow his stomach to grow to what it should be.”

“It is times like these that I wish we could charge muggles in our courts.”

James could only nod at that. When the goblins finished they went over and took the two empty seats.

“Hello Hadrian. My name is Amelia bones. I’m here to make sure that your ok and want to stay with Sirius and Remus.”

“I don’t want to go back. Please don’t make me. I want to stay with uncle Siri, Remy, and Bastian. Please.” Sirius was almost being strangled by the grip that Hadrian had around his throat.

“Don’t worry Hadrian. I will never send you back to those… People. I just wanted to make sure that staying with your uncles was what you want. Now that I know that I can help your uncles make sure that you are safe and no one can try to take you away.”

They talked for a few more minutes. Amelia was quickly put at ease with how much Hadrian seemed to want to stay with the men. As she was leaving she assured James that they would be safe. She would ensure that their custody of Hadrian was legal and stayed secret until they were ready to release it.

As soon as Amelia had left Severus came back into the room. Once he was close enough, Hadrian launched himself into his arms.

Severus didn’t know what he was going to do when it came time for him to return to the school. He had to return tomorrow after dinner. It was clear to everyone that Hadrian wasn’t going to like his leaving. Severus knew that he wasn’t going to like it anymore then he would. He had just gotten his son back, he didn’t want to have to leave him again. He really hoped that Albus took the bait that they were going to be laying out after the school board meeting.

James stood next to Ragnock and worried. He knew that things were going to get even more difficult.

He had confronted the goblin earlier about how much the goblins had helped them. Ragnock had just laughed. He explained that Hadrian had brought back goblin contracts that ensured it.

Hadrian had been named as a goblin friend and they had signed a contract saying as much. That contract ensured that if Hadrian was ever in need the entire goblin nation was honour bound to help him. There were other contracts that ensured that they could not take advantage of him, no matter his age. It didn’t matter that the contracts were from the future, the simple existence of these contracts bound them to them. That was why all goblin contracts were spelled to ensure they couldn’t be destroyed. The binding magic was in the ink, as soon as they were signed using a blood quill they were blood bound, and so long as those who’s blood was used lived the contract would be enforced by magic.
There was also the fact that one of the contracts was a business deal that gave the goblins information on how to make and use cards like the muggle credit cards. This was a completely new idea, and according to the statistics they had from before the future attack on the bank, an extremely successful one. Hadrian would receive 25% of the profits while the rest would go to the goblins. It was a good deal on both sides. Plus he was also the Master of Death, so…

No, Ragnock had assured him, none of the goblins would risk betraying this young wizard. They would do what they could to aid him as they knew that it would aid them as well.

Once the healers cleared them to leave they headed to Peverell manor. While they had originally wanted to live in James’s childhood home of Potter Manor they knew it was too much of a risk. Dumbledore had ordered the Potter elves to Hogwarts to work and they didn’t want him to notice the absence of the elves.

Although the elves were sad that they would have to leave their masters, they were excited for their new orders. The weren’t fond of the old headmaster that had hurt their master and his son, no they weren’t. They were more than happy to return to the school so that they could spy on those that had hurt their masters. They were also going to work to ensure that the castle would be in the best condition for when their young master arrived.

Peverell Manor was a large, beautiful home. It sat on a cliff on the southern coast of Britain. There were 15 bedrooms, a formal and informal dining room, 4 separate sitting rooms, and a library that held over 10,000 books. There was also a staff of 10 elves that worked at the manor so they knew that they would be well looked after.

Hadrian seemed to like the house, but he still wouldn’t let go of them. He was always holding on to one of their hands or up in their arms, not that any of them would complain. It was clear that he was touch starved.

Severus was sitting with Hadrian on his lap once again, reading one of the children’s fairytale books that they had had the elves pick up when James saw Sirius casually dragging Remus out of the room. He couldn’t help but smirk.

Both James and Sirius had been cleared by the healers just before Sev had gotten there. James had convinced the others not to let Sev know so that he could surprise him later.

Sirius led Remus to the room they had chosen for themselves. Once the door was closed silencing wards were thrown up and a locking charm was on the door. They didn’t want to risk Hadrian coming looking for them and seeing something he really shouldn’t.

They both stripped as fast as they could. They had been apart for so long that neither of them could wait. Remus could feel Moony pushing to reestablish the bond with their mate.

As soon as they were naked Sirius pulled Remus down on top of him on the bed. Sirius had missed the feel of Remy’s body so much. The goblins had worked miracles with healing him, but there were just somethings that would need time. He needed Remy to make him forget all the bad in the past 5 years, even if just for a little while.

Remus knew that Sirius needed this just as much, if not more, than he did. He also knew that neither of them had the patients to take this slow. Muttering spells under his breath, he had Sirius
Knowing that he wouldn’t hurt Sirius, thanks to the spells, Remus thrust completely in.

“Fuck… Remy.”

Remus set a fast and brutal rhythm. Sirius could only moan under him as he pleaded for more.

It didn’t matter that they had been apart for years, they knew each other’s bodies better than they knew their own in some cases. It was due to this familiarity that Remus was able to quickly find Sirius’ prostate and hit it over and over with each thrust.

Sirius dragged his nails down Remy’s back as he hitched his legs higher up Remy’s body so that he could go deeper. Looking up he saw how Remy’s eyes shifted back and forth between his own and Moony. It was clear the wolf had missed this.

As Remus felt his release coming he pushed himself up a bit so that he could slip his hand in-between their bodies. Clasping his fingers around Siri’s rock hard cock he started to pump up and down. Swiping his thumb across the tip so that he could spread the pre cum on his shaft.

Pumping his hand in time with his thrusts he leaned down and whispered to Siri. “Cum for me love.”

That was all it took. Sirius came hard and fast. Remus quickly followed after a few more thrust.

Remus rolled over and collapsed into the bed. For a few minutes the only sound in the room was their hearts racing and there heaving breaths.

Once they had calmed enough Sirius couldn’t stop himself from letting out a few chuckles. “By the gods I’ve missed this.”

“Me too.”

Soon enough they had themselves cleaned and dressed and slipped out of the room. As much as they wanted to just spend the day lazing away in bed together they had a godson who’s fathers were just as frustrated as they had been.

Going back downstairs they saw that they were just in time for lunch. Hadrian could only stomach half a bowl of the rich vegetable soup, but it was a start. They didn’t want to overwhelm him with too many new spices or too much food at once since it could hurt him.

After they finished their lunch, Sirius suggested that he and Remus take Hadrian for a walk around the grounds to give James and Severus a chance to plan out what they were going to do at the upcoming board meeting.

As Sirius walked out he turned back and threw James a wink. Luckily Sev was looking the other way and didn’t see it.

James waited until the other three were out of his line of site before he walked over to his husband and pulled him in to a deep kiss. Then, like Sirius had before him, James pulled Sev up the stairs to their new room.

“James, we can’t. You aren’t healthy enough for this.” It took everything Sev had to deny his husband. As much as he wanted to, he couldn’t bear the idea of doing anything to hurt him.
“It’s ok. Vessra gave me a clean bill of health just before you arrived this morning.” James said as he pushed Sev’s robes to the floor.

“And you’re not lying to just get your way. Because if you are you will be in so much trouble.”

“I promise. Now please. Fuck me.”

Sev snapped. He wanted this so bad. He also had no patients. With a wave of his wand they were both naked. He then directed James to the bed and made him lay down.

Climbing on to the bed, Sev started to reacquaint himself with his husband’s body by slowly moving up from his toes. Running his hands all over he placed kisses at the points that he remembered made James melt. By the time he reached James’s lips James was already a babbling mess.

Deciding to torment him a little more Sev went back down to his cock, nipping at his nipples along the way. James was so turned on his cock was standing up on its own. Not giving him a chance to prepare he took the flesh in to his mouth and straight to the back of his throat.

James practically screamed as he thrust his fingers into Sev’s hair. Sev went to work.

Sev had always known just how James liked it. Although they both did enjoy their gentle love making sessions, they only happened on occasion. Mainly because when they ended up in bed together they were just to turned on to go slow.

As Sev deep throated James, with one hand he massaged his balls, and reached his other hand up to pinched his nipple. That added sensations of the pleasure and pain overloaded James’s senses and he came swearing and screaming Sev’s name.

Sev kept sucking for a few more seconds before he released him and climbed back up his body. Leaning down kissed James deeply, allowing him to taste himself.

Grabbing his wand Sev muttered the spells needed to prep James. He entered his lover slowly, drying it out.

James moaned in exhausted pleasure. Sev had always loved to wear him out. It was like he derived pleasure from bringing James pleasure. That clearly hadn’t changed.

Sev took his time. He did so love to watch as James reacted to every sensation. As Sev moved James felt himself getting hard again. It had always surprised him just how many times a night that Sev could get him off. They had actually tested it once and they had gotten to 5 before James had passed out from the pleasure.

As Sev moved he stared to bite and suck hickey’s up and down James’s neck. He could feel as James’s cock became hard between them.

James was thrusting up against him in an attempt to get the friction he craved. Deciding to help him Sev held himself up on one arm and reached down. Sev made sure to keep his touch gentle. Enough to stimulate, but not enough to get him of.

“Sev… Sev… Please. I need you. Please let me cum. Fuck, please.”

Sev smirked as he got to watch James melt down. Deciding to give him what he wanted, he never really was good at denying him, Sev picked up speed until he was pounding into him.
For the second time that afternoon James screamed his release before Sev finally gave in and came into him.

They both had stupid happy grins on their faces as they lay next to each other. Then a thought hit Sev.

“Did you cast a silencing ward. Cause I didn’t.”

They looked at each other in chagrin as they realized that neither of them had.

“We’re gonna have to start making sure we do. There are little ears in this house now, and I really do not want to have the sex talk with my 5 year old.” James said with a shive. He actually never wanted to have the sex talk, the one he had received had been traumatizing enough.

They finally left their room half an hour later to find that, thankfully, Sirius and Remus still had Hadrian out in the garden. It was clear however, from the wink that Sirius sent them, that someone had come into the house at some point and heard them.

Once Hadrian saw them he came running over happily. Again taking his place in Sev’s arms while James leaned over and kissed him on the top of his head.

The rest of the afternoon was spent talking to Hadrian and trying to explain as much as they could. Like they had predicted he was more than a little upset with the idea that his papa was going to have to leave the next day.

Later that night everyone all went into Hadrian’s room and tucked him in. They had showed him where their rooms were just in case he needed them during the night. They also told him that if he couldn’t get to them then he was to call one of the house elves and have the elf get them.

Hadrian lay in the big bed for hours. He wasn’t used to having something this comfortable. Or having so much open space around him. He missed his daddy, papa, and uncles.

Finally building up the courage he slipped out of bed. He grabbed his baby blanket and the stuffed wolf that uncle Remy had got him. Remus had thought it extremely funny when he had given it to him.

James and Sev had gone back to their room after putting Hadrian to bed. Sev decided on having a shower before going to bed and James had happily joined him.

After they finished up they lay down to go to sleep wrapped in each others arms. Just as they were drifting off to sleep they heard a soft knock on the door.

Sev used his wand to light the room with a dim light, while James spelled the door open. Their, standing in the light from the hallway was their nervous looking son.

James moved a little bit away from Sev and patted the bed in between them, inviting Hadrian to come lay with them. Hadrian gave a small smile as he ran across the room and crawled into bed with them. He curled up and was asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow. James and Sev shared a smile over his sleeping body before they too went to sleep.

It was half past 10 the next morning when Sirius slipped down the hallway heading for his friends room. Sirius had always found it hysterical to walk in on James and Sev. He loved to tease them about it.
He had decided that it was high time he embarrass his friends again so he was hoping to catch them in the act. Instead he found one of the cutest things he had ever seen.

James and Sev were wrapped around their son. All three of them were sleeping like they didn’t have a care in the world. Quickly, Sirius summoned his old instant camera and snapped a few pictures before he slipped back out of the room.

When he reached the dining room Remus asked where the others were. Rather than answer he just handed him the already developed pictures. Remus just smiled as they sat down to eat alone.

Hadrian woke with a start. It wasn’t that someone had made a noise, it was the opposite. He so rarely heard silence. It made him suspicious.

Slowly he opened one eye. Rather than being in his cupboard he was in a big comfy bed. His dad was behind him and he was wrapped around his papa.

He was so hungry, but he didn’t want to wake his parents. No, he decided that he would wait until they were awake before he got up. After all, he didn’t know what they liked, so how would he know what to cook for breakfast. So he burrowed back under the blankets and rested his head on his papa’s chest, trying to ignore his hunger.

James and Sev had both woken when they felt Hadrian tense as he woke up. They had been waiting for Hadrian to get up but when he didn’t they just thought that he was still tired. That was until they heard his stomach rumble. They knew that Hadrian was not used to being able to eat when he was hungry but they intended to change that.

Sev wrapped his arms around their son and sat up. This had the effect of having Hadrian end up sitting in his lap. He looked down at his son and smiled.

“Good morning little one. Why didn’t you wake us. We clearly need to get you something to eat.”

“I didn't know what you wanted.”

“What do you mean little one?” Sev thought he understood what Hadrian was saying, but wanted to ask to make sure.

“I don't know what you want me to cook for breakfast.”

James understood what had happened as soon as he had said that. Reaching forward he took his hand.

“Hadrian, it’s not your job to cook for us. As your parents it’s our job to make sure that you have what you want, not what we want. Besides, do you remember the elves you met yesterday, Tipsy and Topsy?” Hadrian nodded. “Well, their cook elves. It’s their job to cook, and that’s what they want to do.”

“But… I don’t understand. How am I supposed to earn my keep.”

At this both men were furious, but they made sure that they didn’t show it. It was Sev that got his rage under control fastest having had a rough childhood as well.

“You don’t need to earn your keep little one. This is your home, you don’t need to earn it. Now, your dad and I might give you little jobs, like keeping your room tidy, but we don’t expect you to
work around the house. That’s what the elves and the adults are for.”

“But… I… Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon… They said…” Hadrian was so confused. Something inside him told him that his papa was right, but that went against everything he had been told by his relatives.

James had never wanted to hunt someone down so much. “Your papa is right. Those people weren’t your aunt or uncle. They were just bad people that had no right to tell you what to do. Now, do you want to know what your papa and I want you to do?” He watched as Hadrian nodded, a confused look still on his face. “We want you to forget all the things they said to you. You don’t have to remember any of the rules they gave you because they were wrong. If there is something we want you to do, or you do something wrong, we will tell you. You never have to be afraid here. And if you need or want something all you need to do is tell us and we will discuss it. I promise, you never have to be scared of us. Your papa, uncles and I will always do everything we can to protect you because we love you.”

Hadrian just stared at him. He couldn’t remember anyone ever saying they loved him. Oh, he could remember Petunia and Vernon saying that to Dudley, but never him.

Looking back and fourth between his daddy and papa he saw that it was the truth. These people truly loved him. Tears formed in his eyes and he started to sob into his papa’s chest.

Sev rubbed his sons back. “What’s wrong little one?”

“You… You guys love me. No one has ever loved me before.”

James joined in, hugging his son and husband. They just sat their for a while and hugged each other. It wasn’t until Hadrian’s stomach gave another disgruntled sound that they remembered that they needed to get down to breakfast.

Hadrian leaned back in his chair at the breakfast table. He had eaten a full egg, a piece of toast, and 3 pieces of bacon. He had never felt so full in his life.

His fathers had watched him out of the corner of their eyes the entire time and he could see that they were happy to see him eat something. He felt all comfortable and warm. This was a feeling that he hoped he would get the chance to get used too.

The rest of the day was spent with his papa. They went everywhere together. Hadrian knew that he was going to have to leave after dinner, but he didn’t like it. It had been explained to him that his papa was still trapped by the bad man with the white hair and that his daddy and uncles were working on a way to save him.

That night, after Severus had left Hadrian had been inconsolable. It was clear to the others that there was a special bond between Hadrian and Severus.

As James lay in bed, missing his husband, he heard the same hesitant knock they had heard last night. Once the door was open Hadrian came right in without needing any encouragement and crawled into bed next to his daddy. Cuddling up he cried.

James couldn’t even bring himself to try and tell Hadrian that it was ok, as he didn’t think his son was feeling any better than he was at that moment. Instead, he just wrapped his son in has arms and cried with him.
Far away, in the dungeons of an old castle, a pale, dark haired man went to bed. Wrapping his arms around the two pillows he had placed next to him he let his own tears fall.
James was both extremely nervous and exhausted. Hadrian had been extremely clingy ever since Sev had had to leave, not that he had a problem with it. It just meant that he spent almost all of his time with his son in his arms. The only time he was able to put Hadrian down was when Sirius or Remus had taken him.

Every night Hadrian was in his bed and they would mirror call Sev. As soon as the calls would end Hadrian would once again dissolve into tears. They had tried skipping a night in the hopes that it might help Hadrian see that Sev didn’t need to be their all the time and work on his separation issues.

Hadrian had almost had a full blown panic attack as he cried the most heartbreaking tears. That night James had ended up sharing his bed with Hadrian, Sirius, Remus, and Severus on an open mirror call the entire night. It was clear that Hadrian was having severe separation anxiety from his abandonment fears.

This morning when James had said that he was going to leave Hadrian had once again melted down. When James had finally managed to Floo to the bank, before continuing on to the school, Hadrian had been sobbing into Sirius’s chest. James had felt his heart break at the sight.

Now he was preparing to enter the school board meeting. If things went the way that they wanted, by the end of the meeting he would have gotten to upset the headmaster and be one step closer to saving his husband from the old goats web.

Once they were all sitting at the table, Dumbledore had of course been late, they went around the table doing introductions. Each family was represented by a member of their family. Representing the dark faction was Avery, Gibbon, Montague, and Yaxley. The neutral faction was Bletchley, Ollivander, Shacklebolt, Kingsley’s uncle, and Travers. For the light it was Blishwick, Fawley, Tonks, Sirius’s cousin Andromeda, and the Weasley’s, represented by Molly herself.

Like they had with the Wizengamot meeting, the first thing they did was go over the minutes of the last meeting. From what James heard it sounded like they hadn’t managed to do a single thing, except have Molly stroke Dumbledore’s clearly massive ego.

Then James got the joy of listening to Molly and Andromeda go on about how they needed to make sure there weren’t any books in the library that could tempt the innocent little children to the dark side. Looking at the others all of them were clearly trying to stop themselves from rolling their eyes, even Blishwick and Fawley clearly thought they were being stupid.

Eventually it came time to make motions. James made sure that he was the first to speak.

“As I am sure that you all know by now, a new department has been formed by the ministry to ensure the safety of the children, the Department of Child Welfare, the DCW. To this purpose I propose that we have a team of healers and mind healers come in from St.Mongo’s to conduct a mandatory health scan. I also propose that we make these health scans mandatory at the beginning of every new school year.”

“Lord Peverell.” Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. “I know that you didn’t attend this school but we have a healer on staff. She deals with all the children's issues. I am sure that she is more
than capable of checking the children.”

“It is not my intent to be contrary Headmaster, but I must disagree. You do not have a fully qualified healer. You have a midi-witch. And although there is no denying that Madam Pomfrey is skilled at what she does, it is not enough. As I stated at the Wizengamot, most victims of child abuse hide their abuse, many are also taught to mistrust authority figures. That is why I suggested the inclusion of mind healers. There is also the fact that she heals injuries as they come in, not older injuries. I guess she doesn’t check for those. It is my belief that one midi-witch is not nearly enough for a school, but I will address that later. At the Wizengamot I mentioned the tragic story of Emily Winters. That was not some historical case. If Emily had survived she would currently be studying for her NEWTs with the other Ravenclaws. I never want to have to find another story like her’s. If my proposal for the medical scans by the healers and mind healers are approved then the Peverell family is willing to cover the cost for this year.”

“And the Shacklebolt family will assist in covering the cost.” Kingsley’s uncle added and James gave him a nod of thanks. “I second Lord Peverell Gryffindor’s motion, for both the medical scans now, and to have the scans made mandatory for the beginning of each school year.”

“And just what will we do if any children are found to be being abused. I know that you offered to fund an orphanage of sorts Lord Peverell, but what will we do until it opens.” Albus was getting frustrated with this man. Just who did he think he was, making Poppy look negligent.

“Happily, Lord Dumbledore, I have been speaking with Cecilia and Edward, you’ll remember them as the co-heads of the DCW. The Sea Cliff Home, as the orphanage has been named, will be fully staffed and open by the end of the school year. Any student that can not safely be returned home will be sent there. Any reports of abuse are to be sent directly to the DCW, by order of Minister Fudge. So I see no issues.” James couldn’t stop a smirk from forming on his lips.

“You are actually suggesting that we basically kidnap these children from their loving families.” Molly all but screeched.

“No Mrs. Weasley.” James said in a calm voice. “I am suggesting that we remove children from abusive homes. Not all children are welcome or safe in their own home. No child should have to be sent to a place where their hurt, no matter what their so called parents might want.”

Molly’s only response to that was to huff. After that a vote was called and it wasn’t even close. Both of James’s proposals went through without any trouble. Not even Dumbledore or Molly was willing to vote against them.

“Now, next issue I wished to discuss. The other day I was going through Diagon Alley and I saw a few young teenagers at Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour. It didn’t make sense because they were clearly school aged. When I asked them why they weren’t at school they laughed at my naivety. They had no problem telling me that their parents worked in Knockturn Alley, so there was no way that they could afford to attend Hogwarts, even if they had been invited. I was hoping that one of you would be willing to explain to me just why it is that children are being denied an education simply because of where their parents work?” James was both hoping and dreading that Molly would be the one to answer. He would love to watch her make a bigoted fool of herself, but her voice was like nails on a chalkboard. The woman clearly didn’t have an inside voice.

It was indeed Molly that answered. What followed was a 10 minute diatribe agains the evils of dark magic. By the end only Dumbledore and Andromeda Tonks were looking at her with anything like agreement. It was clear all the others thought she was just as crazy as James did.

“So you think that because their parents happen to work in a certain place, the children are evil and
don’t deserve an education. Correct me if I’m wrong but aren’t those beliefs almost the same as that Lord Voldemort guy,” almost everyone in the room flinched, “just going in the opposite direction. He didn’t support the rights of the muggleborn, and you don’t support the rights of those born with a dark core. I don’t know if you are aware of this Mrs. Weasley, but you can not control either of those things. You can not pick your parents any more than you can decide the leaning of your core.” James enjoyed watching Molly’s mouth drop open in surprise when he compared her to Voldemort. She then went red with anger, the only thing that stopped her from screaming at him was Dumbledore interrupting.

“I’m sure he doesn’t mean that in the way it came out Molly dear.” James just raised an eyebrow. “You yourself were homeschooled were you not?”

“Yes, I was. The difference is that my parents chose to keep me home because we did a lot of traveling. At least I was offered a chance at a traditional education. These children were denied even that choice because of who their parents are. I feel that that sort of bigotry has no place in this institution. I am putting forward a motion to offer all magical children admittance in to Hogwarts so long as they have the power levels for it.”

It was Lord Yaxley that spoke up this time. “Although I agree that children should not be discriminated against due to the colour of their cores there is no way that we can afford to educate all of them. The school is barely making a profit as it is. Maybe we could use some of the scholarships that go to the other students to offer the children of Knockturn a chance.”

James knew that Yaxley had been a strong supporter of Voldemort's. This was not the kind of man that he was ever going to agree with. “Lord Yaxley, this is a school, not a business. If you want to serve on a board that makes a profit I would suggest you go and work at a business. In my books, a school should never turn a profit. I am not suggesting that we reallocate the scholarship funds. I am suggesting that we offer more scholarships.”

“Though I agree that a school is not meant to turn a profit there is no way we could offer even more scholarships. We are offering the maximum number of scholarships that we can afford. Not to mention that there isn’t enough room. As you yourself just stated Madam Pomfrey is overworked as it is, and so are all the teachers.” Gerbot Ollivander, the brother of the wand maker Garrick Ollivander, said.

James gave him a satisfied smile, he couldn’t have asked for a better set up. “That was something that interested me. Why is it that the school is so big if it can only educate a few hundred students? I looked into it and found that the school isn’t even functioning at half capacity. I looked at the historical records and found a rather staggering drop in attendance about 150 years ago. Ever since then the school has been struggling financially.

Given that it was clearly a financial issue I went to the goblins. They told me a most interesting story. It would seem that all four of the founders set up vaults to be used to continue funding the school long after they passed. During the time of the founders the ministry was just being founded, and there were more than one or two tyrants that tried to subjugate the people. Because of this the founders were extremely cautious about who they trusted with their gold. They could not guarantee that they would always be able to trust the government, or the headmaster of the school they built, so they trusted the goblins.

They made an ironclad contract about how the goblins would deal with the school. The headmaster and staff would only retain access to the founders vaults so long as they followed the guidelines. About 150 years ago the goblins caught the headmaster of the time attempting to control the students by only hiring his friends and political allies. This was against the rules so the goblins cut
off his access to the vaults. To regain access to the vaults all we have to do is prove that we're following the original guidelines. It's actually not that hard, all we need to do is prove everyone we have hired is the best person for the job.

Once we have proven that the staff deserves their positions the vaults will be open to us. So long as we can continue to follow the guidelines we will be able to hire a lot more staff. As I said earlier Madam Pomfrey is clearly overworked and doesn't have the credentials needed to properly treat all the students. This would allow us to hire more healers.

The Helena Vault, started by Helga Hufflepuff and Rowena Ravenclaw, was intended to ensure that school was always appropriately staffed. The Slyrick Vault, started by Salazar Slytherin and Godrick Gryffindor, was intended to ensure that any student that needed a scholarship would have one.

I have looked at the vaults. Given the current amounts there is enough in the vaults to fully fund the school for the next 300 years minimum.”

“Are you telling me that there is money just sitting in a vault and the goblins never thought to mention it to us. We could be doing so much with that money.” Dumbledore demanded. This could work for him. Now that he didn’t have as much access to the Potter money he was going to need to find a new way to fund his side projects.

“It isn’t the goblins job to tell you.” James supplied. “I guess that the former headmaster that lost access to those vaults just never bothered to tell his successor that they existed. As for what can be done with the money, as I said there are limits.”

“What sort of limits. They have no right to deny the school it’s money.” Molly was incensed. Albus was a great wizard, and goblins were filth. They were probably stealing the money for themselves with their grubby little fingers.

“Actually they do. As I said, the Slyrick vault funds scholarships. Each student must present themselves at the bank and verify that they will be attending Hogwarts by signing a binding contract. This is to ensure that no one is padding the numbers or attempting to defraud the school by saying there are more students then there actually are. The Helena vault is for staffing the school. There are actually tighter regulations on this vault. The regulations stipulate what the salary is for each position, don’t worry it has been adjusted to meet current standards of living. All positions must be made available to the public, this can be done by advertising the positions in print, like the Daily Profit, or on the WWN. The applicants will have to submit a written application. And the person hired must be able to show that they are the best for the job and are competent.”

“That doesn’t seem so hard.” Kensington Shacklebolt said in his calm baritone voice. “We just need to make sure that those that we hire are the best for the job, which we should be doing anyway.”

The meeting wrapped up quickly after that. James was feeling particularly smug that his ideas had been agreed to, no problem. He knew that Albus was probably throwing a fit on the inside. He had always made sure that the only people that worked at the school were those he believed to be loyal to him. Now he would have to publicly offer jobs, and hire the most qualified person. It those rules had been in place for the past few years they would probably have had a completely different staff. He had also canceled classes due to their not being money for them, now there was money so he was going to need to make up a new excuse.

There was also the kids from the poorer dark families. Albus had always made sure that the only
kids that received scholarships were those from light families or muggleborns with light cores. This meant that a majority of the school was light oriented. Now it was going to be balanced out.

Once the meeting was officially ended James went to talk to Kingsley’s uncle while Dumbledore went to regroup with Molly and Andromeda.

“Albus what are we going to do?” Andromeda demanded. “That man is ruining everything.”

“Honestly, just who does he think he is? How dare he compare me to he-who-must-not-be-named. We need to get him off the board.” Molly was beyond furious.

“Calm down, both of you. I’m working on it. The problem is that he represents two founders. That's not something I can overcome. I will just have to find a way to sway him to our way of thinking.” Albus said in an attempt to calm them, but even he wasn’t calmed bye it. He had known that this man would be trouble.

Over with Kensington Shaklebolt, James was having a much more pleasant conversation. Kingsley had mentioned to his uncle that he had met him so they were discussing it. James only told him that he had met his nephew when he went to a meeting with Amelia.

After a little while he caught Dumbledore out of the corner of his eye. It was obvious that he was trying to eavesdrop on the conversation. James decided it was time to drop the bait.

“I agree, Kensington. We do need to improve the school. Look at me. I’ve been working as a curse breaker for almost 10 years and a single mistake from a newbie that hadn’t learned enough has put me out of action for months. I have another month and a half of medical leave left but it looks like I might be sidelined even longer. My team and I were planning on excavating a temple of one of the oldest potions masters but we’re still missing a team member. Due to the specialized nature of the temple the goblins insist that we need a human potions master, since the goblins do potions differently then we do. But since there are so few qualified potions masters available it could take us years to find someone.”

“Can’t you just hire someone from an apothecary?” Kensington asked.

“If only it was that easy. The goblins insist that we can only use a full potions master with at least 5 years of work with potions. And it would seem that all of them are busy. The only potions masters that we have found that are available in the UK are Horace Slughorn, who I believe used to work here, but he would never leave the UK so he hasn’t even been approached. And the other man, Toby Zear, has only had his mastery for 2 years. But, thats enough about my problems, I should probably get going.”

“I should head out as well, my wife will be waiting. It was a pleasure meeting you Sebastian.”

“You as well Kensington.”

James smiled as he walked towards the exit. He had successfully planted the bait, now he just had to see if the old man would get involved.

Entering the hall heading towards the main hall to leave James stopped as he heard none other than Albus Dumbledore call his name.

“Sebastian, my boy. I was hoping I could discuss those vaults with you up in my office.”

“Certainly Headmaster.”
Walking towards the headmasters office James couldn’t believe his luck. They had expected Dumbledore to try and arrange a meeting with him, but they had never considered it would be this soon.

Severus was on his way up to the great hall for dinner, and to see if he could catch any gossip when he heard something he hadn’t expected. According to the gossip the headmaster was on his way up to his office with the Gryffindor lord himself. Sev almost smirked when he heard some of the silly little girls start running wild with fantasies about his husband.

Severus quickly returned to his office to grab the report he had made up for the headmaster. Dumbledore had cornered him this morning asking for an update on Bill’s progress in his private lessons. The report that he had written was mostly just what he knew about the boys performance in his classes. Bill was good at following instructions and solving problems so he was actually doing well in his class. It actually wouldn’t surprise him if Bill managed an O on his OWL.

Once he had the report he went as quickly as he could, without drawing attention to himself, up to the headmasters office. Getting there, he took a moment to calm himself before he knocked and entered.

“Albus I have that report you… Oh, my apologies headmaster. I didn’t realize you had a guest.”

“Oh it is no problem my boy. Do come in. Sebastian and I were just about to sit down for a cup of tea, why don’t you join us? Lemon drop?” Albus offered before quickly introducing them.

James couldn’t stop himself from checking Sev out, gods he was sexy. Severus was much better at hiding his attraction and only showed board disinterest. On the inside he was almost panting. The goblins had keyed him, Sirius and Remus into James’s glamour so that even though he was taller, they could still see James’s face and colouring.

“Certainly headmaster. Before I forget, here is the report on Mr. Weasley’s progress in his extra lessons.” As Sev leaned forward and placed the report on the desk he could feel James’s eyes on his ass. He couldn’t even bring himself to get upset with his blatant action because all he wanted to do was to take him on the headmasters desk.

As Severus placed the report on his desk he knew exactly what he needed to do. He needed information, and who better to gather it than a spy. yes, that would be perfect. The man needed a potions master, and it was clear he was attracted to Severus. People were always more willing to share information if they thought that they would get sex.

He didn't think that Severus went that way but it really didn’t matter. Sacrifices were needed for the greater good after all. Severus would just have to do what needed to be done. Once he managed to get close enough to this new lord he would slip him a love potion focused on Lily. If he could get Lily, although they would need to change her identity, married to this man he would no longer have need of James Potter. Yes, that was a good plan.

“I do believe that I have just come up with the perfect idea.” Both James and Severus tensed slightly as Dumbledore said this and they saw the twinkle in his eyes. “Severus you have been complaining for a while now that the students are too much work to allow you time to do your own brewing. Sebastian, your team is in need of a potions master. What if Severus went to work with you for a while? It would be perfect.”

Severus actually gaped at the man. This was way to easy. There was no way that Dumbledore
would be this easy to fool.

James saw his chance and wasn’t about to let it pass him by. “That would be perfect. What do you think Potions Master Snape?”

When Albus gave him an encouraging nod Severus turned to James. “If you think I would be of assistance to your team I would be willing to join.”

Tea was quickly finished after that. James gave the same overview of the vaults that he had given in the board meeting before getting up to leave. Just before he left he told Severus that he would recommend him to the goblins and then gave Albus the letter he had written to Hadrian, the letter was just a basic hello and information about his heirship as they didn’t want Dumbledore to decide to visit him.

If the goblins chose to hire him he would receive an official offer of employment by mid May, and a contract by the middle of June. If Severus still wanted to work with him then all he had to do was sign the contract and they would be set.

After that, Albus allowed him to floo directly to the bank from his office.

Severus got up and was about to leave when Albus called him back.

“Severus, my boy.”

“Yes headmaster?”

“I need you to do something for me.”

“Of course headmaster. What is it you want me to do?”

“I need you to get close to Sebastian. You need to do whatever it takes to get him to trust and confide in you. Once you get the job offer, come to me and we will sort it out. I know your current contract isn’t up for renegotiations for a few years but I can easily put it on hold for as long as you need. I will also make the arrangements with your parole officer so there is no need for you to get involved with him. But I am going to need you to promise me you will do whatever it takes. It is already clear that the man has a weakness for you, I need you to exploit that, no matter what it takes.”

Severus clenched his teeth for a moment. This man had just basically ordered him to whore himself out for information and it infuriated him. There was also the lie about the parole officer again.

“Yes headmaster, I will do my best.”

With that Severus left. As he was going down the stairs he ran into Minerva on her way up. Not trusting himself to speak he settled for a nod of greeting before going back to his room. Albus and Minerva would probably be busy for the next hour so he didn’t have to pretend everything was normal. He knew that the Potter elves would be happy to serve him his dinner in his room.

Minerva didn’t even bother to knock this time. “Albus, is everything ok? What happened at the meeting? Was it as bad as we thought? Why was Severus here?”

Albus sighed deeply. He was both disappointed in the out come of the meeting but he was also excited by what he had arranged.

“We were right Minerva. That man will be trouble. Like he did at the Wizengamot meeting, he shows expert skill at working others to his point of view. Today he managed to convince the board
to implement mandatory physicals, any child from what he claims as a bad home will be sent to the orphanage that he has already got up and running, forced us to start issuing invitations to the children of the darker areas like Knockturn, and possibly beneficially to us, showed me a way that we can hire more staff. We could use the extra staff, but it is going to be more difficult to ensure that they are our people. The goblins have to sign off on the new employees, and they are more likely to listen to him then us.”

“So what can we do? We need to stop him, or at least slow him down. He has only been working publicly for a month and he has already caused so much damage. We need to make sure that our world is fixed. We can’t have more students with dark cores, it might start to convince the others that they are just like them. We need to keep the dark and light separated. The dark needs to be stamped out, not educated. We just don’t know enough about this man to control him. Maybe we could try potions, we’ve always gotten decent responses to that.”

“It will be ok Minerva. It would seem that Lord Peverell has taken a liking to our dear Severus. His curse breaking team is stuck here because they don’t have a potions master. I have graciously offered Severus’s services. I don’t like having to give up to much control of him, he’s to dangerous, but it will at least get that man out of the country for a bit. Then Severus can get all the information on him we need and return here.”

“Are you sure we can trust Severus to do a job like this. He isn’t exactly the easiest person to deal with. The chances of them becoming friends are very slim.”

“Oh my dear Minerva. Sebastian doesn’t seem to be looking for a friend, he is looking for a bed partner.”

“I didn’t know that Severus liked men.”

“It doesn’t really matter. He will do his duty for the greater good. I have made sure he knows what he must do, and he will do it. As for trust, well… He still thinks that he is on parole, plus I have control of his finances. Once he gets the job offer I will inform the goblins of what needs to be in the contract. After he’s finished his time with those disgusting creatures, which I doubt will take too long, I will just reactivate his teaching contract and we will have him back under our control. No, my biggest problem now is finding a teacher to temporarily replace him.”

They spent the next little while going over different people that they could hire for the few months that Severus would be away.

**Peverell Manor**

After leaving the school, James stopped by Ragnock’s office to let him know that Dumbledore had fallen into their trap and that they were going to need to send an offer of employment and the contract earlier than expected.

While he was meeting with Ragnock Cora stopped by. She had brought with her 4 bracelets. She and Ragnock explained that they were used by goblin parents when they have to work and leave their youngling at home. They showed him how you could push a small amount of magic into them.

That magic held the persons signature so that the child would still be able to feel them. It wasn’t a substitute for having a parent around but the goblins had found that it helped to ease the separation anxiety that comes when the parents would first have to return back to work. Cora explained that...
given his mage sight, Hadrian was probably magically sensitive. That would mean that his magic would recognize that a member of his family was missing. He probably wasn’t even fully conscious of why he was so upset. They were willing to allow James to rent them for 100 galleons a month.

James had jumped at the opportunity. This might just be able to help Hadrian. He used one of the mailboxes that Ragnock had in his office to send a letter and one of the bracelets to Sev. Sev must have been back in his room already because the bracelet had been returned bearing his magical signature less than a minute later.

After that he went home.

Stepping out of the floo James was almost bowled over by the small form of his son. Picking him up he spun them in circles. Hadrian gave a watery giggle.

Looking down he could see Hadrian’s cheeks were tear stained and his eyes were bloodshot. He wondered if Hadrian had been crying since he left.

“What’s the matter my little one?”

“I was scared you wouldn’t come back. Papa went to where the old man is, and now he can’t come home. What if he trapped you like he did papa. then it would just be me and Remy and Siri. They would both try and save you and get trapped too. Then I would be all alone again and have to go back to Private Drive.”

Hadrian knew that he shouldn’t cry so much. He didn’t want his daddy’s and uncles to think he was a baby and change their minds about him living with them. But he was just so scared, all the time. He knew the white haired man was evil, he didn’t want to lose his family again.

James looked over at Remus and Sirius who had come in the floo room with Hadrian. They shared a sad look. They had known that Hadrian had been upset. They had just thought that it was because he had missed Sev. They hadn’t realized it was because he was imagining about losing them all and having to go back to the Dursley’s. It made complete sense to them now why Hadrian was so sad all the time. He was imagining losing them.

“You don’t need to worry about that little one. We will never leave you. Yes, papa might not be here in the house with us right now, but we’re working on that. We are actually a lot closer now then we were this morning.” James said cheerily.

“Are we really?” Remus asked as he led them out to the veranda. “So Dumbledore now knows that you are looking for a potions master.”

“Better than that. He actually asked me to his office. Sev made sure to stop by. Albus actually suggested then and there that Sev join our team. I told him that he would have a job offer by May and a contract by the middle of June. If things keep going our way at this pace, Sev will be joining us by the time summer begins.”

James, Sirius, and Remus spent the next half hour going over everything that had happened at he board meeting, and the meeting with Dumbledore after. Hadrian was content to just rest in his daddy’s lap during this time.

A half sandwich had appeared on the table with a small glass of milk just before the adults finished talking. After James had explained about the type of diet Hadrian was going to need to the elves, the elves had taken to ensuring that Hadrian received small amounts of food at least once every
hour. They knew that his stomach couldn’t handle large amounts yet so it was normally only half a
sandwich or other small treats.

Hadrian had gotten used to small amounts of food appearing around him so he just settled back to
eat. After he finished eating James started to rub his back and soon enough, Hadrian had drifted off
into a light doze.

Noticing that his son was fast asleep James pulled out the bracelets he had gotten at the bank. After
explaining them to Sirius and Remus, they both pushed a little of their magic into them, and James
wrapped all four bracelets around his sons wrist.

The bracelets were fairly simple. They were a relatively thin band of leather with a round bauble on
them. The bauble held their magic and glowed with it. Each was different, but they each
represented their family.

As soon as the bracelets were on Hadrian gave a little contented sigh. Shifting slightly, he wrapped
his right hand around the bracelets on his left wrist. It was clear that that little bit of Sev’s magic
was already helping to calm Hadrian’s system.

James knew that he was going to have to mirror call Sev so he passed Hadrian off to Remy. Remus
just settled back into his seat, cuddling the small boy that was the centre of their world, and
grabbed one of his books to read.

James went to his and Sev’s room and warded it to make sure he wouldn’t be interrupted by
Hadrian. He needed to discuss things with Sev but didn’t want to risk getting Hadrian’s hopes up in
case things fell through and they weren’t able to get Sev back in the time they currently thought it
would take.

“Severus Snape.” James said to the mirror as he pushed a little magic into it to make the call.

“James, I was wondering when you would call.”

James looked at Sev’s face, it was clear he was angry. “What did that old fool do to get you upset
love?”

“Oh, nothing. He just informed me after you left that I was to do whatever it took to get you to trust
me. He basically told me to whore myself to you to gain information. That absolute…”

“Bastard.”

“Yes, that’s the word I was looking for. So on a better note. It looks like he is willing to let me go.
He said that they would just reactivate my teaching contract once I was done at the bank so we’re
gonna need to make sure the contract the bank sends nullifies it.”

“That should be easy enough.”

“So. Did the bracelets help Hadrian?”

“Yes. I put them on while he was napping. As soon as they were on his body completely relaxed. It
seemed to help him better than anything we’ve tried so far.”

“Poor little guy. He must be so confused with everything going on.”
James and Sev talked for another little while before they ended the call. They both knew that they would be talking again soon, Hadrian always made sure that they talked before he would go to sleep.

When he left his room he found Remus still sitting in his chair reading, but Hadrian wasn’t there. Looking past Remus, though, he could clearly see Hadrian and Sirius, in his Padfoot form, playing in the yard. James smiled. This was the first time Hadrian had felt relaxed enough to play since Sev had left. The bracelets were clearly helping.

He ended up joining Remus in reading. They were all brushing up on their skills. It had been decided that they were going to take their jobs as curse breakers seriously. They weren’t just going to use them as cover.
Leaving Hogwarts

**Hogwarts - June 16, 1996**

Severus sat in his office staring down at a contract. Like they had planned, the goblins had sent a job offer in the middle of May. Now he had the final contract. He knew that if he just signed it, Dumbledore would complain about it. Making a decision, he grabbed the contract and headed to the headmasters office. If he signed it on the orders of the headmaster, Albus would have no one but himself to blame.

Walking up to the office Severus thought about how much he wanted this to work. He had only managed to get away 3 times since Hadrian had woken up, and he was really missing his husband and son. The bracelets were working and helping Hadrian with his separation anxiety, but it was clear he still really missed him. If this worked he could go home after the school term and not have to return.

Knocking, he waited until he was invited before he entered. The office looked like a disaster zone. There was a reason they had waited until this point to bring out the contract.

The OWL and NEWT examiners were set to arrive just after dinner to start the exams the next day. There was also a last minute staff meeting in 10 minutes. Albus would be flustered and rushed so he would be even less likely to read the contract.

“Ah, Severus my boy. What brings you up here. Has the meeting started already? I do hope I’m not late, I’m just gathering some last minute things and then I will be on my way.”

“No Albus, the meeting hasn’t started yet. I just received the contract from the goblins and thought I should bring it up.”

“Ah good good. Have you signed it yet.”

“No, not yet. I haven’t had time to read it. I also need a witness.”

“Well sign away and I will sign as witness.”

“But we haven’t read it yet. I really think we should read this first.”

“It’s fine my boy. When you got the official job offer I wrote to the goblins and explained what they were to put in the contract. I wanted to make sure you weren’t taken advantage of.”

Severus barely managed to stop his eyes from rolling. Making sure he wasn’t taken advantage of, sure. This was exactly what he had been hoping for though.

“Oh, I’m done.” Severus said as he handed the blood quill that had been provided with the contract to Dumbledore. “Your turn.”

Dumbledore hissed slightly after he signed and the cuts appeared on the back of his hand. “This is a blood quill. Where did you get a blood quill?”

“It was provided with the contract. All goblin contracts are required to be signed in blood.” Severus informed him. “Well, now that that’s done we should head off to the staff meeting.”
The staff meeting had just ended and no one had had the chance to leave when Argus Filch led James into the room.

“Lord Peverell what a pleasure to see you, but I must ask, what brings you here today?” Albus said grandly.

“I’m here to start the negotiations for Severus to join my curse breaking team.”

“There is no need my boy. I had him sign the contract before the meeting and I witnessed it. It is official, Severus will work for you for the summer or however long you need him.” Albus said with a smile.

That smile faded as James gave him a shocked expression. It was actually taking everything for him not to jump for joy. James also noticed that all the teachers were staying in the room to hear what was being said. Most of them looked shocked when Dumbledore had said that Severus was joining a curse breaking team. Filius looked particularly interested.

“But the contract was sent less than two hours ago. There is no way you could have gone over it yet.”

Albus felt a little unnerved when he saw the look on Lord Peverell’s face. “There was no need. When he got the job offer I sent the bank a list of what was to be in the contract. Once the contract arrived I had Severus sign it.”

Before James could say anything Filius went off on the head master. “Are you out of your mind Albus. Have those lemon drops finally soured your brain.”

“Filius, that is no way to speak to the headmaster.” Minerva almost snarled.

“It is exactly how to speak to the fool.” Filius snapped back. “That is not how goblins work. You can tell them until your blue in the face what you want in a contract but they aren’t going to care. The only time that they will take what you want into consideration is during the contract negotiation period, and given that Lord Peverell has just arrived to start the negotiations it means that the contract you ordered Severus to sign was the contract that the goblins created, with nothing you wanted added. For all we know you just made Severus sign himself over as a slave.”

“Now surely…” Albus said, his voice slightly unsure. He was starting to realize it might have been better if he had read the contract like Severus had said.

“I told you.” Severus turned on Dumbledore, playing his role to perfection. “I told you I hadn’t read the contract. I told you we should have read it. But oh no, the great Albus Dumbledore said that he had handled it. Who knows what you have forced me into this time. How many times was I tortured? How many times did I almost die? I risked everything during the last war on your order, and now this. Who knows what is going to happen to me now.”

“I will contact my kin Severus. I will see if there is anything I can do.” Filius told Severus, though his voice allowed them to hear that he didn’t have much hope.

“If I may,” interrupted James as all heads in the room snapped to him. “It is not as bad as you might think. Yes, it is very dangerous to sign a goblin contract without reading it, but the contract was one of mine. I insist that anyone on my team is first presented with a standard contract that I helped to negotiate, we then make changes to suit them. The contract that Severus signed was an amalgamation of the contracts that I negotiated for myself, and the other two members of our team negotiated for themselves.”
“That’s odd.” Filius said. “I have never heard of the head of the curse breaking department, Rockjaw, allowing something like that.”

James could see that Filius could be a problem if he wasn’t handled properly. “That is because Rockjaw wasn’t involved. My team and I actually report directly to Ragnock.”

“Ohh.” Filius was stunned. This man could clearly be a very dangerous opponent if angered. The casual way he spoke of Chief Ragnock actually intimidated the duelling champion. “So what can Severus expect.”

“Well… The contract is actually fairly favourable. I won’t be able to tell you a great deal of it, there are some extremely strong secrecy rules. One of our other team members insisted on a full secrecy act. I can tell you he will be receiving a good wage, 27,000 galleons per year, plus a percentage of what we find.”

“That’s not possible. He won’t be working with you for a year. He has a teaching contract here.” Albus interjected.

“No, he doesn’t.” James just smiled at him. “The moment you two signed that contract it overrode all other contracts.”

“He is correct Albus.” Filius said. He was clearly exasperated with the headmaster’s actions. “Goblin contracts are designed to override almost everything.”

“Actually.” James said with a secret little grin to Sev. “You said you worked as a spy during the last war?” Sev nodded at that. “If I’m right, I think that the goblin contract would override the vow you had to make to get the mark.”

Sev had known this of course. They had specifically made sure the contract was worded in a way to hopefully break the vow he had had to make to the dark lord. He had even felt a slight burning on his forearm after he signed the contract but hadn’t had the chance to check without being noticed.

Everyone in the room watched avidly as Severus rolled up his sleeve. Everyone, including both James and Sev, gasped as they saw Sev’s pale arm. No trace of the hideous dark mark remained.

“That’s wonderful. Congratulations Severus.” Filius practically squealed in glee. “So, can you tell us anything else about the contract.”

“We are required to have a financial manager that was appointed by the bank for the next 10 years, Ragnock has already said that he would be willing to take that position. I will be given the responsibility of sitting as proxy for any governmental positions. This was at the request of one of the others. As you know headmaster I have already taken up the position as proxy of that particular house, though the actual house name is sealed by the act of silence. We will be traveling and working all over the world, and we will be expected to abide by the laws of the nation we are in, naturally. Just stuff like that. I really don’t know what else that I can tell you. I would really suggest that you request a copy of the contract Severus. I know that you can’t change it, but it would at least be good to know what to expect.”

“Can you tell us where you will be going and who is on your team?” Minerva could see that Albus was at a loss for words so she tried to give him some time to collect himself.

“No.” James said, a smile once again on his face.

Minerva looked like she was about to start pushing for more information when Filius cut her off.
“Minerva. He isn’t saying no because he is being contrary. If you’ll notice he has only spoken in
generalties. That is because he is bound by the act of silence I assume?” James nodded at him.
“That means that he is incapable of going into specifics.”

“Quite right Duel Master Flitwick. Since I will not be needed to start the negotiations I should be
off. Now that Severus will be with us for the next 5 years I will have to make a few adjustments.
Good day, everyone. Severus, you will need to be at the bank at 9 am July 1 to start work.”

Walking over he shook Sev’s hand, making sure to rub his thumb in circles on the back of Sev’s
hand. Then he left.

Once he was gone all the teachers started talking at once. It was clear that most of them blamed
Dumbledore for the situation Severus was now in. They knew how Dumbledore was with
contracts, so they all knew that Severus hadn’t been given a choice of signing or not.

“Enough.” Albus’s magic crackled around him. “Severus, Minerva, Filius, please come with me to
my office. We need to speak privately.”

Headmasters Office

Albus all but stomped into his office like a toddler throwing a temper tantrum. Dropping down in
his seat it was clear just how angry he was when no one was even offered a lemon drop.

“Filius. Tell me how we can renegotiate that contract or cancel it completely. We can’t lose our
potions professor for 5 whole years. I told those goblins that we could only spare him for the
summer, and maybe a month or two into next year.”

Years of practice kept the half goblin from reacting to the headmasters callous words. “Did you
sign using your own quill, or the one they provided.”

“The blood quill they sent.” Severus told him as he took a place leaning against the wall as Filius
and Minerva had taken the only other seats.

“Then I’m afraid there is nothing that can be done. If you had only signed in ink you may have
stood a chance, not much of one, but a chance none the less. Since you signed in blood there is
nothing that can be done. The contract must be fulfilled, exactly as it’s written.”

“But surely…” Minerva was flustered. Just who did those goblins think they were. It was clearly
an underhanded trick.

“There is nothing that can be done. Goblin contracts are bound in magic and unbreakable. The only
way out of this contract would be for Severus to die, not that I am suggesting that, and even then
the goblins would claim his estate as recompense.” Filius was actually finding this kind of funny.

He had at first been extremely nervous that Severus was in true danger, and he would have really
tried to help him. But, since the contract was an already negotiated contract that others had agreed
with, he knew it wouldn’t be too bad. This actually might help Severus.

Filius knew that Severus had been forced to sign the teaching contract he had. He hadn’t even
gotten out of the hospital wing after his illegal stay in Azkaban. That contract was one of the worst
he had ever seen. It gave Severus almost no personal freedom and basically enslaved him to the
headmaster. Now he was free.
Goblins could be extremely harsh task masters, but something told him that Severus was going to enjoy this time. Lord Peverell clearly had sway within the goblin nation, so the contract was probably one of the best that a wizard could ever hope to achieve with the goblins.

“Filius,” Filius pulled himself out of his thoughts to look at the headmaster as he spoke. “You seemed surprised that Lord Peverell would be answering to this, Rognock, rather than Lockjaw. What is the difference.”

This time Filius was almost ready to challenge the old man to a dual. “Rockjaw is the head of the curse breaking department. He is a powerful and influential goblin. Ragnock, is the chief of the British branch of the Goblin nation. He is also the King’s younger brother. Knowing Rockjaw is one thing, but to be answerable only to Ragnock means that Lord Peverell is very powerful within the goblin nation. It is basically the equivalent of being answerable only to the Minister of Magic in your terms.”

“So… What can I do?” Severus asked. He really didn’t need to have Filius answer the question as he already knew, but just wanted to rub it in to Albus and Minerva. He was free. He would now have 5 years with his family, he wouldn’t even have to consider returning until Hadrian was ready to start his first year.

“You do what Lord Peverell said. You go to the bank July 1 and begin your new job.” Filius turned his back to Minerva and Albus, so they wouldn’t be able to see his face, and gave Severus a bright smile before turning back to them. “And Albus, Minerva, don’t bother asking questions of Severus about his new job. There is no point.”

“And just what do you mean by that.” Minerva’s back was up.

“That contract included a full act of silence, like Lord Peverell said. That means that magic will make it impossible for Severus to tell you anything you don’t already know. It’s like how Lord Peverell couldn’t tell you who was on the team or where they were going. If they try to speak of it magic will stop them, it will actually close their throats and they won’t be able to breathe until they stop trying to answer. Attempting to write about it will result in the muscles in their hand being paralyzed temporarily. Legilimence will result in black out pain for both parties. And it will get worse every time they try to circumvent the act of silence.

It is why most humans that work for the goblins only get involved with others that work for the goblins. They are the only people they can even have a basic conversation with, so long as they don’t give specifics. Well, I should be off. I have students to check on.”

“I will be leaving too.” Severus said coldly. “I will be requesting a copy of the contract tomorrow to see just what my life is going to be like for the next 5 years. Oh, and I will be putting in a request to the school board to have Aurora Sinistra take over as head of Slytherin House in my absence as she is the only other former Slytherin on staff, and she has already started helping me with it to ease my workload while I do the schools brewing.”

Both Severus and Filius left after that. Each of them was hiding a smile. When Severus got back to his room he actually did a small happy dance before he ran to his mirror to call his son and tell him the good news if James hadn’t gotten home yet.

Albus and Minerva just sat in the office for a few minutes, stunned. This was bad.

“I warned you.” Minerva said. “I warned you that we needed to be careful with how we got
information on Lord Peverell. Now we have lost Severus for 5 years. We are going to need to find a new potions master too. And there is no guarantee that we will ever be able to get Severus back under control once he returns. We have had him so well trained these last few years, now he will be running wild for 5 years.”

Albus grabbed one of the delicate little crystal devices he kept on his desk and threw it against the wall. It calmed him a little. Waving his wand he repaired it and replaced it on his desk. Fawkes had screeched when he had thrown it but Albus paid him no mind.

Temporarily calmed he sat back down and sipped his tea before putting a lemon drop in his mouth. “I am aware. I should have realized that the goblins would take advantage of the situation. We really need tougher restrictions on them. This is definitely going to make things difficult over the next few years. Not only are we going to need a new potions professor, but we will also need to make sure that they can gather ingredients and brew all the potions the school needs. There are no other potions masters that I have enough control over to make them agree to that. Severus only agreed because Poppy had him on potions at the time. It is a good thing we now have access to more money for the school. But again that will bring the goblins into our school as they need to approve everything.”

“And just how are we to get Severus to return after he finishes at the bank. They said that that goblin contract broke his school contract. We will need to get him to sign an entirely new contract. And there is no way even you will be able to get him to agree to everything again.”

“I am aware.” That was going to be difficult, and Albus knew it. “We may have one thing working in our favour. 5 years is exactly when the Potter boy is to start here. I made Severus swear an unbreakable vow as a life debt that he would protect the boy. That vow will force him to return.”

“Is that vow still active.”

“I believe so. Life debts are olde magic. As far as I know there is nothing that can override it. I will have to check with Severus, but it should still be there.”

“And what are you going to do about the money and Wizengamot seats.”

“What?”

“Lord Peverell said that they would have to have a bank appointed financial manager for 10 years. You have been controlling his finances to keep control of him, now the goblins do. He also said that the unknown seat that he held proxy for was another member of his team. If that was written into the contract that means he will now also be proxy for the Prince seats. You may have managed to overpower Severus’s shields to make him forget he was Lord Prince, but the goblins know.”

Minerva wished that she hadn’t said anything as Albus’s magic lashed out. He hadn’t been paying close enough attention to what they had been saying. The magic was suffocating, Minerva had no choice but to get up and flee the office. Standing outside the closed office door she heard as the headmasters office was destroyed.

Severus’s Room

After his little happy dance Severus ran into his room, throwing up privacy wards as he went, and grabbing his mirror he called home.
The first thing he saw when the mirror was activated on the other end was the smiling face of his son. “Papa, you’re coming home. Yous safe from the bad man.”
“I am my little one. Your daddy did a really good job and now papa is going to get to come home. But remember, I still have to stay here for another 2 weeks. I will try to come home on weekends.”

“We know, Sev. We have already discussed that. And although we are not overly happy about it, we will be ok. Won’t we, Hadrian.” James had come up behind his son. Hadrian nodded to James with a slight pout on his face.

They talked for about an hour more before his wards alerted Severus that someone was at his office door. Believing it to be Dumbledore, Severus said goodbye to his family and went into his office.

Taking a calming breath, Severus opened the door. Opening the door he didn’t find the headmaster, instead he found Bill Weasley.

“I wasn’t aware that we had a study session tonight Mr. Weasley.”

“We didn’t sir. I was just hoping that I could ask you a few last minute questions before the exams start.”

“Well then, come in.”

Going into the office, Severus once again threw up privacy wards. Once the wards were up Severus watched as the boy visibly relaxed. During the past months Severus had come to learn that Bill was actually magically sensitive and had mage sight.

Bill hadn’t even known. He had always known that he could see some of the magic around him, and that he felt it too, but he had just thought that everyone else could too. Severus had had to walk him through how to work it, luckily he had already had to do the same thing with Hadrian, so he knew what to say.

Because Bill lived in a magical home he had most likely learned to block out most of it as a child to protect himself. Being in a magically active area was actually quite painful for someone with mage sight if they couldn’t control it. The more power the brighter things were. If Bill hadn't learned to block out most of it being in Hogwarts would have been impossible for him, the amount of magic would have left him blind by the end of the first week.

“What is it that you need.”

“Sir… I was just wondering…I mean. I honestly don’t really know what I’m trying to say.” He took a deep breath. “Why have you been helping me? From what I’ve heard you really don’t like many students, but here you are, helping me learn in secret. I know that you could get into trouble if we’re caught. So why?”

Severus didn’t know what to say. He knew that he wasn’t the nicest of teachers, but Bill was right. He normally wouldn’t have bothered to help a student the way he had with Bill. It was mostly down to what he knew Bill could be capable of in the future.

“Truthfully Mr. Weasley. I am indeed not overly fond of many of the students. Potions is an exceptionally dangerous class. I am not mean because I enjoy it, it is to make sure that you all do your best not to screw up, because you want to avoid my attention. When I was a student here we had a professor called Horace Slughorn. He allowed many of the students to fool around and treat potions like it was a joke. When I was in my third year some of the students were playing around,
throwing things into each others cauldrons. Eventually one of the cauldrons exploded. The entire class ended up in the hospital wing, and two of the students died. It was all covered up, but it doesn’t change the fact that we all had to watch them die.

I looked it up. In the 34 years Slughorn worked here 11 students died in his class. I swore when I took on the position that I wouldn’t lose any students. And, to date, I haven’t lost a single student, I haven’t even had any of you dunderheads lose a limb. If I have to be seen as cruel, and be hated to achieve that, then so be it. You’re all alive.

As for why I’m helping you… I can see that you have great potential Mr. Weasley. I am just showing you that there is more out there than what you can learn in a classroom. There is also your father. As many people know, I worked as a spy during the last war. Part of that job meant that I had to do things. I had to hurt people to save people. And I did it. I never killed or tortured anyone, but I did terrify and terrorize them to keep my cover. You’re parents were both a part of the organization that I was working for at the time. Most of the people there looked down on me. They hated me for what I did, even though that never stopped them from using the information I got.

I was treated with suspicion and hatred by most. Except your father. He never once looked down on me. He never treated me with anything but respect and always made sure to ask how I was doing or if I needed anything when I was hurt. I guess this is my way of repaying him for his kindness during a very dark time in my life.”

Bill just sat there. He had, of course, heard the rumours that the potions master had been a death eater but he had just thought they were rumours. The teachers would never allow a death eater to teach them. But this was something he never would have suspected.

He had been a spy. He had risked his life everyday, and people looked down on him for it. This man should be heralded as a hero, instead he was scorned and reviled. His own mother talked about this man like he was scum. Bill had always wondered why his father always stopped his mother from saying anything bad about Snape when he was there. It was clear that his father respected him, while his mother looked down on him. But the fact was simple, to Bill, from this point on, Snape was a hero.

“Thank you.”

“There is no need to thank me Mr. Weasley. I have just been doing my job. Now, it is good that you came to see me. I know that you are planning to continue on with your secret studies, but you will have to find somewhere else to work.”

“Wh?. Do you not want to help me anymore?”

“Not at all Mr. Weasley. I told you about my curse breaker friends earlier. Well, I have been recruited to work as a curse breaker for the next few years. By the time I finish out my contract you will have already graduated.”

“Wow sir, that’s so cool. You’re so lucky. I’ve actually been considering applying to be a curse breaker once I graduate, but I don’t know what you need to be accepted and I don’t want to go to Professor McGonagall. I don’t think she would really help me with it, she spends to much time with my mom, and mom won’t listen to anything I say. She wants me to work for the ministry, and that’s that, it really doesn’t seem to matter to her what I want. But where can I study? I really don’t want to stop. I’ve only just started.”

Severus sat back. He had actually become fond of Bill. He was a good kid, a bit foolish and reckless, but no worse than many others. He knew that he was being far more blunt than was
necessarily wise, but he wanted to trust the boy, it also didn’t really matter all that much anymore if Bill ran off and told on him. Then an idea came to him.

“Mipsey”

A house elf in a little dress like uniform in red and black popped into the room. Bowing slightly at Severus she spoke in a high pitched voice.

“Master called Mipsey.”

Mipsey was one of the Potter elves that was currently working at the school. Severus knew that she was loyal to himself, his husband, and his son. The little elf had no loyalties to Hogwarts or anyone else inside this castle so she would never betray the secret.

“Mipsey, this is Bill Weasley. He is going to be studying independently in the come and go room over the next two years. I want you to keep an eye on him, if he needs anything, within reason, I want you to get it for him. If at any point he is injured I want you to tend to it. If the injury is too severe for you to fix, you will take him directly to the hospital wing. Am I understood?”

“Yes master. Mipsey be understanding.” With that, Mipsey popped away.

“What was that about? Why was she dressed that way? None of the Hogwarts elves that I have seen have uniforms like that.” Bill was confused. He had never heard of a place called the come and go room.

“Mipsey is not a Hogwarts elf. Mipsey is actually a Potter elf. The Potter’s felt that the elves should be allowed to wear proper uniforms and be treated well. After the loss of their master, James Potter, they were sent here. As for what it was about, there is a room in the castle that is known as the come and go room, or the room of requirement. It can become anything you want it to be and it will hide you from everyone. If you practice in there, no one need ever know. The room is up on the seventh floor across the hall from the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy. Just walk past that section of the wall, thinking about what you need, and the door will appear. If you don’t want anyone to find you, the door will disappear after you enter so no one can see it.”

“That’s so cool.”

“If that is everything Mr. Weasley, you should be off. Oh, before you go. To be a curse breaker Mr. Weasley you need O NEWTs in charms, ancient runes, defence against the dark arts, warding, and arithmancy, you will also need a minimum of EE in transfiguration, potions, history, and herbology. If you can achieve those grades you will have to apply at the bank, where, if accepted, you will then need to go through a minimum of 2 years of training. There are also a few other NEWTs that you could study on your own like you do with warding that would improve your chances, those include spell crafting, and spell weaving. It is not a job for those that aren’t willing to put in the work. Now, off with you.”

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**Hogwarts - June 29, 1996**

The previous two weeks had been hectic. Normally Severus would stay a week into the summer to clean up his labs and make sure everything was out of the common room. Now, he had to have everything packed and ready to go tomorrow. Severus had never wanted to smile more.

All the exams were done and the students would be boarding the train in less than 3 hours. There would be one last staff meeting, though he really didn’t understand why he was required to attend.
It was only a few more hours until he could go home, but now those few hours felt like a lifetime.

Everyone seemed to have last minute things to do and were running around like fools, both teachers and students. Severus just wanted them gone. He wanted to be gone. He had his own family to see now.

Eventually he gathered his snakes. He had already explained to them that he wouldn’t be back next year. Many did not like that fact. While most of the teachers at least tried to be fair it had always fallen to Severus to balance out the prejudice that the snakes received. They knew with him gone they didn’t stand a chance at the house cup.

As he escorted them down to the train he found himself to actually be slightly sad. There was no denying that he was overjoyed to be leaving but, on some level, he was going to miss these children. He had been teaching at the school for 4 years now and had watched them grow. He actually felt slightly paternal to them. But, he knew that Aurora was more then capable of looking after them.

When it came time for the meeting Severus all but apperated himself into the staff room. Once this was done he could go home.

The meeting really didn’t cover anything new. Instead they just went over everything they needed to do to close down the school for the summer over the next week. But since Severus had to leave early, he had already done his parts. It was at the end of the meeting that Albus started saying things that concerned Severus.

“Now that that is all done, we need to discuss the students that were removed by the DCW. We will need to keep an eye on them. I know that we won’t have much, if any, contact with them during this summer. So, they are going to need to be watched when they return.”

“Of course headmaster.” Poppy said. She was still angry that the healers from St. Mungo’s had come into her domain.

She had been treating the students of this school for over 30 years. Who did they think they were, coming into her ward like she was some newbie.

During the first week of June the healers James had arranged for from St. Mungo’s had come and conducted the health checks. Now, when the students got off the train at Kings Cross 13 of them were being met by the newly hired staff of The Sea Cliff House.

There were also another 29 students who would be receiving a home visit from the DCW over the summer. The students hadn’t shown any signs of major injuries that would require immediate removal, but there had been some warning signs in the questionnaire that the mind healer staff had had all the students fill out.

“Why?” Pamona Sprout was confused by this idea.

“Because, obviously we have to make sure that they are not being exposed to a negative environment and corrupted.” Minerva said.

“I don’t think we need to worry about something like that. Some of these children will be going to the first safe home they have ever had. If an abusive home didn’t ‘corrupt’ them, I’m sure a safe home won’t.” Filius had always known that Albus and Minerva were trying to sway the children to their view point.
“We don’t know the kind of people that will be put in charge of them. For all we know it could be someone dark.” Albus said in a grave tone.

“Well actually, I know at least one of the people on staff. I have stayed in touch with some of my former students. I often receive letters and yule cards from them. One of my former students, miss Grove, let me know that she was offered a job there. She is actually one of the ones that will be picking up the students at the train station. I made sure my badgers that were going there knew that they could talk to her if they needed help.”

“Is there any way you could get us some information on who will be working there?” Albus asked, his eyes twinkling.

“Unfortunately no. As we all know now, goblin contracts are unbreakable, and the DCW insisted that the staff all sign one to ensure the children's privacy.” Pamona said.

They had gotten the joy of listening to Albus and Minerva try, and fail, to break, or get around, Severus’s new contract. Every time they failed they would then rant at everyone for awhile, before they would try again.

Albus was trying to force himself to remain calm. Nothing was going his way anymore. And he knew exactly why. Lord Peverell. How he hated that man.

That one man had made a mess of Albus’s world. Albus had been well on his way to ridding their world of that horrible dark magic. He really didn’t know why anyone was even aloud to be born with a dark core. They should be gotten rid of at birth. He knew that most people would never support an idea like that but it was what needed to be done. Dark magic needed to be removed for their world to prosper.

Ever since Sebastian Peverell entered the Wizengamot all his plans had been thrown into disarray. Now he was being forced to allow more dark cored children in his school. It was bad enough that he had to allow the children with dark cores from wealthy families in. If things didn’t start going his way again soon the school would become a training ground for those sorts of people.

As Albus had been thinking the meeting had been called to a close and all the teachers were getting ready to go back to what they had been doing before. Severus was headed to the door. It was time for him to go home.

“Severus my boy, I need a word.” Albus said as he snapped back to reality.

“Albus, I honestly don’t see what we need to talk about.” Severus was annoyed. He had no intention of putting up with this old man anymore, he was done. “You have tried to get my new contract cancelled, you have failed. It’s done. I have already told you, yes, the life debt you made me swear too is still active. I will be forced to do everything I can to protect Hadrian Potter. But, due to the specific wording of the vow you made me make, that does not come into effect until he comes to Hogwarts. As of the end of this meeting I am finished working here at Hogwarts. I have packed everything up, made sure the common room is clean, and told Aurora everything she needs to know to be head of house. I am done. I am leaving and there is nothing that you, or anyone, can do. Now, I have somewhere to be. Goodbye everyone, it has been an interesting few years.”

With that Severus walked out of the staff room and then out of the castle. Walking down the road to the front gates and towards Hogsmead. As soon as he was a foot outside the gates he apperated to the bank, before going on to floo to Peverell manor.

Severus didn’t even manage to get out of the fireplace before Hadrian was in his arms. The small
boy just kept sobbing, “You’re home… You’re safe… You don’t have to go back.”

“Yes, I’m home little one. And I won’t have to leave you again. We can finally be a real family.” Severus said as he held his son in a tight hug. Seeing this James, Sirius, and Remus joined in the hug.

The house elves came to check why their masters hadn’t left the floo room 10 minutes later and found them all in a group hug, sitting on the floor. Smiling, they left the happy humans to their reunion. Oh yes, they thought, life was much better now.
Summer Time

Peverell Manor - July 1, 1996

Life was good. This was Severus’s second full day at home and he most definitely wasn’t used to this being his life. He had woken up early this morning, he still wasn’t used to not having to get up for class, and rather than being alone in his small, dark bedroom, he was in a large, soft bed with his husband and son curled up next to him.

So far, since he had first returned home, Hadrian hadn’t managed to spend the night in his own bed. It wasn’t that Severus had a problem with that, he actually understood why Hadrian wanted to always be with them. Severus himself actually preferred it. His husband and son had been stolen from him and he had had to live for years without them. Now that he had them back he didn’t want them to be far away.

He knew that eventually they would have to work on getting Hadrian to stay in his own bed, just not yet. Severus wanted the chance to get used to having his family close first.

Calling one of the cook elves, Topsy, he had their breakfast brought up to them so that they could have breakfast in bed. Then he got to watch and compare how the two most important men in his life woke up.

Hadrian was the first to react. He was finally starting to be able to eat larger meals, and he had actually managed to put on close to 10 pounds. It wasn’t as quick as they would have liked, but if he gained weight too fast it could hurt him.

Severus watched as Hadrian first started to sniff as the scent of bacon and eggs filled the room. Then his face started scrunching as he both tried to wake up and go back to sleep. Eventually he started to blink as he woke up. Severus chuckled lightly at the look on his sons face.

He had a confused look on his face until he caught sight of Severus. As soon as he saw his papa, his face broke out in a happy little grin. Then he noticed the food and hummed a little in joy.

Hadrian and Severus were both halfway through their breakfast before James started to wake. James kept his eyes closed tightly against the light until he heard Hadrian giggle at him. Slowly he cracked one eye open to look at them.

With a deep sigh and a large pout he sat up to eat his breakfast. Once they had all eaten James started to tickle Hadrian until he begged to be set free. Once free, Hadrian an off to find Remus and Sirius to try and get them on his team for a prank war against his fathers.

The prank war lasted for over an hour before Hadrian and his uncles claimed victory after turning James and Severus completely pink, clothes and all. After the prank war they got themselves cleaned up for their appointment at the bank.
Today they were going to get their first assignment. By the next day they were planning to be out of Britain. James hadn’t been lying when he told Dumbledore that the goblins wanted to excavate the temple lab of one of the oldest known potions masters, it was in Japan.

Remus had been studying up on the lore about the temple during his spare time, the others all believed that he might just be some type of researching god given all the other work they had been doing, and he believed that he knew the general location of the temple. If they could get Ragnock to approve what they were planning then they would be off to Japan by tomorrow morning.

Arriving at the bank, they made their way down the now familiar hallways that led to Ragnock’s office. Just before they reached the office Hadrian split off, he had no interest in attending the meeting, instead he headed to the healing ward to visit Cora and Vessra.

As he walked down the halls Hadrian made sure to greet the goblins he saw properly and politely. Many of the goblins were still unsure of what to make of the wizard youngling. Only Ragnock, Cora, and Vessra knew of his strange situation. Most only knew that he had been named a goblin friend. They weren’t willing to anger Ragnock or worse, the two healer females, so they treated him with polite disinterest, but some were coming to be fond of the youngling. Goblins weren’t used to being treated with respect, and the fact that this little wizard did so, interested them. Hadrian would never be fully accepted, but the goblins already saw him, and by extension his family, as the best the wizarding world had to offer.

While Hadrian was visiting the two goblin healers, which naturally resulted in a full physical, James and the others were drinking tea with Ragnock. Ragnock was quite pleased with how quickly Remus had put together all the information that might lead them to the potions temple. The goblins had been searching for this particular temple for a few decades. There would hopefully be all sorts of potions related information that had been forgotten to time that they might be able to profit from.

It was an easy thing for Ragnock to approve the odd families application to go looking for the temple. Made even more so given the fact that they were willing to pay their own expenses that they incurred while there. All the bank would need to provide was their salary, transportation, and any extra material that they would need to break any curses they found. They had all said that they would prefer not to have any outsiders with them as they needed to keep so many secrets and they didn’t know anyone else that they could trust.

After their meetings at the bank they went home to get ready to leave. Remus slipped off to buy a few last minute supplies, and James went off to one of the businesses he owned to make some last minute changes before he would return home. They were in the middle of packing when Amelia Bones arrived with Cecilia Perra and Edward Brown. Severus had made sure that he was out of the house, they still didn’t want anyone to know of his involvement, he had chosen to go and say goodbye to the Malfoy’s.

Cecilia and Edward were there so that James, Sirius, and Remus could get their approval for custody of Hadrian as an extra precaution, like they had done with Amelia. Amelia had made them both swear secrecy vows before they had even left the ministry so the family didn’t have to worry about anyone else finding out.

“Lord Peverell, as delightful as it is seeing you again, I can’t help but wonder what is going on, let alone why we had to swear ourselves to secrecy to have this meeting.” Cecilia said as soon as they finished greeting one another.
“There are actually many things that we need to address.” James indicated for the others to sit down. “I believe that the first thing we need to address is Lord Sirius Black. Now, we all know the story that we were told at the end of the last war. Sirius Black became a follower of Lord Voldemort, betrayed the Potter’s to him, then he was hunted down by a friend, but before the friend could bring him in, he killed the man and 12 muggles. That is the story you have heard, is it not?”

Cecilia and Edward both nodded so James carried on.

“All of that, is in fact, a lie. The true traitor to the Potter family was Peter Pettigrew. He was the death eater, and it was actually Sirius who hunted him down. It was Pettigrew that killed the muggles when he faked his own death. Peter Pettigrew is in fact still alive and free. Sirius was sent to Azkaban without ever receiving a trial and is innocent.”

“Well, that’s an interesting story, but what does it have to do with us? We deal with kids, he is an adult. I understand why you would want to tell Madam Bones that, but not us.” Edward was clearly confused.

Amelia smiled at him. “That was actually just background on what is happening now. Sirius Black has been released from prison and currently lives here with his husband and Sebastian. The reason you are here, is because Sirius and his husband have recently gained the custody of a child. Sebastian and I have been assisting them, and we were hoping that you would assist us as well.”

“And how can we help?” Cecilia asked.

James was glad that this was working out the way it was. He handed over copies of Hadrian’s health scans to the two adults that hadn’t yet seen it. Edward was clearly horrified as he read the list, but Cecilia was furious. “This is the child that they have retained custody of isn’t it?”

“Yes.” James said. “He had to spend over a month in a healing coma to recover from that. We are working on correcting his malnutrition and the mental and emotional effect from this sort of treatment. What we were hoping you could help us with was adding your support to Sirius and Remus’s custody of the boy.”

“We will of course do what we can to help, I will want to speak with the boy first though. But why would you need our support if they already have custody?” Edward said.

“The reason we need your assistance with this is because of a combination of factors.” Amelia said.

“What you need to know is that Remus is a werewolf. Now there is no need to be concerned for the child’s safety. Remus was attacked and turned when he was only 6, he knows how to handle his condition and has never harmed anyone, but your support would help there. There is also that, clearly, the boy has been abused and it is your departments job to deal with abused children. The biggest thing though, is that we need to make sure that we have appropriate backing for when everything comes out.” James was glad when he saw that neither of them reacted overly negatively to Remus’s wolf status.

Edward gave him a critical look. “I see no issue with one of the guardians being a werewolf given the fact that there are two others, including yourself, that are clearly involved. But there is something I will need to know. Why are you being so cautious to never mention the child’s name?”

James gave him a small nod before calling Sirius and Remus in. Hadrian was nestled safely in
Sirius’s arms. He smiled at his son. “Allow me to introduce Sirius and Remus Lupin-Black, and… Hadrian Potter.”

Amelia and James watched with slight smiles as Cecilia and Edwards eyes snapped from the three newcomers, back to the two of them before snapping back to the others. Cecilia summed it up perfectly. “Oh.”

Cecilia Perra had seen some terrible things. She could only feel sadness, rage, and joy as she looked at the little boy. This child had lost his parents to a murderer before he had even gotten the chance to know them, then he had ended up living in a living hell of an abusive home. She was furious that any child would be treated the way the health scan in her hands indicated. But she was also happy that the boy was now safe, and clearly happy with his new family. It was clear that the child had been mistreated by his small size, but it also showed that he was putting on weight and getting better.

Edward was stunned. He looked at the small boy and was surprised at how well he was doing. Edwards focus was on mental health and Hadrian was clearly already recovering. Many children that were abused as severely as Hadrian had been were extremely weary of being touched. The fact that Hadrian wasn’t just letting himself be touched, but held, showed a startling amount of trust for these men.

Remus and Sirius sat on one of the little couches and placed Hadrian between them. Although they had already explained what was going to happen to Hadrian, he was still nervous and kept hold on both of them.

They spent the next hour talking, allowing Cecilia and Edward to see that Hadrian was safe and happy. Eventually they had to stop talking when Hadrian started to fall asleep on Sirius. Remus gently picked him up and took him up to bed, giving James a small nod before he left.

James knew that he would find Hadrian tucked into his bed when he went up. Once Remus and Hadrian were gone, James looked to Cecilia and Edward. “So… Will you help us protect him?”

“Of course we will.” Cecilia said. “From what I have seen just now, it is clear that Hadrian is safe and getting better with you all. But you do know, people are going to learn that you have him sooner rather than later. People will notice him, you even might have difficulties from his former guardians. Anything could happen to let the magical world know where he is. More than that, how do you expect to hide yourself Lord Black, as soon as your release is announced you will be the centre of attention.”

Amelia spoke up here. “I don’t believe that his former guardians will be an issue. I went to visit them to get them to sign an agreement that they wouldn’t attempt to regain Hadrian’s guardianship. There lives have taken a turn for the worse. Petunia Dursley, Lily’s sister, had no problem telling me about how much she hated Hadrian when she gave up all claim to him. According to her, he ruined her life.”

“And just how did she reason that.” Sirius was glad that she had signed over her rights to his godson, but what did that horrible woman have to blame on him.

“Well… Most of the town had believed the stories she and her husband had been telling them. According to the neighbours I spoke to, the Dursley’s told everyone that Hadrian was mentally ill and that he was violent and was ultimately harming himself, and them, as a result. But once he disappeared people started to examine everything. Looking back their neighbours realized that the boy was being abused. They all seemed to feel horrible that they did nothing to save him.”
Vernon Dursley didn’t handle losing his human punching bag well. Less than a week after Hadrian ran away Vernon had a bad day at work and apparently decided to take it out on his own son. The neighbours weren’t about to stand by and allow another child to be abused. As soon as they saw the bruises on the boy they called the police.

Vernon has been arrested and sentenced to 6 months in prison for child abuse, they could only charge him for the attack on his son as Hadrian wasn’t there to give a statement. The boy, Dudley Dursley, was removed by child services after Petunia showed herself to be an unfit mother. She apparently decided that it was a good idea to attack the social service workers when they came to check on Dudley’s home life, she’s currently on probation. During their talk with him, Dudley said some incriminating things about his parents and aunt.

He was initially sent to live with his father’s sister, but that went even worse. When they went to inspect her home the crazy woman set her dogs on the workers. She’s now also in prison, both for the attack on the social workers and animal abuse. After the attack the muggle aurors checked into her dog breeding business and apparently it was pretty bad. The boy is now living with one of his father’s cousins that is in the navy. From all accounts, even though it’s only been a couple weeks, he is settling in well.

Petunia seems to be of the opinion that her ‘freak nephew’ is to blame for all of it. I honestly wanted to hex the woman myself within 2 minutes of meeting her. How Hadrian has turned out so sweet is beyond me.”

“I agree,” Edward said. “Just from talking to him for the last little bit it is clear that he is a very good natured, mature child. I am amazed at how well adjusted he is already. Most of the children I deal with can take years before they reach the point he is at now. You are clearly doing something right.”

Sirius smiled at that. He was glad, but also a little worried, at how well Hadrian was recovering from his abuse. He didn’t want Hadrian to just pretend he was ok, because that would do more harm than good. “On another note. My release isn’t going to be announced. We decided that if my release was made public then Pettigrew would run and could become dangerously unpredictable. Amelia and her team of most trusted aurors will be tracking him down. Sebastian, Remus, and myself have been hired as curse breakers for Gringotts. The reason we needed to have the meeting tonight is because we are leaving the country tomorrow. We have discussed it, and we want Hadrian to have as normal a childhood as we can give him, and that won’t happen here. Right now, we aren’t planning on returning to Britain until it’s time for Hadrian to attend Hogwarts. If you need to do any check ups you can contact us through the bank.”

Cecilia smiled. That was perfect. Hadrian would be safe with people that clearly loved him, and he would also get the chance to grow up out of the public eye. “I think that won’t be a problem. We’ve been talking about the standards that we intend to set up and we are leaning towards checking in on the children are agency placed at least twice a year. We can easily enough come to you using portkeys. I wouldn’t want to risk Hadrian’s safety by making you all come back. Plus if we come to you than we will have a better view of how he is growing up. You have my complete support in keeping custody of Hadrian.”

“I will sign off on that as well.” Edward said. “There is just one thing I would like to warn you about. Abused children can often have issues for years. His quick recovery from the mental and emotional trauma is something you will need to watch. It wouldn’t be surprising to me if he had relapses of emotional distress over the next few years.”

After Cecilia and Edward signed their names on the protective custody agreement next to Amelia’s
names they finished up quickly. There was nothing else that they needed to talk about so they said goodnight.

James quickly made his way upstairs to his room. He found Hadrian sitting up in bed watching the door, waiting for him. They were planning on leaving before 10 the next day so they needed to get to bed.

As those at home were sitting down to tea with the heads of the DCW Severus was arriving at the Malfoy’s. Severus dearly loved his godson. The boy could be a bit difficult, since his parents spoiled him and never told him no, but there was a sweetness to him that Sev hoped stayed as he got older.

They spent about an hour talking about nothing, while Draco curled up in his lap. Once Draco finally fell asleep Narcissa took him up to bed and Severus and Lucius were finally able to talk openly.

“Sev, there is something I was hoping you could do for me.” Sev nodded at his friend. “I know you know about the orbs. The one Draco sent to us had a request that I don’t exactly know how to complete. He wanted us to give one of our house elves, Dobby, to Hadrian Potter. I was hoping that you might be able to get the elf to him. He really is an odd elf but Draco assured us that Hadrian and Dobby work well together.”

“I can do it easily enough.”

“And just how can you do it Sev?” Narcissa asked as she came back into the room. “No one knows what Dumbledore did with the poor boy.”

Narcissa had attempted to gain custody of Hadrian after the attack. She and James had actually been fairly close as kids because Narcissa had dreamed of being a healer, so she had spent as much time as she could with her great Aunt Dorea, James’s mother. She had wanted to protect her cousins son but had been denied instantly.

Severus looked closely at two of his closest friends. James and the others had all given their approval for him to tell them, so long as he swore them to secrecy first. When he asked them to swear a secrecy oath they did so quickly. Once the oath was sworn Severus told them about what had happened.

He told them about how he had secretly dated and married James. He told them about his son and then how James and Hadrian were later kidnapped. He explained about how James had survived that night and was now known as Sebastian Peverell and about Hadrian ending up at the bank healing ward under the care of the goblins. They had decided to keep Hadrian’s little trip through time to themselves so he skipped over that part. He told them about having to be purged and how they had gotten Sirius freed. He also explained to Lucius about how he had managed to get rid of his dark mark by signing a goblin contract. Reaching the end of his story he sat back and took a deep drink of the scotch that Lucius had gotten him.

“Are you telling me, that Dumbledore and that filthy little skank Evans kidnapped my friends husband and son, who are also relatives of mine. Placed your son with abusive muggels, and forced you to forget your own husband and son. And one of my other cousins, the Lord of my father’s house, was sent to Azkaban without ever being tried.” When Sev nodded Narcissa started to pace. “And just what are we going to do about this. They need to pay, if I have to see to it myself.”
Lucius pulled his wife down next to him before Severus spoke.

“It is going to be ok, we have time. Plans are already in motion for us to get our revenge, it is just going to take time. I will say this, I don’t believe that Albus knew that I was married to James, or that Hadrian was my son. We think he just messed with my memory as a way to gain control over me.”

“Narcissa, my love, there is nothing to worry about. Between you, James and I we have a great deal of control in the Wizengamot. We can make Dumbledore suffer there, will that be enough for you for now.” Lucius truly loved his wife. Even more when she let her temper run wild, at least, when it wasn’t aimed at him.

Narcissa only nodded. She was already planning ways to make anyone that harmed her family suffer.

They talked for a little while longer before Severus got an alert on his mirror letting him know that it was safe to come back home. When he got to the floo room Lucius called for Dobby. Lucius had explained to Severus that when Dobby had been only an elfling his father, Abraxas, had struck him over the head and thrown him into a wall. Ever since then Dobby had had a few issues. Severus just waved it off. He had read about Dobby in one of the journals, the fact that this elf had died to save his son was enough for him to put up with any oddities.

When Dobby popped into the room he vacillated between excitement and complete terror. Before he could speak Severus held up his hand.

“Dobby. My name is Severus Prince-Potter. I’m sure you have heard of my son, Hadrian Potter.” Dobby’s eyes went huge at the name. “I have spoken with Lucius and he has agreed to allow me to hire you to be my sons personal elf. Would you like that.”

Dobby nodded vigorously. He was bouncing on the balls of his feet and looked like he was about to break down in tears.

“Well then, lets go. We will be leaving the country tomorrow so you will need to be ready to travel.”

With that Severus led the excitable elf through the floo. After showing the elf to the elf quarters, which resulted in Dobby finally breaking down into tears, Severus went up to bed.

James was still awake when he came in while Hadrian was curled up fast asleep next to him. He went into the bathroom and got ready for bed. Laying down and wrapping his arm around his son and husband. He then went on to tell James about his time with the Malfoy’s before James filled him in on what had happened in his meeting as well. Eventually, they both fell asleep.

**The Burrow - July 1, 1996**

William ‘Bill’ Weasley was sitting at the breakfast table in his family home watching his family. He had spent the majority of his last semester learning as much as he could about magic that he had been denied. He couldn’t make any sense of the fact that these branches of magic were systematically being removed from his school, a school that claimed to be one of the best in the world. This made him start to take a closer look at things in his life that he had always taken for granted. Maybe it was just a part of growing up, but Bill felt like his eyes had been opened.

And he didn’t like much of what he saw. Although he hadn’t said it, Bill knew that his mother
looked down on Professor Snape because he had worked as a spy during the last war. It was that which encouraged him to take a closer look at his mother. He really didn’t know how he could have missed it. Looking back now it was clear, Molly Weasley wasn’t a good mother.

She was judgmental and cruel to her elder children. Bill and Charlie were always being told that they weren’t good enough, that they needed to do exactly what she said or they wouldn’t amount to anything. Percy was almost completely ignored. The only time she payed any attention to Fred and George was when she was yelling at them. The only children that she seemed to really like was the two youngest, Ron and Ginny, and she wasn’t doing them any good. Ron was a bottomless pit that always wanted more but never wanted to work for it, Ginny was a demanding little thing that threw a fit whenever she felt like she wasn’t getting everything she wanted, and Molly seemed to encourage them in their behaviour.

He knew that he was probably being too harsh on his younger siblings, Ron had only turned 6 and Ginny wouldn’t be 5 for a few months. They were both still just kids. But he couldn’t help but think they would never change unless they were given rules and expectations that Molly didn’t seem to want to give them.

Molly also seemed to have nothing but contempt for their home. She was always complaining about how they needed something new, but she never even seemed to have considered earning the money herself. Bill knew how hard his father worked to keep a roof over their head, but Molly didn’t seem to care. There was also how she treated his father. It was clear to Bill, even at his young age, that Molly looked down on his father.

While his mother was busy scolding Fred and George for something Bill quietly made a bacon and egg sandwich before slipping out the back door. Molly always insisted that they were only able to eat at the table so he knew his father hadn’t eaten yet as he had had to go out to his shed to get some information before he left for work.

When Bill stepped into his fathers shed he saw that his father had clearly become distracted with one of his latest projects, an old muggle car that he wanted to make fly. Arthur smiled when he saw him, seeing the sandwich he grinned.

“So what is it that you want so badly that you are willing to try bribing me with food.”

Bill gave his father a sheepish grin. “I was hoping that you would let me come with you to work today.”

Arthur was confused, none of his children ever wanted to go to work with him. He would admit, his job wasn’t exactly an exciting one. “Why?”

“Well… Someone suggested that I should get a job. I figured we could go to River Run Alley.”

“Bill, who is this friend? Why do you think you need a job? I know that we don’t have all that much, but we’re doing ok.”

Bill spent a few seconds thinking about how to answer. He knew his father was a proud man, he also knew that he had promised Professor Snape that he would keep his involvement a secret. Eventually he decided on the truth. Bill knew that he could trust his father, plus, his father didn’t have the same problems with Snape that his mother had.

“I actually got the idea from Professor Snape.”

“Severus? What does he have to do with it?”
“Well… Earlier this year he caught me skipping history and gave me detention. Rather than making things really hard for me, he assigned me an essay on history. I actually started visiting him after that and he started to teach me things that I wanted to learn. He um… He taught me…”

“Keep going Bill.”

“He was teaching me warding. I know that the class and the books were removed from the school but I don’t understand why. Everything Professor Snape taught me seemed fine. It wasn’t dark or dangerous or anything.”

“I agree with you, warding isn’t a dangerous subject if it is taught properly. I never took the class myself, but I was surprised when you didn’t take it. I figured that it was just your type of class.”

“I didn’t take the class because it wasn’t offered. Professor Snape told me that it was removed during his final year. He let me borrow his books and practice in his room. I know he isn’t thought to be the nicest of people, but he was nice to me.”

“I have absolutely no problems with Severus. I am actually fond of the man, he might be a little prickly, but he’s a good man under it all.”

“Yeah, he told me about how he had worked as a spy during the war and a lot of people look down on him for it. He said that one of the reasons that he helped me so much was because you were always kind to him unlike most people.”

“Of course I was kind to him. I owe him your life.”

“What?”

“You might not remember it very well, but he saved your life. You would have only been about 8 when it happened. The Diggory’s had invited you and your brothers over for Cedric’s birthday. Your mom was pregnant with Ron at the time, and it was a hard pregnancy for her, so Amy Diggory offered to take all 5 of you for the day so that your mom could rest. I had been meeting with two of the others that were a part of the Order, Sirius and Remus, when Severus came into the meeting place. He looked like he had gone through hell. He was covered in cuts and bruises and his muscles were spasming, we all recognized it as the after effects of the Cruciatus Curse. He had been attending one of the meetings when he had heard news that the death eaters were planning to attack Cedric’s birthday party. They knew that since the Diggory’s were a light family, there would be plenty of light side children in attendance. He had been punished severely for attempting to leave early, but he needed to get a warning to us, which he clearly managed. Because of what he did we were able to get to you boys and clear the house before the attack. We were actually just flooing out when the wards alerted us to their arrival. If he hadn’t managed to get away when he did I could have lost you and your brothers. After that, there is no chance that I would ever look down on him.”

“Wow, he didn’t say anything about that.”

“He wouldn’t. But why does this mean you need to get a job?”

“Professor Snape told me that I could still take my OWL in warding, but I would have to pay to take it at the ministry. He suggested that if I really wanted to study warding that I get a job and earn the money to take the tests and self study for my NEWTs.”

“That sounds like it could work. If you really want to do it, then I’ll help. Let’s just not tell your mom about the job until after you have it. And don’t mention taking any extra OWLs. You know
what she’s like. If the headmaster doesn’t think you should know it, then she will never let you learn it.”

“I know, that’s why I came to you. The professor suggested that I should take you with me since it will be my first time to River Run Alley. He also suggested that we could go to visit Junior Technologies in Horizon Alley. He said that he knew you and thought that you would like it.”

“That sounds like a fun day. If your sure you want to come to work with me thats fine with me, but it will be a pretty boring day before we can leave, you understand that, right?”

“I know.”

Bill followed Arthur inside after that. Arthur was the one who told Molly the plan for Bill to go to work with him. Molly was thrilled with the idea, even more so when 10 year old Percy asked to go to. Arthur offered to take the other kids but none of them wanted too. Charlie was going to take Fred and George through the woods to the Lovegood’s, Ginny wanted to stay with Molly, and Ron wasn’t up yet.

Molly was happy as she watched Arthur and the children leave. She loved all of her children, just not all in the same way. The older 5 children were just too unpredictable. Her Ronnie and Ginny were so much better in her mind. This was not the life that she had planned for herself.

When Molly had been a child she had dreamed of marrying a lord to one of the older houses. She had wanted to attend fancy parties and have lots of money. Instead she was stuck in this hovel.

Molly had fallen head over heals in love with Arthur Weasley when she had been 16. She had decided that he would be the man she would marry and nothing was going to stop her. But reality did make things difficult.

She had been 18 when she had heard that Arthur was coming over to the Prewett estate. Molly had been convinced that he was coming over to ask her father for her hand in marriage. His own father had recently taken ill and she thought he would want to get married before he died. But that hadn’t been what happened.

The memory of walking into the drawing room, wearing her best dress, only to find the love of her life sitting in between her elder twin brothers still infuriated her. Learning that the man she believed herself to be in love with was in a triad relationship with her brothers had crushed her, but not for long. It had taken Molly less than a week to figure out what to do. She knew that being gay was wrong, despite what everyone else said, so she was going to show Arthur the proper way, and the best way to do that was to give him love potion before the wedding. It wouldn’t take long for him to truly fall in love with her and then she wouldn’t need the potion anymore, after all, she was beautiful.

The plan had been stopped however, when her father had caught her brewing the potion. He had been so angry with her. The lecture she had received about what he believed she was doing wrong had lasted for over an hour. Her father had watched her too closely after that for her to do anything. There was no denying the the wedding had been stunning, but it would have been better if she had been standing at the alter.

Less than a year later Bill had been born. When she had gone into see the new born infant she was ready to hate him. This child was a representation of what had been stolen from her by her own brothers, that had corrupted the love of her life. But she had fallen in love with him just as quickly as she had with his father. He was just so precious.
Then a new plan had formed in her mind. She didn’t want just Arthur anymore, but his son too. She just needed to find a way to get her brothers out of the way. Due to the building war everything was being kept extremely quiet. All the public knew was that Arthur Weasley had had a son with a Prewett. She had actually had a few people come up and congratulate her on the new baby.

But it hadn’t been easy. Both her parents had kept a close watch on her after her father had told her mother about the love potion. She had had to stand by and watch as four other perfectly beautiful boys were born. Then her mother was killed by death eaters and her father took ill. Her father hadn’t lasted long after his wife died. And then she was free to move. She had loved her parents, and she would always miss them, but they just hadn’t understood.

Molly had gone to Albus Dumbledore after that. He had been the one that had originally suggested that she get together with Arthur. Albus had been more than willing to help her. He had told her that they would need a strong family to represent the greater good, and her with Arthur at her side with those 5 boys would be perfect.

After Arthur had been given his love potion, they got to work. Despite those outside of their immediate family and close friends not knowing that Arthur had been with the twins, the twins themselves and a few others knew. Albus had come up with an ancient runic based ritual that worked on altering the minds perception. They set it so that it would replace her brothers with her. So, whenever Arthur thought of the wedding he would see her rather than her twin brothers. If anyone started to think of Arthur, the magic would automatically kick in and force them to think of her next to him.

It was only a few months after that she had lost her brothers in a death eater attack when they had gone to help the Bones family. After her fathers death Molly had learned that she had been cut from his will. So, when she learned of the attack on her brothers she had gone to the bank to take over their accounts, only to learn that according to the goblins magic, her brothers were still alive. The goblins said that until she could prove her brothers death, she could not have access to their money.

She knew that her brothers were still alive, she just didn’t know where. But she also didn’t really care. She would love to have access to the money, but according to the family charter, her twin nephew/sons would inherit everything, not her. Albus convinced her to not keep trying to gain access to her parents money, he instead would make sure that they had enough, but they had to make sure that it was believable considering Arthur’s job.

Albus had come to her shortly after she had finally gotten the man of her dreams. It was Molly’s dream to be a mom. Although she had used blood adoption on the boys it wasn’t enough for her, she wanted to have her own children. But she just couldn’t get pregnant. Albus had known of her dream and offered them both a way to get what they wanted. He explained that he needed an heir, and felt she would be the perfect kind of mother for his child. Molly had happily agreed.

She had known that there was little to no chance of her conceiving with Arthur so this was her chance. Albus had needed to make sure that his heir would be raised in an appropriately light home. Less than a year later, in March 1980, she gave birth to her precious Ronald. He was her pride and joy. They had had to use a blood adoption potion on him to make him look like a Weasley, as he had been born with Albus’s dirty blond hair and light blue eyes, leaving him with bright red hair and brown eyes. But that didn’t change how much she loved him.

Ron was only a few months old when Albus had come to her again. He had told her about a boy that had been prophesied to defeat You-Know-Who and he had come up with a new plan. They would use a potion to make sure that she conceived a girl and they would be able to set her
daughter up with the saviour of the wizarding world. She had loved that idea, she had always wanted a baby girl who looked just like her.

It was only a few months after her baby girl, Ginevra, had been born, that the Potter boy had defeated You-Know-Who. Molly was thrilled. The Potters were one of the oldest and richest light families, and they were going to make sure that her daughter was Lady Potter.

A few months ago she had read about the new Lord Peverell Gryffindor and about how Harry Potter was his heir. She knew that people had started calling the Boy-Who-Lived ‘Hadrian’ but he would always be Harry to her. She much preferred that name over the pure blood one, plus it made it sound like they were on more familiar terms.

There was no denying that Molly was frustrated with the way her life had turned out, but it would all work out she knew. After all, she was a light witch from a good family.

Arthur was just unpacking the lunch Molly had packed for him and the boys when he overheard their discussion about Hogwarts. Percy was going to be going to Hogwarts in just over a year.

“I’ll be in Gryffindor, of course.” Percy said matter of factly.

“Are you sure Perce. You know I love you baby brother, but your just not much of a lion.” Bill said.

“But all Weasley’s are Gryffindors Bill, you know that. I’m not going to let the family down.”

“What do you mean let the family down Percy?” Arthur asked as he lay out the food in front of the boys.

“Mom says that I have to be in Gryffindor. Everyone knows that it’s the best house.” Percy said defiantly.

“Percy, that’s not true. There are good and bad wizards from every house. It isn’t fair to discriminate against someone just because of the house they come from. And as for letting the family down, the house you are placed in has nothing to do with it. I will be proud of you, and love you no matter which house you’re in.” Arthur reassured his son.

“Really? You mean you wouldn’t be upset if I’m in a different house than the rest of the family?” Percy looked hopeful at this, and Arthur felt bad.

Somehow he had allowed his son to think something as insignificant as which house he was placed in would determine how much he loved him. Arthur smiled at the unsure child and nodded his head. “Besides, you’re not the rest of the family. You, are Percival Arcrurus Weasley, and you are your own person, unlike any other.”

“Yeah,” Bill knew that Percy wasn’t meant to be in Gryffindor. “Percy, I always pictured you as a Ravenclaw. As much as I would love to have you in my house so that I could keep an eye on you, you wouldn’t be happy in the lion’s den. It’s way to noisy and we do love our parties. I have friends that are ravens and they told me that even though they enjoy a good party every now and then, it is a lot easier to study there. They have quiet rooms and everything so that you wouldn’t be disturbed when your working, and we all know how much you hate it when you’re interrupted in the middle of a good book.”

Percy was normally a calm, if a little uptight, child, unless he was interrupted while reading. He
had ended up reading the twins the riot act more than once when they had interrupted him, or stolen one of his books. He was only 10, but the kid loved his books.

“They do? That sounds nice. Maybe I’ll go there. I was a little worried that I wouldn’t like being a Gryffindor just from what you and Charlie have said over the years.”

After Percy agreed to consider a different house they sat down and ate. Arthur was proud at just how much Bill was growing up. He was glad that Bill had helped him figure out what was going on with Percy before he went and made the mistake of trying to get into a house that he wouldn’t fit into. Arthur was glad that he still had time to make sure Percy felt comfortable in the house he truly belonged in.

The rest of the day passed quickly after that. Arthur was annoyed with how some of the other ministry employees treated him, especially in front of his sons. He knew that most looked down on him, but he never wanted his children to be ashamed to have him as their father.

It had been easy to find a shop that Bill would like to work at once they reached River Run. He chose a second hand book shop that dealt mostly in older tomes that were useful in curse breaking and enchanting. Bill had told his father about his desire to work as a curse breaker so that shop would be perfect for him.

Bill was extremely excited as the shops owner, Madam Hollans, conducted the interview right then. When she told him that he would be working Monday-Thursday 9am-5pm he liked it even more. He would still have some free time to have fun. It was the salary that he would be making that sealed the deal. If he worked every shift, starting the next day, until August 22 he would earn just over 142 galleons.

That would be enough for him to not only take the OWLs he wanted to, but also to pay for his own school supplies and still have a little left over for Hogsmead weekends. He couldn’t believe it. Madame Hollans told him he had the job and he would need to be there the next day to start training.

While Bill had been having his interview Arthur had taken Percy over to the library. Arthur didn’t even try to hide his laugh when Percy saw all those books. Percy had been bouncing on the spot when Arthur signed him up for his own library card. It was clear to Arthur that Percy would likely try to go to work with Bill every day so that he could go to the library. To be fair, Percy would be likely to try and move into the library if he thought he could get away with it.

Arthur was actually surprised at just how much there was in the alley. Molly had always insisted that they do their school shopping in Diagon because she said none of the other alleys would have what they would need. But looking at everything here he didn’t understand where she could have gotten that idea. He also knew that like Percy, Charlie, would try to come to work with his brother when he saw the signs that showed the way to the nature preserve. Charlie had always loved animals.

Both Percy and Arthur congratulated Bill when he came from the shop and told him that he would be starting work the next day. Arthur was actually surprised at just how much Bill would be able to earn if he worked hard.

Leaving River Run they went to Horizon. The main entry way to River Run was a nice little coffee shop that looked like the perfect place to sit and read a new book, while the entry point to Horizon was a large restaurant that catered to many of the people that worked in the different factories and
shops. Junior Technologies was just down the road from the restaurant.

Going inside Arthur was like a kid in a candy shop. This place was everything that Arthur loved. There were all sorts of different things that Arthur had seen on some of his forays into the muggle world for his job. There were machines that he recognized as making coffee, but they had been modified to make all kinds of drinks. There were muggle children’s games that had been made magical. And all sorts of other things.

Just as Arthur was getting a closer look at the drink machine someone came in behind them. Arthur turned and saw a distinguished looking gentleman. He recognized him from the papers as Lord Peverell. Arthur wasn’t sure how he felt about this man. Although he supported many of the changes he was pushing, Molly had also told him about things that had happened during the school board meeting.

James walked into the shop and looked around. He saw the clearly identifiable hair of the Weasley family. This was perfect timing for him. He knew about Arthur and wanted to help him. Everything he had read in the journals showed that Arthur had acted as a surrogate father to his son, so James wanted to pay him back, even though it wouldn’t happen again. Severus had told James that he had suggested that Bill take Arthur to the JT shop. James had been planning on leaving information with the shops staff that they were to let him know when Arthur visited so that he could offer him a job.

Now he wouldn’t have to make an extra visit, since he was already here. James went back through the shop towards the main office. While he was there he pulled out the files and job offer that Remus had put together. Once he had everything set out, he requested one of the shop assistants to go and ask Arthur up to the office.

Arthur was nervous as he walked up to the shops main office. He had made Bill and Percy promise to stay in the shop and behave when one of the workers told him that he was wanted in the office. He didn’t know what was going on, or why he was needed to go to the office.

Going into the office he was greeted by Lord Peverell and they sat down.

“What can I do for you Lord Peverell?” Arthur asked.

“Well, I was hoping you would consider coming to work for me.”

“What?”

“Well, a coworker of mine, Remus Lupin, told me about your passion and interest in muggle technologies. And that’s what we need here.”

“You know Remus. Well… Yes, it’s true that I am interested in muggle devices, but I already have a job.”

“I am aware. But I also know that you are not properly appreciated there. From everything I have seen, the ministry has some serious problems with what they value. There is no doubt in my mind that you are at least slightly dissatisfied with how your treated.”

“It’s true, I’m not exactly happy there, haven’t been for a while. But why do you want me to come and work here?”

“Well… Remus has told me that you were always asking questions about anything he brought to you from the muggle world, and that is what I need. This business is quite profitable, in other countries, but not here due to the bigotry that runs rampant here, but I’m looking to change that. I
need someone to be in charge of our research and development department. Remus said you always
ask questions, and that’s what I need. I need someone that asks questions.”

“If… And I’m only saying if, I were to come to work here what would be different than working at
the ministry?”

“Well, as I said, I need someone to head up the R&D team. That means that you would have an
entire team answering to you. Your main job would be to ask questions, and then send them out to
find the answers, you can even join in if you want. You see most wizards see muggles as beneath
us, but you don’t. You would be willing to work on incorporating the muggle technology with
magic without bias. Your primary job would be to develop new things, like the drinks machine I
saw you looking at when I came in. That’s the kind of things you’d be doing.”

“So… I would be working with others to develop new items. That actually sounds like something
that I might be interested in. What’s the pay scale?”

“The starting wage for the head of R&D is 25,000 galleons per year, but all our workers own a
share of the company, so you will receive a share of the profit, it will pay out just before Yule. Just
so you understand how much that is, last year every member of the business, world wide, received
just over 500 galleons.”

“Are you serious? That is almost twice my yearly salary, not to mention the shares.”

“Wow, the ministry has clearly been underpaying you. I will tell you right up front. We are
bringing in a new policy this year. We have been having a problem with our British employees
struggling financially even with our pay scale. For some reason Hogwarts doesn’t teach their
students the basics of how to construct and live by a budget, so we are requiring all of our
employees to use a financial advisor. I understand that you are an adult and know how to budget,
but we don’t want anyone to feel like their being singled out, so everyone will have to use them.
The company will of course be paying for it. I am just asking you to consider it, you don’t need to
make up your mind now you can take a few weeks.”

“That does make sense about the whole budgeting idea. And, there’s no need to think about it. I
would be more than happy to start working here as soon as possible. This is my dream job.”

“Wonderful. I already had a contract drawn up, Remus told me there would be no chance you
would turn me down. All you would need to do is sign this contract I have here, and then send in
your 2 week notification to the ministry that you’re quitting. Once that’s done, you will be able to
start here after that.”

James and Arthur went through the contract after that. Arthur even wrote out his resignation letter
to the ministry right there and James sent it off with one of the owls meant for owl orders. Just
before he left James spoke up.

“You might not want to tell your wife that I own the company. I don’t think she likes me much.”

“It might have had something to do with you comparing her to You-Know-Who.”

“I didn’t… I mean… Guess I did, but I didn’t mean it like that, completely.”

“Than how did you mean it?”

“I merely pointed out, that denying a child a chance at an education simply because you don’t like
their parents is similar to Voldemort’s ideology. He didn’t want children to be able to receive an
education because he felt that who their parents were made them inferior and less deserving, while
I had just had the joy of listening to your wife explain to me, for 10 minutes, that the children who’s parents worked in Knockturn Alley didn’t deserve to be given the chance to attend Hogwarts because of who their parents were. I disagreed and pointed out the hypocrisy of it. Now, maybe I might have gone a little too far, but I don’t regret it.”

“She said that. She said that children didn’t deserve a chance to attend school because of who their parents were.” James nodded at him. “Well that is definitely not the story I was told. Thank you for letting me know. And you’re right. I think it would be best if she didn’t know your involvement in this business, regardless.”

After that Arthur left and James went home.

As they were headed back to the restaurant to floo home for dinner, Bill noticed how happy his dad was.

“Dad. What happened up in the office? We didn’t do anything wrong, did we?”

Arthur looked at his eldest son and smiled happily. “No, nothing wrong. Lord Peverell actually wanted to offer me a job.”

“You’re taking it right. Please tell me you’re taking it.”

Arthur was surprised at just how much Bill wanted him to work there.

“Well, yes, I agreed to take the job. I’ve even written out my resignation letter for the ministry and sent it in, as well as signed an employment contract with them. But why do you want me to work there so bad?”

“Because dad.” Percy piped up. “We both saw how you were treated today. We’d have to be stupid not to realize that they just don’t appreciate you like you deserve, so why would we want you to work with people like that. We want you to be happy.”

Arthur stopped and grabbed both of his sons in his arms and gave them a tight hug. He knew that they would have seen how he was treated. He had worried that they would have the same opinions as those he worked with. Instead his sons were angry on his behalf and wanted him to work somewhere else so that he could be happy. Arthur knew then that he had raised his sons right.

“I do have a request of you boys.” Both of them looked to their father. “Don’t tell anyone else just yet. I’m going to tell your mother after you boys have gone to bed. And also, don’t mention to her that Lord Peverell was at the shop. Your mother doesn’t like him, so it would just be best if she didn’t know he was involved.”

When both boys solemnly agreed they flooed home.

Molly notice just how excited her husband was when he came home, but he had told her they would talk about it when the kids were all in bed. She really didn’t like to have to wait, but knew that there was no point in pushing.

Although she had originally thought that Arthur would come to love her, and that she wouldn’t need to give him love potion all the time, that hadn’t happened. She had once started to take him off the love potion, and he pulled away from her, and had even been talking about moving out when she had started the potions up again. The ones she gave him now were more mild than the ones she had originally, and due to his growing resistance Arthur was slowly becoming more
opinionated. Originally he had agreed with everything she said, now he argued with her more.

It was also clear to her that Bill and Percy knew what was going on. During dinner Molly had asked how their day was, and Bill had been so excited. He had proudly told them all about his new job. Molly was furious that Arthur had taken him out to get a job without telling her. She had a right to know what was going on. But, even after telling them that they still had a secretive look on their young faces.

At first she had been ready to insist that he quit, but then she had seen the benefits. It would get him out of the house most days, and it would also relieve some of the financial pressures.

Albus made sure that she had money for looking after Ron and Ginny, but she didn’t want to have to always be spending it on the other kids. This job would make it so that Bill could start to pay his own way.

She was also irritated that Percy had gotten a library card. Who knew what sorts of dark books there were in that library. That was why Albus had been removing so many books from the library, they were just too dangerous in the hands of children. Then they had told Charlie about the nature preserve. The foolish boy had wanted to go then and there. Molly knew she had her work cut out for her to make Charlie work for the ministry. He was just too fascinated with dangerous creatures, and that was just no way for a son of her’s to live, and she wouldn’t allow it.

Once the kids were in their rooms Arthur and Molly met in the kitchen.

“Well, what has happened that has made you seem so happy?”

“I quit my job at the ministry.”

“WHAT? Are you out of your mind? You need that job? We need that money?”

“Relax Molly. I already have another job. Even better, this job pays almost twice what the ministry was paying.”

“But what about our reputation? No one will take you seriously if you don’t work for the ministry.”

“Molly, you need to relax. No one took me seriously even when I was named head of my department. They have always looked down on me, and I have no intention of continuing to work for people that give me no respect. Junior Technologies is a much better fit for me. Besides, there was no point in trying to convince me to change my mind. I’ve already sent in my resignation letter, and signed a new contract with JT. I will be finishing out the next two weeks with the ministry and then I’m done.”

Arthur then explained all about what he would be doing for work now. After he finished telling Molly his plans he went up to bed. Arthur knew that it wasn’t fair to Molly for him to just make major decisions without her, but he just couldn’t risk her stopping him. He needed to take this chance.

Molly sat at the kitchen table for a while and fumed. Oh, she knew that Arthur wasn’t happy at work, but she honestly didn’t really care. It was his job to bring in the money. Not to mention she thought this new job was ridiculous. They had magic, they didn’t need muggle stuff.

But the more she thought about it, like with Bill’s new job, the more she liked it. Sure, she would lose the respect that came from being the wife of a head of a department, but it really didn’t help her all that much. Most people looked down on her regardless. The extra money would be nice, but
the financial advisor would not be good.

She was in charge of the family finances. She had also been skimming a little off the top to add to the vaults Albus had set up for her and their kids. Since Arthur had agreed to the financial advisor she wasn’t going to be able to do that anymore. She just hoped that they didn’t look back or she could be in major trouble, but if that happened she would just have to up the amount of potions that she gave Arthur.

By the time she was ready to go up to bed Molly had convinced herself that she would be able to make sure that everything worked out in her favour.
**Chapter Notes**

I'm planning to do quick chapters for the next few years, until its time for Hadrian to start school.

**Kamakura, Japan - July 31, 1996**

Hadrian was extremely excited and nervous. Today was his sixth birthday, and he thought he might finally be able to have a proper birthday, like the ones Dudley had had, but he was also worried that his family would forget.

He was laying in his usual position, sandwiched between his parents. Ever since they had come to Japan Hadrian had been trying to seem more grown up and staying in his own bed during the night. So far he hadn’t managed to go a full night, usually ending up slipping into bed with his fathers around 2 or 3 in the morning. Last night he hadn’t even tried to stay in his own bed. He was just to on edge.

Looking around he noticed that both his fathers were still asleep. That was odd for him because his papa was almost always up before him and his dad. If papa wasn’t up yet it meant that it had to be extremely early.

Severus had started getting used to being able to sleep in and now got up around 9am. But that was early to Hadrian and James, who normally slept until almost noon. Like the others, Sirius liked to sleep in, but Remus normally was up and researching by 7am. Hadrian was starting to agree with his uncle Sirius, morning people were evil, especially when they woke him up.

Hadrian cuddled back under the blankets. He loved being able to do that. He was just starting to doze again when the room was stormed.

Remus had woken up at his usual time. They all knew that Hadrian had never had a proper birthday so they decided to make sure he had one. Hadrian had been nervous and twitchy all day yesterday. Remus had convinced the other adults not to let on that anything was going on.

They had taken turns going out to get Hadrian any last minute presents they thought he might need, they had actually had almost all of his presents before they even left Britain. Remus had personally picked out a cake. In traditional Remus style, it was a nice fudge cake, covered in smooth buttercream and raspberries. They had already figured out that of all the fruit they had had Hadrian try, he loved raspberries the most.

He had managed to get Sirius up early enough to help him get everything ready. Both Remus and Sirius had agreed to let Sev and James sleep in and do all the preparations for the party themselves.

Sirius had grumbled a lot until Remus had reminded him that it was for Hadrian, then he stopped. Remus had smiled at that. There was no denying that Sirius was less than sane, and many would find him intimidating at times, but he clearly adored his god son. Remus had compared him to a puppy following the boy around and Sirius had actually been pleased at the comparison.
By 8:30 everything was set. Going to the door where they knew the other three would be. Pushing the door open they came into the room. Remus was carrying the first two presents they had gotten for Hadrian, he knew that Sirius was going to change into Padfoot, and that was exactly what he did.

They clearly hadn’t thought things through. Almost as soon as they had slammed into the room James had pushed Hadrian behind him and both him and Severus were up and shooting spells at them. Remus dove out of the room and Sirius ended up in his Padfoot form under the bed.

Remus was extremely glad that he had chosen to bring presents rather than the cake. There was just no justification for destroying a perfectly good chocolate cake. He peeked into the room when he heard Hadrian start to giggle.

“Really?” Remus demanded as he stepped cautiously back into the room with his hands on his hips. “We talked about this last night before you went to bed. You knew that we would be coming in to wake you all up for Hadrian’s birthday.”

Padfoot just whined from under the bed. Even he wasn’t crazy enough to come out and face down James and Severus, just in case they didn’t like being woken up any more than he did.

James looked slightly embarrassed as he apologized, Severus just looked defiant. It was naturally Severus that answered back.

“You said that you would wake us up when everything was ready. At no point did you say that you were going to storm our room. And will you get out from under the bed mutt, it isn’t like it would protect you if I really wanted to get to you.”

Remus apologized for letting Sirius convince him to do it, Padfoot just looked slightly proud of himself, but he still had his tail between his legs. To Hadrian it was probably one of the best ways to start a great day, even if it did start way to early.

The day was spent playing and exploring. Hadrian knew that he was probably one of the luckiest kids in the world. He had gone from having nothing to having an incredible family that loved him. Dobby was also always hanging around just in case he needed anything.

Ever since Sev had brought Dobby home the little elf had been completely loyal to Hadrian. The two had bonded right away. When Hadrian first learned of Dobby’s self harm issue he had given him strict orders to never harm himself again. Now, even if Dobby felt the instinct to hurt himself the magic wouldn’t let him. Dobby felt incredible gratitude to the little boy that so clearly cared about him so he was completely devoted.

They lived in a wizarding tent up in the mountains around one of the temples that made the town so popular with tourists. The tent was top of the line. It had 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, a kitchen, dining room, living room, library, a potions lab, and a medium sized greenhouse. There was even a full sized patio out front, and the entire thing was completely covered in anti-muggle and notice-me-not charms.

All the charms allowed for Hadrian, James, and Sirius to spend much of the after noon flying around. James had gotten Hadrian a child’s broom as one of his presents. It was only one of the presents he received, he actually received over a dozen presents from his family, and even a hand made picture frame from Dobby. Hadrian had hugged the little elf when he got it, then he made them all take a family photo, with Dobby included, and then put the picture in the frame. Dobby burst in to tears when he saw that Hadrian really considered him to be a part of the family.
It was two days later that Sirius learned some startling information. All the work that they had been doing to get free of Dumbledore, the work for the bank, and all the research they had had to do for both the Wizengamot and school board had left them little time to go through all the information from the trunk.

Sirius was going through one of the journals when he saw his brothers name. Reading further, he learned that his little brother was alive, and according to the journal he had turned away for the dark lord that his parents had forced him to serve. At this point in time, his little brother was laying, comatose, in a British hospital.

They were in luck, and the name of the hospital was mentioned. This allowed for Remus to return to England that day and go to the hospital. Once he had clearly identified Regulus he was able to use persuasion, and a little magic, to convince the hospital staff that Regulus was being transferred to a new hospital.

Then he used his portkey to return the two of them to Japan. While Remus had been getting Regulus, the others were preparing one of the spare rooms for him. As a potions master, Severus was required to have a medi-wizard license so he was at least able to assist in some medical situations. From everything that they had read in the journal, Regulus did not have any serious underlying conditions. His escape from Voldemort’s trap had caused Regulus to completely empty his core.

He would simply need time. The journal said that his core would have refilled enough for him to wake up by the end of the next year, but it would take another year after that for him to regain even a basic amount of magic. He wouldn’t be able to properly cast for at least three years.

While the others were getting Regulus settled in his new room, Severus was in his lab. The potion that Regulus had had to drink was known as The Drink of Despair, and it could last for decades. It would slow down Regulus’s recovery.

Sirius suggested that he make sure that there was enough for Kreacher. The elf was completely devoted to Regulus and could serve as a nurse to him while Regulus recovered.

When the potion was done Sirius called Kreacher to him. As the Lord Black he could call him from where ever he was.

The filthy elf arrived with a soft pop. “Nasty master bes calling Kreacher.”

Sirius took a deep breath and forced himself to be calm. “Yes Kreacher. I want you to drink this.”

Kreacher looked critically between Sirius and the vial in his hand. Severus decided to step in, he knew that even before drinking the potion Kreacher and Sirius had had issues.

“Kreacher, I know that the Dark Lord forced you to drink a potion that made you see and feel terrible things. This potion will make those bad things stop.”

Kreacher didn’t need any more encouragement after that. He reached out and grabbed the potion and drank it all in one shot. It was clear that the potion worked as Kreacher slowly relaxed and his eyes became clearer.

“What else can Kreacher bes doing for nasty master?” It was clear that Kreacher still didn’t like Sirius and Severus’s lips twitched.
Before Sirius could say anything, Severus once again stepped in. “Kreacher, we need you to do something for us. We were hoping that you would get us the locket your master Regulus told you to destroy.”

Kreacher paled until he was almost chalk white, which Sirius actually found to be impressive. Sirius knew there was only one way that they were going to be able to calm the angry and scared elf.

“Kreacher, follow me.” Sirius then led Kreacher into the room where they had placed Regulus.

“Master Regulus, master Regulus. Yous has come back.” Kreacher was excited to see the man he had cared for as a child.

“Kreacher,” Severus got Kreacher’s attention. “We want to destroy the locket, just like your master Regulus did. As you can see, Regulus has been hurt, but he’s getting better. We want to be able to tell him that the locket has been destroyed when he wakes up.”

As soon as Sev finished saying this, Kreacher popped away. He was back almost instantly with the locket in his hand. Severus took the locket straight to the mail box and sent the locket directly to Ragnock. He got a message back only a few moments later telling him that the locket was on its way to being destroyed. Kreacher was excited when he was told this.

Sirius made a deal with Kreacher. Kreacher would be the primary caregiver for Regulus until he woke up, so long as he cleaned up Grimmauld Place. The elf had readily agreed, and even thanked Sirius for being so kind.

The rest of the summer was spent working and playing.

**Hogwarts, Great Hall - September 1, 1996**

Bill Weasley had never wished that the summer had lasted longer more. Normally, Bill was excited for school. It was a chance to see his friends again, but more importantly, it got him away from his overbearing mother.

This summer had been the best of his life. He had actually loved working. The shop wasn’t overly busy, they usually only had a few people visit each day, so he had been able to get a lot of reading done. Madam Hollans knew so much, and she had been happy to teach him.

There was also the extra spending money it gave him. Since Arthur also had a new job that paid a lot better, he hadn’t allowed Bill to pay for his school supplies. The largest expense that he had been planning for was his new school books, so he had even more money than he had thought. He had even gotten to open his own account at the bank.

Percy and Charlie had both tried to go to work with him every day he went. Percy had spent so much time in the library that Bill had thought he was going to move in there. When Bill had asked him why he didn’t just take the books out and read them at home Percy had told him that Molly had started checking every book he brought home. He knew that there were many books that she wouldn’t let him read, so he just decided to keep them all from getting the headache that always came with an angry Molly. After that Bill had let him come to work with him every day. Percy had been extremely upset when Bill had finished work because it meant that he wouldn’t be able to go to the library as often as he wanted. He had only calmed down when their father had promised to bring him to the library while Bill was away at school, it didn’t hurt that he also promised that he
would pick up books for him on the way home and sneak them in so Molly wouldn’t know.

As soon as Charlie had heard of the nature preserve he had started to come along. It was a fight to get Charlie to leave every day. Bill had almost had a heart attack when he had gone to pick him up at the end of the day only to find him holding a baby occamy. Occamy were classified as a level XXXX beast by the ministry and were known to be very aggressive. Once Bill had started to breathe again Charlie had told him all about how some of the beast handlers had offered to teach him a few things. They had agreed that they wouldn’t tell their mother that Charlie would be taking lessons at the preserve. The staff at the preserve had even said that Charlie would have a summer job there for next summer if he wanted it. Charlie had been so excited that Bill had actually thought that Charlie might just drop out of school right then and there to take the job.

When he finished his job, Bill had gone to the ministry to take the OWLs that he wanted to. He decided to take warding, curse breaking, enchanting, spell crafting, and spell weaving. There really hadn’t been enough time during the summer to properly study the subjects but he had still managed to pass them all and would be able to start to work on his NEWTs, he had even managed to get an O in warding, though he knew that was due to Madam Hollans and Professor Snape.

While waiting for his tests at the ministry, Bill had learned some interesting information. When you took your OWLs and NEWTs at school, you could only test in the classes you took, But if you took them at the ministry you could try any subject you wanted. Also, the tests were only offered to fifth and seventh years at the school, but you could take any test at any time at the ministry, so long as you understood that if you failed than that was it, there was no retesting without having to attend a certified class on the subject. This meant that, if Bill wanted he could take his NEWTs in any of his OWL subjects whenever he felt ready, he could also take other OWLs next summer. He decided that he was going to study a few more things, like languages, and take his OWLs in them over the yule holidays, and try for the NEWTs during the summer. He knew that it was going to be a lot of work, but he just wanted to try. If he didn’t feel confident in his chances of passing he would just postpone when he took the tests.

He had also seen a few students from the other houses. There hadn’t been a single other Gryffindor, but there had been 18 Slytherins, 21 Ravenclaws, and 13 Hufflepuffs. They had told him that their heads of house and family members secretly encouraged them to study other courses. Bill was stunned that Professor McGonagall didn’t do the same for her students, but then he thought about how completely devoted she was to the headmaster, just like his mother.

Life had gotten a lot better for Bill. He finally had a plan for his life.

He watched as all the new students were sorted. Since Lord Peverell had made sure that all children were given a chance to attend there were a lot more students being sorted. This year the sorting hat had to sort over 150 kids, most of them were in upper years and had finally been given a chance to learn at the school. Bill thought it was great.

Up at the staff table, not everyone was as happy as Bill. Albus was furious at all the dark students now attending his light school. He knew that he was going to have to try and keep an eye on all of them. There was just no telling what diabolical things they would get up to if they weren’t careful.

Minerva, was thinking along the same lines as she read out the names. Although most of the dark students weren’t sorted into her house, some were. She made sure to memorize their faces and names so that she could pay special attention to them. She hated that her den was being infiltrated by these ‘children’. She would never forgive Lord Peverell for forcing Albus to let them in, and would do what ever she could to try and revoke their acceptance.
Severus was critically watching his husband and friend. Both James and Sirius had been acting extremely strange. Hadrian was finally sleeping in his own bed most of the time. He usually only climbed into bed with his fathers once every week or two.

James had actually broken down crying multiple times last week because Hadrian had slept in his own bed. He had had a complete meltdown when Dobby had made his favourite dinner. The elf was oddly happy and terrified as James had hugged him repeatedly. Kreacher wouldn’t even come near him after that.

Sirius wasn’t any better. Kreacher was avoiding him too, after Sirius had tearfully apologized for all the arguments that they had had over the years. He had started to decorate the tent, he had then stopped and restarted, changing the colours multiple times. Right now, there tent was decorated in pink and gold for some odd reason.

They had all decided to quickly renew their vows. Allowing Severus to take the last name Prince-Peverell. The colour scheme that Sirius and James had chosen had been blue and bronze, it had actually been quite beautiful. But before they had managed to get those colours they had gone through almost every other colour in the rainbow in less than a week.

Both Severus and Remus were at first concerned that they had gotten cursed somehow. They had found the temple two weeks before and were now working at finding all the information inside. Severus had been examining all the potions ingredients for something that could cause symptoms like Sirius and James were displaying, while Remus was examining every object they could find.

Whenever they ask James or Sirius what was going on they would either get angry, or break down in tears. Whenever they started crying Hadrian was the only one that could calm them down. Hadrian had warned them off of upsetting the two after he had spent over 4 hours being hugged non stop while being cried on.

As Severus watched, James became angrier and angrier at the book he was reading, until he just snapped and set the book on fire before he threw it across the tent. Remus and Dobby grabbed for the book as quickly as they could. Remus wanted to save the book, while Dobby wanted to make sure the tent didn’t catch fire or get dirty.

That was when every thing made sense and his eyes became huge as he cursed his own stupidity.

“What’s wrong Severus?” Remus asked once he was sure that the book was safe.

“I know what’s going on with them. There’s only one thing I know of that causes reactions like theirs and turns James into a pyro when he gets upset at something. Pregnancy.”

“What?” Remus was shocked. It had never even occurred to him that either of the two men could be pregnant, although it did make sense.

Men didn’t handle pregnancy very well. Women were far more capable of handling the shifting hormones, while men just couldn’t handle them. Pregnant males often times had moments where they would become completely irrational, especially if there was even a hint that their partner wasn’t completely devoted.

“I am not, nor have I ever been, a pyro.” James told his husband as he folded his arms over his chest and stomped one of his feet, reminding Severus of a child throwing a temper tantrum, though,
he would never say that.

“James, when you were pregnant with Hadrian you set my potions lab on fire, with me in it.”

“While maybe you shouldn’t have spent so much time in there. You should have been with me.”

“James. I was brewing the nutrition potions you needed to take to ensure Hadrian was healthy.”

“Leave him alone.” Sirius said as he went over to his pouting friend.

Remus and Severus just looked at each other. This was going to be fun. A pregnant James had been hard enough to deal with last time. Now it was both James and Sirius, there was going to be no telling the kind of havoc they could wreak.

While James and Sirius were busy talking to one another Sev cast a silent pregnancy detection spell. It came back positive, with the added shocker of Sirius carrying twins. According to the spell James’s pregnancy was only a few days further along, and they were both due in the last week of May. Although Severus expected Sirius to go into labour sooner as he was carrying twins.

James and Sirius both started to happily chat with each other about having kids at the same times before James suddenly stopped. His eyes misted over before he quickly moved over to his son and settled the boy on his lap as he sat down while he insisted over and over again that they weren’t trying to replace him and that they would always love him. Sirius quickly joined them, joining James in telling Hadrian that they would always love him.

Hadrian just gave Severus and Remus a droll look. “What did I tell you about upsetting them?”

“You knew.” All four adults said at the same time.

“Of course. I thought you all knew.” Hadrian said confusedly.

“But… But how?” James asked.

“The magic told me. There have been little bright lights of magic forming in there stomachs for a few weeks now. I thought you all knew.” Hadrian was confused.

He still didn’t fully understand that everyone didn’t know the things he did. His fathers and uncles had told him that as he grew older he would begin to remember things from his past life, but it still confused him.

They spent the next little while going over how things were going to change, but they would always love him. Severus was glad that Hadrian was so mature for his age. He was slightly worried that Hadrian would become jealous of his younger siblings, or think that his family didn’t love him anymore. But Hadrian was thrilled at the idea of siblings.

Remus started to draw up plans for what James and Sirius wouldn’t be able to do. Male pregnancy’s were extremely delicate because the male body wasn’t designed to protect a growing infant. That meant that there were now all sorts of jobs that they wouldn’t be able to do.

James was also going to have to arrange for a proxy for his seats in the Wizengamot. There was no way he would be able to handle the meetings while pregnant. The members were just to annoying and the last thing any of them needed was James getting angry because he had a tendency to light what ever was annoying him on fire. It would not be a good idea for James to be in the same room as Dumbledore, especially since the old man had previously kidnapped James’s first born.
James would need to start making arrangements now. The school board only met 2-3 times a year, and the next one wasn’t until just before the yule holidays. James insisted that he still go to that meeting as he still wanted to upset Dumbledore more. Thankfully James would only be showing a little at that time, and they would be able to hide that with loose robes. James said that he would make the arrangements for a proxy starting for the January session. He couldn’t leave before the school board meeting as it would draw attention to him if he skipped one meeting but attended the other.

Only a few days after the pregnancy had been confirmed Sirius was working on translating one of the ancient potions books that they had found. As happy as he was that he was going to be a father he really wished he would be able to keep working in the temple. Both he and James were already frustrated with the fact that they had been restricted from going in the temple. They understood the reasoning, there were traps and curses all over the place, plus all the different potions ingredients. Even a slight bump in the wrong place right now could cause a miscarriage, and many of the older potions ingredients had been linked to birth defects so they needed to be careful.

All that they could really do right now was translations. That was what led to Sirius’s discovery. While going over some of the potions masters research he found that he had been researching on how to heal brain injuries, specifically injuries that had been cause by curses.

Sirius thought about his friends, Frank and Alice Longbottom. A potion like this had the potential to help them, at least a little. He knew from the journals that their son Neville was currently living with his abusive grandmother. There was no doubt in Sirius’s mind that if Alice ever found out what Augusta Longbottom had done to her son she would curse the woman to oblivion and back, and that was just for starters.

It took hours of non stop work, but by the time Severus and Remus returned from the temple with more books Sirius was done. Calling Severus over he showed him what he had been working on. Severus agreed with him that there was a great deal of potential in the potion. The potions master had never managed to finish creating it, but Severus thought that he could.

There had been so many advancements in potions since this book had been written. If he could combine some of the higher level healing potions with this potion that seemed to be focused on the brain he believed that he could actually reverse the damage that had occurred to Frank and Alice’s nerves and brain tissue. Severus decided that he was going to work on it whenever he had a free moment.

**Wizengamot - December 2, 1996**

James was actually smiling as the Wizengamot meeting came to an end. This was the last meeting he was going to have to attend until June. He decided to ask Kingsley’s uncle, Kensington, to serve as his proxy, as he felt he could trust the man. The Wizengamot usually only met once a month on the first or second Monday of the month. There hadn’t been much that he could do over the past few meetings. Which he was both grateful for, and not. He was glad because he didn’t think getting into a debate with raging hormones was a good idea. Severus was right, though James wasn’t going to admit it to him, James’s first reaction when he got angry while pregnant was to light things on fire. And as much as he would have enjoyed it, lighting Albus Dumbledore on fire, in front of witnesses, was not a good idea. But he was also incredibly board, which could also be just as dangerous, especially for a prankster.
A majority of each of the meetings had been devoted to setting up the guidelines for the DCW. James had enjoyed shooting down most of Dumbledore’s ideas. He didn’t want Dumbledore to have any control of the new department. Lucius and Narcissa were both extremely helpful in this area. More often than not Narcissa managed to step in before him. Narcissa was clearly extremely passionate about this subject.

Narcissa had recently started to hold parties and host fundraisers for the department and the orphanage. Just in the few months since the Sea Cliff Home opened, Narcissa had raised over a million galleons for them with fundraisers.

There were currently only 23 children, ranging in age from 4-17, living there. With all that money the home payed for all the students tuition and school supplies so that there would be more scholarships available for the other children. The money that wasn’t spent on supplies and necessities for the children was stored in the bank. The goblins were taking the task of ensuring that the money meant to protect children was looked after extremely well. Ragnock himself, personally watched over the accounts to ensure that there wasn’t any mismanagement.

James had noticed during both this meeting, and the last, that Narcissa was almost glowing. He smirked.

When he saw her suddenly go pale when one of the older lords, that he knew wore strong cologne, walked up to her James was sure. He went over after the man walked away and handed her his handkerchief that had been scented with lavender and peppermint. He often used it when he got nauseous.

Narcissa caught the soothing scents and brought the fabric up to her nose and took a few deep breaths. Once she stopped feeling like she was going to be sick she looked over at James. Seeing his secret little smile she put things together.

“When?” She asked, smirking back at him.

“End of May, just a few days before a friendly dog I know. You?”

Narcissa’s eyes widened fractionally, the only evidence of her shock and joy through her pure blood mask. “Beginning of May. I don’t envy those teaching in the future.”

James grinned. Neither did he. There was no way that his child, Sirius’s twins, and a Malfoy wasn’t going to result in chaos for 7 full years.

Narcissa was pleased as she got ready to leave the Wizengamot. She had once again managed to ensure that Albus Dumbledore had no control over the Sea Cliff Home. The man just wouldn’t quit. Casually she gently ran her hand over her slowly growing stomach. Thinking about the child growing inside her made her worried. She was terrified that she would suffer another miscarriage.

When she had first found out that the muggle techniques had allowed her to get pregnant so quickly she had instantly made another appointment with them. They had labeled her pregnancy as ‘high risk’ and insisted that she go in to be checked multiple times a month. Her muggle healer had assured her that they wanted her to be completely honest with them, and if she felt like something was going on she was to come in so that they could check.

Narcissa had been stunned when her healer had showed her what they called an ultrasound machine. She and Lucius had been a little dubious when the technician had first started to spread jell on her stomach. But then she had shown them their baby.
The fact that she could actually see her unborn babies heart beat made everything so much more real. Lucius had used one of their camera’s to take a picture. Although the muggle healers had given them photos, they had wanted a wizarding photo. Now, safely tucked in the inside pockets of both Lucius and her robes, was a black and white photo of their babies beating heart.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw as James snuck out. Turning slightly she saw that he was slipping out while Dumbledore was looking around, clearly trying to spot him.

Lucius joined her and they left.

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 4, 1996

James entered the school board room for the second time. There were usually only two board meetings a year, one before yule and the other before summer, unless there was some kind of emergency.

This was the last meeting he would have to attend until after he gave birth. He couldn’t wait for it. Between the work for the bank and all the prep work they had to do for all the different meetings, and trying to go over all the information in the trunks, it was wearing them all down. Their plan was to only focus on their work for the bank and going through the trunks. It would be a nice break.

When the others came in he was joined on his side of the table by an odd mix of the other school governors. Fawley from the light, Gibbon from the dark, and all four neutrals, Ollivander, Shacklebolt, Kingsley, and Travers, all came over to him. James smiled at them all, it was apparent that James now controlled the board even more than he had before.

Like he had before, James sat silently as they went over the minutes from the last meeting. It was hard not to smirk over at Dumbledore. Just like last time Molly and Andromeda both started going on about the books they needed to remove, but Molly also decided to add on that they shouldn’t let the children from the darker families access certain books. James rolled his eyes, and he knew he wasn’t the only one. When the vote came for removing the books it failed.

Dumbledore looked like he had swallowed an entire lemon at once. Andromeda Tonks fumed silently. Molly, like usual, wasn’t capable of being silent and let them all know about how she felt about the lost vote.

Eventually James decided to speak up. “Headmaster, I have a question.”

“What can I do for you my boy?”

“I was wondering why you haven’t made use of the Helena vault and hired the appropriate number of staff.”

“There is no need my boy. My staff is fully capable of doing their jobs.”

“Actually headmaster, they aren’t. According to the description of the work schedule I have received from one of your former employees, it is quite common for the teachers to spend over 60 hours per week setting up for class, teaching, and then cleaning up after class. That doesn’t even take into account the amount of time they spend marking assignments and tests. Plus doing rounds and detentions. It isn’t legal for them to work that much. And that was all before we opened up the school to more students. If there is ever an accident that happens as a result of overworked staff the school is liable. It could cost us tens of thousands of galleons. This school needs to be
appropriately staffed. Personally, I would recommend at least two teachers for the core classes, so that they can split up the years, and multiple assistance. I think we should also ensure that there are at least 2 fully qualified healers, one male and one female. As the medical exams showed last year, Madam Pomfrey is clearly overworked and hasn’t been able to treat all the students properly. You also need more than just 2 caretakers for a building this size.”

“Now my boy. Surely you are exaggerating. I know that you don’t understand the inner workings of the school, given that you never attended, but we are doing just fine.”

“I disagree headmaster.” Gerbot Ollivander said. “My daughter has told me many stories about students running wild because there just isn’t enough teachers to cope with them all. And like Lord Peverell said, that was before we had an influx of more students. There is no possible chance that they can keep up with all the extra work. The requirements to access the vault are easy to complete so that isn’t an excuse.”

“And again, like Lord Peverell said, it isn’t even legal to have the staff working so much. We are all, in effect, breaking the law if we don’t hire more staff.” Kensington Shaklebolt added.

Dumbledore was furious. Once again Sebastian Peverell had backed him into a corner, there was nothing he could do. He knew that many of the staff had often made requests for assistance but he hadn’t allowed it. With things having to go through the goblins now, he knew that he wouldn’t be able to hand pick the staff. He was already losing control on who got in to the school and who didn’t, he didn’t want to lose control of staffing. He had spent the entire summer trying to find a way to control who got a job at the school. He hadn’t found a way to manage it, so he just hadn’t bothered to hire extra staff.

“I motion that we require the hiring of more staff, before the end of the yule break.” Travers said. He was seconded by Gibbon. When the vote was called, only Dumbledore, Molly, and Andromeda voted against it. And again, Molly vented her displeasure.

“Now that that is done.” James continued with a smile. “I would also recommend that we thank Professor Cuthbert Binns, and then remove him from the staff.”

“Surely not. He has been teaching for years. He is a proud and loyal staff member.” Dumbledore said.

“I am suggesting it. He may have worked here for a long time but not successfully. Less than a quarter of the students that take his class are able to achieve their NEWTs in the subject. Almost half of the students in this school fail to complete their OWLs. From what I have heard his class is seen as nap time. Not to mention, just how is it that a ghost is supposed to correct assignments and tests. It would be much better to hire other teachers for the subject.” James had always hated having to go to Binns’s class, which was probably why he skipped the class more than he had attended it.

“I agree.” This time it was Fawley that spoke up. “I myself hated that class. The only reason I managed to get my NEWT in the subject was because I dropped the class after the OWLs and self studied for my NEWTs. And I know he hasn’t gotten any better because both of my children are now doing the same, and all of my nieces and nephews complain about him.”

“As do mine” many voices said.

Eventually James’s ideas were agreed to. Dumbledore would be forced to hire a second teacher for all the core classes, and 2 teachers for history of magic. They were also requiring the hiring of a
minimum of 2 assistants per subject. Both Filch and Hagrid would also be getting 2 assistants of their own.

James was thrilled as the meeting ended. Now Dumbledore was going to have to deal with new people. People that wouldn’t be completely devoted to him. That would keep him distracted for a while. Plus the students would be getting a better education, that mattered to him, but mostly he wanted to make Dumbledore suffer, helping the students was just a side benefit.

Once he was in his office Albus once again threw a few of his little devices. Molly and Andromeda watched him stoically. They were both as furious as he was. Nothing had been going their way lately.

Once he calmed down a bit Albus sat down at his desk and got them all tea. Popping a lemon drop in his mouth he looked at Andromeda. “Andromeda, I am going to have to ask you to apply for one of the history professor positions. I know you have a masters in history. I will see what I can do to ensure that you get the job. We need to make sure we have at least some control over what the students are learning.”

“I will be happy to help.”

“Albus, what are we going to do? That man is destroying everything.” Molly all but screamed.

“We will carry on. Like we always have.” Albus said. He truly enjoyed how devoted Molly was to him, but her voice was like nails on a chalk board. “I will speak to my contacts and try to make sure that we have people applying for every new position.”

Minerva came in then. When they explained everything to her she was just as frustrated as the others. Oh, she was happy that she would be getting assistants, but she didn’t want anyone that the goblins would approve of. “Poppy isn’t going to like this. You know how she felt at the end of last year with those St. Mungo’s healers in her ward.”

“I’m aware, but there’s nothing we can do now. Luckily, Lord Peverell will be taking a few months off from the Wizengamot. He will be needed at work more and isn’t set to return until June. That will give me a bit more time to regain some control. He has assigned Kensington Shaklebolt as his proxy, but I think I will be able to sway him. His nephew, Kingsley, is an auror. I could use Rufus Scrimgeour to offer to fast track the boys career.”

“Have you heard anything from Severus. We all know that that was how he got the statistics on the hours we work.” Minerva asked.

“Yes, but it really isn’t much. As you know, the contract limits what he can say. It was basically just telling me that work was going well. He did suggest that some of my plans aren’t working out the way that I want them too. He just kept going back to looking at the past and going to make sure everyone was where I left them. I think he might be losing his grip, he isn’t making much sense.”

“Are you sure he’s telling you the truth. For all we know he’s rejoined the death eaters.” Andromeda said. She knew how close Severus had been to her cousin Regulus and her sisters husband, Lucius.

“The contract broke his oath to Lord Voldemort.” Albus reminded them.

“Once a death eater, always a death eater.” Molly said.
“We will have to wait and see.” Albus said.

Molly and Andromeda left after that.

Minerva watched Molly glance back just before she left. “She’s becoming more obsessed.”

“I’m aware. But I can work that in my favour.” Albus had seen Molly’s obsession growing.

“Just be careful. You and I both know just what Molly does when she wants something.”

“I’m aware.” Albus did, on occasion, question if he had made the correct choice in choosing Molly to raise his children.

“Can we keep control with all these new people coming in?”

“I have my doubts, but we can try. It may take us a few years to gain control of the new staff members, but I have no doubts that we will be able to do it.”

Minerva and Albus talked for a while longer before heading to the great hall to get something to eat.

Albus, at times, did miss Gallert. Minerva was a good general, but that was all she was, a general that followed orders.

St. Mungo’s, Janus Thickey Ward - December 22, 1996

Neville Longbottom was panicking as he followed his gran down the hospital halls towards his parents room. He knew what was happening, his parents were dying.

It was a sad thought that the six year old boy was accepting of this fact. As much as he didn’t want them to die, he knew that was selfish. He knew that they were suffering, and he didn’t want them to suffer.

He just didn’t want to know that there was no one left for him but his gran and his uncle. Right now his parents being alive gave him some protection, but if they died, that protection would be gone. He had already accepted that his gran would never love him, not in the way he saw other children being loved.

It was just outside the doors to the ward when he knew that he was wrong. He could hear voices in the ward and his gran froze for a moment before pushing open the doors. “F… Frank?”

Neville looked from his gran to the tall man standing in the room next to a woman that looked upset. This couldn’t be. The healers had said that his parents would never get better.

As soon as the woman saw him tears filled her soft brown eyes. “Neville.” She said before she rushed across the room and gathered the frozen child in her arms.

Augusta had been fluttering around Frank while all this was happening trying to get his attention, but like his wife, he only had eyes for his son. Going over to them, completely ignoring his mother, he wrapped his arms around the both of them and let his own tears fall.
Neville flinched when he felt his father's arms around him. His gran had always told him how weak he was, and how his father would be ashamed of him, and now, he had just gotten his parents back and they were going to think he was weak too. Glancing up he saw something he didn’t expect. His father’s light blue eyes, just like his own, were filled with tears too. How could he be weak if his father was crying too.

While all this was happening Augusta had turned on the healers. “How did this happen? You told us they would never recover.”

“Well,” one of the healers said, “as you know, when you placed them here you signed a contract giving us the right to try different treatments. Only a few weeks ago a potions master in Japan created a potion that showed great potential in helping the victims of curse caused mental injuries. The reports from all the hospitals that tried it were all extremely positive so we decided to give it a try last week, and this is the result.”

“What do we do now? Can we go home with our son?” Alice asked. When the healers told her that they had been here for 5 years she hadn’t wanted to believe it. Then she had seen her little boy. He may have grown a lot, but she would know her baby anywhere.

Now, she just wanted to make up for the lost time. She had already missed so much, and didn’t want to miss another moment.

“Not yet. You’re going to have to stay here a bit longer while we run a few tests to make sure that you’re healthy enough to leave. It shouldn’t be more than a week though, so you will be home before new years. We will just need to keep doing check ups from time to time so that we can report your recovery to Lord Prince.”

“Lord Prince?” Frank looked up.

“Yes. The potion was created in a joint effort by Gringotts Bank, and Lord Severus Prince, who is currently working in Japan.” The healer answered him, knowing that Augusta was going to get angry. They all knew about what Lord Prince had done during the war, when he had been known as Severus Snape. Many thought he had gotten away on a technicality, but a few on the hospital staff knew that was wrong, to them, he was, and always would be a hero, even more so now. But everyone knew Augusta Longbottom’s opinion on anything dark. It was why they hadn’t told her about the potion until now.

“You gave my son a potion created by that death eater?” She demanded. “How dare you. He could have been trying to kill him.”

Frank frowned as he felt his son start to shake at his mother’s yelling. “Enough, mother. You know as well as I do that Severus worked as a spy. He has already saved my life more times than I can count, and apparently he’s done it again. Sev was, and is, my friend. Besides, clearly he wasn’t trying to kill us. If he had wanted us dead, we would be dead. No, he was helping again, just like he always has.”

Augusta was shocked. Frank rarely, if ever, spoke back to her. He just didn’t understand the world. His father had sheltered him too much. She would just have to get in touch with Albus and he would get Frank back in line.

Neville didn’t pay attention as the adults argued, he was happier than he had ever been before. He had his family back just in time for the holidays.
Chapter Notes

Yes, I understand that in the books the colours of Ravenclaw and blue and bronze, and the symbol of the house is an eagle, but I decided to use the movie colours.

Hogwarts - January 6, 1997

Life just wasn’t going Albus Dumbledore’s way. The students had returned last night and that had just driven home how much control he had lost.

Albus had spent almost every waking moment since the board meeting trying to maintain his control over his school. It hadn’t worked. The goblins had refused to allow him to hire almost all of his choices. He had gotten a few of his people, like Andromeda Tonks, but that wasn’t enough.

Most of the new staff members weren’t as devoted to him as he would have liked. Sure, many of them looked up to him, but that wasn’t enough. He needed people that would follow his orders without questions. The only two that would follow him without question, were Andromeda, who was one of the new history professors, and Caleb Doge, great great nephew of his old friend Elphias Doge, who was going to be one of the transfiguration assistants.

He had had to do the introductions and seem like he was happy at the welcome back feast. Many of the students had even seemed excited to have more teachers. A feeling that Albus didn’t share. He had liked to let the students run wild, it helped to keep them dumbed down, more teachers helping them was the exact opposite of what he wanted.

Just as he was getting ready to head down to dinner his floo alarm went off. He allowed access when he saw that it was Augusta Longbottom.

Albus wasn’t sure how he felt about the sudden recovery of Frank and Alice. It was a benefit because it brought back another powerful light family. Plus it helped to calm Augusta, she was completely obsessed with her son and his image. The draw back was that now he couldn’t use their condition to point out the cruelty of the death eaters. It didn’t help that Alice had always been a little wary of him, and Frank followed her ideas.

There was also the issue that this potion had been created by Severus. He needed people to continue to mistrust Severus, it gave him control over the man. He had hoped that working for the bank wouldn’t leave him any time to create new potions. If he had been working for the school when that potion had been created, then Albus would have been able to make sure that he gained the profit from the potion, now Severus was earning more money. People were also starting to see his spy in a better light.

“Albus, I need your help” Augusta was furious and had tears in her eyes.

“What is wrong my dear?” Albus could see that the normally stoic woman was on the edge of having a complete fit.

“Alice. That…That woman has taken Frank away.”
“What happened?”

“I was working with Neville in our weekly session, trying to get his power to react you know. Alice came in and threw a complete fit before grabbing the boy and storming off. Frank went with them. I don’t understand what is wrong with him. How could he just abandon his mother.”

Albus knew this was going to be trouble. He knew that when she said session, Augusta meant that she had been throwing stinging hexes at the boy. The boy was forbidden from running away or crying, it was an attempt to force his magic to protect him.

It wouldn’t work, and he knew it. He had had Augusta place a block on the boys magic so that Albus would be able to control him better when he was older. That block, and the different potions he knew the child had been fed would stop the boy from being able to use magic, at least for another few years.

Augusta’s brother-in-law Algie had also been blocking the boys power and giving him potions. If Frank hadn’t recovered, Neville was set to be the next Lord Longbottom. Algie had always been jealous of his elder brother, and then when the lordship passed to his nephew and then great-nephew he had been furious. Algie had already gone through all the money his family had given him and was using Nevill’s trust fund to keep supporting himself since he and Augusta were locked out of a majority of the family fortune until Frank got better or Neville came of age.

Albus couldn’t think of a single thing that could fix this. Alice had been a Hufflepuff, and she was the living embodiment of that house. She was completely loyal and hard working. Her son was, and would always be, her son. Now that she knew that her son was being hurt she would stop at nothing to protect him. And Frank, like the lovesick fool he was, would follow her, like usual.

“All I can think of is trying to use potions.” Albus told her. “Alice has always been difficult to control.”

“I don’t care if Alice and that squib brat come back. I just want my son home.” Augusta really didn’t care about the others, only her son mattered.

“I will see what I can do. Maybe if I can speak to him we might be able to work something out. I agree that Alice is not needed, but we need to keep Neville. I know he doesn’t seem like much now, but he still has the potential to be a child of prophecy. Plus, he will inherit Alice’s lines once she is gone.” Albus said.

Yes, he liked that idea. If he could get rid of Alice he would be able to gain her family lines and money through the boy. The right potions and spells would make Frank controllable. He would just have to make sure he got it done before Frank put his lordship ring back on. Those rings had all manner of protection charms on them that even Albus didn’t know if he could by-pass.

Leaky Cauldron, Room 3

Frank was sitting in one of the chairs at the little table in the room he and Alice had rented for the night. He was in a state of shock.

Looking over he saw his wife curled up on the bed, wrapped around their son. Tears were silently sliding down her cheeks.

Neville hadn’t known that what his gran and great uncle had done was wrong. Because he thought it was completely normal he hadn’t seen any problems with telling his parents what had been
Frank had been horrified to know that his own family had physically and emotionally abused his son for years. The abuse had started almost as soon as he and Alice had been sent to St. Mungo's. He knew that nothing his mother did would ever make him forgive her. Getting up, he headed for the door.

“Frank?” Alice was watching him.

“I’m going to go to the bank and make arrangements. I won’t ever let them near him again.” Alice smiled at him when he said that.

Frank walked into the bank, since it was so late there was almost no one there. It allowed him to go to one of the goblins working at the desks without having to wait in any lines. Once he had the goblins attention he requested to speak with Onyxfang, the Longbottom account manager.

He was instead taken to Ironclaw. When he asked where Onyxfang was he was told an interesting story.

Only 2 days after the attack on him and his wife, Onyxfang died suddenly. The goblin that took over in his place, Grimrock, had recently been caught by a bank wide audit accepting money from his mother and had been tried and executed. Augusta appeared to be paying him off to allow her and Algie access to certain vaults, like Neville’s trust fund, to support their preferred lifestyle. It was in the Longbottom family scripts that the regent of an underage heir would only receive 3,000 galleons a month. That was more than enough for the average witch or wizard, but Augusta and Algie weren’t average. From the accounting that Ironclaw had done, they had been taking more than three times what they were allowed to fund an extravagant lifestyle. A lifestyle that didn’t appear to have been provided for the heir.

Frank was furious. Not only were they abusing his son, they had been stealing from him. He knew that he couldn’t let this stand, but he also didn’t want to have to deal with a scandal so soon after getting out of the hospital.

After a long talk with his new account manager, Frank had decided to use the olde family laws to punish his mother and uncle. He called one of the older elves, that he knew never liked his mother or uncle, and explained what he wanted from him. The elf had smiled in glee at his new job. The elf really hadn’t liked their treatment of the family heir. Once that was done he used the banks floo to summon his mother and uncle.

“Frank. There you are sweetheart. You have had me worried sick. You can’t just go running off like that. Alice is just making things up, like usual. You know I would never do anything that would hurt you.” Augusta tried to run over and hug her son, but he stepped out of her reach.

“Enough, mother.” Augusta flinched as she heard his growl. “I know very well that you have been abusing my son. I also know that the two of you have been stealing from the family.”

“That money is ours. The little squib has no right to it. Squibs can’t inherit, and you know it.” Algie growled back.

“My son isn’t a squib. For your information, Neville started summoning his toys by his first birthday. Also, if he was a squib, then he wouldn’t be listed as heir, it would have passed directly
to you. So, since you are not next in line, that means Neville isn’t a squib. But more importantly, that money was never yours and you will be punished for what you’ve done.” Frank said.

“You can’t send your own mother to Azkaban.” Augusta crossed her arms as she stare down her son like she had done to him when he was a child. This time he didn’t back down.

“Oh, I’m not sending you to Azkaban. I really don’t want to have to deal with the scandal. No, I will be using the olde family laws to decide your punishment. You both will be retiring from public life. After all, the stress of losing your son and daughter-in-law only for them to miraculously be healed would cause a great deal of stress for anyone. As far as the public will be concerned you are retiring to a nice cozy place to live out you’re golden years. And that is exactly what you will be doing. I have already made arrangements for you both to be moved to the cottage on the moors. You will not be leaving there ever again. I have already assigned Bobbin to look after you both. But he won’t be your servant, he will be your warden. You will be required to do all your own cooking and cleaning. I have arranged for him to do any shopping you need from an elf market, he has already agreed to ensure that you will both get all the food required for a healthy diet.”

Frank smiled at them. In truth, the cottage they would be moving to was a decent 2 bedroom place. Most people would be happy to have a home like that. But as he already knew from how much money they had wasted over the years, they both wanted lavish, not decent. It was nothing like Longbottom manor that they both had claimed as their own over the years. Now, they would get to see what it was like to be an average person.

“You can’t do this.” Algie yelled at him.

“Oh, I can, and I have. Ah here is Bobbin. He will be taking you to your new home now. Goodbye mother, uncle Algie. I hope everything you did was worth it to you, because you will never be leaving the moors.”

With that, Bobbin grabbed on to both of them and popped away. Frank let out a sigh of sadness and relief. His son was safe.

Finishing a few things off with Ironclaw, Frank headed back to the Leaky Cauldron. Alice was still awake when he got back so he quickly explained what he had done. He also told her that he had promised Ironclaw that they would all come back in the morning for a full inheritance test, the goblin had been very insistent on that, apparently they had discovered issues with others.

Alice agreed to the bank trip in the morning. She was sad about what her husband had had to do, but she was glad that their son was safe from those people now.

**St. Mary’s Hospital - May 1, 1997**

Lucius Malfoy was completely happy. He was standing in a muggle hospital looking in one of the rooms from the doorway. In the room his wife and son both lay on the hospital bed. In between the two of them, lay his daughter.

Lyra Belladonna Malfoy. His perfect, healthy, baby girl.

All the stress and fear he and his wife had felt had all been for naught. According to the muggle healers, they now knew were called doctors, Lyra was completely healthy, and exactly the right size and weight they had been hoping for.
When Narcissa had first gone into labour last night Lucius had been terrified that something was going wrong. But then, 9 hours after their arrival at the hospital, he had watched as his daughter was born, and heard her loud cries letting them know she was here. They had even brought Draco into the room so he could feel involved.

Over the last few months of Narcissa’s pregnancy they had noticed that Draco had started to pull away. When they had asked him what was going on he would say it was nothing, but they both knew that he was becoming jealous of the new baby. Draco had never had to share anything in his life, and now he had too.

They had dealt with it by making sure Draco knew he was still loved. Lucius had even taken him aside and given him a good talking to about how much the new baby was going to need him. As the big brother it was his job to show the baby how to act, and also to help to take care of her. Once Draco felt more involved, and that he was considered to be a protector for the baby, he had started to get excited.

Now, Lucius watched as Draco looked down at his little sister with a goofy smile on his face. It was clear that Draco loved her.

Narcissa looked up at him and smiled, waving him to come over and join them. Narcissa’s hair was a mess, and she was in desperate need of a shower, but Lucius thought she had never looked more beautiful.

Draco was looking at the squishy pink thing that was his sister. He really didn’t know how much he was going to be able to teach her, he didn’t know anything about girls, but he would try. For some reason he loved her as soon as he had seen her, even though she was all wrinkly and screaming. When he had seen the look in his mothers eyes when she had been placed in her arms Draco had made a promise to himself that he would never let anything bad happen to her. Anyone that could make both of his parents as happy as they were right now was ok with him.

Kamakura, Japan - May 14, 1997

Severus and Remus were in a complete panic. Like they had all expected, Sirius had gone into labour early. What they hadn’t expected was that the stress and excitement over his best friend, and pregnancy buddy, going into labour, would cause James to go into labour too. This was not what they had planned for.

Remus had gone down to the village to get a healer. Men were not equipped to give birth naturally, so the only way the babies were coming out was by a cesarean, and Severus wasn’t qualified to do that.

As Remus was panicking on his way to the village, Severus was panicking as he tried to calm the two men in labour. It didn’t help that both men had magic and were throwing the occasional curse at him. Even though he had taken their wands away, they were still managing to do a few basic wandless curses.

Hadrian was off to the side, he wasn’t stupid enough to get in the way, laughing at his papa. They had been planning for this for months, and now that the time had come they were all acting like they didn’t know what to do.

Once the healer showed up everything calmed down. Or to be honest, she made it calm down. Aika was a small little woman that was extremely strong willed. Severus was over a foot and a half taller
than her but she cowed him like he was still a little boy.

After Aika had gotten control of all four of the men she set to work. She decided that they would start with Sirius as he had gone into labour first. James had glared at Sirius, while Sirius grinned at him and stuck out his tongue, at least until they both had a contraction and became distracted.

Only two hours later everything was calm once again. After one last final check up, Aika left. She would be returning over the next few days to keep an eye on everything.

They had moved one of the beds out into the middle of the living room for the birth and now both James and Sirius were resting on it.

Sirius held an identical little girl in each arm. Ariadne Pandora and Cassiopeia Selene were both happily resting in their fathers arms. Remus stared down at his girls with the worlds largest smile on his face.

James was on the other side of the bed staring into the bright eyes of his own daughter Kali Eileen. Severus was just as happy as Remus, looking at his little girl.

Hadrian was sitting in the middle of the bed looking back and forth between his three new sisters. They were all just so perfect. He could already feel their magic, it was calm and happy. He knew that soon enough they would be up and causing chaos, just because they could. They were the daughters of marauders after all.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 4, 1997**

James was heading towards the school board meeting feeling nervous. This was the first time that he had had to leave Kali. He had spoken with Kensington and gotten him to agree to continue on as his proxy for a few more months because he didn't think that he would be able to spend a full day away. Wizengamot meetings lasted all day, but the school board meetings only lasted an hour or two. If he could have assigned a proxy to the board meeting he wouldn’t even have bothered to go, but he couldn't, so he had no choice but to go.

The only ones that could be proxy for a founders heir on the school board, was another founders heir. So the only other person that could take his seat was Severus, and that would just put him back in the old goats sights.

He wouldn’t let Albus think he was losing interest in the school and that he could change it all back to the way he wanted. That man still had too much power on the board if he wasn’t there.

He was just glad that the meetings were usually held in June, or else he wouldn’t have been able to go. The one last year had been held in April because there was an important International Confederation of Wizards meeting in June last year so Albus had rescheduled the usual meeting.

Nodding to the others that were already there he took the seat he had claimed as his. He was once again joined by those that seemed to be on his side. Like usual, James was more than ready to get his way and had everything he needed to embarrass Albus.

Just to make things even more fun he had sent in a request, that had been approved by the rest of the board, to have the heads of house at this meeting. Since there were now multiple teachers and assistants for each subjects it was easy for the heads of house to make time.
Coming into the meeting Albus was surprised, and disappointed. He hadn’t expected Sebastian to be at the meeting. When he hadn’t seen the man at the Wizengamot meeting earlier in the week he had thought that Severus had finally managed to get the man out of his way.

Like last time, when the vote was called on Molly’s motion to remove certain books from the library, she lost and subsequently threw a fit. They once again talked about abused students.

Now that Albus had finally been forced to hire the appropriate staff, the fully qualified healers had found a few more students that were being abused at home and had arranged for them to go to Sea Cliff House. They wanted to make sure that the children didn’t feel like they were being singled out.

As they carried on, both Kensington and Gerbot, kept sending James speculative looks. They knew that he was planning something, just from the calm smile on his face. Both were really enjoying watching him shake up Albus’s world every meeting, they felt it was about time. Whenever they caught his eye he would give them a little smirk.

When James drew the attention towards himself Albus looked at him with a mixture of anger and resignation.

“As interesting as all this is, I think we need to address another topic. Points.”

“What about the points my boy. Surely you aren’t taking issue with the points system Sebastian. The house cup competition has been an integral part of Hogwarts since it was first founded.” Albus said. He really didn’t understand what Sebastians issue with the points system could be.

“Oh no, I fully support the idea of the house cup. My issue is the blatant favouritism being shown in how the points are being awarded.”

“Don’t have that issue any more.” Minerva said stiffly. “The only member of staff that favoured one house more than the others was Severus, and since he is now working with you we don’t have that issue any more.”

“Actually Minerva, the problem has gotten worse since Severus has left.” James wasn’t about to let any of them blame his husband for anything.

He pulled a book out of his robes and resized it. It was a huge ancient book. “This book was designed by Rowena Ravenclaw. It keeps track of every single point given or taken, it also tracks all punishments and those involved. There was supposed to be a copy of this available to both staff and students, but I can only guess that it was lost over the years, like so many other things it would seem. I used collation and statistic spells I learned from the goblins to look over different breakdowns of how points are given, taken, and how different punishments are doled out.”

Both Minerva and Albus tried to hide their panic. The book had originally been in the library, but Albus had removed it when he had originally been made headmaster over 50 years before. They didn’t want anyone to have access to that.

James carried on, a slight smile graced his lips when he saw the other two trying to hide their panic. “What I have found is not good. I looked at how points were taken away by averaging out the points lost and the punishment given to students that had been caught breaking curfew multiple times, I used the statistics from last semester only. The students from Hufflepuff that were caught lost an average of 15 points and received an average of 2 nights of detention. Ravenclaws lost 10 points, but received 3 nights of detention. Gryffindors lost 5 points and almost never received detention. Slytherin however, lost 25 points and received 1 week of detention.
I would also like to note, that the book also shows when warnings were given. Gryffindors were normally given at least 4 warnings before any punishment was given. Hufflepuffs usually only got one warning. But Ravenclaw and Slytherin almost never received a single warning.

I looked at the points given by breaking down the average amount of points the students of each house received for completing a spell first. Gryffindor was 10, Ravenclaw was 3, Hufflepuffs got 4, and Slytherins got 2.

There is absolutely no excuse that can explain this in my opinion. None of these students deserve to be treated differently due to the house they were placed in. From what I saw looking back, Severus actually served as a moderator for the bias that many other professors have been showing. I would also like to mention that the prefects and head boy and girl actually don’t seem to have the same bias that their professors show. Although they favour their houses, as is expected, they generally treat the other houses the same. So why is it that the students of this school seem to be showing more integrity than the staff?”

Albus, Minerva, Molly, and Ted had tried to interrupt his speech multiple times, while all the others in the room looked horrified. When James handed out parchments that had the breakdowns they got furious.

“What is the meaning of this?” “How dare you?” “Who do you think you are, doing this to children?” Was heard. The mix of different voices stopping James from identifying who was speaking.

“This is disgraceful. The children of this school deserve better. We need to be teaching them that they are all equal, not dividing them even more.” Kensington said with a growl.

“I agree Kensington.” James said, giving him a nod. “Your job is to educate the students of this school. You are meant to be helping them learn, not just information, but how to be good people. The fact that the students of this school seem to show more common decency than the staff is something that astounds me. You are adults, you should know better. If a student is taught that they can get away with breaking rules just because the house they are in, that will make them believe that they are above the law, they are not.

Now, it’s already to late to address the issue for this years house cup, but we need to make sure that this doesn’t happen again. Because we clearly can’t trust the staff of this school to treat the students equally, I feel that we should set out guidelines for punishments and points that can be given or taken.”

“I agree” was heard from many, including the heads of house, other than Minerva, of course.

“I can’t believe that this sort of thing has been happening.” Filius said sadly. “I didn’t even realize that we had been treating the students differently, but here it is, there’s no denying this information. I agree with whatever you wish to do. I think that a standard list of consequences and rewards given for certain actions would be a good idea.”

The part goblin was devastated that he might have been just as guilty as the others in the treatment of certain students. He knew that he had taken larger amounts of points from some students that he had caught out of bed. Many times he would hear other members of the staff talking about catching a student out of bed, so when he caught that student he was harsher, he never realized that many of the students, including those from his own house, weren’t being given warnings that others were.

The next hour was spent setting out the amounts of points that could be given or taken for different things. They also worked out when, and how much, detention was appropriate for breaking rules.
James also gave 2 copies of the book to the headmaster, one for the library and the other for his office, but he kept the original for himself so he could keep watch.

After that, the meeting wrapped up quickly and James slipped out as quickly as he could. He wanted to get back home to his family.

As had been happening more often, Albus stomped into his office and started breaking things. Once he was calmer, he repaired it all before sitting at his desk and offered the women that had followed him up to his office lemon drops, although they all refused. Molly bustled around and got tea ready for everyone.

“Albus. What do we do now?” Minerva asked, like usual. “What are we supposed to do about those new point guidelines. How are we supposed to make sure my lions get the cup.”

“We will just have to find excuses to give the lions extra points for other things.” Albus told her.

“It won’t work.” Andromeda told them. Although she agreed with them on many things, she didn’t see the importance of always trying to make the Gryffindors out to be the good guys. Her own husband and daughter were puffs. “Lord Peverell only gave the school copies. If he sees any more issues with the points, he’ll just bring it up with the board again, and next time it could be worse.”

“That man.” Molly whined. “He is nothing but trouble. Doesn’t he understand that we are trying to fix our world.”

“Andromeda is right.” Minerva sighed. “We don’t have a choice. As of next year we will have to start distributing the points evenly. We won’t be able to keep giving my lions warnings rather than taking points and assigning detentions. I thought Severus was supposed to be keeping that man busy?”

“He has been.” Albus took a sip of his tea. “Sebastian has been away from the Wizengamot since our last meeting in December. From what I’ve heard he isn’t set to be attending again until the fall. I guess that he just couldn’t stop him from attending this meeting. He’s still been sending me letters every few months suggesting that I look at past plans. That secrecy clause in that new contract of his is making things extremely difficult.”

Both Minerva and Andromeda kept their opinions to themselves. Neither of the two women fully trusted the man. Like always, Molly had no such control.

“You know you can’t trust that man Albus. He is Slytherin. He’s probably giving that man information on you.”

“Enough Molly. Severus is under my control. He has been so for years.”

After the women had left Albus sat back in his chair and stared pensively out his window towards Black Lake. Ever since Sebastian Peverell had appeared there had been problems. When he had started to focus more on his work for the bank Albus had started to regain some of his control, not all, but some. He had managed to get himself in the paper rather than Sebastian. It had helped him to reestablish his fame, and remind people of his power. It, unfortunately, didn’t help him get anything he wanted through a vote. Kensington hadn’t been willing to start siding with him, even after he had mentioned that he could help his nephew.

Then there was the loss of Augusta. When he had gone to the February Wizengamot he had been surprised to see Frank sitting in the Longbottom seat. At the end of the meeting earlier in the week
he had gone over to talk to Frank about why he hadn’t heard from Augusta. He had originally expected her to be back by March, when she wasn’t he had started sending her letters, but she hadn’t responded.

Frank had only told him that both Augusta and Algie had decided to retire from public life. According to Frank, they were both enjoying their retirement.

Albus knew that wasn’t true. Oh, he knew that Frank hadn’t harmed his mother and uncle, Albus was sure of that. But he did suspect that Frank had banished them somewhere far away believing that it would protect his son. If they had been banished then he wouldn’t be able to get a letter to them due to wards. He would just have to wait until he got Frank’s loyalty again before making him bring Augusta back, she was still useful to him.

Kamakura, Japan - July 31, 1997

Today was Hadrian’s 7th birthday. Like last year, Sirius and Remus woke them all up, although they only knocked on James and Sev’s door. Remus had refused to allow Sirius to convince him to wake them up like they had the year before. Once James and Sev were up they all went into wake up Hadrian.

They also didn’t make a lot of noise when they went in. Choosing to let Sev and James go first and wake him up slowly, with gentle words.

Like Edward Brown of the DCW had said, Hadrian had had a few set backs in his recovery. Shortly after the girls were born he had started having nightmares. He was terrified that something would happen to them and the girls would end up in a place like the Dursley’s.

Sirius had written to Edward to get his opinion. Edward had told him that it was to be expected. Hadrian would see the girls and it would remind him of what had happened to him as a child. During one of the check up visits by the DCW that Edward and Cecilia had conducted themselves, Edward had spent over an hour just talking to Hadrian.

After that Hadrian had gone down for a nap, all the emotions had caused Hadrian to be exhausted. Edward had sat the adults down and told them that everything was fine. He said that the fact that Hadrian had formed such a strong bond, not only with the adults in his life, but the girls, was a good thing. They would just need to make sure that Hadrian felt safe and loved, as well as talk to him about what was going on and what had happened, and eventually he would calm down.

It had been Sirius that had figured out how to calm Hadrian down when he got worked up. Hadrian had woken up from a nap a few weeks earlier after he had had a nightmare. Sirius had been working on translating some runes and had sat Hadrian down next to him. He had given him a quill and suggested that he start drawing the different runes to take his mind off things. It had actually calmed him surprisingly fast, especially considering how long it normally took.

After that, they would give Hadrian a mindless task to take his mind of the dreams and memories. The things that worked best were drawing runes, preparing potions ingredients, much to Sev’s joy, and flying around on his broom.

Now they made sure to be careful, without being condescending. They wanted to be there for him, but they also didn’t want him to feel like they were babying him and make him resent them.
Just after lunch their guests arrived. Severus had invited the Malfoy family to come to visit. He missed his friends and godson so he had gotten Hadrian’s permission to invite them for his birthday.

They had all sent different things to Draco for his own birthday the month before. Severus had also sent a letter to Narcissa and Lucius telling them to try and make sure that Draco behaved himself, Hadrian was still emotionally fragile. He didn’t want anything to happen between the two of them that would make it hard for Severus to be in both of their lives. As much as it would hurt him to lose Draco in his life, he would have to choose Hadrian if they didn’t get along.

Sirius led the Malfoy family to the tent where Severus and the others were waiting.

Draco was trying to look at everything. He had been confused on his birthday when his parents had given him a few presents and told him they were from his uncles and cousin. He hadn’t known that they had another family, or at least, that they spoke too. The presents had been interesting.

From his uncle Severus and his husband he had gotten some beautiful hand crafted silk robes. From his uncle Sirius, who was actually his mothers cousin, and his husband Remus he had gotten all sorts of sweets. At first he hadn’t been overly excited about this because he found he could only eat small amounts of British candies because there was too much sugar and it hurt his stomach, except these treats were more savoury than sweet, so he enjoyed them more. His favourite present however, was a gift from his cousin Hadrian.

From Hadrian he had gotten a book that went into the history of kyūdō and kendo, as well as showed the basic maneuvers. They were two different traditional Japanese fighting styles. Kyūdō was an intricate form of archery, and kendo was similar to sword fighting, except that you used bamboo swords, which had made his mother calm down. He loved learning about the history and even tried some of the moves out, he loved the control it allowed him to feel over his body. It also taught him more about how to avoid an attack, then how to attack.

Looking up, he saw his godfather. He didn’t go running to him, he was now 7 after all, not a child, but he really wanted too. Walking over, he greeted his godfather with as much dignity as a 7 year old could manage. He didn’t see all the adults stifling their giggles, because he was looking at a boy with dark hair and green eyes, who was sitting on a blanket with three babies surrounding him.

Draco knew how he was to behave in a situation like this. As he walked over to the smaller boy, the boy stood up. Sticking out his hand Draco said, “Hello, I’m Draconis Lucius Malfoy, heir of the most Ancient and most Noble House of Malfoy.”

Hadrian looked to his fathers who were giggling.

Severus came over when he saw the bewildered look on his sons face. “Draco, this is my son Hadrian. Hadrian, this is my godson Draco.” With Lucius and Narcissa’s approval they had placed a secrecy ward on Draco so he couldn’t tell anyone about his time with them, mainly so he wouldn’t tell anyone about Hadrian’s parentage.

“Hi.” Hadrian said shyly. “These are my sisters, Ariadne, Cassiopeia, and Kali.”

Draco smiled at the clearly shy kid. Shyness was not something Draco had. “Those are my parents. My dad is holding my little sister Lyra. She was only born on May 1st, how old are your sisters?”

“They were all born on May 14th.” Hadrian said, smiling down at his sisters. “Daddy had Kali, and Uncle Sirius had Ariadne and Cassiopeia.”
“Wow, I guess that makes them like triplets.” Draco was fascinated by the little girls. He loved his own little sister so much, and now he had cousins too. “Do you want to go flying? I don’t want to get stuck in a tea party.”

“I love to fly.” Hadrian said, smiling at his new cousin. “But why would we get stuck in a tea party?”

“Didn’t your parents tell you. That’s all girls do. I have a friend back at home, Daphne, and all she and her little sister do is have tea parties. They even dress up in frilly pink dresses.” Draco said, horror on his face. He had asked Daphne all about having a little sister and what to do with them when the Greengrass’s had come over to visit.

“But… But, I don’t want to wear dresses.” Hadrian looked to his fathers and uncles.

Sirius laughed at the horrified and disgusted look on his godsons face. “But thats what older siblings of sisters do. They go to tea parties.”

Hadrian got control of his panic. “If I have to attend tea parties in a dress so do all of you. And I will make sure they are baby pink.”

Sirius gave him a challenging look. “You wouldn’t dare.”

Hadrian quirked one of his eye brows and gave Sirius a very Severus like glare. “Try me.” With the challenge issued he took hold of Draco’s arm and led him away.

That was just too much for James and Lucious, both of whom broke down laughing. Narcissa was quick to grab Lyra and go and sit down with her with the other babies.

“He would, wouldn’t he.” Sirius said in a proud voice. “I think he may have spent too much time with us.”

Remus just shook his head at his husband and went to sit with Narcissa and the girls. His husband was proud of the oddest things sometimes, although, he was proud of how Hadrian had handled him too.

Narcissa and Lucius had brought Draco’s childs broom so they all sat on the patio and watched the boys fly while they sat and had tea. They were all glad as they saw how quickly the boys bonded. Narcissa was overjoyed, so many of the children that they knew back in Britain tried to be friends with Draco because their parents told them too. Draco was naturally sensitive to emotions and was able to figure out the reason behind peoples actions, so he picked up on the faked friendships. Most of the children didn’t have any ill intent, but Draco still didn’t trust them. She was glad that Draco had finally found a true friend, someone that liked him just for him, it was clear that Draco liked it too.

Draco, who had loved having a little sister, seemed to be taking to having a little cousin just as quickly. Severus smiled as he watched his son and godson making fast friends. It was clear that Hadrian was a better flyer, but Draco probably would have been flying better if he didn’t keep stopping to check on Hadrian. Severus figured that he was making sure his little cousin was doing ok. There was less than 8 weeks between them, but Draco was acting like those weeks were years.

When the girls all started to fall asleep Lucius was the first to jump up, followed by Remus and James, the three men carried the four baby girls into the girls nursery, which had once been one of the spare rooms, to put them down for a nap. Sirius just raised an eyebrow at how Lucius was acting in regards to his daughter.
Catching Sirius’s look, Narcissa smiled at him. “I know most people think Lucius is a cold man, but he is a completely different person at home. I swear, he jumps at every little noise that Lyra makes, he also jumps when she isn’t making any noises. He was the exact same when Draco was a baby. I think, in the past few months, I have only changed Lyra’s diaper less than a dozen times because he is always there to do anything she needs, not that I’m complaining about it.”

Severus smiled. He had always known how devoted Lucius was to his son. It had always been something he was glad for, he knew what Lucius’s relationship had been with his own father and was glad that he was proving to be a different kind of man.

When the men came back from putting the girls down Lucius was asking Remus who was in the spare room. He had seen the outline of someone sleeping, but he didn’t know who it could be.

Severus looked from Lucius to Sirius, and then to Narcissa. He had figured Sirius would have told Narcissa that his little brother was alive, but judging from the look on Sirius’s face, the man hadn’t thought of it.

Before Severus could say anything Sirius jumped up and started dragging Narcissa and Lucius towards the bedroom. As he dragged them he told them that they had a big surprise for them, one they would never guess.

When Narcissa entered the room she tried to be quiet, not wanting to disturb the sleeping person, that was until she saw his face. “Regulus.” She gasped.

Narcissa sat on the edge of the bed and brushed his hair out of his face. Lucius quickly sat on the other side of the bed and just looked down at the friend that he had thought was dead. A soft pop sounded as Kreacher arrived in the room after sensing movement around his Master Regulus. Seeing Mistress Malfoy he relaxed, he had always liked her. “What can Kreacher be doing for Mistress Malfoy?”

“Oh, hello Kreacher. I see you are taking good care of Regulus.” Kreacher’s chest puffed up at this. He was now glad that his Nasty Master Sirius had made him start wearing a uniform like the Potter elves wore, his was in the Black family colours and had the family crest over his heart, it made him feel confident in front of Mistress Narcissa. “There is nothing I need Kreacher. Just keep up the good work for your Master Regulus.”

After that Kreacher popped back to the Black Manor, Grimmauld Place. His Master Regulus would be waking up next year, and he wanted everything to be ready for him to come home.

Sirius and Severus explained to Narcissa and Lucius about what had happened to Regulus. According to the journals, in the original time line, Regulus had been discovered in the muggle hospital only a few months from now. He had been moved to the DOM where he spent the next year in the coma before he finally woke up. After that he rarely if ever left the department, he was practically a prisoner there for the rest of his life. It had been Augustus Rookwood that had found him. Also according to the journals, Rookwood had been a spy for the DOM in the Dark Lord’s side of the war.

Draco and Hadrian were flying around when they suddenly noticed that their parents were gone. They both knew they weren’t allowed to fly when no one was around so they both landed. Neither of them were sure what to do because they didn’t see where their parents had gone.

Hadrian knew that if they went back up in the air, they would get into trouble, so instead he
suggested that they go and visit his friend Oochi.

A little while later Remus went out to check on the boys and get them to come in for birthday cake when he saw them sitting on the patio with Oochi. Quickly, Remus turned around and ran back into the tent to go and explain things to Narcissa and Lucius about Hadrian’s friend. There was no way he was going to let them walk out and see what was going on without warning them. He didn’t need them having heart attacks.

“Don’t panic.” Remus said in a calming voice once he saw Lucius and Narcissa.

“That is the best way to make sure someone panics, you understand that, right?” Naarcissa said sarcastically.

“The boys are sitting on the patio with Hadrian’s friend Oochi.” Remus said with as much calm as he could manage.

They all heard Sirius mutter of, “Oh, shit.”

Severus went outside to try and get the boys to send Oochi home before Draco’s parents saw.

“And why would we have a problem with them sitting with a friend?” Lucius asked quizzically.

“Well, you see… Hadrian has all speak, and also speaks parseltongue.” James added.

“So I can assume that Oochi is a snake. What kind of snake is he?” Narcissa asked in a dangerous voice.

“Japanese Mamushi.” Remus told her. She just quirked a perfectly shaped eyebrow at him, demanding him to keep going, and with a deep sigh, he did. “A pit-viper.”

“A…A… Pit-viper. Are you kidding me. You let your son befriend a viper.” Narcissa growled as she turned on James.

“Hey, we didn’t let him befriend a viper. He just came back one day with a viper coiled around his shoulders and introduced us. Oochi apparently lives nearby. We just decided that we would rather have him as a friend, and not an enemy. He’s even given Severus venom and scales for potions.” James said defensively.

“Makes sense. That’s not the kind of enemy you want living next door.” Lucius said thoughtfully. He backed up a few steps as Narcissa turned on him.

Thankfully, for all the men in the tent, Severus ushered the two boys in at that point, viper nowhere in sight.

“Oochi has gone home for the evening. He apparently just came to wish Hadrian a happy hatching day,” Severus said, a slight grimace on his face when he saw Narcissas look.

Narcissa rushed over to the boys and gave them a quick going over.

“What’s wrong Aunt Narcissa? We didn’t fall of our brooms or anything.” Hadrian said. He was confused as to why she was acting like this.

“Hadrian, you were just spending time with a viper. Do you understand how dangerous that is?” She told him as she finished her checks, sure that nothing was wrong with them.

“That’s what everyone said the first time I brought Oochi home. But he wouldn’t hurt me, or my
family. He promised. He called me his hatchling and has been teaching me about snake magic. He’s my first friend.” Hadrian was actually quite proud of his friendship with Oochi.

Narcissa just turned on the other men in the tent and gave them a look.

“Cissy, we know. We’ve already spoken to the bank. Our next job is in Turkey. We’ve made sure that the other curse breakers working near where we are going have children.” Severus told her in an attempt to placate her, it must have been enough because she turned away and requested Dobby to set dinner out for them.

The rest of the night passed in relative peace. They ate their dinner and had cake before Hadrian’s presents were brought out.

When they all went to bed after the Malfoy’s left, Hadrian was happy. His family was growing. He was such a lucky boy.

**Hogwarts - September 1, 1997**

Another summer had drawn to an end, and Percy was set to start his first year at Hogwarts. Just like last year Bill was sad to see summer end, but so was Charlie now. While Bill had once again returned to the secondhand bookstore, Charlie went and got a job at the nature preserve.

The benefit Charlie had received from working for the summer was more than just money. Since he was still young, the handlers had wanted to keep him away from the more dangerous animals, so he had spent most of his summer carrying around large buckets of food. At the end of last year he had still been scrawny, but now he was solid muscle. Many of the girls were taking notice of this fact. One of these girls, in particular, had bubblegum pink hair.

As Bill and Charlie watched Percy was called up to be sorted, they both really hoped that Percy would go to Ravenclaw. They loved their little brother and knew that he just wasn’t meant for Gryffindor. The lions were just to loud for him.

When the hat shouted Ravenclaw they both cheered loudly for there little brother, while most of the hall took a few seconds to react. Percy was the first Weasley in over 300 years to be sorted anywhere but Gryffindor.

Percy calmly walked to his house with a smile on his face. When the other students greeted him and asked him why he didn’t go to Gryffindor like every other Weasley, Percy had responded with similar words to those his father had told him at the beginning of last summer. ‘He was Percy Weasley, not every other Weasley.’ That seemed to be enough for his new housemates and he was accepted almost instantly.

It also helped that some of the older students recognized him from the library. They had often sat with the younger boy just to see what he was reading. Many had suspected that he would be in Gryffindor just because of who his family was. Like his brothers, many of them, were happy that he was a raven because it was clear that that was where the boy truly belonged.

Up at the staff table there were many different reactions to Percy Weasley’s sorting.

Filius Flitwick was thrilled. But then again, he was always happy about every students sorting, whether they were in his house or not.

Minerva was shocked. Oh, she knew that Percy wasn’t a true lion, but she had still expected him to
be in her house. Having a student as bright as Percy would have actually helped to bring up the grade point average of her house. He could have also earned them a lot of points.

She knew that Molly had taught all the children about how great the lion house was. Surely the boy would have wanted to go to the house of his family. They were just going to have to figure out what was going on with the boy and have him resorted.

Albus was both shocked and furious. How dare that boy not go where Albus wanted him to. He needed that boy to be in Gryffindor. Percy was one of the brightest children that he had seen. Although, Bill was also one of the top students in the school. And, although Charlie didn’t get top grades, it was because he didn’t really care. When it was something the boy was interested in he excelled.

Percy had an exceptionally bright future, and Albus needed to be involved in guiding him. How was he supposed to make him feel indebted to him if not. Now that he was in Ravenclaw it was going to be harder.

He needed the Weasley’s to be seen as the ideal light family. And everyone knew that the only house darker than Ravenclaw, was Slytherin. Ravenclaw students just asked to many questions and were always trying to learn things that Albus didn’t want them to know.

He knew Molly would have told the boy that he needed to be in Gryffindor. Why hadn’t the boy listened? Then there was his older brothers reactions. Why were they supporting his being a Ravenclaw? They should know better than anyone just how much better it was to be in Gryffindor.

Albus knew that there was also little, to nothing, he could do to fix this, at least for a while. Once a student was sorted they couldn’t get re-sorted until they entered their third year. And Filius would never allow him to break the rules to force Percy into Gryffindor. Now he wished he had placed compulsions on both the hat and the boy like he had had to do in the past. He had always figured that the Weasley children that would cause him problems was the twins, not Percy.

The Burrow - September 2, 1997

Arthur Weasley whistled joyfully as he went down for breakfast before heading to work. Life was going great for him.

His new job allowed him to do what he had always wanted to, experiment. Just today they were planning to take apart something that the muggles called a dish washer. He was fascinated by the machines.

Then he had his family. Now that he was making more money they were fixing up the family home. The financial advisor that his job gave him had helped him to create a budget that would allow them to do the work without straining their finances. Molly had wanted to be in charge of the budget but Arthur hadn’t seen the point when they already had someone to do it for free.

Looking around the kitchen he saw Molly cooking while Fred and George set the table. When Arthur asked Molly where Ron and Ginny were she told him that they were still sleeping and she would just whip them something up when they finally got up.

Neither of the parents noticed the look the twins shared. As Fred and George were magical twins they were connected in a way most other people could never understand. They were able to speak mentally as well as feel what the other felt. Both of the twins felt that their mother wasn’t doing
Ron and Ginny any favours.

Their two younger siblings had no rules or limits. Sure, they were still little kids, but… If nothing changed then they were going to end up being two spoiled brats that couldn’t tell right from wrong. They were only 9, and even they could see that coming.

They had all just sat down to eat when Errol flew in the window. He just managed to avoid hitting the window frame. Arthur was pretty sure that they were going to need to get a new family owl soon because the poor old bird was clearly going blind. And now that he had the new job they would be able to afford it.

Going through the letter that Bill had sent home he was glad to see that Percy had taken his words to heart and allowed the hat to put him in Ravenclaw. He had been so ashamed that Percy had ever felt that his parents could ever stop loving him.

He had spent the past year spending as much time as he could with each of the children making sure that they understood that he would always love them. While his older children seemed to like spending the extra time with him, Ron and Ginny still preferred to stay with their mother. He figured that it was because they were still young.

“Good news Arthur?” Molly asked.

“Yes. Percy has been sorted in to Ravenclaw.”

“Cool.” The twins both said at the same time. They were happy for their brother but knew that their mother would be an issue. It had been obvious that Percy was getting ready to be a Ravenclaw over the past year. His room was now decorated in the blue and silver that represented the house.

“He what? But we’re a Gryffindor family. He has to be in Gryffindor. We must write the school and have him resorted.” Molly fussed as she got up to go and gather quill and parchment.

“No Molly. Percy is where he is meant to be. There is nothing wrong with Ravenclaw. If he is happy that is enough for me… And it should be enough for you.”

Arthur said to her with a hard look in his eyes.

The twins sat silently watching. They were glad that their father was standing up to their mother. He had really started to change since he got the new job.

“But Arthur, we’re a Gryffindor family. Everyone knows that. He will be exposed to too many dark wizards in that house. He has to be in Gryffindor or he could become corrupted. Especially since that awful Lord Peverell made Albus allow all those dark children from Knockturn Alley and all those other dark places.”

Arthur was coming to understand why Percy had been nervous about being sorted into another house. “Molly, enough. I don’t care what house he is in, he’s happy and that’s all that matters. I will not try to force him to be something he’s not… And neither will you.” Arthur’s voice had taken on a commanding tone as he took away the parchment.

The twins watched as their father got up and grabbed his work things before he said goodbye to them before he left. Their mothers face was furious.

Deciding they needed to save themselves they quickly got up, telling their mother they had been invited over to the Lovegood’s before they dashed out the door. They were so glad that they had a standing invitation to the Lovegood’s. Pandora and Xenophilius Lovegood knew of what their
mother was like and had told them that they were always welcome at their home to get away from Molly. It didn’t hurt that their daughter Luna was fun to play with. She was a little odd, but then again, so were they, so…

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 18, 1997

Another year was almost done, and it was once again time for a school board meeting. James had finally returned to the Wizengamot only the month before, and he was already sick of most of these people. All that any of them seemed to care about was making themselves look good. They would run on and on about nothing just to hear themselves speak.

Albus was frustrated. He had made some progress in controlling the media, and getting some of the laws he wanted closer to passing, but now Sebastian Peverell had returned. That man just seemed to create problems just by being around.

His control of the school was failing. All the new teachers weren’t his people, and most of them didn’t feel indebted to him. He had gone out of his way to make many of his staff feel like they owed him their jobs, so they were more likely to do whatever he asked to retain their positions.

Many of his loyal staff members were not happy. Poppy was furious with the two healers that had taken over her ward. He was also struggling with the two potions masters he had. Toby Zear believed that the only job he needed to do was teach. He absolutely refused to brew the potions that the hospital wing needed, he also wouldn’t collect the potions ingredients for free, he wanted to be paid for every extra thing Albus asked him to do. Horace Slughorn was as useless as always. They had actually had more accidents since he returned to teaching than Severus had had during his entire time with the class. Parents were not pleased with the dropping safety standards. Although, Albus had managed to work that in his favour, he had started to dumb down the potions lessons.

The meeting was much like the past few. Molly and Albus tried, and failed, to convince others to remove more ‘dangerous information’ from the school. They were backed up by Ted Tonks, who had taken over his wife’s place as a school governor after it had been pointed out that she couldn’t sit on the board and teach at the same time.

James was really getting annoyed with all the books that had been removed, but wasn’t ready to intervene yet. They had plans for when they were going to start forcing the library to start expanding, but it was still to early. He was going to have to go slow with their new plan.

“I think that we should discuss the falling standards of a school that was once considered to be the best in the world.” James said, his face conveying sorrow.

“What are you on about now. Hogwarts is the best school in the world. Everyone knows that.” Molly really hated this man. Who did he think he was, coming in here and destroying everything Albus had worked for.

“Actually Mrs. Weasley, Hogwarts doesn’t even rank in the top ten schools in the world according to the ICW rankings, and hasn’t for over 3 decades.” James told her coolly.

“What do you mean Sebastian?” Kensington didn’t like the sounds of this.

“I mean exactly what I said. In recent years, Hogwarts has actually managed to rank as one of the worst schools. We are currently only four points away from having our ICW accreditation
revoked. At the rate this school has been declining the ICW will remove our accreditation within the next five years. If we want to continue to be an internationally recognized school, although I will admit that we are currently internationally recognized as a bit of a joke, then we will need to improve the schools standards. We will need to expand the students learning, rather than narrowing it based on the preconceived notions of certain people. By comparing the class syllabus’s that the staff gave us for approval and the ICW standards the problem is clear. Our seventh year students are just now being taught spells that are fifth year standard in the rest of the world.”

“Please tell me you’re joking. Our students can’t really be that far behind.” Bletchley asked. His voice almost pleading.

James handed out copies of the ICW standards and ranking lists. He watched as the governors paled as they went through the list. Since they were parents they were horrified by the fact that their children's magic was being stunted.

“I think that we should look over all of this and come to the meeting in June with ways to improve the school. It is unfortunate, but we are already to late for many of the older students. Although, based off how many of them choose to self study and take there OWLs and NEWTs, many of the students aren’t willing to accept the mediocrity that this school has been teaching them.” James said, his eyes never leaving Albus.

“This is not a mediocre school. Our students are some of the best in the world.” Albus hadn’t thought it possible, but he was even angrier than he had been when he came into the meeting. It had taken him decades of work to lower the teaching standards. By dumbing down the population he made himself appear even more powerful and great.

“Are you serious, Albus. The statistics are right here. This school has failed an entire generation, if not more.” Blishwick almost shouted. “I agree with Sebastian. We need to address this. We will have to do it in June. That will give us the time we need to do some of the research for ourselves. I feel that we should come prepared to the next meeting with different ways we can improve the school.”

Most of the others agreed, Molly, Albus, and Ted, all voted against. The three of them kept going on about how the school was just fine. After that, the meeting ended and all the rest left.

As was becoming tradition, Albus and his 2 sycophants went up to his office where they were joined by Minerva.

None of them were happy with more classes being added. Keeping the children dumbed down was by design. It was one of the ways they made sure that the students felt indebted to Albus. Since most wouldn’t have the qualifications for the jobs they wanted, Albus would step in and help them get the job. Like with some of the teachers, feeling like they owed Albus their jobs made them more willing to do whatever he asked them.

Many, like Ted and Andromeda, would teach their children extra lessons. This would give their children an edge over the rest of their classmates. They would teach them just enough to make sure that they would be able to show higher competency. Nymphadora for instance, was going to be an auror, so they were teaching her over the summers to make sure that she would be able to pass the entrance exam to the auror program with better grades than the other applicants. That would allow her to work on more important cases.

They needed to start gathering information that would be able to stop the return of many of the classes. Minerva made the suggestion that they allow one or two of the classes return to serve as a distraction. If Sebastian thought he had gotten his way slightly he might not push for the return of
all of the classes.

Molly was the only one without a day job, Ted worked in a magical law firm, so Molly would be doing a majority of the research. The others were more than a little wary of this fact, they knew Molly had a bad habit of just ignoring anything she didn’t agree with, but they didn’t have much of a choice. Albus did decide that he would be reaching out to a few of his old friends to see if they could help them. Elphias Doge and Griselda Marchbanks could be useful in this instance.

The Burrow - December 21, 1997

Percy Weasley was annoyed. His mother just wasn’t getting it, he didn’t want to be a lion, he was a raven, and that was that. She had been going on and on about how much better Gryffindor was. Ron and Ginny weren’t helping. They both childishly followed there mothers views. He had enjoyed the twins reactions though. In their usual style they took every chance they could to remind everyone of where Percy had been sorted, they always made him feel good about being a raven. He might be extremely different than the twins, but they loved him just the way he was, and that was how he loved them.

He, Bill, and Charlie had been secretly planning their own private Yule celebration when they had been caught by the twins. Rather than turning them in, like their two youngest siblings would have done, the twins joined in. Their mother had forbidden any of the olde magical religions from the house, but they had all visited the Temple of the Moon during the summer and had liked the ideals of the olde religion.

Arthur, like his older boys, was also getting annoyed by his wife. He really didn’t understand why she couldn’t just let Percy be Percy. The boy was clearly happy. He had had to pull her, Ginny, and Ron aside a few times to remind them that there was nothing wrong with being in another house. For some reason they just weren’t getting it.

Thankfully, Percy didn’t seem to care that they thought he was in the wrong house. Arthur was proud that his 11 year old son was showing more maturity than his own mother.

Molly was more than a little annoyed. She had always seen Percy as being the most biddable of Arthurs children, but now he was proving to be the most stubborn. It didn’t help that his father and brothers were supporting him. The only ones that were on her side were her precious Ron and Ginny.

All of the older children were glad that Molly had started researching something. She would spend an hour or so every day going over official looking paperwork. It was only a little bit of time, but it was at least some time. All she would say when anyone asked her about it was that she was doing a job for the headmaster. Neither Bill or Charlie really cared, they had grown up hearing about how great the headmaster was, but they were starting to see that he wasn’t everything he was made out to be.
Frank Longbottom was up and getting ready for the day. It had now been over a year since he and Alice were healed. Although their families were wealthy, Frank’s more so than Alice’s, Frank did miss working.

He looked across the table at his wife and son, he loved them both so much. They had moved to the Meadow home a few months earlier because both Frank and Alice felt that Neville needed to get out of Longbottom Hall. So many bad things had happened there, including the torture of Frank and Alice, and the abuse of their son.

They had allowed distant relatives of Frank’s, he thought they were his 5th or 6th cousins, to move in. When they had asked why Frank was willing to allow others to move into his ancestral home, he just said that there were to many bad memories attached to the house, it wasn’t his home anymore. It never occurred to them that the memories he was actually speaking about was the abuse of his son, and not what had happened to him and his wife.

After a long talk Frank had decided to return to his job and as an auror. Alice had decided that she wanted to stay home with Neville. They had gotten a mind healer for Neville to help him deal with everything that had happened to him in his short life, but he was still more withdrawn then most kids. Neville preferred to spend his time quietly playing in the greenhouse. Alice just wanted to be there for him if he ever needed her.

Today was the day that Frank had a meeting with Amelia Bones to see if he could return to work. He really hoped he could.

Ministry of Magic, Department of Magical Law Enforcement

Frank walked calmly into his old department. He had once loved working here, and hoped he would again. He was a little concerned when he heard that Rufus Scrimgeour was now the head of the aurors, but it wasn’t like he could be worse than Barty Crouch. Plus, Amelia might be able to temper his worst habits.

Knocking on Amelia’s door he was invited in. Seeing his old friend he smiled, they had trained together when they had been younger. He was a bit surprised to see that there was a younger man sitting in the office as well. Frank knew that he recognized this man, but he couldn’t quite place him.

“Frank, it’s so good to see you back in these offices. Allow me to introduce you to Kingsley Shacklebolt, he would have only been a trainee when you… Left.” Amelia said, her voice going up a few octaves as she finished her sentence.

Frank smiled reassuringly at her. “Yes I do remember Auror Shacklebolt. It is a pleasure to see you again. And I must admit, I didn’t realize just how much I missed this place until I came back in. Although I must admit that I’m a little confused. I thought I was here to discuss maybe getting back to work.”

“There’s no need for that Frank. You were always one of this offices best. I can already guarantee
you that you have a job here, there is just a few things we will need to do. Since you have been out of the game for a while you will need to re-qualify for certain things, like your potion making. Kingsley has agreed to be your ‘training officer’ until your set to return to the field. Until then, I’m sorry, but you won’t be able to work in the field on your own.” Amelia told him.

Frank was surprised at just how easy it would be for him to get his job back. Re-qualifying was the least he could do. “That is more than acceptable Amelia. I’m more than happy to work with Auror Shacklebolt.”

“Please, call me Kings, everyone does. Since we will be working together, you should see the file of one of the more important cases that I have been working on.”

Kings handed Frank the file that they had on what had happened to Sirius. It covered everything, from Sirius’s illegal arrest, to his being put into Azkaban without trial, going over his release and the interrogation that they had conducted, and ending with all the different places that Kings had searched. While Frank was going through this Amelia and Kings did a bit of their never ending piles of paperwork.

By the time Frank finished going through the file he was furious. Sirius had been one of his friends, they had been in Gryffindor together, Frank had been the year ahead, but they had still been good friends. Sirius had been arrested the same day as the attack on him and his wife. He knew that if he had been free he and Alice would have contended this. The only thing that was keeping him even semi calm was the fact that Sirius was already free.

After that, Frank had willingly taken an oath not to tell anyone about Sirius, and Kings brought him up to date on all the different leads, or lack there of, in the search for Pettigrew. Frank was more than happy to start hunting down the traitor, especially if it helped him help an old friend. Since Frank would be stuck on desk duty for at least a few weeks until he could take his fitness testing, he would be dismantling Pettigrew’s life to see if there was any place that he could hide.

**Meadow House**

Neville and Alice were just sitting down for dinner when Frank came home. He had sent a message home just after he left telling them that he had been able to get his old job back and would be starting right away. Alice smiled at how happy Frank looked when he came in and greeted them.

The Meadow House was the perfect home in Alice’s opinion, they had chosen to call the place Meadow House because that was her maiden name. The house was placed in a rural wooded area. Just a few minutes walk through the woods there was a field of lavender that made the area always have a calming smell. The house itself was a lovely three story, Tudor style house. There were 8 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 2 drawing rooms, a formal and informal dining rooms, and much more.

Neville himself had fallen in love with the large garden in the back yard. As soon as his parents had seen how happy he was when he saw the gardens they had arranged to by the home right away. The house had originally been a muggle home, so it had naturally been smaller on the inside, but after hiring a magical architect the inside had been expanded to have everything they wanted.

Frank had gotten permission to speak to Alice about the case, so after Neville had gone to bed and he had gotten Alice to swear a secrecy oath, he explained to her. Alice’s reaction was far more volatile than his had been.
Alice was a loyal and loving person, and the idea that her friend had suffered the way he had because of a corrupt ministry infuriated her. It was actually enough for her to change her mind about getting involved in politics.

When they had gone to the bank after Frank banished his mother and uncle they had learned some startling information. Although Alice wasn’t in line for the Meadows title, that belonged to one of her distant cousins, she was in line for the Hufflepuff one. She had been stunned by this information, she knew that there ad been rumours that her family was descended from Hufflepuff, but so were many others. She remembered that the Smith family often said that they were the rightful heirs, but they had never taken the title, now she knew why.

The worst thing they had learned was from Neville’s test. The amount of potions and curses on him had reduced both parents to tears. How could anyone treat a child like that. He had had to go through a complete purge to get everything out of his system and the blocks off his core.

Originally, Alice had just wanted to stay with her son, so even though she had claimed her title she didn’t go into the Wizengamot or the school board. Now she wanted too, but she also didn’t want Neville to feel like his parents were abandoning him.

She would have to consider speaking to Lord Peverell Gryffindor.

Fathiye, Turkey - May 14, 1998

It was the day of the girls first birth day, and everyone was happy. After they had left Japan, the family had moved onto a dig site near the Dalyan Lycian rock tombs. The sun and the heat made them all happy, although they were glad that they would be moving on before they got to the height of summer.

The main dig site that the goblins wanted their team to work on was in Peru, but they hadn’t gotten permission from the government yet. Until then, they would be bouncing around. They had been in Turkey for 2 months now, and would be moving on to Canada before Hadrian’s birthday. The goblins had assured them that they would be able to negotiate access to the site by the next year.

Narcissa, Lucius, Draco, and Lyra had come to celebrate the girls birthdays this year. They had become quite close over the past year. Severus often wished that this is how it could have been for them in the past, if Albus hadn’t interfered this might have been his life, surrounded by friends and family that loved him.

Draco and Hadrian had become close friends and often sent letters to each other at least once a week. James was often glad that they had rented the post box from Gringotts because he couldn’t imagine the strain it would put on an owl to have to try and keep up with the boys. Now, they would put the letter in the mail box and it would go to the bank, and would than be forwarded to the Malfoy’s, and the Malfoy’s would send their letters to the bank and the bank would forward them. They had originally tried using the mirrors, but they had caught the boys talking until late in the night, every night, so they had had to take them away.

Leaving behind Oochi had been hard for Hadrian, the snake had been his first friend, but now he had other friends. There were about a dozen children that lived at the dig site in Turkey so he had gotten a chance to try and see if he would be able to make friends, of the human variety. He had been relatively successful, too. There were one or two of the kids that he just couldn’t get along with, but the rest he had managed to form friendships with. He was still closest to Draco though, even though he didn’t get to see him that much.
Hadrian’s behaviour was still concerning to his parents though. He would go back and forth between being extremely mature, and being clingy and scared. James had told the others that there was something about his behaviour that just seemed off.

Draco loved having a sister and cousins. There were still times that he missed being the centre of attention all the time, but he wouldn’t change his life for anything. He enjoyed getting to spend time with his shy little cousin, there was something about him that just drew Draco in. Something inside him was telling him that Hadrian could be the best kind of friend, and that they could be like brothers when they grew up. He wanted that, he wanted a friendship like the one his parents had with Hadrian’s family.

The year had passed so quickly, and the girls had grown so much. The four little girls that had been so small and helpless last year were proving to be experts in chaos. Lyra, as the eldest, seemed to love to play leader. She had the platinum blonde hair and ice blue eyes that were common in her family. She already looked like an ice princess.

Cassiopeia and Ariadne were beautiful little trouble makers. They both had Sirius’s full dark black hair, but it was streaked through with Remus’s soft brown. Their eyes, like their hair, was a cross between their two fathers, with Sirius’s blue streaked through with Remus’s soft hazel green.

But the most troublesome one was little Kali. She was the youngest, but she already seemed to have everyone wrapped around her little finger. Kali had jet black hair, it already showed signs of being the traditional Potter mess. The only way her fathers could think to hide that was to have her grow it out. Her eyes were an extremely dark blue. Originally her eyes had been a dark chocolate brown like Severus’s, but like they had done with Hadrian, the four parents had blood adopted each others daughter(s) as an extra layer of protection, and Kali’s eyes had taken on hints of Sirius’s blue. They had also staged a fake blood adoption of Hadrian by James and Severus for Amelia Bones, Cecilia Perra, and Edward Brown. It would allow the other two men to have legal parental rights as well.

The foursome had already formed a pack of sorts and got extremely upset if one of the girls was taken from their playpen without the others. The parents all knew that they were dealing with a group of female marauders. If they were already like this at only one year old, they shivered at what they would be like as teenagers.

Narcissa was over the moon as she set out everything for the girls birthday party. She loved having a daughter, but there was only so much shopping one could do for one small little girl, but with the other three, she could do even more shopping. Plus she had an amazing son and a sweet nephew. Narcissa had claimed the spot as favourite auntie to all the other children, and it was a role that she adored.

It was after the party had ended and everyone was resting that Severus saw something that caught his eye. There was a group of people going through the dig camp that they were currently living in. They would stop at each animal that they saw, spend a few moments with the animal, before giving them some kind of potion before they moved on. Getting up Severus went to see what they were doing.

“Excuse me, if you don’t mind me asking you, what are you doing?” Severus asked one of the men. The bank had issued them all ear cuffs that served as a translation device, allowing them to both be able to understand and speak the languages of wherever they were.

“No problem.” One of the men said. “There has been a reported outbreak of rabies. We’re just checking over the animals. Those that don’t show any symptoms, we are giving a vaccine, and those that are already infected we give the cure. It is rather infectious and can be transferred by
bite. See, this one here is clearly infected, he actually looks to be fairly far along.”

As they had been talking they had walked along and were now standing in front of one of the stray dogs that had made their camp home. The dogs muscles were twitching slightly, and its eyes were wild. The thing that caught his attention most was the way the dog kept attempting to swallow. He had seen that motion before, he just couldn’t place it.

“Rabies causes fever, anxiety, difficulty swallowing, confusion, agitation, and even hallucinations. As you can see, he is trying to swallow, but is having a hard time.”

Severus watched as the man administered a potion, and then watched as the dog visibly relaxed. He spent a little while talking to the man, getting more information on the potion, before he headed back to his tent.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 4, 1998**

James was ready. He had everything he needed, and more, to start getting classes returned to Hogwarts. He also had back up.

Alice Longbottom had written to him earlier in the year and requested that he sit as her proxy on the school board. Everyone had been shocked in March when Frank claimed the proxy of the Hufflepuff house. She was still wary of leaving her son, a feeling that he could understand. But he had convinced her that she should attend the meeting herself.

Having Alice there would help him to gain even more support. Alice and Frank were even more adored by the public than he was, the only one that was more loved was his son. Eventually he had convinced her to come, while Frank took a day off work to stay with Neville.

While James was confident, Alice was terrified. She knew that Neville was completely safe, but she missed him. Then there was having to admit that she was the new Lady Hufflepuff. But as Lord Peverell had reminded her, she was making the school a better place for when Neville started.

Walking into the meeting room she spotted Sebastian right away. He was standing with a man that she knew was the uncle of Frank’s partner. Going over to them she smiled slightly.

“Lord Peverell. Lord Shacklebolt, a pleasure to meet you.”

“Ah, Lady Longbottom Hufflepuff it is indeed nice to meet you face to face, but I must insist, call me Sebastian.” James said, making sure Kensington knew just who they were dealing with.

“What a pleasure to meet you my lady. Please, call me Kensington. I have heard great things from my nephew about your husband. I must say, I was over joyed to hear about your recovery, and the recovery of your husband. I do hope all is well.”

Alice smiled. “Thank you Kensington, Sebastian. Pleas call me Alice. I must thank you for all the information you have supplied me with about what will be discussed this meeting Sebastian. I would have been so lost without it.”

Before James could say anything the rest of the school governors arrived along with Albus.

Catching sight of Alice, Albus frowned a bit, though it was only noticeable if someone was looking for it. “Alice, my dear girl, what brings you here?”
James laid a hand on Alice’s arm stopping her from speaking. “Albus, allow me to introduce you, and everyone else, to our lovely Lady Hufflepuff.”

Albus froze. Lady Hufflepuff. He had known that Frank claimed the proxy of Hufflepuff, but it had never occurred to him that it would be Alice. Thinking about it, he thought he would be able to make this work for him.

Everyone was muttering as they sat down and started the meeting. For once, James didn’t wait before he cut in. As soon as they finished with the minutes from December he called their attention.

“As we have already said, we need to bring Hogwarts back up to par with the rest of the world. I know we all agreed that we would look into the standards the ICW has set and the different courses that we are missing. I figured we would discuss subject by subject to see what everyone thinks.”

Carson Blishwick was the first to speak. “Something I think we need to discuss is muggle studies. I have looked over the textbook and found it to be quite lacking. I have to deal with muggles in my businesses of apothecaries. And I can tell you that that book is at least a few decades behind. They talked about how the muggles were in the process of developing a new device known as a microwave. But I personally know that the microwave was invented in the 1940’s. And that was the last advancement that they spoke of. If you only relied on that class you would think muggles stopped advancing in the 40’s but that isn’t true. They are much further along.”

The room melted down into chaos at this. Muggle studies was one subject that was oddly controversial. Those of the darker faction wanted the class completely removed, while those that supported Albus wanted it to stay just how it was.

James sat back and watched for a while thinking that he couldn’t have asked for a better place to start. Clearing his throat he caught everyones attention, he loved being able to do that, it was good to be powerful.

“I agree with Carson. Muggles are far more advanced then what is taught in the muggle studies class. As far as I’m concerned it is actually a danger to the statute of secrecy. Anyone that uses what they learned in that class would be spotted right away.

Now, I understand that many feel that we should be teaching our students to be witches and wizards, not muggles. I actually also agree with that too, but with some caveats. We need the muggle studies class because it teaches our children how to hide, but I feel that we also need a wizards study course to teach about our society.

So I suggest a compromise. We update the muggle class, and add a wizarding class for counter balance.”

“Now, my boy. Surely you understand that we need to show the muggleborn acceptance. We need to unite our students, not divide them. If we brought in a class that taught about how the magical society is better than the muggles we would be guilty of that bigotry you are always bringing up.” Albus said. There was no way he wanted a wizard study class in his school. He didn’t want the muggleborn to know all about the wizarding world.

“Now Albus, that isn’t what he said, you are taking everything he said out of context.” Alice admonished. “I agree with Sebastian. We should have both. Our children need to know how to get around in the muggle world just as much as the muggleborn students need to learn how to get along in our world.
We are not muggles, and we should not have to act like we are. I am a witch, and I am proud of that fact. Many muggleborns that I went to school with ended up going back to the muggle world because they didn’t understand this world. We need to teach the muggleborns about our society so that they can understand their heritage.”

“I never figured you to support the ideals of the death eaters Alice.” Molly said, a disgusted look on her face.

“I don’t. I support the magical world. We are witches, not muggles. And that is not something we should be ashamed of. The muggleborns are coming into our world. They should be learning how to adapt to our world not try to force our world to adapt to them. Sebastian and I are not saying that we should make them feel inferior, because they are not, but we should be teaching them how to be apart of our society.”

The topic was debated for a while longer before a vote was called. By numbers it was close, but it actually wasn’t. The fact that both Alice and James supported the idea of updating muggle studies and introducing a wizard studies course meant that it would pass regardless.

They continued on discussing the classes. By the end of the debate they had ended up changing what to do with the two classes that they had already agreed too. It was decided that muggle and wizard studies were far too important for them not to be taught to the younger years. After much discussion it was arranged that the two classes would be combine, but would start to be taught in first year. This would give all the students an overview of both worlds.

Next up was Corbin Yaxley. He proposed that they also include a class that would cover the magical religions. This managed to set off an even larger argument. When James glanced over at Alice, he saw that she was just as exasperated as he was.

Eventually James decided he had had enough of the arguing. It wasn’t even a real argument. Those on the dark side gave reasons for reintroducing different magical religions, while Albus and his followers went on about how they needed to keep the children safe from the dark.

“Excuse me, if I may. I think this is another thing that we could compromise on. There are many magical schools in Asia that teach a class called comparative religion. They spend the first half of the year focusing on different muggle religions, and the other half on magical religions. The courses are meant to give a basic overview of each religion and specifically designed to ensure that the students aren’t pushed an any specific direction, the choice of religion, or even any religion, is left up to them.”

Albus, Molly and Ted tried to make up excuses about how they didn’t want to bring religion into the school when Kensington put a stop to that.

“Oh, don’t even try that route. I know for a fact that you have made special arrangements and exemptions for the students that practice muggle religion. If you are ok with allowing muggle religions than you can’t say that the students can’t practice magical religions. A comparative religions course would be a good idea.”

Again a vote was called, and again it passed. Like with the muggle/wizard studies class it was an important topic, but they didn’t want to force students to study religion if they didn’t want too. In the end it was decided that the class would be made available for every year, with the upper years focusing more on the specific religions, but it would be completely voluntary. The class would take place for an hour every Saturday afternoon. James was thrilled. He honestly had only expected to manage to get one new class approved, and now he had two. The plan was to move slowly, they didn’t want to make Albus feel that he had been backed into a corner, it would have caused him to
react irrationally.

James would have been content with only the two classes for this meeting, as it was nearing the end of their allotted time when Kensington spoke up again. “One of the things that I looked into was the decline in the true understanding of what magic is. One of the things that made me notice this was the fact that some people don’t understand how people have different types of cores, and they don’t understand how that isn’t something that they could control. Another thing is the people getting in trouble for stupid little things. In the trials at the Wizengamot, many give their reasoning for breaking certain laws as that they didn’t know it was against the law. I feel that we should bring back a magical theory class that was originally removed after I finished school, and a magical law class, although I am not exactly certain when that class was cancelled because I have no record of us cancelling it. I know that the reasoning given for canceling the magical theory class was due to lack of funds, that is not an issue anymore.”

This time, James didn’t even bother to speak. He felt that he had made his position pretty clear by now. Instead he chose to just let them yell at each other for a while, the classes were going to be approved either way. The debate, if it could be called that, lasted for almost a full hour before Alice finally had enough.

“Enough. Honestly, you are acting like children fighting over a toy. No, forgive me, children would be more mature than you are all currently being. You have all said your piece. So, now we vote. There is no need to sit here yelling at each other all night. We vote on each class and go from there.”

James smiled at Alice as she sat back in her seat, glaring at the others around the table. The vote was called, and both new classes were passed.

After a far more civilized debate, Alice kept giving anyone that started to raise their voice the patented disapproving mother look, except for Molly, nothing on earth could make that woman act like a grown up when she wasn’t getting her way, the meeting was called to a close. They had agreed that the magical theory would be taught to all years, while the magical law would be an optional class starting for third years.

Before everyone could leave, James asked to speak to Alice for a moment. They decided to walk to hogsmead and apperate from there rather than floo. Sirius had suggested that they invite Neville and his parents for Hadrian’s birthday. Neville had been born the day before Hadrian. They hoped that the two boys would be friends.

On the walk down James spoke in generalities. Alice knew that Sebastian Peverell was the one that had arranged Sirius’s freedom, so when he said that a mutual friend was hoping to be able to see her, she knew who he was talking about. Alice really wanted to see her old friend so she agreed to meet him at the bank the next week.

Albus walked into his office, unlike the previous few times he didn’t throw anything. He was completely numb with shock. There was no way this was happening.

All the work he had done to skillfully remove all those classes without anyone noticing or trying to stop him, and it was all for nothing. He was going to be forced to bring the classes back now. And he would probably be forced to bring back more classes over the next few years. He was extremely glad that the school bylaws only allowed for two board meetings a year, it would give him time, hopefully, to try and find ways around adding the new classes.
That was another thing that bothered him. His side had come prepared. Even Molly had properly prepared for this meeting, there just wasn’t any credible information that supported what he wanted.

“Albus?” When he looked up he saw that Minerva and Andromeda had already joined him and the others and they all had tea and biscuits, courtesy of Molly, no doubt.

“Sorry, my mind seems to have wandered.” Albus sighed.

“Albus, that man is ruining everything. And I can’t even begin to understand Alice. She above all should know how evil the dark is.” Molly screeched in her shrill voice.

“Alice?” Minerva was confused. “Alice Longbottom? What does she have to do with any of this.”

“It turns out that Alice Longbottom is the new Lady Hufflepuff.” Ted said to his wife and his former transfiguration teacher.

“What did she do?” Minerva asked.

“She supported that man and is helping to force the school to start teaching dark classes.” Molly screeched.

Minerva and Andromeda looked to Albus, waiting for him to tell them what had happened in the meeting, he put a lemon drop in his mouth and started to speak. “Actually, we can’t really blame Sebastian. Yes, he was the one that brought up the lack of classes, but he wasn’t the one that brought up the specific classes. I was surprised, but he seemed to serve as almost... A moderating influence.

If it had been left up to the darker governors, they would have tried to remove muggle studies, and only taught magical religions. Sebastian managed to force them to accept the continued teaching about muggles, I do wish that we didn’t have to update the material from that class, plus there is the religion class that will now teach muggle religions. The children that practice muggle religions are far more understanding about how we need to get rid of the darker influences in our world.”

“He didn’t even speak during the debate of the magical theory or law classes. And Alice only spoke on those when she told the rest of us off for yelling at each other.” Ted added. He knew that they would be better served by playing nice with Alice and Sebastian. Those weren’t the kind of people he wanted to make enemies of.

They spent the next hour going round and round in circles. They all took turns complaining about the new classes that they were going to have to start teaching. In Ted’s mind, it served as more of a therapy session, than a problem solving session. They didn’t manage to find a way around anything. Eventually, Andromeda turned the discussion around to something else.

“So, Albus. Have you heard anything from Severus lately. Is there anyway he could give us some hints on where Sebastian is getting his information.”

“I haven’t heard from him lately. His last letter, from November, was just the same old thing. He’s doing well, and to look at past plans. I really don’t think he can say anymore. I’ve been speaking to Filius about what an act of silence entails. From what he’s told me, the fact that Severus has even managed to write as much as he has is apparently a miracle. Filius said that he won’t be able to tell us anything. We will just have to wait. There’s only 3 years left before he returns, and than he might be able to tell us more. There really isn’t anything we can do until then. I know it’s hard, but we will just have to pretend that we’re happy with the changes. Once Severus is back, I can get the
information he has gathered on Sebastian and we can start fixing things then.”

“With the act, will he be able to tell us about what he learned?” Ted was a lawyer. He knew just how strict goblin contracts could be. He really didn’t understand why Albus hadn’t brought the contract to him before telling Severus to sign it.

“I’m not sure. We will just have to wait and see.” Albus really did hope that Severus would be able to tell him something. Or at least explain what he meant by past plans. He could tell that Severus was frustrated that he hadn’t done anything about the past plans that Severus kept telling him to check, the letters were getting fewer and fewer and more frustrated.

Everyone argued for a while about Severus and his loyalties until Albus shut them all up and sent everyone away. He really was starting to hate school board meetings.

**Gringotts - June 13, 1998**

Alice, Frank and Neville arrived at the bank and one of the tellers showed them to one of the banks private meeting rooms. Sitting in the room was Sebastian Peverell and Sirius.

Alice dashed over to hug her old friend. She was so glad to see that he wasn’t just safe, he clearly looked healthy and happy. Sirius looked better than she had ever seen him. He was nicely tanned, and his body looked fit and strong.

“Good to see you again Ally, Frank. And it’s nice to meet you properly Neville. I don’t know if your parents would have told you, but I used to babysit you from time to time when you were a baby.” Sirius had gone down on one knee so that he was eye to eye with the small boy.

Neville was peaking around his dad’s legs. He was still very scared of strangers, but from what the man had just said, he wasn’t a stranger. Calling up his bravery, Neville mumbled a shy hi.

They all went to sit around the table. Neville was placed between his parents, he felt like a big boy because he got to sit at the table with all the adults. After a quick discussion Frank and Alice swore a secrecy oath and Neville was placed under a secrecy spell, like Draco. Sirius had made sure to explain the spell step by step, and what it would do, to Neville before he cast it. He could see how nervous the boy was and didn’t want to scare him anymore.

Ever since the Longbottom’s had recovered, Sirius and the others had discussed whether to allow them to know about James or not. With how Alice had supported James in the board meeting, plus the secrecy vow they had already taken, it had been decided to bring them in on the secret.

So Ragnock, cast the spell that would allow the Longbottom family to see through the glamour on James. That had been one of the best parts of the goblin designed glamour. Only the goblin that cast the original glamour could allow others to see through it.

Alice immediately jumped up, and practically flew over the table, before she was hugging the life out of James. Frank could only smile at his old friend, too happy to even move. Eventually, after Alice stopped crying and calmed down, they explained to a scared Neville that the man on the other side of the table was his godfather. Frank and Alice had named James Neville’s godfather when Neville had only been a few weeks old. Neville and Hadrian had initially been extremely close as infants.

This brought another question to the front of Alice’s mind. “Where’s Hadrian?”
The next hour was spent explaining all about what had happened up until this point. Once again, like with the Malfoy’s, it had been decided to leave out the time travel part. They covered what Lily and Dumbledore had done, how Hadrian was abused, and how they had received a message from the future and how that had brought them all together. Frank and Alice added the information about what had happened to Neville, who was now napping in his mothers lap, they all knew that Augusta listened to Dumbledore.

When the meeting ended, Alice and Frank were completely on their side. They were also going to come for the week around Neville and Hadrian’s birthday. The family was currently living south of Vancouver in British Columbia, Canada.

**The Burrow - July 1, 1998**

The way that the days fell on the calendar this year, the last exams had been on the 26th of June, allowing the students to leave on the 27th. Because of that, the three elder Weasley boys had been home for 3 days now.

Charlie had already returned to the River Run Nature Preserve, and Percy was practically living in the library. Bill was waiting for his NEWT results.

Two days before he had gone to the ministry to take the Extra NEWTs that he needed to get his dream job, as a curse breaker. He had spoken to his tester and been told that his results would all come together and should arrive on July 1.

While the fifth year students would have to wait until almost August for their OWL results, NEWTs came out at the beginning of the summer so that the newly graduated students could start applying for jobs. Charlie was going to have to wait for almost a month for his OWL results to arrive.

Bill was sitting at the breakfast table waiting for his results. It was still early enough that both Percy and Charlie were there, the twins were up and ready to congratulate their older brother, and there parents were both sitting and waiting. The only members of the family that were missing were Ron and Ginny, both had wanted to sleep in.

When a ministry owl flew in Bill took a deep breath and removed the scroll. Breaking the seal he opened his results. Skipping over all the formal stuff, he looked to his results.

He received O’s in charms, defence against the dark arts, potions, history, arithmancy, ancient runes, and warding. EE’s in transfiguration, herbology, spell crafting, and latin. A’s in astronomy, care of magical creatures, spell weaving, and french.

Bill let out a sigh of relief. He had managed to do it. He had the grades he needed to apply to be a curse breaker. The plan was for him to go to the bank today with his results and fill out his application.

Looking to his family he announced his results. He only mentioned the available courses at the school, he wasn’t about to announce that he had self studied classes and taken the exams on his own. Percy had already started self studying and Bill didn’t want to do or say anything that would cause Molly to pay more attention to the extra classes.

While everyone was congratulating him, the twins set off one of their pranks. Bells and whistles sounded in the kitchen and they were all covered in glitter and streamers. Flashing letters spelled
out ‘Congratulations Bill’. Molly started scolding the twins while all the others laughed. Charlie and Percy pulled out a french vanilla cream cake, Bill’s favourite, that they had picked up on their way home the day before.

Molly scolded them almost non stop as the boys all cut themselves a slice of cake for breakfast. Finally Arthur interrupted.

“Enough Molly. It’s a special occasion. Let the boys have a little fun. It isn’t every day that anyone achieves results like Bill’s.”

That was all that was said on the subject. Molly sat down in a huff. When Molly tried to make them save half the cake for Ron and Ginny no one listened. Charlie pointed out that if they had wanted cake then they should have gotten up to celebrate with their brother. If they didn’t care enough about their brother to get up to support him, then why should they care that they didn’t get cake. Molly just glared at them when Arthur voiced his support. There was no need to save half the cake, if there was any left then they could have it.

Fred and George knew that it was a little mean, but they made sure that there wasn’t any left. They both took pieces that were larger than they necessarily needed. Maybe if Ron and Ginny learned they had missed out on cake because they didn’t care to be there for their brother, they might start thinking about someone other then themselves. It wasn’t likely, but it was worth a try.

When Ron and Ginny finally got up around noon, long after all the others had left, the twins made sure to mention about how it was to bad that they had missed out on cake since they hadn’t been up. Rather than using it as a learning experience, Molly made them both their own cakes. The twins just rolled their eyes and went to the Lovegood’s.

Bill was both excited and nervous as he entered the bank. What if they didn’t like him? What if he had gotten the qualifications he needed wrong? What if professor Snape had been lying to him?

Pushing all his worries aside he approached one of the desks and explained why he was there. He was quickly led into one of the back offices. Sitting down he spoke with a goblin about how he wanted to apply to be a curse breaker. The goblin was very blunt when he pointed out that they generally didn’t take students from Hogwarts due to their low standards and missing classes. Bill was glad that he had spent so much time studying. Handing over his test results he told the goblin that he had been self studying to make up for what Hogwarts lacked.

The goblin was momentarily surprised by his results, and Bill felt a slight bit of pride in that fact. Eventually the goblin explained what he would need to do. To become a full fledged curse breaker he would need to take a 6 month course at the bank, then he would need to complete a 2 year apprentice ship with another curse breaker. He would only get the apprenticeship if he passed the first 6 months of tests and one of the other curse breakers was willing to take him on, if none of the curse breakers wanted to work with him then he would have to reapply the next year, and do it all again. Accepting this, Bill filled out the application. If it was approved he would start his training the next day.

Arriving home that night, Bill prepared for a fight. He knew that his mother wanted him to join the ministry, but he had no intention of working there. He was meant to be a curse breaker, and he knew it.
Sitting down for dinner they all started to serve themselves when Molly sent Bill a smile and started talking.

“Bill dear, how was your day? Did you fill out your application with the ministry? Which department did you apply too.”

All the older children and Arthur drew in a breath before they started to eat quickly. They knew this was going to make Molly flip, and they didn’t want to be stuck there. Bill just smiled and slowly started to eat.

“I didn’t apply at the ministry.”

“What?” Molly shrieked. “You said that you were going to apply for work today. You need to get a job.”

“I did apply for a job.” Bill said. “It just wasn’t at the ministry.”

“What do you mean it wasn’t at the ministry?” Molly almost snarled. “You need to work at the ministry, it’s your dream.”

“No, it’s your dream.” Bill was making sure to take a few bites between each answer so that he could finish his meal quickly enough that he could escape when he needed too.

“Well where else would you apply. Everyone knows that anyone who wants to be anything works for the ministry.” Ron put in, food flying from his overstuffed mouth.

Molly smiled proudly at her youngest son. “Exactly right Ronnie. Really Bill, just where do you think you could get a decent job.”

Bill just raised an eyebrow at his mother. “I applied at Gringotts. I’m going to be a curse breaker.”

“William Arthur Weasley. What are you thinking? That is no job for a son of mine. I absolutely forbid it.” Molly jumped up as she shouted at him.

Bill stayed perfectly calm, on the outside. On the inside he was fuming at the woman that called herself his mother. Before he could say anything Arthur stepped in. He was furious at his wife for how she was treating their son.

“Molly Weasley. Don’t you dare speak to him that way. You have no control over what job Bill applies for. He is a legal adult, and can therefore do as he pleases. He also has my complete support.”

Molly turned on him. “I will not have him in my house. If he wants to remain under my roof then he will stop this foolishness and go and apply at the ministry tomorrow.”

“Your roof. This is my roof. I am the one who earns all the money. I pay for the roof over our head, I pay for the food we eat, and the clothes we wear. As long as I am the head of this family Bill will be more than welcome in this house. I honestly don’t understand what is going on with you, but this isn’t the woman I married. Now, we are going to sit down, eat our dinner, and enjoy our evening. Bill worked hard to achieve his grades, and if being a curse breaker is what he wants, then he will receive our full support. If you can’t support him, then you will keep it to yourself.” With that, Arthur sat down and returned to eating his dinner.

The older children were all shocked, and proud of their father. Ginny was upset that he had spoken to her mommy like that, and Ron was too busy eating to really know what was going on.
Everyone finished their meals before heading off to do what they normally did in the evening. Molly didn’t bother to finish her meal, she just sat and fumed as she watched the others. She knew she needed to do something. Once everyone was gone Molly flooed to Hogwarts.

**Headmasters Office**

“Albus. Albus. Are you here?”

Albus and Minerva looked up from the plans they had been working on in the library section of his office when they heard Molly’s screeching voice. Looking over the railing from the upper level of his office, they saw Molly.

“I am here Molly. Minerva and I were just working on a plan for next year. What can we do for you?” Albus said, his eyes twinkling.

“It’s Bill. That foolish boy isn’t doing what he’s supposed to do.”

“What has the boy done?” Albus asked.

“He has applied to work as a curse breaker at Gringotts.” Molly shrieked in exasperation.

“What? But he said he was thinking about the ministry like we wanted him too.” Minerva said. She had worked hard to make Bill want to join the ministry.

“Well, he didn’t. When he went out this morning to apply for a job I assumed that was what he was going to do, but he went to the bank instead. And Arthur won’t hear a word about it. He actually yelled at me.” That fact made Molly furious. Maybe it was time to up the love potions.

“From everything that I learned about being a curse breaker after Severus joined it will be almost impossible for him to pass. Given the classes that we offer, and the ones we don’t, he will likely fail out of the basic training fairly quickly. Once that happens we can send him to the ministry. I’ll tell him that I spoke to a few people to make him feel like I’ve done him a favour. It should work out in our favour.” Albus said, already reworking his plans. This could actually work out in his favour.

“How long is the basic training.” Minerva asked. She was still miffed that that boy didn’t listen to her.

“It’s 6 months. After that he would need to apprentice for 2 years. The only reason Severus didn’t have to do all that was because he already had a mastery. For Bill, if by some miracle he does manage to pass basic training I will just write Severus. I’ll tell him to make sure none of the curse breakers he has met agree to work with the boy. It shouldn’t be hard if he tells them some made up stories about how horrible the boy was in school.” Albus told the two women.

They talked for a little while longer, placating Molly.

**Nature Preserve, River Run Alley - July 17, 1998**

Charlie was both happy and sad. He loved working at the preserve, or The Bubble as it was called by the locals on River Run. But today wasn’t a good day.
The Bubble got its nickname from its appearance. There wasn’t enough room for a full size nature preserve if they built it like the muggles built things. Instead, there were over a dozen glass domes that had been expanded with space expansion spells. Each dome was 25 km². This gave them plenty of room to create different habitats for all the creatures that were housed inside.

There was an elderly acromantula, named Bernard, that had lived in The Bubble for over three decades. But today, Bernard was dying. He had lived a long full life, he was almost 200, but it was still hard for everyone that worked at The Bubble. They would miss the grumpy old spider. There was also the fact that they would now be missing an acromantula.

That morning Charlie had gone to his boss and told him that he knew where an entire nest of acromantula lived. He had been sneaking into the Forbidden Forest since his first year and he had seen Hagrid going in to check on his old friend. When he explained this to his boss, the man had been surprised. Northern Scotland wasn’t their natural environment, and would actually cause the spiders to die early. He had requested that Charlie go and visit Hagrid and see if he would be willing to help them move the entire nest into the preserve. Now he just had to get Hagrid to agree.

It was easy enough for Charlie to floo into Hogsmead and walk up to the school. He was surprised that the gate wasn’t even locked. Charlie walked up to Hagrid’s hut and knocked.

“Ah, Charlie. What brings ya by. Its summ’r ya should be out enjoyin’ yer time off.” Hagrid had always liked Charlie.

“Hagrid.” Charlie smiled at the boisterous, childlike man. “I was hoping you could help me with something. If you could follow me, it would be great.”

Hagrid readily agreed and they walked down towards the floo area talking about the care of magical creatures class. They flooed directly into the main office of The Bubble.

“Was’ this place Charlie?”

“This is The Bubble. I’m surprised you don’t know, I figured you would move in here if you could. I’ve been working here since last year.”

Hagrid was surprised. “I was al’ways told that it was just a group of small bubbles, only a lil’ bigger than my home.”

“From the outside they are. But the entire place is covered in space expansion charms. This is just one of them, there are 11 others that are just as big.”

“Wow. I nev’re knew. So, what is it ya wanted me to come here fer?”

Charlie led him into the room next to where they were keeping Bernard, so that they could see him through a glass wall, but not invade his space. He knew this was going to be hard for Hagrid to see, he was just to kind.

“Hagrid. This is Bernard.”

“Wa’s wrong wit him?” There were already tears forming in his eyes.

“He’s dying Hagrid.” Charlie had to grab Hagrid to stop him from trying to get to the spider to coddle him like a baby.

“Let go Charlie. We need ta help ‘im.”
“There’s nothing we can do Hagrid. It’s his time. He’s almost 200 years old.”

“But… Everyt’ing I’ve heard ‘bout acromantula’s says they only live to 100, max?”

“In the wild, yes. But, Bernard has been here since The Bubble opened 30 years ago, and he was at the preserve before that one since he was an adolescent. If you look closely you’ll see that one of his mandibles is missing. He lost it in a territorial fight a long time ago. If he hadn’t been found by one of the beast handlers on a trip, he would have died a long time ago. He wouldn’t have been able to hunt and eat properly. The staff here have been providing him with food he can eat properly for decades.”

“If we’s can’t be doin anything, why’d ya bring me here?”

“Well, I know that you have been hiding a family of acromantula in the forest Hagrid. We were hoping that you would be willing to help us move them here.”

Hagrid started to fidget. “Now, Charlie. Pl’es don’t be tellin’ anyone ‘bout Aragog. They’d kill ‘im.”

“You don’t need to worry about anyone hurting Aragog here. Acromantulas were classified as an at risk species a few years ago. It’s against the law to hurt them. We wanted to bring them here to ensure they were protected. Without Bernard there is an open section.”

“But tha’ room is way to small for Aragog an’ his kids.”

“That room isn’t the acromantula section. They’re just keeping him in there because they have filled the room with a vaporized pain potion so he doesn’t have to feel any pain. The section he used to live in is actually a 5 km² forested area. It’s kept at the right temperature and prey animals are added whenever the are needed.”

“Well tha’ sounds nice, but I don’ want ‘im to think I’m getting rid of ‘im. I’ve had ‘im since he was just newly hatched.”

“Hagrid, you wouldn’t be abandoning him, you would be saving him. The environment of Scotland isn’t one that helps acromantula grow. Living where he does now, his life expectancy is practically being cut in half. Not to mention how many of his children have been lost to the fights with the centaurs. Besides, you would be more than welcome to visit whenever you wanted too.”

“I could?” Hagrid sounded extremely hopeful about this. He loved Aragog and wanted him to be somewhere safe.

“Of course Hagrid. If anyone could understand your love for your pets, it’s the people that work here.”

With Hagrid agreeing, Charlie took him to show him the area that would become Aragog’s. When they walked into the forested section Hagrid notice something that looked like a log and was covered in goo.

“What’s this?”

Charlie looked over to see what had caught his attention. “Oh, that. Well, the goo is a mixture of different kinds of sugars and nutrients that help to maintain a healthy system for the acromantula. The special part of it is that when it is bitten, not only does it taste good and gives them much needed nutrients, it also milks a little bit of their venom. It doesn’t hurt them at all, but it helps the preserve. See, this place isn’t funded by the government or anything, it operates on donations and
any money it earns on its own. To help fund it, they often sell different products.

Every time the log is bitten a small amount of venom is collected, it’s then sold for potions
ingredients. There is a heard of unicorns that are old or injured in some way that live in one of the
other bubbles. The staff groom them and anything like mane or tail hair, or chips from their hooves
are collected and sold. A lot of the creatures here create valuable items just by being here. None of
it is forcefully taken, nor are the creatures harmed in any way. That’s one of the most important
rules here. Anything that we get must be freely given.”

“So, none of them is hurt?”

“Nope. If you want, we can wander around and I can show you some of what happens here. If you
like it then we can move Aragog and his family here so they can be kept safe.”

Charlie spent the rest of the day showing Hagrid around. Hagrid found everything fascinating.
Charlie knew that soon enough they would have an entire nest of acromantula to look after. And
Hagrid would probably try to move in.

Vancouver, Canada - August 1, 1998

The week before Neville and Hadrian’s birthdays the Longbottom’s arrived to visit. Lucius and
Narcissa had also come with their two children. It was a good thing that Lucius had insisted that
they get their own tent or their wouldn’t be room for everyone. The Malfoy’s and Longbottom’s
took up residence in the tent that Lucius had custom ordered.

Remus and the others had taken great joy in mocking Lucius for his desire to out do everyone with
his tent. The tent even came accompanied with the rare albino peacocks Lucius bred. Everyone had
a good laugh at him, even Lucius.

Like it had been with Hadrian, Draco took to Neville right away. He really did seem to like looking
after his friends, which helped as both boys tended to be on the shy side. Draco was always paying
attention to the two of them so he was able to make them feel comfortable before they even
realized that they felt something was wrong.

Alice had at first been wary of having the Malfoy’s around. After all, it was Narcissa’s sister that
had tortured her and her husband. Narcissa had apologized first thing and the two women were
quickly building a friendship. It was when she saw how Draco was with Neville that she fully
relaxed. There was no way someone could raise a son like that if they were as awful as rumours
made the Malfoy family out to be. She loved spending her days watching her son play with the
other children while she got to play with the girls.

When Alice had first seen the newly dubbed Fierce Foursome she had been so excited. She, like
everyone else, fell completely in love with the four little girls.

The entire week had been great. Every one had fun and relaxed. Some days they even went out on a
boat so that they could watch the Orca’s. There was a pod of about 20 Orca’s that resided in the
area and all of the children were fascinated by them. The adults were fascinated too, but they were
trying to act like it didn’t faze them.

One of the things that made it nice and relaxing for Alice was that she didn’t have to deal with the
mail. Ever since the school board meeting she had had to deal with almost daily letters from Molly
Weasley trying to set up playdates for Neville, Ron, and Ginny. Alice had thought that it would be
a nice idea at first and had agreed the first time.

Unfortunately it was a total nightmare. Alice was a naturally nice person, but there was no other way to put it, Ron was a brat, and Ginny was no better. Ron had spent the entire two hours pushing Neville around. He was a mean bully. Ginny whined every time she didn’t get her way. The only time she had seen Neville smile the entire time was when the twins had come to visit, but Molly had run them off quickly after Ron had gone crying to her that they were being mean to him.

Molly hadn’t been any easier to deal with. It had been clear that she was attempting to try and get Alice to agree with her and Albus about what to do on the school board. She wasn’t very subtle. Molly had gone on and on about teaching the children about how evil the dark is so that they would choose the light. Alice had had a pounding headache within the first 20 minutes. When they had gotten home two hours later, Alice had promised Neville that they wouldn’t do something like that again.

While at the Weasley’s, Neville had been so withdrawn, now he was open and expressive. Alice smiled as she watched the three 8 year old boys break down laughing. Her Neville was finally coming out of his shell, she was so glad.

Neville finally got his laughter under control, he glanced over to where he knew his parents were sitting. He was so glad that they were happy with their friends. This week had been one of the best of his life. After everything his gran had told him he never thought he would have friends. But he really thought that Draco and Hadrian could be his friends. They were much nicer than that other boy, Ron, or the girl, Ginny, had been.

These were the kind of friends that he wanted. Hadrian was calm and encouraged him to speak his mind. Draco, though a bit louder, encouraged both him and Hadrian to try new things and take a few risks. They both made him feel safe and happy. He had heard that Hadrian had been abused like he had when they were at the meeting, he didn’t know how badly because the adults hadn’t given any specifics, but he knew it was bad by how upset his mum had been. He saw how Hadrian behaved and was willing to try new things without fear of being hurt again, and that was how Neville wanted to be. The best part was that they didn’t try and force him, they just seemed to accept him for who he was. Ron had spent their entire play date telling him what to do and how to be, and Ginny had just whined.

The children had all loved having two different parties, with two different cakes, in two days. The sugar high they had all been on had made it almost impossible for their parents to get them all to bed.

Despite how difficult it was to get them to bed, the boys were surprisingly attentive in their lessons. Since the British wizarding world didn’t have any primary schools, the children were taught at home by there parents most of the time. Since they weren’t on a traditional school schedule all three families had decided to continue teaching the children year round. It would help them do well when they started at Hogwarts. One thing that would surprise many in the wizarding world was that the Malfoy family taught their son muggle subjects. Math, writing, science, chemistry, history, and biology, were the main muggle subjects that they wanted the boys to learn.

They would focus on the basics of magical theory, history, potions, runes, occlumency, latin, rituals, and the basic outlines of spells they would learn. None of the children had wands yet, and wouldn’t even get a training wand until they were 10. The reason that children didn’t start at Hogwarts until the year they turned 11 was because that was when their core was open enough for them to have access to power. If a child tried to force their magic to react to soon it would weaken them, and if they pushed too hard it could rupture their core. A child's training wand had limiters.
on it to keep the magic under control, the most powerful spell that could be cast was a lumos. It was really just to get the child used to holding and manipulating a wand.

Neville was a little further behind because Augusta hadn’t seen a use in actually teaching him. But, with the help of his new friends he was quickly catching up. Remus, who was Hadrian’s primary teacher, managed to make learning a game for the boys so they liked learning.

Alice and Frank decided that they needed to encourage the friendship between the boys. They liked the changes they were already seeing in their son. He had recovered a great deal from the abuse already, but he seemed to have gotten much better in just the few short days they had been there.

When Lucius and Narcissa started visiting more often they had gone to the goblins. The goblins had rented them a permeant portkey that was tied to the tent rather than a location, so that the Malfoy’s could just go straight to the tent. Since they preferred to keep their dig sites secret the goblins had insisted that the Malfoy’s signed a secrecy contract. It had worked out to benefit Lucius. Severus had explained about how he used a goblin contract to get rid of his mark, so Lucius negotiated the secrecy contract so that it would remove his mark. Lucius was now free from that binding, and a better man for it.

Both Frank and Alice were more than willing to pay for a portkey and too sign a contract. Having the portkey would allow them to visit as often as they liked, something that thrilled Neville and the other boys. They all knew that Hadrian wouldn’t be safe if he returned to Britain yet, so it was better for them to go to him.

While the children were playing, Severus was going over some of the information he had gathered. They had picked this area to stay because it was close to the Xa:ytem site. This particular site showed evidence of an established Salish settlement that dated as far back as 3000BCE.

Sites like this were extremely rare. The natives of North America had worshiped and respected the earth. They didn’t build extravagant monuments like many other cultures, instead they prided themselves on the ability to live in an area for generations without leaving a trace behind. Because of their respect of nature it was hard to find any extensive evidence of how they lived their lives.

Severus was going over one of the only texts that had been found from the area. The document was on what the Salish people called the children of the moon. Severus believed that they were talking about what they now called werewolves, but it wasn’t matching up.

The original children of the moon were described as being able to change into a wolf at will. They were revered for their enhanced strength and long life. Although they did change under the light of the full moon, there was no mention of them losing their minds to it.

Werewolves like Remus were unable to change at will. Although they were stronger, they tended to prematurely age. There was also the full blown insanity when the moon came up. Remus was always in pain for a few days before and after each shift.

As Severus sat and pondered how they were different everything snapped into place. He remembered being younger and seeing Remus in his wolf form. Pettigrew had used polyjuice to pretend to be Sirius and had sent him to the Shrieking Shack. Although, he hadn’t known it was actually Pettigrew that had tried to kill him at the time. But one of the things he remembered clearest was the madness in the wolf’s eyes, and the way it kept swallowing. He thought of the dog he had seen in Turkey.
After he had seen the dog he had looked into rabies. He had found out about how it was transferred through bite, just like lycanthropy. It cause so many symptoms that were synonymous with werewolves. Plus, he already knew that the disease could jump species. What if it had somehow been transferred to the wolves.

This was something he was going to have to look into.

He also had to think about the letter he had received from Dumbledore. Dumbledore had written him to inform him that Bill Weasley had started his training at Gringotts. Dumbledore wanted him to shoot down Bill’s chances of getting an apprenticeship. He wanted him to tell others that Bill was a slacker that had a temper. Severus wasn’t going to do it.

Severus had been writing letters to Dumbledore since he left. He made sure that Dumbledore wouldn’t get any real value from the letters, but if Dumbledore ever questioned his loyalties later he would be able to point to the letters and say he had tried. They were just going to need to take a different approach when they arranged for Bill’s apprenticeship.

Vancouver, Canada - August 17, 1998

Two weeks after the double birthday parties everyone was sitting and relaxing after dinner when Kreacher popped in. The old elf was practically bouncing and smiling, something Sirius would have sworn the old elf didn’t know how to do.

“Master Regulus is waking, Master Regulus is waking.”

Everyone jumped up and headed for Regulus’s room. Sirius sat down on one side of the bed and stared down at his slowly waking little brother. Remus ushered Kreacher to the other side of the bed so he could watch his master wake up and not be blocked by all the taller humans.

Regulus slowly opened his eyes and blinked a few times. His eyes were dazed and he looked like he was in pain.

Severus stepped forward and gently fed him a pain potion. Once the potion was in his system Regulus started to gain focus.

“Siri… What happened? Where am I?” Regulus’s voice was rough from disuse.

“Master Regulus, Master Regulus. Yous is awake. Yous has been sleeping for long time. Ever since the bad cave when you made Kreacher leave you. Kreacher is sorry master. He didn’t want to leave yous, but yous orders Kreacher to go. I’s sorry.” Kreacher was practically bawling.

“Kreacher? Is that you my old friend?” Kreacher calmed as Regulus smiled at him. “You did the right thing Kreacher. You followed my orders, like a good elf. Did you manage to do what I asked you too?”

“Yes Master Regulus. Master Mutt and his friends helped Kreacher to fulfil Master Regulus’s order. The bad locket has been destroyed.” Sirius had been happy when Kreacher stopped calling him Nasty Master, as annoying as it was, he did prefer Master Mutt.

Regulus glanced over at his brother and grinned. He had seen his brother and his friends transform, so he knew where Kreacher had gotten the idea to call him a mutt.

“It’s good to see you awake baby brother. Now I can yell at you properly for being a foolish
Gryffindor and almost getting yourself killed, that’s my job.” Sirius had truly missed his little brother, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t going to pass up the chance to give him a hard time for being a fool.

“I know, I know. I was almost as stupid as you would have been.” Regulus started to lift himself up a bit before he changed his mind and decided it was better to just stay where he was. “What happened? The last thing I remember was being in the cave with inferi coming at me.”

“You apperated through anti-apparition wards you idiot. You completely drained your core. You’ve been in a coma for close to 9 years. Your core is still almost empty. It’s going to take a while before you are able to start using magic again.”

Before Sirius could say anything else Narcissa bustled into the room closely followed by her husband and son.

“Cissy?” Regulus said.

“Regulus Black. You had better have a good reason for scaring me like this. And Sirius Black. Just why is it that I have to hear from your husband that my baby cousin is awake.” She reached out and slapped him on the back of the head. “At least he has the decency to let family know when something major is happening.”

“Sorry Cissy.” Sirius muttered “Where’s Lyra?”

“Remus is putting her in with the girls.” Narcissa told him cooly before turning back to her bedridden cousin. “Well. What is your explanations for scaring me like that young man?”

As his mother had been yelling at the other adults Draco had gone to stand next to Hadrian. He knew his mum was upset, and didn’t want to draw her attention to him. He didn’t think he had done anything too wrong lately, not counting trying to bring his horse inside the house last week, but it was better safe than sorry.

“Cissy I had a good reason, I swear.” Regulus knew not to mess with her when she was upset. He knew that the only reason she was mad at him was because he scared her. “So… Who are you two?” He asked, looking at the boys.

“I’m Draco, and this is my cousin Hadrian.”

“Draco is my son.” Narcissa told him, although she really didn’t need to, it was more than a little obvious. “And Hadrian is James and Severus’s son. Neither of you have answered me.”

Regulus and Sirius looked at each other. They knew just how dangerous their cousin could be, they had been dealing with her temper since they were children after all. Luckily for them Lucius stepped in to calm his wife.

“Cissy, it’s going to be ok. Everything is fine. Regulus is getting better, see. There is no need to worry anymore, it’s done. Let’s just figure things out from here.”

“Do not speak to me like you are trying to placate an unruly child Lucius Abraxus Malfoy, unless you want to sleep on the couch for the rest of the month. I can see he is getting better. I’m just angry that he has to get better. He was a Slytherin, he should know better than to go running into danger without a plan.” She turned back towards Regulus and pinned him with a glare. “You are forbidden from doing anything dangerous for the rest of your life. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Cissy.”
After that, everything calmed down. Everyone filled Regulus in on what was going on, and what they were doing. Regulus was surprised by everything that had happened, especially the defeat of the dark lord. When he heard about Sirius being sent to Azkaban without a trial he started ranting and cursing. Luckily, for Regulus’s safety, the children had already gone to bed in Hadrian’s room.

When all was said and done, Regulus made a decision about what he was going to do. He would spend a few weeks with Sirius and the others, getting to know his growing family. Then he was going to move back to the Black properties in Britain with Kreacher. The Black library was legendary and Regulus felt that he could use the information in there to help the others.

Severus had secretly gone to him with his idea about the werewolves being infected with rabies, he didn’t want to tell any of the others because he didn’t want to get their hopes up. Regulus had offered to search the library for information. He knew that there was an entire section devoted to creatures that might hold some information.

Lucius and Narcissa took the extra room so that they could stay close to Regulus. The boys would just have to share Hadrian’s room for the week, not that they would be complaining about it.

Malfoy Manor - October 26, 1998

Narcissa was sitting in the library watching Draco sit and read with one of his friends. Theodore ‘Theo’ Nott was a small timid little boy. Narcissa felt bad for the small child. His mother had died in some sort of accident the year before and ever since then the boy had withdrawn. She was under no illusions Thaddeus Nott, Theo’s father was a harsh man. Thaddeous had been, and still was, a true believer in Lord Voldemort and his ideals. There was no doubt that Theo had been sent to make friends with Draco because of how important the Malfoy family was. Draco was holding himself back, but he was also reaching out to the boy, like there was something else going on.

She watched as the little boy jumped at almost every sound. It was only after she had walked behind him and the boy started to hyperventilate that she knew what was going on. She had worked with the staff at the Sea Cliff Home. During her time there she had seen a little girl have a similar reaction. Edward Brown had explained to her that it was called hyper vigilance, it was common in children that were being abused.

Making an excuse to Draco she led Theo away to speak to him for a moment.

“Theo, you know I would never hurt you, right?” Theo hesitated for a minute before he nodded so she kept going. “Theo, did you know that I help out at a place called the Sea Cliff Home? It’s a safe place for children that aren’t safe at their home. If something bad is happening, you can tell me, and I can make sure that it stops.”

Theo chewed on his lip for a few minutes. He was scared to say anything, but he also didn’t want to go back home, he knew Lady Malfoy and knew that she was good. “I…I… I don’t want to go home. But I don’t have any other family. No one would want me. No one cares about me, I’m no-one.”

Narcissa gently rubbed his arm, not wanting to scare him by hugging him. “That’s not true little one. You are someone, you are Theo. And as for not having any other family, your mother had a rather large extended family. You aren’t alone little one. Here’s what we’re going to do. I’m going to take you to see a friend of mine. While you tell him what’s going on, I will go and get your mother’s older brother, ok.”
When the scared little boy nodded she told an elf to inform Lucius and Draco that she and Theo were going out for a bit. She then flooed them to the DCW and went directly to Edward Perra’s office. As a certified mind healer, in both the muggle and magical worlds, he could help Theo.

Knocking, Edward invited them in. “Well hello Narcissa. Pleasure to see you again. And who is this you brought with you?”

“This is a good friend of my sons, Theo Nott. We’ve been talking and I think he might need to speak to you.”

Edward looked at the cowering boy. Giving him a small smile he led them both over to the sitting area in his office and got them some tea and biscuits. He also placed a few stuffed animals around, many children used them to keep their hands busy and to provide comfort while discussing any form of abuse.

“Lady Malfoy doesn’t have to leave, does she?” Theo didn’t want to be alone.

“I will be here for as long as you need me to be.” Narcissa smiled down at the little boy that had a death grip on her hand.

The next two and a half hours were spent talking to Theo about what his home life was like. It took every ounce of strength Narcissa had to not go and skin Thaddeus Nott when Theo described being punished with a spell that made his body feel like it was on fire, had a red light, and started with a ‘c’. The only reason Narcissa managed to hold herself back was because she promised Theo she wouldn’t leave him.

As soon as Theo told them about the spell, Edward had them move to St. Mungo's for a full health check. The health report showed that since the death of his mother, Theo had been the victim of severe abuse. There was a great deal of evidence of nerve damage that was caused by the cruciatus curse. It was just lucky that they had the potion Severus had developed to repair the damage or else Theo might have never regained his full range of motion in his arms due to the nerve damage.

After Theo was treated for his injuries and asleep, Narcissa met with Edward outside the room. She quickly explained about Theo’s family. Theo’s father was a devoted death eater that had bribed his way out of Azkaban, his fathers father was one of Lord Voldemort’s first followers and had died in his service. But his mothers family was not. His mother had been contracted to his father because her own father had a gambling problem and had bet his own daughter one night when he was having a losing streak. Gwendolyn wasn’t given a choice. Theodore Nott Sr. had won her hand and wrote a contract forcing the 15 year old girl to marry his son. Gwendolyn’s older brother Gregor had been very vocal about his dislike of what had happened to his sister. Thaddeus had forbidden his wife from ever speaking to her brother again, due to the magic in the marriage contract, she had no choice but to comply. Gregor had never forgiven his father, he hadn’t even attended the man’s funeral. Narcissa believed that if he knew his nephew was being abused nothing would stop him from protecting the boy, he couldn’t save his sister, but he could save her son.

In the end, Edward agreed that they should inform Gregor, as the closest living relative. Narcissa would go and speak to him and his wife, while Edward would arrange for the arrest of Thaddeus Nott.

Narcissa arrived in a flourish at the Davis Estate. She waited patiently in the floo room for Gregor, or his wife, Helen, to arrive. She knew their son, Roger, had just started his first year at Hogwarts.
It was Helen that arrived first. The two women weren’t friends, but they were friendly. They often worked on the boards of different charities together.

“Narcissa. Not that it isn’t lovely, as always, to see you, but I’m not aware of any upcoming events that we would need to discuss.”

“I’m not here about an upcoming event, unfortunately. I was hoping to speak with you and Gregor. It’s very important.”

“Sure. Follow me, Gregor is in his office.”

As the two women walked up to the office they shared a little small talk, nothing to intense.

When they walked into the office Gregor was a little shocked. He knew Narcissa, but they had never been close. He truly didn’t understand what she was doing here.

“Helen, Narcissa. What can I do for you two tonight?”

“I was hoping that you could help me with something Gregor.” Narcissa said.

“I will try.” Gregor was growing more confused.

“I know what happened with how Gwen was forced to marry Thaddeus Nott.”

“Do not mention that monster in my house. He murdered my sister, there is no doubt in my mind that is how she died.” Gregor hated that man. He took his bright beautiful little sister from him and destroyed her.

“Oh. trust me. I hate that man too. The reason I bring him up is that earlier today Gwen’s son, Theo, came over for a playdate with Draco. There was something off in his behaviour and I took him to speak to a friend of mine at the DCW.”

Helen gasped. “He’s being abused.”

Gregor’s hands clenched the arms of his chair, but he didn’t say anything.

Narcissa nodded sadly. “After he said some things to Edward, he’s the co-head of the department that spent decades as a mind healer, we took him to St. Mungo’s. His tests showed evidence of broken bones, and muscle damage since Gwen died. The worse part is… Well… There was evidence of cruciatus exposure.”

Gregor growled and Helen started to sob.

“Is he ok? What’s happening with him now?” Gregor asked through clenched teeth.

“Right now he is staying in St. Mungo's. The healers want to keep him for a day or two. After that, well, that is up to you.” Narcissa said giving them an appraising look.

“Up to us?” Helen was confused. “What can we do? We were forbidden any contact.”

“Not any more. Since Gwen is gone the contract no longer stands. The DCW has already filed charges, and aurors were on their way to arrest Thaddeus when I was leaving the hospital. As you are the closest living relatives you…”

Narcissa never got to finish her sentence as she was interrupted by both Helen and Gregor. “We’ll take him.”
Narcissa smiled at them. “I hoped you would say that. He had been told that he didn’t have any other family and that no one would want him. When I told him about you, he wanted to meet you. If you want to follow me I can take you to see him.”

It was quite easy to get Gregor and Helen to the hospital. Edward was extremely happy that there were family members that were willing to be there for the poor boy. He had already heard back from the aurors he had sent to arrest Theo’s father, the man was in a holding cell.

Narcissa knocked on the door that led into Theo’s room. When she heard a small voice allowing entrance, she walked in leading Helen and Gregor. She introduced them to him and allowed them to talk. Once Theo started to grow comfortable with them Narcissa explained to him that Helen and Gregor wanted to take him in, so that he wouldn’t have to return to his father’s house.

Although Theo was still nervous about new people, anything was better than his father. Plus, he also had Lady Malfoy on his side. If it wasn’t nice with the Davis’s then he was sure she would help him again.

When Narcissa left she was happy. Theo was with people that loved him and Thaddeus would never come near him again.

When Lord Thaddeus Nott was brought in front of a sealed Wizengamot a month later, he was found guilty and sentenced to life in Azkaban. Due to the laws, the title automatically transferred to young Theo. He would be able to claim the lordship when he was 11. None of this mattered to Theo though, he was busy with his new family. They had even had Roger come home for weekends so that he could get to know his new brother.
Chapter Notes

I officially suck at writing short chapters.
This was supposed to be between 2-3 thousand words, instead it is over 20 thousand.

The Burrow - January 7, 1999

Today was the day that Bill Weasley would finally finish his first 6 months of training and see if he was going to be offered an apprenticeship. The past 6 months had been some of the hardest of his life.

Every day he went into the bank and would work and study until he was exhausted. He would go home and fall in to bed, sleep, wake up in the morning and do it all again. It was a never ending routine, he didn’t even have weekends off. He was ready for it all to be over, one way or another, but he wouldn’t change a moment of it.

The worst part of his training was actually the time he spent at home. His mother made her opinion of his choice of career perfectly clear. His two youngest siblings were following her lead. Ron and Ginny were both being complete brats to him. Ron was always going on about how he was never going to amount to anything, while Ginny was constantly making little digs about how he was going to fail.

When he went down to breakfast it reminded him a lot of the day he had received his NEWT results. His younger siblings, other than Ron and Ginny who were once again still asleep, and his father were there to support him. His mother was standing by the table with a sanctimonious smirk. Bill knew that she was expecting him to fail, he really hoped he didn’t so that he could rub it in her face.

After breakfast was finished Bill got up to leave. He was surprised when his father, Charlie, Percy, Fred, and George all got up with him.

“What are you guys doing?” Bill asked.

“We’re going with you for moral support.” Arthur said. “Molly?”

“I have no intention of supporting this idiocy. When he has his heart broken I will be here to pick up the pieces, like usual. Then we can try and get him a job in the ministry. Though, it will be harder now, but I’m sure we can convince Albus to assist.”

All the other males in the kitchen rolled their eyes and flooed to Diagon Alley. Molly was furious as they left. The only solace she had in the blatant disregard from her family was that she knew that, thanks to Severus, though she would never admit she owed him, Bill wouldn’t be getting a job at the bank. Once the boys were all gone she quickly flooed Albus to let him know that they were in the Alley.
Gringotts Bank

Walking down the Alley, heading for Gringotts, Albus Dumbledore himself appeared in the crowd.

“Arthur my boy, what brings you to the Alley on this fine day? Hello boys, lemon drop?” Albus was dressed in glaring magenta robes with lime green sparkles. All the children had to work not to shield their eyes from the painful sight. They all declined the sweets.

“Hello Albus. We were just on our way to the bank to see if Bill’s gotten his apprenticeship as a curse breaker. The rest of us came along to see. What are you doing here today?” Arthur was a little wary when he saw the headmaster.

“I just came to order a few new robes and pick up some more lemon drops.” Albus smiled and both his eyes and robes twinkled. “If it isn’t too much to ask, I think I will come with you. William always was one of our brightest Gryffindor’s.”

When Bill didn’t reject the idea, Arthur agreed.

Walking towards the bank, Bill took everyone in through the staff entrance. He made sure to show respect to any goblin they passed, he noticed his father and brothers followed his example, but the headmaster showed nothing but contempt. Bill had learned quickly that it was a bad idea to cross a goblin.

Entering one of the side rooms they all took a seat and waited patiently for Bill’s training goblin, Silveraxe, to arrive. Well, the Weasley’s were waiting patiently, Dumbledore wouldn’t shut up. He kept asking stupid questions and assuring Bill that he would be able to get him a job at the ministry if things didn’t work out. He told them that Bill might have to accept a lower position since all the higher level positions would have been filled by the students that applied as soon as they finished school.

All the Weasley’s let out a silent sigh of relief when Silveraxe arrived and Dumbledore shut up. Bill formerly greeted Silveraxe and waited to hear what he had to say, he had learned quickly to only speak when spoken too.

“Well, Mr. Weasley as of yesterday you have completed your 6 months of training. Your final scores are adequate.” Bill almost smiled, adequate by Silveraxe’s standards was glowing praise. “I sent out your scores to our curse breaking teams, if any want to offer you an apprenticeship they were informed to be here a few minutes from now. I have a job to do so I will be leaving. If you have been offered an apprenticeship then someone will arrive soon, if not, a guard will escort you out and you can apply again next year.”

With that, Silveraxe left. Bill took in a shaky breath and waited.

“Well William. I understand that it can be disappointing to not get a job, but if you aren’t offered the apprenticeship don’t worry, we can still make arrangements. You should know how critical goblins are of wizards, they probably wouldn’t be honest about how skilled you are.” Albus said in a placating voice.

Bill just looked at him blankly. It was almost like his old headmaster didn’t want him to get a job.

“There’s no need to worry about that, Albus.” A soft voice sounded from the door. Bill looked up, he had actually expected that Professor Snape might have offered to take him as an apprentice, but this wasn’t him.

The man was tall, had brown hair streaked throw with a silvery grey, and his eyes were a soft
green. He had a kind smile on his face, and a calming aura.

“Remus?” Arthur smiled as he got up to greet his old friend.

“Remus, what are you doing here? We are waiting to see if a member of Gringotts curse breakers is willing to offer young William an apprenticeship.” Albus’s hands were smoothing down his beard.

“That’s why I’m here Albus. When I saw a report that ‘William Weasley’ had finished basic training with such high scores I jumped at the chance to have him join my team. I figured he was one of your’s Arthur, I thought you might prefer it if he was with someone you knew.” Remus gave his signature gentle smile.

“Thank you, Remus.” Arthur smiled at his old friend, the same friend he knew had recommended him for his job at JT. “I will admit that I was a little worried about where he would go, and who he would be working with.”

“But Remus, what about your little condition.” Albus said, trying to sound caring while actually sounding patronizing.

“I really don’t see how that would be an issue Albus.” Arthur had never liked how people treated Remus because of his being a werewolf.

“It isn’t a problem here Albus. The goblins are far less prejudice than most wizards. They don’t care that I’m a werewolf. I’m capable of the job and that’s all that matters to them. They aren’t like wizards who think that, because I was the victim of an attack as a child, I am a monster.” Remus forced himself to give the old man a little smile when all he wanted to do was rip out his throat.

“Of course, of course, my dear boy. I wasn’t implying that you couldn’t do the job, you always were clever. But there is always the danger of the full moon.” Albus didn’t like where this was going.

“It’s actually safer than it was when I attended Hogwarts. I don’t have to hide what I am, my entire team and their families are aware. Because I’m not forced to hide they know not to follow me when I leave the night of the full moon. We’ve been working together for years, and none of them care.” Remus grinned as he told the old man that. He would never see Albus as the kind old grandfather figure he once had. This wasn’t the man that allowed him to get an education, that allowed him to make his first friends, this was the man that attacked and harmed his pack. He was the enemy.

“I don’t have a problem with it.” Bill added. When he thought about it he figured this was the friend that Professor Snape had said worked as a historian for the bank. He was also clearly a friend of his father.

“Well then, did you bring your things, or are you going to need to go home and pack?” Remus smiled at Bill as he asked.

“I brought all my stuff. I really hoped that I would get an apprenticeship.” Bill pulled a shrunken trunk out of his pocket and showed everyone.

“Oh, good. I had built in a bit of time so that you could go and pack if you needed, but since you already ready, why don’t you all go and get some ice cream and say your goodbyes. I have to talk to my boss for a little bit about where the team is going next. Just be back here by 11:30. We will be portkeying to our camp.” Remus told the young man.

“Remus, my dear boy. Why don’t you tell everyone a little about where your going and what your
doing? I’m sure Arthur and the younger boys would like to know what is going to be happening.”
Albus said, clearly trying to gain more information.

“I can’t do that Albus. The secrecy clauses in my contract are rather strict. The most I can say is
that we are currently in North America, and we will be working on an excavation. Once Bill
returns here he will be signing his apprenticeship contract and he won’t be able to give any specifics
either. Maybe in a few years after he finishes his apprenticeship, he might be able to negotiate
weaker secrecy restrictions. I didn’t see a point in wasting any of my limited influence weakening
those restrictions.” Remus knew that Albus wasn’t going to like that answer.

“That’s fine. We knew that Bill wouldn’t be able to give us any specifics.” Arthur told them.

Albus watched as the Weasley boys left to go and get some ice cream before Bill left. He was
furious. Severus seemed to have managed to keep any of the other curse breakers from offering Bill
an apprenticeship, but there was no way Lupin would listen to him. Lupin had been good friends
will Arthur before the war ended.

Saying goodbye to Remus, making sure to add a little guilt over not giving him any extra
information, he left.

**The Burrow**

Albus flooed directly to the Burrow. He knew that the only ones home were Molly and the two
youngest so he didn’t have to worry about anyone betraying him.

“Albus. What happened? Is Bill on his way home? Or did he go directly to the ministry to apply?”
Molly was excited to see Albus.

“Unfortunately no. Bill was offered an apprenticeship. He will be leaving soon.” Albus said with a
sigh.

“What.” She shrieked. “Snape was supposed to stop him. I bet he set it up so that I would lose my
son. He has always hated anyone being happy. Now he’s stolen my baby boy.” Molly started to
sob. She hated that Bill was leaving, he was too young to be so far away from her.

“It wasn’t Severus. It was Remus Lupin that offered him the job. I placed compulsions on Remus
to make him hate and distrust Severus. If Severus said not to offer Bill the job, then Remus would
do it just to spite him. I didn’t even know Remus was working at the bank.” Albus was furious that
his own plan had destroyed another one of his plans. His desire to make Remus and Severus
distrust each other was the reason he had lost control of Bill.

“The werewolf.” Molly stopped sobbing and started to get angry. “That isn’t safe. He is to
dangerous.” Molly had never liked Remus. He was a nice enough man, but he was a dark creature.

“There’s nothing we can do now. Since Bill has been offered the apprenticeship he will be signing
a goblin contract. I have learned through the mess with losing control of Severus that goblin
contracts are unbreakable. The best we can hope for is if Bill decides he doesn’t like working at
the bank and quits after his apprenticeship is done.”

“I thought he wouldn’t have the grades for it. You said that Hogwarts didn’t offer the classes that
he would have needed.”

“I don’t know. We’re missing something.” Albus was annoyed.
Once their conversation ended, Albus left. Molly sat at the table and fumed for a while, until Arthur came home with four of her boys.

“Everyone, good news.” Arthur smiled as he came in to the kitchen. “Bill got a job as Remus’s apprentice. Where are Ron and Ginny?” Looking around he didn’t see their two youngest.

“They still in bed. And as for the job, I still don’t like it. He shouldn’t be so far away doing such dangerous work.” Molly huffed.

“Molly, enough. Bill is happy and that’s what matters. It’s his life, not ours. He is old enough to make his own choices. As for Ron and Ginny, they need to start getting up at a decent time. Their not babies anymore. For Merlin’s sake, Ron will be starting school in just over 2 years. He needs to learn how to get up at a decent time now, before he goes to school and starts missing breakfast and his morning classes because he doesn’t know how to get himself up.” Arthur was getting annoyed with how much Molly babied the younger two children. She had never done that with the older boys.

Deciding it was better to leave, the boys headed to do their own things. Fred and George were working on something in their room, neither of their brothers really wanted to ask. And, Percy and Charlie still had to pack to head back to school in a few days.

**Gringotts**

Arriving back at the bank after saying goodbye to his father and brothers Bill went back to the meeting room where he first met Remus, he was already there.

“Sorry if I’m late Mr. Lupin.” Bill didn’t want to make a bad impression.

“Relax Bill, your not late. We aren’t very formal on our team so I hope it’s ok if I just call you Bill.” Bill nodded at him. “We have about half an hour before we leave, so there are some things we need to discuss, but first you will need to sign this contract. It’s just a basic apprenticeship contract. By signing this you agree to work with my team for 2 years, you will not be able to give anyone any specifics about what we are doing, or where we are doing it, you won’t be able to tell anyone about anyone else on our team or living with our team. Now, since your father and I know each other, and he knows that you are working with me, you will be able to speak about me with your family, but no one else. The magic of the contract will stop you from breaking any of these rules so you don’t really need to worry to much.

Now, this is not an unpaid internship, so you will be making some money, not a lot, but some. You will be earning about 7,500 galleons per year for the next two years, you will also get a share of any profit made from what we find. It’s less than what a fully fledged curse breaker makes, but you are still an apprentice. There is also the fact that we will be responsible for housing and feeding you for this time, so you will be saving money there. The bank pays our travel expenses too, so you will actually be making a more than decent wage.” Remus continued on explaining the finer details for a few minutes. Once Bill agreed, Remus pushed the contract towards him, and watched as he signed.

Remus smiled and let out a silent sigh of relief. He hadn’t told Bill, but they had added a few extras, written in ancient gobbledygook in the fine print. It wasn’t anything malicious. It just said that whenever Bill heard anyone refer to James Potter as James, or any variation of that name, the name would be replaced in Bill’s mind with the appropriate variation of Sebastian Peverell. It also said that whenever Hadrian referred to his fathers as his fathers it would again be replaced with
‘uncle’ and the appropriate name. Remus was so glad for magic, it would allow them to keep everything secret even while living with a different person.

They still had about ten minutes before the portkey activated so Remus decided to explain everything first.

“Bill, I think there are a few things we need to cover now. There really isn’t another way to say it, so I’m just going to come out and say it. One of the members of our team, and my husband, is Sirius Black.”

Bill looked confused for a few seconds until he placed the name. “The mass murderer that is currently in Azkaban. The one who betrayed the Potter’s”

“Yes and no. Sirius was indeed arrested and sent to Azkaban for mass murder, but he was innocent. Sirius was framed by the true traitor, Peter Pettigrew. Pettigrew framed Sirius and then faked his death. He is currently alive and being hunted by select members of the DMLE. Sirius was thrown into Azkaban without receiving a trial and when it came to light a few years ago, he was questioned under veritaserum and he was able to prove his innocence. This information will be released only after Pettigrew has been caught, in order to keep the man from becoming more of a danger.”

Bill blinked a few times. “Ok.”

Remus smiled at him. “The other members of our team are Lord Sebastian Peverell, who you have no doubt heard of, and his, now, husband Severus Prince-Peverell, formally Snape, who I know you know.”

“I was wondering if Professor Snape was involved in you being here.” Bill was happy that his former professor was a part of the team, and was clearly happy, given that he was now married.

“Yes, he was originally going to offer you the apprenticeship but we didn’t want that information to get back to the headmaster. He wasn’t exactly pleased with Sev leaving his teaching position. I do hope you don’t mind having a full house, because we also have four children living with us.”

“Four children?”

“Yes. Sirius and my twin daughters Ariadne and Cassiopeia, and Sev and Sebastians daughter Kali. The girls will be two in May.”

“You said four children, that’s only three.”

“This is another one of those surprising things. The fourth child is my and my husbands blood adopted godson. Hadrian Potter.”

Again Bill just blinked a few times. Processing this information. “So what you’re saying, and I mean this in the nicest possible way, our team consists of, a werewolf, an innocent suspected mass murderer, one of the most influential people in our world, my former potions professor, three toddlers, and the saviour of the wizarding world.”

“Exactly.” Remus just smiled at the droll look on Bill’s face.

“Ok.”

“We also have a few others, that have signed secrecy contracts and come to visit from time to time. That includes the Malfoy family, and the Longbottom family. We are old friends, and Hadrian is
best friends with Draco and Neville.

Now, you are lucky. As of about an hour ago we have moved on to a new dig site. It’s located in the mountains in Peru, near Machu Picchu.”

“Why does that make me lucky? Where were you working before, if you can tell me?”

“I can tell you because you are under the secrecy contract. We were living near a dig site in British Columbia, Canada. We really didn’t think that one through. It was great during the summer, but then winter came. And it came hard, and fast. When I left our tent looked like an igloo. It was completely covered in snow. The snow was a great insulator, but it’s still snow, and there just aren’t enough heating charms in the world that can keep you comfortable, living in a tent, in the middle of a snowbank. Although we all did enjoy the snow ball fights, sliding and skating.”

“You were living in a tent, in Canada, in the winter.” Bill just grinned at Remus.

Remus gave a shrug and little smile. “I said it was bad planning. But now we are going to be somewhere sunny and warm, so we’ll be fine.”

They talked for a few more minutes until it was time. Each of them took a hold on the rope portkey and they disappeared from Britain.

Aguas Calientes, Peru

The sun was just coming up as they arrived in Peru. It might almost be lunch time in Britain, but it wasn’t even 6am in Peru. They saw Severus sitting with a rather large cup of coffee on the patio, everyone else had gone back to bed after they finished their move.

“Professor Snape. Or.. I guess it’s Professor Prince-Peverell now.” Bill said as he shook Severus’s hand.

“No Bill, it’s Severus. There is no need to be formal, you aren’t my student anymore, you are a coworkers.” Severus made sure to stress their names. He didn’t want to have to always be formal while working. He rather enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere that their team had.

When they showed Bill the room that would be his, Severus pulled out a message orb. This one was sent from Charlie to Bill. They told him the same story they had told Lucius. They suggested that Bill go into his room, cast a few silencing wards, so he could keep anything that was said a secret if he wanted to, and listen. If he wanted to talk about anything he learned, they would be out on the patio.

When Bill came out of his room he was pasty white. “She… She’s not my mum.”

“What?” Both Severus and Remus asked.

“Molly. She’s not my mum.” Bill drank back the small glass of fire whiskey Severus had had Dobby get. “According to Charlie, my dad was married to her twin brothers, Fabian and Gideon. From what they had been able to find out, Molly had drugged dad with love potions shortly after the twins were born. She got pregnant with Ron and Ginny after that. She and Dumbledore used some ancient ritual to make everyone who knew who dad was married to forget my other fathers, and remember her in their place. If dad finds out before the ritual is countered, it could kill him. He and George had searched for years, but never found out how to counter the ritual. They did it on their own, and in secret, because they didn’t want to burden anyone else.
He also said that from what they were able to find out, with the help of the goblins, they found that my fathers, Fabian and Gideon, didn’t die in that raid on Bones Manor like we were told. They didn’t die until February 2007. Wait… That means there still alive. We need to find them. We need to…”

Remus lay a calming hand on Bill’s shoulder to keep him in his seat. “We can help you with this Bill. We have access to all kinds of information about rituals that your brothers wouldn’t have had. We will help to find a way to counter it. Now, as for your fathers, we will do what we can. If they are still alive it means that they were taken prisoner rather than killed. We have people that were spies within the death eaters. We can get information from them and try to locate the prison. There is time, we don’t have to do everything right now, we actually can’t do it all right now. We need to think things through and come up with a plan. If we go rushing in now, not knowing what’s going on, we could get them, or ourselves, killed. Do you think there’s any way we can get your father off those love potions.”

“He already is.” Bill smiled at the confused look the other men had. “His financial advisor made him get a check before he signed the financial documents. That was when he found out about the potions. He now gets checked every month. He’s also started casting nullifiers at all the food and drinks mum gives him, and has been taking potions to block the ones she’s been giving him. He just didn’t want her to know, as a precaution. I noticed he was acting different a few months ago and asked him. He told me he was just staying with her for us, as far as he’s concerned their marriage is over. He told me he was trying to see if he really ever loved her, but he didn’t think so. Now we know why they were together.”

“So Arthur knows some of what she’s been doing to him and is protected?” Severus asked.

Bill nodded. They went over the information that Bill had gotten and started to make plans.

Aguas Calientes, Peru - March 17, 1999

James, Severus, Sirius, and Remus were watching Hadrian in fear. Ever since they had first met him Hadrian had had some odd emotions. He would be extremely clingy just to pull away. He would spend nights in his own bed, just to have weeks of nightmares where he would barely sleep. Edward Brown had said that it was normal for abused children to have these issues. But these issues weren’t normal anymore.

For the past few months Hadrian had been having magical and emotional outburst. The emotional they could handle, but it was the magical that was frightening them. They were terrified that he would hurt himself or someone else. Bill had even used his mage sight to look during one of the outbursts and said that Hadrian was straining his core, if it kept up, he would rupture it.

They didn’t know what had caused today's outburst, he had just been sitting and playing with his sisters when he had suddenly gotten up and run away from everyone. Bill was working with one of the other teams for a few hours so he wasn’t there. Hadrian always tried to make sure that he was no where near his sisters or family when he felt one of the outbursts coming.

Standing on the side of the mountain where they had their tent set up, Hadrian's magic formed a tempest around him. Rocks, sticks, and large bubbles of water swirled around him. They could all feel the heat pouring off him. The trees around him were starting to shudder and move towards him as well as smoulder. If they didn’t get this stopped to soon they thought the trees would be destroyed, if the heat didn’t just light the area on fire.
When his magic manifested around him Hadrian started to scream and cry. The adults all tried to get near him, tried to comfort him, but nothing was working. Everything started to swirl faster, and then... It stopped. Everything froze in place, not even the men could move a muscle. They could only watch as a tiny old woman walked towards their son.

The woman leaned down and spoke a few soft words to the crying child. Her voice was both quiet and loud, but none of the men could make out a single word. When she stood up she was a pretty little girl, about the same size as Hadrian. She took Hadrian’s hand and led him to the patio attached to the tent. The men followed.

When they sat down the woman had once again changed. She was now a beautiful young woman. With a wave of her hand there was a full tea service set on the table, and the girls were sitting on their fathers laps. They all wanted to ask questions, but they couldn’t get any words out.

“Hello.” The woman’s voice, still loud and quiet, was soft and lyrical.

“W…W…Who are you?” Severus managed to stutter out. Wrapping his arms around Kali, who had been placed on his lap.

“I have had many names. The one I most prefer is Rhian. But I am more commonly referred to as Mother Magic.” She gave them a devious smile.

“You’re Mother Magic. I thought your name was Hecate?” Remus was never one to pass up new knowledge.

“A slight misconception. Hecate was the name of one of my favoured daughters. When she was refer to in writing she was referred to as ‘Hecate, who’s mother is magic’, over time it was mistranslated to ‘Hecate, mother magic’. When you live as long as those like I do, it’s the little things that seem to make the biggest changes. Like a pebble dropped in a pond, something small creates large ripples.”

“But… What are you doing here? Why come to us?” James couldn’t take his eyes of Hadrian. The boy was sitting calmly in the chair next to him, his face blank and his eyes unfocused.

“I came to fix a mistake my siblings made, and also to request your help.” Rhian took a sip of her tea, it was just how she liked it, but since she was the one who summoned it, it was expected.

“What mistake? How can we help you, aren’t you a goddess?” James was confused.

“I’m not a goddess, per se. These outburst young Hadrian has been having. My foolish siblings failed to take the emotional aspect into consideration when they sent him back. Our kind don’t experience emotions like your kind do, so… It is to be expected. Hadrian had lived for over a decade with absolutely no emotions. During that time he bore witness to more atrocities than you can even imagine. When he came back, he suddenly had emotions again. The sudden influx of emotions would cause the echo from his past life to amplify. There was also the way they blurred his memory. They only blocked the conscious memories, not the emotional.

His memories will return as he grows older, but so will the emotions. He has been experiencing the emotions he would have felt in his past life, when he was a child living in an abusive home. His magic has been reacting to the emotions of an abused child, but since he is in no physical danger, his magic doesn’t know what to do. So it just forms up around him as a shield.

Right now, his mind is reordering so that he will feel those emotions differently. I do not want to make him completely forget, that time was what made him as strong as he was, but I don’t want
him to have to feel them. Now he will know what happened, but the emotions will only be a faint echo, like a sad story he heard. The spark within him has just made his reactions to extreme.”

The adults just stared at her as she sipped her tea and smiled again. Eventually Remus managed to focus on something.

“What spark?”

“My kind made an agreement not to interfere with your kind, but that wasn’t always the case. There was a time when we could come and go from your dimension without issue. While visiting many of us had children. Most of those children were unlike us, but a few shared what we called, a spark. The spark, was magic like ours. If you were to look far enough back in Hadrian’s ancestry, you would find an Ancient. It is why those of his bloodline have always been so powerful, it is also why both he and you, James, are still alive.”

“What do you mean, why we are still alive?” James was scared.

“If you look at those delightful little inheritance tests you all had done you will see that the two of you bare the same curse, ‘may you live in interesting times’. You would, undoubtedly see that it was placed by my brother, Time. He didn’t just place it on you recently.

You see, one of your ancestors was a part of the team that helped to create those interesting little time turners. My brother can be a bit… Territorial. He hates when anyone messes with his domain, so he decided to curse the bloodlines of those that had meddled with him. It was Destiny that suggested that he use that particular curse. He agreed with her because it would provide her with some entertainment and she would leave him alone. The curse has wiped out the bloodlines of all the others, but your bloodline is still going. The spark of Ancient magic within you has soften the purpose of the curse from complete destruction to… Complications. It is why every member of your family has had such an interesting life. Without the spark, the curse would have simply wiped your family out, it may have taken awhile, but none of you would be here now. On a brighter note, I have spoken to Time and he has agreed to end the curse for all future children of your family. There is nothing I can do for your son, but your daughter will have a normal life… Or as normal a life as she can have in a family like this.”

They all chuckled lightly. There was no denying that James and Hadrian did manage to find themselves in the oddest of situations, bringing anyone around them with them.

“I feel better.”

They all looked to see that Hadrian’s focus had returned and he was a happy, smiling little boy again.

“As you should. You won’t have to worry about those nightmares and horrible feelings anymore.” Rhian smiled at him and Hadrian smiled back.

“Now that that’s settled, what is it that you wanted from us?” James asked. He reached out and pulled his son into his lap, hugging him close.

“As I said, we are forbidden from interfering too much, so, since I’m already here, I figured I would explain a few things to you, and you can make your own choices from there.

The olde magical religions developed for a purpose. That purpose was to strengthen and soothe magic, it also helps to bring in fresh magic. As Britain has stopped practicing the olde ways their magic has changed. Your society is falling. That fall will hurt us all. This fall is what has led to the
problems within your society. Magic, like all things, needs balance, light and dark. Like with
nature, too much rain and you get floods, not enough and you get a drought.

It is why you have self-proclaimed lords of magic. A true Lord of Magic serves as a conduit
between your dimension and ours, they funnel magic to the people. But there isn’t enough magic
on your side to support one. It is a give and take. We give you our magic and you give us yours.
Nothing dangerous. The Samhain ritual for instance connects you to my brother, Death. The
barriers between your world and his is at their weakest that night. The ritual is simple. You enter a
runic circle, a bowl filled with purified water sits on a pedestal in the middle, all involved in the
ritual add 13 drops of blood to the bowl, go and sit around the outside of the runic circle and
meditate. If it is done correctly it will allow your soul to visit the realm of the dead and greet your
ancestors. When midnight strikes the barriers will go back up, and your soul is returned to your
body, refreshed and renewed. There is no danger, only peace.

It is rituals like that that allow us to directly give you our magic. Without those rituals your magic
is dying. If you look closely, you will see, all over the world there are true lords of magic in each
major magical area, but not Britain. If a true lord was born there now, they would not survive the
draining. Your people are starved for fresh magic. You have just been using the same magic over
and over again. For each new magical child, another magic user must die. The young receive the
magic of the old. But each new generation is growing weaker as the magic fails.

When the rituals are practiced it feeds us all. If we are all well fed, a true Lord of Magic may rise.
The true Lord then funnels magic between our people, and we are well fed, which will give rise to
stronger rituals, and so on. When magic is handled properly it is self-renewing.”

“So… Magic is dying in Britain?” Sirius was for once, serious.

“Yes.” Rhian’s look was one of great sadness.

“Then we just start practicing the rituals.” Hadrian didn’t see why the adults were making this
seem so hard, it was a simple thing.

“Hadrian, it’s not that simple. Most, if not all of those rituals have been made illegal. It could take
decades to change that,” Remus told him.

“Just show them how it’s making them weak. No one wants to be weak. Can I go play now?”
When none of the adults said anything he decided that was as good as an agreement and went
inside to grab his broom.

Rhian started to chuckle. “Not everything needs to be a big complicated plan. Simple can work best
more often than not. I would encourage you to get Hadrian to start practicing the rituals. It often
helps to calm the magic of growing children.” Once done, Rhian simply disappeared, tea cups and
all.

The men just kept looking at each other. Remus went to bring his tea up to sip, only to find the tea
service was gone and his hand was empty.

“I blame you for this.” Severus said as he looked at James.

“What did I do?” James asked indignantly.

“It was your ancestor that made Time angry enough to curse your bloodline.” Sirius said, giving
James a sidelong look.

“Ok. So. We have a crazy fake Dark Lord to get rid of, a controlling fake Light Lord to deal with,
and now we need to save magic. Sev’s right. This is your fault James.” Remus summed things up.
James just huffed at his so-called friends.

**Aguas Calientes, Peru - May 2, 1999**

Severus was slow to wake. He slowly cracked one of his eyes open and yawned. The day before had been Beltane.

They had decided, since the visit by Rhian, that they would start to practice the olde rituals. Beltane had seemed like a good place to start. The Malfoy’s and the Longbottom’s had come to visit. It had also been Lyra’s second birthday so they were going to have a party anyway.

The day had been spend decorating everything with bright colours and flowers, much to Severus’s disgust. Neville had loved the planting that they did to celebrate the fertility of the earth. Everyone had danced and had fun for the rest of the day.

Once it was dark enough, Bill had helped Sirius and Frank set up the bonfire. The kids had all crashed well before midnight, but the adults had stayed up for a while. With each new thing they did, every seed they planted, every time they danced, all the fun they had, they had felt magic growing thicker in the air. By the time the kids had gone to bed the magic was almost palpable. The adults that had their animigus stayed up most of the night because it was a full moon. Moony had left by mid-evening and the others had gone with him to keep him distracted and entertained.

Sitting up, Severus found himself feeling great. He was surprised by this, especially given all the fun they had had the day before and how late they had all stayed up. His mind felt clearer than it ever had. Like everything was perfectly lined up.

Slipping out of bed, Severus grabbed his potion books and went to eat breakfast on the patio. This would be the best time to work on his werewolf issue. Regulus had stayed true to his word and searched the Black library for information on werewolves. He had sent over a dozen books that Severus had found interesting.

They all said something similar. The original werewolves were not rabid beasts, they were mostly human, just, faster, stronger, had better intuition, lived longer, and could turn into wolves. Sometime before 1000BC they changed and became like the beasts they were known as today.

Going over the information once again, he noticed a passage that he had overlooked the first time, seeing it only as a made up story. This time he decided to read it more in-depth.

It told of two warring tribes. One tribe was mainly human, while the other had a large population of werewolves. Due to the wolves strength, they were winning the war. One of the stronger magic users in the human tribe had used a ritual to summon an enemy of the wolves from a far off land. The enemy was described as being small, the size of a cat or fox, with long fingers it used to grasp things. The most recognizable description of it was that its fur formed a mask over its eyes and had a ringed tail. A raccoon.

The creature was feral. It was said to be extremely aggressive towards any who came near it. It avoided all water, and it’s muscles contracted at odd intervals making it struggle to walk.

That night, one of the soldiers had snuck into the other tribes territory and released the creature. Over the next few weeks, a few of the humans in the tribe died from some strange illness. The humans would lose their mind and become excessively violent before they died. The biggest
change was in the wolves. Most of them were completely fine in their human form, but on the night of
the full moon, when they changed, they were rabid beasts. Those that weren’t infected tried to
protect the humans, but they were quickly infected. The humans that had survived the illness were
slaughtered by the wolves. It was all for naught, the other tribe that had hoped to gain the land was
also slaughtered by the wolves, only a few managed to escape by boat. After that, the wolves fled
the area and spread the disease to others.

Severus smiled, he knew what had happened. The creature that had been summoned must have
been a raccoon from North America that was infected with rabies. The racoon had then infected the
local werewolves, who then went out and infected others. While most people and animals that
become infected with rabies, and weren’t given treatment, usually died rather quickly, their magic
was most likely sustaining them. If he could find a way to treat the inner wolf, he might be able to
return the wolves to the peaceful state they once were.

Grabbing his potions journal, Severus started flipping through to find a blank page where he could
write down some ideas. While he was writing Bill came out to join him. Bill had stayed at the
camp the night before because he was still working on his animagus form. He had learned that his
form was a lion, but he hadn’t managed the full transformation.

When Severus explained his issue with getting a potion into the wolves Bill sat back to think. The
main problem was that the potion needed to be given to the wolf, but rabies cause a fear of liquids
and made it difficult for them to swallow. There was no way they were going to be able to get close
even to a fully transformed werewolf and force a potion down their throat.

Bill smiled. “What if you used a pill.”

“A pill?” Severus may have grown up in a muggle home, but he didn’t really understand how a pill
could be useful in this.

“My dad was talking to me about some of the ideas they’ve been considering at JT. One of the
things they had considered was trying to make potions in pill form. It was so that people could
avoid the horrible taste. Many of those muggle pills are advertised as being time delay. If you can
make the cure in a time delay pill form, the wizard takes the pill an hour or so before they
transform, the pill would release the potion after they were transformed. The potion would get into
the wolves system, without you having to do anything.”

Severus thought for a minute. “That would work.”

Severus and Bill got to work going over what they would need. Other than Severus, Bill was the
best at potions on their team so whenever Severus needed a sounding board for his potions ideas he
would talk to Bill. He was proud of how much Bill knew. He knew he hadn’t taught him during his
last two years, but he was still proud of his former student.

Just as Severus was putting the final touches on his basic outline of the potion he would use, the
other adults made their way back into camp. Severus was surprised to see Remus smiling. He was
usually exhausted and sore after a full moon.

“Remus? What’s with the smile?” Bill asked.

“I feel good.” Remus’s voice was a mix of shock and joy. “I’ve never felt this good after a full
moon. I think it had something to do with the rituals we did yesterday. I think the residual magic
helped to soothe my body. What evil plan are you two grinning about over there.”

Severus and Bill explained what Sev had figured out, and what they thought they could do about it.
Remus was so shocked he couldn’t speak, tears started forming in his eyes. This could save his life, and the life of so many others. Being a werewolf was incredibly painful, and that didn’t even take into account the suffering that came when most of the rest of the wizarding world labeled you a beast and saw you as unworthy of freedom. This potion had the potential to end all that. Severus reminded him that it was only a theory, but Remus told him they would test that theory on May 30th, the next full moon.

While Everyone had been talking Hadrian, Neville, and Draco had all gotten up. They were all excited, Neville in particular, when they saw that the seeds they had planted had sprouted. They weren’t just seedlings, they had planted flower and fruit bushes, and all were in the beginning stages of blooming. When the girls got up, they ran after the boys as the boys showed them what they had all helped to create.

_Aguas Calientes, Peru - May 30, 1999_

It was the night that they were going to test Severus’s attempt at a werewolf cure. He had spent a few hours everyday since the first time he considered it going over and over everything. It had been decided to use a magical gel to encase the potion. It would allow them to know the exact amount of time it would take for the potion to be released.

Severus had made and remade the potion at least once a day, changing little things, just to change them back to how he had originally had them. He would admit that he was starting to lose it. All the others just watched him with concern. They had learned not to try and talk to him about it after Sirius had tried and been hit with a dozen different curses in a matter of seconds.

Given the size and weight of Remus it would take 7 potion filled capsules to treat him. Half an hour before the moon rose, Remus took the pills while all the others watched. The kids all wished him good luck before Narcissa, Frank and Alice took them inside for the night.

All the other men had managed their animigus forms, Bill finally completing his transformation only a few days before, and would be going with Remus. Lucius was a hawk, Severus was a black panther, Bill a lion, Sirius a dog, and James a stag. Other than Lucius, they were all large animals and could keep Moony under control if they needed to.

When the moon rose, they all watched as Remus changed. It was always awful for them to see how painful it was. Seeing their friend in such agony was horrible.

Half an hour after Moony shifted, the wand alarm Severus had set went off. They all turned to look at Moony. At first nothing happened, but then, Moony let out a low whine and sank down until he was laying on the ground. His breath was coming in shallow gasps.

It took a few minutes, but then they saw changes taking place. The feral amber eyes gained focus and intelligence, he looked at them all and they could see recognition. The misshapen body took on the build of an overgrown wolf. His fur became smoother, and the bald patches filled in.

When it was all done, and Moony stood back up, they were looking at a large, majestic wolf. It took a slight step forward before letting out a happy bark and started jumping around in excitement.

Lucius the hawk shook his head as he watched a wolf, a lion, a panther, a dog, and a stag, jump around, from the top of one of the trees. He was happy for Remus too, but he had no intention of looking like a fool. He had every intention of using this memory for blackmail if he ever needed to.
The night was spent playing. When the sun was coming up, they watched as Moony shifted back. He showed no sign of pain, and told them there hadn’t been any. Remus shifted back and forth a few times, there was no pain and he kept complete control.

They were all happy, they would just have to wait and see next month.

**Wizengamot - June 7, 1999**

James was standing and talking with Frank and Gerald Greengrass when they all saw Albus come into the session. The man was practically stomping. Albus was still furious.

The month before Frank had reassigned the Longbottom seats, and the Hufflepuff seats to the neutral section. Both Lucius and Narcissa did the same. James had decided that he was going to keep his known seats unaligned, but he assigned the Black seats and the Ravenclaw seats neutral.

All those seats going neutral had caused the neutrals to have control. Albus had lost his Chief Warlock position to Gerald. The man had been having a month long fit ever since, and it was clear it was still going strong. He wasn’t the only one, many of the other light lords and ladies were angry too. James felt that there were still far to many that were blindly loyal to the old man.

When the meeting started it was the same as usual. James knew that Albus had managed to cause as much damage as he had because he added a few different lines in to larger bills. Most didn’t read the bills in their entirety because they were so long, so the little things passed by unnoticed. But James didn’t have to read the laws on his own.

After the bank had been attacked in the future, the goblins hadn’t had as much to do, so they had started reviewing the laws for Hadrian. They hi-lighted these small little things and connected them to form the larger picture. The little one liners had formed the bases of all anti creature laws.

James, Lucius, Narcissa, and now, Frank, were using the information provided to call these laws up for review and having those sections removed. They were systematically dismantling all of Albus’s work, and nothing could make them happier.

After a few hours of getting rid of some of the stupider old laws Gerald called everyones attention.

“And now, a new motion has been put forward by the Light Faction. This motion is to remove the historical classification of the Temple of the Moon on Morning Dew Alley so that it can be redeveloped. I am now opening the floor to debate. Lord Dumbledore, as your party is putting forward the motion I open the floor to you first.”

Dumbledore put on his most grandfatherly look as he rose.

“My fellow Lords and Ladies. We feel that this ‘temple’ only encourages gullible children away from what is good in our world. It teaches out of date lessons that only hinder our world. We can not allow for the continued corruption of our society. Lord Peverell?”

James signalled his wish to speak. “Correct me if I’m wrong, Lord Dumbledore, but it sounds as if you are suggesting that the olde religions are bad?”

Albus inhaled deeply, oh how he hated this man. “Well, you must understand the dangers that they pose to the younger generations. They lure people in, by the time they realize what is going on, it is too late. They often promote the practice of necromancy.”
“Lord Dumbledore, you must forgive me, but do you even understand the rituals involved in the olde religions? I can only assume your reference to necromantic rituals are the rituals preformed on Samhain.” James really questioned this man's intelligence.

“Of course I know of the olde religions. And yes, everyone knows the dangers of the Samhain rituals, they risk malevolent spirits entering our world. Necromancy is one of the most dangerous branches of dark magic.”

“It is true that necromancy is true black magic, and can be extremely dangerous, but I don’t see what that has to do with the Samhain rituals. Now, I do understand that due to the lack of proper education on the olde religions in this country, there is a startling amount of ignorance on the subject. The Samhain ritual isn’t dark, it isn’t necromancy, and it isn’t dangerous. The vail between our world and the next is at its weakest on that night. By properly preforming the ritual, your soul is able to pass through the vail to visit the souls of your ancestors for a few hours. How is that dangerous?

It allows a person to commune with those they have loved and lost. How is that evil? Our ancestors are there, on the other side of the vail. Our friends and family that we have loved and lost are right there, and for a few short hours we can feel them again. How is that wrong?”

“It’s blood magic. That branch of magic is banned in this country. I do hope you aren’t taking part in any of those rituals, they are illegal you know?” Albus gave him a sanctimonious smile.

“I must admit, I was surprised that blood magic was illegal here. It is a shame that this body has allowed the people of this nation to suffer due to their ignorance.” More than a few people started to grumble at this. “I understand, no one likes to be called ignorant, but the actions of this body prove they have been in the past, all we can do is hope that that changes.

How many people here have lost a family member or friend to dragon-pox.” James watched as over half of the people raised their hands. “Did you know that there is a cure for dragon-pox?” He heard the shouted denials. “Yes, there is. It was developed in Australia, 15 years ago. The reason your loved ones never received it is because the potion requires one ounce of blood from the patient. That is classified as blood magic, so it is forbidden in this country. Do you understand that, people are dying of a curable disease because of the laws this body made? The 10 strongest healing potions and spells, are classified as blood or dark magic. Think about that next time a member of your family falls ill.

And as for the rituals being illegal. That is only here. I work internationally, so I am usually out of the country. And I can tell you, every other country allows or encourages the practice of the rituals. Because they want their population to grow and be strong.”

“What do the rituals have to do with a growing population?” James heard the question shouted out from the neutral section, though he didn’t see who it was.

“Simple. The rituals refresh magic.” James was so happy that they had been researching magical rituals. “I was actually planning on bringing this subject up during the next meeting, but we can do it now, you will just have to forgive me, I only have about half of my research here.”

He handed over a large file of information, that he had originally intended to give to Gerald, to one of the support staff to copy and hand out before he continued.

“If you look at the average magical strength of the populations around the world you will see that our country ranks at the bottom, not near the bottom, at the very bottom. Now, I know correlation
does not imply causation, but here is what I have found. Every other country’s population and magical strength is stable or growing, except for here. Our magical population is both shrinking and weakening, we are the only one doing that in the world. We are also the only country in the world that bans the practice of the olde ways, but only for certain things. Life debts, unbreakable vows, marriage contracts, all of these are part of the olde ways, but for some reason they were allowed to stay while most of the practices have been banned.

Look around this room, really look. Do you see all the empty seats? Those are magical families that have been lost to this world.”

“Many of those families were killed off in the past wars.” Albus said, his voice trembled slightly with anger. What did this man think he was doing? He didn’t want those rituals returned. “You can not say they were killed off by lack of rituals.”

“They are not gone.” James said with a smile. He heard people once again denying what he said. “If you look at the base magic of this room, you will find that it is tied to the families blood. If those families were truly gone, the chairs would have disappeared. If you look, you will see a few empty places where chairs used to be. Those families are sadly, truly gone, never to return. All the empty chairs mark a family that still exists.”

“Then where are they?” It was Gerbot Ollivander that asked this time.

“If you look into their history you will find a record of squibs being born. Now, when a squib is born, many families will historically, leave them in the muggle world. Now, I understand that squibs can not inherit, but they still carry the blood. In that file you will find a study that was conducted in China about 20 years ago. They tested over 5000, of what we call muggleborns, and what they found was very interesting. Every single one of them proved to actually be squib born. You see, when two squib lines meet there is a 50/50 chance of a magical child. That is where the heirs are. They are the children that we throw away, they are the ones we overlook.

As for what that has to do with the rituals. I will again point out, the rituals refresh magic. So, as to the motion to allow for the tearing down of the Temple of the Moon, I will be voting against it. I am also making a motion to strip away the laws that ban the practice of the rituals associated with the olde ways.”

Chaos erupted as James retook his seat. Those in the dark and neutral seemed to be supportive while those in the light were acting as if he was the second coming of Voldemort. When he started to hear shouts that he was trying to get people killed, that the rituals were dangerous and often times lethal, he once again stood up.

“These rituals are in no way lethal. I will tell you this. In all my research, I have not come across the case of a single person losing their life to one of these rituals. If you believe they are so dangerous, than prove it. I have provided evidence to support my claims. If you want to be taken seriously than you will need more than just fanciful rumours that were just made up. Provide the evidence and I will listen, until then, we should not be limiting our population due to the small mindedness of certain people.”

The arguing continued for over an hour. James just sat back and enjoyed watching those on the light side practically frothing at the mouth in anger, but they were unable to provide any proof to their claims.

One of the other unaligned lords just looked at James. “Well you certainly know how to create chaos.” James just smirked at him.
When Gerald finally managed to regain control he called for the votes. The vote for the destruction of the Temple of the Moon failed epically. The vote to allow the return of the rituals was a little closer, but it still passed. James was happy as he walked out of the Wizengamot.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 9, 1999**

James and Alice walked into the latest school board meeting. James hated the fact that the school board meetings and the Wizengamot meetings were so close together. There wasn’t enough time for him to recover from the repeated exposure to such high level idiots.

When Albus came in, James could see that he was even angrier than he had been at the Wizengamot meeting. Molly and Ted stood to either side, both were glaring in his direction.

As they sat down and started the meeting, James was slightly relieved. The past few board meetings had passed relatively easily, and this one didn’t seem to be much different. James was actually surprised at just how many of the governors wanted to add extra classes to the curriculum. Albus seemed to have decided to sit back and wait.

James knew this subdued version of the headmaster wasn’t going to last. He was just playing possum. Once he gathered his strength back, he would start changing things back to the way he wanted.

During the last meeting they had managed to get some muggle subjects approved. Starting next year the students would be able to take English, the class focused on literature as well as the appropriate way to structure and format written work. They would also be able to choose different languages they wished to learn, this was made easier by spells that could allow a person to learn entire languages in a few months without difficulty. There was also going to be physical education, there was a direct connection between the fitness of the body with magical stamina. All of these classes would be available from first year on, but, like the comparative religion course, it was up to the students and their families if they wanted to take them.

This meeting, they discussed bringing back warding, spell crafting, and alchemy. In the end, they were all approved. Alchemy would be an option from third year on, but the students would be required to have a EE grade or higher in potions to get in. Spell crafting would be available starting fifth year, but they would need an EE in arithmancy and ancient runes and a basic understanding of Latin was suggested. Warding would also be available starting in fifth year, but the students would be required to pass a magical strength test to take part in the active casting portion of the class, attempting to cast a ward if you didn’t have the appropriate amount of power could be dangerous.

They also discussed the difficulties Albus was having hiring staff to cover all the new positions. Albus just said that many people didn’t want to work at the school because they had spouses and children that they didn’t want to have to leave for the entire school year. James just smiled and explained that there had been cabins built on the Hogwarts grounds for that exact reason.

The cabins were on the other side of the Black Lake and hidden under wards to keep the students from going in them. The goblins would be able to get them ready for habitation and each teacher that had families and children could stay there. They would just hook the floos up so that the teachers could floo directly into their offices at the school every day.

Albus started to plan different ways he could use the cabins to turn a profit until James brought out the guidelines to gain access. Only a staff member that had children would be able to live in any of the cabins.
The real drama started after the meeting was closed.

“Alice.” Molly’s shrill voice broke through James’s good mood. “You need to talk to Frank. He aligned your seats with the dark.”

“No, he didn’t, he aligned my seats with the neutral faction, he did so at my request.” Alice told her calmly. She and James both noticed that they were drawing a crowd looking for some good gossip.

“Why would you do something like that? I thought you were a light witch?” Molly was horrified that she might have allowed her precious Ronnie and Ginny to spend time with a child that had a dark parent.

“No, Molly. I’m a light witch, not dark. I chose to align with the neutral party because I have been finding the views of the light to be too extremist. I fought in the last war against extremism. I do not want to have to do that again.” Alice said in a bland voice.

“Surely you understand how dangerous dark magic is.”

“I understand how dangerous black magic is. But not all dark magic is black. As Sebastian pointed out in the last Wizengamot meeting, the top healing potions and spells are classified as blood magic, which is considered to be dark magic. Just look at what the light has done to Remus.”

“We haven’t done anything to Remus.”

“Yes, the light has. Remus risked his life everyday during the last war, like many others. He did everything he could to help our side, but he was abandoned as soon as the war ended. All those people that promised they would be there for each other turned their backs on him in a heart beat because they no longer needed him, and he was a dark creature. Many of those restrictions that came in that made it almost impossible for him to get a job in this country came in after the war ended. He fought for us, and our side turned their backs on him, what does that say about us if we so easily turn on our allies. He deserved better.” With that, Alice linked her arm with James’s and they left.

Albus sent Molly and Ted home rather than meet with them in his office, he didn’t think he would have the patients to not curse Molly if she started screaming about things again. He had just had enough, he was going to need to sit back and plan a new approach.

**Aguas Calientes, Peru - June 28, 1999**

It was once again the night of the full moon, and everyone was restless. If Severus had been right, then Moony was no longer infected with rabies, so his change should be much easier.

Remus was geared up and ready to go. It probably had something to do with the fact that it had been Litha the week before. Like they had done the last time, they celebrated in traditional fashion. Litha was focused more towards fire and life, as it was the longest day of the year. There was dancing and a large meal, everyone had sacrificed a few bites of their meal to the bonfire they had lit when it got dark.

Over the past month he had regularly shifted his forms, he liked how easy it was now. They had made sure that he was nowhere near any of the kids when he shifted, just in case, but everything had been fine and he had retained his mind. His instincts were more wolf like but that was to be expected.
When the sun went down and the moon came out, Remus shifted into Moony. It was seamless. There was no pain. Like last time, they spent the night running and playing.

When the sun came up, they went back to camp to tell the kids the good news. A quick message was sent off to Ragnock. There wouldn’t be much of a profit in the potion, but it might be beneficial in the long run.

The ministry forbid werewolves from having bank accounts, or, working for the most part. With this potion, they might be able to get rid of those laws, allowing the wolves to open accounts and earn money, which in turn would help the goblins. It was also better for everyone to cure the wolves and fix some of the laws.

Ragnock replied quickly. He was glad that they had managed to figure out what was wrong with the wolves. The wolves and the goblins had once had a long standing alliance, and this could benefit them. He informed them that they would conduct a large scale test of the potion by contacting the wolves they knew in Britain and offer them a chance to try it. Although the government wouldn’t allow the goblins to provide the wolves with a proper vault, they still did what they could to care for what little money the wolves could make, so they knew many of them. He expected that it would be easy.

**The Bubble - July 17, 1999**

Charlie Weasley dashed through the different sections of The Bubble. He had been working in Section 2 when their new arrivals showed up. He knew this wasn’t something Hagrid would want to miss. Hagrid was once again, visiting with Aragog and his family in Section 9.

Aragog, his wife, and kids had all settled in quite nicely. Hagrid had been pleased to see how much his old friend enjoyed his new home.

When Charlie came into the acromantula area, he made sure not to get within striking distance of any of the spiders. They might be nice to Hagrid, but they made sure to keep the other handlers on their toes.

“Ay, Charlie. Wa’s ta rush?” Hagrid was confused by the boys’ state. He was out of breath and his eyes were bright and shining.

“No time, Hagrid. You need to come.” Charlie couldn’t stop the smile from forming on his face. Hagrid was going to love this. “Some smugglers were caught. The creatures are being brought in, you’re gonna wanna be there.”

Seeing how excited Charlie was, Hagrid decided not to argue with him. They both ran back to Section 2. Hagrid’s strides caused the ground under them to shudder as they went.

When they arrived, Charlie put out a hand and they both stopped and took a moment before they took a deep breath before they entered the arrival bay. The entire place was in chaos. They could see a group of handlers trying to persuade a clearly stubborn sphinx. A small heard of mooncalves were trying to hide from all the noise and light as some other handlers tried to shepherd them to another section and away from the sphinx. Three large winged horses were stamping their feet and trying to take off.

Charlie saw who he was looking for. Nick, Charlie’s friend and primary boss, was off in a corner trying to protect a crate from everything going on. When Hagrid and Charlie got over to him he
explained that they needed to move the crate to one of the private rooms. The crate was too large for Nick or Charlie, but it was no trouble for Hagrid to pick it up. Hagrid was a little confused about how Nick was fussing about being gentle with the crate.

When they were in one of the private sections, Nick and Charlie started casting heating charms until the room was sweltering. Hagrid just continued to watch in confusion.

“Nick. What’s got you so worried?” Charlie asked in concern.

“Their damaged. It’s also time.” Nick told him and Charlie started to worry like Nick.

Once it was warm enough they went over to the crate and lifted off the lid. Inside were two, large, shiny eggs.

“Dragon eggs.” Hagrid almost squealed when he saw the eggs. “Wai’. Watch ya mean damaged?”

Nick reached into the crate and gently lifted one of the eggs out and placed it in the heated nest Charlie was making. Turning it he showed Hagrid the pattern of scars on the shell. “Antipodean opaleye eggs. The poachers weren’t caring for them properly. They both show signs of being cracked, and the heater they had them in wasn’t high enough. All the movement from getting them here has also caused them to start the process of hatching. If everything goes well, we’ll have two new baby dragons here. But… More than likely, we will lose at least one of them. They’ve already been through so much trauma.”

Tears filled Hagrid's eyes as he gently stroked the egg while Nick moved the other one to the nest.

The hours passed slowly as Charlie, Nick, and Hagrid watched the eggs slowly hatching. Charlie and Nick directed jets of hot air from their wands to simulate the mother dragons breath. Charlie had gotten a special dispensation from the ministry to use his wand outside of school for work, any student working in a job that could require magic could apply. As much as they wanted to help the little dragons out, they couldn’t. Forcing their way out of the shell was how the baby dragons strengthened their wings and legs. If they didn’t do it on their own their muscles would never properly develop.

Charlie had sent a message home, telling his parents that he was going to be staying at work over night. Arthur had come to check on him, since he hadn’t told them what was going on in the message. He just wanted to make sure that everything was ok, he also brought the three of them some dinner. Once he saw the sad look on Charlie and Hagrid’s face, he knew something bad was happening. When Charlie explained he was also sad for the poor baby dragons.

Eventually, 11 hours after they first entered the room, a small baby dragon tumbled out of it’s shell. It squeaked in indignation as it fell. Looking closely they could see the straight clean lines on the small horns on its head, clearly identifying the baby as a boy. The horns of the females were curled.

They moved quickly once the boy had hatched. He needed to be kept as warm as possible and fed. They already had a smoothie of oysters, mutton, and brandy. The baby dragon was placed in Hagrid’s arms, wrapped up in a heated blanket, and Hagrid bottle fed him. Normally the dragon would be able to eat on his own, but they didn’t want to take any chances.

While Hagrid was cooing at the baby dragon, Charlie and Nick watched as the second egg started to shake. A small squeak came from the egg as the cracks grew larger. The cracks on the top of the
egg linked up, forming a circle, which popped up as a little dragon looked out of the egg at them. They could see the curving designs on her horns.

The movements caused the egg to tip, but rather than falling out of the egg like her brother, she slowly pulled her too thin body out of the tiny hole she had made. Charlie quickly wrapped her up and started feeding her. She was far too tiny.

After both babies had been fed Charlie handed the little girl over to Hagrid. The two siblings curled up, resting their heads against Hagrid's chest, and went to sleep.

Nick sat back and watched the reactions of the baby dragons as Charlie and Hagrid talked. He had an idea.

“Hagrid? Would you be willing to take a sabbatical from Hogwarts for a few years?”

“What ya mean, Nick?” Hagrid didn’t really understand what Nick had just asked him, but was too embarrassed to ask him to explain the big word.

“What I mean is, would you be willing to come here and work with us? I know that you work as one of the grounds keepers at the school, but we could really use you here. We could even call your time here training for your job. It would allow you to gain your beast handlers license.”

“I never finished my school’in, so I can’t get my license. What could ya need me fer, ya got some o’ the best people workin’ here?” Hagrid would love to work at The Bubble, but he didn’t want to get his hopes up.

“You don’t need to have graduated from Hogwarts to work here. The ones that have the big fancy diplomas work in the office. If you talk to the staff, you’ll find that most didn’t even attend a proper school, most of us are self taught. And, to get your beast handlers license all you need to do is work in a place like this for three years. We could really use your help with those babies. You see the way they’re resting their heads on your chest.” Hagrid nodded at Nicks question. “In the wild, a baby opaleye will only go to sleep if it’s mother sings to it. The mothers singing is a deep rumble they make in there chest that soothes the baby. It would seem, that the way your voice rumbles in your chest is close enough to the sound their mother would have made that it helps them sleep.

They won’t be able to sleep properly for at least the first six months of their lives without hearing that. Those two are going to need round the clock attention for the next year if we want them to survive. Right now, I have Charlie to help me out, but he’s gonna have to go back to school for his final year in September. Don’t even try arguing with me Charlie, the last thing I need is your mother coming here to yell at me for corrupting her baby boy…Again.

It’s just too much work for me to do on my own, and the babies have already clearly bonded with you."

Hagrid thought about it as he rocked the dragons in his arms. He always had love dragons, and this was a chance to help save their lives, and raise two of them. He didn’t want anything bad to happen to them. But could he really leave the school and earn his beast license. He had been living at the school for so long, he didn’t know how to live in the outside world.

“You should do it Hagrid.” Charlie told him, Charlie knew Hagrid wasn’t properly appreciated at the school. “It’s only a few years, and you could classify it as job training. Getting your beast license would enable you to be able to deal with the creatures in the forest better. Plus, the babies need you.”
Hagrid held the babies a bit closer. He didn’t want to leave them. A few minutes later he made up his mind. He was staying at The Bubble. He would write to Headmaster Dumbledore and explain that he was taking one of those sabaty things from the school. Then, all he had to do was pack up his things.

Charlie and Nick spent the next hour explaining all about what Hagrid would be doing. The Bubble had small areas in each section devoted to housing some of the handlers. Given the fact that the newly hatched dragons would need constant attention they would just turn one of the creature areas into a place where he could live. He would also be welcome to bring his pets along, some might not be able to stay with the dragons, but the other handlers would make sure that they were well cared for.

**Gringotts - July 26, 1999**

Healer Vessra was sitting in her office when a young male wizard was led in. The man looked to be in his early 20’s, but his hair was already streaked through with grey.

“What do you want from me?” The wizard asked fearfully.

“I am Healer Vessra. We here at the bank would like for you to be a part of a large scale test that we are conducting on a new potion.”

“But I’m a werewolf.”

“That is exactly why you were selected. Now, from my file and the diagnostics that were cast on you on your way in. Your name is Mathew Pike, you were attacked and turned by Fenrir Greyback when you were 12, you are currently 23. Is that correct?”

“Yes.” Matt was scared. He knew his kind were often hunted, his own family had thrown him out after he was attacked.

“Good. The potion that you will be testing was developed by one of our curse breakers. It was discovered recently that the primary cause of the insanity werewolves experience under the full moon is the result of a disease known as rabies. The potion will cure this issue. In a previous test conducted, after the potion is consumed the pain of the shift, and the resulting insanity is removed. The subject was also able to shift at will.”

Matt just stared at the goblin healer. Was she really saying what he thought she was saying.

“We will require you to send us a letter detailing what happens during each shift for the next 5 years.”

The rest of the meeting finished up quickly. Of the 34 werewolves that Vessra had met with so far, every single one agreed. She had another 41 werewolves left on her list.

**Britain - July 28, 1999**

All over Britain werewolves took the potion pills that they had received from the goblin healers before locking themselves in for the night. The transformation was excruciating, as normal.

But a short while after they changed, each wolf crouched down as the potion was released from the
pills. When they stood back up they had their own minds again. The mindless bloodlust and pain was gone.

There were many barks and howls of joy.

When morning came, the shift back was easy and painless. A few even dared to try shifting back and forth on their own, it too was easy and painless. Reports were quickly sent off to the bank telling the goblin healer their experiences.

**Aguas Calientes, Peru - July 31, 1999**

Hadrian, Neville, and Draco were playing with the introductory potions kits they had each received from Severus for their birthdays. All three of them were having fun, but Neville seemed nervous.

Seeing Neville’s fear, Severus went over to him. “Neville, what happens if you mix fairy and pixy wings in the same potion?”

“They react negatively and often turn the potion poisonous, and if the potion is boiling when their mixed the potion will explode.” Neville told him, confused as to why he was being asked.

“Exactly. You have spent years studying the different ways potion ingredients react. So, why are you so scared to make a potion?” Severus smiled at the scared child.

“What if I mess up?” Neville was terrified that he was going to blow up his potion and everyone would think he was stupid.

“Neville, your going to mess up.” Severus told him softly. “It isn’t a question of if, but when. But do you know what? That’s fine. No one expects you to be perfect. You’re just starting, your going to make mistakes, its how you learn. And, guess what. I am the youngest person to earn their potions mastery in hundreds of years, I have brewed hundreds of thousands of potions over the years, and invented many new potions, but I still make mistakes. I still blow up one of my cauldrons at least every other month. So, if I can mess up, so can you, but like I said. It’s ok.”

James and everyone else smiled as they heard Sev talking to Neville. James loved his husband even more when he did things like that. Sev was still a snarky bastard most of the time, but he was always kind and gentle with the kids.

Neville smiled at Sev before running off to go and start trying to brew a few basic potions with the others. Everyone was a bit surprised that both Hadrian and Draco managed to explode their cauldrons before Neville. They weren’t dealing with anything dangerous so none of the parents were overly nervous.

A few hours later, after dinner and cake, Narcissa called everyones attention. Remus just smiled at her. Ever since he had been cured his senses were far better, he could smell the shift in hormones.

“I am happy to announce that, come January, we will be welcoming two new Malfoy’s” Narcissa smiled happily as everyone started congratulating her.

The first to quiet down was Remus and Alice. Remus just smirked at Alice as she looked back at him. Narcissa was looking around at her friends happily, with all the children gathered around her hugging her, when she noticed the little staring contest going on.
“Remus, Alice. What are you two fighting about?” Narcissa asked.

“Nothing.” Alice said at the same time Remus said, “Ask her.”

“Alice?” Narcissa asked, then she noticed the happy smile Frank shot his wife. Looking closer, she saw the happy little grin Alice had, and that, while her right hand was holding her tea, her left hand was gently laying on her stomach. She squealed in delight.

Alice huffed a sigh, there was no way she was going to be able to hide it and give Narcissa her moment. “As someone can’t seem to keep his nose to himself,” She glared at Remus, “Frank and I have an announcement as well. Come the beginning of February, we will be welcoming a new Longbottom.”

Everyone started to congratulate her, with Sirius and James telling them all about the joy of having a pregnancy buddy. Neville was so excited. He had asked his parents about maybe getting a little brother or sister a few times since last year, and now he was getting one.

The only downside was that it wasn’t safe to travel by portkey in the last trimester. Soon enough Narcissa and Alice wouldn’t be able to come and visit them. Hadrian was sad about this, but when they did get to come again they would have new babies to bring with them.

Aguas Calientes, Peru - August 3, 1999

Bill was sitting at the dining room table looking at a message orb and shrunken trunk. Sev, James, Remus, and Sirius were sitting with him. The orb and trunk were addressed to Fred and George, from George. Bill was worried that whatever was on there would be too much for the 11 year olds.

After debating back and forth for days, and changing his mind multiple times, Bill made a choice. He was going to send it.

He didn’t want Molly to find out, he knew that if he just sent it to the house the twins wouldn’t get it until after Molly had gone through everything. To avoid that, he decided to send it to his father. He would disguise it as a little package of presents so he went into town and bought a few generic souvenirs that wouldn’t indicate where he was.

The Burrow - August 10, 1999

When Arthur came home from work he was carrying a small package that the bank had forwarded to him. He missed his eldest son, but he was also glad that he was happy. He had stopped off at The Bubble on his way home to drop off Charlies present. Charlie had been spending most days and nights at The Bubble helping Hagrid deal with the hyper baby dragons. Bill had sent him a braided leather cuff with runes to protect the wearer against flames carved on it.

Both of the baby dragons were still going strong, but they would never be able to be regular dragons. The little boy, named Mercury, had a damaged wing that had never formed properly. Most likely due to his egg being dropped on its side. The little girl, Silver, had most of the vertebra in her tail fused. As dragons used their tails like a rudder, she wouldn’t be able to properly direct herself if she managed to get into the air.

Walking into the kitchen he saw for once, the rest of the family was there. Molly was making dinner. The twins were sitting and reading a book together, it was clear from the look on their faces
they were being watched because they had gotten into trouble. Ron was eating a snack. While Ginny, was sitting colouring in one of her books while shooting smug looks at her brothers, Arthur knew those looks meant that she had been the one to tattle on her brothers.

After they had all eaten dinner, Arthur pulled out the package. “Bill sent us a gift package today.” He told the family.

Fred and George were interested, Molly just huffed, she still wasn’t over his leaving, and Ginny and Ron got excited for presents.

Ron and Ginny were the first to rip open their presents. They were both imagining all the different treasures that Bill might have sent them, but what they got wasn’t anything extravagant. Like Charlie, they both received braided leather cuffs, but theirs were watches and there were instructions on how to set alarms for morning. Arthur thought they were excellent gifts, but Ron and Ginny just whined about it.

Molly received spices that Bill had thought she might like to try. Arthur had gotten a book that explained how cell phones worked, he found it extremely interesting. Percy received a book on world history.

Fred and George looked into the box that held their present. They both noticed instantly that the inside of the box had been expanded. There were two books about occlumency, with a note on top by Bill suggesting that they learn it, sitting off to one side. On the other side was another box. ‘Don’t show this to anyone else. - Bill’ Was written on the other box. Pulling out the books they showed their family before asking to be excused.

Once in their room they pulled out the other box. As soon as it was out of the first box it expanded to double its original size. Opening that box, they found an orb and a shrunken trunk. There was a note attached to the orb that told them how to unshrink the trunk, by tapping a finger on the jewel on the top, and that they needed to go into the first compartment to listen to the orb, the note was signed by George. The twins looked at each other, they both knew that that was George’s handwriting, but he hadn’t written this.

Doing as the note said, they unshrunk the trunk and went into the first compartment. The compartment was a small, cozy little sitting room with two purple chairs and a blue couch. Sitting on the coffee table, between the couch and chairs was another note that explained how to activate the orb. They activated the orb and sat down.

They watched as an older version of George came into view. There were lines on his face, one of his ears was missing, but the most startling thing was the dull look in his eyes.

“So, this is probably pretty confusing for you two. Seeing me, you, us, however you want to say it. I don’t even know if this will work. But, it was worth a try.

If everything went according to plan than this message should be reaching you just before you start your third year, but again, we aren’t sure if this is going to work so it might show up sooner or later than that point, or not at all.

I sent this to make sure you didn’t make my mistakes. First things first, George, give Freddy a hug for me.

Just after our 17th birthday Voldemort returned and restarted the war. Naturally we fought with
style, and pranks. At the final battle, where Hadrian Potter defeated him again… We lost you Freddy. I have never felt as lost as I did that day. My other half was just gone…

But we kept going, we had too. Within the next few years, things didn’t get any better. In retaliation for what Voldemort did, many sought revenge on anything or anyone they classified as dark.

Bill had been scratched by a werewolf a few years before and his wife was 1/4 veela. They were hunted down. Dad died trying to help them, but they died anyway. The only member of their little family that survived was Bill’s baby daughter. She was brought to Charlie and I by Hadrian and we had to flee the country to save her, and ourselves. But Hadrian stayed behind to keep fighting.

There was nothing we could do but watch as our world tore itself apart. Until Hadrian came to us with this idea. A chance to warn ourselves, and change the future.

Now, one thing you need to know, because it is a danger that you are probably currently around. Molly isn’t our mother. Dad didn’t marry Molly Prewett, he married her twin brothers, Fabian and Gideon. They are our fathers. Molly drugged dad with a love potion and she and Dumbledore did some old ritual that made people think that dad had married her and not our fathers, you can’t tell dad this, the ritual will kill him if he finds out about it before it is countered. She then went on to have Ron and Ginny.

You can not trust Molly, Ron, or Ginny. They work for Dumbledore. It was them that gave up the location of Bill’s home. They are the reason I lost another brother, sister-in-law, and my father. And we don’t know what happened to Percy, but whatever it is, we don’t think it’s anything good.

Depending on when this reached you, our other fathers should still be alive. While they were reported dead after the attack on Bones Manor, they were actually kidnapped. We have been trying to gather information over the past few years, but we haven’t managed to figure out where they were taken. What we do know is that they didn’t die until February 2007. I am not telling you this so that you drop out of school to go and save them, Bill should already be working on that.

You need to stay in school. The reason I say this is because there is someone else who is going to need you. Our soulmate. As magical twins we have the same soulmate, and the first time we saw him was getting onto the train in our third year, it was his first. Our soulmate is none other than Hadrian Potter himself.

The first time we saw him, we knew and were so excited. We waited for years for him to notice it too, but he never did. I learned only a few years ago that Hadrian had had his soul bond with us blocked and had been doused with hundreds of love potions, most of them focused on Ginny. By the time Hadrian finally escaped their control you were already gone Freddy, and the damage had been done, Hadrian was left with a complete inability to feel anything at all, so it’s just been me these last few years.

When you see him, if he doesn’t react in some way, you are going to need to try and get him to the bank to get a purge done. If you don’t already have it, there is a map, called the Marauders Map. When you use the password ‘I solemnly swear I am up to no good”, it will show you all of Hogwarts, where everyone is, and all the secret passages. It will help you. To clear it just say, ‘mischief managed’. It is in the old filing cabinet in Filch’s office.

The reason you need to stay in school and help him is that there are many there that will do anything to control him. This includes Dumbledore, McGonagall, Ron, Ginny, and a muggleborn girl, Hermione Granger. They used all kinds of potions and spells on him to force him into dangerous situations, including facing a fully grown mountain troll, a teacher possessed by Lord
Voldemort, and a 60ft. basilisk, and that was only in the first 2 years.

If you are entering your third year than you will be able to request a resort. We were originally sorted into Gryffindor, but we can’t stay there. As much as I loved our time there it’s just too dangerous. Most of those loyal to the headmaster are there. I have spoken to Hadrian, and he said he would most likely ask the hat for Ravenclaw, but I think we would do best in Hufflepuff. The thing is, you can always trust a Hufflepuff to have your back, and let’s be honest, no one ever suspects the puffs, because they don’t see them as a threat. I originally thought of Slytherin, but they are just to uptight. Slytherin’s are very prim and proper, which we are so not.

I think that’s everything I needed to say. Oh, just so you know. I never told Hadrian that he was our soulmate, so he will have no idea when he meets you. Have some fun with that for me, will ya.

Oh, and after we dropped out of school when we were 17 we opened up the best joke shop around, Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes. I know I told you not to drop out this time, but that doesn’t mean you can’t restart our mail order business while you’re in school. The students were our best customers anyway. But, you might want to come up with some cool nickname alias’s so none of the teachers know it’s you.

All of our research and notes on our products are in the other compartments of this trunk. So keep this trunk safe. This was originally our workshop that we used at home after Molly came into our room one day and caught us working and destroyed all the stuff we had been working on. It’s layered in notice-me-not charms and warded so that only the two of us, and Hadrian, can enter.

Have fun, cause more than a little mischief and mayhem, and enjoy every moment of it.

This is Gred, signing off.”

Fred and George just stared at the spot where the image of George had just been. George had a death grip on Fred’s hand, and had since he had heard he had died. George couldn’t even begin to comprehend the idea that his twin had died.

“She… She’s not our mother.” Fred stammered out, unconsciously mimicking what Bill had said months earlier.

“She’s using a love potion on dad.”

“Our other fathers are alive.”

“We have a soul mate.”

“60 ft. basilisk.”

“V…V…Voldemort possessed teacher.”

Fred and George when back and forth repeating what they had just learned. they looked at each other in shock. This was going to take some thinking.

The rest of the night was spent in the trunk going over everything they learned from the message. By morning they had decided their path.

They would start school next month and try to get themselves sorted into Hufflepuff. They would use the joke stuff to earn a bit of money, but try and make sure not to draw to much attention to
themselves. They would use the nicknames Mischief for Fred, and Mayhem for George. The note from Bill that came along with the occlumency book told them that they would receive some basic protection because they were magical twins, but it would be safer for everyone if they learned it properly. They were also going to warn their father about the love potions, he deserved to know.

The next morning they cornered their father in his little home office before he left for work to warn him about the potions. He told them that he already knew, and that they didn’t need to worry about it, the goblins had helped him to ensure his protection from any future attempts to drug him.

Hogwarts - September 1, 1999

Fred and George had spent the rest of the summer going over all the different pranks and products that they had invented in their past life. By the time they got on the Hogwarts Express for the first time, they were ready. They wouldn’t be able to make any of the more advanced stuff yet, but they had plenty of the little things, like pellets that would change a persons skin tone.

The train ride had been spent talking with their best friend Lee Jordan. The twins told him about their desire to be in Hufflepuff. Lee was initially shocked that they were going to try and avoid the lion house, but he understood that the twins were different.

Arriving at the castle after a boat ride, the boats were being led by one of the grounds keepers, the twins knew that Hagrid usually brought the first years, but he was still at the nature preserve with the dragons, they were all led up to one of the side rooms where Minerva McGonagall was waiting. She gave a quick introductory speech about the school and the houses. Because the twins were paying close attention, they noticed her voice went flat when she said the name of Slytherin House.

The sorting hat sang its song and then the sorting began. The twins cheered loudly when Lee was called up and sorted into Ravenclaw. The boy may be an excellent prankster, but the reason he was so inventive was because he was always reading and getting new ideas.

When the time came, Fred was called up first. Sitting down on the stool, a hat was dropped over his eyes, and he heard a new voice in his head, other than his and his brothers.

‘Well, well, well. Magical twins. I must say, it is a bit crowded in here. But, let’s get down to business. Ah, I see a message from the future has given you a warning. That will serve you well. But ah, I see you desire the house of the loyal badgers. Yes, I do agree. You will do great things both for, and in, that house. HUFFLEPUFF!’

The last word was shouted to the hall. Percy and Charlie cheered happily along with the rest of the hall for their little brother. Both were a little surprised that the twins weren’t going to be in Gryffindor, but they thought they would be more than happy in Hufflepuff. They both knew that George would soon be following his twin when George was called up.

‘Well, this mind is also crowded, and seems rather familiar,’ The hat snarked once it was on George’s head. ’Now, yes, there is no doubt where you belong. HUFFLEPUFF!’

Once again everyone clapped as George joined Fred. They were sitting next to Cedric Diggory. They had known each other since they were children because Cedric’s family lived just over the hill from The Burrow. As soon as Fred had been sorted into his house, Cedric had made room on the bench next to himself and waved the bouncing red head over.
Minerva watched as first one, than the other, Weasley twin went to Hufflepuff. Part of her was annoyed that they weren’t in her house, but she was also happy. The twins were trouble makers and now she wouldn’t have to deal with all the trouble they were going to cause.

Albus was once again furious. This was shaping up to be his worse year yet. He couldn’t believe that the twins were being so difficult and refusing to do what he wanted. He needed the Weasley’s to be known as light and Gryffindor, now they had one Ravenclaw and two Hufflepuff’s.

He knew that Molly had spent the entire summer leading up to today telling the twins that they needed to honour their family and make sure they were Gryffindor’s. He had been the one to instruct her to do so after all. But, no, they wouldn’t listen.

There was also his loss of Hagrid. He had loved having Hagrid at the school, it helped him to maintain his image of a kind old man, there was also the fact that he had ensured that Hagrid practically worshiped him.

Like Severus, Hagrid had been doing the job of multiple people, so now he was going to have to hire more people. Hagrid had trusted him so completely that Albus had been able to funnel off over 3/4 of Hagrid’s wages, so he was going to lose even more money. He had had to hire 5 people just to do the work that Hagrid had done on his own.

**The Burrow - September 2, 1999**

Like he did every year, Arthur Weasley was sitting at the table waiting for the first letters home from his sons at Hogwarts. He couldn’t wait to hear which house the twins had been sorted into. The twins had always been difficult to categorize, they could fit in any house. In his opinion they were as bold as lions, as clever as a raven, as ambitious as snakes, and as hard working as badgers.

Arthur took the letter from the twins black eagle owl, Loki, when he flew in the open window, making sure to give the bird some bacon. Loki had a bit of a temper if he felt he wasn’t being properly appreciated. The twins had saved all the money they got as an allowance to buy the owl for themselves.

Like he had with Percy’s sorting, Arthur found himself overjoyed with where the twins were sorted. Minerva had been fine with Bill and Charlie, but she was just to strict for the twins, Pamona was much better suited for dealing with them.

“Well, did they get into Gryffindor or not?” Molly demanded.

“They were sorted into Hufflepuff.”

“What?” Molly was furious. “What is going on with those boys. First Percy dishonours the family, now the twins.”

“The only one that is dishonouring this family, is you Molly. There is absolutely nothing wrong with being sorted in to any other house. I have had enough of you trying to force our children into being someone they are not, and you will stop teaching Ron and Ginny that.”

“Arthur, how dare you speak to me like that?” Molly practically screamed at him. That was it, she knew she was going to have to start feeding him stronger potions. He shouldn’t be able to talk to her like this.

“I dare because your narrow minded views are harming our children, and I am done allowing it.
And don’t even think of trying to feed me more love and submission potions.”

“W…What? What potions.” Molly’s voice, for what might have been the first time in years, was low and subdued.

“Yes, I know about all those potions you have been trying to feed me. My financial advisor required me to get tested before he would sign off on our first budget years ago. That was how I found out about that. I arranged to have monthly checks for the last few years and have been taking nullifying potions ever since. I have spent these last few years trying to find the woman I married in this harpy you have become, but do you know what, I don’t think she ever existed outside my potion laced mind.

As of this moment this marriage is in name only. We will stay together for the sake of the children. Once Ginny is of age we are done. Until then we will be civil to one another.”

“I could just take the kids and leave you. I won’t be treated like this.”

“No, Molly. You won’t. I own this house and I am the one that earns the money. If you leave, you leave the house and the kids. When we file for divorce I will request full and sole custody. And given your lack of job skill’s, lack of your own home, your drugging me with potions, and your history of emotionally abusing the kids, there is no doubt in my mind that it will be granted, especially if the divorce judge we go to was in any house other than Gryffindor.”

“Fine. We will be civil.” Molly knew she had no choice but to back down. There really wasn’t anything she could do.

If Arthur tried to file for divorce, he would learn that they weren’t married. Because she had used love potions on him she could actually go to Azkaban. If he filed for sole custody he would probably get it. She could try saying that she should be able to keep Ron and Ginny because they weren’t Arthur’s kids but that probably wouldn’t work. They had used a full blood adoption potion on the kids to make them Weasley’s, which meant that, though he wasn’t their birth father, he was still one of their biological parents. Lying about there parentage like she had could allow them to claim that she was an unfit mother, which would go against her. Not to mention what it would do to Albus’s reputation. No, there really was nothing she could do, she would just have to live with Arthur until Ginny was 17, it was only 9 more years.

“And another thing.” Arthur’s voice interrupted Molly’s train of thought. “You are going to get your spending habits under control.”

“There is nothing wrong with my spending.”

“Molly, you spent over 500 galleons last month on clothes, jewellery, and candy for Ron and Ginny. There is no reason for that. That money was meant to be spent on food, not wasted.”

“It wasn’t wasted. Ron and Ginny needed them. What is wrong with giving them presents from time to time to show we love them. Besides they need clothes.”

“There is nothing wrong with presents from time to time, but really Molly. A treat every now and then, not hundreds of galleons every month. They get an allowance every month. If they want extra candy and trinkets, they can buy it for themselves, which they do. They both instantly spend their allowance on candy, and then whine that they want something else after the money is gone, and you always buy it for them. That needs to end.

And, yes, they need clothes, but not that much. Ron is almost never out of his pyjamas, when he
does wear anything else, its one of three outfits he likes. The rest just sits in his closet. And Ginny. There are three space expansion charms on that girls closet and it still doesn’t fit everything. Last year you bought her a hand made formal party dress. There was no need for it, we don’t go to fancy parties. The only time she wore that dress was when she was playing dress up, and she outgrew it within a few months because you didn’t have expansion charms put on it because you two said that it made the fabric wrinkle. If she wants to play dress up there is a perfectly good second hand store on River Run where she could get a dozen dresses for half the price you paid for that one. She is 8 years old, she doesn’t need fancy jewellery either.

If you are going to keep wasting money on frivolous things then you are going to have to get a job so you can pay for them. As of today, I will be going to my financial advisor and setting out a solid budget for you, and arranging for a regulated account with the goblins. It will give you how much you can spend on food and clothes. If you attempt to buy beyond that amount the card will be denied. If I see anything else in this house I will address it then. If the kids want treats, they will be limited to one special treat, worth less than 2 galleons, per week. If they want extras they can use their allowance to pay for it. They get 5 galleons per month, that is more than enough. No more buying dozens of chocolate frogs at a time. There is no need for it.”

“Fine.” Molly snarled.

After that, Arthur left and went to work. Molly just glared at the floo. How dare he say she couldn’t get her babies everything they needed and wanted. Now what was she to do. If she used the accounts that Albus set up for her and the kids, Arthur would think she was ‘wasting’ money again. If he had his financial manager look into it, he would find out about those vaults, and then he would know.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 1, 1999**

Dumbledore was sitting in a near state of blind fury. The meeting had just ended and he was watching as the school’s governors were talking before they left. While this meeting hadn’t been as bad as previous meetings had been, it still hadn’t been good.

A largely pregnant Alice had suggested that they have more board meetings. Albus had slowly been trying to change some of the classes that had recently been brought in. He had been subtly forcing the comparative religion professor to start telling the students that muggle religions were better. He had the law professor limit what laws the students would spend time learning, and casually suggesting which laws were good and which ones were bad. He had also been trying to get the magical theory professor to start telling the students that anything dark was evil and would corrupt them. Compulsion and loyalty potions were wonderful things if used correctly.

What he hadn’t counted on was the students not liking it. When some of the older students started to feel that the classes were bias, they had written the school governors and complained. Just this meeting they had had over 60 complaints just from the last few months to address. Alice said that if they met for an hour or so every month they wouldn’t have such a large backlog.

The suggestion had been approved quickly, and now he was going to have to deal with even more meddling in his school. The governors were also demanding that they get more in-depth information on what each class was going to teach, as they clearly couldn’t trust the teachers to always be neutral.

This was just another issue. During the last Wizengamot meeting the laws governing vampires were brought up. Many had tried to say that vampires were dangerous and attacked people.
Sebastian had just looked at them and asked ‘what would you do if someone made laws that prohibited you from marrying, having children, and even eating’. Many had tried equivocating, but he just kept bringing it back to that point.

When one of Albus’s supporters had referred to the vampires as rabid beasts, Sebastian had given him a bland look before pointing out that the Vampire Council, based in Budapest, had been established over a hundred years before the ministry had, if that made vampires beasts, what did it say about wizards. It had been decided that the wizengamot would be going over the rules restricting the rights of vampires over the next few months, but while that was happening, a blood bank would be established in a neutral location to allow the vampires to get food.

Albus wanted the vampires wiped out, not given food that would make them stronger. Then there were the changes with the werewolves. A reporter named Tamsan Dove had recently written a piece on a potion that had been created by Severus. It went into how the wolves had actually been infected by a disease that cause violent madness, and that that was why they were so dangerous. She told everyone about how the ‘amazing and compassionate’ potions master had studied the issue and had come up with a way to cure the disease, and that the werewolf population had embraced it. Government funded studies had already been started in America and France. If Albus wasn’t careful the werewolves in Britain, like the vampires, might have their rights returned. And that just couldn’t be allowed.

He had also had to deal with Molly and her latest issue. She had been furious about what Arthur had done, and Albus had actually felt a moment of fear. He couldn’t have anyone knowing what he had done, or that Ron and Ginny were his kids. It would destroy the reputation he had spent decades building. He had had to force Molly to take a magically binding vow that she wouldn’t tell anyone about him being Ron and Ginny’s father. He knew how her temper was, all it would take was one bad fight and she could destroy everything.

Junior Technologies - December 14, 1999

Arthur was walking around the shop, trying to find a little inspiration for a new project when he heard the bell above the door chime. Looking up, he was surprised to see Lucius Malfoy walk in, his son at his side, and his daughter in his arms. Arthur would admit that he was surprised, he didn’t think a Malfoy would set foot in a shop like this.

“Lord Malfoy, what can we do for you today?” Arthur decided that he would be polite.

“Oh, Arthur. Please, call me Lucius. I was looking for a set of baby mood bracelets.” Lucius wasn’t about to give Arthur a hard time. He knew from everything Bill had said that most of the man’s worst personality issues and bigotry were a result of the potions Molly had been feeding him.

The baby mood bracelets had only been invented in the Australian branch the year before. They were based on the muggle mood rings. Except rather than using body heat to tell an emotion it was tied to the child’s magic. It would show if the child needed anything like, food, diaper change, or sleep. Lucius thought Narcissa and Alice would love them.

“Sure, we’ve got those. Their just right over here.” Arthur directed him to the aisle. “I hear congratulations are in order. When is the new baby expected.”

“Next month.” Draco announced happily.

Lucius smiled down at his happy son before looking back at Arthur. “We’re expecting twins three
weeks from now. As you can tell none of us can wait to meet them.”

“Pict’re, pict’re.” Lyra announced from his arms. She loved seeing the pictures of the twins.

“What is the machine called again? We’ve been trying to figure out what to work with next, and I think people would love something like this.” Arthur thought magical hospitals all over the world would love to be able to show expecting parents a picture of their unborn child as it grows.

“Heavenly.”

“Three?” Arthur was a little confused by that.

“Yes, shortly after the Longbottom’s got better, Narcissa, who took over the Lestrange family, went over to apologize. She and Alice hit it off and have become friends. They currently call each
other pregnancy buddies because Alice is due a few weeks after Narcissa. There is no way I can get Narcissa the bracelets without getting one for Alice. Narcissa would have my head for forgetting her friend, and I really don’t want to upset a pregnant witch, I value my life too much.”

Arthur could only laugh as he helped Lucius get the bracelets and showed him up to the till. He couldn’t blame the man for that at all. Only a fool angered a pregnant witch.
St. Mary’s Hospital - January 7, 2000

Lucius was once again standing in a muggle hospital. Looking to his wife, he once again thought she was the most beautiful thing to ever exist. She held a sleeping twin in each arm.

Athena Diana Malfoy had been born first. She was quickly followed by Ares Apollo Malfoy.

Two perfectly healthy babies. He couldn’t wait to go to camp, where Lyra and Draco had gone during the labour. Draco, and Hadrian had both been hoping they would get at least one boy. The little boys had said they needed a boy to at least balance things out, they were being overwhelmed by girls. It also probably came from the fact, that as much as the boys loved their little sisters, they were also terrified of them.

Going into the room, Lucius gently took the babies from his wife so that she could get some well deserved rest. Lyra had had the silver blond hair of the Malfoy family since the day she was born, but the twins looked like they were going to get their colouring from Narcissa’s side of the family.

Lucius chuckled lightly at his own joke. He had already had to memory charm a few people as the twins had clearly inherited the Black’s metamorphmagus gene.

Dr. Greta North looked into the hospital room a few minutes later. She loved her job. Helping families have the child they had always dreamed of always made her feel great. But this was one part that made her happiest. She could see the love the twins would grow up with as she glanced in the room to see their father staring down at them like they were the most precious things in his world. She remembered that he had been the same way with his daughter Lyra.

During some of Narcissa’s appointments they had brought the two older children with them. Greta had been happy to see how they were doing. She could tell that the Malfoy’s were clearly a very good family. Their son had been well behaved and polite, and Lyra had been every bit as troublesome as a two year old should be. But even when Lyra was causing trouble, they had never snapped at her, Lucius or Narcissa would always correct the behaviour in a calm manner making sure the little girl understood what she had done wrong. No child learned properly from parents that did nothing but snap and yell at them without explaining what they had done wrong.

Going into the room, she had Lucius help her do a few quick checks to make sure everything was good with the twins before she continued on her rounds. She told them that she wanted to keep the twins in for the night, but after another check in the morning, if everything was still ok, they would be able to go home.

St. Mungo’s Hospital - January 17, 2000

It was only a little over a week after the birth of the Malfoy twins that Alice went into labour unexpectedly. They had used their portkey to send Neville over to Peru, Frank and Alice were worried that Neville was still to fragile to be around for the labour, they didn’t want to scare him with Alice’s yelling. It had taken a while, and more than a few threats to Franks manhood, but 11 hours after they first went into the hospital the new Longbottom arrived.

Alexander Severus Longbottom.
He had gotten his first name from Alice’s own father, and they had decided to name him after Severus, because without Severus’s potion they would still be in the Janus Thickey unit, and Neville would still be with his abusers.

Alice and Frank couldn’t wait to introduce Neville to his baby brother.

Aguas Calientes, Peru

It had been just after midnight when Neville had arrived in the dining room of the tent. He had been so tired that he had stumbled directly into Hadrian’s room and crawled into bed with him.

Hadrian was used to having sleepovers with his friends, so when Neville climbed in to his bed he just opened one eye and looked at his friend.

“Mum’s in l’bor.” Neville slurred as he grabbed one of the pillows.

“Gratul’ions.” Hadrian slurred back as he moved over a bit to make some room and pulled some of the blankets over so Neville could use them.

Hours later, James was going in to get Hadrian up for breakfast when he looked back at the other adults at the table. “When did Neville get here?”

There were a bunch of confused voices asking, “What?”

Once they got the two kids up, Neville explained his parents had sent him over because his mum was in labour. But it had still been dark out, both in Britain and at the camp, so he had just gone back to bed.

Sirius had just laughed and said he did the right thing. Sleep was important.

The day was spent having fun. The adults had just made it into the final section of the tomb they had been working on, Sirius said that was where all the good stuff was. The boys got to see all sorts of different things that were being removed, though they were forbidden from touching anything that hadn’t been checked first.

When they weren’t watching the adults work, they were doing their own lessons. Hadrian wasn’t really good at herbology, he could get by but he didn’t have any real joy in the subject, but Neville made it fun. The subject Neville always had the hardest time with was potions, but between Severus and Hadrian he had fun.

Everyone was about half way through their dinner when Lucius portkeyed into the tent. Spotting Neville he smiled.

“Do you want to come and meet your new baby brother Neville?”

Everyone cheered that Alice had had a boy. Especially Hadrian and Neville. Neville had been slightly worried about getting a sister, he saw how Lyra, Cassiopeia, Ariadne, and Kali were. He, like everyone, loved the girls, but sometimes he heard their fathers muttering that they were pretty sure the girls might be part demon based on their behaviour, and Neville had to agree. As sweet and cute as they were, they were slightly evil. But he didn’t need to worry about that now, he had a brother, and boys had to be easier to deal with than girls, right?
Aguas Calientes, Peru - February 5, 2000

Hadrian was practically bouncing in his seat while he ate breakfast. Today was the day the Malfoy’s and the Longbottom’s would be bringing the new babies for their first visit. He couldn’t wait to meet the new babies. He loved it when his family grew.

This was also one of the last days they were going to be in Peru. The tomb they had been working on was almost done. The most dangerous and valuable objects had been checked, decursed, and sent on to the bank, another team had come in last week, they would be in charge of finishing up. The only thing that they would be taking with them when they moved on was a few scrolls. The scrolls had been written in parsletounge. Hadrian was enjoying translating them for the adults.

They were planning to move on to the island of Santorini in Greece. While most people thought of the pure white buildings that had been place high up on the islands cliffs, the real treasures were down below. Just below the surface of the water there were a warren of tunnels that led deep within the roots of the island. This was where many ancient magic users had practiced their craft.

Hadrian was excited to move on. Although he had loved their time in Peru, they had been relatively cut off. Their camp had been high up on one of the mountains, and there was only a small town close by. Hadrian now had two best friends, but he wanted to try making friends again. He still wrote letters back and forth with a few of the kids he had met in Turkey, but it wasn’t the same as being able to go and play with other kids, and Neville and Draco were only there once or twice a week to play with. They were going to be moving their tent into one of the more populated areas on the island so there would be others around.

His dads had already told him that the curse breakers there rented a house and put their tents up inside so none of the muggles would notice. The house they would be putting their tent in had five other teams living in it, and there were 7 kids amongst those families.

When the others arrived, Hadrian was the first on his feet. He rushed over and let his friends introduce their new siblings. Neville sounded so excited as he introduced Hadrian to his new little brother. Like Neville, Draco was thrilled when it was his turn to introduce his new younger sister and brother.

The adults all chuckled as the kids chattered on and on about all the things they had done since they had last seen each other, even though they had only been apart for less than a week. They were each happily taking turns telling the others about how they had celebrated Imbolc. Their parents all wished there were more holidays that could get their children to willingly clean their rooms and tidy up.

Granger House - February 19, 2000

Hermione Granger sat on the couch between her parents with a smug smile on her face. Sitting across from her was a stern older woman that had introduced herself as Professor Minerva McGonagall. She had told them about how Hermione was a witch, and that she would accomplish great things.

This was perfect. Hermione had always known that she was special. She was the smartest student in her school, and she made sure everyone knew it. For the past few years she had known she could do strange things when she got upset, but it hadn't even crossed her mind that she might be a
witch. Her parents had always just told her that it was a gift from god.

Jean and Howard Granger, like their daughter, were pleased. They had known that their Hermione was better than all the other children in the neighbourhood. She had been their gift from god, their precious angel. Many of the students she went to school with were mean to her, but they always told her it was because they were jealous of how amazing she was. The normal people that lived in their neighbourhood just didn’t understand how much better their family was. Even some of the other families at their church were clearly jealous of how perfect their family was.

Minerva was like the cat that got the cream. This girl was perfect. She was intelligent, religious, and had a complete trust in authority figures. Minerva actually thought this girl reminded her of herself at that age. If this girl was groomed and directed properly she would be of great benefit to their side.

When she had first come to this house, she hadn’t expected much. One of their people in the department of underage magic had suggested that they check it out due to a large amount of underage magic. When she had stepped into the house she saw all the religious symbols around and she had immediately known just how to act. She made sure to make the sign of the cross when she saw the crucifix on the wall. When the Grangers first questioned it, she explained that her father had been a minister, after that both parents and daughter had warmed up to her considerably.

They had had a long discussion about the magical world and how Hermione could help make it better. She made sure to tell the family about how they were having difficulties trying to remove the evil darkness from their world. The Granger parents had instantly started talking about how their daughter would of course help them to cleanse their world.

Then Minerva had spoken to the girl. The girl was well spoken and intelligent. She was perfect. She told Hermione the story about a man that had led the dark attacking a light family and attempting to kill their child and how the child had survived. She then went on to explain that she thought Hermione would be perfect to ensure that the boy would stay on the path of the light.

Hermione had readily agreed to help. Especially when Minerva said that not only would they be willing to pay her, they would also give her books and a wand so that she could start getting ready a year early. After all, they would need her to make sure that the boy hero learned the right lessons at the right times. Minerva was also sure to mention, that with the boys fame, if she was smart she could easily use that as a catapult to get herself high up in their ministry after graduation so she could start fixing problems within their laws.

When Minerva shut the door as she left, both she and Hermione Granger were both wearing the same smiles. Minerva, because she had found the perfect person to serve as the muggleborn friend to Harry Potter, they did after all need him to be seen as being friends with a muggleborn, but she also had a strong enough personality that she would be able to control both him and the Weasley boy that was meant to serve as his light pure blood friend. Hermione was happy because she now had proof that she was the best, she was going to use the Potter boy to show everyone just how perfect she was. She could see it now, herself as the minister of magic, doing away with all the evil witches and wizards and merging the magical world with the normal world once more, she would be the most famous witch ever known. No one would ever call her names or tease her again. She would be able to show all the stupid people that went to her school just how much better than them she was.

Hogwarts
Arriving back at Hogwarts Minerva went directly to see Albus and tell him all about Hermione Granger. She explained all about how easy the girl would be to control.

Albus was thrilled as Minerva told him about the girl, she was everything that they had needed all rolled up into one person. While Minerva might not be the best at creating her own plans, one thing she had always excelled at, was finding the perfect soldiers and keeping them in line.

He started to plan. He would use this girl to show everyone just how smart and powerful the muggleborns could be, she would serve as a way to convince the public that the dark was dangerous and they should turn away from the old pure blood traditions towards the muggle ones. If he could get her to marry Ron, then he could use her to gain even more control.

The Potter brat would die in the final battle, only after marrying and having a child with Ginny, of course. That would leave Ginny with all the money and love of the public, they would do anything she told them. Ron would be the head of the DMLE, he would be able to systematically use his forces to wipe out any dark supporters. And Hermione Granger, wife of Ronald Weasley, would serve as the first muggleborn minister of magic. With him still running the school that would give them complete control.

**Gringotts**

Walking into Gringotts Albus only managed to withhold his sneer of contempt because he was in public and other witches and wizards might see. He needed to maintain his facade of kind old grandfather.

He made sure to thank the people that got out of his way so that he could speak to one of the creatures immediately. Going up, he told it that he needed to speak to his account manager, he never bothered to learn the creatures name.

After a short walk through one of the halls, he was shown into a large office and went and sat down. He didn’t wait for the creature to greet him before he made his demands.

“You will be opening an account in the name of Hermione Granger. Here is everything you will need to start the account.” He handed over a sheet of parchment Minerva had gotten from the Granger family with all the girls information. “You will be transferring 20 galleons per month into that account.”

“Of course Lord Dumbledore. Would you like us to take the money from the usual account, the one that is checked on the least by it’s owner?”

“Yes. I would also like to increase the funds going to my own personal account from there to 500 galleons per month.”

Once he had gotten the agreement from the creature, Albus left, not wanting to spend anymore time around it. That was the first thing he was going to do once he placed Hermione as minister, wipe out these foul creatures.

Chief Ragnock gained a dangerous goblin grin as the old fool left his office. He had originally thought that the man might learn from the contract mess with his potions master, but he hadn’t. You had to be very careful about how you worded anything you said to a goblin.

By asking if he wanted the money transferred from ‘the one that is checked on the least by it’s owner’, he made sure that the money would come from one of the old fools own accounts. The
account that the fool had access to, that was the least checked, had been set up by one of his ancestors that had been selling the government of the times secrets to their enemies and made a great profit from it.

When they had first started referring to the account like that years back, the account had had over 5 million galleons in it. As the old fool never properly managed his estates he hadn’t realized that the money he was paying himself and his pawns with was coming from one of his own accounts. An account, that if current spending continued at the current rate, would be empty within the next 4 years.

The only reason it had lasted as long as it had, was because he never paid his pawns as well as he paid himself. They each only ever got a maximum of 30 galleons per month.

He could not wait until the time came when he would get the pleasure of informing the old fool that he had drained his own account. It would bring him not only great joy, but great honour within the nation. No goblin liked that old fool or those that followed him, they did not know how to show respect.

The Rook - April 3, 2000

Luna Lovegood was sitting in the living room watching her mother work on one of her latest spells. Something within her was screaming that there was something wrong. That something horrible was about to happen.

It was a feeling that had been building for the last few weeks, but today, she knew was the day it would happen. She was practically shaking as she sat and watched her mother. The voices in her head were a jumbled mess, she just couldn’t make out what they were saying, she knew she needed to, but she just couldn't. Whatever they were saying was to horrible for her 9 year old mind to understand.

She watched as her mother raised her wand to try the new spell again, the screaming reached a fever pitch. Then it all stopped.

There was a knock on the window. She and her mother turned to see a post owl sitting on the sill.

“Well, do come in.” Pandora Lovegood said as she went over and opened the window so the bird could hop in and hold up it’s leg. Pandora took the scroll and the bird flew away. She glanced at what was written and froze.

‘Your daughter needs you. You must stop.’

As Pandora read the words again Luna started to smile. “They’ve stopped.”

“Whats stopped my love?” Pandora asked as she looked to her daughter.

“The heliopaths were saying that something I loved was going to burn, but now their quiet. The burning has stopped and now there’s no more screaming in my head.”

Pandora was slightly confused, but she did so love to be like that. Kissing her daughter on the top of her head she went back to her work, who was she to say that Luna’s creatures might not be real.

Then she saw it. She had made a mistake in her last calculation for her new spell. If she had tried the spell like that she would have been torn apart by flames. Looking from the note she had just
read to her daughter she understood. Her daughters creatures had been trying to warn her, and someone else knew the danger she had been in.

Turning away from her work she went over to her daughter. “What do you say to going to play in the garden my little moon? You can tell me all about these heliopaths.”

Luna smiled up at her mother and took her hand as they walked out of the room. She glanced back at the letter and smiled. The flutterbys told her that her brother remembered her and loved her, and that he hadn’t wanted the heliopaths to be around her anymore.

Turning back, she skipped out to the garden to look for the plimpies with her parents.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 7, 2000**

James and Alice had both agreed that they had all the classes they needed, they would just have to monitor the content. So this meeting, they were going to start working on the library.

It had been Alice that drew attention to the fact that the once great Hogwarts library had been almost completely destroyed. Albus had been holding himself back so it had been Molly and Ted that went on the defensive.

Most of the other governors just kept bringing it back around to the fact that the students would need research material for their new classes. They couldn’t write a report on magical theory, if there were no magical theory books in the library.

When lack of funds was brought up, Kensington pointed out that it wouldn’t be an issue. Since the regular scholarship money was not being used anymore they would just transfer it over into a book fund.

Then Molly had started to argue that most of the books should be placed in the restricted section, but that was quickly shot down. If the students were old enough to take the classes, then they were old enough to read about it. It was decided that they would use the space expanding charm to make the library seven floors. The first floor would hold all the first year books, the second floor the second year, and so on as it went up. They would use charms on the stairs so that you could only go one year above their current grade level.

Watching Albus’s face, James knew that they were going to have to keep an eye on what books were available in the library. There was a good chance that some of the books might start to disappear. He figured he could just get Bill to write to Percy. From everything he heard about the boy, he would be the one to notice any books missing from the library.

Albus knew that he still wasn’t in the position to stop anything. He had always used the adoration of the public to get what he wanted. At this moment the public was liking the changes Sebastian and Alice were making, so there was nothing he could do. He just had to wait one more year. Once the Potter brat came to the school Albus would be able to use him.

As the boy lived with muggles, Albus was his magical guardian. He could make sure that the boy adored him and did whatever he told him to do. The public would see him as the kind old man guiding their child hero. If he then went to them saying that he was worried the boy was being corrupted, they would clamour for him to fix it and he would have the public backing him again to remove all the changes that had been done to his school.
While the adults were sitting in the meeting room, Fred and George Weasley were making plans. This year they had been extremely careful not to get caught, the marauders map had really helped.

There was also Professor Sprout. They had pulled off a few major pranks, making sure that there was no evidence connecting them to it. McGonagall had tried to say that it had to be them because everyone knew that they were pranksters. Sprout had taken personal offence every time McGonagall tried to blame them. She said that unless they could prove it, she wasn’t about to let them target members of her house.

McGonagall might have been a lion, but Sprout was a badger.

The reason no one had ever managed to find proof that they were the ones doing the pranking was because they had a little help. Bill had introduced Charlie and Percy to Mipsey, and they had in turn introduced the twins to her. Mipsey, and the rest of the Potter elves, were more than happy to assist them in causing a little trouble. The twins would hand over what they had, and tell the elves the plan. Once the twins were in class, or surrounded by others, the elves would set off their pranks. It helped them to establish the perfect alibi. Mipsey had even gotten them the map their first night there.

_Hogwarts - June 28, 2000_

Charlie was sitting on the banks of the Black Lake with his 3 younger brothers. Exams had finished up today, and they would be taking the train home the next day. Once he stepped off the train he would officially be done with Hogwarts. He was sad, but he also couldn’t wait. The only hard part was leaving his brothers behind.

He had been considering a few jobs after school, but now, thanks to the advice of his brothers, he had made up his mind. He was going to be going to work as a dragon keeper at one of the larger reserves in Romania. At first he had thought about continuing on at The Bubble, and had even been offered a position, but he just couldn’t do it.

If he stayed anywhere near by his mother wouldn’t leave him alone. She had been sending letters telling him all about different departments in the ministry she wanted him to apply to.

He had told his brothers about wanting to work out of the country and they had all supported and encouraged him. They all knew that he would never get a moment of peace from their mother if he stayed in the country and didn’t work at the ministry. He had also written to Bill, and gotten the same response. He had made his decision.

Now, he just had to tell his parents. He knew his father would, like his brothers, both support and miss him, it was their mother he was worried about. It had been almost two years since Bill had left, and she still wasn’t over it.

After spending a few hours talking with his brothers Charlie was on his way in to dinner when he heard someone calling his name. Turning around he almost frowned as he watched Nymphadora Tonks stumble her way towards him.

“What’s up Tonks?”

“Can you believe it Charlie. It’s almost over.” The girl was practically bouncing as her hair changed colour. “Soon we’ll be working at the ministry together, we should try to make sure we
get lunch breaks together sometimes, it’ll be like we’re still here…Almost.”

“We’ll see, I haven’t sent out any applications yet. I’m still going over some of the offers I’ve gotten.” Charlie wasn’t about to tell her the truth.

The twins had warned him that Tonk’s told her mother everything, and then her mother, who was friends with his mother, would tell her. Tonk’s had even given the twins a hard time about not being in Gryffindor, what had made them pay attention and warn him was that she had almost directly quoted things their mother had told them.

“Oh ya? I figured you would want to get your application in before the rush. Well, I guess it does make sense, I mean, I did hear you got a few offers from quidditch teams. I really don’t think you should join them. Just because their offering you a tryout doesn’t mean you’re gonna get on the team, not that I think you wouldn’t, everyone knows you’re one of the best players Hogwarts has ever had, but still.”

‘I know. It’s been nice talking to you Tonks, but I have to get going. I still have to pack.”

“Sure, bye Charlie. See you later.”

Tonks watched as Charlie took off, heading for Gryffindor tower. She enjoyed watching him move. Once he was out of sight, she turned and headed towards her moms office.

Tonks knew that her mum and Charlies mum, Molly, were working on setting up a marriage contract between the two of them, and she couldn’t wait. The boy was built. Sure, his obsession with quidditch and creatures was a little annoying, but it could be worse. He could be obsessed with muggle stuff like his dad.

Reaching her mums office, she went in. She and Molly had asked her to talk to Charlie to make sure that he didn’t run off and join some silly quidditch team that would take him away. There was no way she wanted her future husband traveling all over with groupies hanging off him. She was not about to accept her future husband cheating on her.

Once he was out of eyesight of Tonks, Charlie changed direction and headed for the owlry. He didn’t want to leave his younger brothers so soon, but he knew he couldn’t stay at The Burrow until mid-August, when his contract at the dragon reserve was set to start. Bill had told him that if he needed to get away sooner, so long as he was willing to sign a confidentiality agreement he could go and stay with him, so long as he didn’t mind sharing a room with him. The twins had told him he was free to use Loki if he needed to, and he needed to.

When they had all gone home for Yule, or Christmas as their mother insisted on calling it, the older boys had all seen the changes. Their father had placed an expansion charm on his office, and it now held a bed. Arthur had brushed it off, and Molly had spent almost the entire time passive aggressively attacking him. Charlie and Percy had at first been confused, until the twins had taken them aside and told them that Molly had been using love potions on him, but he had decided to stay for the younger kids. Charlie thought his dad would be better off without her, but…”

Ministry of Magic, Auror Office - July 3, 2000

Nymphadora Tonks sat back as she listened to the results of her auror entry test. She knew that she was going to pass. She had been practicing every summer with her parents for the past few years
after all. And the headmaster had even gotten a copy of the test for her ahead of time. The potions part of the exam had been a little hard, even though she knew what was coming. She had always struggled with potions, obviously she would have been better at it if she had had a competent teacher in the subject when she started. But, she had been stuck with that death eater, Severus Snape, and he just wasn’t the kind of person she was ever going to listen to.

When she heard that she had gotten one of the top scores she was thrilled, though, she was a little annoyed that she hadn’t gotten the best scores. Then she was introduced to Alastor ‘Mad-Eye’ Moody, he was going to be her training instructor. She was so excited. Everyone knew that Mad-Eye was the best auror in the office, the only reason he wasn’t the head of the DMLE was because he didn’t want a desk job, no matter what anyone else said about Amelia Bones being better.

She couldn’t wait to learn everything he could teach her.

The only major problem she was having was that Charlie Weasley was gone. The idiot had run off to go play with dragons. She had been furious when her mother had told her. He was supposed to marry her, not go running off like a foolish child. Just how was she supposed to make him fall in love with her if he wasn’t around?

Alexandria, Egypt - July 16, 2000

Hadrian was walking in-between Bill and Charlie as they made their way to the main magical alley in the city. He was excited, and a little worried. This was the first time since he had first found his family again that he had left them.

Bill had shown great promise detangling complex wards. Because of this he was invited to visit one of the sites. He had jumped at the opportunity, he still remembered how much he had enjoyed writing a history essay, for Severus, on Egypt when he had been 15.

Charlie had arrived a few days before he received the offer after only tolerating a single week at home before he needed to escape Molly and her rage. He had been happy to go to Egypt with his brother.

Hadrian had asked to go too. James and Severus thought it might be a good idea. They felt that they needed to allow Hadrian to spend a night away from them, he was going to start school in just over a year after all. He needed to start getting used to the idea that his fathers weren’t always going to be there, even though both men had almost been in tears when they had said goodbye to their son, reminding him repeatedly that he had a portkey that would bring him directly to them if he needed them. Even if he was only scheduled to be away for a weekend.

The first night after arriving Hadrian had spent most of the night crying. Both Bill and Charlie had ended up coming in to check on him and found him in tears. Rather than laughing at him, like Hadrian had expected, they were understanding. They both told him about how they had cried the first time they were away from their parents. Bill had even confessed that he had cried himself to sleep every night for the entire first week he had been at school.

This had stunned Hadrian. He hadn’t thought anything would scare him. The Bill he had gotten to know was strong and fearless. If they can get homesick and be ok, so can he.

Bill had started treating Hadrian as a little brother ever since he had joined the team. Charlie was following his lead. They were both extremely fond of the young boy and didn’t want him to feel bad. They often helped to take his mind off of his homesickness by telling him stories about their
younger brothers.

When they reached the market they were headed to where the bank was, when Hadrian froze. Someone was calling out to him.

Bill and Charlie stopped when they noticed Hadrian was no longer between them. When they turned back they saw that the boys eyes had gone unfocused and his head was tilted to one side. For a moment Bill was worried that Hadrian was having another fit, like the ones he had had years earlier. But, when he turned on his mage sight momentarily, he couldn’t leave it on too longe because they were in an extremely magical area, he could see his magic reaching out, and someone else’s magic was reaching back.

Suddenly, Hadrian turned and started walking off down one of the side alleys. Bill and Charlie raced after him, the last thing they wanted to do was be responsible for losing the boy hero. It would be bad enough if the public found out, but if his family found out, there was no chance they would survive.

They followed Hadrian into a small shop that stood at a dead end. Going into the store the worker went to greet them, but Hadrian just kept going and went into the shops back room. Bill quickly apologized before they all followed Hadrian.

Going into the back room, Bill, Charlie, and the shop worker saw him kneeling in front of a large crate.

“So your the one I’ve been waiting for.” The shop owner said.

“What do you mean sir?” Bill asked worriedly.

“I was sent that crate from an old friend. My friend works closely with different oracles in Delphi. He said that he was told by a few of the oracles that someone with a great destiny would come here to collect that crate. That it would help him with what is to come.” The shop owner told him. “I was told to sell it only to the one that came for 25 galleons.”

Hadrian reached into his pocket and pulled out the key to his trust fund account and handed it over without saying anything. All of his attention was focused on the box.

Once the shop keeper had rung through the purchase he offered to open the crate so they could see what they had just bought. Popping the top, they all looked in to see three smaller beautifully decorated boxes. One was blue and black, one was green and gold, and the third was ivory and pearl.

Hadrian immediately reached for the blue box, but there was no way to open it. There were no seams or hinges. All Hadrian knew was that whatever was inside was his.

“Hadrian?” Bill asked.

“I don’t know. It’s mine, but its not ready yet.” Hadrian said. He wanted what was inside, he needed it.

“What about these two Hadrian?” Charlie asked as he removed the other two boxes from the crates.

Going over Hadrian ran his fingers across the green one. “It’s calm, kind. Yet strong. It’s Neville’s.” Going over he ran his finger across the ivory coloured box. “It’s hot and cold. Fire and ice. A protective warrior. This one is for Draco.”
Bill placed the three boxes in one of the pouches that had a space expansion on it, and they carried on. For the entire day, Hadrian wouldn’t let go of the pouch. Needing it with him all the time.

As Hadrian held the pouch close they went around the city looking at all the different dig sites. They all had a lot of fun sightseeing. Hadrian found himself enjoying his time away from home with Charlie and Bill, although he was still more than a little homesick.

**Santorini, Greece - July 31, 2000**

Hadrian had had a great tenth birthday. As had become traditions, the Malfoy and Longbottom families had come to spend the week of his and Neville’s birthdays.

Draco and Neville had spent the last week following him around. Normally they liked staying close to each other, but this was different. Hadrian knew that they were sensing whatever was in the boxes that he still had in a pouch he had been keeping with him ever since Alexandria.

He had made Bill and Charlie swear not to tell his family about the box. He loved his family, but they could just be way to overprotective sometimes, and he just couldn’t stand the idea of having the box away from him. He had primarily threatened them with the twins and Kali, who still hadn’t forgiven them for taking away their brother for an entire weekend, and had absolutely no problem letting them know that through pranking them and hiding their things.

Once the cake was eaten, and all his presents open he called everyones attention. He pulled out the pouch and set it on the table. Like him Draco and Neville gravitated towards it.

His plan was to hand out the boxes to the other two boys. He had spent about an hour every night trying to get his to open. He needed what was inside.

First he pulled out the green box, then the ivory, and then the blue. But this time, as soon as he touched his box, there was the sound of something clicking inside and a seam formed around the centre of the box.

“Hadrian, be careful, we don’t know what’s in there, remember.” Bill said, moving slightly closer to the kids so that he could pull them away if it was dangerous.

Hearing what Bill said, all the adults started moving forward, but it was already too late. Hadrian couldn’t stop himself from lifting the lid. But it wasn’t anything dangerous.

A tiny little fox kit lay sleeping on a royal blue satin pillow. Hadrian reached out to stroke her fur, he didn’t know how he knew she was a her, but he did. As soon as his fingers came into contact with the fox kit, there was a flash of brilliant golden light, and something snapped into place in Hadrian’s mind. A link had formed between them.

The little fox kit yawned and stretched before opening her eyes. Everyone drew in a breath as they saw that her eyes were the same emerald green as Hadrian’s.

“A true familiar.” Charlie and Remus both gasped at the same time.

As soon as they saw it was safe, both Draco and Neville opened their boxes. There were two more flashes of golden light.

In Neville’s box there was a pure white bear cub, once it opened its eyes, Neville could see they were the same blue as his own. Draco was looking deep into the quick silver eyes, just like his
own, of what looked like a snow leopard. Like the others, the leopard cub was pure white, but something inside Draco was saying that she would gain her spots as she grew older.

“What’s a true familiar?” James asked as he moved up behind his son to get a closer look at the fox kit that had his sons full attention.

“A true familiar is a magical animal who’s magic resonates with a witch or wizard. Their incredibly rare. I think there’s only like, 5 born every few hundred years. If the human their meant to bond with hasn’t been born yet, they go into a magical sleep where they can wait for hundreds of years. Once their bond mate comes of age they wake up, though, that’s only if they are close enough together. Hadrian must have been close enough to them to sense them. Although, I had always heard they could fly, but none of them are birds.” Remus said in fascination. It was almost unheard of to see a single true familiar, now, he was looking at three.

“Oh wow. I know what they are.” Charlie said as he looked closely at the little indicators of what species each animal was.

“I think we can all see that Charlie. Their a fox, a bear, and a cat.” Sirius said teasingly.

Charlie just rolled his eyes at Sirius good naturedly. “Like Remus said, magical animals. Hadrian has a kitsune, though I don’t know which kind, Neville has what I think is a storm bear, and Draco has a sky leopard.”

“Oh wow.” Remus said.

“I thought kitsune’s had seven tails, this one only has one.” Severus said.

“No. Kitsune’s only have one tail until their three, then they grow a new tail every 3 years until they have 7. After that they can grow even more tails, but its only a tail every three decades.” Charlie informed everyone. He really did spend way too much time studying magical creatures. “As for the flying thing. From what I’ve read, they will start to grow wings on their backs as soon as they find their bond mate. The wings should be fully grown by the end of the first year. Although, I’ve also heard that the familiars will grow extremely slowly if their bond mate is young.”

“So their gonna get wings.” Draco squeaked in joy. “Cool.”

“I blame the Potter blood.” Severus said with a sigh.

“Why?” Both Bill and Charlie asked at the same time.

“Oh, right, the rest of you don’t know.” Sev said, looking over to the rest of the group that had no idea what they had been told about the curse. “One of the Potter ancestors pissed off the wrong person and the entire blood line was hit with the ‘may you live in interesting times curse’. It’s why the Potter family has always had such crazy things happen to them.”

Everyone else broke down laughing. It made every strange thing that they had seen happen to James or Hadrian make so much sense.

“So, do you have any names for them?” Alice asked.

“Not yet. We don’t even know them yet.” Draco said, like it was the silliest question in the world.

It took a few days, but the kids eventually found names they liked for their little familiars. Hadrian named his kitsune Nemesis, after the Greek goddess of divine retribution. Neville named his bear
Demeter, the goddess of agriculture and the harvest. While Draco, named his leopard cub Tyche, after the goddess of luck.

When they had first told their family the names they had chosen Remus had started to chuckle. When the others asked what he was laughing at, he told them that the kids had clearly spent too much time around Lucius and Sirius. Only those two would be so grandiose in the naming of their familiars.

The Burrow - September 2, 2000

This year, September 1 had been on a Friday, so Arthur was home. He received the usual letter from the boys earlier in the morning. It was just after noon when Ron and Ginny finally came down for their breakfast. Arthur was still annoyed that Molly allowed them to have almost no rules.

Once they had finished eating, Arthur pulled out two of the new kids bank cards the bank had put out. The cards came with a booklet that kept track of the child's spending in an attempt to teach them responsibility.

"Ron, Ginny, these are your new bank cards. I have set it up so that your allowance will be directly deposited into the account each month. The booklets will help you to keep track of your spending. Now, Ron. I heard you saying that you wanted an owl for your first year of school." He watched as the two children quickly snagged the cards to look at them. The cards were a new product offered by the bank, they worked like muggle bank cards and would work in both worlds. But they were only available with the newer vaults, the older vaults still only worked with the keys.

"Yeah. I'm gonna get a really fast one that will make Loki look like a joke." Ron said, already imagining his older brothers being jealous of his owl.

"Then you are going to need to work on saving some of your allowance." Arthur told him.

"Why? You got Fred and George an owl. I want one too." Ron's voice was petulant.

"No, Fred and George saved up their own allowances and bought Loki for themselves. If you want an owl, you can do the same. You have an entire year to save up, if you start saving now you will have more than enough. A regular owl costs about 30 galleons for it and the stuff it will need. That would only take you 6 months to save up. You are more than capable of doing it. The same goes for you Ginny. If you want that new dress I saw you looking at, you can save up the money for it. These accounts are yours, you can use them however you want, but your mother and I will be able to see how you are spending your money." Arthur told them seriously.

"Surely we can get them owls Arthur. We have enough money to make sure that they can contact us when they have to go away to school." Molly said.

"No Molly. We didn’t buy any of the others owls, so we can’t buy Ron and Ginny ones and pretend that it’s fair. And if they need to contact us while at school, Fred and George have Loki, you might have noticed that the letter Percy sent this morning was carried by him. The school also has a few dozen owls that the students can use.” Arthur was still angry with Molly over her harassing Charlie until he left a month early for his new job. He was glad that Charlie had been able to go and stay with Bill though, it gave the poor boy a break from Molly’s nagging.

Molly just harrumphed. She was going to need to see what she could do to ensure that they manage
to save up the money, that would show Arthur. But she knew she wouldn’t be able to just add the money on her own, because Arthur would be able to see that she had added money in the accounts ledger.

Ron and Ginny spent most of the afternoon imagining everything they could buy with their new cards.

**Santorini, Greece - November 12, 2000**

Hadrian, with Nemesis curled around his neck, followed his fathers down one of the tunnels under the island. They had been telling him about a temple room that they had found, and he had asked if he could go down to see it. Since the temple had already been cleared by curse breakers they had agreed.

Looking around, Hadrian could see the flame motif. No one had had much time to examine this temple because it was a part of a much larger section that they had just opened up. Most of the workers were working on decursing the area, so they were too busy to focus on one small temple.

But Hadrian found the area fascinating. There had to be a purpose for this room. Going to the centre of the room he examined the pedestal.

Over the past few months he had started to remember little things about his past life. They were really only a few quick flashes, but it was enough.

He recognized a few of the runes on the pedestal. They were different symbols that all meant the same thing, Phoenix. There was no doubt in Hadrian’s mind that this temple was dedicated to phoenixes.

This made Hadrian think of Fawkes. He could only get a few flashes of a beautiful red fire bird, but he still knew that he was trapped. Stuck playing the role of familiar to an evil old man.

Reaching out with his mind, Hadrian stroked the bond he had with Nemesis, “Nem. I know of a poor phoenix that has been bound by a fake familiar bond to someone that isn’t his natural bond mate.”

Nemesis looked horrified. Her eyes got big, and there were even a few tears in them. It hadn’t taken Hadrian long to realize that Nemesis wasn’t a mindless creature. She was actually really smart. He could feel her sorrow through the bond. For a true familiar the idea of being forced to bond with someone other then their true bond mate was one of the worst things that could happen.

Going over to his family he asked them if there was any way they could use this temple to help them free Fawkes.

James was a bit stunned at this question. They all had hated the idea that Fawkes was trapped with the old goat, but they didn’t want to do anything too major that he might notice. If they stole his familiar, fake or not, it would draw his attention.

But now, looking around, James drew the same conclusion his son had, this temple was devoted to phoenixes. Looking at the pedestal in the centre of the room he could clearly see runes that were associated with summoning. If they could use this temple to help them, they could save Fawkes, and there was no way that Dumbledore could track them, it was just too far away. They could also get the help from the other curse breakers. From the journals they knew that it had taken four unspeakables to free him last time, but there were more than enough curse breakers.
It was decided. They would try to free Fawkes.

Santorini, Greece - November 19, 2000

It only took a week to get everything in place to try freeing Fawkes. Once James and the others told the other curse breakers that they knew of a phoenix that had been force to bond with someone, all the other curse breakers were willing to do almost anything to help. Phoenixes were revered all over the world, no one liked the idea of one being harmed.

When they had taken the time to properly examine the temple they found that its primary use had been to summon phoenixes. The idea had been, that when they needed phoenix potions ingredients, they could summon up a phoenix, ask the phoenix for what they needed, once they got it, or if the phoenix denied them, then the phoenix could leave.

The ritual that Hadrian and the unspeakables had used was in the journals, so they had rewritten the pages and showed the others the ritual. After a few discussions, they had a plan. They would summon Fawkes. Hadrian and Nemesis would be there to communicate their intentions to him quickly. If he agreed, though no one thought he wouldn't, they would perform the ritual to free him. According to the journals, if it worked, Fawkes would regenerate into an egg. The egg would be safe and hidden in the temple until he hatched.

When the ritual started to summon Fawkes, Hadrian was standing off to the side with Nem in his arms. He didn’t want to be in the way, his magic wasn’t strong enough yet to be able to take part, as much as he wanted to.

As the chanting started the room began to heat. By the time the chanting reached a pitch, sweat was pouring down everyone’s back. With a large flash of red flames, Fawkes was sitting on the pedestal, shrieking.

Rushing forward, Hadrian held out Nem so that she could communicate with the frightened bird. It took a few minutes, but eventually Fawkes calmed down. Giving those around him a nod, he settled down to wait.

Once Fawkes was calm, and had given his approval, Hadrian backed out of the ritual circle. He and Nem watched as his dad and papa moved forward and started to bathe Fawkes in a purification and unbinding potion. After Fawkes was completely soaked, they stepped back, and a new chant began.

The power in the room was suffocating as the chant began. This time, when the chant reached its peak, a crack echoed through the room and Fawkes started to sing happily as the magical bindings on him took physical form just before they shattered and fell away. Fawkes gave one last happy trill before bursting into flames, leaving behind a ruby coloured egg surrounded by a pile of ashes.

Hogwarts

Albus Dumbledore was just coming back into his office after lunch when he felt a snapping in his chest and he dropped to his knees. It took him a moment to build up the strength to make it to his desk, falling into his chair with absolutely no grace at all.
He couldn’t figure out what had happened. Looking around the office, his eyes caught on the bird stand.

Then he knew what had happened. Fawkes was gone.

Someone had stolen his phoenix.

**Granger House - November 23, 2000**

Hermione Granger sat at the desk in her room going over her plans. It had been ten months since she had first learned that she was a witch and she still had so much to do.

She had already gone through all of the first year books. The information had been fairly easy to memorize. Now, she was working on her second and third year books. She had started making her parents take her to the book store to get new books almost every week.

At first, she had formed an idea to find a way to make the Potter kid fall in love with her. If she was married to a hero, no one would dare deny her. That was until it had been explained to her that the boy wasn’t going to survive.

The great Albus Dumbledore had personally come to visit her a few weeks before. She had read so many books on all the things he had done. He had come to speak with her, and after she had sworn a vow of secrecy he explained many things to her. He told her about how he wanted the Potter boy married to a girl named Ginny Weasley. At first, Hermione had thought of ways to get around the other girl, but then she changed her mind. Especially when the headmaster told her that he had a boy in mind for her.

Headmaster Dumbledore had even let her in on the secret that Ginny, and her older brother, Ronald, were his kids. He told her all about how he was always being targeted by dark wizards so he had had to arrange for his children to be hidden.

The weekend before the Headmaster had taken her to meet Molly Weasley and his two children. Hermione had found Molly to be overbearing, though it did make sense to Hermione; she was in charge of raising the children of the greatest wizard to ever live. That would make anyone more than a little nervous. Hermione figured that as annoying as the woman was, she was more than capable of making her like her.

The children had both been annoying. Ginny was whiny, but Hermione could see the girl’s potential. She was clearly going to grow up to be beautiful, and she also had a decent mind. No where on the scale of Hermione’s own mind, but the girl would do well.

The boy had at first seemed like a waste of space. He had the intelligence of a fish. Hermione knew from experience with the boys in her school that all young boys were complete morons, but this one took it to a whole new level. Hermione couldn’t see how a great man like the headmaster could have a child like that. It wasn’t until they started to play chess that she saw a use for him. He might be an idiot, but he was an incredible strategist if he needed to be. She could work with that.

It would also be useful to have a dumb husband. She would be able to control him a lot easier. Yes, she could make this work for her. If she was seen as being best friends with a hero, and married to the son of the greatest wizard to ever live, then nothing would stand in her way, she wouldn’t let it.

Hermione couldn’t wait until she could start school next year. She hated having to deal with all the useless children in her current school. Why did there have to be so many idiots in the world, she
found her self questioning multiple times per day.

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 6, 2000

James was sitting next to Alice in the meeting room quietly discussing things. Every now and then James would glance up and look around the room, it was very different from the room he had first come into years before. Only Montague, Kensington and Molly were still there. And Kensington would have to leave the board at the end of this school year due to his daughter graduating.

He felt that he would be able to work with many of the newer governors, but there were still some annoyances. The ones that annoyed him most, besides Molly, were Vance and Doge.

He had once considered Emmeline Vance a friend when they had been in the Order, but now he knew that she was in on Dumbledore’s plans. She blindly followed him. She had managed to get on the board because she had a niece at the school. Elphias Doge was another Dumbledore stooge. Like Vance, he had been placed on the board because he had a family member at the school, in his case it was his great grandson.

It wasn’t necessarily acceptable for him or Vance to be on the board, the guidelines was that you had to be the parent of a current student, but Dumbledore had spent over an hour arguing for them, claiming that the parents of the children weren’t able to attend the meetings but still wanted a say on the running of the school. Everyone had finally agreed with him to shut him, and Molly, up. They all knew that it didn’t really matter in the end, they wouldn’t have the power to sway the boards vote so long as he and Alice were there. James decided to let Dumbledore have this one, it was a strategic ‘loss’, he made Dumbledore think he had won a battle when James hadn’t lost anything.

When the meeting was called to order they went through the usual pattern. Some of the other governors were still bringing up different courses, or changes to current courses, but for the most part they had gotten the educational standards back up, mostly.

“There is an issue that I feel we must address. It was originally brought to my attention by some of the complaints by students, but as we have already addressed this issue here, I felt that this was the meeting to bring it up.”

The decision had been made to hold more meetings each year, as Alice had suggested, but they separated what would be discussed at each meeting. The meetings in June and December would remain as they had been. They would focus on school improvement, rules, and guidelines. While they would be holding shorter meetings once a month from February-May, and September-November, to address any complaints by staff or students. They often received a few complaints per month so those meetings were usually two or three hours long at the most.

“What is this issue?” Kensington asked, a smile on his face.

“The library. More specifically, the placement of the books in the library. During our last meeting we agreed that the library floors would be broken up by years, and the books for each year would be on their corresponding floor. But that is apparently not what has happened. It would seem most of the lower floors are almost completely empty.

The largest volume of complaints seems to have come from the alchemy class, I do believe they have started some sort of write in campaign because I think we have gotten at least three letters from each student. According to them, the alchemy books are all up on the seventh floor. The
problem is that alchemy begins in third year so the students just starting out in that class, the ones that have the most to learn, have no way of accessing the books without an older student taking them out and letting them borrow it.”

“Now my boy, I’m sure it is a slight misunderstanding. Just a misfiling of a few books. There really is no need to make a big deal of it.” Albus said genially.

“Albus, if Madam Pince is unable to properly file books, then she shouldn't be a librarian. It is unfair to set students up for failure that way. They need access to those books to properly do their work. If she is unable to do it I am sure that the public library on River Run would be able to spare one or two of their librarians to work here.” James said, making sure to keep his voice calm and even. “I will also mention there have been a few complaints that even when a book is properly filed and a student manages to find it, she won’t allow the students to take them out.”

“You must understand Sebastian, many of our books here are very old and delicate. She is just making sure that they are protected.” Albus said with a grandfatherly smile.

“The only reason many of the books are antiques is because the library hasn’t been updated in decades.” Alice said snappishly. “But that isn’t an issue. A library is meant to lend out books, therefore, the books will be used. If a book is to old or delicate, it shouldn't be in a school library. Cast protection charms on it, or buy a new copy. Why don’t you have her make a list of the books that are damaged or too delicate and we will make a decision on what to do with them during our meeting in June.

But I must agree with Sebastian, Madam Pince must allow children to borrow the books, or she will need to go. I remember when I was a student here, she used to refuse to let us take out books even then. She hoards the books and doesn’t like students being anywhere near them. That is not how a library should be run.”

“Surely you aren’t suggesting that we fire her?” Emmeline was shocked. “She has been at this school for decades. It is her home.”

“I understand Emmeline, but this is also a school. If she can’t do the job properly, she can’t work here. I would suggest that we get two others to come and help her if it’s too much work.” James thought that might help. If there were others there then the students could go to them and avoid the mad old woman.

Albus ground his teeth together. There was no way he was going to be able to avoid hiring more staff for the library. He had been using Irma Pince for years to keep the students away from learning. She hated letting students take out books so she found every way she could to stop them. She often banned students for weeks at a time for every little thing. And she would stalk and harass the students when they were in the library, so it kept all but the most dedicated away.

“Why don’t we send out the job offer tonight. We could have two new librarians hired by the end of the week? Then, we can have them completely refile the library from top to bottom over the Yule break so that everything is in place for the students when they return. They would also be able to check over the books as they work so they will be able to create a list of damaged or delicate books while they work.” Kensington was really going to miss that look on Dumbledore’s face after his daughter graduated in June, she was his youngest child so he was going to have to give up his place on the board.

It was voted on and agreed to quickly. James knew Percy Weasley was going to like that. Bill had sent him a letter at James’s request to start filing complaints with the board if he found anything wrong with the library, and the kid had found a lot.
Just as the meeting was being called to a close James and Alice stood up and called for everyone's attention.

“Earlier this year we were both examining our vaults in more detail and we found something that we would like to donate to the school as a sort of Yule gift.” Alice said cheerfully.

She and James walked over to the 5 large easels they had had covered in cloth before the meeting started. One by one they removed the cloth to show large portraits. Four of the portraits each held one of the founders. The fifth, was a landscape view of a library that held four chairs.

“Allow us to introduce you all to Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. The reason it took us so long is that we currently don’t have access to the Slytherin vault so we had to commission a new frame and link it in a way that Salazar could move in. We figured they could each have a portrait hung in their common room, and the larger one of the library they like to visit could be out in the main hall.” James told them all.

Everyone was extremely excited to see the portraits. Up until that point it had been believed that no copies of the founders portraits remained.

James, Alice and Kensington were on their way out of the school after the meeting ended when James heard someone call his name. Turning around he saw none other than Percy Weasley, being closely followed by his younger twin brothers.

“Hello young misters Weasley. What can we do for you this fine day?” James asked.

“Sorry to interrupt Lord Peverell. Mam, sir.” He said bowing slightly to Alice and Kensington.

“I’m Percy Weasley, and these are my brothers, Fred and George. I was just wondering if the board had received my notes about the issues I have been having with the library.”

“Yes, yes. Allow me to introduce you to Lady Alice Longbottom, and Lord Kensington Shacklebolt.” James told them. “And yes, we have received your notes. We actually addressed the issue this meeting. You will be happy to hear that you will be getting two more librarians that you can go to. And they will be conducting a complete resort of the library over the Yule brake to ensure that the books are in the right places.”

“Thank you sir. I’m glad my older brother suggested to me that I contact the board if I had any issues. He works for Gringotts as an apprentice curse breaker right now, though his apprenticeship ends in January, maybe you’ve met him? His name is William Weasley, though everyone calls him Bill.” Percy said, his voice remaining formal.

“Yes indeed I’ve met your brother. We’ve even shared a dig camp from time to time, though I can’t tell you where. He has the potential to be one of the best curse breakers I know. There is no doubt in my mind he will do well for himself once his apprenticeship ends. Now, you three should be getting off to class, wouldn’t want anyone to think you were trying to skip.” James said, grinning at the boys as they quickly said goodbye and ran off to get to their next classes on time.

“How interesting.” Kensington said, giving James a look.

“What’s interesting Kensington?” James asked innocently.

“Oh, nothing much. I just find it interesting that the student that sent in the most complaints about the library did so on the suggestion of a brother that you just so happen to have worked with.” Kensington said.
“I may have suggested in passing that young Bill should write to his brother to inform him that if he had any issues he should write a letter to the board. Making sure to address it specifically to me so that I could ensure that it was handled promptly and properly.” James said, his voice as innocent as his face.

Kensington just gave a deep chuckle and James gave him a devilish grin while Alice laughed before they all went their separate ways.

**Malfoy Manor - December 18, 2000**

Narcissa had just arrived home. She had taken Draco over to the Davis’s so that he could have a playdate with Theo. The sweet boy was now a happy healthy little boy, still a bit shy but it was expected.

After leaving, she had then gone to do a little last minute Yule shopping. Arriving home she asked her personal elf, Cashmere, where Lucius and her three youngest children were. She had been slightly confused when Cashmere had given her a happy smile and giggled slightly when she told her they were in the sun room. The confusion about the elf’s smile only lasted until she arrived at the sun room and looked in.

Lucius was laying on the floor in the centre of the room, fast asleep. Curled up on each side was one of the twins. It appeared that Lyra was the only intelligent one. It looked like she had taken every cushion from the chairs and couches in the room to create a nest just above Lucius’s head and was curled up like a cat.

Stepping in the room she could see the mess they all were. All four of them had paint covering their fingers, and little paint handprints all over their skin and clothes. Lucius even had a tiny little handprint on each cheek that she knew came from the twins.

Then there was Lucius’s hair. It was sticking up at odd angles and looked like it had been braided. She knew from the dozen little purple butterfly clips that it had been Lyra’s work, that girl did love her purple butterfly clips. There was also paint streaking through the attempt at braids.

Narcissa could only smile as she felt her heart turn to mush like it always did when she saw Lucius like this. No one who knew Lucius outside the family would ever think that the cool, prim, and proper lord would ever sleep on the floor after spending time finger painting with his children and allowing them to style his precious hair and paint his face and arms.

Quietly she called Cashmere. When the elf popped in silently she requested her camera. There was no way she wasn’t getting pictures of this, both for the kids memory books, but also to show to Sirius. Lucius had been teasing him for weeks when he found out he had allowed the twins and Kali to put ribbons in his hair when they were playing dress up.

No one messed with a Black… Except another Black.
Bill Weasley slowly walked up the cobble stone path on his way up to his childhood home. He had been working weekends so that he would be able to finish out his contract a little early. He had wanted to be able to come home and visit with his brothers before they had to go back to school at the end of the weekend. Knocking on the door, he heard his father call out that the door was open and to come on in.

"Bill! You’re home?" The twins and Percy all shouted happily when he walked through the door. Getting up, they all ran over to hug him.

"Bill. What brings you home early. I thought your apprenticeship didn’t finish up till next weekend?" Arthur asked, hugging his son once the younger boys were out of the way.

"He must have finally come to his senses and realized that that was no type of life for him.” Molly was excited that Bill had left the bank early, it would break his contract.

"No, mother." It took everything Bill had to call the harpy mother, he hated this woman for what she had done to his fathers. “I worked a few weekends so that I could finish up my contract a little early so I could be here before the boys went back to school.”

"So, how have you liked the past 2 years with the bank? Do you like the job?" Arthur asked as the twins and Percy made room so that Bill could sit down for lunch.

“I love it. It’s been completely amazing.” Bill said, his eyes shining with joy as he thought of everything that he had done in the past two years. “I can’t even begin to describe what it’s been like.”

Before Bill could continue, Ron and Ginny shuffled into the kitchen, sat down, and started eating. Bill raised an eyebrow at the fact it was lunch time and they had just gotten up. They didn’t even notice that their elder brother was home.

"Just getting up?” Bill asked. Ron and Ginny looked up and were surprised to see him there.

“Did you bring me presents?” Ginny wanted to know.

“They’re still young Bill, they need there sleep. You remember what it’s like.” Molly was fussing around the youngest children.

“I remember that I was expected to be up at a decent time starting by the age of 7. Ron will be starting at Hogwarts in the fall. He is going to have to get up for morning classes, or he will fail.” Bill said. He knew from everything he had heard from Charlie and the letters from the twins and Percy that it was a losing battle, but he had to try. Molly just waved him away.

“So.” Arthur said. He frowned at Molly for continuing to baby the kids. “What will you be doing now. Or can you not tell us?”

“It’s fine. I am currently between contracts so I can talk, just not in specifics. I’ve actually been offered the chance to lead my own team at a new dig site in Egypt.”
“Lead your own team, already? Shouldn’t it take longer.” Arthur asked.

“Normally, it would. But Remus and the rest of our team gave me some great reviews, so I’m being given a chance sooner than normal.” Bill said with a smile.

“How is Remus doing? I heard about some knew potion that could help him?” Arthur was glad that Bill was so happy. He had known that Remus would do well with Bill.

Bill grabbed another sandwich. “Remus is great. That potion that Professor Snape created has worked wonders.” Bill knew that he had to refer to Severus impersonally, they didn’t want anyone to know that he Remus, Sirius, and Sebastian were on the same team. “He told me that he has never felt better. There isn’t any pain in his shifting, and he can even change at will. I’ve been around when he’s shifted. Charlie made him do it while he was visiting so that he could get a good look at him. Remus thought Charlie’s obsession with creatures was funny so he allowed himself to be examined for over an hour.

I have also gotten permission to tell you his good news. Remus is a father. He has identical twin girls.”

“Oh that’s wonderful. I always figured he would be a great father.” Arthur was overjoyed.

“That’s terrible. It’s illegal for werewolves to reproduce. I can’t believe that you think it’s ok to put children in such a dangerous situation.” Molly shrieked.

Bill rolled his eyes. “It’s only illegal here in Britain. Besides, with the new potion he isn’t a danger at all. He usually curls up on the floor during the full moon and the girls love to climb all over him. And just so that you don’t make the same mistake many make, lycanthropy is transferred through the saliva, so the girls are human.”

“Really Molly.” Arthur hated how people like his wife talked about Remus. “Remus fought on our side during the last war. He was our friend, he even helped babysit the kids. I think he was one of the few that was ever able to even come close to keeping up with the twins. Our his twins anything like ours?”

“Let me put it this way. There were times I missed how calm our twins are.” Bill smiled at the shocked look on their fathers face.

“That can’t be possible. No one can be as… Exciting, as our twins.” Percy put in, directing a smirk at the twins. Until they sent him devious smirks and he got a panicked look.

“Under normal circumstances they might have just been on par with our boys, but they weren’t alone.” Bill said, he had gotten permission to discuss the kids in generalities, but not specifics. “One of the other curse breakers on our team also had a daughter that had been born on the same day as the twins, so they were raised more like triplets. They also had a cousin that was born two weeks before them. Two I can handle, three I can tolerate, but four. There is just no keeping up with four of them.

Especially since their older brothers taught them how to do the puppy dog eyes when they were only a year old. They were just so adorable, no one could stay mad at them.”

Arthur laughed.

“There was actually something I wanted to talk to you three about.” Bill said, looking to Percy and the twins.
“Sure, what do you need?” Percy asked, speaking for the others.

“The son of one of my team members is going to be starting at Hogwarts in the fall. I told my team all about you and they were hoping that you would help him out. Percy, they were hoping that you would help to keep him in line, and twins, they were hoping you would make sure he gets into a little trouble.”

“Sure, we’ll keep an eye on him.” Percy said, Fred and George were grinning at each other. “But how are we supposed to know who he is? I mean, like you said, you can only speak in generalities, you can’t give us his name.”

“You always were the clever one Perce. No, I can’t give you his name, but I can give you a way to find him. He has a kitsune, though she is still just a baby so she only has one tail, although she is a true familiar so she has wings.” Like Charlie had said Nemesis’s, and the other familiars, wings had started to grow a few weeks after the bonding. “She looks like a fluffy white fox with white and gold wings. So just find the boy with the kitsune, and you’ll find him.” Bill told them.

“He won’t be able to have the fox at the school.” Molly said in a stiff voice. “The only pets Hogwarts allows are an owl, cat, or toad. Kitsune are dangerous and won’t be allowed in the school.”

“Kitsune are only dangerous if they are threatened, just like any animal.” Bill told her. “And she will be allowed. His parents have all ready checked the school guidelines. She is his familiar, so the school has no choice but to allow her. It is actually illegal to forcefully separate them. And they never go more than a few feet apart.”

“I want a kitsune familiar.” Ginny demanded.

“You can’t have one like her.” Bill told his little sister.

“But I want one. If that boy can have one, so can I. Find out where he got her, and get me one.” Ginny glared at her brother. The fox sounded beautiful, she wanted a white fox with wings.

“Just find out where the boy got the fox Bill. If he can have one, so can our Ginny.” Molly gave Bill a demanding look, just like the one on her daughters face.

“I told you, she can’t have one. The kitsune is a true familiar. Only a few of them are born every few hundred years. You can’t just demand one. The only way to have a true familiar like that is if their magic resonates with yours. He found her in Egypt last summer, it was only a fluke that he was even there. He had come on a weekend trip with Charlie and I. Even if by some miracle we managed to find another true familiar, there is no way we could force it to bond with Ginny, not that I would. Bonds like that should never be forced.” Bill told his mother and Ginny.

Molly harrumphed. Ginny just glared. She wanted one, who was Bill to say that she couldn't have one. Maybe she could find a way to bind the kitsune to her once she started school. She would be a much better master than that boy, whoever he was.

That night, Bill was wandering around the house. He had overheard Sirius and Frank talking about Pettigrew, and how he was a rat animagus. He didn’t know, but Sirius had set it up so that he would over hear the discussion.

Bill had heard from Percy in one of his letters that the twins had gotten in trouble for testing potions they had been brewing on Ron’s rat. Ron had apparently found the rat in the garden during
the summer and had taken it in. As much as his little brother annoyed him, he still loved the brat, and
didn’t want to take the chance that the rat he had found was a death eater.

Casting silencing spells on his feet and a notice-me-not charm on himself, Bill made his way up to
Ron’s room. Silently slipping into Ron’s room, Bill went over to the cage by the window. Looking
in he could see the little door was open and the rat wasn’t inside. Looking around he spotted the
rat, sleeping on the pillow next to his little brother. He quickly cast a stunning spell on the rat,
grabbed it, and left the room.

Once back in his own room he examined the rat a little closer. He could see the missing toe on its
left front paw. There was no doubt in his mind that this was Pettigrew. If he could get this rat to
Frank, he would be able to help free Sirius so that he could come back to Britain when Hadrian
started school. Just to be sure he cast a quick identifying charm on the rat, the results came back as
Peter Pettigrew. He placed the man in a magic proof cage he had brought with him to make sure he
didn’t change back and run again. He was going to have to go see Frank and Alice the next day.

Meadow House - January 7, 2001

Bill walked up the garden path to the Meadow House. He knew that Frank and Alice weren’t
planning on going to visit the camp this weekend so they would most likely be home, playing with
their boys.

After informing one of the house elves that he was there to see Frank, he was brought through the
house to the back balcony, that was obviously covered in heating charms. Frank and Alice were
sitting with Alex at the small table as they watched Neville trying to teach Demeter how to fly. Her
wings were still under developed, they wouldn’t be fully grown for another 6 months, but Charlie
had said that they would need to strengthen them. Neville waved to him, and he waved back.

“Bill, what can we do for you this fine day.” Alice asked. Little Alex crawling towards him to say
hi.

“Actually, it’s about what I can do for you.” He gently directed Alex back to his mother, he didn’t
want the sweet little boy anywhere near what he had. “I over heard you and Sirius talking about a
rat when you were over for Yule.”

“Yes, we have been having a hard time with that, it’s almost been five years since the search began
and we haven’t gotten anywhere.” Frank was frustrated, and he knew Kingsley was as well.

“Traitorous little…” Alice growled.

“That’s the thing.” Bill said with a smile. He was glad that he wasn’t going to have to try to find
some way to hide this from Alice, since she obviously knew what was going on. “I got a letter from
Percy last year. He mentioned about how my youngest brother, Ron, had found a rat in the garden
and taken it in as a pet. I got a little paranoid when I heard you talking so I went and checked the
rat out after I got home yesterday.

It’s missing a toe on its front paw. I also cast an identifying charm, it’s definitely him.”

Reaching into his robe pocket, he pulled out the small cage with the rat in it. The stunner had worn
off a few hours ago, and now the rat was awake. Putting the cage on the table he showed Frank and
Alice. As soon as the rat caught sight of who was around he started to panic, though no one heard
his scared cries due to the silencing ward Bill had placed on the cage.
“Well, would you look at that.” Alice practically purred. “I think he remembers us.”

“Indeed my dear.” Frank smiled at the vindictive look in his wife’s eyes.

“I was hoping that you would be able to just tell everyone you had gotten an anonymous tip.” Bill saw the confused look on Frank’s face. “Ron is a kid. And with the way Molly babies him he is very immature. I don’t want to scare him by letting him find out that a death eater had been sleeping on the spare pillow next to him in bed for over a year.”

Frank understood. “I will have to tell Amelia, and Kings, but I don’t think it will be a problem. Amelia has a niece the same age as him, so I think she will understand. And Kings understands how to keep his mouth shut.”

They had a nice tea break, Bill enjoying talking with everyone. He really had become fond of everyone he had gotten to know over the past few years. He had spent hours with Neville and the other boys working with them on wand movements and spells, and different subjects. He really considered them all to be like family, and knew that he was going to keep in touch with them even after he left for Egypt.

**Ministry of Magic, DMLE - January 8, 2001**

Frank strolled into the office with a bounce in his step. He finally had what they needed to free Sirius sitting in a cage in the box in his hands. He quickly signalled to Kings and Amelia as he went through to one of the secured private areas. Once they were there, and the room had been warded to ensure that no one could spy, Frank pulled out the cage.

Amelia and Kings were both overjoyed to see the rat. He quickly explained about what happened, with Bill over hearing the conversation and putting it together with his brothers new pet. Amelia had absolutely no problem not mentioning the Weasley’s, she didn’t want to scare the child.

They talked about it and decided that they were going to gather as much information as they could as evidence to prove that it was Pettigrew that was guilty. It would push the trial back a bit, but it would be worth it. They still needed to make sure that they would have all the proof they needed.

**Wizengamot - February 19, 2001**

James was standing with Alice, Gerald Greengrass, and Kensington Shacklebolt waiting for the trials to start. While the regular Wizengamot session were held at the start of each month, trials were held in the middle. Due to the use of truth serum the trials usually only lasted about 5-10 minutes.

Gerald and Kensington could see just how excited the others were. They saw Lucius and Narcissa catch their eyes and grin. Gerald looked to Kensington and they smiled. They might not know what was coming, but they couldn’t wait.

Stepping up to the podium, Gerald called the meeting to order. They managed to get through all of the trials on the schedule well before lunch, it had only been a few petty thieves. Gerald was wondering what had gotten the others so excited when Amelia rose to speak.

“Chief Warlock Greengrass, there is one more trial that I would like to add to the docket.” She said, her face stoic, but a light shining in her eyes.
“Of course Madam Bones.” Gerald responded as he stepped aside so that she could do the run through of the case since he didn’t have the file.

Taking her place at the podium Amelia pulled out her paperwork. “I call to order the trial of Peter Anthony Pettigrew, for the betrayal of the Potter family to the Dark Lord V…Voldemort, and the mass murder of 12 muggles.”

The hall broke out in chaos before she was even half way through her introduction. “You’re mad Bones.” “How can you try a dead man.” “It was Sirius Black.” Was heard, shouted by the Lords and Ladies.

With a signal to Kingsley, who was standing at the door that led to the most secure of the cells, Frank escorted Peter Pettigrew into the chamber. Suddenly there was almost complete silence as the members of the Wizengamot saw a man that they had believed had died a hero. Kingsley and Frank placed the man in the accused’s chair, chains jumping up to wrap themselves around him.

Albus was sitting tensely in his seat. This was bad, this was very bad. If he couldn’t manage to get Pettigrew off somehow Sirius Black would be released from Azkaban. If he was released, he could demand custody of the boy, he didn’t know if he would be willing to allow Albus to remain in control since he had allowed him to stay in Azkaban for so long.

While Albus was trying to think of ways to get Sirius to trust him again Amelia had been laying out the evidence she had gathered. When she pulled out a box that held the wand of Voldemort that Pettigrew had taken from the house in Godric’s Hollow, he snapped to attention. When Amelia set out the idea of destroying it to make sure that it could never be used again, Albus had tried to think of a way to stop it. He had already arranged for Ollivander to create a brother wand for the Potter boy. He needed that wand. But before he could do anything Amelia put it to a vote. Many in the dark faction voted against it, but the vote passed before Albus could think of an excuse. He watched in horror as Amelia picked up the wand and snapped it in half, handing it over to one of the unspeakables in the room, they then all watched as the unspeakable used fiendfyre to destroy the remaining parts.

After that, Amelia allowed everyone a moment before she continued. “Given that Peter Pettigrew has proven himself untrustworthy through faking his death, I request the use of veritaserum.”

“Now Amelia,” Albus cut in. “Surely you aren’t suggesting that we hold a trial without Mr. Pettigrew’s defence attorney present.”

Amelia didn’t show any response over her dropped title. “Mr. Pettigrew was offered a defence attorney multiple times since he was first arrested, he has refused every time. We even had him sign a contract stating that he was willingly giving up his right to an attorney without any coercion.” She had copies of the contract appear in front of all the members. “If you read that you will see that the only way the contract would be valid was if he did it willingly. If my aurors or I even attempted to coerce him, the contract would be invalid. As the contract is still valid he has not been coerced or threatened.”

Everyone was slightly surprised. This man had to be an idiot. Who gives up their right to an attorney willingly when they are being charged with treason and murder. Albus was shocked as he looked over the contract, he knew the man was dumb, but he had at least thought he had decent survival instincts, he had made it this long after all.

It was put to a vote and the use of veritaserum was approved. Amelia would be the one to question him.
“What is your name?” Amelia asked once the veritaserum had been administered.

“Peter Anthony Pettigrew.” Peter’s voice was dull and lifeless.

“What is your date of birth?”

“September 1, 1969.”

“The veritaserum is in full effect.” Amelia said as she looked around the court room. “Are you a follower of the Dark Lord Voldemort?”

“Yes.”

“Did you join him willingly?”

“Yes.”

“Who was the secret keeper for the Potter family?”

“I was.”

“Did you tell Lord Voldemort the location of the Potter family?”

“Yes.”

“Did you do so willingly?”

“Yes”

“Why?”

“I knew that he would reward me once Hadrian Potter was dead.”

“Were you at the house in Godric’s Hollow the night of October 31, 1991?”

“Yes.”

“What did you do?”

“I followed the Dark Lord after he left his manor. I wanted to watch, but I was too late. I walked past the bodies of James and Lily. In the nursery, Hadrian was in his crib crying for his father, there was blood running down his head. The Dark Lord was gone. There was only a pile of ashes on the floor with his wand sitting in it. I knew that the boy had done it. I was going to kill him, but then I heard Sirius’s bike in the distance. I knew that he would catch me if I stayed any longer. I grabbed the Dark Lord’s wand and ran.”

Everyone was stunned. James had wanted to kill the rat as soon as he said that he had been planning to kill his son.

“What happened next?”

“I ran away and hid. I hid the wand of the Dark Lord and tried to get out of the country. But Sirius was tracking me. He caught me in an alley in London a few days later. He was going to bring me in. I couldn’t allow that. I threw a few hexes at the muggles that had gathered around us. Once he was distracted, trying to protect the muggles, I shouted to everyone that it had been Sirius that had betrayed James. Then I cast an over powered cheering charm at him, cast a blasting curse at a
muggle fuel line, cut off my finger, transformed, and escaped.”

“What do you mean by transformed?”

“I have the animagus form of a common brown rat.”

“What have you been doing since then?”

“I have been in hiding. I knew that the other Death Eaters thought that I had set up the Dark Lord, so I knew I couldn’t go to them. I have been living as a rat ever since, moving from place to place.”

Amelia gave a quick signal and the unspeakables cast a silencing ward around Pettigrew. She looked at the stunned Wizengamot members. “Does anyone have any other questions before we vote.”

No one had any other questions so the vote was called. Every single member voted for conviction, even those in the dark faction. Once they had decided on a sentence Amelia had the ward around Pettigrew removed and had him given the antidote to the potion.

“Peter Anthony Pettigrew, you have been found guilty of treason and mass murder. You are sentenced to 20 years in the maximum security section in Azkaban, before you receive the dementors kiss.”

Peter kept screaming about how he was innocent, how they all would have done what he had done. Once he was removed Amelia returned to her place, and Gerald retook the podium. “Does anyone else have any other business that we must attend to before we call this meeting to a close?”

Albus stood up. If he was the one to arrange Sirius’s release it might help him to regain the mans trust. “We should release Sirius Black from Azkaban. As we have all just learned, he is innocent. I will personally go and retrieve him once this meeting ends.”

Amelia stood up. “There is no need for that Lord Dumbledore. This trial was the result of almost five years of work. It started when it was brought to my attention that Lord Sirius Black had been illegally detained and thrown into Azkaban without ever receiving a trial. With the approval of Minister Fudge, Auror Shacklebolt and I went to Azkaban and retrieved him. After a reexamination of the evidence and questioning him under veritaserum he was able to prove his innocence. As he had never been formally charged or tried, there was no need to bring it up in front of this body. After he was released he understandably needed time to recover from his ordeal. We felt that we would be able to catch Pettigrew easier if he didn’t know that anyone knew what he had done. He agreed with us and left the country to recover. He has remained out of the country ever since. He has been free since March 1996. The ministry has also offered him their full apologies and paid reparations.”

Albus sat back down hard. Sirius was already free, and since he didn’t know, Sirius hadn’t trusted him enough to get in touch. The only positive part of this was that since he had left without his godson if it ever came down to it, he could use it to keep him from getting custody. He had after all, in effect, abandon the boy. He could use that to keep custody of the boy for himself.

Both Gerald and Kensington were smiling at the particularly smug smile on Sebastians face. He must have known and helped set this all up somehow, they didn’t know how, but it really didn’t matter.
Albus was furious as he arrived back in his office. He hated how much power he had lost. Ever since Sebastian Peverell had arrived he had lost so much. He was no longer Chief Warlock, he was no longer able to pass any law he wanted, and many of the laws he had passed in the past were now being repealed. Vampires now had basic rights, and the werewolf rights vote was coming up next month.

Minerva, Andromeda and Ted arrived. After Nymphadora had graduated Ted had had to leave the board so Albus had used what little input he had on his staffing to hire Ted as one of the wizarding law professors.

“Albus, what has happened now?” Minerva asked.

Albus looked to Andromeda. “I am going to need your help. That fool Pettigrew allowed himself to be caught. He has been convicted for his betrayal of the Potter’s and the murder of those muggles. Sirius is free.”

“When will he be released? I can get close to him again and start him on his potions again.”

Andromeda had absolutely no problem dealing with her little cousin again, she had been the one that had first started drugging him after all.

Andromeda had never liked her family much. Her younger twin sister was completely insane so they had never really bonded. Andromeda had felt that, since she was the eldest of the next generation, she should be next in line for the family title, but no, they had to name her little cousin Sirius heir. Just because he was a boy she was passed over, it should have been her, she was the oldest and smartest.

When she had arrived at Hogwarts she went in to Slytherin just so that she wouldn’t have to deal with her crazy family. The headmaster had noticed her disdain for all the dark witches and wizards she was surrounded by and had started to help her. She had been the one to see how Sirius was a rebellious kid and told the headmaster. Albus had thought swaying the heir of one of the darkest known families to the light would be useful so he had arranged for her to get personality altering potions to use on her cousin. The potions would further separate him from the rest of the family, causing him to turn to her, she would then tell him how he should try and break away from the family.

The headmaster had used the potions on him, and spells on the hat, to make Sirius go to Gryffindor. Even after he had been sorted there, their grandfather had still supported him and kept him as the heir. She had been so angry, if it had been her they would have thrown her out of the family.

Then there had been that marriage contract her parents had arranged. Sure, Lucius Malfoy had been hot, but there was no way she was going to marry someone that was such a prissy man, and so dark. After the headmaster had introduced her to Ted she knew he was who she was going to marry. He had been exactly what she had wanted. Originally she had planned on using her dowery to buy them a nice home and ensure that they had a good life, but no, her awful family had denied her once again. She had been formally disowned, she would never get her hands on any of the family money, unless she could force Sirius to give it to her. It hadn’t bothered her at all that her younger sister Narcissa had been forced to take her place and marry that ponce.

Now that her grandfather was dead, she could make Sirius hand control over to her. He had always trusted her in the past after all. Once she had control of the family she could force every member to support the light and destroy everything dark they had once stood for.

“That’s the problem. He was released almost five years ago. He’s been out of the country ever
“What? How dare he not tell me he had been released? I am his cousin, he should have come straight to me for help.” Andromeda was furious, how dare he not tell her.

“It’s worse, he has claimed the lordship. If he’s wearing the Lord ring we won’t be able to use potions anymore. The Black family was always paranoid so that ring is coated in protections.” Albus said with a sigh. That was why he had had Andromeda target the boy before he had been able to get the heir ring at 11. “The fact that he didn’t come to any of us shows that he doesn’t trust us. You’re going to have to write to him and try and get him to trust you again.”

“It won’t be an issue, he was always a fool, I have no doubt that that hasn’t changed.” Andromeda started reworking her plans on getting control. She knew Ted was already thinking of all the legal rules they could use.

“Albus?” Ted said, his voice thoughtful. “He can’t have taken the lordship, he was sent to Azkaban. The law states that if you have been sent to Azkaban you can’t claim any titles.” Andromeda gave her husband a grin, this was one of the reasons she loved him.

“If only my boy.” Albus sighed. “There wasn’t near enough evidence to convict him, all he would have had to do is demand the use of veritaserum and he would have been able to prove his innocence. So I arranged for Crouch to send him directly to Azkaban and used one of our people on the paper to write about a fake trial.

He was never formally convicted so he was never stripped of his rights to inherit. If we try to use that now, it will turn the public against us. I saw many speaking to the press when I was leaving so it will be all over the Prophet by morning. An auror, framed for a crime he didn’t commit by a former friend, sent to prison without trial, its the perfect story. The public will adore him by tomorrow. We can’t be seen doing anything against him.”

“What about Harry?” Minerva asked

“Shouldn’t be an issue.” Albus said, a relieved look on his face. “All my monitors are still working, so he is still with the Dursley’s. Sirius has been out of the country for years, if he attempts to gain custody now that can be used against him. Thankfully he hasn’t been around to cause problems. I think this is what Severus has been trying to tell me about.

Since Remus works for the bank he must have come across Sirius. The past plan that he must have wanted me to look into was Sirius’s arrest.”

Yes, Albus thought. This had to be what Severus was going on about. Because of the potions and compulsions he had layered on the man he would undoubtedly hate seeing Sirius free.

As they continued to talk none of them noticed the devious smile on the face of former headmaster Phineas Nigellus Black. He would wait until they finished before he would go to his other portrait in Grimmauld Place to tell his great-great-grandson Regulus.

Santorini, Greece

James arrived back at their camp and ran over to Sirius and hugged him. Sirius was extremely confused until James announced that Pettigrew was on his way to Azkaban, and he was officially free.
Sirius had hated having to let Pettigrew run around free for so long, but it had had to be done. They couldn’t have had Dumbledore knowing he was free. Plus, doing it now, so soon to when Hadrian was to start at Hogwarts, would put pressure on the old man. In the end, it hadn’t really mattered when the rat was caught, he was still going to pay.

That night there was a massive party. All the curse breakers they worked with had learned of what had happened to Sirius and they all wanted to celebrate his freedom with him. Regulus, Amelia, Kingsley, Cecilia Perra, Edward Brown, Bill and Charlie Weasley, the Malfoy family, and the Longbottom family all portkeyed in and joined the party. Even Ragnock and his wife, Cora, came over to congratulate him.

No one, not even the kids, went to sleep until after the sun had already started to rise.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 6, 2001**

James had a pounding headache as he walked out of the school board meeting. They had just spent over 4 hours making strict guidelines on how tests and essays were to be marked.

Some of the students had felt that they weren’t being marked equally, and they were right. After spending the last few months checking over random essays from different classes they had found that some students were being marked harder than others. James hadn’t bothered to bring it up, he didn’t feel that he had to anymore after all, but the students that were often being marked easier were the Gryffindors. If they hadn’t started stepping in and making certain teachers start to grade fairly the top student of the year would have been a Gryffindor.

Once the teachers were forced to mark the students equally, the Gryffindor dropped back down to fifth place, while the other students that had been marked harder rose back up to their original positions in the class rankings.

They had issued more than a few warnings that that sort of thing wouldn’t be tolerated but it had been decided that they would have to make up a marking scheme to ensure fairness. It had been a painfully long and loud process of deciding how the marking should be broken down, but they had managed it. To ensure that the scheme was followed they had even instituted a financial penalty to the teachers caught unfairly grading students.

Both Alice and James were happy with everything they had managed to accomplish in the past few years. The school was now a place that they felt better allowing their sons to attend, though they would still be keeping a close eye on things.

They had also managed to improve the country as a whole. During the review of werewolf rights they had managed to normalize their status, as they had done with vampires and a few other dark creatures. They were now able to have jobs, open bank accounts, get married, have children, get medical treatment, and they were also now protected from discrimination by law.

They certainly had changed the world for the better in the past few years.

**Hogwarts, Staff Room - July 3, 2001**

Severus calmly walked through the hallways towards the staff room. He knew from Regulus, who had been told by Phineas Black, that there was going to be a final staff meeting today.
Severus knew that he was going to have to see Albus, he had already received half a dozen letters, and his contract had only been up two days before. Like he had learned to do when he was still working here, he planned on meeting the old man around other staff members so that he couldn’t be made out to be the bad guy.

Pausing at the door, he heard as Albus called the meeting to a close. He was just on time. Knocking, he walked into the room. Looking around he could see most of his former colleagues were still there, but there were now many more.

“You wished to speak with me Albus.”

“Ah, Severus my boy, welcome back.” Albus’s eyes glittered as he finally had his old potions master back. Although, he didn’t like his new look.

The Severus that had left the school 5 years ago had been sallow skinned and sickly with long greasy hair. Now he stood tall and proud with a strong muscular body. He had golden tanned skin and his hair fell in soft clean waves.

“Severus, welcome back. Did you enjoy your time away?” Fillius squealed. Like the headmaster he had seen the changes in the man, but he was happy to see them.

“Yes, welcome back Severus. We have missed you.” Pomona Sprout said. She really had missed the man. Severus had always been polite and understanding when he had come to collect any potions ingredients she had in her greenhouses, he was always careful to never damage her plants. She had never realized how nice that was until he was gone. The two potions masters that had replaced him were not so gentle. Toby Zear might be a decent potions master, but he had absolutely no skill when it came to plants. And Horace, like he had always done before, always wanted her to do all the work. She already knew that it was Zear that would be leaving, but she wasn’t going to miss the man, she just wished there was a way to replace Horace too.

“Well my boy, if you want to follow me I have your contract all ready for you to sign.” Albus said chipperly.

“I won’t be signing a contract like my last one Albus. I can no longer devote all my time to the school. I have other priorities.”

“What could be more important than the school Severus?” Minerva asked.

“My family.” Sev said with a small smile.

“Family?” Many voices gasped at once. Some were happy for him, like Fillius and Pomona, most were surprised, like Aurora Sinistra and Septima Vector, and some were clearly unhappy, like Albus and Minerva.

“Yes. I have a husband and young daughter. I can’t just disappear from their lives for months at a time.” Severus said.

“Oh, congratulations Severus.” Both Fillius and Pomona squealed at the same time. They were both overjoyed that he had found happiness. Severus nodded his thanks to them.

“But you would have had to leave them while you were working for the bank.” Minerva said in confusion.

“No, we had a family sized tent at base camp, so we all traveled together.” Severus told her. “Now, if I am to come back and teach here, it won’t be like it was before. I know that there are now
houses that those with family members can use, so I will need one of those. I would also prefer not to be the Head of Slytherin again, as much as I enjoyed it, it takes up too much time. But I would be happy to be co-heads or an assistant head to Aurora. I also won’t have the time to do all the schools brewing or all the ingredient gathering.”

“Why don’t we go up to my office to discuss it?” Albus said. His smile was brittle and there was no sparkle in his eyes.

“Certainly, Albus. But I won’t be able to stay long, I am meeting my family for lunch in about half an hour.” Severus said as he headed towards the door.

“Wait, Severus.” Pomona called out to him. “Are you still a Snape, or did you take your husbands name. We will need to know how to address you.”

“It’s Prince-Peverell.” Sev’s smile was particularly sharp as he heard many gasps, and Minerva actually dropped her tea cup on the floor where it shattered.

Up in Albus’s office Severus looked around. He caught eyes with Phineas Black and they both gave each other’s secret grin. Then he noticed Fawkes empty perch, he almost laughed. The phoenix was still hanging out with the curse breakers in Greece, and didn’t seem like he was going to be leaving any time soon.

“Where’s Fawkes?” Severus couldn’t help but rub it in.

“He is off in search of a mate. I thought it was time for him to do a little traveling so I sent him of for a year or two.” Albus almost growled, of course Severus would notice the lack of phoenix first. “Let’s have a seat. Lemon drop?”

Severus sneered at the candies. “No thank you, Albus.”

Minerva came in then and sat down next to him. “Severus, what do you mean your last name is Prince-Peverell?”

“I mean, that my last name is Prince-Peverell.” Severus smirked slightly.

“My boy are you saying that you married Sebastian Peverell.” Severus nodded at Albus’s question. “I know I told you to get close to him, but I didn’t mean that close.”

“I didn’t get married for you Albus, I did it for me. You played no role in my decision to get married, I can assure you.” Severus had forgotten just how much he hated when the man treated him like he was nothing more than a chess piece.

“Well then, since you have access to such… Personal information, is there anything you can tell us?” Albus asked.

“No. Not only do I have no intention of betraying my husband’s confidence, I am also still bound by the secrecy contract. The only way I can speak of anything that happened over the last 5 years is with the permission of those involved.” Severus got up and started to pace the office. “Albus, I came here to discuss working here again, not my personal life. If you wish to retain my services as a potions professor please contact the bank. Chief goblin Ragnock, as my financial manager, will be negotiating my new contract for me. If you do not wish for me to work here than I will find a different job.”
With that, Severus nodded goodbye to the two fuming people in the office and strode out. Back straight, and robes billowing.

“I warned you.” Minerva snarled at Albus. “I warned you he needed to be handled carefully. Now he is married to one of our biggest opponents and confident in his position. How are we supposed to get him back in line?”

Albus just stared at the door his former potions master and spy had just walked through. Who did that man think he was, no one denied Albus what he wanted. He would just have to remind Severus who was in control, the question was how. Maybe he could contact Amelia with some information about Severus’s time as a death eater, but no, then Severus would be in Azkaban. He needed the man free, but subservient.

“We will have to use his family. There really isn’t anything we can do to Severus or Sebastian, but their daughter… If I say that I have gotten information from one of my contacts that some of the former death eaters are planning on targeting her for revenge against his betrayal, he might come to us for protection once again.”

“And if he doesn’t?” Minerva asked.

“It will work out. The life debt that he swore will force him to return here in the end. Once he’s back here we will just have to restart his training. Plus now we have the added benefit of Sebastian and his daughter staying on school grounds. It will make for easier access. If Lily can’t get pregnant within the next year we will just have to dispose of James and get her hired here. That woman was always particularly good at making men fall in love with her.”

Yes, Albus thought, that was what they would do. If he could get Lily between the two men, she could split them up. He could arrange for Lily to marry Sebastian, have a child, get rid of the one he already had of course, then kill off Sebastian, and they would have access to even more money and power. It would all work out, after all, he was Albus Dumbledore, greatest wizard since Merlin, if not greater.

Junior Technologies

After leaving Hogwarts Severus went back to Peverell Manor. James was having a particularly hard time with the idea that in 2 months their son would be going to school. It was different for Severus, because he knew that he would be there too, but James wouldn’t be able to see Hadrian every day like he was used to.

Deciding to give the two of them some time alone, he convinced Remus and Sirius to take the girls and do a little shopping before heading over to the Malfoy’s so the girls could have a play date. As they wandered around Remus had suggested that they go and see Arthur. As James owned the company they were able to floo directly into the offices. They were then quickly directed to his office.

Remus went in first, leaving the girls out in the hall with Sev and Sirius. “Hello Arthur.”

Arthur spun away from the design board he had been staring at trying to figure out where he was going wrong with his latest creation. “Remus, what brings you by?”

“Just figured we’d stop by and say hello.”

“We?”
Remus called out to the others and they all came in. Sirius had been wearing a glamour since he didn’t want to have to deal with being hounded by people, ever since Pettigrew’s trial the press had made him out to be some tragically damaged hero, but now that he was among friends he dropped it.

“Sirius. It is so good to see you my old friend. And these must be the delightful little ones Bill mentioned. And Severus, it’s wonderful to see you too.” Arthur was so pleased to see Sirius.

Severus smiled at the gentle man. “Arthur allow me to introduce you to my daughter Kali Prince-Peverell, and Ariadne and Cassiopeia Lupin-Black.”

Arthur was surprised at the introductions. He had expected the twins, but he hadn’t realized that Severus had gotten married and had a daughter. Looking at the girl he could instantly see the similarities to him though. “Hello little ladies. I have heard you know my sons Bill and Charlie.”

“You’re Bill and Charlies daddy?” One of the twins asked.

“We like them.” The other twin added.

“They’re fun.” Kali finished.  

Arthur smiled as he chuckled. They seemed to have their own version of twin speak that he was used to from his own twins.”Yes I am. I’m glad you liked them.”

The next half hour was spent talking about things. And Arthur got to learn just how much like his own set of trouble making twins these three little girls were. He was also glad that he only had the one daughter when he saw the power of the three puppy dog pouts working together when Severus had told them that they couldn’t go and play in one of the experimentation rooms. He knew that there was no way he would have been able to resist looks like that, but thankfully Ginny had never mastered that look.

Peverell Manor - July 21, 2001

Hadrian had just arrived for breakfast when an owl flew in the window carrying a letter and went directly to him. He knew what this was. It was his Hogwarts letter.

He remembered most of what had happened during his first year, and the major events for the years after that, but he didn’t remember everything. Things like what they did in classes was fuzzy, but he was more than prepared for class after all the lessons he had gotten over the years.

One major benefit that they had was that the DCW had taken over doing the home visits the year before. That meant that no one at the school knew that he wasn’t on Private Drive yet.

All the adults held their breaths when he opened the letter after it had been scanned for spells. The girls instantly broken down in tears, they had been told that their big brother was going to be starting school and they were devastated that he was leaving them.

“Why are you all holding your breath, we all know I got in?” Hadrian asked.

James laughed and rolled his eyes at his son before he took the letter to read over it. He had Hadrian quickly fill out the course selection list before he wrote out his acceptance before sending it off.
Hadrian, Draco, and Neville had all agreed that they were going to take comparative religion, english, physical education, and french along with the core classes, which now included the muggle/wizard studies class and magical theory. It was a full schedule, but the french class would only take a few months, and they thought the rest of them were important.

As much as he didn’t want to leave his family, he was excited for school. It wouldn’t be like last time. He was going to be able to trust those around him. He also felt something pulling at him that was making him excited.

**The Burrow**

Molly took Rons Hogwarts letter and let out a watery sigh. Her little baby Ronnikins was going to have to leave her soon. She hated having to let him go, he was still so young.

Opening the letter she grabbed a quill and filled out the acceptance letter. Her precious baby wasn’t going to need any of those extra classes, he was going to be busy enough making friends with Harry Potter. Plus she didn’t want him near any of those dark wizards that would take those classes.

Hearing a cheer, she looked up to see Arthur and the twins congratulating Percy as he held a prefect badge. She knew when the time came, her precious Ronnie would have one of those too.

**Granger House - July 22, 2001**

Hermione Granger was doing her best not to roll her eyes at the woman sitting in the sitting room. She hated having to pretend that she was one of those stupid uninformed students. This woman had been sent by the ministry to inform her that she was a witch and explain things to her. It was so annoying. After all, she had been studying magic for over a year now.

But she knew the role she had to play. She had to play the role of stupid little muggleborn, but soon enough she would be able to show everyone how much better she was.

When her mother told the babbling woman that they would prefer to go to Diagon Alley on their own she almost sighed in relief. The last thing she wanted to do was spend an entire afternoon with this woman. Professor McGonagall had told her all about these people. They kidnapped kids from their parents if they didn’t like them, she wasn’t about to let these people get control over her.

It was a stupid idea. If a kid’s parents hit them, they had to have a reason. Maybe the kid was just bad, or stupid. Children needed to learn, and it wasn’t fair to take them away just because they don’t like being punished, no one liked to be punished. She couldn’t wait to start fixing the backwards magical world.

Looking over the course list, she selected the courses she had already decided to take. She wasn’t going to take the comparative religion class, she already knew which religion was the correct one. Instead she would take french, latin, and german, for languages, she already knew french, but it would just give her an extra bump in grades. She would also be taking english, but she wasn’t about to waste her time with more phys-ed.

**Diagon Alley - July 30, 2001**
Hadrian was happily walking down the alley. He was using his metamorphmagus abilities, making him look like a dirty blond with brown eyes, so no one was paying attention to him. His fathers, uncles, and sisters were all with him. Sirius, like him, also looked different, but it was because he was under glamour.

They had already gotten his books from River Run, and his clothes from Morning Dew. They had specifically chosen the Morning Dew shop for his robes because they added extras. Madam Mulkin’s just had the standard robes. But Hadrian wanted to make sure that there was a hood on his cloak. He had found when he had been wearing a hoody a few months earlier, that Nemesis loved climbing into the hood. She could sleep or just relax in there and stay close to him. The Morning Dew shop also added growth charms, and spells to regulate the temperature.

Nem was still tiny so it wasn’t an issue. Hadrian had also been startled when she had first started to speak. Remus had explained that as their bond got stronger they would be more and more connected. He was starting to hear her thoughts, as she was starting to hear his.

Today was all about the wands. Neville and Draco were planning on meeting him at Ollivander’s. Hadrian couldn’t wait to get his wand again.

Walking in, Garrick Ollivander greeted them all. Hadrian knew that he could trust this man, he had never betrayed him in his past life, so he allowed himself to return to his original features.

Neville was the first up. It only took three tries to find his wand. English oak, 10 1/2” with a mane hair of a young unicorn. Ollivander explained that english oak wands willingly align themselves with those of strength, courage, and fidelity.

Next up was Draco. It took a bit longer to find his wand, but they did. Yew, 12 1/4” with the heart string of a Peruvian vipertooth. They were told that although yew wands had a bad reputation they were found in the hands of heroes just as often as villains, and those that held them often times were fierce protectors.

Hadrian chose to go last because he knew that it would take a while to find his wand. Like in his first life he tried wand after wand, but none of them worked. Eventually Ollivander went and picked up his old holly and phoenix feather wand. Reaching out Hadrian picked up the wand, expecting the warm buzz that he remembered, but that wasn’t what he felt.

Instead of warmth, the wand felt like ice. Then everything started to shake and a large crack formed in the front window. Ollivander jumped forward and snatched the wand from his hand. At first Hadrian was confused, but then it started to make more sense. The last time he had chosen his wand he was layered in potions and compulsions and carrying the soul of a dark lord. It made sense that he would get the brother wand of the man whose soul was in his head. Besides, the brother to the holly wand had been destroyed months before, so he wasn’t going to need that particular wand again.

After almost an hour everyone was ready to give up when Ollivander admitted defeat and said that he was going to have to make a custom wand. He took Hadrian into the back room that was lined with closed boxes. Hadrian was to run his hand over the top of the boxes, and just let his magic feel. He was then to bring all the boxes that pulled at him to Ollivander and he would go from there.

Hadrian walked around the room. Every now and then he would feel his magic pull and he would pick up the box. In the end he handed Ollivander seven boxes. He sorted four boxes in to two pairs and said that his magic had told him that they were supposed to go together. Ollivander went into a small room to work. He said that it would take about an hour so Hadrian should go for ice cream or...
something while he worked.

They were all on their way to Fortescue’s for some ice cream, after Hadrian reapplied his look, when Hadrian froze. He had just caught sight of Eeylops Owl Emporium. Hedwig. She was there, sitting in a cage just outside the shop. Her amber eyes staring at him. Hadrian walked over to her, reaching in the cage he stroked her feathers. Telling her how beautiful and amazing she was the entire time. He remembered how much Hedwig had loved to be praised.

One of the shop assistants came running out, ready to warn the young boy away when he noticed the snowy owl was letting him pet her. He was surprised, that bird hated everyone. James quickly arranged to buy the owl. He remembered reading in Hadrian’s journals how much he had loved and missed his beloved snowy owl.

They all sat and ate ice cream while they waited. Hedwig preening under all the praise she was getting from everyone, while enjoying the different treats the girls were not so stealthily sneaking her. The adults all discussed Severus’s new contract.

Like Severus had known was going to happen, Ragnock managed to get him a great contract. He would be teaching first year, and fifth through seventh years. This would automatically cut out almost half of the marking he had had to do before, making it even easier would be that he would have a lab assistant to assist. He would also only have to do weekend rounds one weekend per month and one night of night rounds every other week. He also wouldn’t be doing all the brewing or ingredient collecting for the school, and any that he did do would be compensated. Then there was also that he was going to be co-heads of Slytherin with Aurora. Plus, He, James, and Kali would have one of the houses, they had already made plans so that Remus, Sirius, and the twins could come over for some nights, and that both the Malfoy’s and the Longbottom’s would have access so they could bring the kids over to visit.

Eventually the time was up and they went back to the wand shop.

Again, they all went in together, everyone wanted to see Hadrian’s wand. They were all surprised to see how pale and excited Ollivander was. Though, when he told them about the wand they were stunned. Lifting the lid of the top of the box he held it out to Hadrian.

“Thirteen inches exactly. Handle made of redwood, redwood wands are seen as lucky because those that carry them often find their way out of difficult situations, but it’s really because they only choose wizards that have the ability to land on their feet and make the right choices, this particular piece was stained with indigo, one of the oldest known dyes. The shaft is made of silver fir. Wands made of fir are known a survivors wands, they select people that are strong minded.

The first of the two cores in this wand is unicorn tail hair that has been bathed in basilisk venom, the perfect balance of light and dark. The unicorn hair is twined with a strand of thestral hair that has been bathed in phoenix tears, the perfect balance of life and death. It is finished off with a brilliant cut royal blue-green sapphire to store and concentrate power.

This wand is perfectly balanced in every way. In all my life I have never even heard of a wand like this, and I don’t think I ever will again. I warn you now Mr. Potter, never let another take this wand. In any hand other than yours this wand will rain destruction in our world.”

Everyone was stunned as they looked at the wand in the box. The shaft was a silvery white, Hadrian could make out a few runes that were in the grain of the wood. The handle was a rich dark blue, almost black, and wrapped around the shaft in a winged design. The sapphire sparkled at the very end of the handle.
Reaching down, Hadrian picked up the wand. His magic sang as soon as he touched it. The entire room started to shimmer with a golden light and everyone felt the heat and joy. Nemesis popped her head up out of Hadrian's hood, laying her head on his shoulder, looking down at the wand, she started to purr contentedly.

The wand ended up costing over 100 galleons, but it was worth it. Hadrian and the boys all also got wrist holsters that were equipped with a spring release, like the aurors holsters. With a flick of their hand, their wands would shoot out into their hands, once they dropped the wand it would shoot back into the holster. They had the holsters keyed to their wands so that they would automatically return there no matter what happened, it would stop their wands from getting stolen.

Going home that night Hadrian was happy. He had Hedwig back, and he had an amazing wand.

Hogwarts, Headmasters Office - July 31, 2001

“ALBUS! ALBUS!” Minerva shouted as she came into the office. She was in a complete state of panic.

“Minerva.” Albus was shocked by her behaviour. “What is so wrong that it has gotten you into this state? Did you get the stone? Did Harry see you get it?”

“Yes I got the stone, but Harry didn’t see anything, because he wasn’t there.”

“Why wasn’t he with you. I told you to make sure that he went with you down to the vault.”

“No, Albus. He wasn’t at Private Drive.”

“WHAT?” Albus was furious, that couldn’t be. He had given the Dursley’s very strict instructions on what to do with the boy to train him properly. He also had Figg watching the house.

“He wasn’t there Albus. The Dursley family sold the house last year. I spoke to the new people living in their house. They told me that apparently the families nephew had run away. The neighbours started looking closer at the family and realized that they had been abusing the boy. The entire neighbourhood was in an uproar about it.

Their own son was taken by the government and placed with a cousin of his fathers. From what they told me, he is currently living on a military base in Germany, and doing quite well. Vernon lost his job last year so they had to sell the house and move in with his sister. I tracked them down, Petunia wouldn’t even speak to me other than to yell at me that we ruined her life by forcing them to take the boy in.

The sister, Marge, told me that Vernon’s currently in the hospital after having a third heart attack, the muggle healers have absolutely know idea how he even survived.” Off in a different dimension the entity known as Death smiled, he wasn’t about to let the whale of a man that hurt his young master off that easy, he still had a punishment to live with.

“Why didn’t Arabella tell us?” Dumbledore demanded.

“Because she was taken to a muggle sanitarium a week before the Dursley’s moved. I went to try and speak to her, but they have her on so many drugs I couldn’t get a sensible word out of her, she just kept going on about Tibbles and Mr. Fluffers. Albus, you don’t think Sirius has the boy, do you?”
“No, no. He wouldn’t have the boy. He’s been out of the country for years now. And the boy must have only gone missing after Arabella was taken away, if he had disappeared before that she would have noticed and informed us. No, the boy is most likely living on the streets somewhere. This could actually work in our favour. A street kid will be even more desperate for approval.”

“If you’re sure Albus.” Minerva wasn’t so sure, nothing was going right anymore. Placing the stone on the desk, she left.

Albus sat back in his chair to think. He had originally sent Minerva to check on the boy and introduce herself to him, he would have preferred to send Hagrid, but the big oaf still hadn’t returned from that nature preserve. He knew that the DCW would have already been to see the boy, but he needed someone to ensure that he was properly doused with potions and layered with compulsions that would force him to Gryffindor.

Now the boy was missing. Getting up, he went to check the monitors he had linked to the boys magical signature so long ago, why hadn’t they let him know what was going on with the boy? Feeling the magic on them he froze.

Looking a little closer he knew exactly what had happened. He must have broken these during one of his rages. When he had repaired them, his magical signature had over written the boys. He had been monitoring himself for years. In a fit of rage he once again destroyed the little devices, but he didn’t bother to repair them this time.

Instead he went and picked up the stone. He was going to have to rework his plans, again. He couldn’t have the DCW getting involved with the boy after all, so he would need to find a new place to put him.

He didn’t notice as Phineas Black slip from his frame with a smile on his face. The old fool still hadn’t learned to never underestimate a Black.

Gringotts - August 1, 2001

Hadrian walked into the bank with his fathers, once again using his abilities to look like someone else. Nodding to the goblin guards they went back to Ragnoks office. Once in the office Hadrian released the magic that was holding his features in a different look.. It was time to get Hadrian his heir rings, and to take those conquest rights test.

After a few long conversations, they had decided that they were going to allow Dumbledore to know just where he had been living, he would figure it out anyway, so they would do it on their terms. But, naturally, they wanted to do it in a shocking way to get the best reaction out of Dumbledore and his followers. They were going to do this by having Hadrian hyphenate his last name. It only took a few quick signatures for Hadrian Potter to become Hadrian Potter-Black. Severus had already promised to show all the others the memory of when Hadrian’s name was read out during the sorting.

“Welcome back to the bank youngling.” Ragnock smiled at the youngling.

Kali slipped from her fathers arms and ran over to Ragnock and hugged him. No one was surprised anymore by the fact that Ragnock hugged her back. Kali, the twins and Lyra had managed to charm everyone, even the goblins. Both Vessra and Cora absolutely adored them.

“We are here to get his heir rings and see about those conquest titles.” Severus said, snagging Kali
before she could go wandering off in the bank, he knew she wouldn’t be in any danger, but he also didn’t want to have to deal with the chaos she could cause with an armed platoon of goblins backing her up.

It was relatively easy, to claim his heirships, all Hadrian had to do was put the heir rings on to see if they accepted him. He had already decided that he was going to pass some of the titles off to his sisters once they were 11. The Black, Peverell, Prince, Gryffindor, and Ravenclaw heir rings all accepted him easily. The Potter lordship ring resized to fit him as soon as he touched it, the family magic was eager to accept him as it’s lord.

Then it came time for the conquest test for the LeFey and Slytherin Lordships.

“You will just have to put the rings on. They will test you and your magic. You will feel it pulling on your magic, just be careful not to push back too hard, or you could lose yourself to them.” Ragnock told him. He wasn’t about to admit it, but he was a little worried for the youngling.

Hadrian nodded. He decided to start with the Slytherin ring. As soon as it was on his finger he felt the magic thicken and tighten around him, like a snake was squeezing him. He could feel it examining every inch of his core. He caught flashes of him speaking to snakes, both in this life and his last. Eventually the flashes stopped, and he felt the magic around him relax. Going from smothering to comforting in an instant. The ring resized on his finger. One down, one to go.

Reaching out, he picked up the LeFey ring and slid it on his finger, next to the Slytherin ring. Like had happened with the last test, the magic tightened around him. Rather than seeing himself talking to snakes he caught sight of different times he was being abused, and the times he fought back. Eventually the world around him went black.

When he opened his eyes he was sitting in near complete darkness, like he was in a void. The only things around him was a beautiful woman sitting at a small table and watching him. He quickly summed her up, knowing exactly who she was when he saw the ring on her hand. “Lady LeFey, it is an honour to make your acquaintance.” He kissed the air above her hand. “Allow me to introduce myself. I am Lord Potter-Slytherin, Heir Black-Prince-Peverell-Gryffindor-Ravenclaw.”

“You do not claim yourself as lord or heir to my house?” She held his gaze for a moment before she finally gestured for him to sit next to her. Hadrian was glad that Narcissa had insisted that he learn proper etiquette.

“I did not wish to presume. Only you could grant me one of those titles.”

“You are a charmer, aren’t you?” She gave him a frosty smile. Taking a deep breath she let out a sigh. “I will admit, I have never been fond of men. In my time they saw me as no better than a possession. I was hated and feared because I dared to question things. That, and I was born with a dark core, and occasionally killed those that annoyed me.” She slightly shrugged her shoulder like it was inconsequential. “But you… You interest me. You are like no other man that I have met. Like me you have been used and abused. And like me, you have fought tooth and nail to survive. And you have succeeded in a most unique way.

Under normal circumstances I would never allow a man to become lord of my house, but those of my blood are now gone. If I deny you, my line dies.”

Morgana LeFey was silent for a few moments as she examined the young boy in front of her, she made up her mind. “I shall allow you to be the lord of my house on one condition. You shall pass the title to your first born daughter when she comes of age at 17.”
“It shall be done my Lady.” Hadrian said.

Suddenly the darkness was replace with light, and he found himself laying in the healing wing of the bank. His entire family was around him along with their friends. Neville and Draco were sitting down at the bottom of his bed, all of the little ones were curled up on the bed around him. His fathers and uncles were sitting in chairs around him, along with the Malfoy’s and Longbottom’s. Even Vessra, Cora, and Ragnock were there.

It was Kali that noticed he was awake first. “Hadrian, you’re awake. Don’t do that to me again.” She went from happy to angry in an instant and glared at him for scaring her.

Everyone was up in an instant. Everyone was talking at the same time, but he was able to use what they said to figure out what had happened. He had passed out in the office, his heart had stopped for a few minutes, and he had been unconscious for over an hour.

“Everyone. Calm down. I’m sorry I scared you. I’m just fine. It was a part of the test.” Hadrian lifted his left hand up to show them the LeFey ring on his finger, next to the Slytherin ring.

“What happened, pup?” Sirius asked, fear still in his voice.

“My mind was taken to some sort of void where I met with Morgana LeFey. We talked for a bit and she agreed to allow me to be the lord of her house, so long as I pass the title on to my first born daughter when she comes of age.”

Everyone just stared at him. He knew that he sounded slightly crazy, but they should be used to weird things happening around him.

It had taken well over three more hours before anyone would let him out of the hospital bed. But, eventually he managed to convince everyone everything was fine, but he did still notice all the adults were watching every move he made.

Diagon Alley - August 18, 2001

Molly and Arthur were leading Ron and Ginny through Diagon Alley. Arthur had already taken the older boys to get their things from the other alleys. He really didn’t understand why Molly was insisting they do Ron’s shopping here, most of the stores were ridiculously over priced, not to the same extent as Celestial Alley, but close. Other than a wand, they could get better quality supplies at a cheaper price elsewhere.

Ron was currently going on about his new hazel and unicorn hair wand. Arthur was glad that he was so excited, school would do the boy good. They were just on their way out of the bookstore when Ron saw the owls.

“I want my owl now.” Ron demanded.

“Ron.” Arthur had checked Ron’s account the day before, he only had 4 knuts of his allowance left. “Did you save up the money?” He knew the answer, but he wanted Ron to learn a lesson from this.

“Of course he did Arthur.” Molly said in a sanctimonious voice. She had been secretly buying Ron all the treats he wanted to make sure that he didn’t have to spend his own money.

“You might want to check his bank book Molly.” Arthur told her.
Molly pulled Ron’s bank book out of his pocket and looked. She was shocked. The money was all gone. There was line after line of totals from the candy store. All of them time stamped as whenever she had taken him grocery shopping with her. He must have snuck off and bought candy while she hadn’t been paying attention. “Ronald Weasley! Just what did you do?”

“What, mum? Come on, I want my owl, lets go.” Ron was annoyed, what was taking them so long? He wanted his owl, why couldn’t his parents just go and buy it for him, he would pay them back later.

“No Ronald. I told you last year, and reminded you every month when your allowance went into your account. If you wanted an owl you would need to save up the money and buy it yourself, like your brothers did. Instead, you spent all your money on candy and treats, so you can’t afford to buy yourself an owl. Now, we have everything, so it’s time to go.” Arthur took no joy in having to tell Ron no, but the boy needed to learn, and so did Ginny.

“But muuuuummmm. Tell dad, you have to get me an owl. I want one.” Ron whined.

Molly was stuck. She knew she wanted to get her baby boy an owl, but Arthur would never let her get away with it. “Now Arthur, surely we can get Ronnie an owl, he will just pay us back after.”

“No Molly. He has had an entire year to save up, and has only managed to save a few knuts, at the rate he saves money he would be over a hundred long before he payed us back. I take no joy in saying no, but he needs to learn the value of money. It doesn’t just appear. When he gets older he is going to have to get a job and earn it, unless you want him sponging off you for the rest of his life. He needs to learn the value of saving up for what he wants, and that actions have consequences. He can try saving up next year. I know he won’t be getting an allowance while he’s at school, but he still does get some money. If he saves his Christmas and birthday money, plus what he gets over the summer he will have more than enough to buy an owl next year.” Arthur started moving them towards the floo.

Molly hated having to tell Ron no, but there was nothing else she could do. She had already done what she could by buying him every thing he wanted with the account Albus set up for him.

The Burrow

When they arrived home both Ron and Ginny were in the middle of temper tantrums. Ron, because he hadn’t gotten an owl, and Ginny, because she had wanted a new dress but they had left before she could find one she liked.

Percy and the twins looked up from the course books they were going over in the living room to see the melt downs. They grabbed their things and started to head up to their rooms. There was no way they wanted to be in the same room as even one of those two throwing a fit, two was worse, both of them just made everything worse because they would try to out do one another.

“Boys, where are you going?” Molly asked. She had been trying to get back into playing her role as mother to the older boys.

“To our rooms,” one of the twins said.

“There’s no way,” the other added.

“We want to stay here,”
“And listen to those two,”

“Whine about how tough,”

“Their lives are.”

“I agree with the twins.” Percy said. “It was almost cute when they were toddlers, now it’s just getting pathetic.”

With that, they all ran up the stairs, hearing the woman that called herself their mother shout at them as they went.

“Enough Molly.” Arthur was trying not to laugh at what Percy had just said. He couldn’t agree more. “They are right. I don’t know what we did wrong with these two, but they act like overgrown babies whenever they don’t get what they want.”

“I’m not a baby.” Ron nearly shouted at his father. “If you won’t get me an owl, than I want a broom.”

“Me too.” Ginny said, folding her arms and getting ready to make sure she got her way.

“Well, Arthur. You can’t say they have to save up for them on their own, we bought Charlie, Fred, and George brooms.” Molly said. There, maybe this will make her babies happy.

“Yes we did.” Arthur told her. “We bought them brooms after they made their house quidditch teams. So, once Ron and Ginny make their house teams, we will get them brooms. But not before. I will also point out, they haven’t even attended flying lessons yet. If they have been up on brooms without proper training and supervision then we are going to have to have another discussion about safety and rules. Until then, I have a report for work to work on.”

Molly growled in the back of her throat as Arthur left. She was really starting to hate that man. Now she was going to have to spend the next few hours consoling her poor babies.
First Year

Peverell Manor - September 1, 2001

Hadrian was once again laying in his fathers bed, like he had done when they first moved into the manor all those years ago. He had laid in his own bed until almost 2 in the morning before he gave in and, like he did when he was little, walked down the hall and into his parents room, Nemesis curled in his arms.

His papa had heard him coming in and had moved over so that he could crawl in between him and his dad. Only half an hour after crawling in, a tearful Kali had joined them.

By 4 in the morning, Sirius, Remus, and the twins had joined them. They had spent the rest of the night in one big puppy pile.

As much as Hadrian might have wished for a little more time, morning came far too quickly. The alarms in the room went off at 8am.

The train would be leaving at 11, but the platform would be opening at 10, and it had been decided that Hadrian, Draco, and Neville would get on the train as soon as it arrived. As much as James and Severus wanted to spend every last second with their son, they knew that they needed to get him on the train quickly to avoid having to deal with any of the traitors. Draco and Neville had decided that they didn’t want to leave their friend alone.

Slowly, and unhappily, everyone started to get up. Hadrian stopped in the bathroom to shower and brush his teeth.

When he got out of the shower, and was getting dressed, Hadrian took a moment to really look at himself in the mirror. He couldn’t see any traces of the boy he had been the last time he had lived this day. Gone was the too skinny, bruised boy that he would have been. He was still fairly short, but he was at least 3 inches taller than he had been before. He knew that he would always be considered delicate and petite, it was just genetics for him, but his slim form was accentuated by slim lithe muscles covered in smooth pale skin that currently held the tan from being in Greece. The rats nest hair was gone, though he still had the natural mess all Potter’s had, but the thick fullness he had inherited from his papa made it look like he had styled it that way. His once round, bright green eyes were now almond shaped and a rich dark emerald green. And his features were now more angular, with high cheek bones and full lips, giving him an androgynous look.

Hadrian took Nem back to his room with him to get dressed and to make sure that he had packed everything. Going into his room, he found Dobby and Kreacher methodically making their way through the room.

“Dobby, Kreacher, is everything ok?” He put Nem down and she ran over to her windowsill bed.

“Oh yes, Master Hadrian. Dobby is just checking to make sure young master has everything he will need to be without Dobby for months.” Dobby’s large eyes started to fill with tears. He wasn’t handling Hadrian leaving well.

“Kreacher?” Hadrian asked.

“Elfling Dobby has never had to pack for a young master going away to Hoggywarts, young Master Hadrian, Noble Heir of the House of Black. He’s called Kreacher to help make sure he had
everything.” Kreacher told him.

“Good idea Dobby. I do wish there was a way for you to come with me.” Hadrian knew the little elf loved being praised. “Thank you for your help Kreacher.”

“Young Master?” Kreacher asked in a hesitant voice. Once Hadrian gave him a nod to continue, he carried on, his voice a little more confident. “Kreacher knows the Potter elves’s were sent to Hoggywarts to work. Elfling Dobby is a Potter elf. If one of the Potter elves’s brought him to Hoggywarts he could be therers for the young Master.”

Hadrian blinked a few times before he started to smile, while Dobby was making squeaks of joy as he bounced. “You are brilliant Kreacher. Thank you.”

Hadrian quickly summoned one of the Potter elves that he remembered meeting when he was a child. He explained that Dobby was a Potter elf, and his own personal elf, and that they were hoping that they could arrange for Dobby to come to the school.

The elf, Koby, thought about it for a moment before he said that it could be done. Both because of the fact that Dobby was a Potter elf, and that Hadrian was the lord of one Hoggywarts house, and the heir of two others. None of the other elves at the school would ever go against him.

After that, Koby took Dobby to school with him so they could get everything ready for his arrival, and Kreacher helped Hadrian double check his packing. After that, Kreacher went home, and Hadrian went to breakfast.

**Platform 9 3/4**

After everyone finished breakfast, the girls all eating as slowly as possible to put it off a little longer, they left for the platform. They met with the Longbottom’s and Malfoy’s. Everyone watched as the train pulled into the station.

Even the adults and Hadrian, who all remembered the train, were still excited as they watched it. It really was a stunning sight.

The kids had all gotten self shrinking trunks, and they had all allowed their owls to fly to Hoggywarts rather than making them stay in their cages, so they didn’t have any large luggage to carry. Hadrian smiled as he knew his dad’s invisibility cloak, the goblins had forced the old goat to return it years ago, was sitting safely in his trunk, just waiting for him to use. No one else had arrived yet, so it was just them.

They made their way towards the front of the train. Severus smiled as the train conductor and the trolley lady stepped off the train to greet them. He had always liked them.

After introductions were done, Severus explained to Edna and Tony that they had hoped that they would be able to place wards around the compartment Hadrian chose, to keep anyone with ill intent towards him from being able to see or enter it.

Edna and Tony both thought that it was a good idea. They didn’t expect Hadrian to be in too much danger, but they didn’t want to take any risks on the train because they were the only two adults and couldn’t guarantee that they would be able to get to him if there was any issues. Edna suggested that they use the compartment next to hers.

She used the first compartment on the right side of the train to store the food and trolley that she
used. The compartment across the hall was always empty because most students thought that that one was off limits. While the other compartments had a glass panel in the door, this one didn’t, so it would be private for him.

Edna had always been fond of Severus. She had hated letting him off the train at the end of every year, and would watch to make sure that he made it back at the end of the summer. She had known that he had had a bad home life, but she had never been able to help him. Sebastian Peverell was also on of her favoured people. He had convinced the school board to approve her request to sell the children more than candy. They were confined on the train for 8 hours, they needed more than just candy. Now she sold the usual candies, but she also sold soup, sandwiches, and drinks.

Going into the compartment the adults cast the protective wards. After that, there was a tearful goodbye, and the three preteens were left alone with their familiairs.

It was just in time too, because as they all apperated away, more families started to arrive.

**Granger House**

At 7:30 the Granger families alarms started to go off. They all got up and prepared for their day. After a perfectly balance breakfast they went to get everything ready.

Hermione did one last check that she had everything she needed, not that she really had too. She had made up a checklist before she had even started to pack and had arranged her trunk perfectly.

She couldn’t wait to get going.

Making sure her sweater set didn’t have any wrinkles, she pulled back her hair. She knew that she wasn't pretty, but that would soon change. She had made her parents buy her a beautification potion. It would take a few years, but soon she would be stunning. She was going to have so much fun showing off that she was beautiful and brilliant.

Going downstairs, she had her parents load her trunk in the car. They had timed everything perfectly so that they would arrive at the platform at 10:30. Just the right time so that she could meet a few people and arrange a situation that would allow her to meet the Potter brat.

**Platform 9 3/4**

Hermione’s father pushed the cart holding her trunk behind her as they went through the barrier. Even she couldn't stop herself from gasping at the beautiful train. Looking around she saw the chaos being created by all the parents allowing their children to run wild.

As she was walking towards the train, she could have sworn she saw a white fox, but that wasn’t possible. Hogwarts: A History said that the only pets allowed at the school were an owl, cat, or toad. If anyone had brought a fox she would make sure it was sent home, she wasn't about to let someone break the rules.

She didn’t see the three boys watching from the window of the very first compartment.

Hadrian had felt pure rage as he had watched Hermione Granger come through the barrier. He hadn’t been sure how he would feel seeing her again, now he knew. He knew that she hadn’t done all those horrible things yet, but it was hard not to blame her for them.
After many discussions with his family he had decided that he would just treat her like she wasn’t worth his time. He would never be her friend, and he would never let her close to him. Maybe she could change herself and become a better person this time. But he didn’t hold out much hope.

Right now though, he was more concerned about Nemesis. Just a few moments before she had demanded to be let out of the compartment. When Hadrian had tried task her why, she had just told him to trust her, and that she knew what she was doing. She had never been this far away from him before, and he couldn’t even see her in the crowd because there were so many people and she was so small.

The Burrow

Everyone was shouting and the house was in complete chaos. By 10, Percy, Fred, and George were packed and ready to go. Percy in particular wanted to get going, he had prefect duties to get to. It was Saturday so Arthur was sitting on the couch watching his sons.

But Ron and Ginny were still in their rooms.

“Where are those two, we need to get going.” Percy snarled as he paced around the living room for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“Relax Percy.” Molly huffed. “They’re just getting their stuff ready. I don’t know why your making such a fuss. There’s plenty of time.”

“There probably,” Fred started.

“Still asleep.” George finished.

Fred and George were furious at their siblings. Their soul mate was at that platform, and they were forcing them to be late. They also knew that if Ginny was awake, she was probably trying to get dressed up to impress their soul mate.

“Enough of this. I told you that those two were going to need to start getting up at a decent time, but no, you insisted that they would be fine come school.” Arthur was just as annoyed as his sons. “I will take these three to the platform. You didn’t want to teach them how to get up before noon, so you can get them up and ready. Just remember, the train leaves at 11, and it’s currently 10:25. Good Luck.”

With that, Arthur directed his three boys through the floo.

Upstairs, Ron was indeed still fast asleep. But, Ginny was actually awake.

She had been up for over an hour getting ready. She had just been ignoring her father and older brothers like usual. Didn’t they understand, she was going to be meeting her future husband today. She needed to look perfect. She had already tried on a dozen different outfits and restyled her hair just as many times.

Molly finally got annoyed at her babies and went up to get them. She quickly helped Ginny pick out the perfect outfit, then went to get Ron. He had been incredibly difficult to get up, only finally gaining focus after she had poured a wideye potion down his throat.

Handing them sandwiches she apperated them to an alley outside King’s Cross Station. Checking the clock she saw that it was only just after 10:40. She was proud of how fast she had gotten the
kids moving. Arthur and the boys were always so dramatic. Now they just had to wait for a boy with messy dark hair, and bright green eyes.

Platform 9 3/4

As Molly was getting the other kids up, Arthur walked the boys towards the train. He had done this so many times now, but he still got sad every time he had to let his boys leave him. It was like something that was supposed to be there wasn’t.

They were all saying there goodbyes when a small yip sounded from around Fred and Georges feet. Looking down, they saw the fluffy white fox with the wings Bill had told them about.

“Well hello beautiful.” George said as Fred picked the fox up. Normally, etiquette dictated that you didn’t touch someone else’s familiar, but since she had come directly to them they could.

“Did you come to find us.” Fred said.

All four Weasley males spent a few moments stroking the soft fur. They then finished up their goodbyes and Arthur left after hugging each of them one more time, and giving the little fox one last pet.

Fred put the fox down. “Well then. Lead on lovely.”

Fred, George and Percy followed the fox through the crowds. When the fox stopped in front of the first door it placed it’s paw on the door and it opened.

Stepping in side they all heard a soft voice. “Nemesis, don’t you ever do something like that again.”

Percy was looking around at the three boys, with tiny animals in their arms, but Fred and George only had eyes for the boy scolding his familiar. They could both feel the warmth in their chest.

This was him. Their soul mate. Hadrian Potter.

As Hadrian was scolding Nem for running off he felt heat pooling in his chest. Looking up, he saw that Nem had gone to get the older Weasley’s. He smiled happily at them. He hadn’t realized just how much he had been missing the twins until just now. It was like his world had just gotten brighter.

“Well hello there,” George started.

“Little firsties.” Fred continued. They had both noticed the stunning smile on Hadrian’s face, so they were pretty sure that he had been to the bank and gotten rid of the potions, but they were still going to have to find a way to check.

“You two, don’t scare them.” Percy scolded. “Bill asked us to check in on you.”

Draco quickly jumped up and closed the door, they didn’t want anyone else finding them. “I’m Draco Malfoy, and this is my familiar Tyche, she’s a sky leopard. That’s Neville Longbottom with his storm bear familiar Demeter. And of course, this is Hadrian Potter and his kitsune familiar, Nemesis.”

Although the twins had expected it, Percy was stunned at who the fragile looking boy with dark
hair was, but he didn’t want to freak the kid out. “I’m Percy, and these two are Fred and George, though you probably already know about us.”

“Yeah,” Hadrian kept smiling, still not looking away from the twins. “Bill’s told us all kinds of stories. Do you guys want to sit down?”

Fred and George shared a look before they quickly moved forward, taking up one of the benches and arranging Hadrian between the two of them. Percy just watched them move with a raised eyebrow. They were acting odd, even by their standards.

Percy decided to just overlook the twins odd behaviour. “I didn’t even know this compartment was here. How did you find it?”

“Edna told us.” Neville said shyly as he made room between him and Draco so Percy could sit down.


“She’s the lady that pushes the trolley. Her husband, Tony, is the conductor. Our parents were talking to her, about stuff. And she mentioned that no one ever took this compartment.” Neville said.

Hadrian smiled, he knew Nev was trying to avoid saying why they had really gotten this compartment. “It’s ok Nev, They can know. My family can get a little over protective sometimes, or, all the time. They wanted me somewhere close to the only two adults on the train. They also warded the compartment against those with ‘ill intent’. I decided to stay in here mainly because I want to avoid being stared at for just a little bit longer.”

Percy gave him a small smile. “It makes sense that your family wants to protect you. Don’t worry, when I leave to go to the prefects compartments I won’t tell anyone you’re up here, and I’ll make sure to stop by when I do my rounds to make sure no one is bugging you.

“Thanks Percy.” Hadrian smiled.

They spent a few minutes talking until they heard the horn blow. It was a signal that the train would be leaving in 2 minutes. Glancing out the window, they all saw Molly, Ron, and Ginny rushing through the barrier.

Hadrian smirked as he saw Molly looking around frantically. He knew she was looking for him. Ginny looked angry, and Ron looked annoyed. This was clearly not how they planned their day starting out.

Fred and George saw the look on Hadrian’s face. He obviously knew what was going on.

Percy just shook his head. Unlike their father, Molly hadn’t bothered to shrink the trunk. Percy and his brothers all had their trunks in their pockets, but Ron was trying to drag his with him as he got on the train just before the train started moving. Percy got up and bid everyone else goodbye, he was going to the prefects meeting. He also reiterated his promise not to tell anyone Hadrian was there.

About an hour into the ride, Edna came in to see what the boys wanted to eat. Their parents had already prepaid her for them to have soup, sandwiches, and a snack. Fred and George also ordered meals and paid her with the bank cards their father had arranged for their allowance. They both
knew that he would check to make sure that they ate a proper meal, he had told them as much before he had left.

They all ate their meals and chatted. Fred and George told them all about the school.

Shortly after Percy came to check on them Draco and Neville left. They had told a few of their friends that they would visit them on the train. And since Hadrian had the Twins for company, they were going to go and chat with them for a bit before they came back. They left Tyche and Demeter in the compartment to nap as they didn’t want to bring them out with all the students yet.

Once the twins and Hadrian were alone, Fred and George started to gently probe to see if Hadrian really did know what was going on. Eventually Hadrian had enough of word games so he just came out with it.

“Are you two trying to ask me if I have been cleared of the potions and compulsions?”

“Yes.” They said as one.

“Yes. I was checked and cleared years ago. I get regular checks just to make sure.”

“Did you get one of those message orbs too?” George asked.

“No.” Hadrian knew that he could trust these two. “You can’t say anything, not even Draco and Neville know.” The twins both promised. “I didn’t need one of the orbs cause I was the one that brought them back.

I don’t really remember much of it. It’s more like… It’s a story that I heard a long time ago. I remember a few key parts, but most of it’s just blurs.”

“So you know about what’s going on?” George asked.

“Some of it. I remember about Voldemort, and what happened after he was defeated. I get flashes of things sometimes, including the both of you. Like I can remember your funeral Fred…”

Hadrian was going to continue but he had to stop. Just the thought of Fred dying was enough to bring tears to his eyes. Nemesis gave Fred and George a look that clearly said ‘comfort him’. The twins didn’t need to be told twice. They snuggled Hadrian between them and started reassuring him that it was going to be ok, that they were fine. Their arms went around him as Hadrian shifted and started to sob into Fred’s chest.

They sat and comforted him until he fell asleep. The twins arranged him so that he was on his back, his head resting on Fred’s lap, while his legs were draped over George’s. Nemesis curled up on his stomach, and after giving them both an approving look, went to sleep.

Neville had a relatively easy trip around the train. He went and talked to a few of the other kids his parents had introduced him too, including Susan Bones, and Terry Boot.

It was fun to sit and chat with them. He even told them that they were going to get to meet the friend that he had been going away to visit. Not yet, but probably the next day. Susan and her friend Hannah had just given him an odd look, before they just carried on talking. Both of the girls had gotten used to Neville being weird about his mystery friend.
The only really interesting thing that happened was a bushy haired girl barging into their compartment, looking around, huffing, and storming out, not even bothering to close the door.

Draco’s time away was a bit more exciting. He had just sat down in a compartment with his friends, Theo Nott-Davis and Blaise Zabini, when a red head slammed into the compartment.

It was clear from the red hair that he was a Weasley, so out of respect for Bill and the other Weasley’s that he knew, he didn’t say anything mean, no matter how much he wanted too. The boy had spent ten minutes ranting at them.

“What did you do with him, death eaters?” He had demanded.

“What are you even talking about?” Theo had asked, his voice calm, though he still had a hard time with people yelling at him.

“Harry Potter, my best friend. He isn’t on the train. You death eaters must have done something to him. All you snakes should be in Azkaban.” The boy was practically foaming at the mouth.

“First of all, we don’t even know who you are. Secondly, his name is Hadrian Potter. Everyone knows that by now. Third. No one has seen him since he was a baby. Just how are you friends with a boy that you have never met? Fourth, he’s on the train if he’s coming to Hogwarts. He’s probably just hiding from stalkers like you.” Draco said. His voice dripping with condescension. He didn’t like this rude boy claiming his best friend as his. Hadrian and Neville were his best friends, this boy had no right to try and take his place with one of them.

That just set the boy off on another rant. It didn’t stop until the seventh year prefect from Hufflepuff stepped in and forced Ron from the compartment. Draco just rolled his eyes at his friends, he really didn’t like that boy.

Only twenty minutes later, a bushy haired girl came into their compartment, slamming the door open. Making some excuse about looking for a lost pet, before she slammed back out.

Ron was sitting in the compartment across the hall from the prefects. They wouldn’t let him leave to go and keep searching for Harry Potter. He couldn’t believe that he was being trapped by them, he was going to tell on them.

Even Percy wouldn’t listen. He had come in to lecture him about how he shouldn’t bully the other students, and said that he was going to be writing home to their parents. Percy just wouldn’t listen to him. It wasn’t his fault those snakes had been trying to steal Potter from him.

His mum and the headmaster had told him that he needed to sit with him to make sure he understood how evil Slytherin’s were. They needed to make sure that he stayed with the light.

Every now and then he would glare at the prefect sitting in the compartment across the hall from him. The boy had originally been sitting with him, but had left after Ron had kept trying to make him let him go.

An hour after he had been stuck in the compartment, Hermione was brought in. She was arguing with the Ravenclaw and Slytherin prefects that brought her that she hadn’t done anything wrong, and that she was going to be telling the headmaster and that they would lose their prefects badge if they didn’t leave her alone.
“What happened to you?” Ron asked her as she sat down in a huff.

“I was looking for Potter and someone went and told the prefects that I was causing a disturbance. I can’t believe they’re locking us in here. They have no right. I am telling Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall when we get to school.”

“It was probably some snake, trying to get you in trouble because you’re a muggleborn.”

“I know. What are you doing here?”
“I was looking for Potter and some snakes said I was bullying them. Whiny little cowards. Did you find him?”

“No. Where is that brat? How are we supposed to insinuate ourselves in his life if he’s hiding.”

“Maybe he felt he was above taking the train like the rest of us. He’s famous after all, probably demanded that he just get to floo to school.”

“It’s not allowed. A student has to take the train unless they are injured and can’t sit for that long. It’s in Hogwarts: A History.”

They both sat and talked, glaring at the prefects every few minutes.

Ron was annoyed. He was going to be Harry Potter’s best friend, and they were treating him like he was no one. Hermione was already making plans about how she was going to make sure the prefects all lost their badges. They had no right doing this.

About an hour before the train was set to arrive at the school, Draco and Neville made their way back to their compartment.

Percy brought Lee Jordan to them as they were going. He had stopped by the compartment earlier to tell the twins that Lee was looking for them, and they had said it would be fine if Lee came in with them.

Stepping into the compartment, Neville and Draco smiled at what they saw. Hadrian was fast asleep, curled up on top of the twins. They both knew how much Hadrian liked to be held and snuggled, but usually it was only by his parents or those he considered family. If he was letting the twins hold him it meant he liked and trusted them.

Draco, Nev, and Lee took the other bench. Lee was surprised at how calm his usually excited friends were. Normally, they would have been bouncing off the walls, the fact that they had stayed still long enough for the other boy to fall asleep on them was amazing. He was also surprised that they hadn’t done anything to him once he was asleep. Lee had only fallen asleep around the twins once, and he had ended up with green skin, purple hair, and a red beard.

“I’m not trying to be rude, but your little brother is an idiot.” Draco couldn’t stop himself from saying.

“We know.” George said.

“What did he do?”

“To you?”
Draco went on to tell them all about what had happened with Ron. The twins weren’t surprised that Ron was already causing problems, they had expected no less.

When the train was getting close to the station they all needed to get into their robes. The twins tried to gently wake their sleeping soul mate. But he only turned slightly and buried his face in Fred’s stomach and grumbled. Nem, just curled up in a new position and went back to sleep. Both of them loved their sleep.

“If you want to get him up in time to make the sorting, your gonna have to be a little less gentle. I’ve seen it take over an hour for his uncles to wake him up.” Neville told them as he pulled out the robes he and the other boys had stored in a separate bag, so they wouldn’t have to get their trunks out and go digging through them.

“Uncle Sev and Bast usually just shook him gently and kept talking to him, that usually only took about twenty minutes. Uncle Siri and Remy usually sent tickling jinxes, that worked a bit faster. His sisters usually just jumped on him, that got him up the quickest.” Draco told them, taking his robes from Neville.

The twins decided tickling was the way to go. Fred got a good hold on Hadrian, they didn’t want him to fall, and George started to tickle him. Soon enough Hadrian was squirming and giggling.

“I’m up. I’m up. Enough, I give. You win.” Hadrian laughed as he sat up. He pouted at the twins for waking him up for a moment before he couldn’t hold back his smile anymore. He was so glad to have them back in his life.

Hadrian took his robe and they all got ready.

They all got off the train as soon as it stopped. Hadrian and the other first year boys wanted to avoid any chance of a run in with Ron or the Granger girl. Hadrian because he knew what they were trying to do, and Draco and Neville didn’t want to have to deal with Ron again, they hadn’t yet been introduced to Hermione.

The twins and Lee showed them to where the boats were, promising that they would see them at the school. Hadrian, Draco and Neville climbed into the first boat. and once they were joined by another boy that none of them knew, they pushed a little way away from the others. They made sure not to let anyone get to close.

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**Hogwarts**

As the students were boarding the Hogwarts Express, Albus Dumbledore was planning. He needed everything to be perfect for when his pawn arrived. He needed to regain control.

He had already spelled the hat so that it would be forced to put Harry Potter in to Gryffindor. Everything was almost ready. The elves had the potions he had ordered them to give the Potter boy that would make him weak and submissive to anything he or his pawns wanted.

There had of course been a few complaints from the staff. The rivalry between Slytherin and Gryffindor might have eased up a bit, but they still didn’t get along most of the time, the children were just too different. It was for that reason that he always made sure that those two houses had a majority of their classes together. The conflict between the students was something he needed to make sure the Gryffindors looked good.

He had also discussed what Minerva was to do. Albus didn’t care what the list said, when Minerva
was to call the Potter boy up for his sorting she was to call out Harry Potter. He would be too scared to challenge her in front of everyone. It would make the students start to call him ‘Harry’ rather then ‘Hadrian’ again.

Severus was just putting the final touches on his office when he heard the soft pop of an elf appearing. Turning around, he saw Dobby with a sobbing Hogwarts elf.

“Dobby, who is your friend? What has happened to get her so upset?” Severus asked as he sat down so that he could speak to them more easily.

“Master Severus, this is Hoggywarts elf Lorn. The nasty head master has ordered her to do something she doesn’t want to do.” Dobby wanted to help the scared elf, like he had been helped.

“Lorn, can you tell me what the head master has ordered?”

Lorn nodded to the nice master. He was the Lord of Ravenclaw so she could tell him. “Master Head Master has ordered Lorn to put potions in Master Potter’s food. But Lorn doesn’t want to hurt Master Potter.”

“Lorn, can you tell me the exact words he used?” Severus had an idea.

“Master Head Master said, ‘Elf, you will add these potions to the food of Harry Potter every Saturday dinner.’ He gave Lorn many vials.” She held out the collection of potions she had been ordered to give the child.

Severus smiled. “Lorn, you do not have to drug anyone.” He gently took the potions from the elves shaking hands. He got a little angry when he saw what potions that old goat was trying to use on his son.

“But Master Head Master ordered Lorn. She must do as ordered.”

“Lorn, there is no Harry Potter. He told you you were to use these potions on Harry Potter, but that isn’t his name. His name is Hadrian Potter-Black. There is no Harry Potter attending this school. You can’t be ordered to give potions to a child that doesn’t exist.” Severus smiled at the little elf as she realized that he was right.

Lorn was so happy. Since the boy she had been ordered to hurt didn’t exist, she didn’t have to hurt anyone. She was glad the crazy new elf Koby had brought had seen her with the potions now. Thanking the nice potions master, Lorn popped away to keep getting the food ready for the feast.

Severus spoke to Dobby for a little while, making sure to thank him for being so observant when it came to Hadrian’s safety. He knew that Dobby worked best when he was praised for doing well. Then Dobby returned to work, and Severus went back to what he had been doing too.

When the boats arrived at the school Hadrian was extremely excited. He couldn’t wait to try again.

While getting out of the boats, Hadrian and the boys slid off to the side and let all the other students rush past them in their hurry to be sorted. This put them at the back of the group.

Up ahead Hadrian could see Ronald Weasley and the bushy haired girl, Hermione Granger talking. Hadrian was confused, last time the two hadn’t become friends until he had forced Ron in to
helping save her from the troll. He almost growled as he realized that must have been as much of a
set up as meeting the Weasley’s on the muggle side of the train station.

Ron and Hermione were trying to figure out what to do. They hadn’t been able to find Potter
because of the prefects. How were they supposed to make him be their friend now, what if he had
made friends with someone else, or worse, a Slytherin, while on the train. They were going to have
to talk to the headmaster about it and make sure that they alienated him from the other students.
There was also no point in following their original plans of pretending to hate each other, too many
people had seen them sitting together.

Nem felt Hadrian’s anger and rubbed her head against the hand he had in his pocket. She, and the
other familiars were all hidden in the expanded pockets all the boys had added to their robes.
They wanted to wait until they were in their houses before they brought them out.

They all listened to McGonagall give the same speech she had given in Hadrian’s past life. Then,
she led them into the Great Hall. Hadrian caught the eyes of the twins, Percy, and Lee. He could
hear Hermione lecturing the others on the ceiling.

The hat sang its song and the sorting began.

Hermione walked up to take her place on the stool when she was called. The hat fell over her eyes.
She demanded to be placed in Gryffindor. The hat argued with her for a few moments, trying to
convince her to not keep going down the path she was on. Hermione was annoyed at the stupid hat.
She knew what she was doing, she was going to save the wizarding world. Eventually, after she
kept refusing, the hat gave into the compulsion the headmaster had placed on it. “GRYFFINDOR”

When Neville was called he gave his two friends a quick smile and walked up. Hadrian smiled
when he caught a flash of the boy Neville had been to who he was now. The Neville of the past life
had been a chubby, bordering on fat, little boy that stuttered over his words and never made eye
contact. Though Neville still had a layer of baby fat, he wasn’t overweight and it was clear in a few
years the weight would be gone. He also held himself with confidence, he wasn’t cocky, just
unashamed of who he was. Almost as soon as the hat touched his head it shouted out his house.
“HUFFLEPUFF”

Soon enough it was Draco’s turn. Like Neville he had changed, though, not as dramatically. He
still held himself with the pride and cocky style that was indicative of a Malfoy, but he was softer.
Even with his cold pureblood mask on, there was a softer, kinder look in his eyes, and a soft tilt to
his lips that made him look more welcoming. This time it took a bit longer to sort him. The hat saw
the kindness that was evident in the boy and was considering Hufflepuff before he made up his
mind. “SLYTHERIN”

Hadrian was slightly shocked when Theodore ‘Theo’ Nott-Davis was sorted in to Ravenclaw. He
thought that the boy had been a Slytherin, but he wasn’t overly sure as he hadn’t really had much
to do with the other boy in his past life.

Hadrian waited as McGonagall started on the p’s. He knew that she and Dumbledore were going to
try something. He knew he had been correct as he heard “Potter, Harry” come out of her mouth.
Hadrian didn’t move.

Minerva had been shocked as she saw the Potter boys name on the list. Written in the magic of the
schools perfect calligraphy was something she didn’t want to see. ‘Potter-Black, Hadrian’. She
decided to continue on as she and Albus had planned and called out “Potter, Harry”.

The entire hall started whispering and muttering. It was like being in a beehive, with the buzzing of
voices. But none of the students came forward. Ron Weasley was practically spinning in circles trying to locate the boy he was promised would be his best friend while making him rich and famous.

Albus looked over the students, but he didn’t see any of them that looked like James. He knew with the glamours he had placed on the boy he should be a carbon copy of James, with Lily’s eyes. But there were no students like that.

Minerva called his name again as she looked over the students. Then she spotted the slim boy with artistically messy black hair and dark green eyes. He didn’t look exactly as everyone had assumed he would look, but he was close enough.

She walked over to the boy and stared down her nose at him. “Harry Potter, it is your turn to be sorted.”

Hadrian faked a quizzical look, as he pitched his voice in a way to make it sound natural while still carrying. “I’m sorry Professor McGonagall, but that isn’t my name.”

Minerva barely managed to withhold her huff of annoyance. “Then what is your name?”

Hadrian smiled at her. “My legal name is Hadrian Potter-Black.”

Up at the staff table Severus gave a slight smirk at how his son was making sure everyone knew he wasn’t going to be what everyone else wanted him to be, he was going to be himself.

Both Albus and Minerva were furious. This was not what they had planned. The boy was supposed to be meek and easy to control, he wasn’t supposed to stand up for himself in the middle of the great hall. There was also having the ‘Black’ added to the end of his name. It meant that he must have been in contact with Sirius.

Andromeda was practically glaring at the boy. She had sent a few letters to Sirius over the past few months, but he had always said that he was too busy to meet. She had been planning on forcing him to name her daughter heir, since he didn’t have any children of his own, but if this boy had his last name it meant that he had been named heir. This boy was standing between her and getting her family the money they deserved.

Minerva could only give a frigid look as she called out, “Potter-Black, Hadrian”.

With that, Hadrian walked calmly up to the stool and allowed the hat to be placed on his head.

“Well, look what I found here. Aren’t you interesting. A time traveling master of death, that has had extended contact with the ancient ones. You are certainly going to cause a little chaos aren’t you. But it would seem it’s been you and your fathers that have been driving that old man crazy for the past few years. I must thank you for rescuing Fawkes, no one should be forced to be bound to that old man. So, I can see here you have a preference in house.’ The hat was in a chatty mood as it resisted the old goats compulsions. It was easy since the instructions he was given were to sort ‘Harry Potter’ to Gryffindor, but this boy was not Harry Potter.

‘Yes, I was hoping for Ravenclaw.’ Hadrian was happy to talk to the hat, but he was also getting kind of hungry.

‘Hmmm. Yes, I do agree you would do well in that house. But then again, you would do well in any house. Even Gryffindor. But, I see I don’t need to warn you about the dangers in that house for you right now. No, I do think you are correct in your choice this time.’ “RAVENCLAW”
Hadrian smiled happily as he gave the sorting hat back to McGonagall and went down to the Ravenclaw house. Percy had been sitting near the end of the table, where the first years would sit so Hadrian went over to sit next to him.

Severus was happy. They had discussed it, and they had all agreed on Ravenclaw for Hadrian. He would be safer there than in Gryffindor or Slytherin. They had considered Hufflepuff, but decided against it. They wanted Hadrian to be able to lead a change in the school and although a puff would follow the lead of a raven, most ravens would never follow the lead of a puff.

Albus was ready to kill. How dare that boy. In only a few short minutes he had destroyed so much work. He had had to force the hat to put Granger in Gryffindor. He had wanted her there because that was the house Potter and Weasley would be in. But no, the boy just had to be difficult. And now, he wouldn’t be able to arrange for them to be in the same house for a few more years. There was also the fact that Ravenclaw and Gryffindor only had 2 classes together.

Minerva was thinking along the same lines as Albus. How were they supposed to gain control of the boy if he was in Ravenclaw, Filius was far too protective of those in his house.

Filius Flitwick was happy, like always.

Hermione and Ron were both enraged. Ron, because the boy was betraying everything the light stood for. He was a traitor to everything his parents fought for. He shouldn’t be the saviour, he, himself, would have made a much better hero. Hermione was angry because she had had to force the hat to put her in Gryffindor to make sure that she could get close to him, only for him to go to Ravenclaw. Although, she hadn’t wanted to go to Ravenclaw anyway, she had read that Rowena Ravenclaw was a dark witch, and she didn’t want to be near anything associated with someone like that.

Most of the rest of the hall just cheered happily. Many of the Gryffindors were sad he wasn’t in their house, he was after all supposed to be a hero, but they could accept it. The Ravenclaws were happy to have their worlds hero in their house. The Hufflepuffs, like all loyal badgers, were just happy because he had looked happy. Except the Weasley twins, they were happy for their soul mate because they knew he was safer there. While most of the Slytherins were happy that the boy was already proving himself to be more than just another light puppet. Although some of them were already making plans to get rid of the kid, their families had served the Dark Lord, and they wanted him to pay for what he did.

Once everyone got over the sorting of the boy hero, they continued on. Hadrian got one more shock when Zacharias Smith was sorted into Gryffindor. Zacharias hadn’t gotten over Alice Longbottom claiming the Hufflepuff title. Everyone knew that that title should have belonged to his family, but no one was willing to deny Alice Longbottom. He wanted to be the Hufflepuff heir, not that Longbottom boy, he deserved it more. There was no way he was going in to that house with that line thief.

When the sorting finally finished, taking longer than Hadrian remembered from his past life because of all the extra students from Knockturn, Dumbledore stood up to give his welcoming speech. The twinkle was missing from his eyes much to Hadrian’s secret joy.

He started off with the introductions of the staff. Hadrian smiled slightly when the new DADA professors were Professor York and Professor Mitchell. Quirrell had been caught during his attempt to break into the bank due to the information Ragnock had found in his trunk. The spirit of Voldemort had abandoned him and managed to get away though. Hadrian hoped that this meant they would have a competent teacher. He also cheered happily when his papa was introduced.
When it came time for Dumbledore to give the warnings, he once again warned the students that the third floor corridor on the right side was out of bounds, at risk of death. Hadrian almost laughed. Over the years his family had made contact with the Flamels. At their suggestion the stone that the Flamel’s had allowed Dumbledore to have, was a well made fake.

Hadrian ended up spending a lot of the feast talking to his new house mates. He always made sure to downplay the whole, boy-who-lived thing. He just kept saying that he thought his survival was due to a mistake of Voldemort’s. The first time he had said that, everyone around him flinched, he had just raised his eyebrow and told them that it was just the made up name of a power hungry man that thought it was ok to attack children. He wanted to start convincing people to not be so afraid.

Most of those close to him were glad that Hadrian didn’t seem to be caught up in the fame. They were glad that he seemed so normal. None of them wanted to deal with an entitled jerk that thought he should get everything that he wanted just because of his name.

Just before the desserts disappeared, a note appeared on the table in front of Hadrian. He recognized the loopy handwriting of Dumbledore, it seemed he was going to start annoying Hadrian early. Hadrian made sure to let those around him know that he was being summoned up to the headmasters office. All of them agreed that it was because of the confusion over his name. Most seemed to be on his side, they didn’t think that he should get in trouble because the staff of the school had gotten his name wrong.

Once the dishes were clean once again, and Dumbledore had dismissed everyone Percy showed Hadrian up to Flitwick. When Percy explained to the professor that Hadrian had been summoned up to the headmasters office Flitwick had said that he would take him and that Percy could go to the dorm. Severus, who had the seat next to the charms master said he was coming too.

Hadrian was guided up to the headmasters office by the two professors that stood to either side of him like a guard.

After Flitwick gave the password ‘Sugar Quills’, they went up the stairs and entered the headmasters office.

Dumbledore was already sitting behind his desk and Minerva was standing off to the side. They both looked shocked to see Severus and Flitwick with him. Hadrian and Flitwick both went to the chairs and sat down, while Severus went to lean against the wall next to the portrait of Phineas.

“Lemon drop?” Dumbledore offered Hadrian.

“No, thank you headmaster. I’m full from the feast.” Hadrian responded in a cool formal voice.

“Yes, yes, my boy. It was a delightful meal. I must ask, Filius, Severus, what brings you two up here?” Albus had hoped that he would be able to get the boy alone.

“Mr. Potter-Black is a member of my house. I am required to attend any meeting like this. Severus offered to come with me.” Filius didn’t think he was going to like what was coming. “Now, headmaster, I am wondering why you have summoned one of my students up to your office so soon? As far as I know, he hasn’t done anything wrong.”

“This is about his behaviour during the sorting.” Albus said, his hands smoothing down his beard.

“There was absolutely nothing wrong with how he behaved during the sorting. He was polite and
Severus said. He wasn’t about to allow anything to happen to his son. He had also decided that he was going to announce his being Hadrian’s father, though he was going to say it was the result of a blood adoption. That would allow him to ensure some level of protection for Hadrian as it was policy that if a student’s parent was on staff, they shared control of discipline with the head of house.

“I must agree with Severus, Albus.” Fillius added.

Albus tried to think of a way to keep control over the situation. “Yes, there is no denying that he was polite, but he should have come up when his name was called. He doesn’t need any more attention than he already has.

Severus almost bit his tongue to stop himself from snapping at the man. Filius had no problem thinking up an appropriate response.

“He did. He went up and was sorted when his name was called. You can’t honestly have expected the boy to go up when the wrong name was called. Everyone knows that his name is Hadrian, not Harry. It is not up to the staff of this school to choose what name he goes by while here, that right belongs with his parents, and they chose to name him Hadrian.”

“Of course, it’s just James and Lily always called him Harry.” Albus said. He hoped that the boy would want to have that connection to his parents.

“Albus, he has chosen to be known as Hadrian. So we will all respect that and call him Hadrian.” Severus said.

“What makes you think that you should have a say in his life Severus?” Minerva asked. She really didn’t like this new, confident Severus. Severus pretended like he was thinking about something, then he smiled. “Ahh, that is exactly what I needed.”

“What do you mean my boy?” Albus was confused about what had just made the normally stoic man smile.

“I mean that the qualifications have been met to release the secrecy rules around some information. My team and I all sat down to discuss what I could and couldn’t say. Minerva’s question has made it so that I can give you a few answers.” Severus told them. Not a word of it was true, but he needed to have a reason he could talk about some personal information. “You see, James Potter arranged for Sirius and Remus to blood adopt Hadrian when he was a baby. It was an extra layer of protection for Hadrian, it is also why he is now heir Black.

After Sirius retained custody he and Remus brought Hadrian to Sebastian and I. They wanted to add another layer to his protection. As Hadrian is Sebastian's heir, they requested that he and I also blood adopt Hadrian so that if anything happened to them he would be protected. Legally and biologically, I am one of Hadrian’s fathers.”

“What?” Albus and Minerva almost yelled.

“I think that was a brilliant idea.” Fillius smiled, now he knew why Severus had kept such a close watch on the boy all night, he had been watching over his son. “As his father on staff, I will be sure to bring any issues to your attention Severus.”

“Thank you Fillius.” Severus smiled at the little man.
“But Severus, we all know of your issues with James, Sirius and Remus.” Albus tried.

“Albus, we’re not kids anymore.” Severus didn’t even try to stop his eyes from rolling. “I will admit, that Sirius, Remus, and I had a few issues in the beginning, but we put that aside for our kids. Yes, James and I didn’t get along as children, but I am not about to take my issues with a dead man out on his son. Hadrian is my child, and I love him as my child.” Severus made sure to smile at Hadrian when he said this. “Now, if that is all, I think it is time for Hadrian to go back to his dorm.”

“I was surprised you weren’t sorted into Gryffindor, my boy.” Albus turned to Hadrian who had yet to say a word, ignoring Severus. “You know it was the house of your parents, and Remus and Sirius were in it too, after all.”

“I know.” Hadrian was getting tired, he just wanted to go to bed. “But I’m not them. Uncles Siri, Remy, Bast, and Sev always told me that I could be anyone I wanted to be. That I didn’t need to do something just because my parents did, that I was my own person and they loved me. I’m sure I would have liked Gryffindor, or any other house, but I’m glad I’m in Ravenclaw.”

“And Ravenclaw is happy to have you. Now, why don’t I…” Filius gave Hadrian a confused look. “Mr. Potter-Black, is your pocket purring.”

Hadrian had shifted his robes when he sat down so that the pocket that held Nemesis was sitting on his lap. He had slipped her food all throughout the meal so she, like him was full and sleepy. As soon as he started to pet her, she had started to purr.

“Yes, sir. It’s just Nemesis. She’s getting sleepy,” Hadrian gently brought the lightly dozing, happy fox kit out of his pocket and laid her out on his lap.

Filius squeaked, he was seeing a true familiar.

“Mr. Potter, you are going to have to send your pet home.” Minerva snapped. “The only pets allowed at Hogwarts are an owl, cat, or toad.”

“Actually she can stay Minerva.” Severus told her. “Nemesis is a true familiar. In the Hogwarts charter it says that all familiars are welcome regardless of size, age, or species. So long as she is not a danger to the students it is actually illegal to separate them. And Hadrian has had Nemesis for over a year. She is very kind and gentle, Hadrian’s little sisters love to play with her.”

“Nemesis wouldn’t hurt anyone, unless they tried to hurt her or me first. And she isn’t even the only familiar here.” Hadrian said.

“What do you mean Mr. Potter-Black?” Fillius questioned. As far as he knew none of the other students had familiars.

“I sat on the train with two other boys with true familiars. Nemesis wanted to visit with them.” Hadrian yawned as he continued to pet Nem. “Neville Longbottom, who was sorted into Hufflepuff has a storm bear named Demeter. Draco Malfoy, who was Sorted into Slytherin, has a sky leopard named Tyche. And Nemesis is a kitsune.”

“How delightful. Three true familiars in the school at the same time. I don’t think I have ever heard of anything like this happening before.” Filius noticed just how tired the boy was becoming. “Now, if you don’t mind Albus, Minerva, I have to take Mr. Potter-Black to the tower and give my usual welcome speech to my students. And I think, you too Severus, have a house meeting to attend.”

Hadrian slipped Nem back into his pocket, said a polite farewell to the others in the office, and he,
his papa, and Flitwick left the office. Severus hugged Hadrian good night, and they went their separate ways. Severus down to the dungeons, and Hadrian and Flitwick up to the Ravenclaw tower.

When Hadrian and Flitwick walked into the common room they were bombarded with questions. The rest of the house was furious that Hadrian might have gotten in trouble when he didn’t do anything wrong. Flitwick calmed them all down when he announced that Hadrian wasn’t in any trouble.

Hadrian looked around the common room. It was beautiful. Large arching windows allowed for amazing views of the Black Lake, the Forbidden Forest, the herbology gardens, and the quidditch pitch. The large circular room was decorated in varied shades of blue. There were plenty of large fluffy couches and chairs. There were shelves of books placed all around. Off to one side was a room full of desks that looked like a study room. The most stunning thing though, was the high vaulted dome ceiling that shone with stars.

Since they were already running late, due to the waste of time the headmaster had arranged, Flitwick quickly went through the introduction. He explained the basic rules of the school and the house, and told them they would be getting their class schedules and appointment time for their health check the next day. After answering a few questions he told the first years he would schedule the meetings he always held with them soon and that it was time for them to head to bed.

Hadrian and the other 5 boys in his year followed Percy up to their dorm rooms. On the right was the name plaque of four of the boys, and the left door held Hadrian’s name, and the name of Theo Nott-Davis.

“Why do you two get your own room?” Anthony Goldstein asked. “Shouldn’t it be three and three?”

“You’ve taken up your families title haven’t you?” Hadrian asked Theo, who nodded shyly. “That’s why. He’s taken up his lordship, and I’ve taken up my lordships. Lords and Ladies are required to have separate rooms. I assume we were put together because we are both titled, in the same house, and in the same year. We have access to the same information.”

“I don’t get it.” Terry Boot said. “Why does you two having titles mean you get special treatment?”

“It’s not really special treatment.” Percy told the other boys, he didn’t want this to cause a fight between them. “There room is just like yours, it’s just they can’t stay in with you. As Lords they are required to do paperwork and go over laws for the Wizengamot even if they use proxies to vote. A lot of that information is confidential. Two years ago one of the girls in Gryffindor took up her Ladyship. She had all kinds of information in her room and one of her housemates snuck into her room and made copies. They gave the information to a so called journalist named Rita Skeeter.

The information was taken out of context. There were also some court transcripts in the file and she gave out the names of a few people that had testified under a secrecy ward. It almost got them killed. Ever since then all Lords and Ladies currently attending the school are required, both by school rule and a new law, to have separate rooms that are sealed. Only Professor Flitwick, as head of house, and the seventh year prefects can enter their rooms, and only in the case of an emergency.
“A lot of the Lords and Ladies at the school actually complain about it because they aren’t able to stay with their friends.”

“Oh, ok. That makes sense.” Michael Corner said. He had been jealous that the other boys got a private room, but it made sense that government documents would need to be protected. He also wouldn’t want to be isolated like the other boys were being. He was glad that he would be able to share his room with the others, it would be like an extended sleepover.

Once that was settled the boys separated and went into their rooms. Hadrian looked around and saw that their room had views of the Black Lake and the Forbidden Forest. It made him sad to see the Black Lake, he knew his family was in a house on the other side.

The room had a sitting area with two desks and couches and like the common room, was circular, and decorated in blues with a ceiling showing the night sky. There were two doors on opposite sides of the room that led into bedrooms, and another door that led into the bathroom.

“Hi.” Came Theo’s shy voice. “I’m Theo.”

“I’m Hadrian.” Hadrian smiled at him. “Draco’s told me a lot about you.”

“Oh, so your the friend he would go a visit.”

“He’s my cousin of sorts.”

“Of sorts?”

“I was blood adopted by my godfathers and they arranged for me to be blood adopted too. One of my blood adopted godfathers is Narcissa’s cousin, and one of my other parents, Uncle Sev, is Draco’s godfather. Were also related through my birth fathers mother. So we just decided to call each other cousins and leave it at that.”

Theo laughed at the complicated web of relations between Hadrian and his friend, Draco.

“Oh, I hope that you don’t have any problems with animals. I have an owl named Hedwig, and I doubt she will be content staying in the owlery. She can be a little high maintenance. I also have Nemesis, she’s my kitsune familiar.” Hadrian pulled the now sleeping Nem from his pocket to show her to his new roommate.

“No, I love animals. I have a kneazle named Nettle.” Theo pointed to a large fluffy cat laying on the couch that had the look of a birman. “I’m going to assume she’s a true familiar, like Tyche, based on the wings.”

“Yup.”

_Godric’s Hollow_

Lily Evans was just getting ready for bed when Albus Dumbledore himself came storming into her little cottage. She followed him down to the basement where she kept James Potter.

Before she could do or say anything, the killing curse was thrown at the unconscious man.

“Albus!” Lily almost screamed. “What did you do? How am I supposed to get pregnant with a potter child if he is dead?”
“There is no longer a need for him.” Killing James had not given him the calm he had been hoping for. Instead, it just reminded him of everything he had lost.

“What do you mean?”

“That… Fool arranged for Black and his wolf to blood adopt the boy when he was a baby, and they arranged for Severus and Sebastian Peverell to also adopt the brat. If the boy had died without an heir then the closest living relative could take the estate, but since he was blood adopted, the money will go to them and not us, regardless if you have a child or not.”

“So what am I supposed to do now?” Lily really didn’t want to have to work. She had enjoyed being able to do whatever she wanted these past few years.

“I have a new job for you my dear. Severus has recently married Lord Sebastian Peverell. I am going to need you to get between the two of them and split them up. Once they are separated I will deal with Severus and their daughter, and you will be there to console Sebastian. The two of you shall marry and have a child. That way, when the Potter boy dies to save us all, you will be able to claim everything. I will arrange for you to join the staff as soon as possible”

Lily smiled. Sure, she didn’t want to have to work, but if she could become Lady Peverell, it would be worth it. After all, she would be a much better match for the handsome Lord Peverell than Severus.

Hogwarts, September 2, 2001

Sunday morning Hadrian woke up laying curled in one of the chairs in the sitting room. Theo was sprawled out on the couch across from him.

The night before both boys had tried to sleep, but they were both homesick. Hadrian had eventually given up and went to sit in the sitting room to stare at the fire for a while when he heard a few soft sobs from Theo’s room. He had invited the boy to come and sit with him.

Dobby had brought them some hot coco, and the boys had talked until they finally managed to fall asleep. Theo had even confessed about what had happened with his father, which had prompted Hadrian to admit to what had happened to him at the Dursley’s. The boys felt a lot more comfortable with each other after that.

Hadrian realized that the reason he had woken was because he was starving. He got up and took a shower. Seeing Theo still asleep, he went and woke him, asking if he wanted to go down for breakfast. Theo agreed and quickly showered before they went down to the great hall together.

The hall was just starting to fill up when they arrived. Since it’s was still the weekend everyone was calm and relaxed. It was almost 10 and many students still hadn’t made it to breakfast yet.

Hadrian and Theo sat down across from each other at the end of the table and started dishing up their breakfast. Even after all the talking they did the night before they were still getting to know one another.

When Draco came in a few minutes later, he came over and sat next to Theo, Blaise Zabini joined them and sat on the other side. Only a few moments after that, the Weasley twins came bounding in and took their place on either side of Hadrian. Neville was the last of their little group of friends to come in and join them, sitting next to Fred.
On weekends the students were free to sit at different house tables. They only had to sit with their own house during week days and for feasts.

Neville had been up earlier, but he had gone down to the greenhouse to look at all the plants. He had wanted to see if he would be able to use a small area to set up his own plants that he had brought with him. Professor Sprout had been extremely excited to see the variety of plants that Neville had brought with him. Many of his plants had come from the different countries Hadrian had lived in. Sprout was happy to let him have his own little section, so long as he looked after his own plants on his own and didn’t damage any of the others, also, if he was willing to let her take cuttings of a few of them so that she could add them to her own collection.

Once they were all sitting they heard a few gasps. Looking up, Hadrian saw Hedwig flying towards him. Many of the girls in the hall started whispering about how beautiful she was. When she landed Hadrian gave her a few pieces of bacon and then took the letters she had. Looking over the letters he saw one from his dad and papa, one from Siri and Remy, and a letter from each of his sisters.

After he had gotten ready for bed the night before he had used his mirror to call his family. They had all been there, wanting to make sure that he was ok, even though his papa had just been with him a little while ago. There had been plenty of tears as they talked. It reminded Hadrian of when he had been young, and he had used this very mirror to call his papa who was at the school. Looking around, he noticed other owls dropping off letters to his friends.

Breakfast was a joyful affair, making Hadrian feel better about being away from his family for a little while. Just as they were finishing up Flitwick came along and gave Hadrian and Theo their schedules and the time for their health checks.

Hadrian looked over his schedule. Each morning he would have 3, hour long lectures. There were 2-hour lessons after lunch every day for the classes that required practical lessons, transfiguration, charms, herbology, potions, and DADA. There would be an hour long lecture after the practicals, but four of those each week were for the optional classes. There were also a 2-hour long astronomy lesson from 10pm-midnight on Friday, every other week.

The health checks were conducted starting with the first years, and went up from there, but they were also done in alphabetic order, so Hadrian’s appointment wouldn’t be until the next weekend.

Everyone was just talking about going to explore the school for a while when Hadrian felt someone watching him. Letting his eye slide down the length of the staff table he saw who was looking at him. As he suspected, both Dumbledore and McGonagall were observing him and his friends with a frown on their faces.

He wasn’t about to waste his time on them, so he and his friends got up to leave.

Albus was furious that the boy wasn’t what he wanted him to be. He was supposed to be shy and mouldable. But, no.

This boy that sat in front of him was calm and happy. He was already forming friendships with those in other houses, including two Slytherin’s. He was also in the wrong house. He was supposed to be a stupid Gryffindor, running off into danger at the drop of a hat, not a Ravenclaw that would ask too many questions.

Then there was his connection to Severus. How dare his spy blood adopt the boy.
He was going to have to meet with his pawns later to rework his plans. They were supposed to find him on the train. They were supposed to make him trust them. They were supposed to help make him go to Gryffindor.

Once back in his office he summoned one of the elves and ordered it to deliver a message to his two pawns.

**Gryffindor Tower**

Hermione Granger was annoyed. She and Ron had agreed that they would meet and go down for breakfast in the morning. They would make sure that they sat with Potter to make everyone think they were friends.

But Ronald hadn't come down yet.

She watched as the other boys from his dorm came down and left. They all told her the same thing. He’s asleep.

Eventually, when there was only half an hour left of breakfast, she reached her limit.

Knowing that the dorm room would be empty, she had watched all the other boys leave after all, she stormed up the stairs. Only one of the beds still had the curtains closed. She threw them open and saw Ron sprawled out and snoring.

After shaking him and hitting him didn’t cause the red head to wake, she threw a few stinging hexes, becoming stronger each time. That did the job.

Ron woke with a shriek. Looking over he saw an enraged Hermione standing in his room, looking down at him. “Merlin hell, Hermione. I was sleeping. Why are you in here?”

“You said we were going to breakfast together remember?”

“It’s way to early, we’ll go get breakfast later.” Ron did not like getting up before noon, especially on the weekend.

“Breakfast ends in half an hour.”

“WHAT!” Ron jumped out of bed and started to head for the door. “Who ends breakfast so early.”

“Ronald!” Ron turned to look at the angry girl. “You need to get dressed. You aren’t allowed to go to breakfast in your pyjamas. And, it’s not early, its almost 11.”

“Like I said, early. Fine I’ll get dressed. Honestly who makes up rules like this. I always eat breakfast in my pyjamas.

Hermione just rolled her eyes and left the room to wait in the common room. The last thing she wanted to see was Ronald Weasley getting changed.

Finally, they made it down to breakfast. Ron was panicked since he barely had any time left to eat, there was no way that he would be able to get a proper meal. Hermione decided that she was better off to look around the hall for Potter. The view of Ron eating was nauseating.
But she couldn’t see him. She thought he was probably still asleep.

Professor McGonagall came and passed out their schedules. As Hermione was looking over her schedule, she noticed a note appearing on the table in front of her.

Just as she was grabbing the note, the food disappeared. Ron started to whine about how it was unfair to take his food away. Hermione looked over the note from the headmaster asking them both up to his office.

Grabbing hold of Ron, she dragged him away. She didn’t want to leave the headmaster waiting any longer than they had too.

They arrived at the headmasters office and were invited in. Taking their seats, the headmaster offered them lemon drops, which Ron happily grabbed a handful of.

“You wanted to see us headmaster?” Hermione asked.

“Yes my dear. I was wondering why you didn’t sit with Mr. Potter on the train and ensure he went to Gryffindor?” Albus asked in a soft voice.

“He was hiding.” Ron grumbled.

“We tried headmaster. Ron and I both started searching the train from opposite ends. But the prefects interrupted. Someone lied to them and said we were causing problems, we think it was some Slytherins that were being mean to Ron.” Hermione saw the perfect opportunity. “The prefects just wouldn’t listen. They locked us in the compartment across the hall from theirs and wouldn’t let us leave.”

Albus sat back in his chair. This was not what he wanted to hear. “I will deal with the prefects my dear. Now, we are going to need to change our plans a bit. The Potter boy is already making friends with others, and we can’t have that. You will need to work on isolating him.

I have arranged for him to get a potions regiment which should help to make sure that he isn’t swayed to the dark. It may take you some time to gain his trust, but don’t give up. You will have charms and herbology with him so try to sit next to him during every lesson you can.

Hermione, you will need to make sure that he knows he can rely on you for help with his homework. Ron, you need to make sure he comes to you to have fun. You are to be his best friend. Be there for him when he needs you, make him trust you with his secrets. Can you both do that for me?”

“Yes headmaster.” They both dutifully replied.

Hadrian’s day was spent with old friends, and making new friends. He knew that last time, he had been so isolated that no one really knew him well enough to believe him when he told them Voldemort was back. This time, he was going to make sure he knew as many people as possible so they wouldn’t believe every rumour that someone tried to spread about him. He wanted to make friends in every house, even Gryffindor, so that he would have contacts in every house.

Lunch was spent surrounded by a large group of students. He had caught sight of an angry Hermione and Ron, but they couldn’t get anywhere close to him. Hadrian wore a blinding smile after that.
When time came for dinner, Hermione and Ron did manage to get closer, but he was still kept away from them by a core group of people.

The twins had spent the entire day keeping him between them. Hadrian didn’t even try to stop them, he liked being with them.

As evening drew in, Hadrian pulled the twins away and into a secret passage. He knew that Neville and Draco would ensure that no one followed them.

“Hadrian?” George asked

“What’s going on?” Fred asked along with his brother.

“I wanted to give you two this.” Hadrian handed over a copy of the marauders map.

The twins gave him a confused look and he smiled. “I figure you have a copy of the map, but this is the updated version. The one that Filch had was just a test copy.”

The twins grinned down at the new map. Hadrian walked them through how to use it. It used the same passwords, and had many of the same features, but the newer copies could do even more.

He showed them how you could search for a specific person. With a password you could open up an image and watch different area’s. And it was even possible to hear what was going on. He showed them all this by searching out Percy, who was in the library, and letting them watch and listen to him mutter to himself as he searched for a book he wanted. The twins thought it was hysterical.

The newer map also had even more secret passages.

“But Hadrian,”

“How did you,”

“Get this?”

“And what happened,”

“To Wormtail?” This new copy of the map had Wormtail replaced with someone called Shadow. “Well,” Hadrian smiled at the two, he knew they were going to get excited, and probably a little angry. “Prongs was my dad, Moony and Padfoot are my god fathers. Remus Lupin is Moony, and Sirius Black is Padfoot.

As for the whole Wormtail, Shadow thing. Wormtail was Peter Pettigrew but he betrayed the marauder code long before he became a death eater. So, he was banished. Shadow was another marauder, he is actually one of my blood adopted parents, none other than Severus Prince-Peverell, but don’t let him know you know.

He only respects pranksters that don’t get caught. When I was younger he always used to tell me that if I could pull off a prank and there was no evidence left behind than I wouldn’t get into trouble. But if I left evidence then I deserved to be punished. But, to be fair, my punishment was usually to be pranked, so…”

The twins happily accepted the new map, they would give their old copy to Lee. They couldn’t believe that their soul mate was the heir to marauder glory. This map would also make it easier to spy on the betrayers and protect their little mate.
Lake Cottage

As Hadrian was working on making friends the rest of his family was trying not to go to the school and kidnap him. They all missed him so much.

Although the adults knew that it was a part of growing up, that he was going to have to attend school and leave them one day, they still didn’t like it. Frank and Alice weren’t much better. They wanted their little Neville back. Both Narcissa and Lucius were struggling too.

All of the families had gathered in the sitting room of the little house that Severus and James had gotten to stay in while Severus was teaching.

It was a lovely little cottage with a small backyard with a little garden in it. There was a small section of wood on either side that separated them from the houses on the other sides. The back porch offered a perfect view of Hogwarts across the lake.

James, Sev, Sirius and Remus had sat out on the back porch and stared at the tower that they knew now housed their son. They missed their little boy.

Severus was actually excited for classes to start. His very first class on Monday morning was first year potions with the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. He would get to see his son then.

They had just finished lunch when the floo had chimed. Looking at the plaque next to the fire they saw it was Filius Flitwick so they had allowed him in.

Filius had been stunned when he saw so many people gathered in one little cottage. Then he had seen just who it was. They all had children that had just started their first year. He thought it was nice that they were supporting each other.

When the four little girls had greeted him in flawless gobbledygook he had just stared. It had been surprising to learn from Severus that these little girls had managed to charm Chief Ragnock and his wife enough for them to be willing to allow the girls to learn their language. Goblins usually didn’t allow outsiders to learn their language.

Severus had also given him a note from Chief Ragnock informing him that he was to assist Hadrian Potter-Black, Neville Longbottom, and Draco Malfoy in their independent study of the goblin language. If they came to him with questions, he was to answer any questions, within reason.

Filius spent over an hour with the mix and match of friends and relatives that formed one big, happy family, that was missing three of their own.

The Burrow

Arthur had received his usual letter from Percy and the twins during breakfast. They told him all about the train ride and Ron’s sorting. He was happy that Ron got the house he wanted, but he was disappointed that he had already gotten in trouble for bullying.

Molly had been thrilled when Arthur had told her that her precious Ronnie was in Gryffindor. Though, it wasn’t like he could be in any other house. She just waved away the silly claim that her baby was a bully. It must have just been some snake trying to make her baby boy look bad.
Ron’s own letter didn’t arrive until dinner. When Molly read it she was furious.

How dare Percy lock her baby boy in a compartment and keep him away from his best friend, Harry Potter. Now the boy had been sorted into Ravenclaw.

Ravenclaw was no place for the boy-who-lived. Now how were they supposed to get her Ginny together with him. Her Ginny was going to be in Gryffindor. The plan had been to only use the marriage contract as a last resort. It was there just to force them over the last hurdle, many young men were just a little shy of commitment. There was no doubt in Molly’s mind that once they were married the boy would realize just how lucky he was. Her baby was perfect. She was beautiful, and smart, and would make the perfect Lady Potter.

She was just going to have to make sure Percy knew that she wasn’t about to let him use his prefect badge to pick on her baby. After Arthur had gone out to his shed to play with his muggle trash she went into her room and pulled out a sheet of howler paper.

Upstairs Ginny was in her room looking through her Harry Potter scrapbook. Ever since she was little her mother had been telling her all about him and how they would one day be married. She couldn’t wait to meet him.

She still couldn’t believe that she hadn’t gotten to see him before he got onto the train. It was Ron’s fault that they had missed him. If he had just gotten up and gotten ready like she had then she would have gotten to meet her fiancé.

Now she was going to have to wait until next year. Grrr, she didn’t want to have to wait that long. She should be allowed to see him whenever she wanted, they were going to get married after all.

And, now he was a Ravenclaw. He was suppose to be a Gryffindor. They were supposed to be the perfect Gryffindor couple. But now she was going to have to make new plans. Did she go to Gryffindor and then make Harry change houses, or did she go to Ravenclaw.

Ginny knew from what her parents had said when Percy and the twins had been sorted into the wrong houses that they couldn’t switch until they were in their third year. This meant that if she went to Ravenclaw she would have to wait to switch too. But, if she went to Gryffindor, then she would have to wait for two years before she could force Harry to come and be with her.

She didn’t want to go to Ravenclaw, but she also didn’t want to have to be separated from Harry for so long.

Ginny decided to think about it later and went back to looking at all the stuff in her scrapbook. She was going to have to get Ron to get her a picture of Harry, all she had right now was drawings of what everyone thought he would look like since he had been hidden away.

**Potions (Ravenclaw/Hufflepuff) - September 3, 2001**

Hadrian was almost bouncing in his seat. He was going to get to see his papa. Sure, he had seen him up at the staff table during breakfast, but it wasn’t the same. Not that it would be the same as it was when they had been living in the tent.
Severus strode into the class, his robes billowing. He smiled slightly when he saw his son sitting at one of the tables with Neville. He had known that those two would team up in his class.

Neville had gotten better in potions over the years, but he was still hesitant and unsure. Whereas, Hadrian loved to experiment. He didn’t have what it took to become a potions master, he didn’t like following directions precisely, but he was still skilled enough to do well in the class. Hadrian was brilliant at figuring out how to fix mistakes so he still managed to brew well made potions even if they were a little different.

When he had first started teaching he had had the students start by brewing a simple boil cure potion to test their natural talent. After all the time he had spent with Hadrian, Draco, and Neville talking about what they were doing, he knew better. He had no intention of letting any of these dunderheads into his lab until they had at least learned basic lab safety and ingredient interactions. They wouldn’t be using the lab until October at the earliest, and that was only if the students could pass a basic quiz.

He started his lesson by going down the rows asking basic questions from the first year book. He found himself mildly pleased with the answers. Most of the students were able to answer the questions, and only a few had some issues, but their answers were close. This class showed potential. Before they left, he assigned a half foot on the way to properly set up a cauldron.

**Herbology, Greenhouse 1 (Ravenclaw/Gryffindor)**

Hadrian sighed as he headed to herbology. He really wasn’t looking forward to this class. It was with the Gryffindors. Granger and Weasley were going to try and get close to him.

To avoid them he made sure that he was standing in between Theo and one of the other Ravenclaw boys, Nox, Leronox, or Nox, as he preferred, was one of the children of Knockturn that had gotten accepted to Hogwarts under James’s new policies. His family owned a small restaurant that sold international magical cuisine.

Thankfully, Theo had been in the compartment when Ron had started declaring they were best friends. He had asked Hadrian about it at the end of potions, and Hadrian had taken great joy in telling him, and all the other first year Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs, that he had never even met the boy. Theo and Nox had decided to put Hadrian between the two of them to protect him from a clear stalker.

Like he had expected, as soon as the boys sat down at one of the tables, Hermione and Ron pushed their way over and took two of the other three seats. Theo and Nox just looked at each other. They knew they had made the right decision to protect their house mate.

“Hey Harry, good to see you mate.” Ron said as one of the other first year Gryffindors joined them. Each table held 6 students, three on each side.

“I’m sorry, but do I know you?” Hadrian made sure to keep his voice light and quizzical when all he wanted to do was hurt those two. “And my name is Hadrian, not Harry.”

Before Ron could say anything, Hermione kicked him in the shin. “I’m Hermione Granger, and this is Ron Weasley. It’s just every one has always called you Harry.”

Hadrian raised an eyebrow. “No one calls me Harry. My name, is Hadrian, and that is what people call me.”
Before either of them could say anything else, Professor Sprout came in and started the lesson. Hermione snapped to attention and started scribbling down every word the woman said. Ron just kept looking at Hadrian, even trying to get his attention a few times until Sprout took away 2 points for talking during her lecture after a few warnings.

After spending the first half hour of the lecture block on an actual lecture, Sprout set them to work planting a small herb garden that the students would be responsible for looking after for the rest of the year. Pomona loved her subject, but she felt that it was more hands on then most others, at least for the first years.

Since the students wouldn’t be dealing with anything dangerous they didn’t need to spend hours going over safety and proper handling techniques. Because of this she only used about half of her two hours worth of lecture time per week on actual lectures. Preferring to use the rest for the students to do the work.

Hadrian watched out of the corner of his eye as Hermione planted her herbs with near militaristic like precision, while Ron just started throwing things into the pot. Hadrian was far more careful. He had learned from Neville that some plants should be separated, and that some plants needed more room because of how their roots grew. He gave a few pointers to the others when they asked him why he was putting plants in different places, they were especially curious as to why he put the wormwood in a completely different pot.

Hermione just huffed as she heard what he was telling the others, she had read all of the school books for the next few years and knew that none of that was in there. They needed to get closer to Harry, and prove that she was smarter.

Then she heard a soft yip, and a fox popped it’s head up over Harrys shoulder. “What are you doing with a fox, Harry? You know you can’t have one. They aren’t on the approved pets list. It’s going to have to leave.”

Hadrian just looked at her blandly. he had finished his planting so he cleaned off his hands and pulled Nem out of his hood and started to pet her. “First off, my name is Hadrian, not Harry. Second, Nemesis isn’t an it, she is a she. Third, she isn’t a fox, she is a kitsune. And fourth, she isn’t a pet, she is a familiar, that is completely different.”

Hermione didn’t like any of what he was saying. He wasn’t allowed to have something like that and she knew it. She put up her hand, and once Professor Sprout came over she told her that Harry had an unsanctioned pet.

Sprout looked over at the little kitsune, she had been told all about her, Tyche, and Demeter by Neville the first day, he had wanted to let her know that he had a familiar.

“Ah, yes. Neville mentioned her to me, Nemesis, right?” Hadrian nodded at her. “Nemesis, as a familiar, is allowed at the school miss Granger. Now, Mr. Potter-Black, would you care to explain why you planted the wormwood in a different pot?”

“Because wormwood is high in absinthe, which is toxic to other plants, and pleas, call me Hadrian.”

“Correct. 2 points to Ravenclaw Hadrian.”

By the time class ended Hadrian was actually in a good mood. The two traitors had made a few more attempts to befriend him, but he had been able to block them without issue, and make sure that the others in class all knew that he not only didn’t know either of them, but that he also didn’t
Lily Moon, who had been the other Gryffindor that sat with them smiled to herself. Ron and Hermione had spent the past few days since they arrived at the school going on and on about Hadrian, and how they were his best friends. They had even less than subtly threatened them all to stay away from him because he was their friend. She couldn’t wait to tell the others the truth. She knew that they would have all heard bits and pieces, but she was the only one that had heard it all. Lavender and Pavarti had already proven themselves to be gossips, she would have to make sure they knew that Potter-Black hadn’t even known who either of them were.

Ron and Hermione were annoyed. Ron, because Harry just wasn’t who he was supposed to be. Harry was supposed to be a Gryffindor and his best friend, not some dark wizard. He also couldn’t stop looking at that freaky fox of his, he knew he had heard something about something like that before, but he just couldn’t place it. Hermione hated that he had gotten points for some stupid little thing while she hadn’t gotten any. There was also that fox, he shouldn’t be allowed to break the rules.

**Potions (Gryffindor/Slytherin)**

Severus forced himself not to snarl as he saw Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley enter his classroom. He knew that they were still just children, but they were a danger to his son.

He started off his lesson just like he had with the one earlier that day, by asking a few questions after taking roll.

Very quickly he became annoyed. He was going up and down the rows asking each student a question, but if it took more than a second for the student to answer, the Granger girl would start waving her hand around in the air, almost practically jumping out of her seat. If the student struggled even slightly, she would shout out the answer. After giving her three warnings he started taking away points every time she shouted out. Ronald Weasley just made things worse for Gryffindor by starting to mutter about how he was only doing it because he was a slimy snake.

Needless to say, Gryffindor lost a lot of points because of those two.

When the class ended he gave them the same assignment as he had given the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuffs. He made sure to tell them not only the minimum length, but also a maximum, and to point out that he had posted the board mandated marking scheme at the back of the room.

After dismissing the class, most of the Gryffindors left immediately, while all of the Slytherins went to the marking scheme and copied it down. He was glad that at least half of the class might be able to do well.

**Charms (Ravenclaw/Gryffindor) - September 3, 2001**

Hadrian sighed as Ron and Hermione sat down in their first charms lesson. This was going to be annoying. Ron was sitting on his right, and Hermione was sitting to Rons right. The only good thing was that Theo was sitting on his other side so they couldn’t put him between them.

Nem moved from his hood to one of her many special pockets. She chose the one on his left side. Hadrian smirked as he felt Nem’s dislike for the two Gryffindors.
Since this was a double session that was meant to serve as a practical period, Flitwick only spent the first hour giving them a lecture. While they had been taking notes, Hermione had kept shooting Hadrian’s quill nasty looks. While many in the class were writing with rather large feather quills and an open pot of ink, Hadrian was using a fountain pen that had actually been designed by Arthur Weasley’s team at JT. Percy had told him that he had had his own set but didn’t think they would be allowed at school, Hadrian just pointed out that there were no rules against them.

The pen was charmed to have a years supply of ink in the cartridge, and the ink was spelled to dry instantly to avoid smearing. Hadrian knew that over half of the Ravenclaws had already sent out orders for their own.

But Hermione seemed to be taking his pen as a personal insult. Hadrian could only wonder why she thought he would let her dictate his life.

When the lecture came to an end, and Flitwick set them to work practicing the wand movements to levitate a feather Hermione finally snapped when Hadrian pulled out his wand.

“That isn’t a proper wand.”

Hadrian just looked at her.

“Yeah mate, what’s wrong with your wand? It looks different.” Ron added, his eyes caught on the jewel at the end of the handle, he wanted that.

“It’s my wand. It looks exactly like it was designed to look.” Hadrian told them before he turned back to keep practicing.

“But wands don’t look like that. Why does it have a jewel in it. There’s no need to brag about having money by putting diamonds on your wand, it will just make it unbalanced.” Hermione said haughtily.

“Is there a problem over here?” Flitwick asked them.

“Not really, Granger just seems to think she gets to dictate what my wand should look like.” Hadrian told him.

“Professor, his wand isn’t right. Just look at it. It’s different colours and he’s had jewels added to it. That’s just going to unbalance it and make his spells uncontrolled.” Hermione’s voice held a whine to it.

Flitwick looked at the wand in the young boys hand and drew in a breath. he could feel the power emanating from it. “Ms. Granger, Mr. Potter-Black’s wand is none of your business. His wand looks like it does because it has two different types of wood. And that jewel is called a focus stone. Some people require them in their wands. If this is the wand Mr. Potter-Black has, then I can only assume that it is the wand that selected him. It is not up to you which wand he has. Now, back to work.”

“But sir, what about his pen. We are supposed to use quills, not pens. it says so in Hogwarts: A History?” Hermione really wanted to gain some control over the boy. Maybe she could give him lessons on how to use a proper quill.

Flitwick looked over the pen like quill that Hadrian had. He thought it was ingenious and was going to see about getting his own. “There is no rule against using a quill like his. You are only required to use feather quills that the school supplies during exams. Now, Ms. Granger, start practicing. Or I will have to start deducting points.”
Hermione spent the rest of the lesson huffing every time she looked at Hadrian’s wand. Neither she or Ron really spent any time practicing their movements.

**Charms (Ravenclaw/Gryffindor) - September 6, 2001**

Hadrian almost ran down the hall as he headed for the charms classroom. He knew that he was going to be almost half an hour early, but he needed to get away. Hermione and Ron had been following him around and annoying him since their herbology lesson their first day. They kept pretending like they were all good friends.

Hermione had even started lecturing him about how he needed to send Nem away, that he needed to use a proper quill, and trying to give him a study schedule. She had practically demanded that he give her his assignments so that she could go over them. Ron kept demanding that he play chess with him. He also kept going on about quidditch.

The first week of school hadn’t even ended and they were driving him crazy.

Filius Flitwick raised a bushy eyebrow when he saw one of his ravens coming into class so early. “Is there a problem Mr. Potter-Black?”

Before Hadrian could respond Theo and Nox came into the room, not noticing the professor.

“Boys? Who’s coming?” Flitwick asked. He didn’t like how this was sounding. Three of his students had had to leave a meal early. One, to avoid someone, and the other two to warn him.

“It’s…” Before Hadrian could get any further, Hermione and Ron came barging into the room.

“Oh, hi guys. We didn’t realize any one would be here already.” Hermione said in a fake happy voice.

Theo and Nox had no idea how to answer the professors question now, but Hadrian smiled slightly.

“It’s them. They follow me everywhere.” Hadrian said in flawless gobbledygook. “All they do is harass my friends and I while trying to separate me from others. One of the other lions, named after a white flower, told me that they had been making up stories about how I was their friend and that I didn’t want to have to deal with anyone other than them so they should all just stay away from me.

Bushy has even tried to take my furry little friend from me, saying that I had to get rid of her because she wasn’t allowed at the school.”

Hadrian had to make sure that he didn’t use any proper names, because those didn’t translate.

Filius was surprised by all of that. Not only that Hadrian was so skilled with the goblin language, but what he had said. The idea of someone trying to take away someone else familiar, let alone a true familiar, was unthinkable. “I was told that the three of you were best friends and that I should group the three of you together during assignments to protect you.”

“I didn’t even know their names until plant class on the first day of classes. My best friends have furry friends like me. But I also like my raven classmates, but I don’t know any of the lions well enough to make a judgment, but from the ones I’ve met, other than these two, I like them well
“I will ensure that you are kept away from them.” Filius told him, already reworking the seating plan he had made up, as well as the groups for any group assignment they did.

“Thank you sir.” Hadrian was happy that he would be able to get away from them and they couldn’t even link it back to him.

“What kinda language is that?” Ron, who still hadn’t gotten over the fact that he had been dragged away from his food, was confused. That sounded like a stupid language.

“It’s gobbledegook, I wanted the professors help with a problem that I’ve been having with the tenses.” Hadrian said, giving an excuse for he and the professor speaking in the language.

“Wow. I didn’t even know a language like that existed. You will have to teach me it.” Hermione thought this would be perfect. If she got him to teach her the language, they would have to spend a lot of time together. Not that she really wanted to learn such a disgusting guttural language. Goblins were just violent creatures after all.

“He can’t do that Ms. Granger. The only way to learn gobbledegook is with special permission from the goblin king. If he even attempted to teach you a single word he would be subject to goblin justice.” Filius told the demanding child.

Hermione was once again annoyed. Who were those creatures to say what she could and couldn’t learn. She was just going to have to force Harry to teach her.

When the lesson started, Filius assigned the students to their desks. The students were arranged so that it was a Gryffindor, then a Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw. It would be a good way to keep the two of them away from his raven without anyone being able to accuse him of creating division between the houses.

He put Hadrian in between Lily Moon, since Hadrian had mentioned talking to her, and Seamus Finnigan. The irishman seemed laidback enough not to annoy the boy.

Ron was furious as he sat next to two stupid Ravenclaws. He was supposed to be sitting next to his best friend. Why was everyone keeping him from his best friend?

**Hospital Wing - September 8, 2001**

Hadrian went in for his health scan the weekend after they arrived, just like he was supposed to. He had already had his meeting with Professor Flitwick. They had discussed his issues with Granger and Weasley, but other than that, everything was fine.

“Mr. Potter-Black. My name is Healer Forsythe. I will be conducting a full health scan. It will show your full medical history, from the day you were born until today. Do you understand?” A short, slightly round man with thinning hair said.

“Yes. Um… You can’t tell anyone anything I tell you, right?”

“I will have to report it if you are in danger, but other than that, everything you say to me will be kept confidential. I had to take binding oaths when I became a healer. Is there something you need
to tell me about?” As a healer that had identified many abused children over the past few years he knew how important it was to get a child to talk. Not all abuse was strictly physical.

“Um… When I was little I was in a bad home. I ran away when I was five. I’ve been living with my godfathers since then.” Hadrian told him.

Healer Forsythe nodded. Casting the scanning spell, he waited until the scan was complete, then he looked at it. He saw instantly what Hadrian had been telling him. There was evidence of severe malnutrition and abuse starting from just after Samhain 1991, until March 1996. But, since then, the scan showed that the boy had been well cared for and there was no residual physical issues caused by the abuse. The only things on the scan after 1996 were typical for a child. There were a few childhood illnesses and a few bumps and scrapes, but nothing severe.

“Well, I don’t see any new issues. It is clear that your current guardians have dealt with the physical side of the abuse. But I must ask. Have you seen a mind healer? And, do you have any concerns?”

Hadrian smiled at the man, he knew he was just trying to help. “When my godfathers arranged getting my custody they went to Cecilia Perra and Edward Brown. My family has always been really open with me about what happened, and they made sure I knew I could always go to them for any issues. Whenever Cecilia and Edward came to do my home checks, Uncles Siri, Remy, Bast, and Sev, made sure that I sat down with Edward and talked through any problems. I’m ok. It will always bother me, what happened I mean, but I got through it, and I’m happy now.”

“Siri, Remy, Bast, and Sev?”

“Sirius Lupin-Black and his husband Remus Lupin-Black blood adopted me at the request of my father when I was a baby. Severus and Sebastian Prince-Peverell blood adopted me a few years ago. Their my family. So, if I’m ever brought in here you should probably call Uncle Sev first thing, they can all be a little over protective.”

“Ok. Then there isn’t anything else we need to discuss. You are healthy and well cared for, so, my job is done. And I will make sure to call Severus if anything happens. I don’t think it would be a good idea to not inform him if anything happened to you.” Healer Forsythe didn’t want to risk getting on the bad side of Severus, he had heard horror stories about that mans temper.

Hadrian knew that he had told the healer a great deal, but he didn’t want it to look like he was holding anything back. Plus, he had ensured that if anything happened to him, and he ended up in the hospital wing, that his papa would be called right away. It would help to make sure that neither Dumbledore or his followers could do anything to him.

Staff Room - September 29, 2001

Severus went into the staff room to attend the first meeting since the new school year started. He knew this was going to be fun.

While most of his students were actually doing well, Granger and Weasley, weren’t. He assigned papers at the end of each week, and they were both struggling with them. Weasley, because he didn’t put any effort into them. And Granger, because she didn’t follow the instructions, wrote almost word for word what was in the books, and her refusal to stay within the length limits. She also kept challenging him over her grades, and wouldn’t accept what he told her.
Severus knew that soon she would be bringing the issue in front of the board.

Albus had separated the staff meeting into two groups. The first group was the teachers that taught the first years and the fifth through seventh years. The second group was the those that taught second through fourth. It kept the meetings from being to large.

After everyone had settled down with a cup of tea, Severus taking a place between Aurora and Filius, Albus finally arrived. It seemed that he still hadn’t learned to arrive to meetings he scheduled on time while Severus was away.

The first half of the meeting was spent on typical issues. Problem students, and any problems they were having. Eventually Minerva brought it around to the headmasters pets.

“Severus. We need to discuss how you mark. The school board has given strict guidelines for marking. You need to mark my lions the same way you mark your snakes.”

“What do you mean by that Minerva? I have been following the guidelines.” Severus wanted to ensure that she told everyone the issue she was having with his marking. It would allow others to know how and why he was handling Granger and Weasley the way he was.

“I have gotten multiple complaints about your in class behaviour and bias in marking from my lions.”

“I will assume that you mean you have been getting complaints from Ms. Granger and Mr. Weasley. The reason they keep getting in trouble is because they keep yelling out and interrupting class. The reason their grades are low is because Weasley doesn’t seem to think the assignments I give are worth his time to do properly. And Ms. Granger refuses to follow the guidelines I set out. I have spoken with her multiple times when she has challenged me about her grades that if she wants to get better grades then she needs to do the assignment I give, not the one she wants.” Severus said in a cold voice.

“What is that supposed to mean.” Minerva was almost hissing like the cat she was in her animagus form. “Ms. Granger told me about how you keep yelling at her and took away points whenever she answers a question.”

“No. I have not raised my voice at her, or any other student. I have spoken to her, but never yelled. And, yes. I have taken away points, but not because she answered a question, but because she was yelling out the answers. I have repeatedly told her that when I ask the class a question, if she knows the answer, she must raise her hand. I will not always pick her to answer a question, because there are 27 other students in the class that deserve a chance to try. She feels that she shouldn’t have to abide by that rule and shouts out the answer over anyone else that I ask.” It was taking everything Severus had to not just kick the little know-it-all out of the classroom every time she did that.

Many of the other professors voiced their agreement with Severus. They had all been having the same issues with Granger shouting out answers.

“I’m sure it is just a slight misunderstanding. Hermione is just excited to learn. We should be encouraging her, not punishing her.” Albus’s eyes were twinkling.

“A desire to learn is a good thing, but not at the expense of the other students. As I said, there are 27 other students in her potions class. I can not prioritize what she wants over what the rest need. Every other student deserves a chance to learn, just as much as she does.” Severus wasn’t about to back down.
“I must agree. We need to allow all of our students to learn, not just one. Ms. Granger needs to work on her know-it-all attitude. She even interrupted me last week during a lecture and started to lecture the class. Then she started talking back to me when I pointed out that I was the one with the mastery, not her. I have already warned her that I will be starting to take off points and giving her detentions the next time she does it.” Aurora Sinistra was not impressed by the girl.

“And the grades you have been giving her on her assignments.” Minerva knew that she wasn’t going to win on Hermione’s shouting out. She had gotten annoyed more than once herself at the girl. “She has let me read her work, and even I can tell that it is exceptional.”

“There is no denying that Ms. Granger is bright, but in her effort to prove how smart she is, she doesn’t follow instructions. The last assignment that I received from her was supposed to be an essay between 1-2 feet long, on the proper preparation of fairy wings for use in glamour potions, why they are prepared that way, and why you can’t mix them with any potions that contained pixie dust.

Instead I received 5 feet on whatever came into her mind while she was writing. There was even 7 inches on how to crush a moonstone. None of the glamour potions we were discussing even involved moonstone. In all, she had less than half a foot that actually focused on what I asked for, and she never even mentioned the pixie dust. Her inability to focus on the topic of the assignment shows a distinct lack of understanding.

Then there is her plagiarism issue. Much of her assignments are almost word for word what is in the text book. I don’t need her to quote the textbook to me, I have read it before. These assignments are to help develop critical thinking skills, but she just repeats whatever the book says, even if it’s wrong. The first year potions book, as I have pointed out before, is out of date and has multiple errors.

She can not claim ignorance of how the assignments are marked, because I posted the marking scheme on the notice board at the back of the classroom and pointed it out to the students during their first lesson. She knows what is expected of her, but she doesn’t think she should have to follow the same rules as the other students. She will not be receiving special treatment from me.

I will also say, I have informed my classes that, though my assistant and I currently read their entire assignment, after Yule, we will stop reading the excess. If I ask for an essay with a minimum of 1 foot, and a maximum of 2, then that is what I expect. If it is shorter, we will not be reading it, and if it is longer, we will put a mark at the maximum I requested, and we will not be reading beyond that point.” Everyone was staring at Severus, he normally didn’t talk that much during an entire meeting, let alone all at once.

After that, Minerva and Albus both kept trying to make excuses for the girl, but Severus wouldn’t budge. Pomona, Filius, and Aurora, all backed him up, going so far as to say they would start following some of his ideas about giving maximum lengths, as they too were already sick of her extra long essays.

Great Hall - October 31, 2001

When it came time for dinner on Samhain, Hadrian was paranoid and on edge. He had believed at the beginning of the school year that he wasn’t going to have to worry about a Voldemort possessed teacher, he was wrong.

Walking into his first DADA lesson he had been happy to have a competent teacher, but then
Professor Mitchell started to speak, he had that same merlin awful stutter. Hadrian figured he knew exactly where Voldemort's spirit was.

Now, it was Samhain and he was worried about a possible troll attack. The only good thing was that his papa knew to be on guard, and they had already made plans to make sure that none of the students would be in danger.

Hadrian kept glancing from his papa up at the head table, to Fred and George, who were sitting just behind him at the Hufflepuff table. All three of them, like him, were trying to keep an eye on everything.

Over the past two months, Hadrian and the twins, had become close. For Hadrian, it felt like he had known them all his life. He couldn’t imagine his life without them there to make him smile and laugh anymore.

Fred and George had introduced him to their secret identities as Mischief and Mayhem, they even gave Hadrian his own nickname, Chaos. Hadrian had thought it was hysterical when they had given him his new name.

The three of them were also often joined by Lee, Mercury, Draco, Slither, and Neville, Wasp. Both of the boys had rolled their eyes at their nicknames. But, they did have a side benefit. While many members of staff disagreed, McGonagall and Dumbledore were convinced that inter house rivalry wouldn’t allow for the pranksters to come from different houses, so they were looking in the wrong direction whenever a new prank was being set up.

None of the pranks they pulled could be seen as bullying. They tended more towards colour changing pranks. The entire head table had even ended up in tie dyed robes for a day. It actually toned down Dumbledore’s robes.

When the twins had noticed Hadrian getting more and more worked up the closer they got to Samhain they had originally thought it was because of his parents. Hadrian hadn’t told them about his dad and papa yet, he was planning on waiting until they were away from the school, just as an extra precaution. When they had asked him, Hadrian had told them that Samhain was when Voldemort had let the troll in as a distraction.

Since then, the twins had been just as worked up as Hadrian. They had both mentally agreed as soon as they heard this was when their little soul mate would face a troll, that they would do whatever it took to protect him. Even if he was proving himself to be exceptionally skilled. They didn’t want to take any risks with their soul mate.

Glancing over to the Gryffindor table, making sure to slide his eyes across the entire table to make it look more natural, he saw that Hermione was sitting next to Ron. Since Dumbledore had made Flitwick arrange the students so that none of the students were sitting next to someone in their own house, Hermione and Ron hadn’t had the fight that had resulted in her skipping dinner. Hadrian didn’t know if he was happy she wouldn’t get clobbered to death by a troll, or upset.

Just as the desserts were appearing on the table, the Voldemort possessed DADA teacher, Mitchell, came running into the hall screaming about trolls in the dungeons. Hadrian had to admit, he was a better actor than Quirrell had been.

This time, when Dumbledore ordered the students back to their common rooms, Fred and George both jumped up onto the table and let of loud bangs from their wands calling for everyone to stop.
“Misters Weasley. 50 points from Hufflepuff, each. You have been told what to do, now do it, or I will start taking more points.” McGonagall shouted at them.

“Take all the points,” Fred started in a calm, yet loud voice.

“You want.” George’s voice, while similar to his twins was colder. How dare this woman yell at his twin.

“You do realize,”

“He said the trolls,”

“Were in the dungeon,”

“You know,”

“The same place,”

“Both Hufflepuff and Slytherin,”

“Have their common rooms,”

“The same common rooms,”

“You just ordered us to go to?”

“Are you trying,”

“To get us killed?” Fred finished while George glared at the transfiguration professor.

“Enough of this. Students. Sit down and stay here. We will seal you in. Active casters on staff, to the dungeons. Ghosts, search the castle for any other trolls, warn any student you find to get to a safe place.” Severus ordered, making sure the students would be safe, the stronger casters would be able to deal with the trolls, and any other trolls would be found. “Oh, and Misters Weasley. 75 points to Hufflepuff, each. For quick thinking that may have just saved your classmates lives.”

With that, Severus and the stronger teachers left the hall, sealing the door behind them. As soon as the doors were sealed, the students started talking.

Fred and George went back to their seats, spinning away from the table, Hadrian doing the same, so that they were sitting facing each other. Draco and Neville joined them. Out of the corner of his eye, Hadrian watched as Mitchell slipped out the staff entrance.

It only took the staff half an hour to round up the four trolls that had been released in the school. As big and strong as they were, they were also incredibly stupid.

Once the staff returned the students were free to carry on.

Much to Dumbledore’s dismay, Hadrian and the other boys headed off to join in the traditional Samhain ritual. Dumbledore did everything to discourage students from taking part.

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 5, 2001
James was excited. Since he was already at the school, he was going to be able to spend lunch with his son. And soon, it would be Yule brake and Hadrian would be able to come home for a few weeks. He had missed his baby boy so much. He just had to get through this meeting.

James looked around the room at the other governors. He once again had plans that were going to upset the headmaster, and he couldn’t wait.

“Albus, I do have a question that I feel we must address first.” James said as soon as the meeting had been started. “How in Merlin’s name did trolls get into the school?”

“It was probably just some pranksters playing a joke my boy. There is no need to worry. It was handled.” Albus hated having this man questioning him.

“So you think, school children pulling a prank managed to make a large enough hole in the wards, in what is considered by many to be the safest place in Britain. Unless the wards are in complete disarray, there is no way even the best student in this school could do that.” James knew exactly who had done it, but he wasn’t about to tell anyone that.

Others started adding their agreement. Most were furious that trolls had gotten so close to their children. Eventually, after Dumbledore had been dressed down multiple times by angry parents, James spoke up again.

“I also feel that we need to address the privacy of the students. Would you like to explain how a reporter managed to get onto the school grounds, took photos of the students, conducted multiple interviews, and then managed to leave the school all undetected. And I am hoping that it was all undetected, because if the staff knew what was going on I will be filing a lawsuit on the school, like the ones that have already been filed against the papers that feel a child doesn’t deserve privacy.”

When Hadrian had had his first flying lesson, things had once again gotten complicated. Neville’s broom had not responded properly and rose high into the air, Neville swore that he thought the broom had been cursed. When the broom had started to shudder and jerk it had thrown Neville off.

Hadrian, reacting to his friend being in danger, flew up and caught Neville as he fell. Once Hadrian and Neville had been back on the ground, Minerva had come out of nowhere and whisked Hadrian off to the headmasters office. Hadrian had been offered a chance to join the Ravenclaw quidditch team. He had refused. Stating that it wasn’t fair to the other first years that were barred from trying out, or to the team that had already been selected. He wasn’t going to accept special treatment.

The real issue was that, somehow, Rita Skeeter had been there when it happened. She had gotten pictures of Hadrian catching Neville, and had even managed to find out that Hadrian had refused the offer of being on the team. She had made a huge deal about it in the multiple stories that she had written for both The Daily Prophet, and Witch Weekly.

Severus and James were furious that a reporter had been on campus and was using their son to sell papers. Not only that, but they hadn’t given anyone permission to publish anything about him. There were very strict laws that dictated what you could and couldn’t report about a child. That was why both papers had already been forced to print an apology for the invasion of a minors privacy.

“Now my boy, it was just a silly little article. There is no need to make a big deal about it.” Albus had personally arranged for the ‘accident’ to occur when he knew the reporter was there. He needed everyone to see the Potter boy as a Gryffindor like hero.
“It isn’t just a silly little article. It is a clear breach of privacy for a minor. As the headmaster of this school, it is your job to provide a secure and safe environment for your students… And that means all students. There is no reason that a reporter should have been allowed on campus and around the children. It is clear there is an issue with security at this school, and I feel we must address it. I take the privacy and safety of my heir seriously. It is clear from that incident that this school has almost no defences if any random person can gain access to the campus. It could have been anyone that walked onto the grounds, what if it had been someone that wished harm on the students, there was no protection for them. I am also suggesting that the school be required to buy all new brooms, since the ones that the students are currently using are clearly unsafe.”

After that the meeting carried on in typical fashion. Dumbledore was issued a warning about ensuring the safety and privacy of the students.

When the meeting ended, James went and found Hadrian. They spent as much time together as they could until Hadrian had to go to class. James couldn’t wait until Yule. Once his son came home he didn’t know if he would ever be able to let him go again.

**Headmasters Office - December 14, 2001**

Hadrian sighed as he walked up to the headmasters office, once again between his papa and Flitwick. He knew that this was going to be both fun and annoying. So far this year he had managed to stay away from his pawns, so he expected this would be something about trying to force them together. Fred and George had told him that for some reason Molly was insisting they stay at the school, but their dad was arguing with her about it. Hadrian expected this meeting to be about trying to force him to stay at the school over Yule.

Going into the office, Hadrian and Flitwick sat down in the two chairs in front of the headmasters desk, while Severus took his place against the wall, next to Phineas’s portrait.

“Ah, my boys, lemon drop?” Albus offered up the sweets. It was taking a great deal of effort not to growl. He had wanted to speak to the brat alone so that he could start spelling and potioning him, instead the brat had brought the others.

He knew that neither of the adults would take one of his candies, they never did, but he had hoped that the brat would. The drops were coated in potions. It would have weakened the brats mind enough to let him get him to agree with whatever he said. Instead the brat refused.

“What is it we can do for you, headmaster?” Filius asked. He knew that what ever the headmaster was trying to do wasn’t going to work.

“I noticed that Harry hadn’t signed up to stay over the Christmas holidays.” Albus said.

“Why would he have? He and I will be heading home to spend Yule with our family.” Severus told the annoying old man. He wasn’t going to let this man stop his son from coming home, James would kill him, not to mention how much he would miss him too.

“I was hoping that he would stay over the holidays. You understand how dangerous it is for him. He would be much safer here.” Albus threw out a slight compulsion under the desk towards the brat.

“No, thank you headmaster.” Hadrian felt the spell brush against his magic, but his heir and lordship rings warmed up and the magic dissipated. “I have missed my family. So I will be going
home.”

“Now, my boy, I feel that it is just to dangerous for you. I really think you should stay here. You must be protected, and there is nowhere safer than here.” Albus was annoyed at being denied.

“No, headmaster. Personally I don’t think this school is as safe as you claim. Just in the past few months 4 trolls and a reporter managed to get into the school and onto the grounds without anyone noticing until after. That is not what I consider safe. None of that has ever happened when I have been with my family, so… I think I am actually safer with them than I am here.” Hadrian just had to rub the old goats crooked nose in the schools lack of security.

“Detention Mr. Potter. Words have consequences. You will serve a week of detention with me during Christmas Break.” Albus hated having so many people questioning him about the schools security.

“No he will not.” Severus snapped back. “He did nothing wrong. He merely pointed out facts. You can not punish him because you don’t like having a student pointing out the shortfalls of the schools security. He will becoming home for Yule Albus, and that is final.”

“Now Severus, I really must insist. The boy must stay here.” Albus didn’t even bother to keep up his grandfather act. “He isn’t safe with people we don’t know. He must stay here. As his magical guardian, the decision is mine, and he will be staying.”

“He isn’t going to stay with people we don’t know. He is going home to his family. A family that includes me, my husband, and his godfathers.” Severus growled at him. “And you are not his magical guardian, and have not been so since his custody was assigned to us. The decisions about what happens to him is not yours to make, it is mine, and it is the right of his other fathers.”

“His custody belongs to his aunt and uncle, and they named me as his magical guardian. You and the others have effectively kidnapped him. You should be grateful that I haven’t filed charges or you and the others would all be in Azkaban. The only reason I haven’t is because of your children.” The more Albus thought about the idea, the more he liked it. Send Severus, Sebastian, Sirius and Remus to Azkaban and take custody of the children. Then he would have all of the seats, and money.

“You can try all you like, but we legally have Hadrian. Sirius and Remus are legally Hadrian’s fathers. He was never supposed to go to those people. You would actually be the one charged as you effectively kidnapped him from his family when you had him taken from Sirius and denied Remus the right to see him. Hadrian’s custody was assigned to us by Amelia Bones personally.” Severus told him with a smirk.

Albus wanted to curse his spy. How dare he deny him. He also wanted to kill James again. That stupid man, allowing the wolf and his husband to blood adopt the boy. There was nothing he could do, and he knew it. If he tried reporting them for kidnapping the brat, he would be charged and not them. Amelia had never been fond of him.

“I do say, that is enough, from both of you. There is a student here, remember.” Filius agreed wholeheartedly with Severus, but he didn’t think Hadrian should be here for this. “Severus, Hadrian doesn’t need to be here for this. Why don’t you take your son and go and relax.

And Albus, you are a grown man, act like it. Severus and the others are the boys fathers, legally and biologically. You have no right to deny them their rights as his fathers. Hadrian has said that he doesn’t want to stay, so he will not be staying. If you attempt to punish him to force him to remain against his will I will personally be filing a grievance with the board. And something tells me,
given the fact that one of his fathers serves on the board, they will most likely rule against you. They are his guardians, not you. You are his headmaster, that is all. I will not allow you to deny one of my students his rights.”

That was the last that Severus and Hadrian heard as they left the office, but they heard the little man continue his lecture after they left. They were going to have to ask Phineas about what happened when they went to visit Regulus during the break.

Severus and Hadrian followed Flitwick’s suggestion and went back to Sev’s office. They spent the rest of the evening just relaxing with each other. Severus did some marking, and Hadrian started working on some of the holiday assignments that had already been assigned.

The Burrow - December 22, 2001

Arthur sighed as he looked around the table at his family. Things weren’t going the way he had expected his life to go when he was younger. Years ago, he had thought he was the luckiest guy around, then reality came knocking.

He learned that the woman he had thought he loved had been drugging him with love potions for years. Then he started looking closer at his family. His eldest two boys had had to leave the country to get away from their overbearing mother. Percy had lived in his books, though he had made some good friends in school and was a bit more outgoing now. The twins spent most of their time with the neighbours. And Ron and Ginny behaved like spoiled brats.

Arthur was still confused about Molly’s latest oddity. She had spent weeks insisting that the kids needed to stay at the school over the break so that they could go and visit Charlie. Only to change her mind and insist they come home. When Arthur asked her if they were still going to visit Charlie she had acted like it was a crazy idea.

Many things had changed since he first started to look closer at things, but many things had also stayed the same. Now he was watching as the twins got ready to go to a friend’s place for the weekend, and he could tell just by looking at them that they were keeping secrets.

Going into their room, he put up a privacy spell. “What are you two trying to hide?”

Fred and George shared a silent conversation before it was decided that George would be the one to speak, he had always been the better lier. “Nothing dad.”

Arthur gave them a look. “Just tell me, will you be safe wherever it is you are going?”

“Of course.” Fred reassured their father.

“We’re just going to a friend’s.” George added. They didn’t want to scare their dad.

“So if I were to floo call the Jordan’s, they would tell me that you are staying with them.” Arthur noticed the slightly panicked look the boys shared. “Just tell me the truth. I promise I won’t get angry.”

“We are going to a friend’s, but,” Fred knew they couldn’t lie to their dad now.

“It’s just not Lee’s place.”

Arthur waved for them to continue.
“That kid that Bill asked us to keep an eye on,"
“The one with the kitsune familiar."
“We became really good friends with him,"
“And he invited us to come over to meet his family."
“Then why didn’t you just say that in the beginning?” Arthur was confused, why would they hide something like that.

“Ron.” Fred said.

“And Ginny.” George added.

“What do they have to do with it?” Arthur was even more confused now.

“Well. It’s just…” Fred didn't know how to say it, but George didn’t have any issues with it.

“Our friend is Hadrian Potter-Black. We’re going over to Hadrian’s place for the weekend.”

‘Why wasn’t Ron invited?’ Arthur was surprised the twins were so close to the boy hero, Ron had never mentioned them when he told his stories about his friend. “Wouldn’t he want his best friend to come too?”

“That’s just it,” George almost snarled. He hated listening to his little brother go on and on, making up lies about their soul mate. “They aren’t friends.”

“Ron and the Granger girl follow Hadrian everywhere.”

“It’s kinda creepy how much they stalk him.”

“Hadrian does everything he can to avoid them.”

“Then there’s Ginny.”

“Dad, she has a scrapbook dedicated to a boy she’s never even seen.”

“She is a stalker waiting to happen.”

“We just want a weekend with our friend without,”

“Our little brother yelling at us.”

“He says we are trying to steal his best friend.”

“Ok, I understand. I won’t say anything.” Arthur sighed, he hadn’t realized that the older boys had noticed that much about Ron and Ginny’s issues. “I will be going with you to drop you off, but I don’t see any problems with not telling Ron or Ginny. I have been concerned about them for a while now.”

Peverell Manor

After the twins had finished packing, Arthur flooed with them to his office, and then on to Peverell Manor. Since Molly was in the kitchen, they didn’t want to risk her knowing where the twins were
When they arrived, they were led out to the back balcony. It was pure chaos.

The balcony was on the second floor and looked out over the back yard. Sitting just a little ways away from the balcony was a giant, 3 story jungle gym. From where they were standing they could clearly see a group of adults and children swarming all over, throwing water, and paint, balloons.

“Hello Arthur, Fred, George. Welcome to insanity.” Remus was sitting off to the side, watching the chaos unfold with a cup of tea in his hands.

“Remus, good to see you again.” Arthur went over to where Remus sat and joined him. “I figured I would bring these two over.”

“We thank you for that, Hadrian has been missing them.” As Remus spoke, Hadrian made his way across the rope bridge that connected the jungle gym with the balcony.

“Hey guys.” Hadrian quickly hugged his two friends. He had missed them over the past few weeks. “Come on, come play. It’s kids against adults. Except for the whiny ones that claim injury.”

Hadrian said, giving Remus a look before he grabbed hold of the twins and started to drag them behind him.


“I have a twisted ankle. Or, at least, I do until I finish my tea.” Remus said with a self satisfied smirk.

“Is that safe?” Arthur asked, indicating the young children running around like mad men high above the ground.

“Safe enough.” Remus said with a smile and slight shrug. “It was a yule gift for the kids. Sebastian and Sirius spent over an hour ‘testing’ it while the kids were over at the Malfoy’s. If those two didn’t manage to kill themselves then the kids will be fine. The kids at least have some basic self preservation instincts. Besides, the entire thing is layered in protection and cushioning charms. They couldn’t fall off even if they tried, and yes, Bast and Siri did try, ‘just to be sure’, or so they said.”

The two of them talked for a few minutes until Severus came out on the balcony. They watched as he carried a large, hot pink, cauldron to the railing and tipped it over. Dumping the white, fluffy contents directly on to Sirius, who was standing on the ground below. Sirius shrieked like a little girl.

“What did you just dump on my husband Sev?” Remus asked when Sev turned to greet Arthur.

“Iced marshmallow fluff.” Sev said with a small grin.

“Why?” Both Remus and Arthur asked at the same time.

“He dyed my lab neon pink, caldrons and all.” Sev said with a raised eyebrow.

“Fair enough.” Remus watched as Sev made his way across the same bridge that Hadrian and the twins had used. He slid his finger around the inside of the cauldron Sev had left on the table and tasted the soft, gooey, fluff that had been charmed to be ice cold.

“I must admit, that was not something I expected from Severus. I never thought he was one for
pranks.” Arthur glanced at Sirius, who was trying to get the sticky mess out of his hair.

“Oh, Sev has always pulled pranks, he just never got caught. He used to prank us just as often as we pranked him while we were in school, but unlike us, he never got caught.” Remus told him.

Before Arthur could say anything else, Amelia Bones walked in with a stack of paper. She was followed by two young girls.

“Arthur, pleasant to see you.” She smiled at the red head. “Sorry to interrupt… What looks like an epic battle. But I have some paperwork that needs Frank’s signature. We need it by tomorrow. Oh, and this is my niece, Susan, and her best friend, Hannah Abbott.”

“Hello girls, it’s nice to meet you.” Remus smiled at the girls, as he sent a patronus message to Frank. “Please, have a seat.”

“Susie, Han.” Came Neville’s voice from the third story of the jungle gym's tower. “Come play. It’s adults versus kids.”

The two girls turned pleading eyes on Amelia who just waved them off. While they were waiting for Frank, a toddler popped in with the help of an elf. “Uncle Remy, I’s sleepy.” The boy mumbled as he lifted his arms.

Remus bent down and took a good look into the boy’s eyes before picking him up and snuggling him in his lap. “Then come here Alex. I’ll keep you safe while you sleep.”

“Why did you look at him like that Remus?” Arthur asked.

“Because the Malfoy twins are both metamorphmagus’s.” Remus told him. “Athena loves to copy Kali’s dark curls and Hadrian’s green eyes, but Ares and Alex are already best friends. Ares loves to make himself an almost perfect copy of Alex. The only thing he has trouble with is the eyes. Alex got Alice’s eyes which have gold flecks in the brown. Ares just can’t get the gold flecks, so we have to look closely at the eyes to tell them apart at times.”

They all were laughing when Frank came over. “You said Amelia needed me. Ah, so this is where Alex got too.”

“I still don’t know how you can always tell the difference between him and Ares.” Remus said as he handed the boy off to his father.

“The same way you can tell the difference between Cassie and Ari. When it’s your kid, you just know.” Frank said as Amelia handed over the papers she needed his signature on.

They talked for a bit. Amelia realized that it was going to be a while before the girls were ready to leave. They were having the time of their lives playing with the boys. She had seen them being directed by little Athena who was sitting comfortably in Susan’s arms.

But, eventually the war ended. It coincidently happened just after the elves brought out dinner. The children all claimed victory, and after seeing the soaked, multi-coloured, exhausted adults, no one was willing to challenge their claims.

Hogwarts - April 1, 2002

Hadrian had plans. Today was the twins birthday, and Hadrian wanted them to enjoy it. They
couldn’t do too much, Fred and George still hadn’t been caught by the teachers, and Hadrian didn’t want to draw too much attention towards them.

He felt so close to the twins. He had told them the truth about his fathers during the Yule break, and they had offered him nothing but support. They had told him that they would always be there for him, and that they would never betray him, and Hadrian believed them completely.

Hadrian, Neville, Draco, and Lee had all snuck out of their common rooms the night before to prepare the school. Each floor of the castle was now a different colour. They had coated the floor outside of each common room with a special type of glue that would stick to the students shoes, the glue would randomly become sticky every few minutes and stick people to the floor for a few second before it would release, just to do it again. Hadrian had even convinced the house elves to include a few canary creams at each table for dessert that night, not that it had taken much to convince the elves to help out. The elves adored Fred and George, so they were always willing to help out.

The entire day was spent having fun, even when they were in classes. Hadrian had been a little surprised when his papa had told their class that rather than a long boring lecture, they would instead be brewing a potion that would change a persons hair colour.

Since it was also April Fools Day, none of the teachers really questioned the large amount of pranks that day. They just assumed that the students had really gotten into the spirit.

Fred and George had loved their birthday this year. Not only because it allowed them to prank people, but because they had their soul mate right there with them. They knew that much of what had happened that day had been planned and set up by all of their friends, but just the fact that their soul mate was a part of it made it that much more special.

Everyone in there little group of friends had taken special joy when they saw Ron greedily grab one of the canary creams and stuff the whole thing in his mouth. He had started yelling angrily after he moulted and ended up losing 20 points, and got a week of detention, for his language. Ron had never been able to take a joke.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - May 11, 2002**

It was a month after the twins birthday when Severus walked into the school board meeting. Granger had finally gotten angry enough at her low grades to file a complaint. Severus wasn’t the only one that had been summoned to this meeting. Filius, Aurora, and Samson, the english teacher, were all sitting next to him.

“Ok, our next complaint was filed by Hermione Granger, first year Gryffindor, against Filius Flitwick, Aurora Sinistra, Samson Thrace, and Severus Prince-Peverell, claiming unfair and biased grading. Headmaster Dumbledore and Deputy-Headmistress McGonagall have come to speak in her support. Sebastian has said that he will not be voting on this due to a conflict of interest as Severus is his husband.”

Alice stated as she looked over the eleven page complaint. Really, all a student needed to do was state their name and issue. It took less than a single paragraph to file a complaint. “Ms. Granger, as you are the one filing the complaint you may explain your issues first.”
“Thank you Mrs. Longbottom. Over the past few months I have found that my assignments have been being marked harder then my classmates. It doesn’t matter how much information I provide, nothing is ever enough. I have repeatedly gone to the professors to show that I have done the work, but they just won’t listen.

I study and research the best ways to cast spells, but it still isn’t enough. I do the readings, but when I answer the questions in class I get in trouble. It isn’t fair that I am being marked down for no reason…” Hermione read from a sheet of parchment.

She then continued on for almost half an hour. But it was basically just her whining that she wasn’t getting the marks she wanted.

When she finally finished, it was Minerva’s turn. She spoke about how bright Hermione was, and how she should be receiving better grades. Dumbledore said that it all must be a slight misunderstanding. He felt that Hermione’s lower grades were just a mistake of the teachers, because Hermione was obviously the brightest witch of her generation. Hermione preened at that.

When the time came for the professors to speak, Samson was the one selected to speak for them.

“As we have all told Ms. Granger, repeatedly, if she wishes to improve her grades, she must follow instructions, and do the assignments that we assign, not the ones she wishes we had assigned.

It was this board that gave us the marking scheme that we use. It dictates how we are to mark. We have only been following those guidelines. We have repeatedly explained to Ms. Granger what we expect from her assignments, but she won’t listen. We can not give her top marks when she doesn’t do the work properly.

None of us deny that Ms. Granger is highly intelligent, but it takes more than that to get top grades. We are trying to teach our students to be able to critically think about things, but she just keeps repeating what the books say.

Ms. Granger refuses to stick to the assigned topics or lengths. For the first two months, we all made allowances, as she and the other students were all just starting, but after then we expected that they would learn how to properly structure their work. Most of the students did learn from the comments we put on their assignments, as well as from the lessons I have taught in my own class. But every time I have broached the subject with Ms. Granger she informs me that I am wrong, and that she shouldn’t have to follow the rules I set, even though all the other students do.

The reason she gets in trouble for answering questions in class is because she is shouting out. If we attempt to give the rest of the class a chance to answer a question she gets angry and shouts out the answer over the other students. Yes, we know she knows the answer when she raises her hand, but some of the other students do to and it isn’t fair to them to only pick her.

We can not give her special treatment because the headmaster and deputy-headmistress, along with her, seem to think that she should be above the rules.”

After Samson finished, Filius stood up.

“I have also spoken to her about her practicals almost every lesson. While Ms. Granger is usually among the first 5 to accomplish the spells we are working on, that is where she stops. Once she has managed to accomplish the spell once, she pulls out her book and starts reading.

But just being able to accomplish a spell once is not enough. I am trying to teach how to master the spells. Research has shown that the true mastery of a spell can take over one hundred successful
castings in a row. Ms. Granger may have accomplished the spell once, but that isn’t enough. To pass her exams, she will need to be able to cast accurately, with the appropriate amount of power, on the first attempt.

Reading is beneficial to her work, but not at the expense of practice. That is why we have 2-hour practical sessions every week. It is to help students begin the long process of mastering their spells. She gets marked down in her practicals because she refuses to practice. Whenever I have brought it up with her, she will just tell me that she did the spell and that should be enough.

Like Samson said, we can not give her top grades just because she feels like she deserves them. To get the grades she wants, she must earn them.”

After a back and forth between Hermione and the teachers, the governors put up a privacy ward to discuss the issue. It didn’t take very long to come to a decision, even with Molly, Doge, and Vance trying to make excuses for the girl. Alice was once again the one to speak.

“Ms. Granger. After a discussion and looking over some of the assignments you provided, we have decided that there is no evidence of bias or unfair treatment. If you want to improve your grades, do the assignments you are given.

I would recommend looking at the marking scheme that I am told is hanging on the bulletin boards at the back of most of the class rooms. That will show you the break down of how you will be marked. If you want better grades, you must earn them.”

Hermione was furious as she left the board room. How dare they tell her she wasn’t earning top grades because she didn’t deserve them. She knew that she was being treated unfairly. And, she knew it was because she was muggleborn. When she became minister she would throw all of those death eaters into Azkaban.

**Hogwarts - June 18, 2002**

Ron Weasley was sitting with Hermione Granger in the common room of Gryffindor tower. He knew that their potions professor was going to try and steal the philosophers stone tonight, and nobody but he and Hermione could stop it.

They were going to be heroes. Then he could show Harry how to act like a true hero. His friend wouldn’t spend all that time with those dark wizards in the other houses once he saw just how much people loved a hero. He would show him, the stupid git even got them in trouble earlier that day.

Hermione was thinking along the same lines. They needed to protect the stone. And, since Harry was proving to be a coward, she and Ron were going to have to do it without him. Honestly, she really didn’t even need the boys there to help, she knew she could do all of it on her own.

After the last of the students went to bed, Ron and Hermione got up and slipped out the portrait whole.

Severus had been walking down the halls on the third floor. It was the one weekend a month that he was required to do rounds. He knew from what he had learned in the journals that this was when the traitors forced his son to face a Voldemort possessed teacher.
The first years had just finished their exams the afternoon before, and Albus had made a big deal about his being away for the next two days for business at the ministry. If things stayed true in this instance, the morons would be attempting to go through the trap door tonight.

Over the past few months, ever since they returned from Yule, Albus and the idiots had been practically force feeding Hadrian ‘clues’. Almost as soon as Hadrian had gotten off the train, Albus had called him up to his office. The excuse had been to discuss if he was safe during the holidays, but Albus just so conveniently had the Mirror of Erised in his office. He had even managed to repeatedly bring up the mirror and had even given a ten minute lecture on what the mirror did.

Shortly after that, Granger and Weasley started bringing up the break in at Gringotts. They kept bringing up different things that Hadrian knew were a part of this little trial. Granger kept going on about Nicholas Flamel. While, Weasley, spouted random facts about Cerberus’s and how music was known to help calm the savage beast.

Hadrian had told Severus every time they brought it up. Earlier this evening Hadrian had even mirror called Severus to tell him that Granger and Weasley had physically tried to drag him to the third floor. Professor Sprout had seen and taken 20 points from each of them and assigned detention for the rest of the school year for assault. Severus knew that the idiots would not let it go, he had overheard that Weasley boy going on about how he would have been a much better saviour than Hadrian.

As Severus had expected, when he walked past the forbidden corridor he found the door slightly open, and Fluffy was attempting to dig his way down through the open trap door. He knew that he couldn’t do it alone, it would allow Albus to cover what happened up, so he sent off a patronus to Filius and Leon York, the other DADA teacher. They were both skilled enough with a wand that he trusted them to have his back. He also sent for Healer Paul Forsythe, he knew that the fools were probably injured.

“Severus, what is the issue?” Healer Forsythe was looking around for an injured student.

In answer Severus pushed open the door so that they could all see the Cerberus.

“This is bad.” Filius sighed.

“Hadrian told me that Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger attempted to force him up here earlier today. Pomona, thankfully, stepped in. I warned Minerva to keep a close eye on those two, but I think we have two little lions that are off on an adventure.” Severus said as he cast a music spell that he often used for the girls when they were little. “I figure between Filius, Leon and I we can get past whatever obstacles the old man has created, and Paul, you can make sure the children are uninjured before I give them a lifetime’s worth of detention.”

“How did you know how to put that beast to sleep?” Paul asked.

“That, is Fluffy.” Filius said as they walked towards the trapdoor. “He belongs to one of our former groundskeepers, Hagrid. He used to love to brag about his ‘puppy’, I think everyone who worked on staff with him a few years ago when he got him knew everything there was to know about him.”

They transfigured Fluffy’s food dish into a ladder and made their way down.

“Pomona is not going to be happy about this.” Severus said as he took a good look at the devil’s snare.
“Why?” Leon asked.

“Her devil’s snare has been burned. She’s had this plant for over twenty years. Pomona dotes on this plant.” Filius told the two newer staff members.

They walked into the next room and saw the flying keys and a clearly damaged broom. Luckily the fools didn’t seem to understand how to close a door. They went over to the door and pushed it the rest of the way open. Filius muttering that this obstacle was far easier than the one he had created.

As soon as they stepped into the next room they could all see Ronald Weasley laying unconscious on the floor. Paul rushed over to him and started casting spells.

“How is he?” Leon asked.

“Concussion, hairline skull fracture, and a few bumps and bruises. He is very lucky, there doesn’t seem to be any excess swelling or blood build up. With some skelegrow he should be fine in an hour or two. I’m going to send him up to the ward with one of the emergency portkeys I brought with me. My assistant stayed in the ward while I came here just in case.” Paul wrote out a quick note on what the boy needed and triggered the portkey. It would lay him out in one of the beds in the ward without causing any further damage.

When they tried to get past the chess pieces on the other side, the pieces pulled out their blades and blocked the way. Filius cast a freezing charm on them, Severus followed that up by sending a blasting curse at them. The chess pieces shattered.

Stepping into the next room they were all hit with a disgusting smell. It was a combination of body odor, rotten garbage, and blood. A fully grown mountain troll lay dead on the floor.

“I guess we know how the trolls were able to get into the school undetected.” Severus growled. “The idiot must have removed the ward that would banish them in order to put this one here.”

Filius snarled under his breath. It was the first time Severus had ever seen the little man so angry.

In the next room Hermione Granger lay on the floor, showing no signs of breathing. Paul rushed to her side and started running scans to see if there was anything he could do for the girl. It was only then that he noticed her unique colouring. Her skin was a sickly puke green colour with vivid orange letters spelling out the word ‘thief’ on her forehead.

Severus gave a little grin as he picked up the potion bottle that lay in her hand and sniffed it. “Relax Paul, she’s just fine.”

“Severus, she isn’t breathing.” The healer almost screamed back.

“Albus came to me to create an obstacle for this little farce. He told me he wanted vials filled with poison, wine, and a potion that would get the drinker through cursed flames. I thought that was stupid. Only a fool leaves a whole that big in ‘so called protections. I gave him a combination of potions, but they all included different amounts of the draught of living death. She’s just sleeping. She should be up and annoying people by lunch time tomorrow.” Severus told the panicking man, who almost instantly relaxed as his scans came back with the same results. The girl was just going to be getting a very good nights sleep.

“And the colour?” Filius asked with a small smile.

“That’s just cause I was feeling mean while I brewed it.” Severus smiled back. “If someone did try to steal whatever it is the headmaster decided to try to hide here, it’s the perfect way to identify
who it was. That colour isn’t coming out for a week, and it can’t be covered with a glamour. She should be back to her normal colour just in time to leave.”

Paul once again wrote out a note for his assistant, and sent the girl to the ward by portkey. Then, they all got ready to see what was in the next room.

A few quick spells and the black cursed flames were banished. Severus went first. As he had expected, the stuttering fool, Mitchell, was staring avidly into the Mirror of Erised.

“I would like to say I’m surprised, but I’m really not.” He drawled to the man.

“You, what are you doing here, traitor.” Mitchell snarled back.

“We’re here to collect a few lost students and deal with a thief.” Filius said, already in an attack position.

“Sssseverussss.” A hissing voice said from under the mans hat. “My clever little ssspy.”

Mitchell took of his hat and turned, showing them all the disgusting face growing out of the back of his skull. Hadrian’s journals really hadn’t done it justice, especially since Mitchell actually had some hair. Severus actually thought he looked a bit like a mutant snake crossed with a lion, due to Mitchell’s hair looking like a mane around the face.

“Tell me Ssssseverussss, when did you betray me? What made you turn against your master?” The thing hissed.

“I was never yours. From even before you placed that mark on my arm I worked against you. And, I have no master.” Severus said with a sneer.

Rather than saying anything back, Mitchell turned around and started throwing curses at them. The fight was quick and brutal. Mitchell was no match for two defence masters and a dueling master, even with Voldemort supporting him.

As Mitchell started to cast the killing curse towards Filius, Severus sent a cutting curse at the mans throat.

When Mitchell fell, a black smoke came from his body, forming an incorporeal version of the former self proclaimed dark lord. Not wanting to take any risks, Severus quickly banished the spirit into the mirror.

Seeing what he was doing, Leon conjured a sheet over the mirror to block all light. As soon as that was done, they all relaxed. Paul came from the other room where he had stayed, he was a healer, not a fighter.

Paul gave them all a once over. Severus had a six inch gash on his shoulder, Filius had a fractured arm from when he hadn’t managed to get completely out of the way of a bone-breaking curse, and Leon had some minor burns on his hands and arms. Other than that, they were just fine. Paul used the last portkey he had brought with him to take them all to the hospital wing.

**Hospital Wing - June 19, 2002**

It was almost 4 in the morning when Albus and Minerva arrived in the hospital wing. Neither really knew what was going on. Ron and Hermione were supposed to get Harry down into the
obstacle course. They were to find away to separate from him before they reached the end so that the boy could face the Voldemort possessed teacher on his own. After they left him, they were supposed to come back out and get them. It would allow Albus to show up and safe the foolish boy, thereby making him trust and rely on Albus.

But, none of that happened. They had waited up most of the night in the Headmasters office, but they had never come to get them. Then, they were summoned to the hospital wing.

Going into the ward, the first thing they saw was Healer Forsythe and his assistant applying burn paste to Leon York. Severus was sitting on the next bed, with a bandage wrapped around his shoulder, and Filius was next to him with a splint on his arm.

Then they noticed the last thing they wanted to see. Amelia Bones was standing off to the side, with Frank Longbottom and Kingsley Shacklebolt talking. They all had their note books out. They had clearly been conducting interviews.

The last thing they saw was two small bodies laying in the beds at the back of the ward. So that was why they hadn’t come to get them. They looked around, but neither of them could see Harry.

“What has happened my boys?” Albus asked the three injured professors.

“Two students felt that they didn’t need to follow the rules and decided to have an adventure.” Severus said. “They are lucky we got to them when we did. Mr. Weasley had a fractured skull, and Ms. Granger took a potion that she must not have known. She won’t be waking up for a while.”

“But how did you three get injured?” Minerva asked.

“I will answer that.” Amelia said as she came forward. “It would seem placing valuable objects in a school that has already shown to have a lack of security will draw in thieves. Your now former professor Ulysses Mitchell was being possessed by a malevolent spirit. They decided to try and steal whatever it was you were hiding here. Severus, Filius, and Leon put a stop to it.”

“And where is Mr. Mitchell now?” Minerva asked as she didn’t see him in the ward. “Has he been taken in to custody?”

“He’s dead.” Severus said in a flat voice.

“What? How did that happen?” Minerva was shocked. None of the traps could have killed him, they were set up so the children could get past them.

“When Mr. Mitchell attempted to kill Filius, Severus was forced to respond with lethal force.” Kingsley said.

“Really my boy. Surely you could have captured him, there was no need to kill a man.” Albus said in a scolding tone. Severus just raised his eyebrow.

“Are you kidding me, Albus.” Filius was furious that this old fool was scolding Severus for saving his life. “That man attempted to use the killing curse on me. If Severus hadn’t reacted the way he did I would be dead. As we all know, there is no shield against that. I am also going to assume, given his clear lack of morals against killing, that he was the one that let the trolls into the school. The man was a clear and present danger to this school. I, personally, applaud Severus for doing what he had to do to protect others.”

“As do I.” Was repeated by all the other adults in the room besides Albus, Minerva, and Severus himself.
Oh, and Minerva, Albus, Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger will be serving detention until they go home for the summer. They have also lost 20 points each for being out of bounds, and out past curfew.” Severus said.

“Now my dear boy, I’m sure it was just a slight misunderstanding. It was just a youthful mistake. You know how children can be. They just wanted to protect the…” Albus cut off when he saw Amelia snap to attention when he was about to say what he had been hiding in the school.

“No, Albus.” Filius said. “They broke multiple rules last night. They risked their lives for nothing. They will be punished, or I will be filing a complaint with the board and requesting that they are suspended for a week at the beginning of next year. Every other student that we caught looking into that corridor lost points and served detention, they will not be getting away with it just because they actually made it inside. Also, they would have been serving detention anyway after Pomona caught them assaulting another student earlier today.”

Minerva knew they were stuck. She and Albus had been particularly harsh with the students from the other houses they caught going near that room as they hadn’t wanted any rumours to leak out about what it was. The school governors were already making things difficult. But she thought she might know a way to protect her students.

“They are in the hospital wing. They need time to recover. It isn’t right to make them serve detention while injured.”

“They will be fine by lunch.” Paul said in a flat voice. He had seen far too much tonight to let those two get away unpunished. “Mr. Weasley is already healed, and Ms. Granger just needs to sleep off the effects of the potion, though, I don’t think there is anything I can do for the colour.”

“The colour will be gone by the time she gets on the train.” Severus said with a small smile. He was glad Healer Forsythe was siding with them. Poppy always sided with Minerva or Albus.

“Surely you can get rid of it Severus?” Minerva said. She didn’t want anyone to know what had happened, and Hermione’s current look made a pretty bold statement.

“Nope.” Severus said, popping the p. “There is no counter to that potion. She will have to let it wear off naturally. It will only take a few days, there is nothing to panic over.”

“Surely you can get rid of it Severus?” Minerva snapped back.

“No, it isn’t. It isn’t hurting her, it might actually teach her a lesson about following the rules.” Leon said. He had no problem leaving the girl green. He had heard horror stories about what she was like in class and wasn’t looking forward to teaching her next year.

Before they could argue anymore, Pomona arrived. Severus had sent for her when they arrived in the hospital wing.

“Severus, what has happened? Why did you summon me? Are you three ok?”

“Ah, Pomona my dear.” Albus was confused, why summon the herbology teacher, there was nothing she could do. “I really don’t think Severus was thinking clearly when he summoned you.”

“Actually.” Severus interrupted, he didn’t want Albus to send her away. “Two little lions decided to go on an adventure into the forbidden corridor. They must have gotten caught by your devil’s snare. One of them most likely cast a sun beam spell. The poor plant was burned rather badly. I know how delicate that plant is and thought you would need to tend to it right away if you wanted
to save it. Plus the auror’s are going to need to get passed it and I didn’t want to put it in any more danger.”

“A sun beam spell. What kind of fool uses a sun beam spell on a devil’s snare. My poor plant. Albus, you told me that my plant would be safe. And Minerva, you can bet I will be having a discussion with you and your students once I have made sure my poor little plant is ok. And if that plant dies, so help me Merlin, you won’t want to be around me.”

Pomona rushed off after that. Other than Severus, all the others in the room were surprised. Pomona was usually one of the sweetest teachers, most didn’t even know she knew how to get angry. But it was clear right now, she was furious.

Then, things got worse for the headmaster. Hagrid arrived after being summoned. Hagrid, who was seen a lot like Pomona, kind and gentle with out a mean bone in his body, was even angrier than Pomona had been. Albus had apparently told him that the care of magical creatures class was hoping to study Fluffy.

When he found out that his poor puppy had been locked in one small room for the entire school year he was enraged. He couldn’t believe that the man he had looked up to for so long had done something so cruel to his poor puppy, and lied to him by telling him that his puppy was enjoying playing with the students.

Hagrid, like Pomona, prioritized his pet first but promised that he and the headmaster would be having a nice long talk when he was sure his puppy was ok.

Hermione slowly blinked her eyes clear. She remembered being in the chamber with the flames. The headmaster had told her which potion to take. She was supposed to use that room to force Harry to go on, on his own, but Harry had been to cowardly to go with them. She remembered taking the potion, and then, everything went black.

Looking around, she saw that she was in the hospital wing and Ron was sitting up in the bed next to her stuffing his face. She slowly sat up. Looking down, she screeched.

Her arms were a disgusting green.

“Ah, Ms. Granger. It is good to see you awake.” Healer Savoy, the female healer that had done her physical at the beginning of the year said.

“What happened?” Hermione asked.

Ron finally started to pay attention, though he never stopped eating. Madame Pomfrey had been the one to get him his food when he woke up about ten minutes ago.

“You decided to break the school rules and ended up drinking a potion that you didn’t know.” Healer Savoy said, her tone reproachful. “You should know by now Ms. Granger, never drink a potion that you don’t recognize.”

Healer Savoy did a health scan and nodded. “Good news is, you and Mr. Weasley are all healed and will be able to leave once you finish your lunch.”

“But I’m green!” Hermione almost screamed.
“And there is nothing I can do about that. Like I said, never drink a potion you don’t know.” Healer Savoy said. “There is no counter to that particular potion, but don’t worry, it will wear off by the time you are ready to get on the train and head home.”

Hermione and Ron ate their lunch and talked quietly. Neither of them knew exactly what had happened with the stone.

Just as they finished their lunch Professor Sprout walked in. “Good good, I see you two are finished. You will be with me for the next few hours, until dinner.”

“What do you mean Professor. We were just going to go back up to our dorms to relax. All our exams are finished so we have nothing else to do.” Hermione said in a sweet voice.

“Oh no, Ms. Granger, you have plenty to do.” Pomona wasn’t a naturally strict person, but she wasn’t about to let these two off easy, they had almost killed her poor devil’s snare. “The two of you will be spending the rest of the week, until you get on the train to go home, in detention.”

“But we didn’t do anything wrong.” Ron shouted.

“So you didn’t sneak out after curfew? You didn’t go into the forbidden corridor? Well that is interesting, because that is where you were both found.” Pomona said.

“It wasn’t our fault Professor. We were just trying to protect the philosophers stone.” Hermione didn’t think they should be punished for doing the right thing.

“Then you should have come to a teacher. You broke the rules, now you pay the price.” Pomona smiled on the inside. Albus was still refusing to tell anyone what he had been hiding in the school, now she could tell Amelia.

“It was that snakes fault. Prince was trying to steal the stone to give to his master.” Ron complained.

“Two points from Gryffindor Mr. Weasley, for disrespect of a teacher. Professor Prince was one of the teachers that found you and brought you here. If he hadn’t who knows what might have happened.” Pomona said. “Now, let’s go. You have plenty of work to do.”

“But we were just trying to help.” Hermione whined.

“Well, now you will be helping me by fertilizing all the pots for next year, without magic.” Pomona told them. Normally she did it, but her devil’s snare was going to need a lot of attention this summer if she wanted it to survive so she didn’t have the time.

“WHAT!” Ron was furious. “We shouldn’t have to do that. Make the snakes do it. It’s all their fault. The only reason Prince found us was because he is the thief.”

“Two points from Gryffindor Mr. Weasley, for disrespect of a teacher. Professor Mitchell was the one that attempted to steal the stone, it was Professors Prince, Flitwick, and York, along with Healer Forsythe that saved it.” Pomona was getting annoyed. “And, you have no one but your selves to blame for being in trouble. You two were the ones that felt rules didn’t apply to you, now you are learning that they do. No Slytherins had anything to do with what you did. Now, that is enough. Move.”

Hermione and Ron complained the entire way down to the greenhouses. They carried on complaining the entire time they were working. Things didn’t get any better for them that week. They were given the worst and nastiest jobs by the teachers. Professor Prince had them pickling
ingredients for next year, Professor York had them cleaning out the grindylow tanks, Professor Kettleburn had them cleaning out the paddocks, and Filch and the other caretakers had them scrubbing the bathrooms. And all of it had to be done without magic. They barely had a free moment the entire week. The only times they were able to relax was when Professor McGonagall or either of the Professors Tonks took their detentions.

**Headmasters Office - June 22, 2002**

Only two days after Albus and Minerva were confronted in the hospital wing, Albus was sitting alone in his office. Somehow Amelia had found out about the stone, and she was furious. Now, Albus was having to defend having something like that in the school. How had things gone so wrong? His pawns were supposed to have gotten the Potter brat down there, not gone themselves. He didn’t doubt that the brat would have been able to handle it.

Just as he was turning the page in his paper, the entire school board came storming into his office.

“What can I do for you all this fine day? Lemon Drop?” Albus was confused. They had already had their meeting earlier in the month and weren’t scheduled to meet again until September.

“We are here to give you this.” Narcissa snarled as she put a piece of paper on the desk in front of the old goat. She was almost losing complete control of her pureblood mask she was so angry. This man had risked her precious boys life with what he had done this year. “It is to inform you that you and Minerva McGonagall are on official probation for the next two years. If anything, and I do mean anything, like this happens again you will find yourselves out of this school before you can say quidditch.”

“I beg your pardon?” Albus picked up the paper and started to read it. It was indeed a letter of probation signed by the needed 3/4 of the governors.

James almost grinned. He had seen the lime green beetle sitting on top of Sophia Zabini’s hat. This was too perfect. Albus had managed to use his people in the DMLE to keep what had happened quiet, and had forced his staff to be silent, but he wasn't going to be able to stop this.

“You risked the lives of every student and staff member in this school with what you did Albus.” James said, his voice only showing some of the anger he felt, but he was so angry he was almost perfectly calm. “This is a school, not a bank vault. What made you think that it was ok to endanger the students of this school by bringing a valuable artifact here and hiding it?”

“It needed to be protected. Gringotts had already been broken into.” Albus said, trying to placate the governors.

“And they captured the culprit, he is currently serving his sentence at the bank for attempted theft. They proved that whatever it was was safe there. Instead, you brought it here. As we have already discussed this year, you can’t even keep reporters out of this school. And you thought this was safer than the bank that has never been successfully broken into. Are you daft. There are children here. Two of them were almost killed, because they thought it would be fun to see what you were hiding. There is no excuse for that.” James told him.

“The children are fine. They were out of the hospital wing the next day. You’re really over reacting.” Albus knew this was bad, he just hadn’t realized how bad. Severus and Frank must have told Sebastian and Alice.
“Overreacting, overreacting. You think we are over reacting. You brought a Cerberus and a troll into this school. It’s no wonder those trolls were able to get in here on Samhain, you had to have completely dismantled that ward to bring that thing in here. How dare you say we are overreacting when you knowingly put our children in danger. And, we are not the only ones. You may have stopped the DMLE and the staff of this school making your errors public, but you forgot about the students. It would seem that the youngest Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger have been very free with the story of their little adventure. Students have been sending letters home telling their parents all about what happened. We have gotten over 300 complaints in two days.” Alice was so far beyond angry.

“Not to mention, you had a possessed teacher teaching here. I know for a fact that there are wards against possession in this school. Who knows what that man could have done if he hadn’t been stopped. As it was three teachers were injured protecting the students because you couldn’t be bothered.” James said, his voice rising. Severus had told him that the old goat had actually tried to make him feel guilty over what he had had to do.

“Now my boy. I understand that your upset. It must be hard knowing that your husband killed a man, but…” Albus tried to continue on but Alice interrupted him.

“Don’t you dare try and make this about what Severus had to do. Yes, Severus responded with lethal force. He responded with lethal force against a man that had previously allowed four trolls in to a school full of children and was in the process of using an Unforgivable Curse on one of his colleagues. If he hadn’t done what he did, Filius Flitwick would be dead. Not to mention, if the man is willing to kill one person, what do you think is going to stop him from killing others. How many people would he have had to kill before you thought it would be ok to respond in kind? Would he have had to start killing the students?

Our laws state that a person may use lethal force in self-defence, and the defence of another. Severus, to me, is a hero, once again. How many times does Severus have to risk his life before you acknowledge everything that he has done? He worked for you as a spy during the last war, but you still treat him with distrust. Severus has always done the hard jobs because you seem to think you are above them, you do not get to judge him for it.”

“It is very simple Albus.” Helen Davis said, raising her hand to stop the others. “You endangered the staff and students of this school. As such, we will be monitoring the school much closer for the next two years until you can prove to us that this was a one time mistake. As Minerva was involved in your little plan, she will be sharing in your punishment. With that said, it is time for us to leave.”

“And Albus.” Francis Bole, father of a Slytherin 5th year, said. “I do so hope that you don’t make up some ridiculous excuse to give those two Gryffindor students the points they lost back.” Lucien had written his father telling him that the two Gryffindors had been heard saying that it would all be fine because the headmaster would make sure they won the house cup for Gryffindor by giving them extra points.

Everyone left after that.

Albus sat and seethed in his desk for half an hour, until Minerva arrived.

Minerva was sitting across from Albus, reading the probation order and getting angrier. They had done what needed to be done, what about that didn’t those stupid people understand? Harry needed to be tested to ensure that he could kill Lord Voldemort when the time came.
They were both just sitting and silently seething when Molly came through the floo.

“I’m so sorry. I tried to stop them, but they just wouldn’t listen to us. Elphius and Emmeline tried too, but we were out voted. Thankfully we were able to stop those from the dark that were trying to just have you both fired. Honestly, I don’t even know why they are walking around free, they should all be in Azkaban. Everyone knows they were death eaters.”

“Thank you for trying Molly.” Albus said as he took the tea she handed him. “I should have expected it. There is no way Severus wouldn’t have told Sebastian. And since Frank was there right after, he would have told Alice. Plus the students telling their parents. I hadn’t expected so many people to go to the board.”

“How is my poor Ronnie.” Molly hated that her baby boy had gotten in trouble because of Severus. “He wrote to me and told me all the awful things they are forcing him to do. How dare they treat my poor baby like that. He and Hermione were just trying to help and their being treated worse than a dark wizard would be treated.”

“We know Molly.” Minerva sighed. She didn’t have the patients to listen to Molly whine about her son. “We have tried to protect them as much as possible, but there is only so much we can do. The good news is that they will be going home the day after tomorrow.

**Hogwarts Express - June 24, 2002**

Hadrian was sitting between Fred and George on the train home. It had been a good year. He had been able to avoid the traitors for the most part. He now had a lot of friends in all different houses. He had even managed to rank second in the year.

His dad and papa had made Dumbledore look like a fool repeatedly, and now the man was on probation. It would help to ensure some basic protection for the students. Although, since the diary was now gone, and Sirius was free, the major events of the next two years wouldn’t happen.

Hadrian shifted so that he was laying with his head on Fred’s lap and George had his legs.

“Comfy on your twins couch Hadrian?” Neville asked.

“Yup.” Hadrian popped the p as he snuggled in, grabbing Fred’s hand and bringing it up to his hair. The others all liked to tease him about it, but Hadrian liked it when Fred or George ran their fingers through his hair. Fred and George said he had gotten Nem’s love of being petted.

Half way down the train, Ron and Hermione were once again locked in the compartment across the hall from the prefects. They had been searching for Hadrian again. They had wanted to arrange for him to come and visit them over the summer, but he had disappeared again.

Ron couldn’t wait to tell his mum that Percy was being mean to him again. Last time, when his mum had sent him a howler at the beginning of the year Percy had used some kind of spell to make the letter revert back to a regular letter so he hadn’t gotten to hear his mum yell at him.

Hermione was furious. Nothing was going right. She hadn’t gotten the top spot, even though she knew she deserved it. She and Ron had been punished for doing the right thing. And Harry was avoiding them, and everyone knew it. This was not what she had planned.
Ginny Weasley was as excited as a girl could be. She had made her mum get ready and leave over an hour before the train was set to arrive. There was no way she was missing her chance to see her fiancé. It was about time they were properly introduced.

She was dressed in her best dress and her hair was perfect. Harry needed to see her at her best.

When the train pulled in she took deep breaths and forced herself to stay calm. She couldn’t let Harry think she was still a silly little girl.

Hadrian could see Sirius standing off to the side of the crowds. His papa had told him that they had decided that Sirius would pick him up at the train station, and they would portkey home. If the entire family came there was no way they would be able to avoid the crowds, or the press. But if just Sirius came, they could get in and out quickly.

He made sure to say goodbye to all of his friends. He said goodbye to most before he had even gotten on the train. Now, he said his goodbyes to those that sat with him, though it really wasn’t necessary. Neville and Draco would be over that night. And Lee, the twins and Percy had been given an open invitation, so long as they didn’t tell the floo address to anyone else. And the twins didn’t tell their younger siblings, not that they had even considered it.

So, when the train pulled in to the station he was ready to go. He had shrunk his trunk before they left the school, so he just needed to walk directly to Siri. Saying one final goodbye, Hadrian walked with the rest of the students off the train. He never took his eyes off Siri. He walked directly to him, Siri took his hand and guided him to the apparition point, and they portkeyed out.

Ginny was ready to scream. She had gotten to see her fiancé but he hadn’t seen her. He had walked off the train and then directly to another man. She and her mum had started to walk towards him as soon as they saw him, but he made it to the man first, and then they were gone. All the work to look perfect and get there early, and it was for nothing.

Now she had to wait while her stupid brothers took their time getting off the train.
Here is something I know a lot of people have been waiting for.

To everyone that is hoping for immediate revenge on Dumbledore and his followers, just remember, once that is done then the story will have to end, and I'm not ready for that yet. The joy of delayed gratification.

Ministry of Magic - June 26, 2002

It had only been two days since school ended, but Percy Weasley was ready to go back to school. As soon as they had gotten home Ron had started whining that Percy had locked him in a compartment again just because he had been trying to find his friend. It had resulted in a screaming match, but only Molly and Ron had been screaming. Percy and the twins had just sat and stared at the other two until their father came home.

When Percy explained that Ron had been confined because he and Hermione had once again been slamming in and out of compartments, insulting other students, in their search for Hadrian. The seventh year Gryffindor prefects were the ones to lock them in after they caught Ron pushing a puff into a wall.

Arthur was disappointed that Ron had once again been caught bullying. They had gotten notes home at least once a month stating that Ron was serving detention for bullying. Letters were automatically sent out by the school for any disciplinary actions other than loss of points.

Molly just started making up excuses. There was no way, in her mind, that her precious baby boy could ever be a bully.

Percy rolled his eyes. Nothing was ever Ron’s fault, it always had to be someone else that was in the wrong.

Percy was once again avoiding the house as much as he could. He did feel bad that that meant that he was avoiding his father, but he didn’t know what else to do. He loved his father, but he just couldn’t stand that woman. Not knowing what he knew now.

Bill had sat down and explained about the ritual she and the headmaster had done, the year before. He told him that he found out when he had had an in-depth inheritance test done.

That woman stole his fathers from each other. Percy would never forgive her for that. He hated her for hurting his family.

Now, Percy was walking out of the education office where he had been taking the extra OWLs that he had been self studying for. Since he was done that, now he was going to have to find a job, but he just didn’t know what he wanted to do.
As he was wondering aimlessly down the hall towards the exit he heard someone call his name. Turning around he saw Lord Peverell and Lord Shacklebolt with a man that he knew was the Chief Warlock.

“Lord Peverell, Lord Shacklebolt. It’s good to see you again.” He said in a formal voice.

“Hello Mr. Weasley. Allow us to introduce you to Chief Warlock Gerald Greengrass. Here doing a few extra OWLs?” Lord Peverell asked him.

“Pleasure to meet you Chief Warlock. Yes sir, just finished the last of the tests I needed to take.”

“And what do you plan to do for the rest of the summer?”

“I’m not sure. I was thinking about going to River Run to get a job in one of the shops there.”

“Hmmm. Mr. Weasley, from what happened with the library and the misfiled books a few years ago I can assume that you are good at research and filing.” Kensington said. He had had an idea.

“I like to think I am, sir.” Percy told him.

Gerald picked up on what Kensington was hinting towards. When Gerald had become Chief Warlock he had found a complete disaster. Albus hadn’t bothered to properly file any of the paperwork he was supposed too.

Gerald looked to the boy. “Mr. Weasley. Would you consider working for me for the summer? You see, our last few Chief Warlocks haven’t bothered to keep up to date with their paperwork. I have been doing what I can, but it is a lot of work. I promise, I will pay well.”

“Yes.” Percy responded instantly. That would be something he would love to do. He knew it showed how odd he was, but Percy really did like sorting and filing, the only thing he liked more was research.

With Percy’s agreement they quickly made arrangements for him to start work in Gerald’s office starting the next week.

That night, when the Weasley family sat down to dinner, Percy announced his good news. Ron and Ginny didn’t care all that much, but everyone else was happy for him. Molly especially.

Molly was so happy that one of the boys was finally smart enough to realize that the ministry was the way to go. She wasn’t thrilled that he was going to be working for Gerald Greengrass, she knew that man had to be dark and evil. He had, after all, opposed Albus on so much. But, it was better than nothing.

Plus, now Percy could get her information on what Gerald was planning, and she could pass it on to Albus. Albus would be so grateful to her for getting him the information.

Yes, Molly thought, Percy might have been difficult these past few years, but he was on the right path now. She just needed to make sure he stayed there.

When Ron finally realized what was happening a few days later, he was annoyed. Now, his mum wouldn’t listen to a word against ‘perfect’ Percy. She kept telling him that he needed to listen to Percy too.
Hogwarts, Headmasters Office - July 2, 2002

Albus Dumbledore was both happy and angry. He was happy because Molly had reported to him that one of the Weasley boys was finally following their plans. Percy Weasley was going to be spending the summer working for the Wizengamot. Sure, he hated that it was with Gerald Greengrass. Oh how he hated that man for taking his rightful position as Chief Warlock, but he could use it.

The anger was coming from pretty much everything else. The Potter brat hadn’t done a thing that he had been supposed to do. His pawns hadn’t even managed to get close to the brat. His staff was questioning and challenging him in ways no one would have even considered even a decade earlier. He had tried to switch it so that Gryffindor had most of their classes with Ravenclaw, since that would force the brat together with his pawns, but the other teachers had stopped him from doing what he wanted. Instead, they had made him separate the classes equally. The only good thing was that Gryffindor and Ravenclaw would be together for potions, DADA, and charms. Since those three classes had practicals, they could be forced to work together.

He was Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. He had been running their world for almost a century. Those stupid little people had no right to question him. He had done everything for the greater good. Why couldn’t people understand that.

Over the last few days he had gotten dozens of howlers everyday. Some how Rita Skeeter had managed to find out exactly what had happened when the school governors confronted him in his office. That was one of the reasons Severus was getting so much positive attention. Albus knew that he had received dozens of gift baskets thanking him for protecting the school and their children.

While Severus had been getting praised, Albus was getting yelled at. Parents of students from every house were furious that he had risked their children's lives. He was going to have to do something to repair his public image. He was also going to need to rework the wards to keep Skeeter out. That reporter had proven herself to be more trouble than she was worth.

Now he was going to have to stop his attempts at testing the boy for the next two years. He couldn’t risk the school governors catching him doing anything they could misconstrue as endangering the students. He couldn’t risk losing his position as headmaster.

The Burrow - July 6, 2002

Fred and George Weasley were sitting in their trunk going over some paper work. Over their past three years at school they had kept their heads down and kept what they were doing secret. To this day no one had managed to get direct proof that they had pulled off any of the pranks that they had at school.

It was something that they used to their advantage. They had started making and selling some of the easier products that they had invented in their last life. Now, they were ready to take the next step. They were going to open their shop.

But this one was going to have to be different. They couldn’t put their names or faces on anything. It needed to be just as low key as they had been acting over the last few years.
They had approached Hadrian, who had given them the contact information for Ragnock. Since Ragnock was aware of the whole time travel thing he would be easier to talk too. Given the information that they had from the future they could prove that their business idea was a successful one, so they were sure they would be able to get the business loan that they needed to rent premises.

Hadrian had offered to finance them once again, but they wanted to do it on their own this time. They didn’t want Hadrian to feel that they were with him just for the money. It probably wouldn’t happen, but they didn’t want to bring money into their developing relationship.

Instead, they had made other plans. They would borrow the money from the bank, it should be easy enough to pay back given the accounting sheets from before. Rather than spending a majority of their money on a store front on Diagon Alley, they had found a small, understated shop on Mountain Dew. They were also going to have to get someone to manage the shop while they were at school, they were thinking about asking Remus and Sirius. Who better to manage a joke shop then two master pranksters.

Eventually, after they put their final touches on their business plan, they had to leave their trunk. During the week, when their dad and Percy were away at work, the twins stayed in the trunk until they got home to avoid the harpy and the brats.

But, since it was Saturday, they would have to make appearances throughout the day or else Percy or their dad would come to check on them. Grabbing the folders they had gotten from Percy, they headed down stairs and sat down on the couch in the living room.

Only a few minutes later, Arthur walked into the room. “Boys, what is that you’re working on?”

“We’re just going over,” George said, smiling at his dad.

“The notes we got from Percy.”

“Why did you need Perce’s notes?” Arthur was confused.

“They are Perce’s notes,” George said, putting the notes aside so they could talk with their father.

“From his fourth year.”

“We always go over,”

“Perce’s notes before we,”

“Start our new year.”

“It helps us,”

“To be ready for what,”

“We will be doing.”

“That’s really smart boys.” Arthur was impressed. Since Percy kept such perfect notes, it would help the twins tremendously to prepare. That gave him an idea.

The rest of the afternoon was spent talking about random things. Arthur told them all about what he had been doing at work. Percy had joined them soon after Arthur had sat down. Percy told them the basics of what he was doing, he had signed a privacy contract when he had started work so
couldn’t give any specifics, much to Molly’s annoyance.

They had even tried to get Ron and Ginny to come and talk, but they both just said they had things to do. Ron was playing games in his room, while Ginny was planning out the outfits she would wear on weekends to impress her Harry.

That evening, after dinner, Arthur asked Ron and Ginny to stay so that they could talk. Percy had already gone up to his room, but the twins decided to stay and watch what was going to happen, they thought they knew what was going on.

Arthur laid out a large stack of parchment in front of each of the two youngest kids. “I want the two of you to go over these this summer. I’m not saying that you need to memorize them, but at least look through them.”

“What are they?” Ginny had a disgusted look on her face as she poked the stack in front of her.

“Your stack, Ginny, is a copy of Percy’s notes from first year. Ron, you have copies of his second year notes.” Arthur told them. “It will help you to do well in school, so I want you both to go over them.”

“Really Arthur.” Molly put her hands on her hips. Her babies didn’t need to work over the summer, they would do great in school, she was sure of it. “They don’t need that. They will do just fine in school. There is no need for them to waste their summer doing more school work.”

“Yes Molly, there is.” Arthur turned to his wife. “Did you look at Ronald’s grades? Did you look at the marking break down?”

“Of course not, there was no need. He passed, that’s all that matters right now. He only needs to work hard on his OWLs and NEWTs. He’s a clever boy, and Ginny’s just as smart.” Molly’s back was up. No one insulted her babies.

“Yes Molly. They are both clever kids. I do not deny that.” Arthur knew that both Ron and Ginny had brains in their heads, they were just to lazy to use them. “But, I did look at Ron’s results. As smart as he is, he is lazy. He could have done very well in school, there is no doubt in my mind, but he would actually have to put in the work.

Molly, Ron was only three points away from failing this year. Yes he passed, but just barely. If he doesn't work harder next year, he will fail.”

“WHAT? There is no way Ron did so poorly.” Molly couldn’t believe it, her baby couldn’t have done that badly. “It has to have been some kind of mistake.”

“It was those stupid teachers fault.” Ron defended himself. He didn’t want to have to do school work during the summer. “They kept giving me bad marks even though I deserved better.”

“All of them?” Arthur raised an eyebrow. “Molly, you helped to create the marking scheme. You know how easy it would be for him to get better grades. Why don’t you go over his old assignments with him. Then you can see if he really was being marked unfairly or not.”

“I will. Then I can prove that their marking my baby unfairly. Ronnie, go get your assignments.” Molly turned to her son.

“I threw them out. I finished that year, there’s no need for any of that stuff anymore.” Ron was
annoyed. He wanted to go play.

“Ronald. Why would you throw away your assignments.” Molly was exasperated. “If we had those I could have gone over them and shown that you deserved better grades. Now there’s nothing we can do.”

Ron complained for a few minutes before the twins spoke up.

“You know Ron,”

“We heard you saying,”

“That you want to join,”

“The Gryffindor quidditch team.”

“Yeah. I’m going to be their keeper.” Ron got a dreamy look in his eyes thinking about when everyone would tell him how amazing he was. He might even get to try out for the Chudley Canons before he graduated.

“Well then,”

“You’re going to need,”

“To do well in school.”

“Why? Quidditch is the opposite of boring school work.” Ron hated the twins and their stupid twin speak.

“School rules.” George said. He and Fred knew that he wasn’t going to make the team as keeper. The Gryffindor team had the best keeper in the school, Oliver Wood. Not to mention that Oliver was the captain.

“To even try out for the teams,”

“You are required to have,”

“An EE or higher average.”

“Then how did you two get on the team.” Ron didn’t like what he was hearing.

“Our averages are,”

“Mid to high level EE’s,”

“And low to mid level Os.”

“We always go over,”

“Perce’s notes during the summer.”

“It really,”

“Does help.”

“Besides, your grades count,”
“For more than just,”
“The quidditch team.”
“If you want to take,”
“Alchemy in third year,”
“You need an EE,”
“In potions.”
“Not to mention the grades,”
“You will need if you still want to take,”
“Warding and spell crafting.” With that, the twins left the room to go upstairs.
“But I want to try out for the quidditch team and take those classes.” Ron whined to his mother.
“Then you are going to have to get the grades. The same goes for you Ginny, if you want to join the quidditch team in your second year you will need to do well in your classes.” Arthur told the children.

Ginny pouted. “But I want to fly for the Holyhead Harpies when I grow up. Not spend all my time studying.”

“Then you will need to get the grades so you can get on the team so that their recruiters that go to the school every year see you.” Arthur thought that this might work. Both of the kids wanted to play quidditch, and the only way to do it would be to do their school work.

“Don’t worry babies.” Molly soothed her babies. “I will help you study this summer and then you will have the best grades and will be able to get on the team.”

**Peverell Manor - July 21, 2002**

Hadrian loved his life. He was sitting on a lounge by the pool watching his family and friends play. The thing that made him the happiest for some reason, was watching Fred and George play with his little sisters.

Cas and Ari had been fascinated by Fred and George when they had come over for Yule, and they still were. They seemed to enjoy meeting others like them. Kali had charmed them with the same ease that she did with everyone else. And Lyra enjoyed talking pranks with them. They were only five years old, but they were well on their way to being master pranksters.

Soon enough they would be leaving, and Hadrian actually didn’t want to leave. They had planned to go to the Black’s private island for his and Neville’s birthdays, but the twins couldn’t come. It would be noticed if they disappeared for any length of time. Molly had apparently taken an interest in what they were doing again. He didn’t like being separated from them, for some reason.

Sirius saw the pensive look on his godsons face and went over to join him.

“What’s up, pup?”
“Nothing. I just wish the twins could come with us for my birthday.” Hadrian moved over towards his uncle and cuddled up next to him.

“I know pup. I’m sorry they can’t make it, but you will see them again when we get home.” Sirius hated Molly even more for keeping Hadrian’s friends from him on his birthday, he would have to try and think of a way of getting around her. After all, if anyone knew how to avoid an insane mother, it was him.

James looked up from where he was trying to teach Ares and Alex how to play gobstones, to see his son and best friend. He had spoken with Edward when he and Cecilia had stopped by at the beginning of the summer. James was becoming concerned about Hadrian’s desire to be touched. Edward had explained that it came from the abuse. Hadrian had been touch starved for years. The only time there was any physical contact, he had been hurt. Now that he was no longer afraid, he desired that contact that had been denied him during such an integral stage of his development. Edward had said that Hadrian would only allow prolonged physical contact with those he trusted completely.

He smiled as he went back to teaching the kids. Hadrian was safe and loved, and that was all that mattered.

The Burrow - July 31, 2002

Fred and George slowly forced themselves to get up. The sun wasn’t even up yet, but they had places to go.

Sirius had spoken with them before they left the manor last time. He had given them a portkey, so that they could come to the island for Hadrian’s birthday.

They had spoken to their father and he offered to help them get away. Their father had told Molly the night before that he had a big assignment due at work, so he would be leaving extremely early. Fred and George had offered to go with him, and he had accepted. As far as Molly was concerned, the twins were going to be spending the day with Arthur at work.

After flooing with their father to work, Fred and George activated the portkey.

Black Island

Just after the twins landed they were greeted by Remus who handed them both large cups of strong coffee. They both knew there was a reason they liked that man.

Remus then led them into the dining room where James, Sirius, and Severus were all sitting and waiting. Though, both Sirius and James were pouting that they had been forced out of bed so early, but it was for Hadrian, so they got up.

The twins were ushered into chairs directly facing the four adults.

“Is there,” George started.

“Something wrong?” Fred was nervous about how the adults were acting.

“We wanted to know what is going on between you and our son.” Severus said in his most severe
teaching voice.

Fred and George just glanced at each other before turning back to the adults and shrugging.

“Don’t even try that boys.” James told them. “We know something is going on. He hasn’t been the same since we came here. It’s almost like he’s depressed.”

Fred and George looked at each other again and shared a silent conversation.

‘What do we do?’ Fred asked his brother. Fred might be the elder of the two, but George had always taken the lead.

‘I think we have to tell them. If something really is wrong with Hadrian, they need to know. We’ll just ask them to keep it to themselves.’

‘How do we tell four of the best pranksters that have ever walked the halls of Hogwarts that their 12 year old is our soul mate. They are going to prank us into oblivion.’

‘Don’t worry brother, I will tell them. Besides, they can’t do anything to bad to us. Hadrian wouldn’t let them.’

“He’s our soul mate.” George said simply.

“What?” All four adults asked at the same time.

Georges lips twitched into a slight smile. “Hadrian is our soul mate. That might be why he’s behaving differently. Ever since you left I’ve noticed that Fred and I are both struggling without him.”

“We think it might be a proximity thing. Since we’re so far apart, our bond is being stretched.” Fred added.

Sirius saw red. “If you have so much as laid one finger on my pup I will…”

“Whoa.”

“Hey.” Neither of the twins liked were this was going.

“He might be our soul mate,”

“But he’s still only a kid.”

“There are lines,”

“That even we,”

“Won’t cross.”

“Sirius, sit down.” Remus pulled his husband back down.

James smiled slightly. “That was the best possible response you could have given.”

Severus agreed with James. He was happy for his son, but he still didn't want his baby boy to grow up to quickly. “We can accept this, but you will not pressure him in any way, shape, or form. Am I understood.”
“Yes, sir.” Both twins said as one.

“Why didn’t Hadrian tell us? He tells us everything.” Remus asked.

“Well…”

“You see…”

“You haven’t told him yet because you are making plans to surprise him” Sirius finished for the twins. He still didn’t want his pup to grow up, but if he had to be soul mates with anyone, he was glad that it was the twins.

After that, the tense atmosphere relaxed. The twins told the adults all about the business loan that they had arranged, and the small little shop they had rented on Morning Dew. Remus was thrilled when they asked him to manage the place for them while they were away at school. Sirius started planning about maybe convincing the twins to include a ‘Marauders’ line of products.

About half an hour after the twins arrived, it was time to wake Hadrian. Everyone else had arrived in the dining room, all of them were still tired from Neville’s birthday the day before, but they were up for Hadrian. The twins stayed in the dining room to hide with all the others, while Hadrian’s parents and godfathers went to get him.

Hadrian lay in his bed, trying to fall back to sleep. Something had woken him up earlier, but he wasn’t sure what it was. He just knew that he felt better than he had in days. Even Nem started to softly purr in contentment.

He heard his fathers trying to sneak down the hall to wake him up. Over the past few years, they always liked to jump on the bed to surprise him, this time, he would be surprising them. Slipping silently out of the bed, he grabbed some of the pranks the twins had given him before he left. More specifically, he grabbed the Unicorn Hair Grower.

When mixed with water and sprayed in someone’s face, it would cause the growth of a large beard and moustache that would be multiple colours and have the image of a frolicking unicorn in the hair. Hadrian thought it would be the perfect way to start the day. He poured the water from the glass next to his bed in the spray bottle that the growth powder came in, he shook it up and waited.

Only a few moments after he was ready, his door silently opened. He could hear Sirius trying to suppress his giggles as the four grown men snuck into his room. They didn’t bother to turn on the lights, and the blinds on his window were still closed, so they couldn’t see that the bed was empty. But, Hadrian could see all four of them clearly haloed by the light in the hall.

“Surprise.”

“Happy Birthday!”

“It’s time to wake up cub!”

“Happy Birthday pup…Pup?”

Hearing Sirius’s confusion as they all sat on the empty bed, Hadrian stood up. Hadrian let out a sharpe whistle. All four adults turned to look at him, and he sprayed. Catching each of them full in the face.
“Happy birthday to me!” Hadrian said as he dashed from the room laughing.

Dashing into the dining room he smiled at everyone. Beaming as he threw himself at the twins happily shouting, “You made it!”

“Hadrian, what did you do now?” Kali asked. The five year old girl gave her older brother a look that could only be described as exasperated mother.

However, Kali only managed to hold the look until her fathers and uncles came into the room. Then she, and everyone else, started laughing just as hard as Hadrian.

James, Severus, Remus, and Sirius, all looked ridiculous. It didn’t help that the potion had gotten onto both their eye brows and eye lashes, so those too were now multicoloured with unicorns on them.

James just smiled as he held his overgrown eyelashes and eyebrows out of his eyes and saw how happy Hadrian looked, once again taking up his place between the twins.

“Unicorn Hair Grower?” The twins asked as one.

“Yup.” Hadrian said, popping the p. “Though I didn’t expect the eyebrows, but I like it.”

The twins told them the only counter to the prank was time, so they all sat down to eat breakfast, the four men all pouting. After watching the four of them try to eat around all the hair, Narcissa had enough. She got up and pinned the mens hair out of the way so they could eat properly. She just rolled her eyes at the overly dramatic thank you’s she received from the men.

The day was spent as Hadrian’s birthdays always were since he turned 6. There was fun, and games, and jokes, and pranks, and of course, presents and cake.

Taking a moment to catch his breath during a water balloon fight Hadrian looked around. He saw his fathers laughing as they tried to fend off an attack from the girls. Alice and Narcissa were planning a strategic attack with Alex, Athena, and Ares at their sides. Lucius, Frank, Sirius, and Remus were planning a counter attack. And Fred and George were over by Neville and Draco planning their own attacks on all the adults.

Looking at how happy they all were now, and remembering how miserable their lives had ended up last time he smiled. Everything was different, and he couldn’t be happier.

Eventually everyone went back inside for dinner and cake. Then, it was time for presents.

Hadrian’s favourite gifts were the Skiving Snackbox, though his papa gave them a stern look but relaxed because he wouldn’t have to teach any of them during the next year, and the gift from his papa. It was the animigus revealing potion. Though, they had all gotten a stern talking to.

Their cores were still to unstable to attempt the transformation, but they could start on the meditation work that they would need. The only ones that would even be able to attempt the transformations was the twins, and they were warned not to do it unsupervised.

The five older kids all took the potion, and none of them were overly surprised by what they got. Draco was a snow leopard. Neville was a grizzly bear. And, the twins and Hadrian were all foxes. Fred and George were red with black tipped ears and tail, while Hadrian was black with red tipped ears and tail.
Eventually the day had to end though, and the twins had to portkey back to their dad’s office at JT. Hadrian started to miss them as soon as they were gone, and decided to call it an early night.

The Burrow - August 3, 2002

Arthur was sitting at the table, waiting for Ron and Ginny to come down to the kitchen. Molly was off to the side working on dinner, she didn’t understand why Arthur was interrupting the kids. She had sent them up to their rooms to study for an hour.

Eventually Ron and Ginny came into the kitchen.

“What’s wrong daddy?” Ginny asked in a sweet voice. “We were just studying.”

“You were studying were you?” Arthur really needed to try and teach them not to lie.

“Ya.” Ron said defensively.

“Yes, Arthur. I sent them up to their rooms to study.” Molly was proud of her babies. They had already gone through half of Percy’s notes.

“Then can you explain why, when I came up to check on you ten minutes ago, neither of you were even looking at any of the notes? Ron, you were rereading your Chudley Cannons book. And you Ginny, were once again going through your closet and picking out different outfits.”

“You spied on us!” Ginny screeched indignantly, sounding a great deal like her mother.

“No, I checked on my children. It is one of the many jobs that come with being a parent.” Arthur said.

“We’ve been studying, just ask mom.” Ron lifted his chin in defiance, but his ears were starting to go red like they always did when he lied.

“They have been Arthur.” Molly told him. “They’ve already gotten through half of the notes.”

“Ok, let’s test that theory.” Arthur turned to the children. “Ginny. What is the incantation for the levitation charm.”

“…” Ginny just looked at her father. She didn’t think that anyone would start questioning. She looked to her mother and brother for help. Ginny could see the hard light entering her mothers eyes, Ron just looked confused.

“Oh, I guess that you haven’t reached that one yet. Which is odd, as it is the first spell taught in charms. It would be in the first weeks notes.” Arthur could see that Ginny knew that she had been caught. “Ron. How do you deal with an imp?”

Ron looked at him for a moment before he had an idea. “That’s not a fair question. I haven’t taken care of magical creatures yet.”

Arthur looked at the smug look on his youngest sons face and sighed. “Ron. Imps are covered in DADA. They are actually covered in first year, you only revise on them during second year.”

“RONALD, GINEVRA.” Molly was furious. She had trusted them to be honest with her, and instead, they had lied. Now she looked like a fool. “I trusted you to do the work I assigned. You have been lying to me for a month. You two are in so much trouble.”
Arthur pulled out two calendars, and showed them too the two children. “This, is a study schedule. I am going to link them to each of you. It will keep track of how much time you really spend studying each day.”

“We don’t need something like that.” Ginny whined to her mother.

“Yes, you obviously do since you have been lying for the last month.” Arthur said.

“Muuuummm. Tell dad no.” Ron turned to his mother. He really didn’t want to have to go over those stupid notes.

“That is enough, both of you.” Molly snapped at them. She pulled out her own wand and linked both of her babies to the calendars. She hated having to be mean, but they needed to do well in school. “You have been lying to me. And, since you only have a month left until school, you will now be required to study for two hours every day, including weekends to make up for what you skipped.”

Arthur was actually slightly impressed. He hadn’t thought Molly would ever get tougher on the two youngest. But, he was happy that she had. Maybe, just maybe, if she stuck with it Ron and Ginny might learn.

Ministry of Magic - August 7, 2002

Percy was actually having a lot of fun at work. He had learned all sorts of new things. The magical law class that was offered at school was good, but it had nothing on actually sorting through the laws. Percy now knew some of the most obscure laws that most people didn’t even know existed.

But, right now, he was worried. While going through one of the older laws, Percy had found some requests that were supposed to be sent to the DOM. Paperwork like that had to be delivered by hand, which was why Percy was nervously on his way to the DOM.

Arriving at the DOM, Percy walked in and looked around. He didn’t see anyone, but then there was a soft pop and a house elf was looking up at him.

“What you want?” It demanded in a rough voice.

“I have some requests from the Wizengamot.” Percy said, trying to hand the elf the paperwork so that he could go back up to his nice, safe office.

“Follow me. Don’t touch anything.” The elf turned and started walking away. Percy had no choice but to follow.

As they walked, Percy saw things that he couldn’t even describe. There was a room full of what looked like giant brains, a room that was filled with some sort of purple mass that had eyes, and a random giant glowing crystal foot in the centre of a big room.

Eventually the elf stopped at the top of a set of stairs. Moving forward, Percy saw that he was in a room that looked like an amphitheater. But that wasn’t what caught his attention, no, it was the 50 or so, black robed figures, surrounding a dementor.

Percy watched as they performed some kind of ritual, and with a burst of magic, the dementor was replaced with a young boy. Percy didn’t understand what was happening, all he knew was that he felt such overwhelming sorrow for the child. One of the black robed figures moved forward and
lowered his hood and spoke to the child. With a rush of wind that sounded like a soft sigh, the boy disappeared.

Then, the man turned and saw Percy, and came up to him. “Ah… You weren’t supposed to see that, but oh well. Please, follow me Mr. Weasley. Kreacher, would you get us some tea.”

Percy once again had no choice but to follow. Going into the office, Percy fell in love. Every single wall in the office was covered in book shelves. There were hundreds of ancient looking scrolls stacked around. Percy had never seen so many ancient tomes, he hadn’t even known so many existed. As much as he love the libraries he visited, he knew they had nothing on the information that must be stored within this room.

“So, Mr. Weasley, what can we in the Department of Mysteries do for you?”

“I… I have some paperwork from the Chief Warlock. They are request forms that were misfiled about 10 years ago.” Percy was forcing himself to stay calm. This man’s blue eyes looked so familiar for some reason, and the way they were staring at him was more than a little unnerving. He covered his nerves by taking a sip of the tea the elf, Kreacher, had delivered.

Regulus smiled slightly as he saw more than fear in the boys eyes, he saw curiosity. “What is it that you want to know Mr. Weasley?”

Percy had so many questions in his head, he always had loved to learn. “What were you doing to that dementor? How did you make it a kid? Why? And, why is there a giant crystal foot in the main room.”

“Well. The ritual we preformed on the dementor, was one of release. You see, a dementor is actually the trapped soul of a child. We have been slowly releasing them over the past few years using a ritual we acquired from the goblins.” Since the goblins knew the threat the dementors posed to them, they had been willing to allow the unspeakables to learn the ritual, for a price, of course. “Right now, Azkaban dementor population is about half of what it was only a decade ago.”

“But why doesn’t anyone know that the dementors are disappearing?” Percy interrupted.

“Simple, our minister is an idiot.” Regulus shrugged. “Fudge knows that the dementors are disappearing, but he doesn’t know why. We have even received orders from him to investigate what is going on, as if we would follow his orders. Fudge is too afraid to inform the public. He relies too much on the threat of dementors to keep the population in line, he doesn’t want to admit that he is losing control of them.”

“But how doesn’t he know what you’re doing. And, he’s the minister, you have to do what he orders, he’s your boss.”

“It was decided that this was one of those ‘better to beg forgiveness than ask permission’ sort of situations. We might tell the minister, but only after we are done our work. And no, the minister isn’t our boss. We work in the ministry, not for the ministry. Our only true loyalty is to magic, the current political structure is of no consequence to us. Not to mention, but the ministry’s control over the dementors is actually the enslavement of the trapped souls of children, who can argue that they should be allowed to continue with that?”

“And the foot?”

“We use that as sort of a reminder. That foot has been here for over 50 years, and we still have no idea what it is made of, or why it exists. You see, one of the hardest things about this job is that, no
matter how much we learn, there is always more that we will never know.

Many who work here have lost their minds trying to learn as much as they can. But the fact is, I learn something new everyday, but I also know, I know nothing.

Do you have any other questions Percy?”

“How do you know my name? And, why have you told me all of this? Y…You’re not gonna…” Percy became worried. He looked at the tea he had been slowly sipping and started to panic.

“Relax Percy, I’m not going to kill you. One of the best features of this place is that you can never betray the secrets you learn here. Once you leave these chambers, you will find your memory will become fluid. Trying to remember what we have discussed, and even what you have seen, will be like trying to hold water in a fist. The tighter you try to hold on, the more you lose.

As for your name, well, that was kind of obvious. I know who your father is, and you look a great deal like him, so I knew you were a Weasley. And for your first name, my nephew is in Ravenclaw and told me that you were working at the ministry this summer.

Now, you should head back up to work. Kreacher will escort you out.”

At his name, the elf appeared. Percy was quickly lead out. Like he had been told, as soon as he left the DOM his memories became fuzzy. He knew that he had learned some amazing things, but he had no clue what they were.

Giving up trying to remember, Percy headed back to the chief warlocks office.

**Hogwarts - August 20, 2002**

Rubeus Hagrid smiled as he set up his home. He had finished up his work at The Bubble, and he was now the proud holder of a Beast Handlers License. It allowed for him to deal with even more creatures, and it was legal.

He was glad to be back in the place that had been his home for so long, but he was no longer the same man he was when he had left. Gone was the bumbling man that blindly trusted everyone, gone was the fat man that drunk too much and wasn’t supposed to do magic.

While he had been away Hagrid had started to learn more and gain more confidence in himself. One of the handlers he had been working with had pointed out that the ministry having him expelled and his wand snapped without even having a proper hearing was actually a crime. He hadn’t wanted to sue the school and ministry, but he did have his status updated so that he could test for his OWLs and NEWTs so that he would be able to use magic.

He had even managed to get NEWTs in care of magical creatures, charms, potions, herbology, and astronomy. His potions grade had only been slightly above passing, but it was enough. He had learned about herbology and potions from all the brewing they had had to do to treat the creatures. And he had learned all about astronomy from the centaurs that he had been dealing with for the past few decades.

All the work with the creatures had caused him to burn off all the excess fat.

Hagrid was now the proud owner of a magical diploma. After the first year with the dragons they were strong enough that he could leave for a few months at a time so he had started going to work
at different reserves all over the world. While he had been in South Africa, a shaman at the local village had even repaired his old wand that he had hidden in his umbrella.

He also no longer had his blind faith in Albus. After what had happened with his poor puppy, he wasn’t sure if he could ever trust the man completely again. Fluffy had had multiple injuries from what had happened, including sores on his necks where his collars had been. Fluffy must have been pulling and trying to get free and it had caused the collars to cut into his skin. He was also under nourished as he hadn’t been given the appropriate diet, and his muscles and joints were weak from being trapped in a small room with only a stone floor to sleep on. Then there were the psychological issues that came from being almost completely isolated for almost a full year. In all, his poor Fluffy would probably take over a year to recover from what had been done to him.

No, Hagrid was not going to meekly follow the orders of the headmaster without question any longer. He had become more confident in who he was, and was no longer ashamed of his parentage, or his being expelled.

Just as he was finishing making his bed, he heard Fluffy start to yip playfully. He had been keeping Fluffy close for the last few months, not wanting him to feel abandon, but he wouldn't fit in the house so Hagrid had had to make a dog house in his back yard. Hagrid started to make his way out the back door when he heard someone shout.

“Demons.”

Stepping out of his hut, Hagrid saw Severus standing with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Sev’rus, wha’ brings ya here today?”

“Hello Hagrid, welcome back. I am here in search of my demons.”

“Demons?”

“Ladies, front and centre, now.” Severus yelled out.’

Hagrid was stunned as he watched four little girls come rushing over from where they had been giving Fluffy a belly rub.

“What’s wrong papa?” Kali asked, pure innocence in her eyes.

“I told you four to stay in the back yard, not to go running off to the school.”

“We just wanted to play with the puppy.” Lyra smiled at her godfather.

“If you wanted to play with the puppy, then you should have come and asked me, not just run off.” Sev was relaxing now that he knew they weren’t in danger, he had been so scared when he had heard Fluffy. “If you wanted to play with him you also should have asked Hagrid if it was ok? Fluffy is his puppy.”

Lyra, as the self appointed leader of the Fearsome Foursome walked over until she was directly in front of the giant man. “Mr. Hagrid, can my cousins and I play with your puppy?”

Hagrid was startled by the directness from the tiny little blonde girl, he was used to most people being intimidated by him, but this little girl seemed to have no fear. “Corse ya can girls. His name’s Fluffy and he loves being scratched by his ears.”

Severus smiled slightly as the girls rushed back to the cerberus and started petting him again.
“Thank you Hagrid. I don’t know how I got roped into watching these four for the afternoon, I was supposed to be setting up my labs, not playing warden to the girls.”

“Who are they, if ya don’t mind me askin’?”

“The little blonde one is my god daughter, Lyra Malfoy. The identical ones are Cassiopeia and Ariadne Lupin-Black, their dads are Sirius and Remus, they are also my blood adopted god daughters. And the girl with the messy curls is my and my husband, Sebastian’s daughter, Kali. I will warn you now, they are slightly evil. Now that they have met you, they are going to drive you crazy, and you won’t even be able to get mad at them because they will give you that look that just melts your heart.”

Hagrid was more than a little surprised. The Severus he had known was harsh and demanding. But this Severus, while still strict, was much softer. He was clearly a caring father, and god father. Hagrid was glad to see the love in the man’s eyes as he looked to the little girls. Severus had clearly changed even more than he had during his time away.

“Ya know, Sev’rus, I would be happy to watch these four while you finish up whatever ya need to do.” Hagrid offered.

“Really,” Severus looked to the gentle giant. “If you wouldn’t mind. They only cause trouble when they are awake, so… And Sirius is planning on picking them up in about two hours.”

Severus gave Hagrid a few more warnings before he headed off for his lab. He didn’t want to be around to see the fallout.

Hagrid watched as Severus all but ran away and smiled. He didn’t understand all the warnings the potions master had given him. Walking forward, he started teaching the girls about how to properly care for his puppy.

After leaving Hagrid to the mercy of the girls, Severus went to prepare his potion lab. Thanks to a few quick spells that he had learned on his travels it only took him about an hour, but he used the rest of the time to do a bit of brewing.

Dumbledore believed that it would take him hours to set up his lab because he didn’t know about the spells. The spells weren’t exactly approved in Britain, but they weren’t dark, so none of the wards Dumbledore had had set up in the school detected them. The benefits of living and working in the grey.

Two hours after Severus left, Sirius arrived. He was more than a little worried about what he would find. The girls could cause enough chaos on their own, but now they had Hagrid’s assistance.

Looking into the back garden area, where Sev had said the kids were playing with Fluffy, he saw a sweet and funny sight. Hagrid was fast asleep leaning against the back porch, and the girls were all taking their afternoon nap on top of the cerberus. Rather than waking them, he just laid back and decided to wait. Only a fool woke a sleeping child during nap time.

Eventually, Hagrid woke up. “Ah, Sirius, when’d ya show up?”

“Only a little while ago. But I didn’t want to wake anyone. The girls have been wound up for the past few days and haven’t been taking their naps at the right time. It’s been making things difficult
for the rest of us.”

“What’s got ‘em upset?”

“School starts up again soon. Kali, Cassie, and Ari are all upset Hadrian will be coming back, and Lyra doesn’t want Draco to return. They were devastated last year when they left, I think this year they will revolt.”

“Poor lit’l ones.”

Hagrid and Sirius spent the next little while catching up with each other. One thing that they discussed in specifics was Hadrian. Hagrid had been devastated to learn that he had taken Hadrian away from his innocent god father on Dumbledore’s orders. Sirius ended up having to spend a great deal of time reassuring Hagrid that it was not his fault, he had only been following orders. And it had turned out ok. Sirius was free and Hadrian was with his family.

When the girls woke up from their nap, they all said their goodbyes to Hagrid before Sirius took them to Mischief Managed, the twins shop on Morning Dew. Remus had taken over as manager the week earlier when the store opened. Everyone was glad that the shop was already proving to be quite profitable.

A few hours later, after Severus had finished his brewing, he left his classroom and went to Slughorn’s. He needed to talk to him and his assistants. Since Horace taught the second through fourth years Hadrian was going to be in his classes for the next few years, and he was going to do what he could to ensure his son was protected in his class.

As he had expected, Horace’s assistants, Malcolm Harkness and Livia Tsar, were the ones getting the classroom ready. Horace had two assistants for his class because he really didn’t do any work, he would just wander around the class talking to the few students he deemed worth his time, the assistants did everything else. He was a little surprised to see that his own assistant, Bella Del Rossie, was helping them.

Bella knew that Severus was very particular about things, so she really only helped him with the marking, mainly with Hadrian’s work as Severus wasn’t allowed to mark his sons work, and keeping the store cupboards clean during the term. Severus always set them up at the beginning of each term so that he could make sure that everything was sorted properly and how much of everything they had.

“What are you three up to?”

“Professor Prince-Peverell, we were just getting everything ready for Professor Slughorn.” Bella said as she jumped to her feet.

Severus looked at everything and saw what was taking them so long. They had ordered everything at once, so it had all been packed together. So they had to spend time sorting through everything, putting them in the appropriate containers, before shelving everything.

“Let me show you how it’s done.” With a few waves of his wand he had all the ingredients unpacked, they magically separated based on the different ingredient types and hung in the air.

“But what about the magical residue?” Livia asked. “It messes with the potency of the ingredients. That’s why we don’t use wands in potions.”

“House elves.” Severus told the panicking assistant. “House elves are able to banish all magical
residue from things without leaving any trace of their own. Now, just put them in the containers.”

It was quick work. All they had to do was identify the ingredients and bring the right container underneath them. The spell released as soon as they were in the containers. Once they had everything boxed up, Severus once again brought out his wand, and with a wave, the containers were sorted and shelved alphabetically.

“Valerian,” Severus called. A perfectly dressed, calm elf popped in and greeted him and the others in a soft voice. “Can you remove the spell residue, thank you. This is Valerian, she is a potions elf. I trained her personally. She looks after cleaning the labs every night. I would also recommend that you call on her if you are having any problems with anything.

Now, the reason I came here. I was hoping to speak to you about my son, Hadrian, and Mr. Weasley, and Ms. Granger.”

“I have already warned them about what Weasley and Granger are like in class. I’ve also told them about their work.” Bella told Severus.

“Yes, but there is more. Weasley and Granger both seemed to have formed an obsession with Hadrian. He came to me multiple times last year because they were following him around and trying to control him. Pomona Sprout even caught them attacking him and trying to drag him into the forbidden corridor at the end of last year.

For some reason, the headmaster seems to think that he has the right to try and force Hadrian to be friends with them, but Hadrian and I don’t agree. I wanted to speak with both of you, and Horace, to ensure that they don’t give him trouble in this class and have his grades suffer because of it.”

“We will see what we can do to keep them from bugging him sir, you can count on us.” Malcom assured Severus.

“Thank you. Do any of you know where Horace is?”

“Last I heard he was on his way down to The Three Broomsticks for dinner.” Livia told him.

Thanking them for their help, after showing them how to do the spells, Severus set off in search of Horace.

On his way out of the castle he ran into Albus and the new charms assistant that he had hired. He just told them that his lab was ready, and that he had a few last minute things to discuss with Horace so he couldn’t stay and talk. This seemed to annoy both of them, but Severus really didn’t care, he had more important things to do.

He found Horace sitting in the centre of the restaurant doing more talking than eating, but thankfully it looked like he was finished eating. Going over, Severus told him that he was needed back at the school.

Once they were out of the crowds and alone Horace turned to him. “What is going on Severus? We both know that you don’t require my assistance, you are more than capable of looking after any problems.”

“There really isn’t any issues, I just wanted to speak with you privately. No need to bring the gossips about.”
“Ah, so what is it that you needed to speak to me about that would be gossip worthy?”

Severus could see the hungry look in Horace’s eyes. The man loved some good gossip, but he was actually really good at keeping it to himself. The man could keep secrets for decades if he had too.

“I wanted to speak to you about my son.”

“Son? I heard you had a daughter, not a son.”

“Yes, my husband and I have a daughter, but we also blood adopted a son. He was a distant member of my husband’s family.”

“That was very nice of you two. So, what can I do for you and your son? Is he going to be at school this year?”

Severus was actually surprised that Horace hadn’t learned of his relationship with Hadrian, but Horace rarely spent more time than he had to with the other staff members, preferring to host private parties with his famous friends at The Three Broomsticks. He had originally been having them at the school, but with James and the other governors forcing Dumbledore to improve security he had had to move them. His Slug Club was made up of older students, and Hadrian had so far been able to avoid him for the most part.

“The boy that we adopted is actually Hadrian Potter-Black.”


“We have been very protective of Hadrian’s privacy, you understand of course? After the issues we had last year with the papers. We just want him to have a chance at a normal childhood.”

“Of course, of course, but you do know that it will come out eventually? Better to do it yourself than let the public get the wrong idea. But, what is it you needed to talk to me about?”

“We are making plans to speak to the press, of course, but we just want to protect the children for a little while longer.

What I wanted to talk to you about was Hadrian and a few of his year mates. You see, there are a few students that see him as more of a fascination than a person. Two such students in particular are Mr. Ronald Weasley, and Ms. Hermione Granger. They have become rather obsessed with him.”

“Yes, yes. I have heard some rumours about that. Tell me, is it true that they actually tried to force him to go with them to the forbidden corridor last year?”

“Yes, they did. Hadrian told me that they thought I was trying to steal whatever it is that Albus was hiding. I honestly don’t understand how those two could have gotten that idea. All I can assume is that they didn’t like me because they weren’t doing well in my class. You understand how students can be when they don’t get the grades they want?”

“Oh, I know. I have heard more than my fair share of tantrums from both students and parents in my time.”

“We all discussed it with Hadrian, and he came to his own decisions. He doesn’t want to make a big deal about their obsession. He understands that due to his history there are always going to be people that follow him around. But he also doesn’t want to spend any more time with them than he
has too. He wants to avoid feeding into it, you understand?”

“Yes, yes. I have heard from many of my good friends about how they have had to deal with those that follow them around just because they are famous. I am aware of the type. I do agree with him, avoiding them would be for the best. But, how can I help with that?”

“Well, this year, Gryffindor and Ravenclaw have potions together. I have already spoken with your assistants to request that they not seat those two near Hadrian, or partner either of them up with him, but I would feel more comfortable if you kept an eye on things. A man of your stature and knowledge of these sorts of things would be more adept at monitoring the situation. I worry that if their obsession gets any stronger I will have to request that they see mind healers, which I think we would all wish to avoid.”

“Of course I will keep an eye on everything for you. As you said, I am more aware of those types of people than most. I often have to deal with people like that.

I was actually just talking with Gwenog, that’s Gwenog Jones, she just joined the Holyhead Harpies as their new starting beater, about the exact same issue. Ever since she joined the team she has had so many people bothering her about every little thing…”

Severus let Horace natter on about another one of his famous ‘friends’. He knew now that Hadrian would definitely be protected in his class. Horace would never risk upsetting an already famous student. He would want to recruit Hadrian for his Slug Club, and would do anything to keep him happy. And if that meant keeping the stalkers away from his son, all the better.

There were times that Severus questioned just how it was that Horace had been a Slytherin, the man was just so easy to manipulate. But then, he would remember that despite it all, Horace really was friends with a great deal of famous people, and they actually did seem to like him for some reason, or at least, they sent him a lot of presents.

**Diagon Alley - August 25, 2002**

Arthur smiled slightly as he walked down Diagon Alley. Other than Bill and Charlie, the entire family was together. Fred, George, and Percy had all decided to come with them to get Ginny’s wand.

The summer had been stressful, mainly due to trying to get Ron and Ginny to study, but it had actually worked. Molly had stood her ground and forced Ron and Ginny to sit at the table and study in front of her for two hours everyday. She even quizzed them on the information. They had both complained a lot, but they had done it.

They all stopped at Florean’s for some ice cream after getting Ginny’s wand and Ron and Ginny’s supplies. Like they had done in the previous years, the three older boys had gotten all their school supplies in the other alleys so they were there just to look.

He had high hopes for his family this year.

Ginny was looking around at all the people going through the Alley, she was hoping that she would see Harry today. Everyone knew that Gilderoy Lockhart’s book signing was today, so they were all coming. She thought, given his history of fighting the dark, he would come to see Lockhart.

They were probably friends and went to the same parties. Ginny couldn’t wait until she and Harry
got married and he would take her to the parties. She would get to wear extravagant dresses and expensive jewelry. Harry would give her the life she deserved.

Once they finished their ice cream, Molly, Arthur, Ron and Ginny went home, but Percy and the twins said they still needed to grab a few things in the other alleys.

The Burrow

As the Weasley family was finishing their dinner, there was a tapping on the window. Percy smiled and jumped up to open the window and a beautiful, great horned owl hopped in.

“Hello Hermes. You’re earlier than I expected.” Percy said as he pet the owl.

“Who’s owl is that Percy?” Molly asked. She wondered if it was from the ministry. If it had a letter she might be able to get a look, but she didn’t see a scroll.

“This is Hermes. I bought him in Morning Dew this afternoon.” Percy allowed Hermes to hop onto his arm and took him upstairs to his room where he had already set up a perch.

“I forgot to get my owl.” Both Ron and Ginny said at the same time.

“We will just have to go back to Diagon Alley tomorrow and get them.” Molly said.

“Did you two save up your money?” Arthur asked. He hadn’t been keeping a close eye on their bankbooks this year, so he really didn’t know.

“Let me see.” Molly went to the drawer where she kept her copy of the childrens bank books.

Pulling out Ron and Ginny’s books, she checked them and frowned. Neither of them had managed to save up. Ginny had 2 galleons, and Ron had 3. She knew there was no way she was going to be able to convince Arthur to buy them owls. She really needed to find a way around Arthurs stupid rules. The children deserved the best, and the older three now all had owls, her babies deserved them too.

“I think that we should be able to count all the studying they have done towards their allowance.” Molly said as she had an idea. “Given all the work they have been doing, they really do deserve a raise.”

“No Molly. Doing their studying and chores is how they earn the allowance they already receive. If they haven’t saved up, then I’m sorry, but no owls. None of the other children get money for studying, so…” Arthur said. He knew this was going to be a fight just from looking at the petulant look on Ginny’s face.

“But I want an owl. Percy and the twins all got owls. I want one, I want one, I want one.” Ginny started demanding over and over again that she get an owl.

“Ginevra Molly Weasley, that is enough.” Arthur told his daughter who had started to force herself to cry.

“Oh baby. Shhh it’s going to be ok.” Molly rushed over to coddle her baby girl. “We’ll get you both owls.”

“No we will not Molly.” Arthurs voice was hard.
“Arthur.” Molly turned to the man she had once loved, and in her own way, still did love.

“No Molly.” Arthur said. “Ron and Ginny have known for 2 years that if they wanted an owl they would have to save up for it. We are not getting them owls now just because Ginny’s decided to throw a fit.”

“But Arthur…”

“No, and that is final.” Arthur knew he couldn’t back down even in the slightest. “I do not enjoy having to say it, but all of you need to hear it. And before you even start Ron, we will get you a broom if, and only if, you make the house team.”

Ron frowned at his father at those words. He had been getting ready to add his demands to his sisters.

“Then I’m taking Maggie.” Ginny said in a defiant voice.

“No you will not.” Arthur told his daughter. Maggie was the owl he had purchased for the family to replace Errol, who now lived in his shed and was enjoying his retirement. “Maggie is the family owl, not yours.”

Before either of the two youngest could start making demands again, a beautiful snowy owl flew in the window that was still open from Hermes. She flew over and landed on Fred’s shoulder. Fred and George had been stuck sitting in the corner and hadn’t been able to see a way past their two younger siblings to escape so they had just stayed perfectly still and silent.

“I’ve seen that owl at school.” Ron said, giving the bird a critical look.

“I want an owl like that one, it’s beautiful.” Ginny added, her voice full of awe.

“Hello Hedwig.” George said as he rubbed her head.

“Who’s owl is that boys?” Arthur asked as he looked at one of the most beautiful birds he had ever seen.

“Hadrian Potter-Black.” The twins said as one.

“Did you bring something for us, girl?” Fred asked as he took the scroll from her talons.

Glancing down, Fred saw the scroll was addressed to Percy so he called him down.

Just as Percy came down the stairs and into the room Ron had finally had enough. “Give me the letter.” He demanded.

“Why?” Fred asked.

“Because it’s obviously meant for me.” Ron said in a superior voice.

“No, it is probably for me.” Ginny said. She was happy that her Harry had sent her a letter, and that he had such a beautiful bird. She was going to have to make him give her the owl as her first present.

“Hello Hedwig.” Percy said when he saw the owl, before looking to the twins. “What do you two want?”

“Hedwig brought a letter for you.” George told him as Fred held out the letter.
“Don’t be silly boys. The bird must have just brought the letter to the wrong person.” Molly was pinned with the affronted glare of an insulted Hedwig. “The letter must be for Ron, so give him his letter.”

Before Percy could take the letter, Ron grabbed it. Hedwig screeched as she leapt from Fred’s shoulder and flew around the room. Grabbing the letter as she flew, before landing on Percy so that he could have the letter her human had sent for him. Ron was too stunned to even protest.

Percy opened the note and smiled slightly. The letter started off by telling him that he didn’t need to worry if anyone else tried to read the letter because it was charmed so that only he and the twins would see what was actually written. Anyone else would just see some questions about books. After that the letter said that Hadrian’s family was planning a party for the 30th and that he was hoping that Percy, the twins and their father would come.

When Percy went to grab a quill to write back saying they would be there, Ginny grabbed the letter and hid behind her mother when Hedwig started screeching at her.

“It’s just a letter about stupid books. Why would Harry be writing to you about books?” Ginny was annoyed that it wasn’t anything more interesting.

Arthur grabbed the letter from Ginny and passed it back to Percy. “Ginny, that letter wasn’t for you, it was for your brother. It’s rude to take other peoples mail.”

“Hadrian,” Percy made sure to emphasize his name. “Is in my house. We talk about books from time to time.”

Percy and the twins left the room after that, Hedwig flying out the still open window at the same time.

The three of them went into Percy’s room and Fred turned to his elder brother. “What’s the letter,”

“Really about?”

“Party at the manor next week. The three of us, and dad, are invited.” Percy told his younger brothers.

**Peverell Manor - August 30, 2002**

The party was in full swing. Everyone was having fun, but there was still an underlying sadness. They all hated that they were once again going to be separated.

Percy was trying to corral the girls when the floo chimed and someone in unspeakable robes came threw. Percy was confused as to why an unspeakable would come to their party, but before he could say anything all four girls ran towards the robed figure.

“Uncle Reggie, Uncle Reggie, you made it.” All four girls sang as one.

“Of course my demons. Did you think I would miss a family party?” The man said as he pushed back his hood.

Percy was shocked to see the unspeakable with the black hair and blue eyes that had spoken with him in the DOM.
“There you are Reg. We were starting to wonder if you were bailing on us.” Sirius said as he came into the room.

“Not a chance Siri. Hello again Mr. Weasley.”

“You ok, Perce?” Sirius asked the clearly surprised boy.

“He’s fine Siri, he’s probably just surprised to see me.” Regulus said as they all walked into the back yard and sat down with Lucius and Arthur. “Percy had to deliver some paperwork to the DOM and he saw some rather surprising things I do believe.”

“So that’s why you’ve had that look in your eye lately.” Arthur smiled at his still surprised son. “I remember my first time I had to go into the DOM. I still can’t remember what I saw, but I know it was amazing.”

“I think anyone who has worked in the ministry for any length of time has had an experience like that.” Sirius said, the same far off look in his eyes that Arthur had.

Before Percy could reply to the adults Kali started to pull him away. “C’mon Perce, come push me on the swings.”

The party lasted until the sun was going down. Everyone knew that they were going to be sleeping in the next day.

**Platform 9 3/4 - September 1, 2002**

Hadrian was once again sitting in the very first compartment on the Hogwarts Express after arriving early. Neville and Draco had already joined him, and they were all watching out the window as other students started to arrive. Hadrian was thankful that his fathers had spelled the window so that they could look out, but no one could see them inside.

Hermione arrived at the platform early this year, she wanted to watch and wait for Harry to arrive. She had spent the entire summer studying everything for her second year. There was no way that she wouldn’t get the top spot this year. Last year she had been furious that the teachers set her up to fail, this time she was ready for them. She had all sorts of rules and guidelines that the teachers had to follow, so if any of them tried to mark her down just because she was a muggleborn she would be able to get them fired.

Since she had been working, she hadn’t had time to get in touch with Harry. Ron had told her that he had tried to get him to come and stay at The Burrow, but Harry had written a one word response, ‘no’. She couldn’t wait to teach Harry his place, that boy had no respect for anyone. They were his best friends, and he treated them like trash.

After she had her father load her trunk on the train she said goodbye to her parents before going to sit on one of the benches. It would give her a perfect view of the station. Looking at the clock, she saw that it was only 5 minutes past 10, so there was still plenty of time before the train left.

Hermione sat and watched all the students getting on the train, but she didn’t see Harry. She saw Ron’s older brothers arrive with their father and get on the train, but Ron and Ginny weren’t with them.
Eventually, she didn’t have a choice but to get on the train. And there was still no sign of Harry. She really was beginning to think that Harry was using his fame to not have to take the train because there was no way he could have arrived before her. That was another thing she was going to have to make him stop, using his fame to get his way.

**The Burrow**

Like it had been the year before, the three older Weasley boys and their father were annoyed. Once again, Ron and Ginny were taking their sweet time. But at least they were both awake. Molly had gone up to ensure that personally.

Ron hadn’t packed the night before, and was slowly making his way around his room throwing things in his trunk. Ginny was once again trying to get ready. She had actually packed the night before, but this morning had worried that she might have picked the wrong outfit for getting on the train so she had pulled her clothes out of her trunk to look over them again.

Percy wanted to get to the train with time to ensure that he had time to get all his stuff loaded and make it to the prefect meeting early.

Fred and George were once again anxious to see Hadrian. It had only been a few days since they had seen him, but they missed him. It didn’t feel right to not have him between them. And their younger siblings were once again keeping them from him.

At 10:30 Arthur had once again reached his limit and turned to Molly. “Well. It looks like I will be taking the boys without the youngest two, again.”

“I really don’t understand why you four are always in such a rush. There is no need to get to the train so early.” Molly huffed, looking once again to the stairs wishing her babies would hurry up.

“So that we can get seats with our friends.” Fred said.

“So that we don’t have to worry that we’ll mis the train.” George added.

“Or maybe it’s so that I can stow my luggage and have time to get to the prefects meeting.” Percy said in annoyance.

“Let’s go boys.” Arthur looked back to the stairs to see if Ron or Ginny would join them. He really did wish that he was closer to the two of them. But, he couldn’t stop being a parent to do that. As much as he wished he could get closer to them, he had to be their father first, not their friend.

Fifteen minutes after Arthur left with the boys, Molly was still waiting. Ten minutes after that, she was starting to panic. She only had five minutes left until the train left. She really was going to have to get her babies on a schedule.

Rushing up the stairs she made Ginny pick an outfit, and with a few flicks of her wand, had Ginny’s trunk packed. After sending Ginny down to the kitchen she went to Ron’s room. He was still in his pyjamas. His trunk was only half full, and he was sitting on his bed flipping through his newest comic book.

“Ronald Weasley, we have less than five minutes to get to the train.” Molly screeched.
Pulling her wand, she started to wave it around. Packing the trunk, and switching Ron into some proper clothes.

Rushing them down and through the floo this year.

Platform 9 3/4

When Arthur and the boys arrived they all said their goodbyes. Arthur still felt like something was missing, leaving him with a hollow pit in his chest, but he carried on, like he had been doing for years. He stood back and watched the boys get on the train, all three of them looking back and waving to him before they disappeared.

The first place the boys went was to the front car where they knew Hadrian and the other boys would be sitting. Like they had done the year before, Fred and George swiftly put Hadrian between them once they had stored their trunks. Hadrian, for his part, sighed in contentment.

Percy put his still shrunken trunk up on the rack before sitting down with Draco and Neville. They all talked for a few minutes before Percy left to go to the prefects compartment.

Glancing out the window, the five remaining occupants of the compartment watched as Ron and Ginny came rushing through the floo. Molly levitating their trunks behind them. They just made it onto the train, with Molly sending their trunks with them, as the train started to move.

As soon as the train started to move, Draco and Neville got up to do a quick round of the train. Though, it was mainly because they had caught the signal from the twins that they wanted them to leave for a bit. They both knew that Hadrian liked the twins, and the twins liked Hadrian. The only one that hadn’t really picked up on what was going on was Hadrian himself, much to the eternal entertainment of his friends.

Hadrian was just curling up on the twins for a rest when the door open and a girl came in. A tiny little girl, with platinum blond hair, and large blue eyes. She floated more than walked.

Hadrian’s face broke out in a huge smile as he caught sight of an 11 year old Luna Lovegood. Luna’s face broke out an an equally big smile when she saw him. Hadrian knew that on some level, she remembered him.

He got up and gave her a big hug, and she hugged him back. The twins looked at each other in confusion, they were both a little jealous to see their soul mate hugging another.

“Hadrian?” George said.

Hadrian turned to them and smiled. “Luna knows.”

“But how?” Fred asked in confusion. They had known Luna for years, and she had never seemed like she knew Hadrian.

“Luna is a very special kind of seer, known as a consciousness seer.” Hadrian told them before he retook his place between them, while Luna went to sit opposite. “How much do you know?”

“Bit’s and pieces.” Luna said in her dreamy voice. “I know that I can always trust you, that last time I stayed loyal to you and you stayed loyal to me. I know that I can trust you with anything. I also know that you have stopped… many terrible… things from happening.” Luna’s voice broke slightly on the last few words, and her eyes filled with tears as she remembered what would have
Happened.

Hadrian quickly reached over and pulled Luna onto the bench with him and the twins, wrapping her in a hug and letting her cry.

“What happened?” Fred asked as he wrapped his arms around Hadrian and Luna.

“She was going to die, and I couldn’t do anything to stop it, but Hadrian stopped it.” Luna said in a choked voice.

“Who was going to die?” George asked as he mimicked his brothers position from the other side.

“My mom.” Luna sobbed. “2 years ago. I could feel it, I could only sit there and watch, but Hadrian stopped it from happening this time.”

Fred and George tightened their grips around their little blonde friend. Pandora Lovegood had always been more of a mother to them than Molly had. They couldn’t believe that she could have died. Luna was so close to her mother, they couldn’t imagine what it must have been like for Luna to almost witness her death.

A few minutes later, Luna pulled away, and returned to the other bench, giving the three boys a blinding smile. “Everything will be fine now though. And soon, it will be even better. The lost ones will be found, and after the days start to grow shorter the trapped bee shall find his freedom in flames, helping to reunite the lions.”

They spent the next hour talking, until Draco and Neville returned. Both boys were happy to meet Luna. Hadrian had gotten a book on different kinds of seers and made them read up on consciousness seers. They both connected her dreamy attitude and invisible creatures to what they had read after less than an hour of talking with her.

Hadrian wanted to limit the amount of bullying that Luna would have to endure. The first step to achieve that was to ensure that a few trusted people knew about her so that they could protect her.

For them, the rest of the train ride past enjoyably. Eating their lunch and talking with their friends. Lee had once again joined them. And, Percy dropped in a few times.

Down at the other end of the train, Hermione, Ron, and Ginny, were having a less enjoyable time.

Ginny had decided that she would sit and wait for Hadrian to come to her. No man wanted a woman that followed them around like a lost puppy. She needed to portray the image of calm and grown up, then they might even be able to get married before they finished school.

Percy had already stopped by to warn Ron that he had better not start causing problems so soon. He told him that if Ron was caught bullying again on the train Percy would be writing to their parents.

Since his mum was still praising Percy because he worked for the ministry over the summer, Ron knew that their mum would take his side. Ron had no intention of getting a howler from his mom, he didn’t know that spell Percy had used last year.

Hermione had walked up and down the train already, but she had had to stay out of the other compartments, only glancing through the windows. She couldn’t risk one of the snakes reporting her to the prefects again. If they locked her into the compartment across from them again, no one would be looking for Harry.
Now they were all in their own compartment near the end of the train, with no clue where Harry was. At least they knew he would be at the school.

**Hogwarts, Great Hall**

Ginny looked around the great hall as she was led in with the other first years. She had talked about it with her mother, and they had agreed that she would be sorted to Gryffindor, and then convince Harry to get sorted to Gryffindor, where he belonged, for next year.

She looked over at the blue table that sat just to the left of the main aisle. There, sitting next to a mousy looking boy with brown hair, was her Harry. He looked better than any of the drawings she had collected over the years, or the pictures she had gotten last year. Her Harry was beautiful, so beautiful that she couldn’t breathe and stumbled slightly. She forced her self to relax slightly and focus back on the sorting hat that had just started to sing some stupid song.

She didn’t hear a single word of the hats song, she was to busy working through her thoughts. It didn’t really matter as she wouldn’t be called until the end. Tossing her hair over her shoulder in a flirty fashion she had copied from some of the older girls she had seen in Diagon Alley over the years, she caught glances of her Harry. She was annoyed when he didn’t even so much as glance towards her.

Ginny watched as Loony Lovegood made her way up to the stool. She had never really liked that girl, she was just so odd. They had been forced to have play dates until Ginny started refusing when they were 6. She had no interest in wasting her time with the weirdo. She was the future Lady Potter, she couldn’t be seen as being friends with crazy people.

The hat screamed out that she was to go to Ravenclaw. Ginny was actually surprised. She had never thought the crazy girl could ever be considered smart. But, then again, that girl wouldn’t fit in any house.

Tossing her hair once again a few minutes later, she froze. Loony Lovegood was sitting next to her Harry. Her Harry was talking to the girl, and they were even smiling at each other. For a moment, Ginny was distracted by how cute her Harry looked when he smiled, but then she returned to her blinding fury that he was paying attention to another girl. Here, in the middle of the great hall, where everyone could see. How dare he do that to her.

That was it, she was going to have to go into Ravenclaw. As much as she didn’t want to, she was going to have too. There was no way she could let Loony spend an entire year seducing her Harry.

She started to rework her plans so that those two never spent any time alone together. First, she would go and sit between the two of them. It would be a tight squeeze, but that might be for the best. Then everyone would see her practically sitting on his lap and know they were together.

When she was finally called up, she had worked out the argument she was going to use on the hat. She knew that she was meant for Gryffindor, but she needed Ravenclaw. But she never got the chance to argue. As soon as the Hat sat on her head it instantly yelled out Gryffindor.

She was both happy and annoyed. She was glad that she was a true Gryffindor, but annoyed because now she was separated from Harry.

Making her way to the Gryffindor table, that was on the far right, she kept one eye on Harry. He didn’t show any signs of even noticing her. Instead, he was talking with Loony and Percy.
Sitting at the table next to Ron, she almost shouted as she saw a small white fox poke its head out of Harry’s hood and climb over on to Loony before going back to Harry. She watched as both Percy and Loony started to pet the little fox.

It reminded her of what she had heard from Bill two years ago. He mentioned a kitsune. She was shocked when she made the connection that the boy Bill had been talking about was her Harry. Now she had another thing she was going to have to get Harry to give her.

She wanted a beautiful owl like his, and she also wanted her own Kitsune. That little fox was beautiful.

Hadrian was sitting over at the Ravenclaw table secretly smiling to himself as he pet Nemesis. He could feel eyes burrowing into him. It was most likely Ginny, but he wasn’t willing to look up to check, he didn’t want to risk catching her eye and letting her think he noticed her.

Instead he focused on his friends and Nem. Nem had already decided that she liked Luna on the train and was now enjoying the extra attention. She always loved being able to charm more food out of those around her, not that any of the other humans in her humans house ever denied her a treat.

That night, after dinner and returning to their house, Hadrian grabbed the book he had made Draco and Neville read, and gave it to Percy. He knew that he could trust Percy to help him protect Luna, but also not announce her seer status.

Two days after that, Percy was sitting at one of the desks in the common room when he reached the section on consciousness seers that Hadrian had highlighted. As he read, he started to make connections.

Luna had always said odd things from time to time, but looking back now, they made sense. Everyone of those instances were just before something major happened. She must have been hearing or seeing something and tried in her own way to warn him.

Looking up he saw Luna sitting next to Hadrian, cuddling Nem. Hadrian caught his eye, and smiled.

Percy understood. He was trying to protect Luna. Percy had already heard some of the others, the third year girls, Cho Chang and Marietta Edgecombe in particular, had started to bully her for being odd. He was going to have to keep a closer watch on things and make sure no one gave Luna a hard time just because she was different.

**Hogwarts - September 7, 2002**

Hadrian went up to his room after lunch to grab his map. During lunch, Luna had been looking at one of the assistant charms teachers, Rose Mathews. She had been in his class, and she made him more than a little uncomfortable, she just gave him the creeps for some reason. During the entire class she had watched him, and kept trying to push Weasley and Granger closer to him, even though he was already sitting between Theo and Padma, and partnering with them during practicals.
Luna had turned to him just as the food was disappearing, and told him that he should check his map because the flower was a weed.

Closing the curtains on his bed, Hadrian opened the map and used the search function to find Rose Mathews. As soon as he found her he grabbed his mirror phone and called for his fathers.

It was his papa who answered the call, his dad was at the ministry going over some paperwork with Gerald Greengrass. Hadrian told his papa to get his own map and look up Rose Mathews, Severus was stunned.

He had met Rose Mathews a few times, including being introduced to her by Dumbledore the day he had been preparing his lab. There was no way to deny that she was what would be considered a beautiful woman. She was of average height, but had exaggerated curves. Her hair was a rich golden blond, her full lips were painted red, and her eyes were a bright jewel blue. But there was just something about her that put Severus off. She had even tried to sit up at the head table with him a few times, but the assistants sat at a lower table while the full professors were up at the head table.

Looking at the map now, he understood what it was about her that he didn’t like. Written on the map was ‘Rose Mathews/Lily Evans’. So this was where Lily had gotten too.

After ending his call with Hadrian, Severus started to think. He was going to need to make plans to keep Lily away from his son. There was no doubt that her plan would be just like the last one.

Given how she had been behaving with him, with all the questions she was asking about his husband, and what Hadrian had told him about her behaviour with him, she was trying to get into their lives. More than likely, she was trying to seduce his husband. If she could force them to divorce, she could become Lady Peverell-Gryffindor, and that would be even better than being Lady Potter was.

But, there was no way Sev was going to let that harpy get her hands on his husband again. He especially wasn’t letting her near his children. Although, Hadrian was already making sure he stayed away from her, and he figured Kali would make her regret the day she was born.

When James came in, he found his husband chuckling softly to himself, imagining just what his sweet little Kali could do to Lily, especially if she brought her friends into it with her. After Severus explained everything to him, James couldn’t help but laugh too. Kali and the girls could have a lot of fun with Lily.

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**Great Hall - September 15, 2002**

Severus was sitting at the head table in the great hall for lunch. Since it was the weekend, he could see his son was sitting with his friends at the Hufflepuff table today. Severus smiled as he saw his son laughing with his friends at something the twins said.

“Severus?” Came Horace’s voice.

“What can I do for you, Horace?” Severus turned to look to the man that slid into the chair next to him.

“I was just wondering, you said that Hadrian had difficulties with the Weasley children, but I can
clearly see that he is sitting with the twin Weasley boys."

“Yes and no. It just seems to be the youngest Weasley children that have issues with seeing Hadrian as a person. The eldest boy, Bill, actually worked with our curse breaking team for two years. Hadrian is close friends with all five of the older boys.

Last year, the youngest boy, Ronald, and his friend, Hermione, followed Hadrian around constantly. It would seem that the Weasley girl, Ginevra, is following in their footsteps rather than her elder brothers. She watches him almost constantly, but I think she is still too shy to approach him yet.”

Looking over, they could both see that the young girl had an almost, hungry, look as she stared at where Hadrian was sitting with his friends.

“Ok.” Horace said. “I was just wondering.”

_Filius Flitwick’s Office - September 18, 2002_

Hadrian walked into the office of his head of house, his papa following him. He had already reached his limit with Gilderoy Lockhart. The man was an even bigger fool than Hadrian remembered.

He had been more than a little annoyed when he had heard that Professor York had been switched to the other classes, and that Lockhart would be teaching second through fourth years.

“Hadrian, Severus. What is it that I can do for you?” Flitwick squeaked happily.

Severus looked to Hadrian, as he had been the one to arrange this meeting.

“I was hoping that you would sign off on letting me self study for defence against the dark arts, Professor Flitwick?”

“Why would you want to do that Hadrian?” Flitwick asked.

“Sir, our last test was on him. It included questions about his favourite birthday presents, and favourite colour. This is the assignment he gave us this week,” Hadrian handed over a sheet of paper that had questions about how to properly care for hair while traveling. “We aren’t learning anything worth while in his class. He just forces us to read and act out different passages from his books.

I just think that I would do better studying on my own. I spoke with Professor York, and he has offered to let me use his teaching plan, assignments and tests he used last year. And, I’ve spoken to Lockhart’s assistant, Mr. Hoffman. He has agreed to mark all of it for me.”

“I do agree with you, this is clearly not teaching you anything,” Filius looked at the assignment in disgust, he was going to have to set up study groups in his house for the students in Lockhart’s classes so they could pass their final exams. “But I’m not sure you are allowed to self study yet. You are still only a second year, and normally only sixth year and above can self study.”

“I looked that up.” Hadrian said as he handed over a section of the school charter that he had copied and highlighted. “It says in the school charter that a student can self study a core class in any year so long as they have permission from their head of house, a parent or legal guardian, have access to a certified teaching plan and assignments, a professor or teachers assistant willing to mark
and give tests, and can prove that they would be able to learn better outside of their class or are facing any form of discrimination. They also must be able to maintain and an EE or higher grade on all tests and assignments after they start self studying, which I know I can.

If you both agree, I will have met all the conditions.”

Severus examined his son for a moment before he smirked, “Well you certainly have been busy, haven’t you. Although… Given Lockhart’s clear lack of skill in teaching, I understand. If Professor Flitwick agrees, so will I. But, I will personally be keeping an eye on your studying. You will not be slacking off.”

Hadrian nodded to his papa before giving his head of house his best puppy dog eyes.

“There is no need for that look young man,” Filius chuckled, though he did have to admit, those were some of the best puppy dog eyes he had seen in his time as a teacher. “I will agree. Last year you were second in your year, so I believe that you can be trusted on your own.

But, something also tells me that I will soon be having other meetings like this one with your housemates, making a very similar request, so you won’t be alone for long.”

Hadrian gave him a little grin. “I think you both will, and so will Professors Sprout and McGonagall. Theo, Nox, Draco, Blaise, Neville, Fred, George, and Lee have already sent requests to their parents for permission. And Lily, Fey, and Autumn from Gryffindor said they would give him another month to improve before they asked to self study. If that’s all, I should be getting back to the common room so that I can go over my reading assignments for class tomorrow.”

Once both teachers gave their approval, Hadrian left.

“He is going to make things interesting this year.” Filius said as he poured two small glasses of scotch.

“Something tells me that Albus is not going to like this.” Severus agreed as he took a sip.

“That man. I still don’t understand why he keeps pushing Weasley and Granger on the boy, it is clear they don’t get along. I heard from Owen Parker, the other charms professor, that he has gotten Ms. Mathews to try and push the three of them into a group together. But don’t worry, I spoke with Owen and he has assured me that he will do what he can to run interference.”

“Good, good. I just don’t understand how he managed to get Gilderoy hired? There is no way that the goblins that manage the staffing accounts would ever allow that man to be hired.”

“I was speaking with one of my cousins that works on the account. He told me that they refused to allow for the hiring of that man, so Albus used school funds to hire him. Since he isn’t paying for most of the staff out of the school accounts that were set up after the school lost access to the original accounts, they have been gaining a great deal of money. All the students tuition goes directly into those accounts, so Albus has been using them to hire certain people when the goblins refuse.”

Severus could only shake his head. This was something that he was going to have to pass on to James and Alice to use at the upcoming governors meeting this December. Both men talked about the day to day running of the school while they finished up their drinks before going their separate ways.
Hadrian was sitting with Luna and Neville, waiting for their friends before they went into the great hall for dinner. It had been over a week since he had started self studying for DADA, and he knew that Granger was almost at her limit. She had been all but glaring at him during potions and charms. So far, he had also managed to avoid even meeting Ginny, and she seemed to be building up her courage to seek him out. So, when he saw Hermione marching up to where he was sitting, a Weasley to either side of her, he knew what it was about.

“Harry Potter, we need to talk.” Hermione demanded.

“How many times do I need to tell you Granger, my name is Hadrian Potter-Black.” Hadrian rolled his eyes to his friends and could see the same annoyance on their faces.

“Why haven’t you been coming to DADA?” Hermione completely ignored him correcting his name. She wasn’t going to stop calling him Harry, Hadrian was a stupid name, and the Black family was known for being dark, he shouldn’t want to be associated with them. “It is a required class, you can’t just skip it because you feel you are too famous to attend.”

“Granger, I have never used my fame to get what I want. I am not attending that class because the professor is a clear moron.”

“Harry Potter!” Granger shrieked, drawing the attention of the students around them. “How dare you speak like that about a professor. Gilderoy Lockhart is a great man, you should treat him with respect.”

“You can say what you want about him Granger, but he is a terrible teacher.” Hadrian sighed in annoyance.

“You still have to attend his class, it is required. You can’t drop it until after you take your OWLs and fail. It’s in the school rules.”

“Actually, the charter says that a student can self study a required class, so long as they meet certain requirements. And I have met all the requirements, so I do not have to attend that class. And I will not be attending that class so long as that man is teaching it. I actually want to be able to pass. Besides, it isn’t like I’m the only one doing that. There are already 8 other student that I know of that have started self studying.” Hadrian could see that many of the other students that had been agreeing with him that Lockhart was a terrible teacher liked the idea of being able to self study. There really weren’t that many students in his class that liked him, and those that did were mainly girls or the fame hungry.

“But you can’t” Hermione said as she stomped her foot in annoyance.

“Yes, I can, and I am. And you, Granger, have no say in it.” Hadrian got up as he saw the twins and the rest of his friends arrive.

He wanted to get out of there quickly, but he wasn’t quick enough.

“Hi Harry, I’m Ginny Weasley.” Came a high pitched voice that seemed to be trying to be breathy. Hadrian glanced over at a red faced girl. “My name, is Hadrian Potter-Black. Maybe you will be smart enough to figure that out, because your brother and his friend clearly aren’t.”

With that, Hadrian quickly made his way into the great hall, his friends forming a barrier around him to keep the three lions away.
Over the next few days, Hadrian was visited by more than a few other students looking to find out how they could self study DADA. The twins even made up a check list to start handing out so that Hadrian wouldn’t have to go over everything again and again.

**Potions Classroom (Ravenclaw/Gryffindor) - October 7, 2002**

Hadrian was sitting in his practical potions class. Today they were practicing brewing pepperup potions. It was relatively easy to brew, but it just took a while. Under normal circumstances, the potion took the entire two hours to brew, but Hadrian had found a short cut.

One of the longest steps to making the potion was the mixing period required after adding powdered bicornhorn and mashed mandrake root. They had to be added to the potion at the same time, and stirred constantly for 20 minutes to combine them fully.

After years of messing around with potions, Hadrian had figured out that by mixing the horn and mandrake together before adding it to the potion it worked faster. Hadrian took care of the rest of the potion while his partner for the year, Padma, mixed the other two ingredients into a paste.

This would allow them to not only finish faster, but also make a stronger potion. Their potions weren’t just graded on being complete, the strength of the potion was also taken into account.

Hadrian knew that with the potion that he and Padma were brewing, they would easily get an O+.

“And just what are you two doing over here?” Professor Slughorn asked, coming up behind the two of them.

Ever since the beginning of the semester Professor Slughorn had been watching Hadrian extra closely. He had even invited him to some of the little parties on weekends. Normally, he only invited students fourth year and above. Hadrian had always made the excuse of needing to do his self study.

“We’re just making the potion sir.” Padma answered him in her soft voice.

“I can see that. But you seem to be making a few adjustments. A very interesting take on the potion.” He gave the two a once over.

“Well sir. One of the worst parts of this potion is the need to constantly mix those two main ingredients to combine them, but also not mix it for too long because it weakens the other ingredients.” Hadrian told him. “When Uncle Sev was first teaching me potions, he explained that some ingredients can be mixed separately so long as they aren’t the catalyst.

I looked over the ingredients, and the catalyst isn’t added until after the bicorn and mandrake. So, if Padma mixes them while I do the other steps of the potion, we can add her part to mine just before we add the catalyst. It will allow us to finish 20 minutes faster, and, since we don’t have to worry about breaking down the other ingredients, Padma can mix longer. It will make the potion stronger.”

Horace smiled at the two twelve year olds. Here were two students that understood how to brew. “Well reasoned. Carry on.”
On the other side of the room, Hermione Granger was once again furious. Glancing over, she could clearly see that Harry and his partner weren’t brewing the potion properly.

She had told the professor and both of his assistants, but they hadn’t done anything. Instead, the professor had gone and spoken to Harry and his partner, and, rather than correcting them, he encouraged them.

What was wrong with these teachers?

When the class ended, Hermione was once again furious that Professor Slughorn raved about the quality of Harry and his partners potions. He didn’t even pay attention to the potion she had made with Ron.

She had made sure she and Ron had followed the potion recipe perfectly, and it still wasn’t enough. Why didn’t so many of the teachers notice just how much better she was?

Ron was angry because that girl was taking his rightful place. He was supposed to be partnered with Harry.

He knew for a fact that headmaster Dumbledore had told Slughorn to partner the two of them together. But, once again, every one was keeping him away from Harry.

Hogwarts - October 31, 2002

Just after dinner, on Samhain, Hadrian had had to run up to his room to get changed for the ritual. When he came out of his room, dressed in clean, relaxed fit, robes Theo was in their little sitting room waiting for him. From the look on his face, it was clear that he wanted to discuss something with him.

“Can I help you Theo?”

“I was just wondering about why you take part in the ritual tonight? Nox and I were talking about trying it out this year, but I was wondering if you could give me any specifics.”

“I practice the rituals because they make me feel better. After everything that happened in my childhood, my family found that the rituals helped to calm and soothe my magic. The Samhain ritual in-particular is one of my favourites, because of my family. I figured if anyone would want to take part in this ritual it would be you?”

“Why me?”

“Your mum. Theo, the ritual that we are doing tonight allows for us to cross over to the other side to visit with those we have loved and those who love us. For me, when I cross over, I get to visit with the members of my family that I never got the chance to know.

Like, my grandmother Dorea was killed before I was born, but because of the ritual I know she loved any dessert that had apples, and I know the smell of her perfume. I get to know her, and she gets to know me.

Theo, if you take part in the ritual, more than likely, you will be visiting with your mum. It’s not like this, two people sitting opposite each other and talking. It’s more…floaty. More impressions
and feelings with a few words.”

“Really?” Theo’s voice was both wary and hopeful. A chance to be near his mum again was something he would do anything for.

Theo stood nervously in the ritual room with Hadrian and Nox. He was fascinated by what Hadrian had told him earlier, but he wasn’t sure. It sounded too good to be true.

Adding his blood, he went and sat in his assigned place, and tried to relax and let his mind float away. After only a few deep breaths he felt his consciousness leaving his body.

At first, everything was dark, and Theo worried that things had gone wrong. But then, he felt warmth. He could smell his mothers perfume, and then he felt her arms wrap around him.

For the next while, Theo was reunited with his mother, and visited by ancestors from his family, all who encouraged him to continue on as he had been. As a young child, he had been told that he didn’t have any family that could love him, now he knew a vast majority of his family loved him, and hated his father. It was nice to know that even though they had passed on, they still watched over him.

Drifting back to his body, Theo could still hear his mothers whispered words of how much she loved him, and how proud she was of him.

Shielding his face, Theo tried to secretly wipe away the tears cooling on his cheeks. But, when he looked around, he noticed that most of those around him had tears on their face. Looking around he realized that most of these students would most likely have lost relatives during the last war. There really wasn’t any pure or half blood student that hadn’t lost someone in the war.

Instead, he just let a few more tears fall. He swore, that no matter what happened from now on, he would take part in this ritual every year, and he would also be telling his family. His uncle would love a chance to visit with his mum too.

Sitting near Theo, Hadrian smiled. He had spent the past hours with his family, and it wasn’t just those that had passed on before he was born. His parents, uncles, and sisters also took part in the ritual and were there.

Glancing over to Theo, he saw the look on the boys face. It was obvious that he would do whatever it took to take part in the ritual next year. He would also be telling his family, and they might too. Hadrian would just have to tell him more about some of the other rituals.

He had done the same thing with a few other students. Including those that he knew had lost parents or siblings. He did feel a little bad about using peoples dead relatives, but… In the long run, it would provide them comfort, and help strengthen magic.

Getting other people to start practicing the rituals would most likely be easier than he thought.

Kent, Thurnham Castle - November 16

There was something in the air. James, Remus, Sirius, Severus, Regulus, Lucius, and Bill all
agreed to that fact. They all knew that something big was going to happen today.

Ever since Hadrian had claimed the Slytherin Lordship the year before they had been systematically searching every piece of property that was associated with the title. Bill had even started taking weekends off to help. They had learned that Voldemort had claimed the heirship, but had failed the lordship test. Even though he hadn't been able to become the Lord and gain access to the vaults associated, the heirship would give him access to the properties.

Sirius and the others thought that he might have used one of those places to keep the prisoners. Sirius had gone to Amelia and Frank the year before and had himself made an auxiliary auror. Effectively, if anything major happened, Sirius could reactivate himself immediately and take over the situation and there was nothing anyone could do about it. They had done this specifically so that when they found the prison, Sirius would be in charge automatically.

The Thurnham Castle seemed like it held potential, though...they had all thought that about some of the other places they had been. The thing that made this place seem more likely than the others they had searched over the last year was the wards.

While the wards around all the other buildings were similar to each other, and since Hadrian had given them permission to enter the buildings, they had been able to enter without much problems. But the wards around this castle were different.

They were proving to be far more stubborn. Regulus and Bill were there and helping to unweave the wards. According to both of them, the magic binding the newer wards was different.

While Bill and Regulus worked, Sirius looked around them. The Thurnham Castle, to muggles, looked like an old crusader castle ruins. To a wizard though, it was a massive castle that rivalled Hogwarts for size and grandeur. This had been the home of Salazar Slytherin himself when he had retired from the school.

Looking back, Sirius watched as the wards became momentarily visible just as they fell. Once they fell, all seven men walked forward.

The main building of the castle was completely empty, but this was expected. The portrait of Salazar had told them that he had set it up with the goblins that if no one took the families lordship within 5 years of the death of the last lord, the goblins would remove everything from his estates and keep it all in the valuables vaults. None in the bloodline had been found worthy in over 200 years, so everything was at the bank. Although Voldemort had had access to the property, he hadn't been able to furnish the place.

When they entered the dungeons however, they found plenty.

There were 10 beds in each room, and in each bed there was an unconscious person. They all had tubes leading from their arms to a large vat in the centre of each room. They counted 17 rooms, but the last room only had 8 people in it, that meant, according to their math, there were 168 people.

Looking closer, they all started seeing people they knew. Lucius called out for Bill when he walked into one of the rooms and immediately saw his fathers laying on beds next to each other.

Bill looked down at his fathers with both joy and sorrow. He had finally found them, but even if they recovered, they couldn't know he was their son. They still hadn't found a way to counter the ritual.

Next to the Prewett twins were Edgar and Sarah Bones. Sirius pulled out his wand and quickly cast
the spell to reactivate himself. He was going to have to go and tell Amelia, but he couldn’t do that until he had already arranged for everyone to be taken to St. Mungo’s, and had other aurors here to gather any evidence they could.

Severus was checking just what it was in the vats that was being given to the prisoners. When his results came back he was relatively pleased. The potion was a mix of nutrient and sleep potions. On this mix, the people laying in the beds should recover fairly quickly.

Regulus ran a few scans and when to discuss his findings with Severus. According to his scans, they were all under a combination of coma spells and stasis spells. Combine with the potions they were effectively fine. The only physical issue that they might have is muscle weakness from disuse.

The only real problem they could find, was the runic bracelets on their wrists. Regulus an Bill examined them and were worried. The bracelets served as a leach. Someone was still leaching magic from these prisoners. If they took the bracelets off without unweaving the spells the magical backlash would kill them.

Continuing on in his examinations Regulus went into another room and froze. Laying on the bed was Marlene McKinnon. No one knew that Marlene and Regulus had dated during school. He had been the seeker on the Slytherin team, and she had been a Gryffindor chaser. Somehow, during a quidditch argument they had ended up kissing each other, and had secretly dated from that day on. Regulus had even preposed to her only a few short weeks before he went after the locket.

He had actually done it for her, he had been hoping to trade the locket to join the Order so he could stay with her. One of the first things he had done after waking up was to try and find out what happened to her. It had almost broken him when he learned that she had supposedly been killed less than two months after he disappeared.

Now, she was here. Right in front of him. The only woman he had ever loved was alive, and he couldn’t be happier.

Sirius came into the room and saw his little brother crying over one of his old friends.

“Reg?”

“Hey Siri.”

“What’s up? Why are you crying on Marlene?”

“She was my fiancée.”

“What?”

“We got engaged only a few weeks before I went after the locket.”

Sirius was surprised, he had been good friends with Marlene, and it hadn't even crossed his mind that Reg and Marlene even knew each other, let alone were engaged. But, he was happy. Over the last few years he had seen the sadness in his brothers eyes, now he saw they were full of love. Sirius just hoped that things worked out for the two of them, they both deserved to be happy.

Severus called them all together in the main room so they could plan out what to do next. It was decided that Sirius would go to Frank and have him call in some other aurors that he trusted. They couldn’t risk anyone finding out about this yet. After that, Sirius would go to Amelia while Frank would go to the hospital to make arrangements to move everyone there.
Sirius flooed directly to the main office in the DMLE and summoned both Frank and Kingsley. As soon as they both arrived, he brought them both directly into one of the secured rooms to avoid anyone overhearing.

“Sirius, what’s going on?” Frank asked once the door was sealed.

“What I have to tell you is major. Major enough that I have temporarily reactivated myself.” Sirius said in such a serious voice that his old friend was worried. “About an hour ago Sebastian, Severus, Remus, Bill, Lucius, and Unspeakable Onyx, who I should tell you Kingsley, is my younger brother Regulus, gained access to one of the Slytherin properties that Voldemort was able to gain access to. Inside we found a prison.”

“How did you gain access? Where is it? Have any of the prisoners survived? Why didn’t you call in Amelia for this? As head of the department she should be involved.” Kingsley asked rapid fire.

“Hadrian was able to claim the Slytherin Lordship by right of conquest and he has opened the wards to us. We have been systematically searching the different properties since he first took the title last year. All of the prisoners are alive.

They seem to be under stasis and coma spells and are having nutrient potions directly injected to their bodies. The reason I didn’t bring Amelia in on this is because her brother and his wife are amongst them.”

“Edgar and Sarah?” Frank was stunned that his old friends could still be alive, he had attended their funerals after all.

“Yes. We need to gather a small force of trusted aurors to check the place for any evidence as to who might have done this, but I don’t hold out much hope. Bill did tell us that the wards felt relatively new, but he couldn’t give us any specifics when he was taking them down. Other than the people, the place is completely empty.

Kings, I am going to put you in charge of gathering the aurors. You shouldn’t need more than a half dozen or so. Frank, I was hoping that you would speak to the healers at St. Mungo’s.” Sirius handed him a few sheets of paper. “This is a few of the scans we’ve run. From what Severus can determine, they are all in relatively good health. We will need room for 168 beds.”

“168?” Kingsley gasped.

“Yes. I am going to speak with Amelia once we start moving everyone. It would be better if the first time she sees her brother he is in the hospital. Kings, once you select the aurors, bring them in here so I can explain to them.”

After that, Sirius gave Frank the floo address to the castle, and Frank flooed to St. Mungo’s, while Kings made his selections and called in those that weren’t already there. After Sirius explained to them what was going on, they were all as shocked as the others had been.

St. Mungo’s

Frank walked past the welcome desk and went directly up to the office of the head of the hospitals
longterm care unit. Mrs. Fleamont had worked as a healer for over 70 years before she took over the unit. She still took shifts on the wards from time to time.

Frank had met her when he had been there.

“Lord Longbottom, what can I do for you today? Are you and Alice ok?” She asked when Frank came into her office.

Before speaking, Frank closed and sealed the door casting a few secrecy spells just to be safe. “Louisa, it’s good to see you again. Alice and I are fine. I am actually here for work. Earlier today one of our auxiliary aurors stumbled upon a prison that was set up by Lord Voldemort. There are 168 prisoners that have spent over a decade in magical comas. We need to quickly and quietly transfer them here. These are copies of the scans that have already been run.”

For a few moments Louisa Fleamont just stared at Frank before she took the scans and looked them over. The scans weren’t the best she had seen, but she saw no reason that these people wouldn’t survive. It was just the fact that so many had been held prisoner for so long and no one had known.

“I will assemble my best healers. Do we know the identities of these people? Any specifics?”

“I haven’t been their myself yet, I came straight here to arrange for medical care. From what I have been told these are people that were believed to have been killed during the war, instead they appear to have been kidnapped. A few that have been identified include Marlene McKinnon, Fabian and Gideon Prewett, and Edgar and Sarah Bones.” Frank told her. He could see the pure shock on her face. He more than understood that feeling.

Louisa jumped into action. After Frank dropped the spells, she started gathering her best healers like she had said. Within half an hour she had a team of 80 of the best healers in the country.

Since they were all certified healers, they had all taken oaths that would stop them from betraying the confidentiality of their new patients. When Frank explained what was going on, although they were all shocked, they were ready to get to work.

**Thurnham Castle**

James and the others all watched as the aurors and healers worked. In a quick, militaristic like fashion, the healers started moving the prisoners out. Being as careful as they could not to disturb anything.

It took only a little over four hours to move everyone to the hospital. Severus, Bill and Regulus went to the hospital with them, but James and the others stayed behind to keep an eye on things. They didn’t want to risk that one of the aurors were untrustworthy. They trusted Kings’s judgement, but they didn’t want to risk this.

**Bones Manor**

After making sure that all the prisoners had been settled in at the hospital, Sirius flooed directly to Amelia’s study. He didn’t want to risk leaving her out of what was happening any longer, she was likely to skin him alive already. Amelia might be an amazing auror, but when her family was involved she could be as vicious as any Black.
“Sirius, I was hoping you would come to see me. I got a notice that you had reactivated yourself. I was just wondering why?” Amelia said as soon as he sat down.

She was automatically updated when an auror was reactivated. She had gone into the office when he had reactivated himself, but he hadn’t been at the office so she had come home. The rest of the afternoon had been spent wondering what was going on.

“Amelia, I want you to listen to everything I have to say before you do anything.”

“OK?” Amelia was confused by the slightly scared expression on the man’s face. This man had faced Azkaban, what could she do that would worry him.

“Due to conquest rights, Hadrian claimed the Slytherin Lordship. For the past year a few of us have been checking the different properties.

This morning we went to start looking over one of the older castles. In the dungeons we found a prison that Voldemort set up. It would seem, during the war, he kidnapped a lot of people and held them prisoner.

There were 168 people being held in magical coma’s. Thankfully, there were stasis spells and nutrient potions that operated like life support to keep them alive.”

“Why didn’t you come get me right away? With something this important I should have been notified immediately.” Amelia said. She was still concerned about why Sirius was acting the way he was.

“You can’t have an official role in this case Amelia. I want you to come with me now.” Sirius got up and led Amelia to the floo.

Amelia was extremely confused by the way Sirius was behaving, but she trusted him so she did as he asked.

**St. Mungo’s**

Sirius and Amelia flooed directly into the newly set up ward. Curtains had been set up to separate the beds, but certain people were being kept together. Including Sarah and Edgar, and Fabian and Gideon.

Sirius guided Amelia down the ward to the sectioned off area that held her brother and sister-in-law.

“Amelia, you need to understand that the healers say they are going to be fine.”

Amelia narrowed her eyes before she walked through the opening in the curtains that Sirius held open for her. Her eyes immediately caught on a very familiar face.

Edgar.

Her beloved little brother.

Looking next to him, she saw Sarah. Her friend and sister-in-law.

Susan’s parents. Her sweet little niece who had grown up never knowing her parents. And now, they were here. Just waiting.
“Amelia?”

Amelia didn’t look away from her brother and his wife. She was afraid that they would disappear.
“What?”

Severus walked forward and into the little area. “I need you to give me a note so that I can go and get Susan from school.”

“What?” Amelia finally glanced to the man when she heard her nieces name.

“This isn’t something Susan should have to learn about in the paper. We have managed to keep this quiet so far, but it is going to leak out eventually. It would be better if we brought Susan here tonight. If you give me a note I can bring her here and she can spend the rest of the weekend with you.” Severus told her.

“Yes. Here.” Amelia pulled out a piece of paper and quickly scribbled a note to Pomona that there was a family emergency and she was allowing Severus to pick up her niece and bring her home. “Bring her here as quickly as you can.”

Severus nodded before he left. Amelia went back to staring at her brother.

Pomona Sprout’s Office

Severus flooed to Pomona’s office.

“ Severus, what can I do for you?” Pomona looked up from the marking she was doing when she heard the floo. She was surprised to see that it was Severus, he really had no need to come to her.

“I was just with Amelia Bones. There has been a family emergency and she has requested that I collect Susan and bring her to her.” Severus said as he handed over the note.

Pomona looked over the note and nodded. She called for a house elf and requested Susan to her office.

Susan was confused as she walked into her head of house’s office. She became even more confused when she saw her former potions professor.

“Professor Sprout, Professor Prince. Is something wrong?”

Severus stepped forward. He didn’t want the girl to panic when they arrived at the hospital.

“Ms. Bones.” Severus said in his most comforting voice. “Your aunt has requested that I bring you to her. I am going to tell you now, to limit your worrying, we will be flooing directly to St. Mungo’s. Your aunt is just fine. She has not been injured in any way. She is there visiting others and has requested your presence.”

Susan started to breathe again. As soon as the Professor had said that they were going to the hospital she had started to panic. Her aunt was the only family she had left, she couldn’t loose her too. “Ok.”

St. Mungo’s
Susan arrived at the hospital standing next to her professor. This ward looked different than any she had ever seen, but she hadn’t exactly spent much time at the hospital.

Standing about halfway down the ward she saw her aunt, she was talking with a healer. She once again became scared as she saw the tears on her aunts cheeks.

“Aunty, what’s wrong?”

Amelia turned at her nieces voice and smiled at the worried girl. “Nothing’s wrong sweetheart. Things are much better than they have been in a long time. Thank you Severus.”

Severus nodded at her before he walked away.

“Aunty?”

“Susie, sweetheart. I need to tell you that something amazing has happened. The night your parents were attacked the house was completely destroyed so no bodies could be recovered. Everyone just believed that your parents had been killed, but it appears they were wrong.”

Susan looked at her aunt in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“Come here.” Amelia led her niece into the little makeshift room. “Susan, your parents have been held in a coma for the past 11 years. But, I was just talking with one of the healers and he assures me that they are just fine.”

Susan stared at the people in the beds. These were her parents. Her parents were alive. Tears formed in her eyes just before she collapsed, sobbing.

Amelia caught her niece before she hit the floor. She had expected a reaction like this. She brought the smaller girl close and hugged her, running her hands down her back whispering that it was going to be ok. She too had tears flowing down her cheeks.

**The Burrow**

Bill was conflicted as he flooed home. He wanted to tell his father, so that he could be there for his husbands, but he didn’t want Molly to know. In the end he had decided that it was more important for his father to be there than for Molly to be left ignorant. Not that the ignorance would have lasted long, the hospital was already contacting family members so soon enough it would be in the papers.

“Bill, what are you doing here? I thought you were supposed to be in Egypt.” Arthur said when he saw his oldest son come through the floo. Then he noticed the look on his face. “What’s happened?”

“Dad, we need to go to St. Mungo’s.” Bill said as he went over to greet his father.

“Why? What is going on?” Arthur was worried.

Molly came into the room at that moment. “Bill, what are you doing here? Have you finally realized that the bank is no place for you?”

“He says we need to go to the hospital. Is something wrong with Charlie? The school would have contacted us if one of the kids was hurt.” Arthur told her. He was worried.
“Charlie’s fine.” He didn’t want his dad to worry, and now he had no choice but to involve Molly. “Earlier today a prison from the last war was discovered. Remus and a few others from my old team were involved and asked me to come home to help them with taking down the wards. The prisoners have been kept in comas. Uncle Fabian and Gideon were being held there. They’ve been transferred, along with all the others, to St. Mungo’s. The good news is the healers say they will make a full recovery.”

Arthur was stunned. Fabian and Gideon were alive. He felt happier than he had in a very long time. He had missed his friends so much over this last decade. All he knew was that he needed to see them. Now.

“Let’s go then.” Arthur got up from where he had sat down when he had first heard that they were alive.

Molly didn’t say anything. Bill could see the panic in her eyes as she watched Arthur. He withheld a smirk. Anything that could upset her was good in his books.

**St. Mungo’s**

Arthur rushed through the floo and into a large ward in the hospital. Looking around, he tried to figure out where his friends could be. Then he saw Severus standing off to one side, talking to a few healers.

“What brings you here?”

“Ah, Arthur, I figured you would be here sooner rather than later. Nothing is more important to a Weasley than family.

I was with the group that found the prison. I was just consulting with the healers on the best potions to use to purge their systems just to be safe.” Severus told him.

“Their this way dad.” Bill said as he showed his father towards where his other fathers were.

“Congratulations Molly. You must be so happy to hear that your brothers are alive and well.” Severus said to the still silent woman. He had never seen her quiet, it was actually a nice surprise. She didn’t even look at him, just followed Bill and Arthur behind a curtain.

As soon as Arthur saw his old friends he let out a breath that he hadn’t even realized he was holding. Moving forward, he brushed Fabian’s bangs away from his eyes, before turning and doing the same to Gideon. They had both always had their hair falling into their eyes and it had always driven him crazy.

Looking at them now, he was strongly reminded of the twins. Fred and George had always been more like their uncles than any of the other children. The younger set of twins, like the elder, had a darker shade of red hair than the others, they also had tanner skin and fewer freckles. Charlie had a similar shade of hair, but he had the pale skin and mass of freckles that were common in the Weasley family. Just looking at them, he could see little things that reminded him of all of his older boys.

Molly watched as Arthur, her rightful husband, looked down at the men that had once tried to take him from her. She was both angry and happy.
She really had missed her brothers. They might have had their differences, but they were still her brothers. Right now, she thought of all the good times from when they were kids.

But she was also angry. Even with the ritual still in effect, she could still see the love in Arthur’s eyes. He had never looked at her like that, even with the love potions. When she saw him brushing the hair out of her brothers eyes, she started to worry a little, what if he started to remember them, what if the ritual was wearing off. She was going to have to talk to Albus as soon as possible.

Bill smiled softly as he saw the look in his dads eyes. It was clear to him, that on some level at least, he remembered how much he had loved them. Now all that they would have to do is find a way to counter that ritual. He was also going to try and keep his fathers together.

Severus walked in and cleared his throat.

“What can we do for you Severus?” Bill asked. His father and Molly were still distracted.

“I was going to suggest that I go to the school and collect the younger children. Soon enough this is going to make the paper, and it would be better for them to hear it from you, rather than have to read about it tomorrow morning. I have already had to go and collect another student to bring her here. You might want to bring the kids home for the rest of the weekend.” Severus told them, and handed over a piece of parchment and a fountain pen.

“Yes, yes. Go and get them. Bill, can you send a letter to Charlie.” Arthur grabbed the pen and parchment and started scribbling out notes.

“Arthur, there really is no need to make such a big deal about this. The kids will be just fine.” Molly didn’t want to bring any of the children in to this.

“Molly. This is family. We can not let them find out in the paper.” Arthur was surprised by Molly’s callous response, these were her brothers after all. “How’s this, Severus goes to the school and gives the kids a choice of whether or not they want to come home for the weekend.”

Severus smirked slightly, he knew without a doubt that all the kids would want to come home. Taking the notes from Arthur, Bill and Severus walked out.

“You are going to have to keep an eye on her. We can’t be sure that she won’t do anything to keep them from waking up. Her whole little world is slowly imploding, that could make her extremely dangerous.” Severus whispered as they made their way out.

“I know. I’ve been writing with Charlie. He’s told me that Mercury and Silver, the two dragons at the Bubble that Hagrid was looking after, have been having a few issues. His old boss there, Nick, has been asking him to temporarily transfer back. He’s had everything set up so that he could come back here for a year whenever we found them. He will be able to keep an eye on things. He can be moved back here by the end of the week, until then, I can probably take some time off, my team is at least a month ahead of schedule.” Bill told him with a smirk.

They both went their separate ways. Bill to the bank to send a letter to Charlie and make arrangements with the goblins. While Severus went back to Pomona’s office.

**Pomona Sprout’s Office**

“Back again Severus?” Pomona said as her coworker returned to her office.
“Yes, I’m here to collect a few more students. I need all the Weasley children.” Severus told her before summoning an elf and sending them to get the kids.

“Severus, can I ask what is going on? You are taking three students from my house.” Pomona was getting worried.

“Just let me get these five off. Actually… Can you gather the other heads of house here, and the headmaster. I will tell you all together because I think we are going to have more students leaving soon enough.”

Pomona could only nod before the twins and Percy arrived.

“Professor Prince, Professor Sprout, you wanted to see us?” Percy said as soon as he saw them.

“Yes Mr. Weasley. Your father sent me. There has been a family emergency and he has offered you the choice of coming home for the rest of the weekend, or staying here.” Severus told them.

“Family emergency?” George asked.

“Yes, but you need to know, your parents are just fine.” Severus said, giving them a look.

They all caught on immediately. Severus could tell as he saw their eyes all go wide, and they gave him looks that were a combination of happy, surprised, and worried.

It took another ten minutes before Ron and Ginny arrived, both dragging their feet.

“I was brushing my hair, what do you want?” Ginny whined.

“And I was reading. We haven’t done anything wrong Prince. You can’t give us detention for not doing anything wrong. Just let us go back to our common room.” Ron said angrily. He had really been hiding from Hermione, that girl just wouldn’t stop trying to make him do his homework.

“Manners Mr. Weasley.” Pomona scolded. “Professor Prince is a professor here.”

“You are not here because you are in trouble Mr. Weasley. But if you would prefer to return to your common room that is fine.” Severus said, both of the younger children turned and started heading for the door, muttering under their breaths about wastes of time. “I will just tell your parents that you chose to remain here rather than going home for the rest of the weekend.”

“Wait?”

“What?” The two youngest Weasley’s said at the same time.

“There has been a family emergency. Your father has requested that you be given the choice to come home or stay here. I am to escort you to your parents, but if you would rather stay here, then off you go. I will just take your older brothers without you.”

“I wanna go home.” Ginny whined.

“Then, follow me.” Severus said as he escorted everyone to the floo. “Pomona, I should be back in five minutes or so, if you can have the others here, I will explain then.”

St. Mungo’s
Severus quickly escorted the children to their parents. Opening the curtains, he let them in, seeing that Bill had already returned.

“Kids, we have good news.” Arthur all but gushed.

Fred, George, and Percy couldn’t take their eyes off the two men in the beds. Their fathers. It was really their fathers. They were alive.

George gently wrapped his arm around his brother, Freddy had always been the more sensitive of the two, and he could feel that his twin was close to tears at seeing their fathers.

“Who are they?” Ginny asked.

“Why are we here? Prince said we were going home.” Ron said. He wanted to go home.

“These are your uncles. Fabian and Gideon.” Arthur told them.

“So?” Ginny really didn’t understand why these two were so important. She had been getting ready to go and watch her Harry practice with the Ravenclaw quidditch team.

“Ginny, your uncles were kidnapped during the last war. They have been believed dead for all these years, but they are alive. That is a miracle.” Arthur said, trying to explain to his daughter just why he had asked for them to come home. Looking at the look on the girls face, he felt like a failure as a parent. It was like she didn’t care about her family.

“Ginny, family is important.” Bill could see the pain on his fathers face as he realized just how self-centred Ginny was. “Dad asked for you to come home because this is a big deal. Uncles Fabian and Gideon were heroes during the war. The fact that they survived is amazing.”

Ginny just nodded and pretended she cared. She really didn’t, but knew that she needed to pretend that she did. Thinking about it, she thought she might be able to use this. If they were heroes during the last war, then she might be able to use them to get closer to her Harry. They would probably want to get to know another hero, and that might mean that Harry would come to visit them.

Ron just looked around. He had heard stories about his uncles growing up. From everything he had heard, they were a lot like his older twin brothers, and he didn’t need that. He had enough trouble with the twins he already had, he didn’t need another set to make his life harder.

Molly looked between everyone in the room. This could be even more trouble. The older boys were clearly excited to see her brothers. The problem could be Arthur and her babies. She could see the way he was looking at them. Arthur was obviously angry with how they were reacting, she couldn’t let him start thinking badly of her babies. She was going to have to convince her babies to pretend they were happy their uncles had survived.

**Pomona Sprout’s Office**

After delivering the Weasley children to their parents, Severus went back to Pomona’s office. She had already summoned the other heads of house, but the headmaster wasn’t there.

“The headmaster?” Severus looked to Pomona.

“He is busy Severus, he has many important jobs.” Minerva said.
“Fine. Minerva, Filius, I will tell you now. I have just escorted the Weasley children home for the weekend.” Severus said.

“What? You can’t just remove students from the school Severus.” Minerva was confused. Why would Severus be taking two of her students home.

“I did so at the request, and with written permission, of their father.” Severus snapped back.

“Severus, that is six students you have now taken to their families due to some kind of family emergency. What is going on?” Pomona asked, trying to distract her two colleagues so as to avoid an argument.

“As we all know, during the last war, many people simply disappeared. There have been many people who have questioned what happened to them. A small group of us have been using what we know to search for answers. Earlier today, we discovered what happened to them.” Severus told them.

“You have discovered their graves?” Filius asked, sorrow in his voice. Many students in the school had lost family to the senseless violence.

“No, we found the prison where they were being kept in comas. We found 168 people that were believed dead. The good news is that the healers at St. Mungo’s believe that they will all make a full recovery.

Amongst those that were found were Ms. Bones’s parents, Edgar and Sarah Bones. And the Weasley children’s uncles, Fabian and Gideon. That is why they have all gone home, their families didn’t want them to learn about something like this in the paper.

The hospital has started contacting families, so it will be out soon enough. I also think that more families will be requesting that their children come home for the weekend.”

“Are you serious?” Pomona was both shocked and overjoyed. Both Edgar and Sarah had been in her house, she couldn’t believe that they were alive. She was also happy for Susan, that poor girl deserved to get to know her parents.

“We are going to have to prepare for some excitement over the next few days.” Aurora said. “The students are going to be stirred up over this. We will need to try and keep them all calm.”

Everyone started making plans on how to handle the students while Minerva made an excuse and quickly made her way up to Albus’s office.

**Headmaster’s Office**

“Albus, Albus.” Minerva shouted as she came into his office.

“What’s wrong Minerva my dear?” Albus said as he came into his office from his private quarters.

“Albus, some kind of prison has been found. According to Severus, there were 168 people that were believed killed there. They’ve been being held prisoner all this time.” Minerva was excited. They could use this.

Albus sat at his desk and started to think. Minerva didn’t know, but this was not something he wanted to hear. He had known about the prison for years. It had been one of his backup plans.
Something to use to distract people, or restore his image incase something terrible ever happened.

Now, whoever it was that discovered the prison would get the credit, and not him. But, if he worked it right, he might be able to get some control over the situation. It was just about how the situation was handled.

He also couldn’t let Minerva know that he had known. She was a good general, but this was one thing he hadn’t been able to risk her knowing, there were too many of her former students in there. He had only let Alastor know about it. Alastor had been the one that helped him to check on the wards every couple months.

“This is good news Minerva. We will have to go and see who is there.” Albus was already making plans to go and visit the prisoners.

“Albus, Albus!” Came Molly’s voice just as she came through the floo. “You are never going to guess what’s happened?”

“Minerva has already informed me Molly.” Albus told the annoying woman.

“Did she tell you that my brothers were there. According to the healers they are both going to make a full recovery.” Molly almost whined. She never thought she was going to see her brothers again.

“Albus, we are going to need to make some arrangements. The other heads of house and I think that students with relatives in the prison will be called home for the weekend.” Minerva told him.

“I will request that you manage that Minerva, more than likely, most of the students with family members there will be from your house so they will need you.” Albus told the woman.

“Of course Albus.” Minerva said as she got up to go and deal with her lions. She knew that most of those that had fought against the dark had been from her house, so it was likely that a majority of those that had been kidnapped would be from her house.

Once she was gone, Albus turned to Molly. “What do we know?”

“Earlier today Bill, and a few others, including Severus and Sirius, discovered where You-Know-Who was keeping my brothers. The prisoners are actually in good shape. The healer assigned to my brothers says that they will be waking them up in two weeks. We need to talk about Arthur.” Molly told him.

“What about Arthur?” Albus was confused by this, Arthur really wasn’t important.

“Are you sure that ritual is still working? The way he was behaving was off. It’s like he still loves them.” Molly had a disgusted look on her face.

“The ritual can only be broken if the counter-ritual is performed on all three of them at the same time. So it is still in effect. You told me that he is off the potions, so that is why he is behaving differently. Don’t worry, as far as he knows, he and the twins were only ever friends. He truly believes that you were the one he married.”

Albus really didn’t care about Molly’s problems. This woman just couldn’t let go. She had been telling him that she didn’t love Arthur anymore only last week, and now she was worrying like a lovesick teenager. He just needed to direct her properly.

“Molly, I will need you to gather as much information on what is going on as you can for me.”
Molly preened with pride at the idea that Albus was relying on her for something so important.

St. Mungo’s - November 30, 2002

Everyone in the hospital was on edge. Today was the day that they were going to be waking up those that had been kept prisoner for so long. The unspeakables had been in and out everyday removing the bracelet leaches from everyone. The most frightening thing for many was that, according to the unspeakables, the bracelets spells needed to be renewed every two years. Since they were still active it meant that someone had still been going to the prison. But there was no way they would be able to catch the person in a trap now, everyone knew that the prisoners had been found.

As everyone had predicted, the papers had discovered about the prison the very next day. Everyday since, the papers had written anything and everything they could about those that had been held. All sorts of rumours were making the rounds.

Some believed that the prisoners were fakes. Others could be heard saying that they were collaborators. There were even a few that said that they were death eaters under polyjuice.

While many were busy gossiping, there were many families that only cared about their lost members. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, nephews, and nieces. All were in the ward. Because of that, many families had taken great offence to those reports and many of the papers were now facing slander lawsuits.

Right now however, all anyone cared about was those that would be waking up today.

Halfway down the ward, Susan Bones sat just outside her parents area. The healers said that they didn’t want to shock her parents to much. They had decided that her aunt would be their while they woke up to explain things to them before calling her in.

Right now she was worried. What if the healers were wrong and her parents never recovered? What if her parents were disappointed in her? What if she wasn’t what they wanted for a daughter?

Inside the curtained off area, Amelia sat and watched as Sarah and Edgar woke up. Sarah was the first to regain consciousness.

“Sus… Susan.” Her voice was hoarse from disuse.

Only a few seconds later Edgar snapped to attention and started looking around, examining everything like he was looking for danger.

His eyes caught on his sister. “A… Amelia? What… What’s going on? What happened?”

“Where’s Susan? Where’s my baby?” Sarah demanded.

“Eddie, Sarah, it’s good to see you two awake.” Amelia said in an attempt to be calm.

“Amy, where is Susie?” Edgar asked for his wife.

“Eddie, do you remember what happened?” Amelia asked him rather than answer.
Edgar thought for a few moments. “We were attacked. Sarah sent Susie through the floo to the Prewett Estate. Fabian and Gideon came to help… Then everything went black.”

“You were taken prisoner by Voldemort and his followers. You have been kept in magical coma’s for a while. The prison was just recently discovered.” Amelia told them.

“How long?” Sarah whispered.

“In four months… In four months Susan will be 13.” Amelia said softly.

“What?” Sarah gasped as her eyes filled with tears. “Where is she?”

Amelia got up and went to the curtain and called Susan in.

Susan walked in. She had never been so nervous in her life. She looked to her parents, seeing the tears in their eyes.

“My baby.” Sarah whispered as she opened her arms.

Susan rushed forward into her mother’s arms. For the first time since she was a baby, she was hugged by her mother. Feeling a hand on her arm, she looked over to see her father in the bed next to her and her mother, sitting with his aunt. Reaching over, she grabbed his hand and held on like it was her only lifeline as she broke down in tears.

A little further down the ward the Weasley family sat with the Prewett twins.

Fabian and Gideon slowly returned to consciousness. The benefit of them being magical twins was that they could feel and speak to each other before they even opened their eyes. This meant that when they did open their eyes, they were far calmer than most.

“Artie,” Fabian said.

“Good to see you.” Gideon finished.

“How many times do I need to tell you not to call me Artie, my name is Arthur.” Arthur scolded his old friends. It had been an ongoing argument since they first met when Arthur had been in his first year and the twins had been in their second.

“Fabian, Gideon, it’s so good to see you again.” Molly gushed.

“What,”

“What happened?” The twins asked.

“The dark side attacked and kidnapped you. They have been holding you prisoner and stealing your magic for over a decade.” Molly told them. “Even with all this, there are still foolish people protecting the dark. It is shameful how many people still encourage them.”

The twins looked to Arthur.

“It’s good to see you two again. Would you like to meet your nephews and niece again?” Arthur asked before he brought the kids in. Charlie had returned a few days earlier and gotten an apartment in London.
Arthur started with Ginny and went up. Ron hadn’t even been a full year old when the twins were taken, and Molly hadn’t gotten pregnant with Ginny until after that, so they only knew Ron as a newborn, and had never known about Ginny. They already knew the rest, although Fred and George had just been toddlers.

After introductions were done the older boys immediately started speaking with the men they now knew were their fathers. The boys wanted to get to know them better than they had as children.

Bill and Charlie knew them best as Bill had already been 9 when they were taken, and Charlie had been 7. But, still, they only knew them through the eyes of children. When they had been little, the men they believed to be their uncles had seemed like super heroes.

“So what’s been,”

“Going on since,”

“We last saw you?”

“The war is over. It was a miracle. You-Know-Who was defeated only a few months after you were kidnapped.” Molly told them.

“He was,”

“Defeated?” Fabian and Gideon were both shocked. They had seen that monster go head to head with Dumbledore and get away. So many of their strongest friends had fallen to that man’s wand.

“Harry did it.” Ginny squealed.

“Harry?” Fabian and Gideon said at the same time.

“Hadrian, Hadrian, Hadrian.” Fred almost snarled.

“His name is Hadrian.” George said.

“Enough boys. Like Ginny was saying, Harry Potter defeated him.” Molly brushed Fred and George aside as she went to stand behind her daughter.

“Like the twins said, his name is Hadrian. It’s actually Hadrian Potter-Black. Only people that don’t know him call him Harry.” Bill told Molly in a condescending voice.


“Of course I’ve met him. If you remember, I did my apprenticeship with Remus. I spent two years sharing a tent with him and his family. A family that just so happens to include his blood adopted god son, Hadrian. He’s the boy with the kitsune familiar that I asked the twins and Percy to keep an eye on. I know him very well, and he hates it when people call him Harry.” Bill told them all.

“What? You lived with Harry Potter for two years and never told me?” Molly was incensed.

“No, he lived with Hadrian Potter-Black.” Charlie said with a smirk on his face. “Like Bill said, his name is Hadrian. He’s a good kid, we spent a boys weekend in Egypt when I went to visit before I left for Romania.”

“Why didn’t you tell us? Ron and Ginny could have gone too.” Molly was angry now. They had been keeping Harry away from her babies, she needed them to be friends. If she had known, then she would have been able to arrange for the children to become friends before school, then they
wouldn’t be having any of the troubles with the boy they were having now.

“They were under secrecy contracts Molly.” Arthur really didn’t understand Molly’s obsession with the boy. “That isn’t important right now. How are you feeling?” Arthur turned back to his old friends.

“Fine,”

“But,”

“We’ve never heard,”

“Of a Hadrian Potter-Black,”

“Or Harry Potter?” The twins were confused.

“Hadrian is the son of James and Lily Potter. He was born in July, just after you were taken. On Halloween, 1991, You-Know-Who went and attacked the Potters. Lily and James were both killed, but somehow, Hadrian survived with only a scar on his head.”

“So you’re saying,”

“A baby stopped,”

“The most feared dark lord,”

“In history?”

“He is a hero.” Ginny sighed. “He is amazing.”

“Hadrian says that he thinks,” Fred said, ignoring his little sister.

“His survival was a fluke.” George finished.

“No it wasn’t. He’s a hero, you just want to make him look bad.” Ginny said as she stomped her foot.

“The twins are right. Hadrian said that he thinks it was either a mistake on Voldemort’s part, or something his father did.” Percy said. Arthur, Molly, Ginny, and Ron all jumped when he said the name, but the others didn’t show any reaction at all.

“Honestly,” George said as he rolled his eyes.

“It’s just a name.”

“And not even,”

“A good one.”

Fabian and Gideon laughed at the twins response. They too, had never understood why people were so afraid of the name. And if he really was gone, then there was no longer any reason at all. He was just a man. A man that apparently lost a fight with a baby.

The rest of the afternoon was spent getting reacquainted. Charlie promised that he would visit everyday after he finished work, and Arthur said he would too. Bill could only visit on the weekends since he worked out of the country. Molly didn’t say one way or another.
Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 4, 2002

James was once again sitting in a school board meeting with the other governors. It was actually starting to get a bit dull. Every six months, he sat in a meeting just like this one, and went out of his way to make Dumbledore angry. Quite successfully, if he did say so himself. But it was still becoming routine.

This meeting, he really only had two things that he wanted to address, and only one of them might upset Dumbledore. He waited until the meeting had been called to order and a few small things had been brought up before he spoke.

“There are two things that I feel we need to address. The first is the students who have had a family member returned to them. From what I have seen, many families have been attempting to get their children home on weekends so that they can get to know their lost family members. I know that they have been running into difficulties because there are rules on why and how often a student can go home. I believe the rule is that they can only go home for a maximum of one weekend a month.

I know exceptions were made when the prison was first discovered, and when the prisoners first woke up, but now the students aren’t being allowed to go home, and that is upsetting parents.

I think that we should make an exception for this school year, and this school year only. We would want to avoid any accusations of preferential treatment, so we would have to allow any and all students to go home for the weekends.”

“And just how are we supposed to get them home?” Emmeline Vance asked.

“For most of the students they will be able to floo home. I would suggest that they do so from their head of house’s offices. For the muggleborn, I think it would be easy enough to set it up so that they could go home too. Either by setting up portkeys or by having them side-along apperated by the parents of a friend.” James told her.

“I think it would be a good idea to let the students with family members that have been found go home, but it would cause chaos to allow all students to go home.” Albus said.

“Like I said, we don’t want to be accused of favouritism. I figured you would prefer it that way. You are after all, the one that champions the rights of the muggleborn. I am just worried that we would be accused of bias because of the fact that the only students that we would be allowing to go home are pure or half blood.” James said, raising an eyebrow.

Albus sat back in his chair. He really didn’t have a choice. Either he let every student go home for weekends, or none. There would undoubtedly be complaints if he didn’t allow it. If he only allowed the pure or half blood students to leave there were certain muggleborns, Hermione Granger in particular, that would complain. If that happened then there was no doubt in his mind that at least one of the governors would bring up the fact that he had denied the muggleborn students.

“I must agree. Given the unique circumstances we should allow students to go home for weekends. They will of course need signed permission slips from their parents for each weekend. We wouldn’t want any funny business.”

When a vote was called, no one voted against it.

“What is your second issue Sebastian?” Narcissa asked.
“I feel that we must address the defence against the dark arts class.” James said.

“What about it. Both Professors York and Lockhart are doing excellent jobs.” Albus said.

“Leon York is indeed doing an excellent job, but I have serious questions about Gilderoy Lockhart. The man is a complete fool. I have been questioning just how it is that the goblins in charge of the Helena Vault would allow the hiring of such a man, and was more than a little surprised to learn that the goblins did, in fact, not agree to the hiring. They denied you the funds, and rather than select a qualified teacher, you used other accounts to hire him. You do realize that you are treading dangerously close to having the accounts closed to the school again.” James once again raised an eyebrow.

“Gilderoy Lockhart is an amazing man. He is a hero. If you ever read any of his books you would understand just how lucky our children are to have a man like him teaching them.” Molly said. She thought Gilderoy Lockhart was the best teacher her son could ever have, she just wished that Ginny could be in his class too, she had written her horror stories about Professor Yorks classes. “If there is a defence teacher that we need to worry about, it is Leon York. That man expects far to much from his students.”

“I have been over Professor York’s syllabus, if any of his students are struggling, it is on them, not him. From the results he managed to achieve with his classes last year, it is clear that he is a good teacher. So long as the students do the work they shouldn’t struggle at all.

Lockhart on the other hand is a fool. I have looked through a few of his books. Sure, the man can tell a decent story, but it is clearly lacking in facts. In his books he discusses having to deal with werewolves, vampires, trolls, hags, and a yeti. If you know anything about those particular magical species you would know that almost every word he writes is false.

I will also say, as I used to work internationally, that man has an open arrest warrant in Peru. Something to do with attacking a man that fought off a group of ogres. According to the report that I read, he attempted to use an illegal memory charm on the man. After he thought he had incapacitated the man, he started claiming credit for the heroic act. Interestingly, he submitted a book about him battling ogres only a few days later. He then withdrew the book after the man he attacked was released from the hospital and filed charges. It paints a very interesting picture to me. I must question if there have been any other instances like that in his past.

There is also the fact that half of all Ravenclaw, Slytherin and Hufflepuffs that are eligible for it, have withdrawn from his class in order to self study. I will also point out that many Gryffindors have requested to self study but they haven’t been allowed because Professor Minerva McGonagall, as head of Gryffindor, has refused to give them permission.”

Albus started to worry. He hadn’t been able to test the brat this year, but he figured having a teacher like Lockhart would help him to keep control of the boy. It would also teach him about the benefits of fame. He didn’t want to lose Lockhart. He also didn’t need the governors getting anymore involved in the accounts that the students tuition went into. He had already been forced to use those accounts to update the library, he didn’t want to lose his complete control of them. He needed that money.

“You used school funds to hire a clearly unqualified teacher?” Lady Sophia Zabini asked in an incensed voice.

“He is qualified.” Molly argued.

“Then why have so many students left his class. If even the students can see he isn’t a good
teacher, what is wrong with you. My own son sent me copies of his assignments when he requested I approve his request to self study. Those assignments were a joke.” Sophia snapped back.

“How about a compromise?” James proposed. “The midterm tests are in two weeks. We will just have to hold a quick meeting before the students return from Yule break. If the students that are in Lockhart’s class do better, then we keep him, but if the students that self study have a better average, then he is gone and we get a new, qualified, professor.”

“I agree.” Alice said. She already knew the students that self studied would do better, Neville had given her examples of that mans idea of teaching.

The vote was held, and it passed unanimously. Those like Molly even voted for it, she figured that, given Lockhart’s history as being a hero, the students in his class would easily do better.

After a few more things, the meeting came to an end. James headed off to speak to his son, he needed to make sure that the students that were self studying did better, not that he had any doubts about that.

Hogwarts, Defence Against the Dark Arts Classroom - December 18, 2002

Hadrian looked around the classroom. This was the first time he had set foot in this room in months. He watched as Lockhart preened at the front of the class, while his assistant handed out their midterm tests.

When they were given permission, everyone turned their test papers over and got to work.

Hadrian smiled to himself as he started to write. This was all fairly basic stuff. He and the others that had taken to studying together in one of the unused classrooms had gone over all of this within the last few months. His dad had told him about the deal the school governors had made, so he had made sure that everyone studied hard. Encouraging inter-house study groups.

He could see that most of the students, those that had chosen self study, were writing away. But, those that had remained in that fools class were hesitant and seemed unsure, and were looking around for help.

Hermione Granger was momentarily stunned as she looked down at her test. They hadn’t covered any of this in class. It wasn’t fair. She had reread all of Professor Lockhart’s books over the past few days, and there weren’t any questions from his books on the tests.

She knew that there were standard tests for each year, but it wasn’t right. They should be tested on what they learned in class, not random things that they hadn’t covered yet. Luckily for her, she had read the defence books from previous years so she knew she would do well on the exam.

Ron Weasley stared blankly at the test paper in front of him. They hadn’t covered any of this in class. He couldn’t be expected to answer questions on things he had never been taught.

Looking over the test, he saw a few things that he remembered from those stupid notes of Percy’s that he had been forced to go over. He was still angry that he had been forced to study during the summer.
The DADA midterms practicals were held the next day. The results were very much like the written exams. Those that self studied knew what they were doing, while Lockharts students struggled.

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 29, 2002

James was once again in the school board meeting room. So far, the Yule holidays had been wonderful. James had always loved Yule, but now he enjoyed it even more because he got to spend the holidays with his family.

He knew that this was going to be a quick meeting, so he wasn’t too worried. There were no questions on the outcome of their deal.

Once everyone was there, James looked at everyone and gave them a disappointed look.

“It would seem that Lockhart is indeed a failure as a teacher.”

“Now my boy, that seems a bit harsh.” Albus knew that it was true, but he really didn’t want to have to let Lockhart go.

Sophia Zabini gave him a disparaging look before she looked back to the test results. “Then why is it that the average of the students that chose to self study, using Leon York’s teaching plan from last year, was 78%. While those that Lockhart taught was only 42%.”

“If you look just at the practical results the difference in grades is even larger. I do believe that means the man is a failure as a teacher.” Beatrice Parkinson added. She was less than pleased.

Her own daughter, Pansy, had chosen to stay in his class because she thought he was gorgeous. As an indulgent mother, Beatrice had accepted her daughters desires. Now she regretted it. Pansy had only managed a 48% on her written exam, and 39% on her practical. This seriously damaged her position in her grades ranking.

“As per our agreement, you will be letting Lockhart go, and advertising for a qualified instructor. I will remind you, to teach DADA at this school, a professor is required to have a mastery in the subject. The only time an exception can be made is if they are an auror. That man does not meet either of those standards, as such, he should never have been hired. The fact that you went around the hiring rules, and used other accounts to hire an unqualified teacher, shows a serious lack of judgment, again. I feel that we will now have to take a more active role in staffing of the school, we will also have to start monitoring those accounts to ensure that you don’t do this again.” James said.

“I agree. I will be submitting a formal request to the bank for a full accounting of the schools vaults.” Helen Davis said.

She was just pleased that neither of her children had been in that mans class. Roger was in fifth year, so he had had Professor York. And Theo, at the recommendation of his roommate, Hadrian, had chosen to self study and had managed to achieve over 90% on both his written and practical tests. She was glad that that man hadn’t managed to impede her childrens education like he had done to so many others.

“There really is no need for that. Gilderoy Lockhart is a great teacher.” Molly argued. She didn’t
like how these people thought they could get away with questioning Albus again.

“Yes, it is.” Amos Diggory said. “The man is a fool. My son has told me some of the assignments that others in his house have been given. That man required students to write a 3 foot essay on different material for robes. It is supposed to be a defence class, not a fashion club. I am just glad my son is a fifth year.

As the headmaster is on probation it is within our rights as school governors to step in and have an incompetent teacher removed. I will also be adding my name to Lady Davis’s request to the bank. That money isn’t some slush fund you can use whenever you can’t get your way headmaster. It is for the betterment of the school, and should be used as such.”

With all that said, the meeting ended and the parents all went home to their children.

**Headmasters Office**

Albus sat in his office and seethed. He had wanted to use Lockhart to keep the students dumbed down, he just hadn’t realized how dumbed down that man had kept them. Looking at the test results again, he was still surprised. It hadn’t occurred to him that less than a quarter of the students in Lockhart’s classes would be able to pass the midterms, he had figured it would have been at least half.

But, no. The students had done terribly and now he was going to have to fire the man and get a new teacher. He needed to find a way to regain control of his school.

Tossing the test results back onto his desk, Albus’s eyes caught on the newspaper. The front page was once again full of stories about the recovery of the prisoners. The healers said that they expected that the prisoners would be ready to go home by February. They wanted to keep them until then just to be sure that they would recover fully, many still had depleted cores and weakened muscles.

Looking at the photos on the paper, he had an idea. The first photo was of himself. He had managed to use the excuse of escorting the Weasley children and a few other Gryffindors to the hospital as a way to get his name involved with the rescue. He unfortunately didn’t have any real involvement, but it gave the public the perception he did. It wasn’t perfect, but it was benefiting him slightly. People were once again looking at him like a kindly grandfather, rather than a man that endangered children during the last school year.

The second picture was of Sirius. As lead auror that rescued the prisoners, he and the rest of his team were being hailed as heroes. Sirius had stepped back to allow the full time aurors to take over the investigation. He could use that.

The only way he could hire a teacher that didn’t have a mastery, was if they were an auror. Sirius recertified only last year, so he would be perfect.

Albus had lost a great deal of influence with Sirius. Andromeda hadn’t been able to gain any ground either. Neither of them had even managed to talk to him for more than five minutes, and never alone. But if he convinced Sirius to come and teach at the school, they would have more access to him. It would also give them some semblance of control over his children. Andromeda had been furious when she learned that not only had Sirius named Harry his heir, but that he had two other children, they couldn’t take the title because they were girls, but if either of them married and had a son, that child could claim the heirship. Andromeda had been planning on arranging a
The Burrow

Molly arrived home in a huff. Now her baby boy wouldn’t be taught by a hero like Gilderoy Lockhart.

“What’s wrong mum?” Ginny asked when she saw the look on her mothers face.

“The other school governors are forcing Headmaster Dumbledore to fire Professor Lockhart. Honestly, that man might have been the best thing that happened to the defence position and they are just getting rid of him for no reason.” Molly was not happy, especially when the twins started laughing.

“That man is a fool. I think he should have been fired a lot sooner.” Percy said.

“You shouldn’t speak like that Percy. Gilderoy Lockhart is an amazing man.” Molly told the boy.

“Which is why so many of his students failed their midterms. Just look at the difference between the twins and Ron’s scores. Ron learned from Lockhart, and the twins self studied.” Percy challenged.

“And just how did you do boys?” Arthur asked, looking to his three youngest sons.

“87%.” Fred said.

“88%.” George told him.

“Ron?” Arthur looked to his youngest boy who was suddenly trying to leave the room.

“It really doesn't matter.” Ron said as he tried to slip past Percy.

“Ronnie, what did you get?” Molly asked.

“Mum…” Ron’s neck and ears started to turn red.

“Ronald Weasley, what did you get?” Molly crossed her arms over her chest.

“If you don’t want to tell her, I will.” Percy said as he looked to his little brother.

“And just how would you know what I got?” Ron challenged. If he could distract his mother he might be able to get away. She had always told his brothers not to spy on him, so he thought using that might work.
“I know because you aren’t quiet. You were whining and complaining very publicly.” Percy looked back at his little brother. When he didn’t answer his parents he turned to them. “From what I heard him saying, the average of his written and practical was 19%.”

“What?” Both Molly and Arthur said at the same time, both turning to Ron.

“None of the stuff we studied during the term was on the tests.” Ron whined.

“You had Percy’s notes, why didn’t you use them to study. The midterm covers the same material every year.” Arthur asked in shock. How could Ron have possibly done so poorly?

Molly suddenly changed her mind. Gilderoy Lockhart had to go. He was risking her baby boys future.

Hogwarts, Defence Against the Dark Arts Classroom - January 6, 2003

Sirius stood at the front of the defence classroom and watched as the students filed in and took their assigned seats. When he had first received the job offer the week before, he thought it was ridiculous, but after talking it over with his family, he decided to apply for the job.

Him being at the school could only benefit them. It would allow him to work with Severus in ensuring that Hadrian was safe. It would also allow him to learn more information. Despite everything, Severus was still distrusted by many members of staff, but Sirius wouldn’t be. It would allow him to learn more about their plans.

Ragnock had negotiated his contract, so he knew that it was a good one. He had only received the final draft of the contract two days before. He had ended up signing the contract just before he went to St. Mungo’s.

Regulus had barely left Marlene’s side since she was first discovered. He had been the first thing she had seen when she had woken up. It had been more than a little shocking to her, as she had been told he had died months before she was attacked. But, now that they were together again, neither of them wanted to waste any time.

With the help of the hospital staff they had arranged a small little bonding ceremony. Only their family and a few friends, including the Weasley’s they liked, the Prewett twins, and the Bones’s had been in attendance. Amelia had been the one to officiate the ceremony.

They had wanted to keep it quiet, not only because Marlene didn’t want any more attention from the press, but also to protect Regulus’s anonymity. Although the ministry had formally recognized he was still alive he still wanted to keep a low profile. The good thing was that he didn’t have to worry about being prosecuted for his time as a death eater as not only had he used a goblin contract to get rid of his mark, but the head of the unspeakables had lied a little and claimed that he had been a spy working for them, like Rookwood. The fewer people that knew about him the better.

He smiled as he saw Hadrian take his seat at a table of four. He was sitting with Padma from Ravenclaw, and Fey Dunbar and Dean Thomas from Gryffindor. Sirius had made sure that neither Weasley or Granger were anywhere near his god son.

Once it was announced that Lockhart had been fired, though he was trying to spin it as him having been requested to assist with a leithfold issue overseas, all the students that had previously signed up for self study had transferred back into the class. Sirius now had completely full classes, but the students were going to have their work cut out for them. He needed to get the students that had
been taught by Lockhart up to the same level as the students that self studied. He had also had to
find a way to have them make up their grades. Half a fail was still a fail, and he didn’t want to have
to fail students just because Albus had hired an idiot.

When everyone had taken their seats, Sirius smiled. “Hello class, I am your new professor, Sirius
Lupin-Black, you can call me Professor Black. Now, we are going to have to get right to work.
Many of you are far behind where you should be.

As such, we are going to have to basically redo everything from the last semester as quickly as we
can. It isn’t going to be easy, but I believe you can do it. Now, I have copies of the book we will be
using.” Sirius flicked his wand and a pile of books levitated off his desk and went to each student.

“But what about our Lockhart books?” Hermione shouted out. She had had her hand up since the
new professor started talking.

“Ms. Granger if you have a question you must raise your hand and wait to be called on. I will let it
go this time because this is our first class, but from now on, every time a student shouts out without
a good reason they will lose a point for their house. We don’t have time. But, as for Lockhart’s
book, you can do whatever you want. File them under fiction, or throw them out, I really don’t
care.

These are the books we will be using. To get through everything, we are going to have to go
quickly. We have one month to cover 10 chapters. So you will have to do a lot of independent
reading. For the students that chose to self study this could be considered a refresher, so I am
requesting that you assist those in your group that didn’t self study. The way I have it set up each
group of four has one or two students that self studied, so I will request that you help the other
members of your group.

The people you are sitting with are going to be your partners for the rest of the semester. You will
be doing any group assignments with them, and you will be working with them in our practicals. I
am going to be assigning weekly essays, along with group assignments, to help us cover more
ground.

Also, I am going to be offering three extra credit assignments to help make up for the midterm
results. These assignments are not required, but for the students that were taught by Lockhart I
would strongly recommend you do them.

Does anyone have any questions?”

A few hands shot up in the air. Sirius pointed to Zacharias Smith first.

“Why do we have to do so much work? Can’t we just use the regular schedule?”

“Unfortunately, no. 40% of your grade comes from your midterm and final exams. Your final exam
covers everything you were supposed to learn this year, including what you missed out on last
semester. You will not be able to pass your final exam if you don’t know last semesters work, and I
do not mean what Lockhart taught you, but what you were supposed to learn.”

Sirius pointed to Lavender Brown next.

“Do you think we can really cover all of that information?”

Sirius smiled at the worried girl. It was clear, despite not being overly focused on school, the girl
did want to pass. “I’m not going to lie to you, it will be difficult, but I will do my best to help you. I
believe that with some hard work you will all be perfectly capable of passing.”
Hermione was next, Sirius knew he couldn’t ignore the girl any longer.

“What are our course aims? Are these the only books we are using? What sort of schedule will we have?”

“Well, the course aims are to teach you how to defend yourself. This year you are supposed to learn about vampires, hags, banshees, ghouls, werewolves and a few other dark creatures. You are also required to learn the disarming, tickling, banishing, and cushioning charms as well as the tongue-tying curse and the melofors and petrificus totalus jinxes.

This book will be our primary resource for the class, but you will need to use the books from the library for assignments and essays.

As for the schedule, what I have worked out is that this week we will review last years curriculum and cover the first chapter. For the next three weeks we will be covering three chapters per week. Once we finish that, we will return to a more regular schedule of one chapter per week. We won’t be able to go in-depth but it should be enough to ensure that you can pass the exams. I will be putting copies of the extra credit assignments on the back desk. It is up to you whether or not you do them. They are very specific about my expectations. If you want to pass them, make sure you follow the instructions. I will warn you, if you are currently failing the class, letters have been sent home to your families detailing how we plan on catching you up, and the extra credit assignments.

Well, let’s get to work.”

Sirius then got right down to business.

**The Burrow - February 8, 2003**

It was the day that the prisoners were being released from the hospital. After much discussion, it had been decided that Fabian and Gideon would be going to The Burrow.

Although they were mostly recovered, they still had moments of weakness. And, although they would be living at The Burrow, they would be spending their days out of the house. Arthur had arranged for the twins to join him at work, the excuse was so that they could get used to it again, but really it was because no one wanted them to stay home alone with Molly. It had been Charlies suggestion that they stay at The Burrow but go to work with Arthur.

Pretty much everyone liked the idea, but Molly wasn't fond of it. She didn’t want her brothers around her Arthur, and now they would be with him almost every minute of the day. Her love for Arthur may have cooled over recent years, but he was still rightfully hers, and she didn’t want her brothers interfering.

At first Fabian and Gideon had been hesitant about staying at The Burrow, but the older boys had talked them around. Bill had told them about the love potions. When they learned that Arthur had only married their sister because she had drugged him, they were furious.

How dare Molly do something like that to their friend. After that, they agreed with the older boys. They would stay at The Burrow to make sure that Arthur didn’t have to be left alone with Molly.

Since Ginny was now in school, there was no one else at home. Even with Charlie moving back to the country. He couldn’t stand the idea of staying with Molly, she wouldn’t leave him alone for a moment. Even living in his own apartment in London, she was driving him crazy, he had had to close his floo to her to get a moments peace, and she was still sending multiple letters everyday,
many of them howlers, and even going to The Bubble.

The Burrow was no longer the house it once was. With all the money Arthur was earning at work almost the entire house had been redone. It was still tall, and slightly crocked, but it was now in much better condition.

Over the last two months since Fabian and Gideon had agreed to move in with them temporarily, Arthur had arranged to have an add on put on the house. Now, on the ground floor, there was two more bedrooms, and a bathroom in-between them.

Molly had argued about almost every part of the expansion. At first she hadn’t wanted to expand at all. Then she didn’t like the building materials or the colours. After that, she argued that her babies Ron and Ginny should get the new rooms and Fabian and Gideon could have their rooms. Arthur had managed to stop that by pointing out that they had redone Ron and Ginnys rooms to their exact specifications only three years previous. Also, Fabian and Gideon still had moments of weakness so they couldn’t be going up and down the stairs constantly. Ron and Ginny had thrown fits when they were told they weren’t getting the rooms, apparently Molly had already told them she would make sure they got them.

When Arthur, Charlie, and Bill arrived with Fabian and Gideon, Percy, Fred and George jumped up to help them settle in and put things away. Ginny was pouting in her room, and Ron was doing his homework under Molly’s watch, so neither of them helped.

Molly had been furious when she got the letter from Sirius informing her that Ron was failing DADA. Ever since then, whenever Ron came home for the weekend, she would make him sit at the table and do his homework, the extra credit assignments in particular.

Ron had been so happy when everyone had been offered the chance to go home on weekends, now he wasn’t so sure. There was nothing he wanted to do at the school during weekends, he wasn’t on any of the teams or a member of any of the clubs. He had tried to try out for the Gryffindor quidditch team, but they hadn’t let him. They said it was because his grades weren’t high enough but he knew, and his mother had assured him, it was because Wood was afraid to lose his spot.

The only involvement in quidditch he was going to have this year was going to watch the games over the next few months. Because of all the drama this school year, they had postponed the quidditch matches. The second one would be taking place during the next weekend, and every other weekend after that. The first match had been the weekend earlier, between Slytherin and Gryffindor, Gryffindor had won by 80 points even with the Slytherin seeker catching the snitch.

That night, at dinner, Fabian and Gideon examined their family. They seemed to exist in two separate worlds. Arthur and the five older boys were all chatty and caring. They talked to and about each other, they also genuinely seemed to care about them. Molly and the two youngest seemed to be living in a completely different world. The only time they talked about anyone other than themselves, they talked about Hadrian.

Fabian and Gideon had met Hadrian when he attended the wedding of Marlene and Regulus in January. They had both liked the boy, they especially liked how happy the younger twins got whenever he was mentioned. They could both see that there was something between those three, or there was going to be.
The entire castle slept in late. The afternoon before had been the quidditch cup, the match had been between Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff. The game itself had lasted for over six hours and had ended in a score of 460-430 for Ravenclaw. Hadrian had barely managed to get the snitch before Cedric. The only reason he had was because of his smaller size allowing him to go slightly faster.

Even though Hufflepuff had ended up losing, they still held a giant party. It was the way of the puffs, to party, win or lose. With Fred and George in their house their parties tended to be the best in the school. In spite of their more formal attitudes, the Slytherins enjoyed a party, although they tended to refer to them as formals or socials depending on the event.

The Gryffindors had been happy to see Hufflepuff defeated. Their own match against the badger house had been a complete blow out. Their keeper, Oliver Wood, and two of their chasers, Katie Bell and Angelina Johnson, had been in the hospital wing due to a prank gone wrong. A still unidentified Gryffindor had booby trapped the portrait hole and the three of them, coming back from practice together, had ended up unconscious for a week. The final score had ended up being 20-390 for Hufflepuff.

And Ravenclaw had been celebrating their first quidditch cup in over a decade. The year before the cup had gone to Gryffindor, much to the joy of Oliver, other than that it had been a mix of Slytherin and Hufflepuff ever since Charlie Weasley had graduated.

The only student that got up early was Hermione Granger. She had things to do. Much like last year, things were not going the way she had planned. Hadrian still barely spoke to her, only giving one or two word answers when she talked to him. She had tried to brush it off as just his being shy to the other girls in her house, but she knew that even they had to be getting suspicious. Not even they could be that stupid.

Then there were her grades. They still weren’t as high as she knew they should be. The worst was DADA. Given the mess that Lockhart had made of teaching, her grade was far too low. She had done all the extra assignments that Professor Black had assigned, but even that wouldn’t bring her grade up to where she wanted it. That was why she had filed a complaint.

The meeting had been held the week before, and once again the school governors had sided against her. Professor Black had argued that it wasn’t his fault that she had almost failed her first semester. He argued that she could have chosen to self study on her own time, like many had, and that he couldn’t just excuse her grade because she hadn’t done well. He said that she needed to take responsibility for her own actions, and although she couldn’t be blamed for the headmasters hiring of an incompetent teacher, other students had realized his failings as a teacher and taken responsibility for themselves, and it wasn’t fair to devalue their work by giving her, and those like her, a free pass.

In the end, the school governors had agreed with him. They even had the gall to tell her that she should be grateful that he had offered extra credit assignments, as no other teachers did, he had even had to go to the board to get special permission to do so. The Hogwarts charter actually had rules against extra credit, Professor Black had only managed it in an attempt to fix the schools failings. They told her that there was nothing that they could do, and she should be grateful that he had even bothered to make arrangements to try and help those like her.

Hermione was glad that he had managed to get the extra credit approved, but it still wasn’t fair. The only one to blame was Lockhart himself, not her, and certainly not the headmaster. Besides, the extra credit assignments could only raise her grade by 10% for each one, and that was only if she had gotten 100%, and she had once again been marked unfairly, so she had only managed to
raise her grade a bit. Right now, she was barely managing a low EE, and she knew she deserved and O.

Since the school board was so biased against muggleborns, all she could do was study extra hard. She really hated many of the stupid rules that the school had, what made it worse was that they were new rules that had only been brought in a few years before she started. If anyone bothered to look, they would see that most of the rules came directly from the dark side of the board. Hermione really didn’t understand why people like that were even allowed to walk around free, let alone make decisions for school children.

Shortly before lunch, Hermione was joined by her friends. Ron still hadn’t learned to get up on time on his own, so she had made sure that his mother got him an alarm clock that would not stop going off until he got up. He hadn’t spoken to her for a week after that, until he realized that he wouldn’t be able to get all his homework done without her.

Molly had sent another alarm clock for Ginny just in case. The girl liked to sleep just as much as her brother, but she still managed to get up at a decent time. Though Hermione knew that was just because she wanted to see Harry. Not that he payed any attention to the girl.

“What are you doing Hermione?” Ginny asked as she yawned.

“Just working on our exam study schedule.” Hermione said, handing Ron a copy of the schedule she had made for him. She kept the original so she could make more copies, because she knew that he would repeatedly lose his copy.

“But the exams are ages away.” Ron whined as he looked at all the time she wanted him to do more work.

“Ronald, the exams start in three weeks, we’re already behind. We need to do well on these. Especially DADA. If we fail the exam, then we will fail the year.” Hermione huffed.

“Come on Hermione. We will do fine. Come on, lets get some lunch.” Ron started to get up.

“Just remember Ron, I worked it out, you need to get a minimum of 73% on that exam to pass the class. And, if you fail then you have two options. You can be held back a year in DADA, meaning you won’t be able to get your NEWT in it, and you will also have to be in the same class as your sister. Or, you will have to take the self study home school course over the summer. That means your mum will be your teacher, and the ministry will be the ones grading you.”

Ron gave Hermione a horrified look. Class with his sister or having his mum teaching him. There was no way he could risk failing that class. It looked like he wasn't going to have a choice but to study. Maybe he could convince Harry to study with him, that might work to make the idiot realize they should be best friends.

When they arrived in the great hall, they could see Harry surrounded by his so called friends. He never seemed to ever be alone, which was exactly the opposite of what they wanted.

They needed Harry to be a meek loner that no one really knew. How else were they supposed to be able to control what people knew about him?

Ron was annoyed as he saw that his three older brothers were all there. He hated the twins more
every time he saw them with his best friend. Just who did they think they were, taking his place next to The-Boy-Who-Lived.

Harry was supposed to be his friend, not theirs. He would make a much better friend then the twins ever could. Harry needed to be a hero, not some stupid prankster.

Then there was his position on the Ravenclaw quidditch team. Harry should be on the Gryffindor team, along with him. At least they could make Harry switch into his rightful house next year. Then he and Harry could play on the quidditch team together, and Harry wouldn’t be the only one getting praised for winning the game. Ron couldn’t wait until everyone knew that he and Harry were best friends, then no one would ever tell him no again, he would get everything he deserved. Ron spent the rest of breakfast dreaming about being famous, while stuffing his face.

Ginny was even more angry then Ron whenever she saw the twins with her Harry, it also didn’t help that when the twins weren’t next to Harry, Loony Lovegood was. She had repeatedly cornered the twins to tell them off for corrupting her Harry, and they just wouldn't listen. Harry was hers, and they were getting in her way. Right now the only reason he wasn’t sitting next to her was because they were both so shy. Ginny had repeatedly tried to go and start a conversation with him, but as soon as she got close to him she lost her breath and went red in the face. She could only assume that the reason he didn’t come to her was because he felt the same way she did.

She knew she was going to have to have a long conversation with the twins over the summer, making sure her mum was there and her dad was away. Her dad always took her older brothers sides, but she knew she could count on her mother to side with her. She knew her mum would make sure the twins left her Harry alone so that she could take her rightful place at his side.

**Hogwarts Express - June 28, 2003**

Eventually, the school year came to an end. Sitting on the train Hadrian thought about everything that had happened, and everything that hadn’t. He was just glad that he hadn’t had to face off against a demented basilisk. That had been dealt with quickly and quietly.

His papa had taken a copy of Salazars portrait down into the chamber. Salazar himself opened it. After that, his papa came back up, leaving the portrait behind. Salazar called for his old familiar, Asami, and spent much of the year just talking to her and calming her.

The Potter house elves were in charge of sending in food for her. The good thing was that basilisks had a clear set of eyelids that they could close so as not to kill or petrify anyone so it was safe(er). It took a while, but Salazar was able to calm her. She had been devastated for accidentally causing Myrtle Warren’s death, and she had spent the past 50 years alone with her grief.

Once they could verify that she was sane they set about moving her. Salazar didn’t want her to be trapped and alone anymore, so they arranged to move her to a nature preserve. They couldn’t risk keeping her in Britain, they didn’t want Dumbledore to know they had found her, so they sent her to the preserve in Japan.

Since Japan was more open to other forms of magic there were many animal speakers at the preserve. Now Asami had plenty of humans to talk too, plus a copy of the portrait of her old master. There was also another basilisk that lived in Indonesia that was male, so the preserve was already discussing arranging for them to meet and breed. Asami thought she might like the idea of being a mother. Although it wasn’t normal for snakes to stay and care for their young, Asami had learned her maternal instincts from watching over and protecting the human hatchlings that her
master taught.

Now that Asami was gone, the school was that much safer.

The school year once again had gone well for Hadrian and his friends. This year, even with all the quidditch practice, Hadrian had managed to get the top spot. Though he knew that it was mainly because he was able to get out of DADA earlier than the others so he was able to start improving his grades faster.

Hadrian looked around the compartment and was happy. His friends were all talking and having fun. Luna wasn’t the girl he remembered, this Luna was happy and had plenty of friends. There were still people in the school that tried to bully her, but her friends were always there to protect her.

As Hadrian was looking around, the twins smiled at each other. Their little soul mate was happy, and that made them happy. For them, this had been one of the best years. Not only did they have their soul mate, they also now had their fathers back. And they already had plans to divide their summer between their shop, spending time with Hadrian, and helping the rest search for a counter to the ritual on their fathers.

When the train pulled into the station everyone glanced out the window to see that there were a lot more people there than usual. It seemed that everyone wanted to be there to get the students from the train. For some like the Bones’s, it was the first time they were able to be there to pick up their children.

Saying goodbye to his friends on the train again, Hadrian hugged everyone, especially Fred and George because he didn’t want them to have to deal with Molly and their younger siblings getting angry at them again. This year, since they knew that there were going to be so many people, Hadrian’s entire family came.

Fred and George could see all three of their fathers and they smiled. The only problem they could see now was that Molly was constantly looking between their fathers and Hadrian’s family. She didn’t seem to know which ones she should be watching.

James watched as the train pulled into the station and smiled. This was the first time he was going to get to pick up his son from the station. The year before, as much as he would have liked to, it had been agreed that it would be safer for all involved if it was Sirius. But this year there were so many others that could distract any reporters that made it onto the platform so they had all come.

The girls had all been jumping around excitedly since before breakfast. When they were joined by the Malfoy children and Alice and Frank had brought Alex, they had only gotten more excited.

Molly didn’t know what to do. She had spent the last few months trying to keep her brothers away from Arthur. Now she didn’t know if she should continue to try and separate the three of them or try and integrate herself in with Sirius and Remus. Since they were Harry’s legal guardians, they would be the ones to talk to about arranging for Harry to come and stay with her, Ronnie and Ginny for a few weeks during the summer.

She really needed to make sure that Harry started spending time with her babies. What annoyed her the most was that Remus and Sirius were talking happily with the Malfoy’s. Didn’t they
understand that that family was evil, they shouldn’t be allowing Harry near people like them. And Alice and Frank were there too, what was wrong with them. Although, she wasn’t surprised to see Sebastian and Severus with them, she knew Severus was dark, so it didn’t surprise her that Sebastian was as well. The ones that didn’t make any sense to her were those oddballs, Pandora and Xenophilius Lovegood, were there and talking with the group.

When Hadrian got off the train, the first thing he did was bend down and open his arms as three little girls shot towards him. He knew that as soon as they saw him they would effectively attack him with their hugs. At least they didn’t completely bowl him over like they had the year before, when he had first come into the house, but he had been visiting them every other weekend for months so they had seen him more.

Looking over to his friends when he started to get up to move to his family to greet them, he saw that they were also being hugged. Lucius, Narcissa, Lyra and the twins all had Draco in a death grip. Neville had Alex in his arms and his parents were to either side of him. Luna was going back and forth hugging her parents. And Fred, George and Percy were all taking turns hugging their fathers and greeting Charlie and Bill who had come with them.

Arthur was standing with the group, smiling. This was what he had been missing. For some reason he felt like his friends being there was what he had needed.

Molly was standing back and watching all this with poorly concealed rage. She hated seeing her rightful sons hugging her brothers. Then there was seeing Harry behaving the way he was. Harry was supposed to be shy and love-starved, that would help to make him controllable. They needed him to be weak so that he would rely on Albus. This Harry was surrounding himself with dark people that pretended to love him.

She could see him greeting the Malfoy’s like they were family. What was wrong with that boy. He clearly needed to be properly educated on what was right and wrong.

Just as Molly was getting ready to cut in, her babies finally made their way off the train. She really did miss them when they were away, even though they came home every weekend. Rushing forward, she pulled them both into bone crushing hugs. She then turned to Hermione and hugged her too.

“Hey boys.” Bill’s voice cut into Molly’s mind. Looking over, she saw both Bill and Charlie were greeting Harry, Neville, and Draco like old friends.

“Hey Bill. Hey Charlie.” Neville said happily.

“How’s work Bill? Are you still working near the Valley of the Kings?” Hadrian asked. He really did miss his time living out of tents, travelling from one site to another.

“Yup. We’re just getting into a newly discovered tomb. You should see if you can come by sometime this summer to see. I remember how much you enjoyed our last boys trip to Egypt, although, this time you will have to bring the girls with you. I don’t think I would survive having these four mad at me again.” Bill said as he reached down to tickle the four girls that were darting in and around the adults in the group. Thankfully Athena, Ares, and Alex were up in the arms of the adults or it would be a complete disaster zone.

“We will have to see if we can make the time.” Severus said, he didn’t want to commit to anything in front of Molly. The last thing they needed was to take a family trip to Egypt just to have Molly
and her brats destroying it by showing up.

“Hadrian?” Luna’s singsong voice filtered through the chatter.

“Yes little moon?” He said, looking over to his friend.

“Don’t forget about the bee. Its time for freedom is coming. The nargles don’t want the wolf to jump to conclusions about loyalties. The bee has what is needed.” Luna knew that soon enough something major was going to happen again.

Hadrian, and everyone else that knew about Luna, took a few moments to try and think through what she said. The reference to the ‘wolf’ was clearly Remus, but they didn’t know what the rest of it meant.

“What are you going on about now?” Ginny sighed as she looked to her year mate.

“Be nice Ginny. She’s talking to her friends, just because you don’t understand doesn’t mean they don’t.” Arthur scolded his daughter. He knew that Luna was odd, but she was a perfectly nice girl, and he didn’t like the way Ginny treated anyone that was different.

“I understand little moon. I’ll make sure the wolf knows to keep an open mind.” Hadrian smiled at his friend, completely ignoring Ginny.

Fred and George pulled Hadrian into a conversation after that. Molly, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny all tried repeatedly to interrupt, but they just kept ignoring them.

Since she and the kids weren’t having any luck with Harry, Molly turned her attention towards Remus, he was someone that she had always been able to manipulate.

“Remus. I was hoping to talk to you. I’m sure the kids will want to spend time together during the summer. It would be best if Harry comes to The Burrow. We will be happy to take him for a week or two.” Molly gave the man a blinding smile. “I figure we could take him for the last two weeks of the summer and then we can drop him off at the train. There’s no need for you to worry about that. We could even take him shopping.”

“No thank you Molly. We already have plenty of plans for the summer. Hadrian won’t be able to come to The Burrow.” Remus told the woman, somehow managing to keep the growl from his voice.

“Really now Remus, Harry should come to The Burrow. He will be perfectly safe with us. It’s for the best that he come and spend some time with us. There is so much that we can teach him. Plus, like I said, he will want to spend time with Ron and Ginny.” Molly couldn’t believe that this dark creature was denying her. “I’m sure Albus would tell you, Harry would be better off coming and spending a few weeks with his friends during the summer.”

“We, don’t care what the headmaster would say.” Sirius said. “Hadrian is our child, he is our responsibility. We have plans for our family. So, no, Hadrian won’t be going to The Burrow for the summer, he will be staying with his family.”

“Sirius Black, don’t you talk about Albus like that, he’s your boss. He knows what’s best.” Molly was furious. Black was clearly just as dark and evil as the rest of his no good family. “He suggested that Harry come and stay with us, so he will come and stay with us. Albus only wants what’s best for Harry.”

“Albus is only my boss when school is in session. As it is now summer, he has no control over my
life, or that of my godson. Hadrian is our child.” Sirius indicated himself and the other three men.
“He is our responsibility. If we want him to stay with his family, then he will be staying with his
family. No one but us gets to say what he can and cannot do.”

Seeing that Sirius had Molly distracted, and Ron, Ginny, and Hermione were all watching them
argue, James started to move Hadrian and the girls towards the apparition area. Most of the
students and their families had already left in a hurry to get home and start their summers so it was
easy to get there.

“Where’s Harry going?” Ginny whined when she finally spotted him leaving.

“He’s going home Ginny, and his name is Hadrian.” Bill said as he rolled his eyes. He had enjoyed
seeing Everyone again, and getting mauled with hugs by the girls.

“You can’t just run away with him like that.” Molly tried to scold James, but she was blocked from
going after him by Bill and Charlie.

“Yes, he can. Sebastian is his family.” Sirius argued back as he watched James portkey away with
Hadrian, Cas, Ari, and Kali.

Seeing that Molly was getting ready to explode, Arthur stepped in. “Enough Molly. It’s time to go
home. Hadrian is not our child, he does not have to do what you say. Sirius, Remus, Severus, and
Sebastian are his parents, the choice of what Hadrian does is theirs, not yours.

Now, everyone grab your trunks and we can floo home.”

Arthur started walking towards the floo, both sets of twins, Bill, Charlie, and Percy followed him.
But, Molly, Ron, Ginny and Hermione stayed, attempting, and failing, to stare down Sirius.

“That boy is a hero, and needs to learn to act like one.” Molly growled.

“He is a boy, he acts like a boy.” Sirius snapped back. No one told his godson how to behave.
“Now, as Arthur said, it’s time to go home. Goodbye.”

Sirius and the others all turned away, leaving a fuming Molly with the three students. Molly started
to lead the other three children away, knowing that she was going to have to do something. There
was no way that she could leave Harry with those people, they just didn’t have what it took to raise
a hero.
Ok, so, a few notes before we start.

1. This chapter got away from me and sort of took on a life of its own.

2. I am literally getting on a plane and heading over seas in less than 12 hours and will not be taking my computer with me, so I won't be around for a while. While I do get home, I have to help my sister with the final preparations for her wedding, then while she and her new husband are on their honeymoon I have their kids, once they get back I have my nieces first birthday and then Halloween, so I am going to be very busy. So, I won't be doing any updates for a while.

3. With everything going on right now, I have not had the time to go over and edit everything, so don't be surprised to find errors. It was post now, or you would have to wait until at least mid November.

4. Again, crazy busy, so the next chapter is going to take awhile. But don't worry, I still have plenty of ideas and plans, this story is not ending, it's just going to be a little slower.

5. I had to break this up into two parts since there was too much.

With all that said, enjoy. (Final word count (In case you were wondering) 92,119)

Peverell Manor - June 30, 2003

Hadrian was sitting by the pool, watching his sisters swim as he slowly read a book. He wanted to be prepared for the electives that he had decided to take. What was worrying him was the number of new classes he would be taking.

Students were required to take a minimum of 2 electives, but Hadrian had already decided that he was going to take 9 of the 14 electives. Although he would be self studying a few of them.

Thankfully, he wouldn't have to do all the assignments for the classes he chose to self study. Because they were electives, and not required courses, he could just make a formal request to take the exam at the end of the year. The grade he got on the exam would be the grade he got in the class. The only reason he had had to do all the assignments when he had been studying DADA the year before was because it was a core class.

They had been given an electives sign up sheet before leaving school at the end of the last year. He had signed up to take alchemy, care of magical creatures, arithmancy, ancient runes and phys-ed. He would be self studying magical theory, magical law, comparative religion, and politics. The only classes that he wouldn't be taking were muggle studies, wizard studies, divination, language, and english.

While magical theory, and muggle and wizarding studies were all required for first and second
year, they became electives during third year and up. The muggle and wizarding studies class also separated and became two different classes allowing for a more in-depth look at each of the different cultures, rather than the basic overview that the students got during the first two years.

Hadrian already knew a lot about runes. He had spent years studying them as a way to calm his magic as a child, but he wanted to take the class anyway. Although the first half of the year would be dedicated to learning different runic languages, the second half would start on the practical applications, and that was something that he hadn’t had the chance to learn. Or, that was what the course description said anyway.

Now he was second guessing himself. He was worried that he had overestimated his own capabilities and that he would fail. When his papa had noticed how worried he had been, he had sat him down to talk. After he told his papa and dad what was worrying him, they had encouraged him and had also reminded him that if it was too much he could always just drop the class or switch to self study. That had eased his nerves slightly, but he still wanted to try his best.

The constant studying also gave him an excuse to avoid certain people. It had only been two days since the end of term, but he was already getting multiple letters per day from the bad Weasleys. Molly had even sent his parents and uncles a howler, demanding that they send him to The Burrow for the summer.

Both Ron and Ginny had also already sent him multiple letters each. All of them encouraging him to tell Remus and Sirius that he wanted to spend the summer at The Burrow. Ron went on and on about how they could play quidditch together, while Ginny was going on about how they could have so much fun with each other.

There was no way Hadrian was going to go there. He remembered just how jealous Ron got whenever he had anything that he didn’t. And Ginny, well, there was no way he wanted to spend anytime alone anywhere near that girl. The good thing was that she was still in her shy phase, so he had been able to avoid her for the most part.

Ministry of Magic

Percy slowly made his way through the halls of the ministry, heading towards Gerald Greengrass’s office. He had gotten a letter the day before requesting a meeting. Percy was a little confused by that. It had taken a lot of work the summer before, but he had sorted through almost all the outstanding paperwork. It shouldn’t have taken more than a few hours a week for a few months to finish off what was left.

So, he was wondering why Gerald wanted to see him. He couldn’t think of anything else he could do for the man.

Arriving at the office, he went to go in. But, the door was locked. The lights were also off. Knocking on the door a few times, he waited. But no one came to let him in. The office was empty.

Pulling out the letter again, Percy double checked the time. He was a few minutes early, but that shouldn’t have made a difference. Gerald, himself, had always been early.

Looking closer at the letter, he saw it. In the top right corner, there was a drawing of a foot. Something about that caught Percy’s attention. Forcing himself to focus, he saw a large room with a crystal foot. He could almost remember amazing things, and they were all in one place.
The Department of Mysteries.

Turning away from the office door, Percy started to walk to the DOM. He didn’t know what was going on, but he thought it might have something to do with what he saw there the summer before.

Arriving at the DOM, Percy went in.

Standing in the centre of the first room was an unspeakable. At first he thought it might be Regulus, but he was to short. Then the man spoke and he knew for sure it wasn’t Regulus. His voice was harsh and rough, it also sounded extremely old.

“Hello Mr. Weasley, right on time. I must admit, I am a little surprised. Although, Unspeakable Onyx did say that you would be able to figure our message out. But, it was a fairly simplistic message. The fact that you could figure it out proves that you are at least partially trustworthy.”

“How… Sir?” Percy was still trying to figure out what was going on, and why he was here.

“As Unspeakable Onyx told you. The magic of this place keeps you from remembering what you see here. The more you try to remember the more you forget. If you had tried to tell anyone anything about even coming here, your memories would have faded to the point that you wouldn’t have been able to make the connection between the foot on the page and the one in our main room.

Since you made that connection, we know that you didn’t try to tell anyone anything specific. Now, please follow me.”

The unspeakable led Percy down hallways, and into an office. This one was even more impressive than Regulus’s had been.

“Now, Mr. Weasley. I am Unspeakable Chronos, I am the head of the department of mysteries.” The man lowered his hood. He looked ancient. His hair was pure white, there wasn’t a part of his face that wasn’t covered in lines, and his eyes were almost completely white.

“What is it that you wanted to speak to me about, Unspeakable Chronos?” Percy asked in a formal voice. This might not have been what he planned for today, but he wasn’t going to risk being rude to someone that was obviously extremely powerful.

“As I said, I have spoken about you with Unspeakable Onyx. He has told me of the unfortunate situation your fathers find themselves in. He has also spoken very highly of you, and your talents.

Unfortunately, even we do not know everything, and therefore, do not know how to help you, but you might be able to help yourself.

You are an extremely talented young man. Talents that could help you go far in any field you should choose. Unspeakable Onyx has recommended you for recruitment. With your knowledge and power, you have great potential in these halls.”

“But I know many others who are much stronger than I am?”

“It is true. Those like your older brother William are more powerful than you, but you have what they lack. William, for instance, is extremely powerful, he is also highly intelligent, but his mind is narrow. He has the potential to be one of the best warders and curse breakers of your generation, but that is it.
But, you, can be so much more. Your mind is open. You have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Looking at what you have chosen to study both in and out of school, that is obvious. You have the ability to excel in every subject without sacrificing any of them. That tells me everything I need to know about you.

You see, it isn’t about just having the power to preform a spell, but having the knowledge of what spells to use.

If you put in the time and effort, you have the potential to sit in this chair one day. But it will take hard work.

Unspeakable Onyx has suggested that I give you a summer internship to see if you are capable of everything we believe you are.”

“Yes.” Percy wasn’t going to let an opportunity like this pass him by. The chance to learn even a fraction of what the unspeakables did was beyond his wildest dreams.

The man chuckled, although it sounded more like sandpaper on wood. “I was told you would respond like that. As he was the one to recommend you, you will be working with Unspeakable Onyx. You will be his assistant for the summer.

Officially, if anyone asks, you will tell them that you are working in the auditors department. No one will look to deeply at that. Your pay will be coming out of that office just to make sure. I do understand that there are a few members of your family and friends that know about Unspeakable Onyx, so we will accept them knowing about your job, but no one else. And, you are forbidden from telling anyone, if you want one of those that know Unspeakable Onyx to know, then he must be the one to tell them, not you. While you are here, you will be referred to as Apprentice Tesla.

With all that said, Unspeakable Onyx is here. He will deal with everything else for you. Enjoy your time here Apprentice Tesla.”

Percy shook the mans hand in a near state of shock. He was an apprentice in the DOM. He couldn’t believe it. Turning, he saw who he assumed was Regulus by the door.

Thanking Unspeakable Chronos, Percy said a formal farewell before following Regulus out of the office.

**The Burrow**

That evening, while everyone was sitting down for dinner, Percy still wore a shellshocked look. Arthur couldn’t stop himself from glancing at his son every few minutes during the meal. He didn’t understand what could have happened to make him look like that.

“Percy, is everything ok?”

“Fine dad.” Percy looked to his father and saw the concern in his eyes. He obviously wasn’t doing a very good job at hiding how he was feeling.

“So Percy,” came Molly’s sickly sweet voice. “Will you be going back to work for Gerald Greengrass this summer?”

“No, I finished that job last year. He just needed me to sort through the mess the previous Chief Warlock’s left behind. I went in today to see if there were any other jobs available. I got an
apprenticeship in the auditors department.”

“Wow, even I didn’t think you could be that boring.” Ron laughed at his older brother.

“Ronald.” Arthur snapped. “If Percy chose to work in the auditors department, then we will support him. You might not like it, but you do not get to decide which jobs your brothers take.

And before you start laughing to hard, just remember, soon enough you will be old enough to get a summer job. Also, you might mock him now, but when he goes to Hogsmeade this school year, he will have spending money.”

“What do you mean? Why wouldn’t I have money for Hogsmeade?” Ron demanded.

“Have you saved up any money? Your mother and I give each of you 2 galleons for your Hogsmeade weekends. That’s enough to get a drink at the Three Broomsticks and a treat at one of the shops. Anything more than that, you will have to pay for it yourself.” Arthur was still amazed sometimes at how little respect the younger children had for money, even after all this time.

“But I want to get lots of stuff from Honeyduke’s and Zonko’s.” Ron demanded.

“I want to go to Hogsmeade.” Ginny whined at the same time as her brother.

“Ron, if you want to do any extra shopping then you are going to have to earn the money this summer. Your older brothers all did extra work in the garden and in the orchard. If you spend an extra few hours out in the garden, and help with the harvesting before you go back to school you will have plenty of money in your account.

And Ginny, you can’t go to Hogsmeade until you are in your third year. You know that.” Arthur sighed. He couldn’t stop himself from starting to count in his head to see just how long it would take before both children whined to their mother.

“But I don’t want to work. Muuum, tell dad I don’t have to work.” Ron whined less than three seconds later, turning to his mother. But she couldn’t really hear him, as Ginny had started whining at the same time and drown him out.

“Muuuum. I want to go to Hogsmeade with Harry. It’s not fair that I can’t go and everyone else can. Make them let me go.”

All of the other males at the table rolled their eyes.

“Don’t worry Ronnie, I’m sure it will all work out. Ginny, I’m sorry sweetheart but your dad is right, you can’t go to Hogsmeade until next year. I will try talking to the headmaster to see if he will make an exception, but I don’t know if he even can. With the other school governors being so difficult, the headmaster is having a really hard time lately.” Molly tried to placate both children.

Ron was happy. He was sure his mum would just give him the money and that he wouldn’t have to do those stupid jobs his stupid dad wanted him to do.

Ginny, for her part, was still furious. She knew when she was being placated. They weren’t going to let her go to Hogsmeade and she knew it. It wasn’t fair. She wanted to go. Who did they think they were, keeping her away from her Harry? Ginny slammed down her fork, and stormed off up the stairs, pretending to cry as she did.

Molly got up and rushed off after her baby. Reassuring the girl that she would make it all better and that she would get to go to Hogsmeade. Ron wasn’t paying any attention to them. Seeing two
unguarded desserts had distracted him. Quick as lightning, the two extra plates were in front of him, next to his own already empty plate.

Before he could put his fork in the cobbler, the plate was snatched away. Looking up he saw his father looking at him with a raised eyebrow.

“You have already had your dessert Ron. Those are your mother’s and sister’s. It is wrong to take other people’s food.”

Ron was furious. His dad just didn’t understand. He was a growing boy, he needed extra food, his mum always said so. Slamming his fork down, he stomped up the stairs and into his room.

When Ron was gone, everyone else sighed. They really did love Ron and Ginny, but they made it so hard to tolerate them.

“Those two… I swear to Merlin, I don’t know what I did wrong…” Arthur put his head in his hands.

“You didn’t do anything.” Both Fred and George reassured their father.

“Yeah, it’s her. She treated them like babies, even now. They have never grown up. They behave like 5 year olds still. Demanding everything they see.

That isn’t your fault. You’ve been trying for years to teach them responsibility, but as soon as you turn your back, she’s there, giving them whatever they want.

Besides, five out of seven isn’t bad.” Percy told his father. He hated seeing how bad his younger siblings made his father feel about himself. There was just too much Molly in those two, and not enough of their father.

“They’re right Artie,” Fabian said, patting his old friend on the back.

“You’ve done what you could.” Gideon added, wrapping a comforting arm around his friend.

Before anyone else could say anything, Hedwig flew in the open window and flew directly to Arthur. Once he took the letter, she hopped over to Fred and George and started cooing at them. It was like she was trying to tell them a story. They both grabbed some of the trimmings from their roast and took turns feeding her.

Arthur opened the letter she had brought to him. He sighed.

“What’s wrong dad?” Percy asked.

“Maggie’s at the manor. She is completely exhausted and Sebastian was just letting me know that they are going to keep her there overnight. He doesn’t think she would be able to make it home on her own tonight, so he will be sending her back tomorrow afternoon.

He’s also requested to place a ward on her so that she won’t be able to come back. Between your mum, Ron, and Ginny, she has had to deliver 5 letters to them, just today. Sebastian wants to make it so that she won’t have to keep going back there.”

Grabbing a quill, Arthur quickly scribbled his approval for the ward, and an apology. The ward would make it so that whenever someone gave Maggie a letter addressed to anyone in the manor,
she wouldn’t leave. She would just sit there since she wouldn’t be able to deliver the letter.

Once Hedwig had gotten all the attention she felt she deserved for delivering the letter, she turned and accepted Arthurs reply and flew off through the open window.

**River Run Alley, Mischief Managed - July 13, 2003**

Fred and George were escorting all three of their fathers, and their three older brothers to their shop. Earlier that morning, Percy had asked them where they had been spending so much time.

The twins had been going to the shop to do a little work. During the school year, Remus managed the shop just fine on his own. And whenever he needed a little help, he would just call in James. But now that it was summer, they both wanted to spend as much time with Hadrian as they could, so they couldn’t run the shop on their own.

They had had to hire summer staff. Currently, Cedric Diggory, Oliver Wood, Marcus Flint, and Alicia Spinnet all worked at the shop. They had all had to sign magically binding confidentiality contracts to work there. Neither of the twins wanted to risk anyone learning that they owned the shop, at least, not yet.

Most would think that having Oliver and Marcus working together would result in a disaster, but it actually worked really well. They still argued, but it was entertaining for the others. They usually spent their entire shifts debating things with one another. Somehow, even when they agreed on something they could still argue about it. But it was all in good humour.

It was never personal. It had taken less than a week for the once mortal enemies to form some indescribable relationship that could only be called frenemies.

Having so many teenagers working in a shop that was owned by teenagers resulted in an extremely fun working environment. It also allowed for Remus to take most days off, and many of the days he did come into the shop, Hadrian would come with him.

But now, the twins were going to have to let the rest of their family in on their little secret.

Once Percy started questioning their absence, the others started asking them about it too. They didn’t want their family to worry about them, or start following them, so they had decided just to take them to the shop.

“Welcome to Mischief Managed.” Walking in, the twins both flourished their arms.

“Wow. Look at all this.” Fabian couldn’t stop looking at everything.

“Oh, look. Fireworks.” Gideon was like a little kid.

“Do you two work here?” Arthur asked, grabbing Fabian and Gideon and pulling them back before they could get lost in the little shop. Sometimes they were just too much like Fred and George.

“Kinda.” Fred said hesitantly.

“Come on.” George started walking into one of the back rooms that served as a lab.

“Boys, we can’t just walk into the back of shops.” Arthur was worried that they would get in
trouble.

“Yes we can.” George said.

“You see, we kinda…” Fred hesitated.

“We own the shop.” George finished for his brother.

“You WHAT?” Arthur was shocked. How could two 15 year olds own a shop?

“We went to the bank last year,”

“And got a business loan.”

“Then we opened the shop.” The twins said.

“What about while you’re at school?” The twins both smiled. You could always trust Percy to be practical.

“Remus manages the shop,”

“During the school year.”

“Boys… Do you know just how dangerous it can be to take a loan from the goblins? What if you can’t pay it back?” Arthur was worried. He didn’t want to risk his boys to an angry goblin. Defaulting on a goblin loan often resulted in decades working in the goblin mines.

“Well,”

“We actually only have,”

“About three months left,”

“Until the loan is completely paid.” The twins told their panicking father.

“What?” Bill gave them a critical look. “There is no way you could pay back a loan like that in a year. The amount of money it would take just to rent the place, not to mention supplies and staffing would have to be rather large.”

“Unless they already had money saved up.” Charlie added. He smiled at the twins as he grabbed one of the colour potions that had been brewed that morning off the shelf at the back of the room. “These started showing up in my final year. I heard that someone in Hufflepuff was selling them, but no one ever figured out who.

It was you two. You’ve been selling your pranks for the past four years, haven’t you?”

“Can’t prove it.” Both twins said as one, smiling at their brother.

“Nice.” Fabian and Gideon laughed.

“You two are even more like Uncle Fabian and Gideon than even I thought.” Bill laughed.

“What do you mean by that Bill?” Arthur asked his eldest son, giving both sets of twins a critical look.

“I heard a rumour of a mischievous set of twins collecting all the notes, assignments, and tests for
the old history class and selling them while they were at school.” Bill gave his fathers a vicious
grin as he saw that his dad hadn’t known what they had done.

“That was you two?” Arthur turned to his two old friends. He had known someone was selling the
information, but he hadn’t known who. He had even been sent copies each year.

“Like our counter parts said.” Fabian grinned.

“Can’t prove it.” Gideon finished.

“Nice.” Fred and George said as they high fived their fathers.

“I give up. You four are going to kill me.” Arthur smiled.

“No, they’ll just keep our lives interesting.” Bill told his dad.

Charlie was walking around the shop, checking out everything that his little brothers had invented.
Walking around one of the corners, he bumped into an old friend, almost knocking him to the
ground.

Reaching out, he caught the smaller man before he could hit the ground.

“Well, well, well. If it isn’t little Olli.”

Oliver looked up to see his old quidditch captain was the hard chest he had bumped into.

“Hey Charlie. What brings you here?”

Charlie couldn’t help but smirk at the blush creeping over Oliver’s cheeks. The younger boy had
had a poorly disguised crush on him since his first year. Charlie had always taken great joy in
teasing and tormenting the boy.

“I came in with my brothers. They wanted to show off a little. How do you like working here?”

“It’s not quidditch, but it’s fun.”

Charlie laughed. Oliver always had been obsessed with quidditch.

“Well, I’m working down the road at the bubble until Yule, so I’ll have to stop by from time to
time. I promise I’ll liven things up for you.”

“Charlie.” Bill’s voice cut through Charlies mind. “No flirting with Oliver while he’s working.
That’s for after work. What good is it getting yourselves all hot an’ bothered when theres still
another two hours before he can leave?”

Bill walked away, and Charlie turned back to the now bright red keeper and gave him a devious
grin.

“My brother is right. I should be getting back to my dear family.”

Just before turning the corner, Charlie looked back. “I’ll be here when your shift ends and we can
pick up where we left off.”
Remus walked into the old pub that many seventh years had always gone to. Abe had always been decent about letting them get some booze for a house party. As far as anyone knew, he hadn’t told on them, or if he had, no one had ever stopped them.

Seeing the old man behind the bar, he nodded at him. Hesitating slightly. With his heightened senses he could smell that the man wreaked of sorrow.

Remus ordered a mug of beer, and then went to sit at one of the back tables to wait for a friend, the entire time watching the old man at the bar. His friend, Sam, had asked to meet him here.

Sam was a werewolf that he had met years ago. He had helped him to escape Greyback’s pack. He had asked to meet with him because he had heard of some odd happenings with the pack over the past few years, but he didn’t know who to tell.

He was worried that Greyback was looking to replace the wolves he had lost to the cure. When they had been hunted, many had flocked to Greyback, seeing him as a protector. But now that they were safe and could get jobs, they were fleeing the man. Greyback seemed to be planning to replace those he lost with newly turned kids. Sam said, from what he had heard, Greyback was looking at attacking the Sea Cliff Home.

After Sam left, Remus stayed, continuing to watch Abe. The man kept reaching up to rub at his throat.

Remus had seen him do that all the time when he had been younger and had just written it off as a habit, but it wasn’t. Every now and then, he would see something sparkle around the mans neck when his collar opened slightly when he rubbed at it. Whatever it was, Abe clearly didn’t like it.

When the pub was empty other than him and Abe, Remus went up to the bar.

“What can I get ya, Remus?”

Rather than answering, Remus reached forward and pulled down the mans robe collar. Sitting around the mans neck was an old golden collar.

Looking closer at the runes etched into it, Remus saw many he recognized. Put together, they formed an enslavement collar.

Abe pulled away from him like he had been burned. A look of pure terror in his eyes.

Those eyes. Remus saw it then. Abe’s eyes were the same blue as Albus’s. They were related.

Remus quickly left after that. He made a quick stop at the DMLE to report to King’s what Sam had just told him. Apparently, Sam wasn’t the only wolf to hear the rumours. The DMLE already had over a dozen reports of the possible attack.

Then he went home to talk to the rest of his family.

Hadrian had told them about what Luna had told him. The bee. Dumbledore was an Old English word for bumblebee. Abe was the bee that needed to be freed.

He must be like Fawkes. Imprisoned by that old man. And they needed to help him.
Granger House - July 21, 2003

Sirius Black silently made his way towards the home of one of his students, Hermione Granger. He was under the Potter invisibility cloak, so he didn’t need to worry about the street lights.

Granger's talent at picking up spells wasn't natural. The girl wasn’t overly strong magically, and she didn’t seem to have a natural talent with the spells, but she had still always been one of the first students to complete a spell. It wasn’t normal, and he thought he knew why.

She had found a way to practice outside of school.

Once he was close to the house, he used a masking spell to hide his magic, and then started casting detection spells.

As he had thought, there were multiple wards around the house that would hide the underage use of magic. Sitting down on the grass, Sirius went to work unpicking them. He made it so that the wards would experience a catastrophic failure the next time the little cheat went to cast a spell.

Granger House - July 23, 2003

Hermione Granger was even more furious than she could ever remember being. She had already trashed her entire room in her rage, and now she had to clean it up, without magic.

The day before, after going over her fourth year charms book, she went to practice the summoning charm. When her first few attempts weren’t very successful, she had only managed to move her pillow a foot, she turned back to the book to reread how to do the spell.

As she had been reading, an owl had flown in with an official looking letter. The letter had been from the Improper Use of Magic Office. It informed her that she had preformed a summoning charm outside of school, and as an under age witch, she was receiving an official warning. The next time she did it, she would be charged.

Hermione had been horrified. She was going to be minister of magic one day, she couldn’t have formal charges on her record.

She had immediately written an apology letter, explaining that she had just been practicing her wand movements and that she hadn’t meant to cast any spell. Rather than being understanding, she had received a letter back saying that if she wanted to practice movements then she should get a practice wand, but the warning stayed.

How dare they not accept her apology. It wasn’t fair. She was sure those dark purebloods did magic at home, so why couldn’t she?

After that, she had written to Professor McGonagall and the Headmaster explaining what had happened. She was sure they would be able to make those people see that she didn’t deserve that warning.

They had written her back just an hour ago. The headmaster had managed to arrange it so that the warning would be wiped from her record with three years of good behaviour. But that meant that she couldn’t get caught doing magic outside of school again until then.

He had also checked the wards around her house, some how, they had collapsed, but even he couldn’t figure out how or why. The problem was that since she had been caught, she would be
watched closer now. There was no way new wards could be put up around her house.

This meant that she was no longer going to be able to practice outside of school. It wasn’t fair and Hermione knew it.

**Peverell Manor - July 31, 2003**

Originally, the plan had been to go to Egypt for Hadrian’s birthday, but they hadn’t been able to get away. When Remus had explained about Abe, they had known that they needed to save him. Not only because no one deserved to be trapped by that man, but also because he could undoubtedly give them all kinds of information about Albus.

Hadrian hadn’t had an issue with not going to Egypt. As much as he would love to do a little traveling again, saving Abe was more important. Besides, his dad and papa had told him that they would still be going to Egypt. It just wouldn't be until after Abe was free.

Over the past two weeks, with most of them working together, they thought they might have found a way to free Abe. It had been Percy and Regulus that had discovered the final part they needed.

Arthur, Fabian, Gideon, and the rest of the Weasley brothers had all been surprised when Regulus had gone to them and told them that Percy was his apprentice. Although, thinking about it later, it made perfect sense. They all knew just how much Percy loved to learn, and now he had a job that was all about learning.

The plan that they had worked out was a temporary blocker. It would allow them to keep Albus from knowing that the man they now knew was his younger brother, Aberforth, was partially free. Before they completely freed him, it would be good to know just who’s side he was on before they did anything to rash.

They already had a golem created. If Abe could help them, then they would have him imbue the golem with some of his magic, enough that it would be able to fool a magical signature check. Then, they would light a fire to burn the pub to the ground. To escape, they had goblin portkeys. Since goblin magic was different than wizard magic, the portkeys magical signature wouldn’t register if any checks were done.

If he could prove that he was on their side, then they were happy to help him.

This year, for his birthday, Hadrian had a relatively quiet party with just his family and friends. Or, as quiet as his family and friends ever got.

Since they were staying home this year, it was easy enough for the Weasley’s they liked to make arrangements to come. Although Arthur, Charlie, and Percy would have to wait until after work. Bill had even made arrangements to come back into the country for a few hours, before returning to Egypt.

The party was just a small gathering of those that Hadrian was the closest to. James and Severus had both worried that Hadrian might want a larger party, but he hadn’t. They knew that it would be completely understandable for Hadrian to want a party with his friends, but they also worried about it. Having large groups of people in their home brought with it too many risks. Hadrian had said that he preferred the family affairs that they had, it just felt better to celebrate with those that knew and loved him most.
Like it often was, Hadrian’s party was full of fun and laughter. Fred and George spent the entire
day pampering their little soul mate. Anything he wanted, they made sure he had. Not that Hadrian
really wanted anything other than having them there.

“Do you know what that’s about?” Arthur asked Severus. He, Fabian and Gideon had been
grabbing a piece of cake with Severus.

“You don’t know?” Severus was surprised. But then again, the twins had only told them because
they had confronted them.

When all three shook their heads, Severus lead them over to a private corner and cast a muffliato
charm.

“We confronted your twins last year about it. I think that’s the only reason they admitted the truth
to us. They have been keeping it a secret because they want to surprise him when he’s older.”
Severus said.

“How about you stop dancing around,” Fabian started.

“And tell us what your on about.” Gideon finished. Fred and George were their family, and no one
got away with keeping secrets about a member of their family from them.

“They’re soul mates.” Severus said with a soft smile.

“Wait?”

“What?” Fabian and Gideon were stunned. Soul mates were so rare that the idea that someone in
their family had one, let alone found them at such a young age, was astounding.

“Really?” Arthur asked, pure joy radiating from his voice. His precious little boys had a soul mate.
And that soul mate clearly loved them as much as they loved him.

“Yup. We knew that Hadrian was going to have a soul mate, we had been told by the goblin
healers that he would have one. But we never thought it would be a set of magical twins, but
apparently, it is.” Severus smiled as he saw the twins doting on his son.

Arthur could only smile as he looked at the same scene as Severus. His sons, his precious little
boys, looked so happy as they sat with the boy that was their soul mate. He already knew that those
three boys were going to be great together.

“Are we going to need,”

“To give our twins,”

“The ‘talk’?” The older twins asked.

“I don’t think so.” Severus said. “Sirius and I have already threatened them to within an inch of
their lives if they pressure him in any way. But, they have both assured us that there were lines that
even they wouldn’t cross. They both feel that Hadrian is still too young for anything more than
friendship. I mean, you can give them the sex talk if you want, but that is usually covered by the
sex-ed course that the students get in their fifth year. Which means, they will be getting that talk
this year anyway.”

Arthur just nodded. He was still going to have to have a talk with the boys, but he was proud of
them. Even knowing that they had found their soul mate, they were choosing to wait until he was
Hogsmeade, Hogs Head Pub - August 3, 2003

Early on a Monday morning, Remus, Sirius, and Severus went into the Hogs Head. James had stayed home with the kids. Since it was so early, they both knew that no one would be there, other than Abe.

“What can I…” Abe started, then seeing who it was, he visibly paled and started to panic.

“Hello Abe.” Sirius said. “Or should I say, hello Aberforth Dumbledore.”

Before Abe could say or do anything, Sirius and Severus went behind the bar and grabbed him. Each held an arm as they dragged him out from behind the bar. Walking forward, Remus pulled out the disruptor that they had made. Slipping it around the man's throat, he moved it down so that it would sit between the slavery collar and Abe’s skin.

“What… What did you do? What is this?” Abe had felt the slavery spells that he had been under for decades lift. He hadn’t even remembered ever feeling this free.

“That is a temporary disruptor. For the next hour, the slavery spells linked to that collar will not work. But, it will not register with whoever put that collar on you.” Remus explained. “We have some questions, and we need the truth.”

When Remus said that, Severus held up a vial of veritaserum. “If you can convince us to trust you, then we have plans to free you, if not… We will wipe this encounter from your memory, and leave you here.”

Abe didn’t bother to fight anything. These men were offering him a chance at being free. There was no way he would do anything that would risk losing that chance. He wanted nothing more than to be free.

After the potion had been administered, Severus started the interrogation, not bothering with any test questions, he had brewed this potion himself, he knew it would work.

“Who placed that collar on you?”

“My brother, Albus Dumbledore.”

“When did Albus place the collar on you?”

“July 7, 1904.”

“How old were you?”

“21.”

“Why did he place the collar on you?”

“He caught me planning to run away to France with my fiancée. He didn’t want me to be out of his control. I knew too much about him.”

“Who was your fiancée?”
Sirius was stunned. Cassiopeia was his great aunt that was still living in France. They had written a few times over the years, but hadn’t met since he was a child. She had had such a deep seated hatred of anything Dumbledore. She might not know that the only reason Aberforth hadn’t run away with her was because of the slavery spell.

“What was it that he wanted to hide?”

“Many things. He dated Gallert Grindelwald when he was in his teens. They had planned that war together, it was all just a game to them. He and Gallert murdered our little sister, Arianna. He betrayed Gallert when he felt he was gaining too much power. He kidnapped muggleborn students from Hogwarts and turned them over to Gallert to experiment on. He arranged for a student, Tom Riddle, to become a dark lord when he felt he was losing too much influence. He kidnapped James Potter and his son, Hadrian, and forced them to live with Lily Evans. He arranged for Peter Pettigrew to betray James. He kept James Potter prisoner after faking his death. He sent Hadrian Potter to an abusive home. He murdered James Potter after learning that he had arranged for Hadrian to be blood adopted. He…”

“Enough.” Severus had heard enough. Most of that they already knew. Although they hadn’t known that Albus had killed his own sister.

“Are you loyal to your brother, Albus Dumbledore?” Severus continued on,

“No.”

“Do you like your brother, Albus Dumbledore?”

“No.”

“If you could escape your brother, Albus Dumbledore, would you?”

“Yes.”

“Will you willingly tell us everything you know about your brother, Albus Dumbledore?”

“Yes.”

That was enough for the three men. Severus quickly administered the antidote.

“Is that enough?” Abe asked, shaking his head to clear it.

“Yes. We trust you. We have a golem all set up. All you have to do is imbue it with your magic, and then we can burn this place down. We can also remove that collar.” Remus told him.

“Not yet.” Abe said. “Albus keeps all his more questionable books here. Only his light based books are in the castle. Everything grey or dark is upstairs. You will need those books. I know that he has used a lot of spells and rituals out of those books over the years.”

“How often does he check on you?” Sirius asked, he knew they needed that library.

“He comes here every Sunday evening after I close. The collar forces me to spy for him, but I only have to answer direct questions, so I have been able to keep a lot of things from him over the years.” Abe told them.

“We can arrange for space expansion trunks. If we spend the rest of the week packing the trunks,
we can arrange your ‘death’ for Saturday. Our plan is to burn this place to the ground, so he won’t
know that we took anything.” Remus adjusted the plan.

Abe just nodded. For the first time in close to 100 years, he had hope.

Hogsmeade, Hogs Head Pub - August 10, 2003

The time had finally come. At 5 a.m. Sunday morning, Abe closed the pub for the last time. Once
the last person had left, he went to the back door and let four men into the pub.

James, Severus, Sirius, and Remus came in, bringing a golem with them. Remus quickly slipped
another disruptor onto Abe so that he would be able to help them with his escape. One of the
compulsions on his collar was that he was never to try to escape.

While Abe set about pouring some of his magic into the golem, the others went upstairs to deal
with the trunks. The only thing they had left to add to the trunks was the portrait of Arianna. Abe
had left it on the wall so that no one would notice anything was different. The portrait was added to
Abe’s personal trunk that was sent to Abe’s new home, before the rest of the trunks were sent to
the DOM. It had been decided that Regulus would be the best one for the job of dealing with the
books. Between him and Percy, the others had no doubt that they would make great use of all the
books.

Once all the trunks were gone, a fire was started. The flames were magical, and wouldn’t produce
any smoke. By the time anyone realized that there was a fire in the pub, it would be too late to stop
it.

James, Severus, and Remus all portkeyed out. It had been decided that Sirius would be the one to
take Abe out.

When Sirius had learned that Abe had been engaged with his great aunt, he had contacted the
woman. Cassiopeia lived at the vineyard that the Black family owned in the south of France.

Upon learning that the only reason her love had abandoned her was because he had been enslaved
by his own brother, Cassiopeia was equal parts heartbroken and furious.

She had thought so many terrible things about Aberforth over the decades. She had cursed him
until her jaw was sore. And now she knew he had never meant to hurt her. If it was possible for
such a proud woman, she felt guilty.

She wanted him with her.

Because of that, the portkey that Sirius had would take him and Abe directly to her. He had a
second portkey that would bring him home. He didn’t want to be there for that reunion.

Once the others were gone, Sirius turned to Abe. He used spells to keep the magical flames from
burning them, they went over to where the golem lay behind the bar.

They waited a few moments, until the flames had caught on the support beam of the ceiling. Once
that happened, Sirius made quick work of removing the collar from Abe and transferring it to the
golem.

With that done, they portkeyed out.
France, Marseille, Black Vineyard

Arriving at the vineyard that Cassiopeia had claimed as her own so long ago, Sirius took a few steps away from Abe.

“Where are we?” Abe looked to Sirius.

Sirius just smiled before portkeying away.

“What… Sirius?” Abe was confused. Where had he been taken? And, why?

“Abe?”

A soft voice interrupted his confusion. Turning around, Abe saw someone he never thought he would see again. Cassiopeia Black. It may have been almost a hundred years since they had last seen each other, but he would know her anywhere.

“Cass?”

The prim, proper, and frigid pureblood woman did the last thing anyone would ever expect of someone as proud as her. She broke down into tears as she rushed forward to embrace her first and only love.

Hogwarts, Headmasters Office

Albus was fast asleep when he was suddenly jerked awake. Something was wrong.

Going over all the different spells that he had attached to himself, he found what was wrong. Aberforth wasn’t wearing his collar.

Getting up as quickly as he could, Albus darted down threw the castle towards Hogsmeade. This was one of the times he hated how big the castle was. Even moving as quickly as he could, it still took him almost 20 minutes to get down to the town.

The Hogs Head Pub was completely in flames.

Looking around, Albus ducked back into the early morning shadows. He didn’t want anyone to see him.

He knew what had to have happened. Aberforth hadn’t taken off the collar, he had died. It was the only way for the collar to stop working.

Now he had a new problem. Although the pub wasn’t registered in his name, it was in Aberforth’s. It wouldn’t be long before it was linked to him.

The pub was well known in certain circles. Everyone in Hogsmeade knew that that pub catered specifically to a darker clientele. Which meant that he was going to be linked to a dark business.

Then there was the loss of information. By forcing Aberforth to spy on his patrons, Albus had learned a great deal. Now that source of information was lost to him.

The worst part, was the loss of the library. He had kept so much information in the upstairs
apartment. All that information, gone. Albus was furious over the loss.

The only good thing was that he never had to worry about Aberforth getting free and betraying him.

He was going to have to make plans that could spin this in a way that presented him in a positive light. He was also going to need to find a way to get that collar back.

Slipping away before anyone noticed him, Albus made his way back up to his office. He needed to get everything in place for when the aurors came to make the notification that his brother had died.

Sea Cliff House - August 12, 2003

Just before midnight, under the light of the full moon, a pack of 16 werewolves slipped towards a large building that smelled of children. All in a state of madness and rage.

When the cure had first been offered, Greyback had made sure that those in his pack had nothing to do with it. They had shunned society completely for years, so the goblins had had no way to contact most of those in the pack. Greyback didn’t want anyone to have the cure, he loved the madness his wolf brought on.

Even with him keeping his pack so isolated, and forbidding them from using the potion, many had gone and gotten the cure. Now, the once mighty pack of 47 wolves, only had 16.

But they were going to change that.

That night, just before the moon rose, they had made their way to the area where they had learned the orphanage was. The smell of the children would draw their wolves towards them.

Earlier in the week, one of the more powerful wizards in the pack had gone to check the wards. They were pathetically weak. There was no evidence of any dark creatures being warded out, the fools obviously didn’t think they were a threat.

After the blissful agony of the change passed, the insanity of the wolves kicked in. They could smell humans.

Making their way, fast and silently, towards the manor house. Running over the weak ward line, they moved forward.

Until they slammed into a solid barrier. There was a second layer of wards.

With the second layer triggered, the weak first layer strengthened, sealing the wolves in. Barriers started to form from one layer of wards to the other, boxing them in. Once they were boxed in, the wards all started to move in, shrinking the space.

Inside the slowly shrinking area, the wolves thrashed around. Trying, and failing, to find a way out.

Two dozen aurors came out of the manor and made their way to where the wolves were trapped. The magic of a werewolf made them exceptionally strong and resistant to almost all spells and potions, but the aurors had found a way around that.

King’s and Frank both stepped forward, tranq guns in hand. Sometimes the best thing to do, was the last thing that was expected. Werewolves were resistant to magical tranquillizers, but not
muggle ones. Each gun held a dozen darts filled with elephant tranquillizers.

After each shot, they would wait until the wolves had collapsed to the ground, before they fired again. They didn’t want to risk any of them not being drugged. This was one time the wolves madness worked in their favour. They didn’t have the strength of mind to figure out how to pretend they were drugged.

Once all the wolves were down, cages were levitated in. No one was going to risk passing the ward line, even with the wolves being drugged. Even with the drugs they were still dangerous, all it took was one bite.

Each wolf was separated and held in a cage. When morning came, they would be formally charged with attempted mass murder. They already had plans for when the moon rose next month. Each of the werewolves would be forced to accept the cure. Special cells were currently being prepared in Azkaban to hold them.

King’s smiled to Frank once all the wolves had been contained. They had been preparing for this ever since Remus had come to King’s with the information.

Going back inside the manor, both men looked around. It really was a nice place. Light and airy. A good place for a child to grow up.

But, right now, the manor was silent. Not a single sound associated with a child within the house.

The 38 children that called the Sea Cliff House home, were not there. No one had been willing to risk the children, even if they were confident that they would be able to capture Greyback and his pack.

All the children were currently enjoying a week in the manor houses that were built on the Malfoy’s private island just off the coast of Greece.

**Luxor, Egypt - August 14, 2003**

Hadrian was enjoying traveling once again, but it wasn’t the same as it had been. Like had happened the year before, when they had gone to Black Island for his birthday, Hadrian felt like something was missing. He missed the twins, it wasn’t too bad, he still had fun, it was just always there, in the back of his mind. Another change was the girls. In the years since they had moved into a proper home, the girls had only continued to grow.

A room that had once been easily big enough for the three of them, was now getting small. They had had to have the wall separating the girls room from the spare room removed so that all three of them could fit in comfortably, although, more often than not, there were four of them as Lyra had come to Egypt with her family and preferred to stay in with her cousins.

Frank had come to join them all the day after the failed attack on the Sea Cliff House. Everyone was glad to hear that not only had the attack failed, but the aurors had managed to catch every single one of the rogue wolves.

Like Hadrian, Draco and Neville were enjoying their vacation. It had been years since they could really travel, and they found they still enjoyed it. It also helped that they were with their friends and family. Having to spend so much time away from their family was even harder then they had
thought it would be.

The good thing for Hadrian, was that the twins and their family were planning on coming to Egypt for the weekend. Even better, Molly, Ron, and Ginny, weren’t planning on arriving until Monday afternoon, after Hadrian and his family had arranged to leave.

Since arriving in Egypt the week before, Bill had been showing everyone around. James, Severus, Sirius, and Remus had happily thrown themselves back into curse breaking. It may have started out just as a reason to be out of the country, but they really had enjoyed it.

All seven children were enjoying themselves with all that they could see and do. Hadrian and his friends were having a great deal of fun exploring the parts of the tombs that were open. They were all fascinated by everything, just like they had been every time they got to explore the tombs Hadrian’s fathers were working on.

For the girls, it was different. They were still so young that it was all just one big adventure. Kali, Cas, and Ari, all remembered all the traveling they did when they were younger, but it was the hazy memories of young children. They had only been 4 when they moved into the manor. Now, at six, they were old enough to properly process what was going on around them.

And, for little Athena, Ares, and Alex, it was an almost completely new experience. Although, they were still only three, so there wasn’t much they could do. All that really registered for them was that it was hot and there was lots of sand to play in.

**The Burrow - August 15, 2003**

After coming home from work, Arthur, Fabian, Gideon, Charlie, Percy, Fred, and George, all packed their things for Egypt. Arthur and Charlie had both taken a week off so they would be able to stay with Bill. But, Percy and the twins hadn’t been able too.

Percy, because he was only interning, and had too much to do. They had just gotten a large shipment of books. Regulus had told him about what had happened with Abe. Percy hadn’t thought he could possibly think less of the headmaster, but he had been wrong.

What kind of man enslaved his own brother? Over the years, he had learned more and more about what the headmaster had done, and he hated the man for it.

He knew that they had no evidence that it had been the headmaster that had preformed the ritual on his fathers, but he didn’t think it could have been anyone else. Molly wasn’t strong enough to do something like that on her own, not to mention, there was no way she could have found a ritual like that.

Those books might hold the key to helping his fathers, and he didn’t want to stop until he found what he was looking for.

Fred and George just couldn’t stand the idea of being separated from their soul mate for another week. They wanted to be their for their family, but their dad had assured them that they understood.

For Fabian and Gideon, this was something that they knew they had to do. They had gotten the joy of listening to Molly give a half hour long rant about how Bill was wasting his life and how being a curse breaker was a foolish career. It devastated them both to see her do that to her son.
They both loved Bill as if he were their own, and they hated seeing his mother, a woman that should have given him nothing but support treat him that way. This trip wasn’t just about doing a bit of travelling and seeing Bill doing his job, it was about showing him their support.

Once they were all ready to go, they went down into the kitchen.

“Are you sure you three don’t want to come with us?” Arthur asked Molly and the two younger kids. He was still hopeful that Ron or Ginny would come with them. It really did hurt that his two youngest children didn’t seem to like spending any time with him.

He understood that they were angry when he had to tell them no, but still… Over the years he had had to tell the five older boys no a lot, but they still liked him. Maybe they just needed to grow up a little more, maybe, one day, they would understand that he was just trying to help them to grow up to be good people.

“No, Arthur.” Molly said. As much as she didn’t want to leave Arthur alone with her brothers any longer than she had too there were things they needed to do.

The first time she had given Maggie a letter for Remus and Sirius, explaining that Harry needed to come over and stay with her babies, and Maggie hadn’t flown off, she had been confused. When Arthur had explained that he gave permission for those dark wizards to place a ward around the owl to stop her from delivering any of her letters to them, she had been furious. How dare they stop her and her babies from writing Harry.

Harry was meant to be her babies best friend and husband, he needed to spend time to get to know them better. All it would take was a little time together and she was sure Harry would realize just how perfect her babies were for him.

Now they couldn’t even write to him. And none of the other boys would even let them use one of their owls. Going so far as to tell their owls not to deliver any letters from them, even if they managed to catch them. Neither of the owls would even let them close.

“We have a few things that we need to do, and then we will be arriving in Egypt Monday afternoon.” Molly gave a sweet smile. In truth, she really didn’t even want to go, but she had to pretend she did.

The idea of spending a week in a hot desert wasn’t something that sounded fun to her. But her babies had convinced her to let them go, and she wasn’t going to let them go without her. Ginny wanted to go, because she had heard Harry was going to be there. And Ron, because he had heard Harry would be there and he thought it would be great to rub in everyones faces.

When they had gone to Diagon Alley the week earlier to look at a few things, Molly and the two kids had overheard a conversation between Frank Longbottom and Remus. They had been talking about the trip they were planning with the kids. They had said that they were thinking about being in Egypt between 16-23 that month.

It was exactly what they needed. An entire week with Harry in a camp. It would be a little annoying, having the Longbottom’s there, but it also might be a good thing. Molly was sure that she could convince Frank and Alice to come back to the side of the light, and her babies would be able to show Harry and Neville the proper way to be light wizards.

What none of them knew was that that conversation had been a set up. Frank and Remus had
wanted Molly and her brats to think they would be in Egypt a week after they were really planning on going.


“We’re coming with mum.” Ginny told him.

Arthur softly sighed. Ever since the beginning of the summer he had gone out of his way to try and get closer with his younger two children, and so far, no luck. He really did want to try, but they weren’t making it easy, and he wasn’t willing to just give them whatever they wanted to make them like him more.

“Well, so much,”

“For a family,”

“Vacation.” Fabian and Gideon said. They could both see how disappointed Arthur was.

“What is that supposed to mean? The entire family is going to be there, Ron, Ginny and I will just be there a few days later.” Molly gave her brothers a look. She hated having her brothers in her home. All they did was look down on her and judge her.

“Yes, the entire family is going, but not at the same time. Percy and the twins will be returning home Monday morning.” Arthur told her.

“And just why are you three coming home early?” Molly turned towards the three boys.

“Work. Dad and the others can take time off work because they have full time jobs, but the three of us can’t do that. We only get weekends off.” Percy told her.

“The twins don’t work.” Molly said, looking towards Fred and George.

“Yes,” George started in an exasperated voice.

“We do.”

“We’ve been working part time,”

“Since the beginning of summer.”

“Haven’t you,”

“Noticed?”

“The boys have been working part time at a shop on Morning Dew. It’s a good place.” Arthur told Molly. “Haven’t you noticed that Fred and George aren’t in the house most days.”

Molly didn’t know what to say. She really hadn’t noticed the twins absence, but thinking back, she really couldn’t remember seeing them. But, she hadn’t really been paying attention to what those two were doing. Fred and George were just too much trouble. They might have managed to avoid getting caught while at school, but she knew that they were still causing trouble, they had just gotten better at hiding it.

“Surely they can stay a few extra days. It’s just a summer job.” Molly said.

“No.” Percy said instantly. “We aren’t going to risk losing our jobs. We will be going for the
weekend, that’s it. As much as I would, and I’m sure the twins would also, love to spend a full week with Bill, we can’t. We’ve already talked to Bill about it, and he’s fine with it, he understands.”

“Why would you even want to keep a stupid job like yours? All you do is look at numbers. You’re even lamer than I thought.” Ron laughed.

“Ronald.” Arthur turned to his youngest son. Arthur was slowly coming to terms with the fact that he really had messed up with his youngest son.

“Say that now Ronnikins,” George turned on his younger brother.

“But when school starts up again,”

“And Perce goes to Hogsmead,”

“And can buy whatever he wants,”

“His job won’t be so lame then.”

“Muuuum.” Ron wailed, turning to look at his mother.

“Fred. George. Be nice to your brother.” Molly snapped at the boys. “You two are going to be grounded if you keep that up.”

“Then Ron will be joining them.” Arthur turned towards Molly. “The twins were only telling him the truth. Percy is earning his own money to buy whatever he wants. Ron has spent the entire summer so far mocking Percy for his job. The only reason he hasn’t been grounded so far is because Percy said Ron’s childish behaviour isn’t worth getting angry over, but I disagree. Percy might have made peace with the fact that Ron feels it is acceptable for a 13 year old to act like a spoiled 5 year old, but I have not.

It is time for Ron to grow up. He is not a baby anymore Molly.”

“I don’t act like a baby.” Ron shouted at his father.

“Yes, you do.” Arthur knew that this wasn’t the best time for it, but there really wasn’t any good time for it, but Ron needed to hear the truth. “How many other children your age have you heard cry for their mothers every time they can’t get their own way. Do you behave like that at school? I understand that you are still young, I am not saying that you are ready to move out, but, please, act your age.”

Ron was furious, he was acting his age. “You’re just jealous because I’m gonna have a better life than you did.”

“Ron. That is what I want.” Arthurs voice had taken on a pleading tone. “I want you to have a better life than I have. As your father, I want you to have the best life, just like I want the same for your brothers and sister. But you aren’t going to get that behaving the way you do.

I had a job that I hated for years. I got up every morning hating having to go to work. I don’t want that to happen to you, I want you to get a job you love. But to get your dream job, you are going to have to work for it.

You aren’t going to get that job by yelling for your mother and demanding she get it for you. If you
want something, you must earn it, but you don’t seem to understand that.

I have been telling you for years, if you want an owl, than you need to save up. But every year, it has been the same thing. You don’t even try to save up, but just expect to get what you want, and when I say no, you go crying to your mother.

I am not trying to be mean, but you need to grow up. As your father, it is my job to teach you how to be a grown up, and that is what I am trying to do.

I love you Ron, I want what is best for you, whether you like it or not.”

The older boys, along with Fabian and Gideon could see just how desperate he was for Ron to understand, but they didn’t hold out much hope for the boy. It was clear Ron was a spoiled little boy. They all hated to see how much it hurt Arthur.

Molly was just as furious as Ron was. Her baby boy was still young, Arthur had no right to tell him that he needed to grow up. And she was going to make sure he knew it.

“Arthur, don’t you dare talk like that to Ronnie. He is still so young, it is only natural for him to come to me. He knows that he can come to me and I will make it all better. He is my baby boy, and that is how I will treat him.”

But her attempt to tell Arthur off went the wrong way.

“I am not a baby. And I don’t need to be treated like one.” Ron shouted at his mother before storming off up to his room.

Molly was shocked. Ron had never shouted at her like that. She had been defending him, and he had gotten angry at her for it, sh didn’t understand why.

Arthur just shook his head. “Say what you want Molly. Ron is not a baby, and you are doing him no good treating him like one.

I think it is time for the rest of us to go. We will see you when you decide to come.”

Turning away, Arthur and all the others left to go to the international floo terminal at the ministry.

Luxor, Egypt

After arriving at the Egyptian Ministry, they got a portkey that would take them to Deir el-Bahari where the camp was set up. As soon as they arrived, Hadrian immediately dashed into the waiting arms of Fred and George. He had been waiting at the portkey area for them for over an hour.

Smiling as they moved past the three hugging teens, the others went deeper into the camp to set up their tent.

When they had decided to go on the trip, Arthur had let Fabian and Gideon go out and get the tent. He had later regretted it slightly when he saw what they had gotten. The inside of the tent was huge. Fabian and Gideon had always loved to buy extravagant things for their family.

The tent had five bedrooms, a kitchen, dining room, a living room, a library, and two bathrooms. They had even made sure that Percy and Fred and Georges rooms were decorated in their house colours.
Their first evening was fun as they met many of Bill’s coworkers as they had a group dinner.

**Luxor, Egypt - August 17, 2003**

The weekend had been amazing. Everyone had had tons of fun together.

The only downside was the heat. But, thanks to the cooling charms that everyone cast on themselves, it was ok.

They had all visited many of the different local sights, including the Valley of the Kings, Valley of the Queens, the Ramesseum, and Medinet Habu. In the Valley of the Kings, Bill had taken them into a few of the tombs that they were excavating. It had been incredible to see what was hidden in the magical parts of the tombs.

One of the best parts had been watching everyone trying to figure out how to ride a camel. The entire area where the tombs were had been warded against apperation to protect the treasures inside from tomb raiders, so the best way to get to them was by camel. They quickly learned that none of them were natural camel riders.

Arthur had really enjoyed everything. He had been a little hesitant at first, because he was worried that because of all the others visiting he wouldn’t get any time with his sons, but that hadn’t happened. Every one of the boys had made sure that they took time to spend one on one with their father, even the twins separated. Arthur had been stunned that they had willingly separated not only from their soul mate, but from each other just to spend an hour with him. The twins rarely, if ever, separated from each other.

Since it was Sunday evening, the entire camp got together for a potluck dinner. It was fun, and loud. Because there were curse breakers from all over the world, there were plenty of different dishes that would appeal to everyone’s tastes.

Sitting together with so many people, Arthur felt at peace in a way that he hadn’t known he could feel. All around him, his friends and sons were enjoying themselves. The only thing that could make him feel sad was that three of his boys were going to have to leave tomorrow, and that his two youngest children weren’t here, but he was refusing to let that bother him.

“Everything good, dad?” Bill asked his dad.

“Yeah. Everything has just been so great this weekend. Is this what it’s always like?” Arthur asked as he looked at his eldest son.

Bill smiled as he slowly shifted to face his dad more. Making sure to move slowly so that he wouldn’t wake Ares up from where he was sleeping in his arms. “Pretty much. I mean, normally there are fewer kids, but this is basically what it’s like. Most curse breakers, while highly trained, don’t take things too seriously. Our job can be dangerous, so we find our fun where we can.”

Arthur nodded. He had seen just how hard they had to work to keep each other from getting hurt when they had been in one of the tombs and seen them taking out a cursed chest.

“Is everything ok dad?” Bill was worried about him.

“Sure, things are just complicated.”
“Ron and Ginny?”

“And your mother. I really don’t understand those three anymore. I want so badly to know where I went wrong.”

“You didn’t go wrong. You have raised Ron and Ginny the same way you raised the rest of us, and we turned out just fine so far. It’s just Molly babying them that has made them like that. Who knows, maybe those two will get their heads on right, and all this worry will be for nothing.”

Arthur gave Bill a small smile. He hoped Bill was right.

Fred and George were sitting just off to the side of their eldest brother and dad, a lightly dozing Hadrian between them.

‘I hate what they do to dad.’ Fred mentally growled.

‘I know. We are going to have to try and fix them this year.’

‘How?’

‘I don’t know? Maybe we can just show them how amazing our lives are because we work hard. Point out how many of the other girls behave to Ginny. Show Ron how the boys are, and reminding him that if he had worked this summer he would have had money to spend in Hogsmeade.’

‘We can try that I guess.’

Hadrian’s voice cut into their silent conversation. “Will you two stop talking in your heads and just enjoy the night?”

“Whatever you say,”

“Sweet boy.”

Hadrian just rolled his eyes, cuddling Nem in his arms as he went back to enjoying watching everyone. He had loved this weekend so much.

Getting to travel and explore old tombs again had been so much fun, made even better by the presence of the twins.

“Are you two happy?” Hadrian asked in a quizzical voice.

“Of course.” Fred said, his voice confused.

“Why do,”

“You ask?”

“Well… It’s just… You both spend so much time always making sure I’m happy, I just wanted to make sure you both were happy too. I want to make you both as happy as you make me.” Hadrian said, he honestly was confused about why he felt the way he did about the twins. He had never felt like this about anyone, in this life or the last.

The twins both just smiled as they hugged him. “You make us happy.” They both said as one, and
it was the truth. Knowing that he wanted to make them happy really did make them happy.

Just a little ways away from the three young soul mates, sat an older set of twins. They both smiled as they looked at the three boys.

They had heard the conversation the boys had had.

It was so sweet to listen to young love.

Neither Fabian or Gideon could stop themselves from looking towards their old friend, Arthur. For some reason, they never seemed to be able to make themselves stop looking at him.

There was just something that drew them towards him, like moths to flames.

Arthur must have felt their eyes, because he looked up from the conversation he had been having with Bill, and smiled at them.

**Luxor, Egypt - August 18, 2003**

Monday morning most of the visitors left together. Since Remus had arranged for a mass portkey from Gringotts, they would go directly to the bank. Percy had been thrilled that they wouldn’t have to wait at the international floo terminal,. He had been worried that that would make him late for work.

It had been a sad goodbye for everyone. The Weasley boys were sad that they were once again being separated. While the others, were both sad and happy about going home. They would miss Egypt, but they were also slightly homesick.

It was well after lunch when Molly arrived with the kids. Almost as soon as they arrived, they all started to complain about the heat. Charlie quickly cast cooling charms on them to get them to be quiet.

“Where is Harry?” Ginny asked hopefully as she looked around.

“What?” Charlie asked, although he knew the answer. Remus had told him all about the conversation he and Frank ensured Molly and his younger siblings would hear.

He knew that they had waited until the end of the weekend since they believed this was when Hadrian and his family would be arriving. It took a fair bit of effort to keep himself from laughing as they had already missed their chance.

“Nothing Charlie. Ron and Ginny had just heard that one of their friends would be coming here this week.” Molly said. She didn’t want anyone to know that the only reason the three of them were wasting their time going to visit Bill was because Harry Potter was going to be there.

“Well I don’t know what you’re on about, but the next group of visitors will be arriving on Wednesday.” Charlie said, telling the complete truth. “Come on, I’ll show you the camp where we’ve been staying.

Bill’s already back at work, you missed seeing him during lunch, and Dad and Uncles Fabian and
Gideon went with him.”

Charlie lead the others into the camp.

“Is this it?” Molly asked in a disgusted voice. All she saw was a bunch of boring tents and sand. This was not someplace she would ever want to visit.

“For camp, yes. But there are plenty of different sights that are open to the public that we have been visiting.” Charlie told them as he led them to their tent. “Now, there are only two empty rooms in the tent so you will have to decide who sleeps where. One of the rooms is set up with two beds for whoever decides to share. The open rooms have their doors open so you can just go and pick. With that said, I’m going to head off to find dad.”

Molly watched as Charlie strolled off like he didn’t have a care in the world before she lead her babies into the tent. Looking around, she saw that, like Charlie had said, there were two open doors leading into bedrooms, and three closed doors, each with a name tag on who’s room they were. Both Arthur and Charlie had their own rooms while Fabian and Gideon were sharing.

The first thing she did was try to see if she could get into any of the claimed rooms, but they were magically sealed. Looking back at her babies, she saw that they were in the middle of an argument that was slowly getting louder.

They both wanted the single room.

“What’s wrong my dears?” Molly asked, interrupting the argument.

“I should get the single room, I’m older.” Ron said angrily, shooting his sister a mean look.

“You’re just a whiny brat, I deserve that room. Muuum, tell him. I get the room.” Ginny whined.

“Oh, I’m the whiny brat. Look at yourself. Crying to mum because you know that room should be mine. You’re nothing but a baby that knows she will never be as good as me.” Ron shouted back at his sister.

“I’m not a baby, that’s you, and everyone knows it. You’re just jealous that I’m so much better than you and that Harry will want to spend all his time with me.”

“No he won’t. Harry wouldn’t want to spend his time with you, he doesn’t even talk to you at school. He will spend his time with me. We’re gonna play quidditch and explore the tombs together, we don’t need a whiny little brat following us around.

Tell her mum. She can’t follow Harry and me around. I get the single room so that Harry can come and hang out with me in there so we don’t have to deal with Ginny.”

“NOOOOO.” Ginny screamed at her brother before turning to her mother. “I get the single room. And Harry is going to spend his time with me. Tell him mummy. I’m going to be Lady Potter, so I should get it.”

Molly just stared open mouthed at her babies. She had never seen them like this. Sure, they fought like any siblings did, but she had never seen them like this. She really didn’t understand where this behaviour was coming from.

What was she supposed to do now? She wanted to give both of her babies what they wanted, but she couldn’t just make another room for one of them. She herself also didn’t exactly want to share her room with either of her babies. If she had to share with anyone, she would prefer it to be Arthur.
She was going to have to take a stand. “That is enough. You two are going to stop this fighting right now. Since you are both misbehaving I will be taking the single room, and you two will be sharing with each other.

As for Harry, you are going to have to share him, just like the room. Ginny, Ron is going to want some time alone with his friend, you will give it to them. Ron, Ginny and Harry are also going to want some alone time together, you will give it to them.

When Harry comes over to stay with us in the tent, he will share his room with both of you.”

Both Ron and Ginny just glared at their mother. She had never treated them like this, the only time she had ever been mean was when she had forced them to study last year, and she was doing it again this year, but she wasn’t making them work as hard this year.

Ignoring what she said, they both made a dash for the room to get their first. Ron grabbed Ginny by the hair when she got in front of him and pulled her back. When Ron got in front of her, Ginny was furious and jumped on his back, making them both fall to the floor.

Molly was stunned. What was going on with her babies, they were acting like brats. With a few quick spells she had everything settled. Ron and Ginny were on opposite sides of the tent. Their luggage was moving into the double room, and the single room was closed and sealed, her name shining on the door.

“Muuum!” Both children yelled at the same time.

“That’s my room. Get your stuff out.” Ron stomped his foot as he demanded his mum give him what he wanted.

“No, it’s my room. You can share with Ron. I hate you. Give me my room back. I want it, I want it, I want it.” Ginny started demanding.

Molly didn’t know what to do. She didn’t want to be mean to her babies, she especially didn’t want to hear Ginny say she hated her. But what else could she do?

“Enough, both of you. You will be sharing the room and that is final.” Molly turned away so she wouldn’t have to see how upset her babies were. She was going to have to see if there was anything she could do to get them what they wanted.

Having to share their room with each other would be their punishment for behaving like they were, but she would see if she could arrange for them to get their own rooms, that would make them love her again. Maybe she would just make Charlie stay in with Arthur, or move over to Bill’s tent. Then she could give his room to one of her babies. They deserved it more anyway, Charlie really didn’t need to stay in with them, he had a job, surely he could afford to buy his own tent.

For the rest of the afternoon, neither Ron or Ginny would even look at their mum. She was being so mean to them. They both knew that they deserved their own room, she was just being selfish.

**Luxor, Egypt - August 20, 2003**

On Wednesday afternoon, when the next group of visitors were set to arrive, Molly, Ron, and Ginny were ready. Molly had made a large lunch so she could invite Harry over. Ron had all his quidditch stuff set out so that he and Harry could go and play as soon as lunch was over. And Ginny was perfectly dressed.
Since it was so hot, Ginny was in a short little white dress. Her hair was pinned back and out of her face. And, she had even convinced her mum to let her wear some mascara and sparkly eyeshadow and lip gloss. She looked very mature for her age to her own mind. There was no way her Harry would be able to deny her anything.

When the group of new arrivals showed up, the three of them looked over everyone. But none of them could see the signature messy dark hair that Harry was known for.

He wasn’t there.

All three of them made their way back to the camp in a huff. Harry was late, and they had all gotten ready and made sure that they were early. He was so rude to leave them waiting like that.

Storming into the tent, they looked around at all the others that were sitting inside to avoid the heat of the day. They were each holding a falafel pita.

Molly had made a bunch of shepherd’s pies, but they all just said that they were too heavy to eat on a hot day like this and had instead made their own food. It infuriated Molly even more to see them all happily eating food that she hadn’t made, they just didn’t know how to appreciate good food. She really didn’t like any of the local food.

“What’s wrong now?” Bill sighed.

The past few days had been hard on everyone. Ron and Ginny had been complete brats to everyone because they were angry that they were being forced to share a room.

Molly had repeatedly tried to force Charlie or Arthur to give up their room, but they had both stood their ground. They weren’t about to give in to the bratty behaviour of the children or the demanding of Molly. Arthur just told Molly that if they had wanted first choice of rooms then they should have come with them to begin with so they could pick. Since they were later than the others, they got what was left.

Then, all three of them spent their time complaining almost constantly about everything else. It was too hot. It was too dry. There were too many tombs to see. They couldn’t go into certain tombs. They wanted things from inside the tombs and been told no. They weren't allowed to touch things in the tombs.

Nothing seemed to make them happy unless they were complaining and making everyone else miserable.

“Harry is late.” Ginny whined as Ron threw himself down at the table and started stuffing his face.

“Who?” Both Fabian and Gideon asked at the same time. In truth, they knew exactly who she was referring too, but they also knew that wasn’t his name. It gave them a little joy to bug her and the others for using the wrong name.

“Harry Potter, duh.” Ginny gave her uncles a condescending look. She really didn’t like them. She knew from what her mother said, they had plenty of money, but they never bought her anything she wanted. They always just told her that she had to go and ask her parents or earn the money herself. All she had wanted was a new party dress and broom, and maybe some sweets and an owl.

“I think you mean,” Fabian started.

Ginny just rolled her eyes.

“What made you think he would be here today?” Charlie asked.

“Because you said he would be.” Molly told Charlie. She was getting annoyed at everyone again.

“No I didn’t.” Charlie challenged back. He was getting angry as he saw the hurt look in his dad’s eyes. He was figuring out that they had only come on this vacation because they believed that Hadrian was going to be there.

“Yes, you did. You told us that he would be arriving today.” Molly huffed.

“No, I said the next group of visitors would be here today. I never said Hadrian would be amongst them.” Charlie gave a slight smile.

“Where did you get the idea that Hadrian would be coming here Molly?” Arthur asked, his voice hard.

“I heard Remus and Frank saying that they would be here this week.” Molly didn’t notice Arthur’s tone.

“Are you saying that the only reason you three bothered to come on a family vacation was because you thought the teenage boy the three of you are stalking would be here?” Arthur was devastated. This was supposed to be a chance to repair the damaged relationship between him and his youngest two, not just another excuse to stalk a teenager.

“We aren’t stalking him.” Ron tried to say, but his mouth was so full it was unintelligible.

“Harry is our friend. We just wanted to spend some time with him. Those people he’s forced to live with won’t let him come and visit us.” Ginny whined.

“His name,” Gideon started this time.

“Is Hadrian.” Fabian said.

“And just how would you know anything about him?” Molly looked to her brothers. “You’ve never even seen the boy.”

“We know his name,” Gideon continued.

“Because that was how he introduced himself,”

“When he visited the hospital during the Yule break.”

“Harry came to the hospital over Christmas?” Molly shrieked. “Why weren’t we told.”

“Hadrian came to the hospital to visit someone.” Arthur said in an angry voice. “And, you weren’t told, because it had nothing to do with you. But back to what we were talking about.

Remus, Sirius, Severus, and Sebastian are Hadrian’s family, not just some random people. They are not keeping him away from you, they are spending their holiday with their family. If Hadrian really wanted to come to the Burrow, they wouldn’t stop him. He is not coming over, because he prefers to spend his summer with his family.”
“And just how would you know that?” Molly glared at Arthur.

“Simple, Hadrian told us he was happily spending the summer with his family.” Charlie smiled at the others. “When he and I talked, he explained that they had originally planned on coming here this week, but because both Narcissa Malfoy and Alice Longbottom were planning to volunteer at Sea Cliff House, they rescheduled.

Hadrian, his family, and closest friends were all here last week. They all left Monday morning. Percy and the twins actually left with them.

But, don’t worry. Hadrian seemed perfectly happy. His family wasn’t holding him prisoner or anything. He had a great deal of fun with his friends and family. He even went with Percy, the twins, and I when we went into the city for a few hours.”

“Why didn’t he wait for me?” Ginny whined as she started to sob dramatically. Why would her Harry have left without even stopping to greet her properly. She had come all this way for him, and he hadn’t even bothered to wait a few hours for her.

“Why didn’t you tell me he was here?” Molly demanded.

“Because it didn’t matter.” Arthur sighed. “This is a family vacation. It is about being with your family. Not stalking a young boy to a different country.”

“We are not stalking him.” Ron argued again. Harry was his best friend, what about that didn’t his father understand.

“That’s good to hear.” Arthur said. “Since you aren’t stalking him, then there is no issue. You are here for your family. It doesn’t matter who was here last week, or who will be here next week, all that matters is that we are here now.”

Molly just huffed. Ron went back to eating, and Ginny grabbed her own plate.

**Luxor, Egypt - August 22, 2003**

After finishing work, Percy and the twins returned to Egypt. This week had been oddly quiet at the Burrow. They didn’t miss Molly, Ron, and Ginny’s whining, but they did miss the rest of the family.

The twins stopped by Peverell Manor to say a quick goodbye to Hadrian after work, and off they went, back to Egypt. They didn’t like being away from him, but they also knew that their dads needed them. Hadrian had encouraged them to go and be their for their family, that just made them love him more.

When they arrived at camp, the only people they found was their fathers and Charlie. Bill was still working in one of the closed off tombs. And Molly and the two youngest had gone into town to, ‘get back to civilization’ in their words.

“Hello.”

“Hello.”

“Hello.” Fred and George said. They were excited to see their fathers again.
“Hello boys.” Arthur smiled at his twins. They really did remind him of what Fabian and Gideon were like when they were younger.

“Hi dad. Don’t mind the twins. We just came from visiting Hadrian, I think their still over excited from seeing their crush.” Percy said, looking at the twins. They didn’t look embarrassed at all, if anything, Percy thought they looked smug.

“I understand.” Arthur said as he smiled at the 15 year old boys. He could only attempt to understand young love, since he couldn’t remember experiencing it himself. “Welcome back boys. Let’s try to have fun this weekend.”

The rest of the evening was spent having fun for the boys. That was until Molly and the youngest two returned. After almost a full week of being in the country, they still hadn’t acclimatized to it. They were all still complaining about the heat and almost everything else around them.

“What are you three doing back?” Ron asked as he looked at his older brothers.

“Well, this is a family vacation.” Percy said.

“We came back,” Fred said.

“To visit our family.” George said.

“And we are glad,” Fabian said.

“That you did.” Gideon grinned at his nephews. They were just so much fun sometimes, or, all the time.

“And just where will you three be staying while you’re here? We really don’t have room.” Molly asked. She really didn’t think that Ron or Ginny would be willing to share their room with anyone else.

“We borrowed,”

“A tent from Remus.” Fred and George said. In truth, Fred and George had purchased a basic three person tent. There were two bedrooms, a kitchen dining room, a bathroom, and a living room. It wasn’t top of the line, or even close to it, but it would do for them.

“And just why do you three know Remus well enough that he would loan you a tent?” Molly asked the twins.

“He’s our,”

“Boss.” They responded.

“Remus manages the shop where the twins work.” Arthur told Molly.

“You work for that man?” Molly didn’t like that. Remus had already proven himself to be nothing but another dark creature, she didn’t like her twins working for him.

“Yes.” The twins said as one.

“Good, then Percy can share a room with Charlie and then I can have my own room.” Ron said. He was glad they had a second tent now. He could move into the other tent and then he wouldn’t have
to deal with any of his stupid parents stupid rules.

“No.” Percy said. “The tent we have only has two rooms. And Fred and George are taking one, and I’m taking the other. Charlie is just fine in the room he already has.”

“But I want the room. Mum, tell them. I get the room.”

Before Molly could say anything Arthur stepped in. “No, Ron. There’s no point in switching rooms now. We are only going to be here for two more nights, we are going home Sunday evening. The twins and Percy will stay in the tent they borrowed, and you will stay in our tent.”

Ron frowned, but for once, he didn’t immediately cry to his mother. Over the past few days his older brothers, Bill and Charlie, had kept referring to him as a baby whenever he cried for his mother when he was denied what he wanted. He didn’t want to have them do that in front of the twins because he knew they would never stop doing it. Instead, he just settled with glaring at his brothers and father.

In spite of Ron and Ginny being unhappy about the rooming issues, everyone managed to have fun during the rest of the weekend. Sometimes, when they momentarily forgot why they were mad, even Ron and Ginny started to enjoy themselves.

Since they had already visited most of the tombs in the area, and Bill had the weekend off, Bill took everyone around to show them other sites all over the country. It ended up being a lot of fun, and even educational.

**The Burrow - August 25, 2003**

With the end of their vacation, Molly knew that she needed to do something. Harry needed to be removed from Sirius and Remus’s custody. They were keeping him from being friends with her babies, and stopping him from becoming the hero he was meant to be.

And, since no one else seemed to be doing anything, it was up to her.

It had been Charlie that had given her the idea. He had mentioned the Sea Cliff House. She thought it was absolutely ridiculous that those people that ran that place thought it was ok to expose those children to the likes of a Malfoy, but there was nothing she could do for those children. But, it did give her a starting point.

Sitting down at the table, Molly wrote out an anonymous report of child abuse on Remus. If the Department of Child Welfare was even slightly good at their jobs, she was sure they would find a lot of reasons to remove Harry from that house.

Once he was removed, she would apply for custody. She was sure, given her status as a good light witch, and her connection to Albus Dumbledore, she would quickly be granted it.

She was going to write up abuse accusations against Remus, Sirius, Severus, and Sebastian everyday until Harry was saved from them. She just needed to make sure that no one knew it was her, she was going to have to wait until after she had custody to let anyone know that it was her that saved Harry. The last thing she needed was Sebastian Prince-Peverell knowing, he would make her life difficult, and both Severus and Sirius would take it out on her babies when they went back to school.
This year the end of summer party was being held at the Malfoys. Even though it was at a different house, the same people were invited, but happily, both the Prewett twins as well as Marlene were there too.

Just after arriving, Marlene took Hadrian, Bill and Remus aside and warned them to keep their mouths shut. She had stared each of them down for a moment before rejoining her husband over with some of the other adults.

Both Hadrian and Remus had chuckled, but Bill was more than a little confused.

“What was that about?” Bill looked between Remus and Hadrian.

Remus smiled and looked to Hadrian, he knew more about this from Bill’s perspective. “Bill, look at Marlene and turn on your magic sight.”

Bill did as he was told and pushed his magic into his eyes. Looking at Marlene, Bill could see two different kinds of magic. One, was a calm blueish colour, but the smaller of the two was a mix of swirling colours. Still not completely understanding, Bill looked back at Hadrian.

Bill took a step back as he gasped in pain, his hands shooting up to cover his eyes. Pulling his magic back, he blinked away the bright spots from his vision. In the moment he had looked at Hadrian, he had seen a blinding swirl of colours.

“Why does Marlene have two cores?” Both Hadrian and Remus just looked at Bill, both raised an eyebrow. Then Bill put it together. “Oh. Oh. Wow. Ok, she doesn’t want us to spoil the surprise.”

Bill smiled. He was happy for Marlene and Regulus. After everything they had been through in the last decade, they deserved some good in their life. And what would be better than starting a family.

“But, why is the babies magic swirling like that? On that note, why does your magic swirl too, Hadrian?” Bill asked.

“It’s the Black family gift.” Remus told him with a laugh. He had been able to smell that Marlene was expecting as soon as she had come up to them. Like Bill, he was happy for her and Reg. He knew that Reg had been wanting to be a father for a while now.

Bill looked to Hadrian, just to watch as Hadrians dark hair slowly shifted to Malfoy blond before fading back to his natural black.

“You’re a metamorphmagus.” Bill was slightly stunned, he hadn’t even known. “How did you get the gift. I thought the gene was passed down through the Black family?”

“It is.” Hadrian smiled. “I think I got it because of two different things. My grandmother, Dorea, was a Black, and it also might have come from when Sirius blood adopted me when I was a baby.”

Bill nodded. He was slightly surprise that Hadrian was a metamorphmagus and he hadn’t known, but it did make sense to keep it a secret. It was the perfect way for him to disappear if he was ever in danger. The fewer people that knew the better.

The three males all smiled at each other before they went their separate ways. Remus went over to head off his troublesome daughters and their friends who were slowly sneaking off towards the
hedge maze. Bill went over to where his fathers were grabbing a drink. And Hadrian returned to his place between the twins.

When everyone sat down to a late lunch, Marlene and Regulus happily informed everyone else. Like Hadrian, Bill, and Remus, everyone else was just as excited.

“What are you three grinning at?” Regulus asked when he saw the looks the three other men were sharing.

“Oh, nothing.” Remus smiled. “Just thinking about how much fun you’re gonna have with this little one.”

“What do you know that we don’t?” Marlene gave Remus a hard look.

While Marlene was looking at Remus, Regulus watched as his eyes flicked over to Bill, and then Hadrian. “What do you two see? Please, tell me it’s not twins. I don’t know if this family will survive another set of twins.”

“Hey!” Came the voices of the multiple sets of twins sitting at the table.

“No, it’s not twins.” Bill smiled.

“Then what is it. Can you tell the babies gender or something?” Marlene was confused by the smiles, but she knew that she couldn’t trust them.

“No, magic is magic, regardless of gender.” Hadrian said. “Let’s just say… That little one is already taking after the Black side of the family.”

It took Regulus only a moment. “Not another metamorphmagus?”

Bill and Hadrian just looked at him and smirked.

“What is that, three in this generation. The Black family gift has been dormant for over 4 generations, and now we have three in one generation?” Marlene sighed.

“Actually,” Sirius looked at his sister-in-law, “this little one brings us up to five.”

“Five?” Arthur asked, looking around the table.

“Well, we of course have the twins, Athena, and Ares. Then their is Andromeda’s daughter, Nymphadora. Although, she only has a partial form. I think it is because Andy was disowned while she was pregnant.” Sirius said.

“What do you mean, partial form?” Charlie asked. “I went to school with her, she was able to change herself.”

“I’ve seen Nymphadora shift, she struggles with it and it causes her a little pain, she is also extremely clumsy, like her body can't accept itself. You’ve seen the twins, changing themselves is as easy as breathing for them. Their magic responds instinctively to what they want.” Sirius explained.

“With the baby, that’s four. So who’s number five?” Marlene asked.

Instead of answering, Sirius looked to Hadrian. Once everyone turned to him, Hadrian started shifting the colour of his hair like he had done earlier. While most had known, a few, like Arthur, the Prewett twins, and Marlene hadn’t even had a clue about Hadrians abilities.
“You’re a metamorphmagus?” Arthur gasped. “Why don’t more people know. It isn’t something that you can keep quiet. Everyone knew about Nymphadora within a week of her starting school.”

“People don’t know because I don’t advertise it.” Hadrian explained. “I only use it around those that know me best. And, even then, I only use it to hide. It makes it so that I can disappear in a crowd. It’s more useful for me if I keep it quiet.”

“That’s true.” Charlie nodded his understanding. “Everyone knew about Nymphadora because she was constantly showing off. It makes the gift almost completely useless for her now because everyone knows about it.”

“Just make sure you have the baby in St. Mungo’s.” Lucius sighed as he remembered when the twins were born. “I can’t even count how many peoples memories I had to modify when the twins were born. I had to stay up for the full 24 hours we were at the hospital.”

Everyone just laughed at Lucius’s memory. He might complain about it now, but he had been thrilled to tell them all about it when they had first brought the twins home.

The Bubble - August 27, 2003

Nymphadora Tonks was a woman on a mission. She was going to make Charlie Weasley fall in love with her if it was the last thing she did.

She arrived at The Bubble in her auror outfit, so she knew no one was going to get in her way. It had only been a few weeks since she had finished her training period with Mad-Eye. She was now a junior auror. The only downside, was that once she had passed her final test, Mad-Eye had been forced to retire.

Amelia Bones said that it was because his contract had been completed, but Tonks was sure that Amelia and Rufus Scrimgeour had forced him out because they knew that he was a threat to their power. Mad-Eye, was much better than them, and they knew it. They must have just wanted him out of their way so that they could keep their positions. Not that Mad-Eye would ever be content as a stupid paper pusher like them.

Walking down the hallways, she followed the directions some random worker had given her. She really didn’t understand why there even was a place like this. Why should anyone want to protect acromantulas or occamy. They were dark and dangerous creatures that served no purpose. It was one of the reasons the ministry advised people to stay away from them.

Eventually, she came to the dragon enclosure that the worker had said Charlie was supposed to be working at. Although he also said that Charlie would be on a lunch break, so there was no guarantee he would be there.

But Charlie was there.

And he wasn’t alone.

Tonk’s hair turned fire red in her rage as she saw that Charlie was standing inside the enclosure, the two dragons off on the other side, and he had someone pinned against one of the trees.

Getting a little closer, making sure to be quiet so he wouldn’t notice her. Looking from the new
angle, she could clearly see Charlie, the man she was supposed to marry, making out with another man. His hands sliding up and under the other man's shirt, while the other man ran his fingers through Charlie's dark orange hair.

The two separated for a moment to catch their breath and Tonks almost screamed. It was that stupid keeper that had been obsessed with Charlie when they had been at school.

As the two went back to kissing, Tonks stormed out. Just wait until she told Molly Weasley. That would set Charlie right.

She was just going to have to make sure that Charlie knew what he was doing was wrong. He would have to grovel a little before she would agree to go out with him after this, but there was no doubt in her mind that Molly would ensure she and Charlie were together by Christmas.

**Peverell Manor - September 1, 2003**

When the morning of September first finally arrived, Hadrian was moving slowly. Normally, they hurried to the platform so that they could get there before everyone else, but not this year.

Fred and George had warned them that this year, Molly, Ron, Ginny, and Hermione had all made plans to arrive at 10 exactly. They were planning on cornering Hadrian and starting to try and talk him into switching houses.

His papa had written to Edna and Tony and requested that they ward the compartment for them this year. They would be arriving later, and using the crowd as a barrier to protect Hadrian. Because of that, no one was in a rush.

**Granger House**

Hermione was looking forward to this year more than any of the others. She hadn’t been able to do magic in over a month, and she still wasn’t over her anger about that. Soon enough she would be back at school and able to do all the magic she wanted.

There was also the fact that they could finally make Harry transfer to Gryffindor. Once he was in their house, she was sure that they would be able to get control of him. Between her, Ron, and Ginny, Hermione was sure that they would have Harry behaving like a proper hero by the end of the first month.

Just before 9, Hermione and her parents left to go to the platform. They would arrive on the muggle side 10 minutes before it opened, this would allow her to keep an eye on everything since she had no doubt that Ron and the others would be late, like always.

**The Burrow**

For once, everyone was up and getting ready well before 11. Molly had even forced Ron and Ginny out of their beds at 8:30. As much as they had argued, Molly had held her ground.

Arthur had taken the morning off from work so that he could be there, and he was thrilled. For once, he was going to get to take all of his school aged children to the train at the same time.
Fred, George, and Percy just sat back and watched everyone. Like usual, they had made sure they had packed everything the night before, and their trunks were stacked next to the floo. They all knew what the rush was truly about, but seeing how happy their dad was, they couldn’t be too angry. They knew Hadrian wouldn’t let them anywhere near him, so it really didn’t matter how hard they tried to get close to him.

Even with them being up so early, they still ran a little late as they left the house.

At 10:05, everyone flooed to the platform.

Platform 9 3/4

Hermione walked through the barrier at exactly 10. She was able to watch as the train slowed to a stop. Smoke puffing as it was finally still.

She had her father load her trunk on the train and said goodbye to her parents, before taking her place at the same bench she had used the year before. When the Weasley family came through the floo only a few minutes later, she was more than a little surprised. Sure, they were late, but they were a lot earlier than she would have thought they would be.

Arthur looked around smiling. It really did seem that what he had been missing was his friends. Now that Fabian and Gideon were there, he didn’t have that hollow feeling in his chest. Sure, he would still miss his children, but he knew that everything was going to be ok.

“Everything ok dad?” Came Percy’s voice.

Arthur turned to look at his son. He couldn’t believe that this was already Percy’s last year. It felt like only yesterday that he and Bill had been convincing Percy that he shouldn’t try to go to Gryffindor. Now, his little boy was in his final year, and head boy too.

Arthur had been so proud when Percy had received the head boy badge the month before. This was their second head boy in the family.

Percy had changed so much over the years. Although he was still bookish, he was also more outgoing. Because he was in Ravenclaw, he was around many people that liked books just as much as he did. This had allowed him to make a few very good friends that understood him. Arthur had no doubt that if Percy had gone to Gryffindor, he would be very different. Although there were plenty of good people in the lion house, he knew that more than likely, Percy would have been alone most of the time without any good friends. Arthur was beyond happy that Bill had noticed his little brothers struggles with which house to go in to, if he hadn’t, things would have been very different for Percy.

“Everything’s fine Perce.” Arthur smiled. “I just can’t believe this is your last year already. I’m so proud of you, you know that, don’t you. How much I love you?”

Percy went and hugged his dad. “Of course I do. You love me as much as I love you.”

“What do we have here?” Fabian said as he walked over with his brother and the younger twins.

“The epitome of cool, hugging your father.” Gideon laughed.
When Arthur went to pull away, Percy didn’t let go. He didn’t care what anyone else thought. Rather than saying anything, he just held out one of his arms, inviting the others into the hug.

Fabian and Gideon both jumped forward and joined in the hug. It felt so natural to be so close with their family. Fred and George looked at each other, smiling, before they too joined in the hug.

Completely ignorant of the family hug behind them, Molly was talking with Hermione and her babies.

“So, he hasn’t arrived yet?”

“No. But the platform has only been open for five minutes.” Hermione said.

“Where is he?” Ginny whined. She wanted to see him again, she had missed him so much this summer.

“Don’t worry baby girl, he will be here soon. Just remember, once you get him in your compartment you’re going to need to convince him to get resorted. If you can’t get it done today, you will need to work on him this year. As of this evening, he can get resorted at any point from now on.” Molly reminded them.

“We know mum.” Ron sighed. “You’ve told us that all summer.”

“Then you will be sure to remember.” Molly snapped back. She really was starting to wonder if she might have made a mistake with Ron, he just didn’t listen like he should.

The four of them looked away from each other to start looking for the arrival of Harry.

Just after 10:30, like they had planned, Hadrian and his friends arrived on the platform. The Longbottom’s were the first to arrive. Seeing the male Weasley’s, they made their way over to them.

Percy, Fred, and George had already put their trunks in the front compartment so they were just hanging out with their dads while they waited for the others to arrive. Alice, Frank and the kids were all welcomed into the group quickly.

The Malfoy’s came through the floo next. But before they could go and join Arthur and the boys like Alice and Frank had, Hadrian came through with his family.

Walking towards his friends, Hadrian had his fathers and uncles on either side, Lucius and Narcissa were just behind him, and Draco and the girls were in front of him leading the way. Hadrian didn’t even try to stop himself from laughing at just how overprotective his family was, but it also filled him with joy as he knew that he was loved.

As soon as they reached the group of friends, Fred and George quickly took up their places on either side of him. Draco immediately pulled them into a conversation on the new classes that they would be taking this year.

Molly watched as Harry arrived, once again surrounding himself with dark wizards. That poor boy.
His life must be awful with people like that. She really couldn’t imagine that people like that could ever be good and loving parents.

But she was also angry. She and her babies only wanted what was best for him, and he was being so ungrateful. Once she had custody of the boy she would correct his insolent ways.

Hermione, Ron, and Ginny all got up and started heading in Harry’s direction. But they kept getting blocked by the other stupid people on the platform that were running around. There were just so many people in their way.

Hermione and Ron knew what they needed to do. Headmaster Dumbledore had even come to visit Hermione the week before and gave her a potion that she was to give to Harry. She was going to get them all a bottle of pumpkin juice, and hide the potion in Harry’s. Once he drank it, the headmaster had assured her that Harry would start to do what he was told, like he had always been meant to do.

Ron was just excited that everyone was going to finally learn that Harry was his best friend. Sure, Ron actually didn’t like Harry all that much, he was just such a loser, with all his books and studying, but putting up with him would be worth it. He was going to be famous, and he was sure that as soon as people learned more about him, they would see that he was even better than Harry and start celebrating him instead.

Ginny went to call out to her Harry, she was sure that once he saw that she was there waiting for him, he would leave those other people and come over to greet her. He would probably even give her a hug, and maybe even a kiss. Then everyone would know that they were meant to be together.

But, just as she was opening her mouth to call out, another voice called to him. Looking over, Ginny watched as Loony Lovegood walked towards her Harry. Ginny almost screamed as she watched Harry go over to the freaky girl and wrap his arms around her.

Everyone could see. Her Harry, the man she was going to marry, hugging another girl.

That was it.

She was going to have to fix this.

Over the summer she had been working herself up so that she would have the courage to talk to Harry more, now she didn’t have a choice. She was going to have to get over her shyness so that she could take her rightful place at his side. But he was going to pay for not only cheating on her, but doing so publicly.

But what she was planning for Harry was nothing in comparison to what she was going to do to the loser, Loony Lovegood. That girl was going to regret the day she was born for trying to take what belonged to Ginny.

After greeting Luna, Hadrian led her and her parents back to his family and friends. A few more quick goodbyes, the leaving students making sure they hugged everyone, they started to move towards the train.

Luna was their look out, and she kept them all up to date on exactly where Hermione and the others were. When they started to get close, Hadrian slipped in front of the twins and behind Neville and Draco, so he was completely blocked from their sight, and shifted his appearance. He lighten his hair to a dirty blond, made his eyes brown, and made himself grow a few inches.
Being completely unrecognizable, Hadrian separated from the others and headed towards the front of the train. It was easy enough to slip through the crowds of people.

Nem stayed hidden in one of her inside pockets. She knew that she couldn’t be seen until they were safe in their compartment. She didn’t want those awful humans finding her bond mate.

Reaching the compartment, Hadrian went in. But the compartment wasn’t empty.

Edna looked over from where she was waiting. She had wanted to make sure that Hadrian made it to the compartment safely.

“Excuse me, but this compartment is already full.” Edna said to the boy that had come in. She was surprised as she looked at the boy. Over the years she had made it her business to memorize the faces of the children that went to the school, but she had no clue who this boy was, she had never seen him before.

“I know.” Hadrian smiled as he let his magic relax and he changed back to his original looks.

Edna was stunned as she watched the strange boy become Hadrian. “How?”

“Black family gift of being a metamorphmagus.” Hadrian told her. “Although I hope we can keep that quiet. I prefer to keep it secret. It gives me a way to disappear if I have too.”

After assuring the boy that she would keep his gift a secret she went to her compartment to start getting everything ready for when they left the station.

Alone in the compartment, Hadrian sat down in his place and pulled Nem out to give her a belly rub.

While Hadrian was heading to the compartment, the others were heading towards the back of the train. Luna let everyone know that Hermione, Ron, and Ginny were still following them, so everyone was sure that Hadrian was safe from them.

Luna and Neville split off when they were about half way down the train, and Draco went his separate way shortly after. They were going to be getting on the train, and then making their way to the front. Ensuring that they weren’t being followed. Percy had already left their little group to go and start his head boy duties.

Just as Fred and George were about to get onto the last train car, a hand reached out and grabbed Fred’s shoulder.

Turning around, they saw the other three that had been following them, Ron had been the one to grab Fred.

“Where did Harry go?” Ron demanded.

“Harry who?” George smiled.

“Harry Potter.” Hermione rolled her eyes.

“I don’t know a Harry Potter, do you twin of mine?” George looked playfully to Fred.

“ Nope. I don’t know any Harry Potter’s brother dear.” Fred smiled back.
“Don’t be stupid.” Ginny huffed. “Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived. He was just with you, I saw him.”

“There was no Harry Potter with us.” Fred said.

Hermione growled slightly. “Harry Potter. You call him that stupid name, Hadrian. Where is he?”

“Oh, you mean our dear friend, Hadrian Potter-Black.” George gave the mouthy girl a pitying look.

“We were confused by you calling him a name that isn’t his.” Fred said.

“As for where he is.”

“Probably on the train.”

“He is going to school after all.”

“I mean honestly Eunice, it isn’t that hard to learn someone’s name.” Fred said looking at Hermione.

“Yeah, just ask Elmer and Ethel.” George added, looking to Ron and then Ginny.

A few of the students walking by that heard the conversation chuckled lightly. Amongst those walking past, was Blaise Zabini and Daphne Greengrass. They both liked Hadrian well enough and knew just how much he hated being called Harry.

“Those aren’t our names.” Hermione snarled as she stomped her foot.

“Doesn’t seem to bother you when it’s you,” George said.

“Calling people by the wrong name.” Fred finished just as they turned away and got on the train. Grinning at the other students that had heard their conversation with the annoyances.

Once they were all in the compartment with Hadrian, Fred and George took great joy in telling the others about their conversation with the annoying trio. They all agreed that it would be fun to refer to them by the wrong names until they started calling Hadrian by his proper name.

Just after Edna had dropped by to give everyone their lunches, Luna looked up. A beautiful smile on her face.

“Everything’s changing.”

“What’s changing little moon?” Hadrian asked.

“Everything.” Luna smiled as she looked around. “Something has happened that has given the chance for new life for so many.”

None of them knew exactly what Luna meant, but they were excited. Something had changed, and although they didn’t exactly know what it was, it made Luna happy, so they knew it must be a good thing.

Hogwarts, Headmaster’s Office
After the train left, Molly had things to do. She watched as Arthur left for work with her brothers. Once she was sure they were gone, she flooed directly to the headmaster’s office.

Albus had requested to meet with her this morning. But, Molly wasn’t sure what it was about. She didn’t think that it was about her babies, after all, they hadn’t done anything wrong. The only thing she could think that it might be about was Harry.

It had been over a week now since she had started filing her abuse reports, and although Harry arrived with those men again, she was sure that soon enough he was going to be taken away from them. Once that happened, she knew that she was going to get custody of the brat.

As soon as she arrived in the office, she saw that Albus was sitting at his desk, but he wasn’t alone. Andromeda Tonk’s was also there. Seeing that neither of them had anything in front of them, she quickly made them tea and grabbed a few of the biscuits that she always made sure were available in the office.

After serving the tea she looked at the others. “Albus, Andromeda. What is this about?”

“We have a problem Molly.” Albus said.

“Dora came to me the other day. She was devastated.” Andromeda was clearly angry about something upsetting her daughter. “She told me that she had gone to The Bubble to visit Charlie a few weeks ago. He was with someone.”

“What do you mean? Charlie isn’t seeing anyone. I’ve been encouraging him to stop by the auror office and spend some time with her.” Molly still wasn’t over the fact that Charlie hadn’t done what she had told him. “The foolish boy isn’t currently listening to me about it, but I’m sure I will be able to make the boy see sense, but as far as I know, he is single.”

“Well, he isn’t.” Andromeda said. “Dora saw him making out with a boy named Oliver Wood that is a Gryffindor seventh year. She spoke with one of his co-workers, and Wood apparently went to visit Charlie during his lunches, everyday he was working, for weeks.”

“What?” Molly was furious. How could Charlie do something like this to her? She had found him the perfect girl, and he was throwing it away for some boy. He was just to much like his father, he must have gotten those proclivities from Arthur. “Don’t you worry, I will set that boy straight. I will get to work on the marriage contract by the weekend. And, don’t worry, I will make sure that that foolish boy stays faithful to her. Dora deserves that.”

Molly left the office in a huff. Charlie was planning to come to The Burrow for dinner tonight. She was going to have to set him right.

The Burrow

Just as the train was pulling into Hogsmeade Station, Charlie was arriving at The Burrow for dinner with his fathers, and unfortunately, Molly. Charlie smiled as he walked into the house, the first thing he heard was his fathers laughing together. This was how things should have always been. His three fathers happy and together.

Looking at them, it was clear the three men had been cooking. All three of them had traces of flour in their hair and on their cheeks. Thankfully, it appeared that Molly was off somewhere else in the
When the casserole and fresh bread Arthur and the twins had made was done, they all sat down to eat, Molly joining them in a huff. It was clear Molly had worked herself up into a state, but none of the four men wanted to be the one to set her off, so they just ignored her constant huffing.

Arthur had just served the dark chocolate brownies with raspberry topping, when Molly had finally had enough of waiting for one of the men to have the decency of asking her what was wrong.

“What is wrong with you?”

“You are going to have to be a little more specific. Because right now, after such an amazing meal, and with this dessert, I’m actually pretty amazing.” Charlie said, taking a large bite and enjoying it despite Molly’s rage.

“Who do you think you are? Cheating on your fiancée.” Molly glared at the boy, completely ignoring the brownie in front of her. She knew that there was no way it could ever be as good as any dessert she would make, so she wasn’t going to eat something that was probably disgusting.

“Fiancée? I don’t have a fiancée. And, I’m not cheating on anyone.” Charlie was confused, what was she on about now, a question that Arthur also wanted answered.

“What are you on about Molly? If Charlie had gotten engaged I think we would all know. Not to mention, he isn’t a cheater.”

“Andromeda came to me today, Dora is inconsolable that you are treating her like this. She saw you with that boy. How could you do something like this to such a sweet girl?” Molly demanded, her voice raising in indignation. “You are going to go over to her apartment this instant. You are going to apologize for treating her like this. And you are going to propose to her properly, I will take your Gringotts card and get an appropriate ring, and you are going to make an honest woman out of her. And, most importantly, you will never see that whore again. Do I make myself clear?”

It took Charlie a moment to work through the woman’s insanity. “Are you out of your mind. That’s it, isn’t it, you’ve finally gone over the edge and completely cracked, haven’t you.

First off, don’t you ever call Ollie a whore again. Oliver is my boyfriend, not some whore. And, I am not going to stop seeing him just because you’ve flipped your lid.

Second, I have never, and will never, ask Tonks to marry me. She’s just some random girl that I went to school with. I don’t like her, and I never will. She is no one to me, I have never even kissed her.

And, third, obviously, given the fact that I’m dating Ollie, I’m gay. I like men. I know that Tonk’s can change her appearance, but it isn’t the same. She doesn’t have anything I want.

So, let me make this perfectly clear. I am not engaged to anyone, let alone Tonks. I am not going to get engaged just because you’ve demanded it. I am going to continue to see Ollie for as long as I want. And, there is absolutely nothing you can do about it.”

“How dare you speak to me like that?” Molly shrieked. She knew she should have taught him better when he was a child. “You will do as I tell you young man or I will be going to Gringotts tomorrow and writing up a marriage contract that will stipulate that you are never even to lay eyes on that whore again.”

Charlie froze. Could she really do that? He had never studied marriage contracts, so he really didn’t
“No,” Fabian snarled as he got up from where he sat at the table, moving to stand in-between Molly and Charlie.

“You won’t.” Gideon copied the movements of his twin.

“For a marriage contract to be valid you need multiple things that you will never get.”

“First, as Charlie is of age, he would need to willingly sign the contract for it to be valid. And I think we know the likelihood of that happening.”

“Second, all legal parents must sign. And there is no way Arthur would do that to any of his children. Is there?”

Arthur looked to his friends before smiling at his son, before turning to glare at Molly. “Never.”

“And, thirdly, only the oldest and strictest marriage contracts, also known as absolute contracts, can control one’s behaviour. And it is only the ‘wife’ who’s behaviour can be controlled. As the male, in an olde magic marriage contract, Charlie would have complete control over the girl, not her over him.”

Molly froze for a second. That couldn’t be true, could it? The marriage contract between Harry and Ginny was valid, wasn’t it? It didn’t matter, they were meant to be.

“You two have no say in this. Charlie is my son, and as such he will do as he is told. He will Marry Dora, or I swear, I will fully disown him from this family.”

Everyone gasped at that, full disownments weren’t something that was ever taken lightly. It stripped a person of everything to do with their original family, including the last name. A disowned person was called No Name as a last name. It was a mark of the worst kind of shame to have been fully disowned.

Arthur waved his wand in a sweeping gesture over his head, and there was the sound of a thousand locks clicking closed.

“That is it. I am done. As of right now Molly, you have one week to get your things and move out of my house. This marriage is over.

Who do you think you are threatening my son like that? Given the choice between him or you, I will always choose him.

I have sealed the house. You will only be able to take what is yours. You will not be able to take anything else from this house.

I will be filing for divorce as soon as possible.”

Charlie started to panic. As grateful as he was for how much his dad clearly loved him, he couldn’t have him filing for divorce, not yet. They still hadn’t found a way to reverse the ritual yet.

If his dad found out that he had never been married to Molly, it would lead to questions. If he or Charlie’s other fathers learned that they had been married, he would lose them. He needed to at least buy a little time.

“Dad, as much as I think you are right in getting that… Woman, out of this house, I think you
should take a little time with filing for divorce. Emotions are running high right now, and I think you should take a little time and let your head clear before doing anything to rash.

Take some time, think everything through, find a good lawyer, and then make a list of everything you need and want. Especially anything that involves custody of the younger kids. They need to be protected even more than I do.

Maybe, bring them home in a week or two and explain things to them. This isn’t something they need to learn from a letter.”

Arthur thought about what Charlie said. He was right. As much as Arthur wanted everything done now, he needed to think of his kids. He had no doubts that Percy, Fred and George would be ok with the divorce, but Ron and Ginny would be another story all together. More than likely, they were going to throw the biggest fits they could. This needed to be handled in the least upsetting way possible for them.

“Thank you Charlie. You’re right. I am going to take a few weeks and work everything out, but I will be filing the divorce papers by the end of October.” Arthur turned to a stunned Molly. “And you are not going to do anything that will upset the children while they are at school. We will call them home in three weeks, so they have time to settle in at school again, and then we will tell them together. You will not just send them a letter. It will just distract them, and they need to focus on their school work right now, Ron is just starting his new classes and needs to be able to pay attention. Do you understand Molly?”

Mollys look of shock turned to one of outrage. Of course she would never do anything to upset her babies, that was always Arthur that did that. “Fine. I won’t tell my babies anything to upset them. And I will be here in three weeks to tell them with you.”

With one last huff, Molly stormed out of the house, back straight and head held high.

Charlie quickly turned to his dad when a thought hit him. “Dad, you need to write a letter to Gringotts. It would be just like her to go and clear out your vaults. I’ll take the letter personally so you don’t have to wait for Maggie to fly there.”

Arthur just nodded, still a little stunned that he had finally done it. The harpy was gone. “Yes, yes. I guess I should, although, it really doesn’t matter. With Molly’s inability to handle money responsibly I put a limit on how much she could take out. She is limited to less than 1000 galleons per month. But, I guess it would be better to stop her from taking anything.”

Arthur went up to his office to get a piece of parchment and wrote out a letter requesting that Molly not be allowed access to his vaults. Over the years, his financial manager had encouraged him to protect his money. He had found evidence that Molly had been systematically syphoning money off and adding it to her own private account. Because of that, he had suggested that Arthur open up his own private vaults, and that he limit the amount of money that was in the family vault. The family vault was self refilling to 1000 galleons every month, the exact amount that he let Molly use, everything else went into a separate vault that had a higher level of security. He had made sure that he had final say on what happened with the money in that account.

While Arthur was upstairs, Charlie turned to his other fathers. He asked them to keep his dad calm and happy while he was away. He was going to pack a bag from his apartment and return to The Burrow for the night, so he told them he would probably be gone for an hour.

They had, of course, agreed. They were furious with Molly for treating Charlie that way. Moving forward, they both brought their nephew into a bone crushing hug. Even with his own mother
treating him so terribly, and even threatening him, all he cared about was protecting his dad.

Gringotts

After his dad returned with the note, Charlie quickly flooed to Gringotts. Going forward, he got in line to speak with one of the tellers.

Reaching the teller, Charlie greeted him formally, like Bill had taught him, and then he handed over the letter.

Teller Lark loved to stall and take up as much time as he could whenever he had to deal with a rude witch or wizard, but this one was different. This wizard had greeted him properly, so Lark knew that he would help this wizard to the best of his abilities, manners were so rare these days in wizard folk. Opening the letter, he looked over it critically. After a quick scan, the letter proved to be genuine.

With only a few quick notes, and a flash of goblin magic, the requests were carried out. Molly Prewett no longer had any access to any vault under the name Weasley. The letter referred to ‘Molly Weasley’, but the goblins magic recognized that as a false name used by one Molly Prewett.

When the goblin informed Charlie that it was done, Charlie made sure to thank him properly before leaving.

He had been just in time. As Charlie stepped into the floo, he saw as Molly herself dashed into the bank.

Molly dashed into the bank as quickly as she could. Getting in line in front of one of the only tellers that was working this late in the day, she waited impatiently. As it was the first of the month, she knew that there was 1000 galleons sitting in the family account. She was going to use that money to rent a hotel room until she could sort everything out.

There was no way that Arthur could divorce her, especially since they weren’t actually married. She was going to have to talk to Albus, she was sure he would be able to sort everything out. He would be able to bring Arthur around to their way of thinking.

When it was finally her turn, she demanded that the goblin bring her down to the vault.

Lark almost growled. Oh, how he hated self important, rude, humans like this one. Looking at the key she handed him, he almost grinned. Molly Prewett. It looked like that polite wizard had gotten there just in time.

Lark took great joy in telling the rude witch that she had been barred from accessing the account she wanted to get into. Although, it took him almost 20 minutes to do so.

Molly was enraged, and if it hadn’t been for the other people in the bank, she would have made sure that disgusting goblin knew it.

Since she couldn’t use that money, she took out some money from the account Albus had set up for her. She hated having to spend her own money, but she didn’t have a choice.

Molly was going to spend the night at the Leaky Caldron, and then go and see Albus in the
morning so that he could fix Arthur.

12 Grimmauld Place

After leaving the bank, Charlie flooed directly to 12 Grimmauld Place. Arriving in the main hall, he waited until Kreacher came to get him.

Regulus and Marlene were curled up on one of the couches in the library.

“You two are just so sickly sweet.” Charlie smiled at them.

“You’re just jealous.” Marlene smiled back.

“Well of course he is, I’m just too gorgeous.” Regulus laughed.

Both Marlene and Charlie just rolled their eyes at him. Marlene muttered about hoping that the baby didn’t inherit the Black family modesty that both Regulus and Sirius had.

“Ignoring him, what is it we can do for you this evening Charlie?” Marlene asked as she sat up.

“Would you like some tea?”

“No thanks Marley.” Charlie sat down across from them and looked to Regulus. “We have a problem. Dad is planning to file for divorce by the end of October. We have to figure out how to fix this.”

“What happened?” Regulus started to panic like Charlie had. “I thought we would have more time than this. I’m not even through a quarter of the books, and without Percy, I’m moving even slower now.”

“What’s wrong with them getting divorced?” Marlene was confused, she knew just how much Charlie and his brothers didn’t like the way Molly treated their father. She herself had been furious when she had learned about the love potions.

Charlie looked to Marlene, realizing that no one had told her what had happened. “They can’t get divorced because they aren’t married.”

“Yes they are.” Marlene’s confusion grew stronger. “I was at the wedding. I remember them getting married.”

“No.” Charlie said. “My dad married Molly’s brothers, Fabian and Gideon. Fabian and Gideon our our fathers. Just after the twins were born, Molly and Dumbledore used some kind of ritual to make my fathers forget that not only were they married, but that they were our fathers. Molly used a blood adoption on us to make us her kids.

The ritual messes with peoples perception and alters their memories. You might remember dad marrying Molly, but that is the ritual making you see her rather than my other fathers.”

“That bitch.” Marlene was furious. Just who did Molly think she was doing something like that to people as kind as Arthur, Fabian and Gideon.

“Earlier this summer we got a hold of Albus’s darker library, and I have been searching for the ritual that they used so that we can counter it, but I haven’t found anything yet.” Regulus told his angry wife.
“So why don’t you just tell everyone what happened?” Marlene asked, she had never been one to beat around the bush. If you wanted to say something, you should just say it.

“Because the ritual is designed to protect it’s caster. If any of the three of them discover that they were married before we can counter the ritual, it will kill them.” Regulus explained.

“What?” Marlene was horrified.

“If dad files for divorce, he will learn that they were never married, which will cause a lot of questions, because he clearly remembers the wedding. If he started trying to figure it out, which he will, we risk them finding out the truth.” Charlie’s voice was laced with just some of the fear he felt.

“Perception…” Marlene whispered. She had just caught a fleeting memory. “I remember something.”

Regulus watched as his wife started to pace. “What is it that you remember love?”

“A book.” Marlene said. “It was just after I joined the Order. I had gone to give my first report to Albus. He was in his office, just him and Molly. There was a book on the desk, as soon as I walked in, they slammed the book closed.

It was odd. I was surprised to see them with a book like that, I could almost feel the dark magic pouring off it. Albus told me that a member of the Order had been cursed and they were trying to find the counter. But their behaviour was off.

It was only a few months after that that Molly announced at one of the meetings that she was pregnant.”


“It was dark, but not black.” Marlene’s eyes went unfocused as she tried to remember so far back. “There were veins of brownish red through it. It looked like poorly treated dragon hide. And… There were two interlocking runes on the front. They were… They were… Control. The first one was the ancient Sumerian rune for control, and the other was… Perception.

I remember wondering what kind of curse would involve those two runes.”

“I know that book.” Regulus gasped. As a fully fledged Unspeakable, he was able to retain his memories about what was in the DOM better than those that were just visiting. He couldn’t give any specifics with out permission, but he could speak in generalities, so long as he didn’t talk about what he was working on. “When Perce and I were unpacking the crates, Percy had grabbed a book just like that and said that it told you everything you needed to know about the man based on how he treated his books.”

“So that’s probably the book that has the ritual in it. How soon can you find out?” Charlie was excited. They were possibly closer than they had ever been to saving his fathers.

“I can…” Regulus looked to his wife.

“What are you looking to me for?” Marlene snapped. “Get moving. I am perfectly capable of being home alone. I’m pregnant, not dying. Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon need you, so get going.”

“I love you.” Regulus kissed his wife before dashing off to grab a few things before he flooed to the DOM.
Charlie thanked Marlene for everything before he flooed home to his fathers.

Marlene smiled once the boys were both gone.

“Kreacher?”

“Yes Mistress Marley” The elf popped in immediately. He had taken to doting on her ever since he found out she was pregnant.

“Looks like it’s just the two of us for the night. What do you say to making us some smoothies, and I’ll get the cards, and we can play some poker?”

Kreacher grinned as he popped to the kitchen to make the smoothies. He did so enjoy a good game of poker with his Mistress Marley. Master Regulus had just never managed to pick up the finer points of the game.

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**Hogwarts, Entry Hall**

As Hermione walked through the front door and into the school, she was immediately called over by Prof. McGonagall. Telling Ron and Ginny she would join them in a few minutes, she followed her favourite professor.

“Is something wrong professor?” Hermione asked once they were alone.

“Not at all, Hermione.” Minerva gave the girl a small smile. She might have proven herself to be difficult, but Minerva wasn't going to give up on the girl, she was sure if they could just get the girl focused on the right things everything would work out. “I went to the Headmaster with your request about being able to take more electives, and he has found a way that you can take all the electives you want.”

“Really?” Hermione beamed.

“Yes. Hermione, this is a time turner.” Minerva pulled out the tiny hourglass that Albus had gotten decades ago. There was no way they would have been able to get approval to have one now, but since they already had this one, they could use it as they wished.

“What does it do?” Hermione gently took the little object.

“When you are wearing it, and you turn the little hourglass over, it will take you one hour back in time.” Minerva smiled at the stunned look on the girls face. “But you must be careful. Terrible things can happen to those who meddle with time. You must never see yourself. And, no matter what, no one else can know that you have that.

We were only able to arrange to get the one, which means no one else has one. The last thing any of us needs is one of the other students getting jealous. The headmaster and I were only able to arrange this one because you are such a promising student. And, when I say no one, I mean no one. Not even Mr and Ms. Weasley can know about this. Neither of them understand secrecy the way you do.

Any other questions, Ms. Granger?”

“No questions professor.” Hermione slipped the turner around her neck with a smile. “Actually, I was wondering if you could pass on a message to the headmaster for me. I want to thank him, and
you, for doing this for me, but I also need to tell him that things once again didn’t go as planned.

We were at the platform early enough this year that we saw Harry arrive, but we weren’t able to get close to him. Ron and Ginny’s brothers, Fred and George, blocked us from getting to him. By the time we finally managed to get away from the twins it was too late and Harry had disappeared again.

The three of us tried to search the train, but Percy stopped us before we were even half way through. So I wasn’t able to get the potion into him. I’m sorry.”

“Those boys.” Minerva huffed. She was still extremely glad they weren’t in her house, because she didn’t want to have to deal with them, but on the other hand she wished they were, Pomona refused to deal with them properly. “It isn’t your fault Hermione. I understand just how difficult the older Weasley boys can be.

I will tell the headmaster about what happened. Don’t worry, we know that you did everything you could.”

With that, they both slipped out of the room.

Hermione went into the great hall and took her place between Ron and Ginny. If the two of them sat next to each other, they argued.

Minerva went directly to where she knew the first years would be waiting for her. She would tell Albus about what Hermione said after the sorting was complete.

Headmaster’s Office

Like had happened in his first year, Hadrian had once again received a note requesting he come up to the headmasters office just as the feast was finishing.

And, once again, he went up to where Flitwick and his papa were. But this time, his Uncle Sirius came with them when they went up to the office.

Up in his office, Albus paced. He needed to regain control of the boy. He believed that he had finally found a way to regain control, and he needed the boy for that.

When the death of his brother was announced, Albus had managed to spin it expertly. He had played the roll of loving brother that had done everything in his power to try and keep his little brother on the path of the light after the deaths of their parents. Although he made sure that no one knew that his father had died in Azkaban and his mother had been killed in a burst of accidental magic from his sister. To the public, he was a loving and supportive big brother, that continued to care for his brother even when he did bad things.

With the good press once again, he was sure he could get the public on his side to fix the dark creatures law. The attack on the Sea Cliff Home had come at the perfect time for him. The only way it could have been any better was if at least one of the children had been turned or killed.

Albus already had plans to challenge the changes that Sebastian had made to werewolf rights. They had proven themselves to be nothing more than disgusting, violent animals.
Once he showed that Sebastian had risked the lives of children, he was sure the public would turn against him. Without the support of the public, the man would fall. Albus would then be able to bring up all the different laws that he had made or changed. With Sebastian being proven to have bad judgment, he was sure that he could get them overturned.

If he had Harry at his side, it would go even quicker. By turning Harry away from the man, it would show the public that even his heir didn’t trust him.

Albus had already collected the paperwork needed to declare a Lord unfit to lead a family. If Harry challenged Sebastians right to lead the Peverell family, Albus was sure he would be able to sway the Wizengamot to vote in favour of the boy. Harry would then be able to take the lordship, and Albus knew that he would be able to convince the brat to declare him his proxy. That would give him his power back, and it would also allow him to become Chief Warlock again.

Minerva arrived and told him that she had just seen the brat picking up the note that he had sent. She went to stand by his desk.

Having her there reminded him about what she had told him during the feast. Albus was once again annoyed that the brat had avoided his pawns. And, the fact that he spent so much time with the Weasley twins was concerning. Those boys were just more trouble than they were worth. The brat shouldn’t be friends with anyone like those boys.

When the brat finally arrived, Albus was excited. Then he saw that not only had Fillius and Severus come, but so had Sirius. This was a set back, but he was sure he could make it work.

“Ah, hello my boy. Lemon drop?” Albus smiled as he made his eyes twinkle as Hadrian took a seat.

“No, thank you headmaster.” Hadrian took his usual chair with Flitwick to his left. His papa and Uncle Sirius were leaning against the wall to either side of where he sat.

“What is this about headmaster?” Fillius asked. He knew that the headmaster was far too interested in his student, so he knew he wasn’t going to like what was coming.

“It has been brought to my attention that you are in need of a re-sort.” Albus twinkled extra hard as Minerva turned to grab the hat. It had been enchanted to put the boy into Gryffindor immediately.

“No I’m not.” Hadrian gave a quizzical look, although he had known this was coming. “I am perfectly happy in Ravenclaw, and I have no intention of being re-sorted.”

“No I’m not.” Hadrian gave a quizzical look, although he had known this was coming. “I am perfectly happy in Ravenclaw, and I have no intention of being re-sorted.”

“Now, my boy, I’m sure you are just fine, but a formal request for a re-sort has been filed, so there is no choice, it will be carried out.” Albus said as Minerva started to make her way over to where the brat sat.

“And just who filed that request Albus.” Severus growled as he cast a shield over Hadrian so that the hat couldn’t touch him. “Hadrian clearly didn’t file one. And I know neither Sebastian or I filed one. What about you Sirius? Do you know who might have filed that request?”

“Nope. Neither Remus nor I would ever file something like that without letting the rest of you know.” Sirius smiled. “We all know that Hadrian is happy where he is, we would never try to force him to switch houses.”

“Get that shield off the boy.” Minerva snarled at Severus as she tried in vain to try and force the
hat past the shield to reach the boys head a foot below.

“No.” Severus said blandly. “Hadrian has said he does not want to be re-sorted. And none of his
guardians filed for a re-sort. Therefore, Hadrian is not being re-sorted.”

“That is enough.” Filius snapped as he brought out his wand and sent the sorting hat back to its
pedestal. “There will be no re-sort tonight. As none of his family filed a request, and Hadrian has
said no, then the answer is no.

I will remind you both, for a re-sort to be valid, all heads of house must be present. Even if the hat
had re-sorted him, it would be completely invalid. Now, I am taking my student back to his house.”

Filius got up and escorted Hadrian out of the office, but both Severus and Sirius remained behind.

“No. And my name is Prince-Peverell, but then again it is obvious that you struggle with
remembering names.” Severus said, forcing himself to remain calm. “Hadrian has said no, so the
answer is no.

Besides, he doesn’t need to be re-sorted. He is happy in his house. He gets top grades, has lots of
friends, and isn’t being bullied or getting into trouble. There is no need for him to change houses.”

“He is in the wrong house and you know it.” Minerva said. “Isn’t that right Sirius. You know that
James and Lily would want him to be in Gryffindor.”

“Lily maybe, she always was a judgmental person, but James would love Hadrian just as he is.”
Sirius said. “I still don’t know why James even married Evans. Sure, he had a crush on her when
he was younger, but then he got to know her. James used to say that Lily was the worst
representation of what a muggleborn was. She was a rude, judgmental, prejudicial, little know it all
that thought she knew better than those that had grown up in this world.

I know for a fact that James wouldn’t care which house Hadrian was in, because he used to tell me
that when Hadrian was a baby. All he wanted was his son to be happy, like any good parent would.

Hadrian is a Ravenclaw, and he will remain a Ravenclaw until he decides to change. I will not let
anyone try and force him into changing.”

With all that said, Sirius walked out of the office.

“Who does he think he is?” Minerva huffed.

“He is Hadrian’s god father. He is acting like a god father should and protecting Hadrian from
people that clearly don’t care about what he wants.” Severus said, smirking slightly as Albus and
Minerva both jumped slightly, they clearly had forgotten that he was there.

“We just want what is best for the boy Severus. Surely you can see that he needs to be a
Gryffindor.” Albus tried to regain some of the control he had lost over Severus. “This war isn’t
over, and he needs to be ready for when Voldemort returns.”

“If, and I do mean if, that man returns than it has nothing to do with Hadrian.” Severus said. “He is
a child, not an auror. Only those that are pathetically weak would rely on a child to fight their battles for them.

Now, I have a house meeting to get to. But I will remind you two of something. You are both still on probation. There are proper procedures that you are both required to follow in regards to re-sorts. And, if you attempt to force Hadrian to switch houses like that again I will personally file a complaint with the board and request that you both are fired for the emotional abuse of a child.”

Severus turned and left the office, cloak billowing.

Hogwarts, Headmasters Office - September 2, 2003

After having breakfast at the Leaky Cauldron, although it was nothing like she was used to making, Molly flooed to Albus’s office. She had spent most of the night trying to think of all the ways that Albus could fix Arthur.

“Albus, Albus, are you here?” Molly called as she walked into the office.

Albus looked up at the woman’s annoying voice. He had been having a calm morning going over some of his ICW paperwork.

“What can I do for you Molly?”

“It’s Arthur.” Molly broke down in sobs.

Albus was confused once again. What could have happened now? “What has happened? I thought you were going to talk to Charlie, what does that have to do with Arthur?”

“That’s it. I sat Charlie down and was working on convincing him to get together with Nymphadora. I had almost gotten him to agree when Arthur just snapped.

He started yelling at me and calling me a terrible mother. He is kicking me out. I have a week to get my things out of the house. He says he’s going to be filing for divorce by the end of October. Where am I going to go?”

“Why the wait?”

“He says that he is going to find a lawyer and get everything in order before filing. He says he doesn’t want to do anything that will upset the children. Albus, you need to fix him. Make him come back to me. Surely you know some kind of spell that will give me back my husband?”

Albus really didn’t understand this woman. Their marriage had been in name only for years, and she hadn’t tried to change that, now she was acting broken hearted because he wanted a divorce.

“Calm down Molly dear. Just give me a moment, there is something that I need to check. I will be right back.”

Molly sat alone in the office and cried for about five minutes before Albus flooed back in.

When Albus came back, he had everything worked out. Despite Molly acting like they needed Arthur, Albus knew that the man was a liability rather than an asset. He needed to go.

When Arthur filed for divorce, he would discover the truth, and then he would die. And that was something Albus could accept. He really didn’t need the man.
To ensure that, Albus was going to make Molly believe that he could fix everything, and then just let her believe that Arthur had discovered the truth before he could get everything set.

Albus had gone to his cottage in Godric’s Hollow. He was going to have Molly move into the cottage for the few months it would take for Arthur to die, then she could move back into The Burrow. The best part of this plan was that when Arthur died, so would Fabian and Gideon. That would give him and Molly access to the Prewett money and properties. Up until the return of the twins, Molly’s Aunt Muriel had maintained control. Although Molly would have primary control, Albus knew that it would be easy to make Molly give him most of the money.

James’s body was still in the basement under spells to keep it from decomposing, you never knew when you would need to have access to the body of a dead Lord. So he had just sealed the basement off completely, leaving no trace that it even existed.

“Thank you for waiting for me Molly dear.” Albus gave her a kind smile. “It will take me a while to get everything together to fix Arthur, so I have opened a little cottage that I own in Godric’s Hollow. You can stay there while I work everything out.”

“Thank you so much Albus.” Molly sighed. She had known that Albus would know what to do.

“There is no need to thank me Molly dear. I would request a bit of a favour from you if you wouldn’t mind?”

“Of course Albus, anything.”

“As I’m sure you know, my brother was recently killed when his pub burned down. Aberforth never did look after his things properly.” Albus put on a sad face. “The clauses in the insurance he had on the place make it so that the only way to get the pay out is if the pub is rebuilt.

I personally don’t want to own a pub, so I was thinking about maybe making it a pub and restaurant. My old friend Dedalus Diggle has offered to help me get it built, and run it since I don’t have the time, but I was wondering if you would help. I have looked over Dedalus’s ideas, and I think it needs a woman’s touch.”

“I would love to help, Albus.” Molly gushed. She really would like that.

It would allow her to be in Hogsmeade a lot, so she would be able to watch over her Ronnie whenever he came in on a Hogsmeade weekend. Molly knew that she would be able to make this restaurant the best one in the country.

A few minutes later, after Albus gave her a little more information on what he wanted from the restaurant, Molly flooed to the cottage he had arranged for her.

Department of Mysteries

It was just after lunch that Regulus finally had what he needed. He was exhausted, and starving, but he had finally done it. He had found the counter to the ritual that had been used on Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon.

Now, all he had to do was get permission from Unspeakable Chronos to inform the others of what he needed them to do. It was easy enough to do, but then came the hard part. Getting everything ready.
The ritual itself was actually fairly easy, but the prep-work for it wasn't. He was going to need three different potions, that would all take over a month to brew, they were difficult potions that needed down to the second steps, and required extremely rare ingredients. The ritual also needed to be preformed in a magically neutral area. Regulus figured that the goblins would have a room that would work for what they needed. The ritual also needed to be preformed under a full moon.

Regulus figured, that if they could get all the ingredients for the potions, and everything else was timed right so they wouldn't need to restart anything at any point, they could preform the ritual during the full moon on October 10.

After getting permission to tell the others, Regulus flooed home.

**Wizengamot Chambers - September 8, 2003**

Albus was, for once in a long time, excited as he made his way into the Wizengamot chambers. He had everything ready, and all his people knew what they were to do. Sebastian Peverell was going to fall from grace today.

Taking his seat, Albus glanced over towards where he knew Sebastian would be sitting. The man was right where Albus had expected he would be, but he wasn’t alone. Both Amelia Bones and Gerald Greengrass were speaking with him, Gerald in particular looked extremely happy.

Only a few minutes later, Gerald called the session to order. After going over the minutes from the last session, Gerald made an announcement. “And now, there are some new proxies that have been assigned.”

To Albus’s horror, he watched as Sebastian stood up.

“Indeed Chief Warlock.” James grinned wolfishly. “I have the honour of announcing that I have been selected as the proxy for the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Slytherin.” The entire hall broke down in chaos. This meant that every single house of the Hogwarts founders was active. There was also the fact that Voldemort himself had claimed that the seat was his, although he had never come into the chamber to take his seat. “I have also been selected as proxy to the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of LeFey.” At this, the few members that had remained calm started to freak out. “As per the instructions of the Lord of both houses, the seats will be assigned to the Neutral party.”

It took several minutes of Gerald constantly banging his gavel to regain some semblance of calm. “So noted Lord Peverell. Magic has accepted the assignment of the seats.”

But, before Gerald could move them on to the next topic, a voice shouted out from the back of the light section. “That is the seat of You-Know-Who. He is a supporter of that monster.”

James stood up, making sure that those in the press section had a good view of him. “I assume that the seat you are referring to is the Slytherin one. I can assure you, that man is not, and has never been the Lord of Slytherin house.

Just because some mad man once made a claim, does not make it true. I could claim that trees are made of marshmallow fluff, and as much fun as that might be, it does not make it true.

Yes, the man who called himself Lord Voldemort did indeed claim that he was the heir to Salazar Slytherin, but you might have noticed that he never provided any proof.
According to the immaculate records that are kept by the goblins, on November 24, 1963, a man named Tom Marvolo Riddle, under the alias, Lord Voldemort, did attempt to claim the Slytherin Lordship. He was unsuccessful. The family magics tested him, and found him unworthy of the title."

Once again the chamber broke down in a chaos of shouting. Those in the dark that had served the man were furious that James was publicly insulting their master. The neutrals wanted to know more about Tom Marvolo Riddle. While many in the light were still accusing him of being in league with Voldemort.

It took another 10 minutes for Gerald to once again regain order. Rather than tolerating their bickering, Gerald pushed forward with the itinerary. They went over a few basic proposals, before the light had calmed down and was ready to move.

It was Lady Griselda Marchbanks that spoke first. "Chief Warlock, I feel that we must address and reverse the normalization of werewolves. As we all know by now, on August 12, the Sea Cliff House was attacked by a pack of rabid wolves.

The normalization of werewolves was due to the use of a potion that would allow them to be in control, it is clear the potion is failing. If the potion does not work, and the wolves are once again attacking children, I feel we have no choice but to reverse the changes that this body has made, and acknowledge that although it was done with good intentions, those that supported it were wrong."

Hearing all that, Amelia nodded to Gerald, signalling her desire to speak. Edgar had retaken his place as Lord of House Bones, so Amelia served only in her position as head of the DMLE. Although she could only vote on anything that was directly connected to law enforcement, she could still give proper context to what had happened.

"It seems Madam Bones, head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement wishes to speak." Gerald announced.

"Thank you Chief Warlock. I feel that it is my duty to provide context to what Lady Marchbanks just said.

Yes, it is true that on August 12, a pack of 16 rogue werewolves did attack the Sea Cliff House, but the rest of that statement is incorrect.

No child was attacked that night. This is thanks to other werewolves. You see, many other werewolves saw or heard some unsettling things, and they sought help from my department. Because of the reports that we received, we knew well in advance of the attack.

The children were quietly moved out of the house, and sent on vacation out of the country at the private manor of a member of this body. At no point were any of the children in danger. Once the children were gone, a trap was set up.

It is because of the changes in the laws that we received the reports in time. Back when my department was forced to practically hunt them, none of them would have reported what they were seeing and hearing out of fear of what would happen to them. Since the werewolf community has started to feel safe reaching out to law enforcement, those children were saved, and the attack failed.

All 16 of the attackers are now in Azkaban, as we all know, given the fact that we sentenced them only two weeks ago.
16 wolves, not the entire population of wolves. We should not fall back into the habit of judging a group based off of the actions of it’s worst members. There are witches and wizards that kill, but we are not judged off of their actions. It is a double standard to do so to others.

Also, the potion did not fail. The pack that attacked was that of Fenrir Greyback, a well known murderer. Greyback forbid every member of his pack from taking the potion. When taken, the potion works perfectly, but you can not expect a potion to work if it has never been taken.

I feel that we need to look at what happened that day as a good thing. Because we are showing kindness and compassion to those of another race we were able to stop an attack and save the lives of innocent children. And that would not have been possible under the old laws.”

Amelia took her seat after that.

“With that in mind, I call a vote on the overturning of werewolf rights and normalization within our society. All in favour?” Gerald looked around, he knew immediately the vote would fail. “All opposed?” Gerald smiled as he saw the voting board show the clear winner. “Opposition has majority. The rights of werewolves will not be overturned. The normalization of the status of werewolves stands.”

Albus was stunned. It had failed. And not even because of anything Sebastian had done, but because of Amelia Bones. She had just completely destroyed everything he had planned.

What was supposed to happen was that the werewolf rights were to be overturned. That would then be used as a basis to overturn other rights that had been given to dark creatures, as those that had proposed the bills had been shown to have faulty judgement.

But no, Amelia just couldn’t keep her mouth shut. Now Albus was stuck. He couldn’t call the other laws into question unless there was another attack.

After the meeting ended, James got up and was on his way out when he was bombarded with questions both by his fellow Wizengamot members and reporters. Everyone wanted to know who the Lords Slytherin and LeFey were, and if they were Voldemort.

James just laughed, promising that Voldemort was not the lord of either house. He explained that he currently didn’t have permission to disclose who the Lord was, but he would let them know when he had permission.

Then questions turned to Tom Marvolo Riddle. James gave the reporters a sad look.

“I can’t tell you if evil is born or made, but I do believe that the boy that monster once was, never stood a chance. If you want to know more about him, then I would recommend you do your own research.

He grew up at a place called Wool’s Orphanage in London. He was born December 31, 1926 to Merope Gaunt and Tom Riddle Sr.. I will warn you, it is a tragic tale, both for him and the rest of us.”

James walked away after that, answering no more questions.
After finishing up their classes on the third Friday since school started, the five Weasley children at Hogwarts flooed home. They had been told they were going home for the weekend weeks before.

Percy, Fred, and George were excited. Charlie had used Remus’s contact mirror to call Hadrian and had him let him speak to his brothers. When he started with telling them that Arthur had finally reached his limit and kicked Molly out. They had all cheered quietly, although they still had the same fears as Charlie had had when Arthur had first said he was filing for divorce.

It had been Percy that asked what it had been that had finally been too much for their dad. When Charlie had explained about Molly’s threatening to disown him because he was dating Oliver, he had gotten the response of blind fury from his three younger brothers. That woman had no right to treat their brother like that.

After calming his brothers down, he gave them the best news they thought they would ever hear, Regulus had found the counter-ritual.

All three boys shouted out in joy, cheering as they hugged each other, they were getting their dads back. Luckily all three of them took warding, so they were hidden and silenced so no one would notice their joy.

Now, they were home. Ron and Ginny with them.

Ron was excited to be home again, school had gotten so hard. He had chosen to take four electives this year, and there was just so much work involved. The classes he had decided to take were alchemy, care of magical creatures, arithmancy and ancient runes. Other than care, everything was just so hard.

In alchemy, they hadn’t even gotten to go into the lab yet, and the professor, Prof. Zarno, had said that they wouldn’t be doing anything practical until after Christmas. Ron had been annoyed with that, it was supposed to be a fun class, but it was just more book learning. Ancient runes and arithmancy were awful, all it was was symbols and math, and he was supposed to make sense of it all. The only reason he stayed in the class was because they were required to take them if he wanted to get into spell crafting in fifth year. The only halfway decent class was care. At least in care they got to do something other than just read, although there was still a lot of books in that class to. And they hadn’t even gotten to see anything more interesting than a crup. Plus, Prof. Kettleburn, was a crazy old man that was missing plenty of body parts including an eye, half an arm, and part of his leg.

With all the extra classes, he had so much homework, especially when it was added to what he was doing in his other classes. Ron really hated just how much work he was expected to do. But at least he was home for the weekend and could relax.

Ginny was happy to be home, but she was also sad that she wouldn’t be able to spend the weekend with Harry. Over the past three weeks she had repeatedly tried to get close to him, but so far, they had missed each other.

She had barely even managed to start to punish Luna for trying to steal her Harry. So far, she had gotten a few more people calling her Loony, but many had stopped again because they kept getting detention. She herself had had to spend last weekend in detention because she had ‘accidentally’ dropped a container of dragon dung fertilizer over the freak, it hadn’t even been worth it because Prof. Gisborn, the second year herbology teacher, had managed to pull her wand and stop any from
Arriving in the kitchen, Molly and Arthur directed the children to sit at the table. Percy, Fred, and George sat next to each other on one side of the table. Ron and Ginny both whined, they wanted to go to their rooms.

“We have an announcement to make.” Arthur said in a soft voice. Over the past three weeks he had worked through a lot of how he felt about everything that had happened, and he knew what he needed to do.

“What now?” Ron whined. He just hoped there wasn’t some new lost member of the family coming out of nowhere to make his life harder.

“After a great deal of thought… You’re mother and I have decided that we are separating.” Arthur broke the news. Molly had told him that he would be doing it since she wasn’t going to look like the bad guy to her babies when she had done nothing wrong, in her opinion.

Percy, Fred, and George just nodded in agreement.

Ron, for what might have been the first time in his life, took a moment to think before he reacted. If his parents separated then it meant he got twice the allowance, twice the presents, and two rooms. That seemed like a good deal for him.

Ginny started to whine immediately. “But I don’t want you to split up.”

Arthur decided to try and cut her off before she really got going. “Well, I’m sorry Ginny, but this isn’t up to you. It is already done. I will be filing for divorce next month. We love you sweetheart, but we can not be together anymore.”

“But I want you to be, so you will be.” Ginny said in a demanding voice. Like she would be able to get what she wanted just by saying it.

“Don’t worry baby girl.” Molly crooned to her daughter. “Everything will be fine. I am looking for a new home for us already. The place I’m staying right now only has one spare room, but it will all work out, I’m sure.”

Ginny just huffed and glared at her mum. She didn’t want them to separate. She didn’t like it when anyone made a major decision like this without talking about it with her.

Arthur was surprised by just how well the kids were taking it. He had known how his older boys would handle it, but he had expected a lot worse from the youngest two.

“So, you’re all ok?” Arthur asked.

“Of course.” Percy said, speaking for himself and the twins. “We honestly have been expecting this for a while. Given everything we have learned over the years we know a lot more about what’s going on than anyone would expect.”

“And just what’s that supposed to mean?” Molly demanded, looking towards Percy.

“You lived in a house with seven children, five of whom were and are, rather inquisitive. And, let’s just say, you aren’t as good at hiding your potions as you think you are. The older kids have all known about that for years. I mean, I think the twins had everything figured out before they even started their first year.” Percy said, the twins nodded their agreement.
“What are you talking about?” Ron asked his brother.

“Don’t worry about it Ron.” Arthur said. “It doesn’t have any real affect on your life. It’s just about some issues your mum and I have had for the past few years.”

Molly was furious. They had known. Now she knew just why the older children were so disrespectful. They thought they knew what was going on. Really, they didn’t. They were just kids. Those potions were the best thing that had ever happened to this family.

There was a soft knock on the door and Fabian and Gideon walked in carrying take out from a muggle Chinese place that they had found.

“We brought dinner.” Fabian announced.

“Everything ok here?” Gideon asked.

“Everything is just fine.” Arthur smiled at his friends. “Ohhh, did you get any of those dumplings I love. Really, who knew that yak could taste so good?”

Fabian and Gideon just laughed at their friend.

When Molly was getting ready to leave was when things got dramatic. Molly had at first tried to convince Arthur that she should stay the weekend while the kids were there, but Arthur had refused. He didn’t want to start backing down even slightly. Their marriage was over, and he would never let her back in the house again.

Then, after that little fight, that had been held just outside the backdoor in the garden, was over, both Ron and Ginny wanted to go and spend the weekend with Molly. They were both sure that since she was no longer with their father that they would be able to make her get them all the things he had denied them.

But Molly had told them that there was only one extra bed at her place. Both Ron and Ginny had had complete meltdowns. They both wanted to go with her so that they could get what they wanted first.

After a half an hour argument, Arthur had had enough. The children would stay at The Burrow until a schedule could be worked out. Since neither could agree which one would get to go first, then it would be up to him and Molly. He and Molly would work out a custody agreement for when they came home for Yule.

Molly had been furious that Arthur had said that the kids would stay with him, but at the same time she was glad. There really wasn’t room for them at her place. The cottage that she was in was clearly only meant for one. And, none of the kids things were there, and there wasn’t any room for them. She was just happy that Albus was working on fixing Arthur. Soon enough she would be back at The Burrow with her babies and her loving husband.

Gringotts, Ritual Room - October 10, 2003

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon were all extremely confused. Everyone was acting extremely weird.

Earlier today, Charlie had come to them at work and asked them to take the rest of the week off
and go to the bank with him. Of course, they had done what he asked, even though it confused them. When they arrived at the bank they saw Bill, Regulus, and Marlene.

The three men had been sent to purification baths and then made to dress in purified ritual robes. Whenever they started to question what was happening, Bill or Charlie would just ask them to trust them. And, of course, they did.

Hours of meditating later, Severus arrived with large caldrons of potion. The three confused men were made to drink vials of different, awful tasting, potions. Their questions falling on deaf ears.

Eventually, just before midnight, they were led into a large stone ritual chamber. All manner of runes were freshly painted on the floor in one of the potions. The three men were led to the stone slab in the centre of the room. Deciding if they had already gone this far they should finish, they all got up on the table, Arthur being placed in the middle of the twins.

Once they were on the table they were soaked in one of the other potions, just as Regulus, Bill, and one of the goblins started to chant in different languages.

The room got both extremely hot and cold at the same time. The different languages blurred together as the three men started to pant in exertion. They all felt like they had been running for hours rather than laying on a stone table. When the ritual reached its peak, the third potion was aerosolized and sprayed on the men.

Just outside the room, Charlie and Marlene waited with Cora. Both Marlene and Cora had chosen to be there because they were both healers. Since Marlene had been trapped in the hospital ward for months while she had been recovering, she had used that time to recertify as a general healer. She had even returned to temporary duty at the beginning of the summer, although now she was going to have to go off on maternity leave when the baby was born next year. Severus had had to get back to the school before anyone noticed he had left.

While Cora was in the process of trying to keep Charlie calm, a process that included offering to knock him out, which Charlie was considering, the others came out of the room. They were all exhausted, covered in sweat, and smelled strongly of potions.

“They’re sleeping now.” Bill said with a voice rough from the ritual.

Cora and Marlene both quickly rushed into the room. Each running their own scans as they went. Checking their own scans, they then both traded results and checked each others work. After conferring with each other, they smiled at the men still standing in the door way.

“They are just fine. A little dehydrated, but fine.” Marlene told their sons. Both boys visibly relaxed at that.

“Now, you three need to get to the cleansing rooms. You wreak of potions and it would not be good for those particular potions to seep through your skin.” Cora said, directing the two men and her husband to the same bathing chamber that had been used earlier.

Charlie just stayed in the doorway, watching his fathers sleeping, hoping that everything was going to work out.

The Burrow - October 11, 2003

After Bill and Regulus had finished bathing, it had been decided for everyone to go home. Regulus
and Marlene helped Charlie and Bill to get their fathers home and tucked into Fabian’s bed, after they had enlarged it.

Marlene had already started to remember Arthur marrying Fabian and Gideon, so they knew the ritual had worked.

Bill and Charlie barely slept at all that night, each took turns watching over their fathers to see if anything changed. After the sun had risen, Bill and Charlie decided that they needed to keep themselves busy, so they went into the kitchen to let their fathers sleep unwatched for a little while.

Charlie got to work making a full English breakfast, with all the sides. He just needed to keep his hands busy.

Bill pulled out some of the paperwork that he needed to get done so that his team could move on to the next section of the tomb complex they were working on. His entire team had the next two weeks off while he did the paperwork, so Bill wasn’t even missing work to be there with his family.

The best part for them was that their memories were also returning. Since they had both been older, they had plenty of different memories of growing up with their fathers. They knew Percy would have a few memories too, but the ones they really felt sorry for were the twins. They had only been toddlers when their fathers were taken from them, so they had been too young to form any real memories of their fathers.

While Bill and Charlie were in the kitchen, Arthur was in the bedroom, slowly blinking his eyes against the light as he woke up. He could feel his heart sluggishly pounding his blood through his veins. His brain felt like mush. Every bone and muscle in his body ached.

Slowly he tried to force himself to sit up, but his body refused to follow his directions. Hearing a soft groan from beside him when he moved, Arthur turned his head from side to side. Gideon was on his left, while Fabian was on the right.

That confused Arthur. Normally, Fabian preferred the left and Gideon took the right.

Then he wondered about the boys. The twins weren’t sleeping through the night yet, so he was wondering why he hadn’t been woken up earlier.

Then he remembered. The twins were at Hogwarts.

Molly. He had never married Molly, he had married Fabian and Gideon. How could he have forgotten that?

Then Arthur’s mind started to race. He had been forced to forget his husbands. He had been drugged with love potions. He had two other children.

Arthur was so caught up in his spiralling thoughts he didn’t even notice that he had started gasping for air. His chest hurt, like his heart was encased in ice.

Fabian and Gideon both came to consciousness when they heard Arthur gasping for breath. It was far too early to be up in their opinion. They both went to reach out for him, but they were reaching in the wrong direction. Arthur was usually to Fabian’s right, and Gideon’s left.

Forcing themselves to sit up slightly, they looked around and saw that they were on the wrong
sides of the bed. Rolling the other way than they were used to, they snuggled Arthur between them.

Then, like Arthur, their minds caught up with them.

Husband. Arthur was their husband. Those five older boys were their’s. Their sister had stolen their lives from them, their husband and children.

Burrowing closer to each other, they let themselves grieve for all the time they lost.

Eventually, the three men forced themselves out of bed. Still keeping each other close. They could hear voices and movement in the kitchen.

Slowly making their way out of the room, they saw Bill and Charlie sitting down to breakfast.

The five adult men all started to tear up when they saw each other. They finally had each other back.

Bill and Charlie both quickly got up and ran to their fathers for a group hug. They were a proper family again.

The hug lasted for over 5 minutes before Charlie directed his fathers to the table and he and Bill dished them up some much needed food.


“How long have you known we were your fathers?” Fabian asked.

“What did that ritual do?” Gideon asked.

“What about your younger brothers, do they know?” Arthur asked.

“Whoa.” Charlie said as he held up his hands. “Bill knew about this first, so I’ll let him tell you.”

The three men all turned to Bill.

“For me, it all really started when Remus brought me with him for my apprenticeship. He and the others had gotten access to a memory orb that was addressed to me. The orb originated in the time chamber in the DOM and was from 20 years in the future. And yes, I know just how insane that sounds.

The orb, and others like it, were sent back in an attempt to stop two different wars that were going to happen. According to what they had learned, Voldemort was supposed to come back at the end of the next school year. There would be a war, that he would eventually lose, but a lot of people were going to die, including Fred.

After that, it would get worse. In retaliation for what happened everything even classified as dark would be exterminated. I had apparently been attacked by Fenrir Greyback, so they had come for my family. Both my wife and I were killed. Dad, you were also killed trying to help us. The only member of my family that survived was my infant daughter. Hadrian helped to rescue her and got her to Charlie and George who got her out of the country.

That was when Hadrian and his allies decided to try to change things. Hadrian was working in the DOM at the time, and he decided to use what he knew to send the information back in time in the
hopes that we could change the future. Charlie and George both sent orbs back for us, explaining
what they had learned.

When I first started with Remus and his team, they gave me the orb that Charlie had sent for me. It
explained about what had happened to you, and that you, Fabian and Gideon, were our other
fathers, and that Molly had used a blood adoption on us to make us hers. Originally, you both were
going to die in 2007 in that prison, but clearly, we changed that.

We have been working ever since then to change things. I explained everything to Charlie and
Percy a few years ago. Fred and George knew even before them, they had had their own orb that
George had sent back to them.

I have my orb with me now, so after you finish your breakfast, you can watch it.”

His fathers just stared at Bill as he finished. Although it was a completely insane story, Bill had
sounded and looked completely honest the entire time. When they looked to Charlie, he just
nodded to them.

“So why didn’t you just tell us?” Arthur finally asked a few minutes later after he had managed to
find his voice.

“Because we couldn’t.” Charlie said as he looked between his fathers. “We weren’t exactly sure
what that ritual did. We didn’t want to risk that it would force you to tell anyone any secrets. Molly
would have loved to get her hands on information from the future.”

“There is also the fact that the ritual that had been used on you was what is referred to as self-
cleaning.” Bill explained. “That means, that if any of the three of you learned about the ritual
before we had been able to remove it, it would have killed all three of you.”

The three of them were stunned. Their children had spent years working on saving them. And they
couldn’t be more proud of them.

“So who else knows about all this?” Gideon asked just as he was finishing his food.

“Well…” Charlie hesitated slightly. “You know everyone that was at the end of summer party?”
When they nodded at him, Charlie continued. “All of them.”

“All of them?” Fabian was slightly stunned that so many had known.

“Yup.” Bill said. “Well, many of them had also gotten orbs, and those that hadn’t have been
actively involved in helping us. We actually only managed to find the counter ritual last month
because of a combination of Regulus’s work, and Marlene’s memory.

She had remembered seeing Molly with a ritual book years ago, and described it to Regulus.
Regulus found the book from her description and spent the entire night, and half of the next day
searching until he found the ritual, and it’s counter.”

“So other than showing us the orb, that’s everything?” Arthur asked in a delicate voice. This all
really was overwhelming.

“One more thing.” Bill smiled at his shell shocked fathers. “The man you know as Sebastian
Peverell is actually not Sebastian Peverell.”

“What?” Fabian and Gideon asked at the same time.
“Well… To put it simply, Lily Evans pulled her own version of a Molly.” Charlie said, giving his fathers a sarcastic smile.

“She pulled a Molly?” Arthur asked, actually chuckling slightly despite everything he had just learned.


After James and Hadrian were kidnapped, Severus was spelled to hate James, though they don’t think that the person that spelled Sev knew that he was Hadrian’s father. James’s memories were altered, and he was given love potions keyed to Evans.

Just before Voldemort attacked, Evans once again kidnapped James, leaving Hadrian alone in the house with two golems. James was kept in a coma, like the two of you, for years.

Sev and Remus learned all of this when the orbs arrived, and they set about saving their husbands.

Sebastian Peverell is an identity and glamour created by the goblins to hide and protect James Potter.”

That was it. It might not even be 10 am, but Arthur got up and poured himself, and his husbands, a shot of fire whiskey. Fabian and Gideon took the shots gratefully.

Bill and Charlie just smiled at their fathers. They had spent hours the night before ensuring the house was clear of any monitoring spells, they had found more than a few, and then they had covered the house in secrecy and security wards. Because of that they knew that no one would ever know what they had discussed without their permission. Not that they ever thought their fathers would betray them.

After watching the memory orb, and hearing the message Charlie had sent back, Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon once again poured themselves shots. Their entire world had just shifted on it’s axis.

So much had changed, and now they needed to decide what to do about it.

Fabian and Gideon had a quick and silent conversation about what to do about their little sister, while Bill and Charlie were talking to Arthur. Percy, Fred, and George had Hadrian’s mirror, so they were going to call the mirror that Charlie had borrowed from Remus in a few hours, after they finished their lunch.

Making a decision about what to do with Molly, Fabian and Gideon both stood up and walked a little ways away from the table. Turning, they faced one another and clasped each other’s forearms.


I disown Molly Ginevra Prewett from the House of Prewett due to the betrayal of the Family and dishonouring the Family name.

May the magic of our ancestors judge her actions and pass judgement upon her motivations. If found unworthy, may the Family Magics be stripped from her. May she forever be barred from further besmirching the Families good name.

So mote it be.”
“I, Gideon Fredrick Weasley-Prewett, co-lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Prewett, do call upon Magic.

I disown Molly Ginevra Prewett from the House of Prewett due to the betrayal of the Family and dishonouring the Family name.

May the magic of our ancestors judge her actions and pass judgement upon her motivations. If found unworthy, may the Family Magics be stripped from her. May she forever be barred from further besmirching the Families good name.

So mote it be.”

Arthur, Bill, and Charlie all felt as the Prewett magic within them all shifted and judged Molly’s actions. Then, with a swift shock, they felt as the magic ripped itself from her.

The reason that Arthur had felt the Prewett family magic was because when he had married the twins, he had gone with a full bonding. A regular marriage was just that, marriage. It was really just in name only. Using the olde magical bonding meant that a person was being brought into the family, and it bound the families magic to them.

“That was an edited version of a disownment.” Arthur said, his voice confused.

“We couldn’t do the full one.” Gideon said.

“If we had, then the family magic would have also punished Ron and Ginny.” Fabian said as he walked over to Arthur to wrap his arms around him.

“And we wouldn’t do that to you or them. It isn’t fair to punish them for her actions.” Gideon added as he joined his brother and husband in a hug.

Arthur gently wiped away the few tears that had formed in his eyes. Turning, Arthur gently kissed Fabian, before turning and kissing Gideon. It had been so long since they had last kissed, and they got a little caught up.

“Ummm.” Bill said as he grabbed his paperwork off the table. “I have to go and deliver this to the bank. So… I’m just gonna go do that.”

“And, I’m gonna… Help.” Charlie added, following his older brother. “We’ll just leave you three to… Get reacquainted.”

Fabian and Gideon winked at their sons as they left. When Arthur went to say something, or call them back, Fabian quickly distracted him with a kiss that was then swiftly followed by another kiss from Gideon.

Taking Arthurs hands, the twins started to lead their husband back towards the bedrooms.

Without them noticing, the floo flared green and an elderly woman stepped through elegantly.

“Honestly you three, you are not teenagers anymore.” Came a strict voice that reminded all three of the men of a school teacher.

“Hello Aunt Muriel.” Fabian and Gideon sighed at the same time.

“Well hello to you too.” She gave them both a look, making them feel like they were still little boys that she had caught doing something wrong.
“We were just…” Arthur started, but stopped. He wasn’t about to tell a woman that was well over 100, and had known him since he was a toddler that he was going to go and have wild, passionate sex with her great nephews.

“Ohh, I think I know exactly what you were about to do.” Muriel had to force herself not to smile. It wouldn’t do to ruin her reputation as a strict old woman. “But, now you are going to invite an old lady to tea, and you are going to explain why I just felt you call upon the family magics. Your shenanigans can wait until I have gotten answers.”

“Yes Aunt Muriel.” Fabian and Gideon responded on instinct. Hanging their heads slightly, they glumly walked over to the table.

“What sort of tea can I get you Muriel?” Arthur asked. “I think we only have regular black tea.”

“Don’t worry yourself Arthur. I brought my own leaves.” Muriel pulled out a small little bag of her favourite jasmine tea leaves.

Arthur nodded and just brought a kettle of boiled water and four tea cups to the table. The room was silent as Muriel steeped and served the tea. They all knew better than to break Muriel’s rule about disrupting the steeping of tea.

After all the cups had been served, Muriel looked to her great nephews. “Well, what has happened? I seem to remember history in two ways. So who is it that will be explaining that to me? And, who will explain the family magics?”

Fabian and Gideon looked to each other. After a silent battle, Gideon had to answer.

“It would seem that Molly used an ancient ritual to force Fabian and I to forget that we married Arthur, and that the elder five boys are our sons. The boys discovered what happened to us, and they have spent the past years working on finding a way to counter the ritual. Which, they managed last night.”

“That girl.” Muriel growled. She was so disappointed in Molly, that girl had always wanted what she didn’t have. “I should have expected her to do something like that after your father caught her trying to drug Arthur just before your wedding.”

“What?” Both twins and Arthur said at the same time.

“Yes.” Muriel sighed. “Your father caught her brewing love potions just before the wedding. He, of course, put a stop to it. From that point on, he and your mother always made sure to keep a close eye on her whenever the three of you were around. I guess without them there to stop her, she finally did it.

And the calling of family magics?”

This time Fabian was forced to speak. “We could not accept what she had done. Using a ritual like that on her own family, and using love, submission, loyalty, and control potions on our husband for years, and even blood adopting our children and claiming them as her own was just too much to be tolerated.

We called upon the family magics to judge her actions and the motivation behind them, and she was judged as unworthy of being a member of the Prewett family.

She is, as of now, Molly Ginevra No Name.”
“I agree with your actions.” Muriel sighed. It was never easy when a member of a family was disowned, but she really didn’t see any other option. “That didn’t feel like any regular disownment though?”

“That is because it wasn’t. If it were a normal disownment then Molly’s children would have been disowned with her.” Gideon said.

“In spite of what Molly has done, Ronald and Ginevra do not deserve to be punished for it. Through everything, they are family, and we will not disown them until, or, unless, they prove themselves to be unworthy.” Fabian added as he took Arthurs hand.

Muriel nodded thoughtfully. “I must agree. There is still hope for those two, I hope. Molly has never let me spend much time with them. I can only assume that she didn’t want me to notice anything untoward.

Now that that woman is gone, I expect to get to spend more time with my great great nephews and niece.”

‘Of course Muriel.” Arthur said happily. “I must apologize. Molly had always told me that you didn’t like children, so we shouldn’t bother you with the children. Even after I was cleared of the potions a few years ago, it never occurred to me to question that.”

“Do not worry my dear boy. The only one responsible for Molly’s actions is Molly. You bear no blame.” Muriel smiled, she always had liked Arthur. “I must ask, where is she?” Muriel looked around, but she saw no sign of Molly anywhere in the house.

“I kicked her out at the beginning of September.” Arthur said. “I had actually been in the process of finding a lawyer and filing for divorce, I guess I won’t need to do that now, since we were never married.”

“Good, you must always be wary of involving lawyers.” Muriel had never liked lawyers. “But what did she do that finally made you kick her out now, if you discovered the potions years ago, what could be worse than that?”

“She threatened Charlie.” Fabian growled.

“What?” Muriel’s voice could only be described as a snarl.

“She wanted Charlie to marry the daughter of one of her friends, but Charlie didn’t like the girl and was dating an old friend of his from school, Oliver Wood. She threatened to force him to marry the girl using an absolute contract, with Charlie in the position of ‘wife’. When that didn’t work because both he and I refused to sign the contract, she threatened to fully disown him.

I made it perfectly clear that I would always choose my son over her and that she was no longer welcome in this house.” Arthur explained, his voice still holding the fury he had felt.

“How dare she threaten to disown a member of this family. Not only does she not have the right, she does not have the ability.” Muriel made up her mind, she would never speak of Molly again, that girl no longer existed to her. “Oliver Wood you say, there is a Lacy Wood in my book club, her son is named Mathew, and her two grandchildren are Owen and Magda.”

“Oliver is the son of Owen Wood.” Arthur said.

“Hmmm. So he is a boy from a good family, good for Charlie.” The matchmaking wheels had already started to turn in Muriel’s head. She had always loved matchmaking. “Well, I must be off,
I’m supposed to have tea with my old friend, Edwina MacMillan.”

Muriel left after that, leaving the three men alone once again. Fabian quickly moved forward, closing and locking the floo, while Gideon did the same to the door. They then both grabbed Arthur and started pulling him towards the bedroom. Fully intending to pick up where they had been before they had been interrupted.

A few hours later, Percy and the twins called. They were excited that they were actually finally able to call their fathers, their fathers. Since it was Saturday, they had the rest of the day off to talk to their fathers.

All three of their fathers made sure that they talked about everything that had happened, wanting to make sure that the boys really were ok with everything. At their age, emotional trauma could have longterm effects. The boys just reassured them that they agreed with every decision they had made.

After all this time, the boys couldn’t believe that they really had their fathers back. It had taken them years, but they all agreed it was worth it. They just wished that they could be together.

Happily, the next weekend was a Hogsmeade weekend, so they were all going to get together then.

After hanging up the mirror phone, Fabian turned to Arthur.

“What’s bothering you Artie?”

“It’s Ron and Ginny. And don’t call me Artie.”

“What about Ron and Ginny?” Gideon asked softly.

“I think we all know what the chances are that I, as a natural barer, could have gotten Molly pregnant even once, let alone twice, in two years.” Arthur sighed.

“We know.” Fabian understood what Arthur was getting at. He wasn’t Ron and Ginny’s birth father.

“She must have used a blood adoption to make them mine since the Weasley family magics have acknowledged them.” Arthur was trying to work out how he felt.

“Does that change anything?” Gideon asked.

“No.” Arthur said immediately. “I... I really don’t care who their birth father was, what matters is that they are mine now. And, in spite of everything, in spite of all the trouble I have with them, and what Molly has done, I love them.

I just worry about you.”

“What about us?” Gideon asked.

“Arthur.” Fabian stepped forward and took his husbands hands. “It doesn’t matter to us. They are your children, whether it is by birth or adoption, they are yours. It has been you raising them, not that other person, they are yours in every way that matters.”

“We would never do anything to change that. Or try to separate them from you.” Gideon reassured
When Molly woke up that morning, she started on her regular routine. She made her breakfast and then ate it. Once she did the dishes, she would go over and start working on the plans for the restaurant.

In truth, she hated it. She hated that she had to even pretend to do work. There was just so much involved with setting up a restaurant. She needed to talk to different builders and look over different materials. She had to talk to different suppliers and furnisher. Then there was all the inspections by the ministry. Really, who cared if you used one type of wood or another, it was all just wood. And everyone kept getting angry at her when she made changes.

The only thing that kept her going was the knowledge that soon enough, Albus would have fixed Arthur, and she could go home. Then she wouldn’t have to worry about any of this stuff. Sure, she would continue to help Albus, but it wouldn’t be like this.

The entire morning had been off though. Something was missing.

It was just after 10, when she was once again reworking the blueprints that she felt it. Molly collapsed to the floor screaming as she felt the Prewett family magics examine her and then rip themselves from her.

Forcing herself off the floor, Molly made her way back to her room and crawled into bed once again. It took her over an hour before the pain finally stopped.

What had that been. What could have happened to make her family magic act like that.

Rolling over, Molly heard a clinking sound under her pillow. Lifting the pillow, she saw the worst thing she could ever imagine.

For the past 14 1/2 years, she had always worn the same stone necklace. The stone pendent was actually the sealing stone for the ritual she had used on Arthur and her brothers. The stone was broken in half. The only way that could have happened was if, somehow, the ritual had stopped working.

Then she knew what the pain had been. Fabian and Gideon had disowned her.

How could they? Molly was furious. Who did those two think they were? They had no right to disown her. She hadn’t done anything wrong. What right did they have to kick her out of the family, she was the family.

Forcing herself out of bed, she went to the mirror over her dresser. She looked awful. Her eyes were sunken in, and there were dark circles under them. Her skin was sallow, and she looked weak and frail.

Turning away from the mirror, Molly looked around the room. Her purse was glowing. Going over, she opened it. The glow was coming from her money pouch.

Looking in, she could see that her vault key was glowing brightly. Pulling it out, Molly looked at it and screamed.

The key that had once held the engraving ‘Molly Prewett’ now read, ‘Molly No Name’.
She was a No Name. Fabian and Gideon had stolen her husband, her magic, and her name. Molly started to sob with how unfair everything was. She knew that she deserved so much better than this.

Rushing forward, Molly grabbed the pieces of the broken stone and rushed to the floo.

Hogwarts, Headmaster’s Office

“Albus, Albus.” Came the screeching of Molly’s voice before she had even stepped out of the floo.

Albus wanted to slam his head on his desk. What was wrong with that woman? Did she really think he cared about every little bit of drama in her life? But, he knew the roll he needed to play.

“What is wrong Molly dear?” Albus asked in his usual kind voice.

Molly threw the ritual stone on the desk in front of him and started to sob.

“They… They… Disowned me. I’m a No Name. Albus, what am I supposed to do? Everyone is going to find out.” Molly was hysterical.

Albus froze. This was bad. This was beyond bad. Over the years, Albus had used Molly as an example of everything light and good in their world. If anyone found out the reason behind her disownment it would ruin everything. It would almost immediately be linked back to him, and then his own reputation would be destroyed.

He needed to find a way to fix this. There had to be something he could do. This could ruin everything.

Then there was the question of just how the ritual had been broken. No one had known that they had used that ritual. And, even if they did, his copy of that ritual book had been destroyed, and that had been one of the last dozen copies left.

Albus just let Molly cry while he worked through his own thoughts. He needed to think of a way that would make this better, but wouldn’t make him look bad. Now there was no way he could force Arthur to take the woman back. He knew he didn’t have enough control over the Prewett twins, so he couldn’t force them to accept her back in the family.

That meant the only path left to him now was to have Molly accepted into another family. But who was stupid enough to take Molly in. The woman was a complete nightmare. Only the stupidest, most gullible person would ever let her into their family. And that person needed to be the head of a good light family.

Albus smiled momentarily as he thought of the only thing he could do.

“How?” Molly kept sobbing. “How is this ever going to be ok?”

“I have an idea. What I need you to do, is to go back to the cottage and wait for me there. Do not go anywhere, or speak to anyone. Do you understand me, Molly?”

“Ok Albus.” Molly sniffled just before she flooed away.
It was late in the evening that Albus finally returned to his office. He was exhausted, and more than a little annoyed.

The only way to save Molly’s reputation had been for her to soul bond with someone else. But it couldn’t be just anyone, it had to be someone in good standing in the wizarding world that he could control. Albus had chosen Dedalus Diggle.

He had been friends with Dedalus for decades, and thankfully had enough control over the man to make him marry Molly. It had actually taken a great deal of encouraging and many guilt trips to convince the man to do it.

Albus had ended up telling Dedalus that Fabian and Gideon had been cursed and then forced to disown Molly, just like Arthur had been cursed into leaving her. He had said that Molly was going to lose everything unless someone like him saved her.

Sometimes even Albus was amazed at just how stupid some of the people that followed him were. Ultimately, the man had agreed, just to help Albus. But, he had made it very clear, the bonding was in name only.

Molly had been another issue all together. She had hated the idea. All that stupid woman cared about, once again, was getting Arthur away from her brothers. She hadn’t wanted to marry a man that was over 20 years older than her.

It had taken Albus over three hours to convince her to do it, although, he had to lie a lot. He had repeatedly reassured Molly that he was going to work on finding a new ritual that would allow him to make Arthur hers again. And, he had told her that the soul bonding was reversible, so that she could leave Dedalus and return to, and marry, Arthur. The truth was a soul bond was until death, but thankfully Molly had never learned about all that pureblood stuff.

In the end, it had been well after dinner when he had finally managed to perform the soul bonding of Dedalus and Molly Diggle.

It was far from perfect, but it would have to do. At least now, Molly wouldn’t destroy his reputation. This time.

**Hogsmeade - October 18, 2003**

The previous week had been one of the longest, and slowest weeks of the older Weasley boys lives. All they had wanted was for it to be the weekend so that they could see their dads.

But, eventually, the day arrived.

Fred and George had invited Hadrian to come with them, but he had refused. He said that if anyone understood even slightly what they were going through, it was him. Hadrian said that this was something he couldn’t be there for. Fred and George needed to get to know their fathers, as their fathers, without him there.

After leaving the school, the boys made their way through town towards the most dreaded place in town, Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop.

There really wasn’t any other place in town where they could get something to drink and have privacy. Since the Hogs Head had burned, the only other place was The Three Broomsticks, and that place was the last place that was private.
With it being a Hogsmeade weekend, it would be constantly packed with dozens of students. It would be almost impossible to move there with how many people there would be, and they would all be extremely loud. In the end, Arthur and the others had had no choice but to rent a private room in the upstairs section.

Arriving, Percy got the room number, and the three boys rushed up the stairs like little kids. Rushing into the room, they went directly to their fathers, grabbing them in bone crushing hugs that were enthusiastically returned. Getting their drinks, they sat down to talk.

But, the thing was, they really didn’t have all that much to talk about. Hadrian had let them keep his mirror for the week, so they had all called each other multiple times a day. They had already discussed everything major going on. There was also the fact that all of the boys had been making sure that they spent as much time with their fathers as they could ever since the prison had been discovered almost a full year ago.

Mostly, it was just about being together. Spending time together like they had been denied for so long.

After spending an hour and a half just hanging out, they decided to go and walk around town a little. The reason they had waited as long as they had was because Arthur had made sure to let Ron know that they would be there in the hopes that he would come visit with them, but he hadn’t.

While the Weasley boys were with their fathers, Hadrian made his way down through town with Draco and Neville. They made sure to weave their way through the buildings in town because Hermione and Ron were once again following Hadrian.

Once they had lost their stalkers, the boys made their way over to Honeydukes. They all started to grin when they saw their parents and siblings were all standing outside the shop, watching the mass of students inside.

“Looking for us?” Draco called out.

Everyone turned to them at once, and the kids all ran forward for hugs. Their families had decided that they would just stop by for a quick visit, and they weren’t the only ones.

Looking around, they could see plenty of other families that had come to visit with their kids. The only real problem that everyone was having was that there just really wasn’t enough room in the small town for so many people.

Hadrian, Draco, and Neville were sent in to collect anything that anyone wanted so that they wouldn’t risk losing the younger children in the crowds.

After having to repeatedly push their way through the crowds, the boys were all exhausted. The good news for them was that the cabins by the Black Lake that Severus and Sirius got for teaching were within the area they were allowed to go.

Hadrian, Draco, and Neville all told their parents that they would meet them at the cabin a little while later, there were still a few things they wanted to try while on their first Hogsmeade visit. Including going to the Shrieking Shack, even though they knew the secret behind the place.

As they were walking towards the edge of town, they heard a soft chuckle and groan coming from one of the alleys. Looking down, the three boys could see Charlie had Oliver pressed up against the wall.
“Really guys?” Hadrian laughed.

Oliver tried to push Charlie back, but Charlie just wrapped his arms around him and slid behind him so that Charlie’s back was to the wall, and Oliver’s back was to his chest.

“Is there something we can do for you three, or are you just looking to learn my technique?” Charlie joked, Oliver’s face went red.

“Ha ha, Charlie.” Hadrian chuckled. “We were just on our way to the Shack and heard some strange noises. We wanted to make sure there wasn’t some wounded animal down here.”

“Funny. Just wait little man. Soon enough you are going to be old enough to start dating, and then, beware. Because I will be taking every opportunity to embarrass you.” Charlie gave Hadrian a vicious grin, his smile got bigger when he saw the slight fear in the boys eyes.

“Never mind.” Hadrian said quickly. “Although, maybe you should be doing this somewhere other than an alley in a public place. I’m pretty sure that is called public indecency.”

“We would, but this is the only time we have together, and there really isn’t anywhere else we can go that isn’t full of kids.” Oliver sighed, his cheeks still flushed.

“But you’re of age, aren’t you?” Draco asked.

“Yeah, just sign yourself out of school whenever you want to get… indecent, with Charlie.” Neville added, his cheeks also flushed pink.

“I can’t.” Oliver was clearly annoyed by that. “I’ve asked if there was any way I can leave for a weekend, but my requests keep getting denied.

“Oliver, you’re an adult.” Hadrian was confused, they couldn’t deny Oliver the chance to leave.

“I know.” Oliver didn’t understand what Hadrian was on about.

“They really should make reading the school rules and charter mandatory.” Hadrian rolled his eyes. “I read it last year because of the whole Lockhart thing.

As a legal adult, a student can sign themselves out at any time so long as they are passing all their classes. You can go home every night if you wanted to, and the teachers have no right to deny you.”

“But…” Oliver was shocked, was that really true.

“You should file a complaint with the school governors. I know that pretty much every seventh year Puff has been going out almost every evening. They usually just go and hang out for a few hours in Hogsmeade, and come back before curfew, but if they can, why can’t you?” Neville said shyly. “Their next meeting is going to be on Wednesday. It would have been two weeks ago, but one of the governors died unexpectedly, and my mom told me that they only managed to find a replacement a few days ago.”

“I think I will. Thanks guys. Now, get lost. I have a hot guy to snog senseless.” Oliver thought it was a good idea.

Just as the three boys were about to leave, Hadrian saw some of the other Claws and Puffs that looked like they were on their way to the Shack too. Seeing Nox, Hadrian got an idea.
“Hey, Nox.” Hadrian called out, waving the other boy over.

The entire group of students followed Nox as he crossed the road to see his housemate. “What’s up, Hadrian? Hi.” Nox nodded to the two annoyed men that had once again been interrupted.

“Nox, can you talk to your parents for me?” Hadrian asked sweetly.

“Why? What can you want from them?” Nox knew better than to trust Hadrian when he was acting sweet and innocent, somehow the boy always had the best jokes available.

“I was hoping that we could convince them to open up a second restaurant here in Hogsmeade. We need a place where we can sit down and eat. There are just to many students to just have one place. The Three Broomsticks is far to packed to even get in the door.”

Nox thought about it. “I think it would be great if they could, but I don’t think they would be able to do it. Starting up a new restaurant can be really expensive. They don’t have that kind of money saved up, and it would probably take them at least 5 years to save that kind of money given how much they are making now.”

Hadrian sighed, but before he could say anything else, Charlie started talking from where he was with Oliver.

“Can I have my dad talk to your parents? My dad has been looking to invest some of his savings in a good business. I figure, he could easily cover the start up costs.”

Nox turned to the red head that was obviously a Weasley. “That would be great. If he wants to get in touch with them, just have him talk to your younger brothers. Fred and George came to our current restaurant almost every week during the summer. I think they tried every single dish.”

“They did.” Hadrian smiled. “They challenged each other to try everything.”

Everyone laughed at the twins behaviour, and then the group of younger kids all headed off towards the Shack. Finally leaving Charlie and Oliver alone.

When they reached the Shack, most of the kids started telling each other all kinds of scary stories about the old building. Hadrian, Draco, and Neville, just stood back and giggled softly. They all knew the truth of the place, but it was fun to see their classmates freak themselves out.

As they were playing around and joking, Pansy Parkinson arrived with her friends. Since the Malfoy’s had separated themselves from the blood purists, Crabbe and Goyle didn’t hang out with him anymore, instead they now basically served as servants to a demanding Pansy. Pansy, for her part, was convinced that she would be able to make Draco see things her way so that she could marry him and become Lady Malfoy. She was almost as bad as Ginny in her obsession.

“Well, well, well. Look what we have here.” Came Pansy’s high pitched voice. “A bunch of babies telling each other scary stories.” She and her friends laughed.

“Like you’re so brave.” Hannah snapped back at the girl.

“Oh, would you look at this. The little mud blood thinks she’s so brave.” Pansy gave Hannah a cruel sneer as all the others responded to the insult against Hannah’s parentage.

Both of Hannah’s parents were half bloods, but she wasn’t about to let a bigot like Pansy Parkinson
and her friends make her be ashamed of that. “Oh please Parkinson. We all know that you’re the biggest coward here. I bet you couldn’t even walk halfway down the path to the Shack.”

“I could do it without even flinching.” Pansy snapped back, but there was fear in her eyes.

“I have an idea.” Hadrian stepped forward. “Hannah and I won’t just walk halfway to the house, we will go all the way inside. If we can do that, you, and all your little friends here, can’t say a single insult to any other student until after Yule break is over. You will have to be kind to everyone.”

Before any of the others could respond, a voice drawled from a little ways away.

“That isn’t worth it Potter-Black, and you know it. You and Abbot don’t just have to go into the house, you have to stay in there for… 10 minutes.

If, and only if, you two can last the entire 10 minutes then Pansy, Millicent, Crabbe, Goyle, Montegue, Warrington and Pucey will be forbidden from any name calling, hitting, or any other behaviour associated with bullying until after this years Yule holidays. However, if you fail, then every last one of you will be required to go to the front of the great hall at dinner, every night, until after this years Yule holidays, and announce that Slytherin is the best house.”

They had all turned when the voice had first started. Standing there was Marcus Flint with Daphne Greengrass, Tracy Davis, and Blaise Zabini. Daphne, Tracy, and Blaise had all seen Pansy and her friends following the others and had gone to get Flint. They hadn’t wanted anything bad to happen. Now they worried they had made a mistake.

“But maybe that’s going to far, Flint.” Tracy said in a hesitant voice as she looked to the two students that were going to be sent into the Shack. “That is one of the most haunted places in Britain. They could get hurt.”

“No risk, no reward.” Marcus smiled, he could see the joy in Hadrian’s eyes. He had gotten used to that spark during the summer. It meant that the boy had a plan and was ready to take someone down. “What do you say? Do we have a deal? I will personally certify the bet and ensure that it will be followed.”

“We agree.” Hadrian stepped forward and shook Marcus’s hand. There was a small flash as the bet was sealed on his side.

The magic would just ensure that the bet was followed. If they broke the terms of the bet, then they would suffer a punishment chosen by magic. But, since it was only a bet between school children the punishment would only be things like bad hair, and changes in their skin colour, nothing above basic prank levels.

Marcus turned to Hannah and the others. Looking to Hadrian, Hannah hesitantly stepped forward and shook Flints hand. After that, every other member of their little group followed suit.

Marcus looked to Pansy and the other Slytherins. “Well… Unless you think the Puff and the baby bird are better than you?”

At that, Pansy and all the others stepped forward and agreed to the bet. Daphne, Tracy, and Blaise just watched, all worried that this was going to go badly. As any true Slytherins, they were going to watch, but they had no intent of getting involved if it had a chance of backfiring on them.

Hadrian smiled as he felt the bet settle into place. He held out his arm to Hannah, and when she took it, he started moving them towards the Shrieking Shack.
After Hadrian had practically pulled Hannah the last few feet to the Shack and opened the door, he turned back. Seeing that they were in, Marcus cast a timer spell that displayed 10 minutes in the air in large, florescent red, numbers. As soon as the door closed with the two inside, he started the spell.

Walking calmly away from the closed door, Hadrian flopped down on one of the broken old couches with a puff of dust.

“Someone really should clean in here.”

“Hadrian!?” Hanna gasped in an urgent whisper. “Are you out of your mind.”

“Relax Hannah, were fine.”

“There are extremely violent poltergeists in this place, and you tell me to relax. We could be killed in here.”

“Hannah, there aren’t any poltergeists.”

Hadrian got up. Walking into what was once a living room, Hadrian pulled the cracked mirror off the wall. In large letters were four names carved into the wall. ‘Moony’, ‘Padfoot’, ‘Prongs’ and ‘Shadow’.

“What is that supposed to mean? What do you know that I don’t?” Hannah huffed.

“Oh so much. This is Sirius Black, this is his husband, Remus Lupin, and this… This is my dad, James Potter.” Hadrian said, pointing to each of the nicknames in turn, he made sure to avoid any mentions of his papa. The man had a reputation to maintain.

“What?” Hannah’s voice finally rose above a whisper in her confusion.

“Let me tell you a story of three friends.” Hadrian sat down on one of the chairs and motioned for Hannah to take the other. Once she was sitting, and Nem had curled up to be petted on his lap, he started his story.

“There was once a young boy named Remus Lupin. When Remus was only a child, he was attacked by a monster, Fenrir Greyback. Despite his curse, his parents loved him, and did everything they could to protect him.

But that meant the little boy was never able to go and make friends like a normal kid. He spent almost his entire childhood hidden away behind the curtains in his parents home. Until one day, everything changed.

A letter arrived. Inviting the young boy to the most prestigious, and only, magical school in the country.

No one had known what had happened to the boy, so he had never been removed from the acceptance list. His parents went to the school, and despite their sons condition, convinced the staff to accept the boy. It was agreed that no one could know of the boys affliction, so the boy would be smuggled out of the school every month.

This old manor here, was once the home of the headmaster of the school when the headmasters office was being renovated over 100 years ago. After the renovation was complete, the old place
was just left to sit. But their had been a secret path from here to the school for the headmaster to use, so it was perfect.

A very dangerous tree, the whomping willow, was planted over the entrance, and every month, the boy would be brought through the tunnel and would be left here, all alone.

Remus Lupin was so excited that he was going to get to be a normal kid, but he was also terrified that someone would discover his secret. And one day, only a few months into his first year, two people did.

You see, Remus was sorted into Gryffindor, where he quickly made friends with two other young boys. The three were inseparable, except for during the night of the full moon. It didn’t take long for the two clever boys to put the clues together.

But, rather than being afraid of him and telling everyone, the three boys became even better friends. The two always protecting and helping make up excuses for their friend. Rather than calling him a monster, they said he had a ‘furry little problem’. 

By this point in our tale, people had started to notice the happenings in this manor. You see, a rabid werewolf is driven to hunt and destroy, if they are left alone, they turn that rage on themselves.

All the howls and screams of pain that the towns folk used to hear, was the sounds of a young boy, just like you and me.

To protect their friend, and keep people away, rumours were started about particularly violent poltergeists. And to this day, even after the house has lain silent for over a decade, the rumours persist.

And, thus ends our tale of the origin of the Shrieking Shack.”

Hannah looked at Hadrian for a moment before she broke down laughing. “Could you be any more dramatic?”

“Sure I could. I could have cast a dramatic music spell.” Hadrian smiled.

“So your telling me that this is just an empty old house.”

“Yup.”

“Wow, people are really gullible.”

“Yup.”

“So. I have a question, oh wise one. Why did Flint make us make a magically binding bet?”

Hadrian smiled. “Simple, Marcus knows me well enough to know that I wouldn’t have risked entering a bet that I didn’t know I could win. I was raised by a Slytherin after all.”

“But why would he want you to win the bet.” Hannah was confused.

“Simple. Marcus doesn’t like the others.”

“But… They’re in his house.”

“Their also blood supremacists. Marcus doesn’t like that.”
“But… His father was a...”

Hadrian tilted his head. “Hannah. Susan, Neville, and I are all the children of aurors. Can you imagine any of us as aurors?”

Hanna thought for a second. “While given the fact that the last time we practiced basic jinxes in class Susan screamed and hid behind the teachers desk, I’m gonna have to say, no.”

“Exactly, we are not our parents. Just like Marcus isn’t his father.

Yes, his father was a death eater, but Marcus doesn’t want anything to do with that life. In truth, and he will kill us if he ever finds out I told you this so it stays between us, Marcus wants to be an architect. He’s planning on applying to a architectural design school in the spring.”

“But, then why does he act the way he does? All mean and cold. And how is it that you know that?”

“Marcus is the Flint family heir. He has a role to play. You see, in the Flint family, when the heir graduates from Hogwarts, he receives his entire inheritance immediately. For Marcus, that means this year, when school ends in June, 4.7 million galleons will automatically be transferred into his personal account, and it can’t be taken back. But that is only if he is deemed worthy.

If at any time his father starts to question his devotion to the dark, he can delay it and, using olde family laws, claim guardianship over him until he turns 21.

So, Marcus has to make his father think he’s like him. He told me that as soon as he gets the money he’s leaving the country. It’s his escape plan. Marcus doesn't want anything to do with his father and those like him. So he does what is expected.

And the reason I know all this is because, Moony, my Uncle Remus, manages a shop on Morning Dew, called Mischief Managed, and Marcus worked there this summer. There was a slight incident with a spilled honesty potion, and he had a lot he felt the need to unload.

But, I am begging you, you can’t say anything. At least, not until he’s gone. Marcus really is a good guy, he deserves a chance to escape the life he’s stuck in.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t say anything.” And Hannah meant it, she felt so guilty for judging Flint without ever even trying to get to know him. “So, what now?”

“Well, we still have four minutes. What do you say we have a little fun with everyone?” Hadrian pulled out a package of Mischief products.

“What do you have in mind?” Hannah had found her rhythm with Hadrian.

“Well. Uncle Remy came to meet me here earlier with my sisters. The girls brought me presents from the store.” Hadrian pulled out the package that had clearly been clumsily wrapped by his sisters. “We have Paling Powder, that will give us a ghostly white complexion for an hour. Bloodshot Drops, those are eyedrops that will give us bloodshot eyes. Hmmm… Oh, Fake Blood, that’s kind of self explanatory, but then again so is everything else. Goody, fake clothing rips and bruises.”

Hadrian had emptied everything out on the desk.

“What’s this?” Hannah asked as she picked up a Skiving Snackbox.
“That’s a Skiving Snackbox.” Hadrian went and opened the box. “This is only the basic box. It has Nosebleed Nougat, eat the orange one and you get a really bad nosebleed until you eat the purple. Puking Pastilles, they make you puke until you eat the counter, again, orange makes you sick, purple makes you better. And, ahh, Fever Fudge, we could use that to give us a sweaty sheen so it looks like we’ve been running. The dark chocolate makes you spike a high fever, and the white chocolate makes you better.”

“Hadrian Potter-Black!” Hannah put her hands on her hips. “You got out of our ancient runes lecture on Thursday because you had a high fever. You ate one of these so you could skip class, didn’t you?”

Hadrian gave her a sheepish smile. “Now Hannah. Sweet and wonderful Hannah, there is no need to tell anyone that.”

Hannah just raised her eyebrows so Hadrian continued. “Hannah, I was raised by curse breakers. I had runic colouring books when I was little. I was helping my uncles with translating runic texts by the time I was 8. I know runes. I just took the class to learn the practical applications, but we don’t start that until after the holidays. I just couldn’t sit through another lecture on the difference between the home and protection runes, it’s completely obvious if you just look at them, they are different.”

Hannah tried to hold back her laugh, she really did, but she had had this exact same discussion with Susan while hiding behind their textbooks during the class, until Granger had told Prof. Babbling they were talking. In the end, she couldn’t stop the laugh, and it came out.

“Fine, I guess I can accept that. But, If you fail our midterm I am so telling Prof. Prince just why it was.”

“Fair enough.” Hadrian smiled back at the girl. “Let’s get to work.”

After quickly making themselves look like they had been through an epic battle, Hadrian walked over to one of the walls and pulled out his wand. With a few quick flicks, he carved ‘HPB’ into the wall. Hannah hesitated a moment before she went and added her own ‘HA’. With that done, Hadrian started running around the room.

“What are you doing now?” Hannah asked in confusion.

“Mini Screamers, and Crackers. They will randomly make small explosions and screams for five minutes after I set them off. No need to ruin the legend.”

Hearing the bong of Marcus’s timer spell, Hadrian checked his own timer, their time was up. Casting the starting spell, Hadrian grabbed Hannah’s arm, and they ran from the shack, Hannah faking a limp.

By the time they reached the others, most of them were panicking. Only Draco, Neville and Marcus remained calm, as they knew what Hadrian had done.

“Well, looks like the little Puff and baby bird win.” Marcus sighed, keeping his voice disinterested even though he wanted to laugh.

Pansy and the others felt the bet magic taking hold. They couldn’t bully anyone until after Yule. This just wasn’t fair.
Stepping forward, Pansy got ready to start arguing that it shouldn’t count, when the first of the Screamers went off.

Everyone froze as a bone chilling scream came from inside the house. Punctuated perfectly by a series of bangs and crashes.

Hearing what they believed to be danger, Pansy and her friends all turned tail and ran.

Nem stuck her nose back out of her pocket that she had returned to when Hadrian had started planting the little devices. She had no intent of sitting on the ground while he ran around, the place had been filthy. Now, disturbed once again, she growled, first at the shack, and then at her human. She knew that it was his fault, and that he had absolutely no guilt over it.

“I’m headed out.” Marcus chuckled softly. “Well done on teaching those idiots a lesson.”

Tracy, Daphne, and Blaise, just watched the prefect as he went. In the Slytherin hierarchy, Flint was the king. They had never expected him to actually have a sense of humour.

Once Marcus and the bullies were gone, Hadrian and Hannah broke down laughing. All the others looked at them in confusion, they had thought their friends were gravely injured, and now they were hysterical.

“Well,” Draco drawled as he circled the two laughing teens. “Let’s see, we have Paling Powder, Bloodshot Drops, fake blood, bruises, and rips. But how did you get the sweat?”

“Fever Fudge.” Hadrian answered as he pulled out the white fudge and handed one to Hannah who quickly ate it.

Once there temperatures returned to normal, Hadrian pulled out the aerosolized counter potion to the skin powders that made up their paleness and bruises, as well as the eye drops. Quickly spraying himself down, he handed the can over to Hannah who followed suit. After that, all they had to do was pull off the fake rips from their clothes, and they were back to normal.

“What?” Came the voices of many of the others that had remained.

“What? My uncle manages a joke shop that, in my opinion, outdoes Zonko’s. My sisters brought me a few toys that we decided to play with.” Hadrian told the confused students.

“But how did you survive that place without a mark?” Susan had been terrified the entire time, and Hannah was just laughing it off.

“Really, what self respecting poltergeists, other than Peeves, is up during the day. We just stood in the entry hall and waited as quietly as we could.” Hannah wasn’t going to be the one that ended the legend of the Shrieking Shack.

When their was another series of bangs and screams from inside the shack, Hadrian started to walk away. “I think we should get out of here. They don’t sound happy that someone was in their place.”

All the others agreed. Most truly believed that the noise was coming from enraged poltergeists.

Lake Cottage
After leaving the Shrieking Shack, Hadrian, Draco, and Neville all went to the cottage to meet their families. All three laughing the entire way.

Walking in, they smiled at everyone gathered in the relatively small cottage.

“What did you do?” Severus sighed when he saw the light in his son’s eyes. It was the same light James had always gotten when he had successfully pulled off a prank.

“What? I haven’t done anything.” Hadrian tried in an innocent voice. Every single person in the house snorted in disbelief, even the kids. “Ok, ok. I see how much you all trust me.”

Hadrian went on to explain what he had done.

“Thank you dear boy.” Severus smiled at his son when the story finished.

“What did I do for you?” Hadrian asked in confusion.

“Those seven students lose more points from bullying then the rest of the house combine. With them barred from bullying until January, we might just win the house cup.” Severus grinned wickedly at his son.

Draco chuckled happily with his parents while everyone else booed.

**Hogsmeade**

The Weasley-Prewett family spent their afternoon wandering around the tiny village. It was a fun, sweet, afternoon. A chance to just be a family for people that had been torn apart and separated by the jealousy and greed of others.

Now, they could be together again.

Bill had once again returned for the weekend, and Charlie had returned from his snogging session with Oliver.

They had run into Ron when he and Hermione were in search of Hadrian, but he didn’t stay with them long.

Ron had demanded that Arthur take them to The Three Broomsticks for lunch. But, Arthur had told him that their plan was to go to The Magic Neep, the local greengrocer, to get some fresh wraps and go to eat their lunch near the lake.

The idea of eating greens when their was perfectly delicious junk food so close seemed like a stupid idea, and Ron had told them so. When Ron tried to convince his dad that he should instead take him to Honeyduke’s and buy him candy, and Arthur had told him that Ron already had his spending money, the boy had had enough.

Telling Arthur that he was mean, Ron and Hermione took off, going to continue their search for Hadrian.

Fabian, Gideon, and the boys all tried to tell Arthur that it was just Ron being a teenager, but Arthur just brushed them off. Ever since the ritual had been removed, Arthur had been making peace with the behaviour of Ron and Ginny. In spite of how much he loved them, he couldn’t expect them to behave like the older boys, because they weren’t like them.
Ignoring the pain in his heart, Arthur lead their family to the lake to eat their lunch.

Hogwarts, Slytherin House

After dinner that night, the students of Slytherin house returned to their common room for a house meeting that had been called earlier.

“Slytherins of the great and noble house of Slytherin, I come to you with an issue.” Marcus Flint announce in a grand voice. “Earlier today, a bet was made. A bet that I myself personally certified.

As we all know, a Slytherin’s word is not only their honour, but the honour of all of us. When a Slytherin makes an agreement, we stick to it. We never break our word, we just know how to find the loopholes in an agreement.

This bet, was lost.

The exact wording of the wager was that the losers ‘will be forbidden from any name calling, hitting, or any other behaviour associated with bullying until after this years Yule holidays’. Those who lost this wager were Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Graham Montegue, Cassius Warrington and Adrian Pucey.

If you look around this room, you will see that each of them bares the proof that they have already broken their word.”

And, they did indeed. Pansy, Crabbe, and Montegue all had faces covered in acne. Millicent and Warrington’s hair was standing on end and frizzy. And, Adrian Pucey was tinted blue.

“It hasn’t even been 12 hours, and they have dishonoured themselves, and the rest of us in the process.

I am calling on every member of this house to ensure that they do not make the mistake of dishonouring us again. If they wish to show themselves as unworthy to be in this great house, then they are welcome too. But, they do not get to besmirch our good names as they do so.”

“Any who dishonour themselves do not deserve to carry the symbol of my house.” Came a gravely voice. Everyone in the house turned to see who it was, only to look into the eyes of the portrait of their houses founder himself. “When we make an agreement, we keep it.”

Everyone stared. It was so rare for Salazar to come to his portrait in their common room. Whenever anyone asked why, he would always just say it was because they never listened to him.

“We shall ensure they do as they agreed, or they shall return to the bottom of the hierarchy.” Marcus finished, thankful that he had gotten back up from the man himself.

“Agreed.” Came the voices of the rest of the house as one.

“It wasn’t that bad.” Pansy stomped her foot. “We shouldn’t have to stick to that stupid bet with those mudbloods.” In a flash, Pansy’s shoulder length pin straight dark hair frizzed up like a poodle and turned a flat pea green.

“You seven were bested by a Ravenclaw and a Hufflepuff. You have already dishonoured this house enough today, don’t you think?” Marcus snapped back, forcing himself not to laugh at the girls new look. “From this point on, you will follow the terms of the bet to the letter, or you will
When Pansy went to argue more, she was hit in the back by over a dozen silencing spells.

“I thank you all for your time, and your assistance.” Marcus looked around the room. “With that, I call this meeting to an end. You are all dismissed.”

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - October 22, 2003

Like Neville had suggested, Oliver Wood filed his complaint with the school board over his being denied the right to leave. He also added in a concern he was having over his history grade.

Ever since the beginning of this year, his grades had dropped drastically in that class. The only reason that he wasn’t currently failing the class was because whenever he got an assignment back that didn’t look like it had been marked properly, he would take it to the TA, Mr. Grant, who would then go over it. For some reason, whenever Prof. Tonks marked his work, his grade was a minimum of 10% lower than if Mr. Grant had marked it.

When it was his turn, Oliver walked into the room and took his seat in front of the governors.

“Our next complaint was filed by Oliver Wood, seventh year Gryffindor, against Prof. McGonagall, and Prof. Andromeda Tonks, claiming illegal imprisonment for Prof. McGonagall, and unfair and biased grading for Prof. Tonks. Pleas explain your issues Mr. Wood.” James said as he looked at the young man he knew was dating Charlie.

“Thank you Lord Peverell.” Oliver forced himself to relax, Charlie had always told him that Lord Peverell was a good guy. “I am 17. I am a legal adult. I am passing all my classes. As such, I have the right to sign myself out of the school whenever I feel like it.

But every single time I have tried, I have been denied. Prof. McGonagall has repeatedly made up one excuse or another to bar me from leaving the school grounds. She even revoked my right to have Hogsmeade weekends, although I will admit that I snuck out. For which I was punished with three months of nightly detention. And, I have even been told that I will not be able to go home for the Yule holidays.

I don’t know what is going on, but I feel like I am being held prisoner in this castle. I have checked with all my year mates, and none of them have had any trouble getting out of the school. Even my own house mates can come and go as they please. It just seems to be me that is a prisoner, and I want it to stop.

As for my history grades. I have no idea what is going on with that. I know I’m not the best student in class, but up until this year I have easily been able to achieve EE’s. This year I am barely at an A, and the only reason that my grade isn’t lower is because the first time I failed one of my assignments, I took it to Mr. Grant so that he could go over it with me so I could improve on my next assignment. He went over it, and said that my grade was 18% lower than it should have been if it was marked using the marking scheme that you all made.

Ever since then, I have handed him my assignments as soon as I get them back, and he marks them using the scheme. Even in class Prof. Tonks only speaks to me when she is taking points. I have even lost points for breathing too loudly. If this keeps up, then I will lose my place on the quidditch team.
Again, I don’t know what is going on, but I want it to stop. What ever I did to Prof. Tonks, I am sorry, but that doesn’t give her the right to risk my grades.”

James already knew how this was going to end, but he had to keep up appearances. “Let’s start with you Prof. McGonagall. What is your defence to the accusation of illegal imprisonment.”

“I have done no such thing. Mr. Wood is the captain of our quidditch team. That comes with responsibilities. He needs to remain at school to train with the team. I have just been making sure that he lives up to the expectations he accepted when he took the badge. Although, I am beginning to wonder whether or not I made a mistake in selecting him due to his complaints about having to run practices.” Minerva huffed. She was furious that one of her own lions was questioning her.

“Do you have something to say to that Mr. Wood?” James had seen the spark of temper in the boys eyes.

“Yes.” Oliver was incensed that Prof. McGonagall would even consider taking away his quidditch captaincy. “I don’t buy it.

If Prof. McGonagall feels that there is someone who can captain the team better, then I have no choice but to accept it. But keeping me at the school has nothing to do with quidditch. Our current seeker, Lorie Flas, is a seventh year like me. She has been signing herself out and going home every weekend since the beginning of term.

Whenever we have practice, she just comes back for a few hours before leaving again. Also, every other member of the team goes to Hogsmeade, so there is no reason I wouldn’t be able too. Even with Lorie leaving on weekends, and the team going to Hogsmeade, we are still practicing a minimum of 9 hours a week.

My going home on weekends wouldn’t change that.”

“Ok. Prof. Tonks, what is your response to the allegations of unfair and biased treatment?” James looked to Andromeda.

“It is complete hogwash.” Andromeda harrumphed. “He is a NEWT level student. He should expect that his work will be held to a higher standard than previous years. Maybe he should spend less time on his dating life, and more time on his school work.

It is not my fault that he isn’t achieving the grades he wants. As this very board has repeatedly told students, if he wants better grades, he needs to earn them.

Mr. Grant should have not undermined me in the way he has, and I feel might be unsuited to continue as my assistant. More than likely, Mr. Wood corrected his mistakes and gave him the assignment for remarking. To me, that is cheating, and both should be punished for it.”

Andromeda kept shooting glares at the boy. Most of the governors were confused by her behaviour, the woman was acting crazy.

“Mr. Grant. You have been going over Mr. Wood’s assignments and remarking them. What is your stance on all of this?” James looked to the TA.

“I honestly don’t know what is going on between Prof. Tonks and Oliver.” Randy Grand wasn’t worried about saying anything that would upset the crazy woman. Randy had been using this position to help him get into a mastery program, and he had gotten his acceptance letter only the week earlier.
As of July, he was no longer going to be a TA, he would be a masters student at one of the magical universities in Greece. Because of this he wasn’t worried about losing his job.

“I have been going over Oliver’s work since he came to me during the second week of classes. Every single assignment he has given me has been marked in a completely nonsensical way. Things that are marked as correct are wrong, and things that are marked as wrong, are right.

I will add on, when this was first brought to my attention I attempted to make sure that I was the one to mark anything submitted by Oliver, but Prof. Tonks specifically searched through the assignments and test until she found his, and took them.

As for the accusation that he corrected his assignments after they were handed back, and before they were given to me, I disagree. I always hand the assignments back at the end of class, meaning Oliver had his assignment for less than two minutes before he gave them back to me. Hardly enough time to make corrections. And, over the past month, I haven’t even handed them back. When I see his, rather than handing them back, I place them on my desk since I know that he will be requesting a remark.

But, the biggest thing for me, is the tests. In the seventh year class, we have a test every other week. I never remark Oliver’s tests. But, as a blind test, without telling either Oliver or Prof. Tonks, when Oliver has handed in his last three tests, I made an exact copy. The original was marked by Prof. Tonks, the copy was marked by me.”

Randy pulled out three tests from his own bag next to him and handed them over. James almost smirked as he saw the slightly panicked look on Andromeda’s face.

“Those are date and time stamped. I also added a certification check to show that they have not been edited. If you look, you will see clear evidence of Biased grading. But again, I have no idea what is driving the behaviour.” Randy Grant sat back in his seat, finished with what he wanted to say.

“Thank you everyone, we are going to discuss everything, and will let you know our decision in a few minutes.” James said just before a privacy shield went up between the governors and the others.

It took about ten minutes for the shield to drop.

“After a discussion and examining the evidence, we find in favour of Oliver Wood, on both counts.” James announced. “As of now, Mr. Wood has the right to sign himself out at anytime he wishes. And, the detention he received for sneaking to Hogsmeade is rescinded as he had every right to go there and it was the staff of this school that were in the wrong.” James gave Minerva a hard look, she just glared back.

“As for the unfair and biased grading, we are requiring that any and all marking of Mr. Wood’s work is done by Mr. Grant. You will also be using the marks he gave on previous assignments. Prof. Tonks, we will be conducting random spot checks on the points you give and take, and the marks you give.

With that said, Mr. Wood. You and Mr. Grant are free to go, and we offer our apologies. Minerva, Andromeda, stay.” James said.

Oliver thanked everyone, and quickly left the room. The way Lord Peverell’s tone had become like ice when he said those last words made it so he didn’t want to stick around.
Once Oliver and the TA had left the room, and the door had sealed behind them, Alice looked towards the two professors. “I do not know what has gotten into the two of you, but it will stop. That boy is a student at this school, and he will be treated like any other student.

Minerva, it is our decision that your probation will be extended another year. Once again, you have shown poor judgment in regards to a student at this school. Holding someone against their will is a crime. I will add, you have no legal right to deny any student the right to go home over any and all holidays. It can actually be classified as kidnapping.

Andromeda… I really don’t know what to say. As you know, we added a financial penalty to unfair grading. Because of your own actions, you are being fined 200 galleons, which will be deducted from your next pay check.”

“You have no right to do that.” Andromeda was incensed. “That boy needs to learn his place. He has no right to hurt my baby like that.”

Many of the governors made noises of confusion. Many asked what she was talking about, but Andromeda refused to answer.

“I believe that I can shed a little light on this issue. My niece…” Narcissa started, but she was swiftly cut off by Andromeda.

“She isn’t your anything. You are nothing to her, or me.”

Hurt momentarily flashed in Narcissa’s eyes, but she pushed it back. “My apologies. My former sisters daughter had her hopes set on becoming the future Mrs. Charles Weasley. But, Charlie is dating Mr. Wood.

It seems my former sister has decided to take it out on the boy.”

“Come now,” James gave the woman a disapproving look. “I can understand the desire to protect your children, but this is taking it to far. Mr. Wood did nothing wrong, the one in the wrong is you. As a professor, you are required to leave any family drama outside of the school. If you can not, then you can not be a teacher. I do hope that we do not have to have a conversation like this again, with either of you.”

After a few more students came in with little issues that were quickly dealt with, the meeting was called to a close.

Alice was tiding up the notes, trying to think of what was going on. Molly had been… off.

Alice knew about the disownment, but what concerned her was that Molly wasn’t showing many signs of it. She really didn’t think Molly was that good of an actress.

From everything Alice had ever heard about being disowned, there was always clear evidence of it. The person usually looked noticeably weaker, and for the first few weeks, would struggle with being up for any length of time, due to the lack of magical energy. It usually could take well over a month before someones body adjusted.

Although Molly hadn’t seemed extremely energetic, she hadn’t seemed to be struggling too much. She had even argued quite passionately in favour of allowing Minerva and Andromeda to take out their issues on Oliver.
Going through the magically created paperwork, Alice froze.

When James saw Alice visibly react to something she had seen, he went over.

Alice pointed out what had caught her eyes, and James joined her in shock. With an unspoken agreement, they both quickly left the school.

**Headmaster’s Office**

When the meeting ended, Minerva, and Andromeda followed Albus up to his office. Molly had had to go home to rest.

“Would either of you like to explain to me what that was about?” Albus turned on the two women as soon as his office door was closed.

“It’s that stupid boy.” Andromeda almost screamed. “How dare he complain about my actions. He’s the little bastard that’s breaking my daughter’s heart.”

Albus looked to Minerva for an answer.

“We felt that if we could keep Oliver and Charlie apart, it would allow Nymphadora the chance to get closer to Charlie.”

“Ahh,” Albus understood. “I do understand, but now we have a new issue. With that boy filing complaints, we are stuck.

Neither of you can act out against him again. If you do so, he will file another complaint, and we risk the governors firing you.”

“How am I supposed to tolerate that boy in my class. Day after day. Knowing that he is dating my daughter’s future husband.”

“You have no choice Andromeda.” Albus countered the contrary woman. There were times when her Black heritage was clearly shown in her attitude. “Just ignore him. He is no longer your problem. You both will leave Oliver and Charlie to Molly and I.

And Minerva, you will not remove Mr. Wood as quidditch captain.”

“But Albus.” Both women said at the same time.

“No.” Albus snapped before either woman could get any further. “It is done. You will be fired if this happens again, and we need you both here.

Molly and I will deal with the boys Andromeda.

And Minerva, if you remove the boy from the position, you will make yourself the bad guy. You have already been found guilty by the board. Anything you do to the boy from now on will appear as if you are attacking him again. It risks turning your own students against you. Plus, Wood is the best chance Gryffindor has at winning the quidditch cup, and you and I both know it.”

Minerva and Andromeda could only huff their agreement. They both knew, that despite how much they wished it was different, they could do nothing.
Albus sat back in his chair after the two angry women had left. He couldn’t believe that they had tried to make, and carry out, a plan without him. Sure, it might have been a semi-good idea, but they had gotten caught. So, it clearly wasn’t a well carried out plan.

He didn’t have time to deal with the fallout from their plans, he had is own problems to deal with. Earlier in the month his old friend, Elphias Doge, had died. Albus had been expecting it, but it still annoyed him that it happened at an inopportune time.

Elphias had originally fallen ill over two decades earlier, and Albus had still needed him, so he had saved him. Over the years Albus had placed leaches on many of his former students, Albus just transferred that magic over to Elphias. The extra magic had helped to keep the man alive all this time.

He had run into issues during the last war. Most of the people that had his leeches had also been spelled and potioned to be completely loyal to him, which meant they were the ones fighting on the front line. Most of them had been killed. Those that survived were often injured and ended up in St. Mungo’s, where they were checked and cleared of all spell damage, including his leeches.

It was easy enough for a witch or wizard to live to over 200, but only if their magic was strong enough. The stronger a persons core, the longer they lived. Magic helped to sustain a body and extend a persons youth. But only if the person had access to fresh magic. As a person aged, their magic aged with them. By the age of 100, most peoples cores started to produce magic slower, and that is what caused them to start aging faster.

Over the years, Albus had connected more and more of his old friends to the magic of his supporters to keep them alive, and after the war, there wasn’t enough magic to support them all.

That was when he had discovered the prison that Voldemort had had. It seemed, that he and Voldemort had had a similar idea about taking others magic. Albus had just changed where the magic was sent. Giving his people power, while denying Voldemort’s followers.

But now, the prison had been discovered, and those inside had been freed. The magic wasn’t flowing any longer, and time was catching up with them.

He had become too complacent, believing that he would always have access to that magic. And now, it was gone.

Thanks to Sebastian and his little band of fools, and the unspeakables, the magical syphons had been removed. And now he and his people weren’t getting the magic they deserved.

Elphias’s body had gotten used to the amount of magic that it had been receiving, and without it, his heart failed. And, although he was the first, he wouldn’t be the last. Albus had already seen many others that he had helped slowing down.

His oldest, and most loyal followers, were aging faster because they had been taking magic rather than producing it themselves, and now the magic was gone.

**The Burrow**

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon were sitting down to tea with Muriel when Alice and James flooed into the Burrow.

“What has happened?” Gideon asked when he saw the looks on their faces.
Rather than saying anything, Alice just handed over the attendance record of that meeting.

“Please, forgive our interruption Dame Prewett.” James bowed as he and Alice greeted the elderly woman properly.

James often had to deal with the stubborn woman in the Wizengamot. Even before Fabian and Gideon had been taken, they had named her as proxy, and she was still serving in that position to this day. The Prewett seat was in the light section, as was tradition, but she tended to vote more neutral.

“As charming as ever Lord Peverell.” Muriel had always liked this man, he knew how to keep things interesting.

“I still don’t see what has gotten you both so worked up.” Gideon looked to Alice and James. Alice just huffed and pointed. “Well… Shit.”

“GIDEON!” Muriel was shocked at the language.

Rather than answering, Gideon just handed her the page, and pointed at what had shocked him.

“Well… Shit.” Everyone stared as the prim and proper woman swore.

“What is it?” Arthur asked in confusion and shock. What could be so surprising that it could make Muriel swear.

“It’s Molly.” Alice finally found her voice. “It didn’t make sense during the meeting. She was weaker, but not the the expected amount due to a full disownment.”

“So what happened?” Arthur didn’t understand this.

“According to this sheet, Molly is magically recognized as ‘Molly Diggle’, but the only remaining Diggle is that fool, Dedalus.” Muriel said.

“Molly got remarried already. How did she manage that?” Arthur was more than shocked.

“This isn’t a marriage. I think Albus must have had them soul bond. It’s the only way she isn’t suffering from core depletion. She was accepted by the Diggle family magic. And, everyone knows just how loyal to Albus Dedalus Diggle is. The man would do anything for him, apparently even marry Molly.” James told the stunned man.

Everyone just sat in silence for a few moments, working through their thoughts on the issue. Eventually, Arthur spoke.

“What am I supposed to do now. I know Dedalus, and, he isn’t a bad man, but I don’t want Ron and Ginny to have their lives turned upside down. I can’t just let them go to where ever Molly is living at the moment, but I also know that I can’t just bar the kids from seeing that woman. In spite of everything, she is their mother, and they love her.”

“Then you don’t, Arthur.” Muriel reached out and put a comforting hand on the mans arm. “Given everything she has done, all you have to do is demand that you maintain primary custody. You can allow for the children to go there every now and then, but make sure to lay out ground rules. It would be just like that woman to attempt to turn the children against you.

You should also speak with Dedalus. Given what that woman does to people, he should be forewarned. Also discuss your expectations for rules the kids will need to have. It would be best to
ensure that the rules are consistent from one house after another.”

“Yes, yes.” Arthur started thinking of everything he was going to need to do. “I could write out a list of rules that are must have’s for the kids.”

“Don’t worry sweetheart. It will all be ok.” Fabian came up and hugged Arthur from behind.

“You might want to sit down and lay out your expectations before the kids come home for Yule.” Gideon added.

“Yes. I will do that.” Arthur started wandering around the kitchen, grabbing a quill and some spare parchment that was laying around, starting to write out rules.

“Well, we will be off. We just thought you should know.” Alice said as she and James headed back to the floo.

“Thank you for giving us some warning about what that woman has done now. Good day.” Muriel said just before they were gone.

Hogwarts - October 31, 2003

Hadrian was just on his way down to the ritual room when an excited voice called out to him.

“Hadrian, Hadrian.”

Turning, Hadrian saw Colin and Dennis Creevy were both rushing down the hall towards him.

Hadrian was pleased with how Colin had changed since the previous timeline. He could remember little things about the boy stalking him and taking his picture constantly. But he wasn’t like that this time.

Most of Colin’s hero worship had come as a result of him reading ‘The Harry Potter Adventure’ series that had been written about him, but with his dad stopping those books from being published, he hadn’t become so obsessed with Hadrian this time.

He had actually started out thinking that Gilderoy Lockhart was a hero. Because of that, he had tried to tailor his life to Lockhart’s, even going into his old house, Hufflepuff. It was a good thing, because when Lockhart proved himself incompetent and a fraud, the other Puff’s helped him work through it.

At the recommendation of his house mates, Colin had joined the schools year book club, that had been formed the year before, as their primary photographer. Now, Colin was relatively well adjusted, with plenty of friends, and not a stalker.

Then there was little Dennis. The boy had actually surprised Hadrian. Rather than being a Gryffindor like last time, or joining his older brother in Hufflepuff, Dennis had been sorted to Slytherin, and was fitting in quite well. While he still had a few difficulties with bullies in the house due to his muggleborn heritage, he never let it get to him. According to Draco, the 11 year old had a real talent for politics, which made him well suited to the house.

“What’s up?” Hadrian asked the two boys.

“We were thinking about maybe going to the Samhain ritual this year, but we weren’t sure if it
would be worth it for the two of us because we’re muggleborn.

But I heard that you knew more about the rituals than most, so we decided to come and ask you if it would work for us.” Colin said in his usual chirpy voice. Dennis just stood back and watched.

“Of course the ritual would be worth it for you. Colin, it is about visiting the realm of the dead, muggles die just like wizards.

Although, there are many who say that the souls of muggles tend to forget this world faster, and go to their rest, they are still there. But, why would you being muggleborn stop the ritual from working, you guys do know that you have magical ancestors, right?” Hadrian asked.

“No we don’t.” Dennis answered. “We are the first with magic in our family.”

“No, you’re not. There was a study conducted in China years ago. It showed that those that are commonly referred to as ‘muggleborn’, are actually the descendants of squibs. When two squib lines meet, there is a 50/50 chance of a magical child like both of you.

My Uncle Sebastian presented the study to the Wizengamot years ago. He hoped that they would implement a recommended inheritance test for students starting at Hogwarts so they could find new Lords to take up the dormant seats in the Wizengamot, but both those in the light, and dark parties actually worked together to suppress the information for some reason.”

“Are you saying that we might have magical ancestors and no one thought we deserved to know?” Dennis asked in a cool voice.

“More than likely. Come on, lets go to the ritual chamber.” Hadrian started guiding the boys towards the chamber.

After the ritual concluded, Hadrian slowly sat up. Like usual, he felt completely at peace.

Looking around, he smiled. He could already see a noticeable difference in the number of students in the chamber in comparison to when he had first started. Hadrian had spent a good amount of time over the past 2 years convincing others to try the rituals, and he knew his friends were doing the same.

On the way out of the room, both Colin and Dennis came rushing over to him.

“You were right. I can’t believe it. We had magical ancestors. They were all their, they’ve been waiting for generations for us. I feel really good.” Colin was even more hyper than normal.

“What do we do now?” Dennis asked.

“My recommendation is that you go to the bank during Yule holidays. Go to one of the goblin tellers and request full inheritance tests. Make sure you are polite, I can not stress that enough, you must be polite. Goblins are a proud race, and if you show them any disrespect, they will make things difficult for you. They will still help, but they will do so in the hardest way possible.

I have books on goblins culture and the proper manners to use while working with a goblin, I will have Draco and Neville give them to you both.” Hadrian told them, making sure to emphasize being polite to goblins. “I should also warn you, if you are one of those that are descended from one of the dormant noble houses, if you take up the lordship, expect things to change here at school.
All those that have taken up their titles are required to do some basic work involving the Wizengamot even though we use proxies. I usually spend about an hour or two a week on that. Also, you will be required to have a separate room. Both by school rules and law, a titled student is required to have a sealed room that is separate from their housemates because some of the paperwork we have to do has private and classified information that we can not risk getting out.”

“But I don’t want to have a separate room, I like my room mates.” Colin said in a sad voice.

“Then you have two choices. You are not required to take up any titles immediately, you can wait for years if you want too. Just be warned, if anyone else who is descended from the same line goes in, they can take the title.

Or, you can pass the title to another. You might not be overly fond of politics Colin, but it is clear Dennis is. If you are titled, you can pass the title to Dennis.” Hadrian could see that both Colin and Dennis liked the sounds of that.

“Ok. Dennis, if we are titled, would you be ok if I passed the title to you? I really don’t like politics.” Colin looked to his brother with pleading eyes.

“Of course Colin.” Dennis smiled to his brother and Hadrian. “Come on Colin, let’s go and talk for a bit and let Hadrian get back to his friends.”

The two boys walked away just as Fred, George, Neville, and Draco came up to Hadrian.

Madam Zsa Zsa’s Tea Room, Celestial Alley - November 8, 2003

Sitting in one of the most exclusive tea shops in all of Britain, were the 20 or so members of the most elite book club. They were holding their monthly meeting. Their books sat in their bags, forgotten in favour of the latest gossip.

Today’s latest and greatest gossip was none other than Molly Weasley, nee Prewett. Only this morning, Madam Betsy Tozar, had seen the woman leaving Dedalus Diggles manor. The Tozar estate was just across the road, and Betsy loved to watch the coming and goings of her neighbours. It had been the third time that week that she had seen the woman coming and going from the house.

It was such a scandal. A woman from a noble house, and the wife of a well thought of man, sneaking around with another man.

All the men and women couldn't wait to discuss the new drama, but they needed to do it quickly. The woman’s great aunt, Muriel Prewett, was going to be arriving when the meeting officially began in a few minutes.

Although the Weasley family had lost their title and fortune generations ago, the family was still well thought of. There had been more than one or two match making family members that had been disappointed when they had heard Arthur Weasley was off the market.

As expected, just before the meeting was to start, Muriel Prewett herself walked into the room. Everyone went silent as soon as they noticed her.

Muriel went and took her seat before turning to the rest of the room. “Alright, what is going on?”

“Nothing Muriel, we were just discussing the latest news.” One of the members said, trying not to upset the formidable woman.
Betsy Toazer had no such issue, she and Muriel had been friends since they were girls, and she wasn't about to let her get caught flat footed on this issue. “We were discussing the fact that I have seen your niece coming and going from the Diggle place.”

“That girl is not my niece.” Muriel snapped. “I have no intention of recognizing that… Woman, as a member of my family again. She has lost that right.”

“So you know that she is cheating on Arthur?” Came the voice of Flora Corner.

“No, she is not cheating on Arthur, not any more at least.” Muriel poured herself a cup of tea. This was perfect. She wanted to make sure that no one would lay any blame at the feet of Arthur or her nephews for what was happening, and she could do so right now, before the gossip spread any further.

“What do you mean?” Edwina MacMillan leaned in closer so she wouldn’t miss a word.

“Well…” Muriel settled in for a good story. “There is just so much of his mother in that man. You all know what Cidrella was like.”

“That woman wouldn’t have said boo to a ghost.” Came a voice from further back in the room.

“Exactly. Arthur has always gone out of his way to avoid any confrontation. He just tries to make peace. But even he has his limits apparently.

Arthur first learned of her… misbehaviour, a few years ago, but he tried to keep the peace. He didn’t want to do anything that would upset the children. He put a bed in his home office, and stayed in there.

When he noticed the way she was treating the kids, and the things she was teaching them, he tried to lay down some ground rules, but since he works full time and she was home, she would just ignore the rules.

But this year, she finally went to far. Arthur kicked her out at the beginning of September, and she was married to Dedalus by the middle of October.

What happened was that she wanted to set up a marriage contract between the second oldest of the boys, Charles, and the daughter of one of her friends, a girl named Nymphadora Tonks, but Charlie refused. He has a boyfriend and has no desire to even date the girl. That woman threw a complete fit and threatened to disown him. That was just too much for even Arthur, he gave her a week to get her things and get out.

He made it perfectly clear that given the choice between her or his children, he would always choose them.”

“As any good parent would.” Was heard muttered by more than a few of those there.

“What was she doing to the kids?” Came the shocked voice of one of the women.

“It was just the way she treated them. The older five boys just couldn’t do anything right in her mind, while the youngest two couldn’t do anything wrong.

Both of the older boys, Bill and Charlie, are already considered rising stars in their individual fields, but all she does is berate and belittle them.

She even accused three of the boys, Percy and the twins, Fred and George, of dishonouring the
family because they weren’t sorted into Gryffindor like she wanted.

Then there is the youngest two. She treats them like they are still toddlers. Constantly making excuses and blaming others for their actions.

Thankfully, the older boys had friends that lived near by, so as soon as Arthur had left for work, they would leave the house and not return until he came home. But that just tells you how bad she was, those boys preferred to be as far away from her as possible since they were little.

They were old enough to know better than to listen to what that woman said. The real trouble is the younger two. Molly has them both convinced that their perfect and when anything doesn’t go their way it is because of some big nefarious plot against them. And more often than not, those that they blame are Slytherins, or dark wizards. Arthur did what he could, but there was only so much he could do. He’s worried he might have to make them go see mind healers over the summer to undo some of the damage that woman did to them.”

“Those two certainly are a handful.” Philip Eeylops voice rasped. “I was helping my son at our shop in Diagon earlier this summer when Molly and Arthur took the kids shopping for their school supplies. The two younger children barged into the store, both demanding that they get owls, along with that woman.

Poor Arthur was so embarrassed. He just kept telling them that they had known for years that if they wanted an owl then they needed to save up for it, since they hadn’t saved any money, then they clearly weren’t responsible enough to care for an owl properly, which I must agree with. It took almost an hour for him to get them out of the shop. They were both throwing some of the worst tantrums I have ever seen, and I have seen plenty. That girl just kept saying how much she hated him, he looked devastated, but I must give him credit, he didn’t back down.”

“That is common I have been told.” Muriel hadn’t known about that, but it really didn’t surprise her. “Thankfully, Arthur has Fabian and Gideon there to help him.”

“Fabian and Gideon sided with Arthur, over their own sister?” Constance Dorn was slightly surprised.

“Yes.” Muriel nodded. “While they were in the hospital recovering from their ordeal, Arthur had an expansion built on the house so that they could stay their while they recovered. He always has been such a kind man.

Fabian and Gideon have been living with them since they were released from the hospital. They have gotten a first hand look at everything, and they both agree that it is that woman that is in the wrong, so they will be staying with him to help with the kids.

I think it’s sweet. Fabian and Gideon have always had a crush on Arthur, they even dated while they were at Hogwarts. Arthur and that woman’s relationship never made much sense to me, they just don’t match. I think this might be a second chance for those three to get first love right.”

Although no one was willing to say anything, they all suspected that Muriel was hinting to the use of love potions. It wasn’t something that was polite to even suggest, but it had always been rumoured.

“That’s so sweet. Fabian and Gideon would be wonderful to help Arthur get over this little drama.” Lacy Wood sighed, she was always a romantic. “But, I must ask Muriel, you said while we were on our way here that you would be needing my help with a little match making, is it Arthur, Fabian and Gideon you were referring too?”
Muriel looked to her friend and smiled, this would be a perfect distraction to get everyone gossiping about something else. “No, I figure those three will figure things out on their own, they are old enough.

I’m actually surprised you don’t already know. You know how I said that Charlie wouldn’t marry the girl that woman had picked out because he was seeing someone else, while that someone else is your great grandson, Oliver.”

Lucy squealed. “So that’s who Olli has been seeing. He has just been so happy lately. I knew he was in the middle of some great love affair, but I never realized it was with Charlie. We are definitely going to have to make sure those two don’t fall into any of the traps there are out there for young love.”

With that, everyone started offering their opinions on how best to keep Oliver and Charlie together, as well as different matches that could be made of other peoples unattached family members.

Not a single book was taken out during the entire book club meeting that day.

The Burrow - November 15, 2003

Arthur was slow to get up on the morning that he had scheduled his meetings with both Dedalus and Molly. He knew that Molly would try to make him out to be the bad guy, so Arthur had sent them separate letters and scheduled different meeting times. Dedalus would be at the private meeting room he had arranged at the bank before lunch, while Molly would be there after.

“Are you sure you don’t want us to go with you, love?” Fabian asked as he saw the look on Arthur’s face as he came out into the kitchen.

“Yeah, dad. We would all be happy to come with you. I can put off my afternoon with Olli for a little while so you don’t have to go alone.” Charlie said as he dished up some breakfast for his dad. Both Charlie and Bill were once again home to visit.

“No.” Arthur smiled at his family. It felt so good to be a part of a happy, loving family again. “This is something I need to do on my own. While I am grateful, you all have things of your own to do today.

Bill, you told me you needed to go over some things with your boss, so you will already be at the bank if I do need you. Charlie, you are headed back to Romania soon and won’t be able to visit with Oliver as much. Take it from me, enjoy every moment you have with him while you can, you never know when you might lose him.”

“I really don’t think my crazy sister is going to use an ancient ritual to steal Oliver from me.” Charlie joked. “Although, you might want to give that warning to the twins. Ginny is more than a little obsessed with Hadrian.”

“Ha ha. Very funny Charlie.” Arthur said in a bland voice. “And as for the two of you.” Arthur turned to look at his husbands. “You have to go and check in with the Cross’s about the restaurant.”

Like Charlie had thought, Arthur had been excited to invest in building a restaurant in Hogsmeade. He had quickly gotten into touch with Nox’s parents, Ian and Mina Cross. Like Arthur, they thought it would be a great idea.
Years before, Arthur had once over heard Fred and George discussing opening a store. Arthur had thought they were talking about doing so years in the future, and, being the good father he was, he had started setting aside a portion of each pay check to invest in their shop. But, with the twins earning the money for themselves, and taking a loan from the bank, they didn’t need the money Arthur had saved. He had still offered it, but they told him to invest it in something else.

Because of that, Arthur had plenty of money to invest in the restaurant. But, he wasn’t the only one that invested. Both Fabian and Gideon invested some of their money with his.

With all the money they now had available, the Cross’s had already purchased a place in Hogsmeade, and were in the process of setting up. With the help of magic, the restaurant would be built, furnished, and ready to open by the time the children visited when they went on Hogsmeade trips after Yule.

The twins were supposed to be going to their current restaurant in Knockturn to check in with how things were going. Both Ian and Mina were planning on moving over to the Hogsmeade restaurant while they got it up and running, but they were still arranging employees to take over at the restaurant in Knockturn so they could make the move.

“We know.” Fabian said.

“We just don’t want to leave you alone with that woman.” Gideon added, he really didn’t trust his former sister anywhere near his husband.

“I’ll be fine. We will be in the bank, and I have already requested that I be tested for any outside influence after the meeting. There’s nothing that she can do to me.” Arthur went and kissed both Fabian and Gideon on the cheek. He really did love it when they got protective.

“If you’re sure.” Both of them said at the same time. Hugging their husband between them.

Gringotts, Private Meeting Room

Arriving at the bank, Arthur was led directly to the same meeting room that he had been to when Bill was waiting to find out if he had gotten his apprenticeship.

Only a few minutes later, Dedalus Diggle was escorted into the room.

“Ahhh, hello Arthur, old chap.”

“Hello Dedalus. Thank you for meeting me here today.”

“Of course, of course. I must say, this is a little awkward.” Dedalus rubbed at the back of his neck before taking off his purple top hat and spinning it in his hands.

“What’s awkward Dedalus.”

“Arthur. I married the woman you love after you were cursed to leave her.”

“Really? Is that the story you were told. Rest assured Dedalus, I have never, and will never, love Molly. This is one of the reasons I requested to see you today, I felt that you deserved to know the truth. It might help you to protect yourself.”

“What are you talking about Arthur? I don’t understand?”
Arthur picked up the old potions test that he had had done so many years before and handed it over.

“I had myself checked and purged years ago. Over the years, I have had to have many checks, and a few other purges. Molly and I have been living in separate rooms in the house for years.

The reason I finally said enough and kicked her out was because she threatened Charlie. I will never stand by and allow someone like her to hurt my children.

I thought you should know what to expect. When Molly wants something, she will do anything to get it, no matter how many people she has to hurt.”

Dedalus just stared at the sheet in front of him. He had been used, and he knew it. And, there was nothing he could do about it, he owed Albus too much to risk going against him.

“I must thank you for your warning.” Dedalus needed to come up with a plan. “You said one of the reasons, what else is it you wished to discuss?”

“The children. My older five boys have made themselves perfectly clear, they want nothing to do with Molly. But, the younger two, Ron and Ginny, have always preferred their mother. Molly has always babied them, so whenever they want something, they go to her.

Despite everything she did to me, they still love her, and I can’t keep them away from her. I will be keeping primary custody, but I expect they will still be at your house a fair amount. I wrote up this list of rules that are must haves.

I do understand that you will have your own rules for your house, but these are the major ones that I have. I don’t want them to take advantage of you, and, they will try. Trust me, they do take after Molly a great deal, but I am working on stopping that.”

“Again, I must thank you. I will make sure that these rules are used at my house.”

Dedalus left the meeting in a near state of shock. Everything he had been told was a lie, and all he could do was live with it, but that didn’t mean he was going to make it easy for those that would use him.

**Diggle Manor**

Molly was sitting in the dining room of Diggle Manor eating her lunch, a look of pure disgust on her face.

When Molly had first arrived at the manor, she had been so excited. The manor was a large three story home. It had looked so much better than The Burrow ever could. The outside of the building was a pristine white, and the perfectly manicured lawn was covered in lush flower bushes and trees. Dedalus loved to garden.

Then she had walked inside.

It was a disaster.

The wood floors were cracked and warped. The wall paper was moulding and peeling. And, there were all sorts of pests in the house. There were rats in the kitchen, along with flesh eating slugs and flubberworms. And the entire house was infested with doxy’s. She even swore that she saw a
Dedalus had told her that the house had flooded a few years ago during a party and he just hadn’t gotten around to cleaning up completely.

She was actually really missing The Burrow now. She missed the light flowing through the windows. Her babies things around, reminding her that they were there. She was even beginning to miss the stupid gnomes that were always getting into her garden.

But soon, she knew that she would be going home.

Arthur was already coming to his senses, she was sure. Just after she finished her lunch, she got dressed in one of her best outfits, and headed off to meet her rightful husband at Gringotts.

Molly was sure that the reason he had requested to meet her at the bank was so that he could invite her back home as well as add her back on the list of who could access the family accounts. She would, of course, accept, but she was going to make sure he got rid of that controlled account, she was the woman of the house, it was her right to access any and all funds that her husband earned.

**Gringotts**

Arthur was sitting calmly on one side of the table, waiting for Molly to arrive. She was already 10 minutes late.

Finally, Molly was escorted into the room by a clearly angry goblin.

“Arthur, darling, why on earth did you insist that we meet here, we could have just met at home? Honestly, there was no need to involve these filthy creatures, you should know just how untrustworthy they are.”

Arthur just looked at the woman for a moment. Had she really always been so awful?

“Goblins are magical beings, just like witches and wizards.

But that isn’t why we are here. We are here to discuss the custody of my children. So, please take a seat Mrs. Diggle."

Molly froze. Arthur knew that she was married to Dedalus. And worse, Albus hadn’t fixed him yet. Then, her mind caught up with the middle part of his statement.

Custody. Custody of her babies. There was no way she was going to let this man take her babies from her.

“There is nothing to discuss. My babies will be staying with me. I have plenty of room for them now.”

“No. They will not. I will not allow you to further corrupt my children.

I will maintain primary custody of the children. They can go to Diggle Manor every other weekend during the summer if they wish. As for the up coming school holidays, they will go to visit you for Christmas, since you celebrate that holiday, and New Years. And they will spend the last three days of spring break with you.”

“You can’t do that.”
“Yes, I can. You should be grateful that I am even allowing you to see them at all.”

“Grateful. Grateful.” Molly shrieked. “You are telling me that you are stealing my babies from me, and you think I should be grateful.”

“Yes, because I am at least letting you remember that you are their parent. A kindness that you denied Fabian and Gideon.

Don’t try and pretend you are a victim in all of this Molly. You used dark magic to steal my children and I from our family, and now you want me to believe that you are the victim.

You should be grateful you aren’t rotting away in Azkaban where you belong. That ritual you used is an automatic life sentence. The only reason you aren’t is because I won’t let your actions hurt Ron and Ginny that way.”

“My actions have never hurt my babies. All I have ever done was help and protect you and your ungrateful spawn, and now you do this to me.” Molly started to sob.

“All you have ever done is hurt us. You denied me a life with the men I loved. You denied my boys their fathers. Instead, they got you. The woman that did nothing but berate and belittle them every chance she got. I am just so grateful that they have managed to turn out so well in spite of you. In spite of, not because of.

As for Ron and Ginny, save me this act. Yes, I know you love them, but your love is a sickness. You treat them like babies. They have no understanding of proper behaviour. If they continue on like they are now, they will never be able to succeed at life.

And, as for the effect the ritual will have on them, you do understand just how people will look at them. You have two choices. You could continue on with this charade that I am their birth father, in which everyone will see them as the product of love potions. You do realize what that would be like for them, in spite of the progress our society has made, children of love potions are still mistrusted and often times seen as unsafe to marry. Every person they date will see them as a danger.

Your other option is to admit that they were not mine, and that you used a blood adoption to make them Weasley’s. Which means they would be seen as bastards. Even with me claiming them, they will still be forced to live with the shame of your actions. You go on and on about working in the ministry, but if anyone knew the truth of their conception it would be almost impossible for them to get a job higher then secretary. They would be looked down on and mistrusted.

No, it is better for them if we continue to keep that secret.

As I was saying, as a direct result of your actions, I will be maintaining primary custody of the children.”

Molly was completely frozen once again. He knew. Arthur knew about the blood adoption. And he was still trying to take her babies from her, he had no right. They were her’s, not his.

“You can’t take my Ronnie and Ginny. They are not yours.”

“Oh yes, they are. Since they have been accepted by the Weasley family magics, it means you used a full blood adoption. That means, legally and biologically, they are just as much my children as they are yours.

Interesting isn't it. You, the woman that is forever going on about the evils of dark magic is just
another dark witch, doing all manner of dark things.”

“I am a light witch. I have never done anything dark in my life.”

Arthur laughed. “Really Molly. You do know that that ritual you used on Fabian, Gideon, and I was olde dark magic. Then their was the blood adoptions you used on all of the kids. That’s blood magic, also classified as dark. You’ve done more dark magic than most do in their entire lives. In order to get what you wanted, you forever tainted yourself with dark magic.”

Molly was stunned. He was right, and she knew it. What had she done? She had used blood magic on her babies, that must be why they had a hard time with others. But, it would be ok. Molly was sure that she could overcome it. After all, she had done it for a good reason, so it really wasn’t all that dark. Rather than answering, Molly just glared at Arthur.

“Nothing else to say, for once. Well then, here is a copy of the custody agreement that I just laid out. You are welcome to go over it, but it will not be changing.”

Molly took the papers that Arthur passed to her in a rage. Sitting back in her chair, Molly went over the papers. When she came to a section on rules that she was supposed to make her babies follow, she had tried to argue them away, but Arthur wouldn’t listen.

Arthur sat back after the argument about the rules. Really, Molly was acting like he wanted her to treat the children like they were prisoners. All the rules really said was that they would be expected to have a decent bedtime, wake up at a decent time, and have chores that they would do, like keeping their rooms clean. The only other real rules were restrictions on the amount of candy and junk food they got, and a 10 galleon maximum for their allowance.

Molly was devastated that Arthur was stealing her babies from her. And, the little time she did get with them, she would have to be mean. But she really had no choice right now. If she pushed back too hard, Arthur could follow through on his threat to file charges against her. Molly was sure that she wouldn’t end up in Azkaban, she had done the right thing after all. But it would risk the truth about her babies getting out. And that would be bad.

She was sure that everyone would eventually get over what she and Albus had done, but it could take years, and neither she or Albus could risk that.

No, Molly had no choice, she would have to agree. At least Albus was working on getting Arthur back under control. It would probably only take a few more months, and she would be back at The Burrow, with her husband and babies, and then she could destroy this agreement.

Arthur sighed happily as Molly finally signed the agreement. Taking it, he slipped it into the mail slot on the table so that the goblins could copy it and place the copies in multiple vaults for protection.

“Now, we need to discuss my maintenance.” Molly looked to Arthur.

“What do you mean Molly?”

“Since we are now separated, you will have to pay spousal support. I figure about 2,000 galleons per month should work. I am going to need spending money, you understand.”

“No. If we had been married, I might have been required to pay support, but since we were never married, and I will be taking primary responsibility for the children, I will not be giving you a single knut.”
“Just how do you expect me to live?” Molly demanded.

“Well, you could sponge off your new husband, like you did to me. Or, you will have to get a job.

Oh, and you are going to need to get things for the kids. Their clothing and toys will be staying at The Burrow, so you will need to buy them new stuff. There is no point in moving their stuff to your new home when they will be spending most of the time at The Burrow.”

“Why are you being so cruel?” Molly was back to sobbing, but under that, she was still furious.

“You think that’s mean. Get over yourself Molly. You are not the victim in any of this, you are the villain. None of us asked you to destroy lives, you did that because that is what you do. You have done nothing but hurt my family, because you thought what you wanted was more important. And now you act like none of this is your fault.

News flash Molly. You are to blame for all of this.

I am not being cruel, I am protecting my children from a criminal. The only reason I am even letting you see Ron and Ginny again is because, in spite of everything, you are still their mother and they love you. But I will not have you carrying on teaching them your criminal ways. They need to learn how to be self reliant, productive members of society, not the childish brats that are constantly claiming that they are the victims of some plot that you have been turning them into.”

“But I bought them all that stuff.” Molly was not going to respond to any of those accusations, like usual, she preferred to ignore the inconvenient truth.

“With the money I earned.” Arthur held up a hand, stopping Molly from responding. “Enough Molly, it’s done.

Now, there is one more thing that we need to cover.”

Arthur pushed a copy of the marriage contract between Hadrian and Ginny towards her. A big red ‘CANCELED’ was stamped across the front.

“What have you done?” Molly screamed as she looked at the contract.

This couldn’t be. There was no way that Arthur was so cruelly stupid as to take away her baby girls future. This contract had ensured her Ginny would get the life she wanted, and Arthur had just destroyed it.

“I canceled an illegal contract.”

“This was Ginny’s future. How could you do this to her?”

“I am protecting her. Molly, this contract was completely illegal. Do you understand that? You even added a drop of Ginny’s blood to seal the contract. How could YOU do that to her?”

“All I did was ensure that my baby girl got the life she deserved.”

“No Molly, you risked her future. You clearly don’t understand how olde marriage contracts work. By adding blood, you bound it in magic.

All Hadrian or his family would have had to do was call on magic to judge it, and not only would the contract have been canceled, it would have been changed. All of those who signed it would be punished. Ginny could have been forced to marry anyone that magic selected or had her magic
“You are just being dramatic. Harry and Ginny are meant to be. He never would have done something like that. Besides, that contract is perfectly legal. I will just have it uncanceled after this.”

“Are you completely delusional woman. I read that contract. That thing was basically a slave contract. Hadrian wouldn’t have been able to do anything on his own, he would have needed permission from both Ginny and Albus for everything. Then there is the money. You were all basically stealing that boy’s inheritance. It would have given you, Albus, and Ginny complete control of any and all families that boy is in line for. That is line theft Molly.

Only a complete fool would have ever just followed the terms of that monstrosity, and Hadrian is no fool, and neither are his guardians. Sebastian, Severus, Sirius, and Remus are all highly intelligent and extremely protective of Hadrian, they never would have let you get away with doing something like that to their son.

And again, like we told you when you threatened Charlie with a marriage contract, all legal parents must sign for a marriage contract to be valid. Neither James, nor I, signed. Also, that contract was dated after James arranged for Sirius and Remus to blood adopt Hadrian, so you also would have needed their signatures.

As I have already said, I will never sign a marriage contract for any of the children, so you can’t reactivate that contract. It’s done.

Also, if you really believed Hadrian and Ginny were meant to be, there would have been no need for that thing. Hadrian and Ginny aren’t even friends, and I will not even attempt to force that sweet boy into something like that.”

Arthur also secretly thought that there was no way he was going to let anyone steal Fred and George’s soul mate from them. Something like that would destroy his boys, and he wasn’t going to let that happen to them.

He had been extremely relieved that he had found that contract. He knew that it was illegal, and that Hadrian and his fathers would be well within their rights to just demand magical judgment and Ginny would suffer for Molly’s actions. He had spoken with James and Severus and, although they weren’t happy about it, they had agreed to just let Arthur cancel the contract without calling for judgment.

They had been furious when they had gone over the contracts expectations, but they had understood Arthur’s desire to protect his daughter. Despite Ginny being a brat, what her mother had done wasn’t her fault.

“Lily and I signed, that should be enough. We are their mothers, so our decisions for the future of our children should count for more. We know what is best.”

“Yes, I saw that Lily signed. And, all I can say is she was clearly a terrible mother. Anyone who would put their child in a situation like Lily had placed Hadrian in clearly didn’t care for their child.

But Lily’s terrible parenting aside, it doesn't matter. All legal parents means all legal parents. And that’s all there is to it.”

Molly just glared. How could her sweet Arthur say and do things like this to her. Fabian and
Gideon. It had to be them. They had turned her Arthur against her. She knew there was always a reason she didn’t like them.

All she could do was hope that Albus found a way to fix Arthur quickly.

“Well, I think that is everything we needed to discuss.” Arthur stood up and started towards the door. “Oh, I will pick the kids up from the train, and explain things to them, after all, we wouldn’t want you to be seen as the bad guy.”

Molly just huffed as Arthur left. She needed Albus, he would know what to do.

**Hogwarts, Headmaster’s Office**

“Albus, Albus!”

Albus looked up from the book he was reading. He really was growing to hate that woman. Every time he was enjoying a peaceful moment, she would come into his office, screeching his name. Seeing the anger flushed cheeks with tear tracks, he sighed.

“What has happened Molly dear?”

“I just met with Arthur at the bank. He’s stealing my babies.” Molly broke down in a fresh set of tears as she collapsed into one of the chairs, so upset that she didn’t even make tea.

“What do you mean?”

“Arthur made me sign a custody agreement giving him control of the children. I’m only going to get to see my babies every other weekend while they’re home.”

“If you didn't like the agreement, why did you sign it?”

“Because he knows about the ritual. He threatened to file charges. He even knows that Ron and Ginny aren’t his, but he is still taking them from me. He even said I should be grateful that he was going to let me see them at all.

Fabian and Gideon must have done something to him. My Arthur would never be this cruel.”

Albus just stared for a moment, this woman was demented. “But he isn’t going to file charges, right?”

“No. He won’t. He says he doesn’t want anyone to know about my babies because it would destroy any chance at a good life for them.”

Albus sighed in relief. “Don’t worry Molly. We will work this all out. The children will be fine. Arthur would never hurt them.”

“But he’s already hurting them. That fool canceled the marriage contract between Ginny and Harry.”

“WHAT!”

“I tried to refile it, but those disgusting creatures wouldn’t accept it. Arthur placed a ban on any marriage contracts for members of the family. What are we supposed to do now? We will need to find a new way to make Harry propose to Ginny when they get older. And, what about Charlie and
Nymphadora? How can we get them together now?"

Albus sat back to think. How he wished Arthur had just died, it would have made his life so much easier. And, then he wouldn’t have had Molly crying in his office so much.

“We are going to have to trust the girls to take care of things for the moment. Ginny and Harry are still young, so we have time with them. You will just have to tell Ginny to make sure that she is wherever he is, it will allow him to fall in love with her. It will also help to convince others that they are together.

As for Charlie and Nymphadora, I’m sure Dora will be able to make the boy see sense. She is a strong, intelligent woman. I’m sure she will be able to find a way to get close to him.”

“And the custody of my babies?”

“Just give it some time. I’m working on the problem. Soon enough you will be back at The Burrow, and all this will just be a bad memory.”

Albus spent a little more time placating Molly before sending her off. In spite of what he was saying, he knew the chances of getting Molly back in The Burrow were extremely slim. Now that Arthur knew everything, he would most likely have set up precautions to ensure that she never came near him or his kids again. Arthur was a fool, but he wasn’t stupid.

Not that Albus could even really blame him. If he had had to live with Molly for all those years only to get free, Albus would never let Molly near him again.

The Burrow - November 22, 2003

Arthur was sitting down at the table with Fabian and Gideon, all three of them were lost. A few days earlier, they had been talking about wanting people to know they were together, but they knew it wasn’t yet time to let everyone know about the ritual. Dumbledore was still too influential, and Arthur didn’t want to risk losing custody of Ron and Ginny.

It had been James who gave them an idea. Tell people that they were getting married, but just renew their vows.

That was what led them to sitting at the table, surrounded by wedding magazines, completely lost. None of them, it seemed, had any real talent for planning a wedding. Their original wedding had been completely planned by their mothers, they had just shown up where and when they were told.

“How’s everything going in here?” Came a voice from the door.

Looking up, the three men saw Percy. Percy hadn’t had any rounds or head boy duties this weekend, so he had signed himself out to go home and spend the weekend with his fathers.

“Terrible.” Fabian sighed.

“Why would we need all this stuff? We just want everyone to know we are married. Do you know how to plan a wedding?” Gideon looked pleadingly to his middle son.

Percy raised and eyebrow. “I am a 17 year old boy. Ask me how to properly structure an essay, sure. Ask me the best way to study for an exam, alright. Ask me how to plan a wedding, not a
“Ahh, so I see their still struggling.” Charlie laughed as he and Bill came in.

“Why are you three so mean, you should be nice and help your beloved fathers.” Fabian pouted to his three oldest sons.

“I do know a way that I can get this wedding planned, but I don’t think you would consider it ‘nice’.” Percy gave his fathers an appraising look.

“Anything!” All three men said at once.

“Ok, if your sure.” Percy said as he headed for the floo. Looking back, he gave his fathers one last warning. “Just remember, this was what you wanted.”

Percy flooed away, whispering his destination so as not to alert any of the others just incase they chose to run.

Percy had been gone for about five minutes when Remus arrived. Bill had asked for his assistance on some research he was doing for the bank. He had finished it early, so he had decided to just bring everything directly to Bill.

“Hey Bill. I have that information you needed. Ah, I see these three are still struggling with wedding plans.”

“Remus. Dear sweet Remus. How did you plan your wedding, and will you do ours?” Gideon got down on his knees to plead with Remus.

Remus laughed. “Trust me, you don’t want your wedding planned like mine was. My wedding involved sneaking to France with two friends to get married there, since it was illegal for me to get married here. And my vow renewal was planned by two hormonal, pregnant men, that went back and fourth between giggling happy, crying, throwing up, and throwing hexes at Sev and I. We actually almost ended up with a colour scheme of burnt orange and baby pink.”

“Sacrilege.”

Looking up, the six men in the room felt their eyes widen in terror as they saw Percy standing in between Narcissa and Marlene. Both women had a maniacal gleam in their eyes.

“You didn’t. Please tell me you didn’t.” Remus looked to Percy in horror.

“I warned them.” Percy smirked at his fathers.

“So… What are we working with? Date? Colours? Theme? Speak gentleman.” Marlene demanded. She was extremely excited. Since she had been trapped in the hospital, she hadn’t been able to really do anything major for her own wedding, so this was her chance.

“All we have decided is that we think we want a Yule wedding.” Arthur said in a hesitant voice.

Both women squealed.

“How romantic.” Narcissa sighed. “Let’s see, a winter wedding. Most would say go with ice blue and silver, but that has been overdone. I figure we go with something more bold.”
Marlene and Narcissa huddled together over the table flipping through the wedding magazines in a hurry. All the men in the room took a step away so they wouldn’t get caught in the whirlwind.

“What is it with crazy women in our lives?” Charlie stupidly questioned. “I mean, is it just that all women are crazy, or is it just something about our family?”

He froze as both women spun to glare at him.

“We are not crazy, we are passionate.” Marlene stated in an icy voice.

“We are talking about a celebration of your fathers love, that is something that deserves to be perfect.” Narcissa added. “Besides, we are in no way shape or form crazy.”

“Cissy, you are forgetting, I have gone shopping with you. I have literally seen shop keepers break down in tears of both joy and terror when you walk into their store. They know that they will be making a great deal of money, but you can be more than a little intense.” Remus said before turning to look at Marlene. “And Marley, really? I know for a fact that you have turned one of the drawing rooms in Grimmauld Place into an underground house elf casino. You hosted a poker championship last week.”

“House elf casino?” Bill looked quizzically to a slightly blushing Marlene.

“What, they like to gamble a little to relax too, Kreacher and I play a little poker from time to time, that elf has an excellent poker face. It just sort of grew from there. Besides, it isn’t anything bad, they usually just bet the baubles they make.” Marlene explained. “And really, can any of you claim that you aren’t crazy?”

“We are just fine.” Remus argued back.

“Really.” Narcissa raised an eyebrow. “Where should we start. Maybe, with the book worm werewolf, who is married to my crazy cousin, that manages a joke shop owned by teenagers.

Or, we could talk about the man that willingly chose to work with dragons with almost no protection.

Or…”

“Ok, ok. We get it. We are all crazy. I’m sorry.” Charlie held up his hands in submission.

“Good, now back to the wedding.” Marlene turned back to the books.

“You know what? Why don’t we just let you two take the magazines and you can plan everything. Just tell us where to be and when to be there.” Fabian said as he gathered everything up and handed it over to the two women.

“Nothing else to add?” Narcissa looked to the three men.

“Just that we want it to be small. Nothing to extravagant.” Arthur gave the women a stern look.

“This is about family. So, just keep it small. Other than that, just make it fun.”

“We will.” Narcissa called over her shoulder and she and Marlene quickly left.

The seven men all sighed in relief now that they were safe. And, now they didn’t need to worry about planning a wedding, they could just go back to being together.
Prewett Estate

Muriel had just settled down in her sun room with a few of her closest friends with some fresh mint juleps when her house elf, Trissy, popped in to let her know that Narcissa and Marlene were there and wished to speak to her. Agreeing, Muriel sent Trissy back to lead them to her. She really didn’t know either of them all that well. All she really knew was that Marlene had been friends with Fabian and Gideon.

“We are sorry to interrupt Dame Prewett, ladies.” Marlene said when she saw the other women.

“Do not worry about it my dears.” Muriel waved it away. She could see from the light in the women’s eyes that something had happened. “What has happened that has gotten you both so excited?”

“Percy just came to us for help.” Narcissa told her.

“You know my great great nephew?” Muriel was slightly surprised. She really hadn’t gotten to spend enough time with her family to learn who their friends were.

“Yes. Percy apprenticed to my husband at the ministry over the summer.” Marlene told her.

“Anyways. The reason he came to us was to get our help with planning and we thought you might want to help.” Narcissa announced happily, building up the tension in the room just for fun.

“Planning what?” Muriel smiled at Narcissa, deciding to play her game.

“Arthur, Fabian and Gideon… Have decided to get married.” Marlene announced happily.

The entire room suddenly got very loud as all the women started a little celebration. Muriel quickly motioned for the two younger women to sit down.

“What do we know so far?” Muriel asked as soon as her friends quieted down.

“Well, apparently none of those foolish boys know what they are doing. When Percy realized that they needed help and got us, it was a mess. Arthur, Fabian, Gideon, Bill, Charlie, and Remus were all talking about colour schemes. We really only heard the end of the conversation, but burnt orange and pink were mentioned.” Narcissa, and every other woman in the room shuddered in horror.

“They practically begged us to take over. All that they told us was that they wanted to hold the wedding this Yule. And that they wanted it to be a quiet, family affair, with just a few friends.” Marlene added.

“But that doesn’t even give us a month.” Muriel was shocked that they were expected to set up a wedding so quickly.

“We know, that is why we came to you. We figured between the three of us we had a chance of getting it all done.” Narcissa said.

“Yes, yes. I do believe the three of us will be able to pull this all together.” Muriel nodded to the other two women.

The rest of the afternoon was spent planning the basic outline of the wedding.
It was early evening by the time they were finished with the weddings outline. All the other women had left after finishing their drinks and adding their opinion on the wedding.

After the last woman left, and it was just the three of them, Marlene turned to Muriel.

“I was wondering if you knew what happened to the handfasting ribbons that they used last time. I think it would be wonderful if we could use their original ones.”

Muriel gave both of the others a look. “So, you two know what’s going on.”

“My husband is and unspeakable. He and Percy worked together over the summer to find a way to counter the ritual. I was also at their original wedding.” Marlene smiled as she sipped her water.

“And I have known for years. Bill was apprenticing to my cousins team when he learned what had happened. My husband and I were often there to visit, so we found out.” Narcissa added.

“It’s good to know that we will be able to speak openly with each other then.” Muriel was pleased.

“As for the ribbon. I actually think that they should be somewhere here. I think the twins mother created a wedding memories box that came to me after she died.”

Muriel thought for a moment before a thought struck her. “Trissy.”

“What can Trissy be doing for Mistress Muriel?” The elf asked in a soft voice.

“Trissy, I think there should be a memories box from Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon’s wedding. It should be up in the attic. Would you go and check for us? If it’s there, bring it here please.”

“Yes mistress.” With a pop, the elf was gone.

It was barely five minutes before the elf popped back with a chest.

“Here’s is the wedding box, Mistress Muriel. Can Trissy be doing anything else for Mistress Muriel?”

“No. Thank you Trissy, that is everything.” Muriel gave the elf a smile before she popped away. “Well, let’s see what we have.”

Lifting the top of the box, the three women started sorting through. Laying right on top, was the two binding ribbons, one marked ‘Fabian/Arthur’ while the other was ‘Gideon/Arthur’.

Deeper in the box, they found so much more. There were copies of the wedding vows. The crystal wedding cups the men had used. Copies of the original invitations. Table centre pieces. Candles. Hundreds of pictures. And even some of the confetti.

The three women knew they now had everything they needed to make this wedding perfect.

_Hogwarts - November 28, 2003_

Friday evening, the week after his fathers had decided to renew their vows, Percy called his younger siblings to a family meeting in one of the empty rooms on the ground floor.

It had been decided that he would have to explain things to his younger siblings, because it wasn’t something that could just be said in a letter. Arthur had at first considered calling the kids home for the weekend, but felt that it would be better not to disrupt their routine. He also didn’t want to
have to deal with Ron or Ginny demanding to go to see Molly.

Percy had chosen to wait until Friday so that the kids would have the entire weekend to figure out their feelings on the subject before they had to go back to classes.

Now he just had to wait for the kids. Fred and George had arrived right after dinner, like he had requested, but Ron and Ginny hadn’t. Eventually, after almost half an hour of waiting, they arrived.

“What do you want Percy?” Ginny whined as she and Ron entered the room.

“There is something we need to discuss. As a family.” Percy said as he ushered them both to chairs.

“What now?” Ron groaned. He really wasn’t liking all these changes.

“I went home last weekend…” Percy never got to finish his sentence.

“Why did you get to go home and I didn’t? I want to go home, too.” Ginny whined. She didn’t like that her brother had gotten to leave, and she had been left behind.

“Ginny, I didn’t go home because dad called me home, I went because I chose to.” Percy started trying to explain.

“Well, I want to go home too. Why do you get to just go home when you want and I can’t?” Ginny pouted.

“Because, I’m 17.” Percy was already getting annoyed, and he hadn’t even got to telling them about the wedding.

“What does that have to do with it?” Ron snapped. Like his sister, he wanted to be able to go home on weekends again.

“Because I’m a legal adult. As an adult, I can sign myself out whenever I feel like it.” Percy explained. “When you two turn 17 you will be able to sign yourselves out. So long as you are passing all your classes that is."

“But I want to be able to go home now.” Ginny whined.

“What is it that you wanted to talk to us about Percy?” George asked, side tracking Ginny’s latest fit.

“As I was saying, I went home last weekend and there has been, and is going to be a few changes. The first thing is that a custody agreement has been reached. Dad is going to be picking us up for Yule, he will explain the specifics of the agreement with us all then.

But, the big news is that on the Sunday, just after we get home, dad is going to be getting married.” Percy smiled as Fred and George cheered. They were glad that their fathers were going to be formally welcomed back into the family. Then he looked to Ron and Ginny. Both didn’t look happy.

“How could he do that to mummy?” Ginny demanded.

“Ginny, he isn’t doing anything to Molly. He is getting married for him.” Percy tried to soothe the girl.

“He’s breaking my mummy’s heart. I won’t let this stupid wedding happen. I won’t, I won’t, I won’t.” Ginny started repeating.
“Oh for Merlin’s sake. Ginny shut up.” George snapped.

“You do not get to make every decision about what happens in this family.”

“Really, dad moved into his home office years ago.”

“There hasn’t been anything between them for years.”

“And as for your precious, broken hearted, mummy,”

“She got remarried over a month ago.”

“At least dad wants you to be there for his wedding.”

Both twins glared at their little sister in annoyance. She just glared back.

“What are you talking about. Mum and dad love each other.” Ron was confused by all this. His mum had been writing him for weeks telling him that they were going to be getting back together.

“No Ron, they don’t. And Ginny, the twins are right. Your ‘mummy’ became Molly Diggle in the middle of October.” Percy explained, giving the twins a look. He understood their anger, but Ron and Ginny were still just children, made even more immature by Molly’s own treatment of them.

“Well I won’t be having anything to do with this stupid wedding. Who is even so stupid as to think they can marry my mummy’s husband?” Ginny glared at her brothers.

“Merlin.” Percy sighed in annoyance at the bratty little girl. “Dad is marrying Uncles Fabian and Gideon.”

“What?” Ron shouted. “That’s disgusting. No father of mine is gay.”

“Enough Ronald.” Percy snapped. “I understand that Molly has taught you her bigoted ways, but being gay is perfectly normal. It is not disgusting. It is not immoral. And it is not wrong.

Dad is marrying Uncles Fabian and Gideon, and there is nothing wrong with that.”

Ron joined Ginny in glaring. They both knew that this was wrong, and they weren’t going to let it happen.

“Now, it is up to the both of you how you behave, but we will not let your childish behaviour disrupt this wedding. It is happening whether you like it or not. For once in your lives, I beg you, do not act like spoiled babies.” Percy sighed in exasperation.

“We are not spoiled babies.” Ginny argued.

“Good.” Fred smiled.

“Then we don’t have to worry abut you acting like you are.”

“You will be grown up and mature during this wedding.”

“And you will be happy to see that your father is happy.”

“Without doing anything to try and destroy it.”

Fred and George just grinned at their two clearly furious siblings before they got up to leave.
“Like they said. If you don’t want to be called babies, then you can’t act like it. Ron, Ginny. I am begging you. Please, do not try to ruin this for dad. He deserves to be happy.” Getting up Percy headed for the door, before turning back to look at them sadly. “But, I won’t be surprised if you can’t put someone else’s needs above your own desires. Like always.”

Ron and Ginny just sat alone in the room for a few minutes. Both furious about what their brothers had just said.

“…nny. Ron. Ginny. RON! GINNY!” Snapping out of their own thoughts, Ron and Ginny saw an annoyed Hermione. She had been trying to get their attentions for over a minute.

“What Hermione?” Ron asked. Looking up at his friend.

“What did Percy want?” Hermione demanded.

“It’s dad.” Ginny started to tear up as she looked to the older girl. “He’s getting remarried.”

“But he and your mum only just separated?” Hermione was stunned at how fast Arthur had moved on.

“It’s worse than that.” Ron gave her a disgusted look. “He’s marrying Uncle Fabian and Gideon.”

“What?” Hermione shouted. “But he can’t. It isn’t legal to marry a man, let alone two.”

“We need to stop this.” Ron said, starting to think of how he could make his dad stop being stupid and get back together with his mum.

“Don’t worry, we will.” Hermione reassured them. She wasn’t about to let something like this happen.

Quidditch Pitch

After leaving Percy with their younger siblings, Fred and George had gone to one of the empty stands on the quidditch pitch with Hadrian. They were sitting high up on the stands looking around the empty, silent stadium.

They were both concerned about what Ron and Ginny were going to do. They both knew that their younger siblings were incapable of accepting their dads decision. They were going to try and disrupt, or destroy the wedding.

As much as Ron and Ginny annoyed them, they knew just how much it would mean to their dad to have them there. They were going to have to do something.

“Use me.” Hadrian said from between them.

“What?” Fred looked down to where Hadrian lay with his head in his lap.

“Use me. So far this year, I have been able to avoid them almost completely. Ron’s been dealing with all his extra class work and a crazy Granger. And I have been using my map to avoid Ginny.

We all know that they want me to change houses, but haven’t gotten close enough to try and convince me. So, if we let them know that I will be at the wedding, then they will have to go. If I
make a big deal about supporting your dads, then I figure, at least Ginny, will be less likely to do anything too bad.

That is, if you guys want to invite me.” Hadrian finished his idea with a hesitant voice. Just realizing then that he wasn’t sure if he was going to be invited to the wedding.

“Of course you’re invited.” George assured his slightly blushing soul mate.

“It wouldn’t be a proper wedding without you there.” Fred added. Giving his brother a smile as he too saw Hadrian’s blush. “But, are you sure you want to do this? Putting yourself back in their sights, I mean.”

“For your dad’s, of course.” Hadrian gave them a shy smile.

Fred ran his fingers through Hadrian’s hair giving him a thankful smile. George leaned down and gently hugged Hadrian. But he couldn’t give him a proper hug, because Nem was curled up, sleeping, on his chest.

They were both so grateful that Hadrian was willing to do that for their family. Now they just needed to figure out how to let Ron and Ginny know that he was going to be attending the wedding without it seeming to much of a set up.

Prewett Estate - December 6, 2003

Arthur flooed to visit Muriel early on Saturday. Today, Muriel was going to the school to go and collect the children and take them to get their wedding outfits. But, there were a few warnings that he needed to give the woman.

“Arthur, my dear.” Muriel smiled happily as she saw him. She was extremely happy and excited to be welcomed back into the childrens lives now that Molly was gone. “You said there was something that you needed to speak to me about. Please, sit with me.”

“Thank you Muriel.” Arthur smiled as he took the seat and she poured him a cup of tea. “Yes, I needed to speak to you about a few different things about the kids.

The first, is their behaviour. I am going to warn you now, Ron and Ginny are more than likely going to be extremely childish. And, more than likely extremely bratty. You have my full permission to call them out on it. Now that Molly is gone, I am going to be implementing behavioural rules.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I don’t think anyone would ever accuse me of being to kind or letting someone disrespect me.” Muriel gave him a smile. “Is there anything else?”

“Yes. It is a major bit of family drama, that actually reminds me of what happened with Fabian, Gideon and I.

I didn’t even really notice until recently, but Molly has been telling Ron and Ginny about how Hadrian Potter-Black was destined to be Ron’s best friend and Ginny’s future husband. She had even made up a despicable marriage contract with Lily Evans between Ginny and Hadrian. It was a complete travesty of a contract that would have basically enslaved Hadrian to Ginny and others, I canceled it, much to Molly’s fury.

But, Ginny is extremely obsessed with the boy, but he will never get together with her. I was
hoping that, as a woman, you might be able to help her get over this obsession.”

Muriel nodded. “Of course. But I must ask, why are you so sure that Hadrian would never date Ginny? From all the pictures I’ve seen, Ginny is a beautiful girl.”

“Yes, there is no doubt in my mind that Ginny will grow up to be quite beautiful. But Hadrian…” Arthur gave a happy little smile. “Hadrian is actually Fred and George’s soulmate.”

Muriel gasped before her face broke out in a huge grin. “Really. How sweet.”

Arthur could only smile. He knew that Muriel was probably already planning their wedding.

What Arthur didn’t know, was that Muriel had received a letter from Fred, George, and Hadrian only half an hour earlier. They had explained to her that Ron and Ginny were obsessed with Hadrian, and that they were planning to use that to ensure that Ron and Ginny attended, and didn’t sabotage the wedding.

While she was taking the 5 Weasley children shopping, Hadrian would be going shopping with his Aunt Marlene. They were hoping that she would help them arrange a meeting between the two groups to let Ron and Ginny know that not only would Hadrian be there, but he supported the wedding.

Muriel smiled. She was definitely going to ensure that meeting, she wanted to see Hadrian interact with Fred and George, just to ensure that he properly appreciated his soul mates.

**Twilfitt and Tatting**

Muriel smiled as she lead the five youngest Weasley children into her favourite clothing shop in England, Twilfitt and Tatting. This was her chance to get to know her great great niece and nephews.

“Ahh, Muriel. Right on time.” Francesca Tatting hummed as she walked out of the back room to greet her old friend. “So, let’s see what I’m working with.”

Muriel smiled at the woman. Francesca was over 50 years her junior, but she was still fond of the woman. It also helped that she was in the book club, and had also been at her estate when Narcissa and Marlene had first told her about the wedding.

“Hello Franky dear. Yes, these are my great great nephews, Percy, Fred, George, and Ron. And this is my great great niece, Ginny. They are all in need of proper wedding attire.” Muriel indicated each of the children as she named them.

“Well, why don’t we go oldest to youngest. That will allow you and Ginny a chance to make a few selections in our show room. Sorry boys, mens fashion does tend to be rather monotonous, but don’t worry, I will make sure you each look your best.” Francesca quickly ushered Percy into the back room to start with his measurements.

“Where are all the clothes.” Ginny was looking around, but she didn’t see much.

The shop really just looked like a tea room, with a few dummies around displaying different styles.

“Twilfitt and Tatting’s isn’t Madam Mulkin’s dear.” Muriel gave Ginny a small smile. “Roberta Mulkin and her husband order mass produced clothing, and tailor it to fit. It is just fine for
everyday robes, but not for a wedding. Franky and her partners deal in custom clothing. Everything that is sold from this shop, is made here in this shop, by hand.

That’s what she’s doing with Percy now. Franky will take the measurements of each of you. Then, you will select a style and colours. When we leave today, we won’t be taking anything with us. Instead, Franky will make your clothes over the next few weeks.

We already have a final fitting scheduled for the day you come home from school. Any changes or alterations will be made then, and then we can take the clothes. Now come, let’s sit and start looking at the different fabrics and styles they have.”

Ginny sat down and started flipping through the design books that were placed around. She wanted to make sure that she had the perfect dress. Not that she would be wearing it to any weddings.

When she and Ron had first gotten the letter telling them that their great great aunt was going to be taking them to get wedding clothes, their initial reaction had been to refuse. But then they thought better of it.

For Ron, it was a chance to get out of the school for an afternoon. Hermione was really losing it because of all the extra work she was doing. And, if he was anywhere near her when she was working, he got yelled at.

Ginny saw it as an opportunity. Her mum had always told her that her aunt Muriel had a lot of money, and no children to leave it to. Ginny knew that she deserved that money. Plus, it got her a free dress of her own design.

Flipping through the books, Ginny found the exact style of dress she wanted. It was beautiful.

“I want this one.” She announced.

Muriel took the book, and sputtered on her tea. “Not a chance.”

The dress was a fuchsia pink baby doll strapless dress that didn’t even go down to mid thigh. It was clearly for a much older woman, and a very different kind of party.

“But that’s the one I want.” Ginny started to get angry at being denied.

“You are a 12 year old Hogwarts student. Not a 25 year old harlot.” Muriel took the book away and placed it away from the girl. “Those designs are intended for a much older clientele, not children. Look through these books, you will find something that will be much better for a girl your age.”

Muriel handed her some of the books that had more formal dresses.

From across the room, where Fred and George were looking at different styles of male robes, the impending Ginny tantrum was obvious.

‘How long do you think it’s going to be before she throws a fit?’ Fred asked his brother in his head.

‘I figure she will lose it if she gets told no again. She’s been sucking up ever since Aunt Muriel picked us up.’
‘Which means she want’s something.’

‘Probably money. You know how Molly was always going on about how Aunt Muriel had all this money but was never willing to share it.’

‘Yeah.’


Percy had just caught the look in Ginny’s eyes.

“Aunt Muriel told her no to the dress she wanted.” Fred explained. “I’ll go first, it was supposed to be oldest to youngest, after all.”

After Fred had walked towards the fitting room, Percy turned to George.

“Where is Ron?”

George smirked before tipping his head towards the tea tray. Ron was over by the tray systematically eating an entire tray of finger sandwiches. Percy just rolled his eyes slightly. Really, how that boy could eat so much and not explode still amazed his brothers.

Back over with Ginny, Muriel was carefully watching the girl. It was clear that she was angry, so Muriel was watching to see how she handled her anger. So far, she was impressed that the girl was holding herself back. When Molly had been her age, the word ‘no’ would have resulted in instant tears and tantrums.

Glancing over, she saw Ronald eating. She shook her head slightly at his complete lack of manners. Muriel knew that she was going to have to start teaching the children proper etiquette.

Looking further, Muriel saw as Fred came out of the dressing room, and George went in.

“If I can’t have that other dress, then I want this one.” Ginny demanded.

Muriel looked down at this new dress, and once again sputtered. This dress, at least, wasn’t a mini dress. The dress that Ginny had selected this time was a skin tight floor length dress in a beautiful shimmering pink. It was incredibly beautiful, but Muriel wasn’t about to let a 12 year old attend her fathers wedding in a dress that had two thigh high slits in the skirt, and a plunging neckline that would easily display her belly button. It also didn’t help that it was 100% acromantula silk, and cost more than most people made in a year.

“No, Ginny. That dress also isn’t appropriate for a girl your age, or your fathers wedding. Also, the colour scheme of the wedding is ruby, and sapphire, with silver accents. Your dress needs to be one of those.”

“Well I don’t want to wear one of those colours. I want to wear one of those two dresses, in pink. And you can’t stop me.” Ginny crossed her arms over her chest and got ready to argue.

“No.” Muriel gave the child a hard look. “You can make all the demands you want, but I don’t have to do what you say. If you can’t pick a dress that is age appropriate, and in ruby or sapphire, then you will be left wearing whatever I select.”
“Then I won’t go to the wedding.” Ginny challenged.

“Then there is no need for you to get a new dress.” Muriel gave the girl a serene smile. “Once all your brothers have been measured, we will just leave, and you can go back to school.”

“But I want a dress.” Ginny’s voice started to rise in her anger.

“Then, you will select an appropriate dress, that you will then wear to the wedding.”

Ginny glared for a moment while she thought of a new argument. “You can’t make me go to that wedding.”

Muriel looked at the cruel smirk on the child’s face and knew Molly really had done a number on this one. “You’re right, I can’t. But the simple fact is, you are being presented with two choices. You can attend your father’s wedding, in a new dress, and be seen as a loving daughter. Or, you can refuse to attend, and prove that you are a spoiled little girl that doesn’t care for anyone but her self.

If you choose the latter, than that is how you will be treated. The only way to correct the behaviour of a spoiled child is to stop spoiling them. That means telling them no when they start making unreasonable demands. No extra presents or treats. grounding them when they throw tantrums. To put it simply, they get taught the meaning of the word ‘no’ by being told ‘no’.”

Ginny just stared for a moment. Who did this woman think she was? Suddenly showing up in her life and giving her stupid rules. Ginny knew just what to do, she was going to show this bitch who was in charge. Her mother had always made sure she got what she wanted when she started screaming, it was, after all, the only way she would stop.

Muriel saw the vicious light enter the girls eyes. When she saw Ginny draw in a deep breath, and prepare to start screaming, Muriel quickly pulled her wand and cast a silencing spell. She almost smirked as the girl silently screamed for a moment before she realized she wasn’t making any noise. The girl had an extremely funny stunned face.

“That is quite enough young lady. You will not be throwing a tantrum here. It is clear that your mother has done her best to ruin you, but I have no intention of allowing this behaviour when you are with me.

Let me make this perfectly clear, you are a daughter of the noble house of Prewett, and you will be expected to act like it. The Prewett family is an ancient and noble family that has a seat in the Wizengamot. You are going to be held to a higher standard of behaviour.

Just look at your mother. She threw fits every time she didn’t get her way, a behaviour that you are apparently mimicking, and it cost her greatly. It was her dream to marry a lord of one of the noble families so that she could dress up and attend fancy parties, but, you might notice that never happened.

By the time she had finished Hogwarts, she had thrown so many fits that she was considered completely unmarriable by those of noble birth. As far as I’m concerned, your father is a saint for putting up with her behaviour for as long as he did. But again, you might notice that her new husband also isn’t from a noble family. That is a direct result of her behaviour.

If you continue to carry on like this, there is no doubt in my mind, that you will never even be considered as wife material to anyone of noble birth. So, it is time to start to grow up young lady. If you ever want to be a respected member of high society, as I am, then you will need to start behaving with at least a modicum of decorum. Which means, you do not throw fits in the middle of
exclusive shops such as this one.

Now, I am going to remove this spell, and we are going to go into that dressing room and have you measured. As you have refused to select an appropriate dress, then that will be up to me. If you decide to throw a tantrum, or are at any time disrespectful to Franky or I, then we will leave. You will just have to wear a dress you already have to the wedding.

Am I understood?"

Ginny glared for a moment before she nodded. When the spell was removed, Muriel lead a quiet Ginny into the dressing room as Ron walked out.

It was only a few minutes after Muriel and Ginny had gone into the dressing room, that Ron started to whine about how long everything was taking. The good thing was that Percy had known that Ron was going to get bored, so he had made sure to bring a new comic that he knew Ron liked.

As soon as Ron had his new comic, he quickly went and sat down. His older brothers were all grateful for the few moments of silence.

It wasn’t long after that that Hadrian arrived with Marlene. Ron didn’t even look up as the two of them entered.

Fred and George both grinned as soon as they saw Hadrian. Quickly, they led him over to some of the fabric samples to show him what they thought he should have his robes made out of. They had found an emerald silk that was almost the exact same colour as his eyes. Although they didn’t confess it to him, they had originally wanted to have their robes made out of that material because it reminded them of him, but in the end they had had to stick to the colour scheme.

Fred and George made sure to tell Hadrian about everything they had seen. They figured that Hadrian might be able to bring up manners in front of they’re siblings. Maybe if they heard it from Hadrian, Ron and Ginny might start behaving appropriately in public.

While Fred and George were quietly talking to Hadrian, Percy and Marlene were across the room talking to each other.

Ginny was furious as she was led out of the dressing room by her great great aunt. The first thing that was angering her was that she hadn’t been given a say on the dress. The mirror in the room was enchanted to reflect the design that was wanted. Muriel had told the other lady what Ginny was going to get, rather than letting Ginny say anything. The other thing that was angering her, was that the design of the dress that Muriel had chosen for her was actually really cute.

The dress was tea length, and a deep rich red. The top was a loose t-shirt style with a pretty floral pattern. While the skirt was a full layered design that had little rosettes on it.

“Ah, Marlene.” Muriel smiled as she walked over to greet the younger woman. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see a beautiful dark haired boy was standing between the twins. “What brings you here today my dear?”

“I brought my nephew to get measured for his robes for the wedding.” Marlene smiled. “It would seem that you had the same idea.”
Hadrian slowly walked over to meet the formidable woman for the first time.

“Aunt Marlene?” Hadrian gave Marlene a smile.

“Hadrian, allow me to introduce you to Dame Muriel Prewett. Muriel, this is my nephew, Hadrian Potter-Black.” Marlene directed Hadrian towards the woman.

As soon as she said that, Ron and Ginny’s heads went up. Ron got up and started to head towards the boy he was told would be his best friend, and Ginny started fluttering her eyelashes in what she thought was a cute fashion.

“Dame Prewett.” Hadrian bowed slightly and kissed the air above her hand. “It is a true pleasure to meet you. Fred and George have told me good things.”

Muriel couldn’t help but smile at the boy. There was just something completely disarming about him, it reminded her of another Potter she had once known.

“Well aren’t you charming. But, I would expect nothing less from someone like you. It is such a pleasure to meet one so young that understands proper manners.”

Hadrian gave her another slight bow, smiling as he understood what she was hinting at. “Of course madam. My Aunt Narcissa insisted that I was properly educated on what was socially acceptable. Given the families I’m in line for, any form of impropriety could cost me greatly politically.

I have no intention of ending up as a disgraced Lord before I am even old enough to take my seats in the Wizengamot chambers. There is nothing that ruins the reputation of a family faster than uncouth behaviour.”

“Quite right.” Muriel gave the boy a smirk as she glanced over to where Ginny stood, still clearly trying to flirt with him, but Hadrian hadn’t even looked to her. “You must forgive us, but we should be off so that you can get to your fitting. But, we will have to sit down and talk after the wedding.”

Ron interrupted before Hadrian could respond. “You’re going to the wedding?”

Hadrian raised an eyebrow as he finally turned to acknowledge the other boy. “Of course. Fred and George invited me. But I would have been attending any way. My Uncles have been friends with your father since before I was born, and, there has been a long standing alliance between the Potter and Prewett family.

But, even without that, I would of course be their to support both your father, and Fabian and Gideon. They’re all wonderful people, and deserve to be happy. There is no doubt in my mind that the wedding is going to be perfect. Although I am a little biased since two of my aunts helped to plan it, along with Dame Prewett.”

“I appreciate your vote of confidence.” Muriel smiled, there was no way Ron or Ginny could do anything now. Not if they wanted to ever get close to young Hadrian. “But, as I said, it is time to go. Children…”

Muriel ushered the Weasley children towards the door. It took a little bit of effort because Ginny kept trying to get around her so that she could go back and talk to Hadrian. Plus the twins were also hesitant to leave Hadrian so soon after seeing him again.

But, Francesca Tatting came out, and, upon seeing who was in her shop, quickly ushered the boy into the dressing room. It wouldn’t do to leave the saviour of the wizarding world to wait.
After Hadrian was out of sight, Muriel was finally able to get everyone out.

**Hogwarts**

“Who does that woman think she is?” Ginny demanded as she and her brothers arrived back at school.

“What now Ginny?” Percy sighed.

“There you are. What happened?” Hermione rushed forward when she saw the others arrive. The girl was a complete mess.

“That, that woman. Who does she think she is? Telling me that I need to change my behaviour if I want to marry Harry. What would she know about marrying? She’s still single.” Ginny ranted.

“That’s enough Ginny.” Percy tried to quiet his sister. “Just for your information, Aunt Muriel is single by choice. She had been engaged when she was younger, but only a few days before the wedding her fiancé was killed personally by Grindelwald.

After that, she chose to go into mourning, and just never really stopped.”

“Who would be so stupid as to get engaged to a woman like that?” Ginny growled. She really didn’t like Muriel, now she understood why her mum never let that woman near them.

Percy gave a sad smile. “That is actually a topic that I thought you might have paid attention to, given your obsession.

Given your stalker habits, I’m sure you know that Hadrian’s grandfather was named Charlus, and he was once Lord Potter. But, he wasn’t originally the families heir. Charlus had an older brother, Hadrian. Our Hadrian was named in his honour, it is one of the reasons he hates when people try to call him a different name.

Anyways, Aunt Muriel was engaged to Hadrian Potter. That is why Hadrian said that there is a long standing alliance between the Potter and Prewett families. Even after the death of his older brother, and he took the family title, Charlus always treated Aunt Muriel like she was a member of the family.

So, you might want to start listening to Aunt Muriel. She knows better than anyone what it takes to be welcomed into a powerful family like the Potter’s. Plus, she holds a great deal of power in the more elite social circles. She is not the kind of woman you want to make an enemy of.”

Smirking at their little sister one last time, Fred, George, and Percy left.

“Well…” Hermione’s voice was demanding. “What was all that about?”

“Harry was at the robe shop to get fitted for robes for the wedding.” Ron told her while Ginny just continued to pout.

“What? Why would he be attending that abomination?” Hermione was stunned. What was wrong with that boy?

“His uncles are friends with my dad, so they were invited. The twins also invited him for some reason.” Ron explained.
“We need to get the stupid twins away from my Harry.” Ginny finally spoke through her rage at her Aunt Muriel.

“Then we have no choice,” Hermione sighed. She really hated that she was going to have to do this. “We are all going to have to attend the wedding. Ron, you are going to write to your father and tell him that you have invited me. We will just spend the wedding keeping Harry away from the twins.

I know that you want to disrupt the wedding, and we will if we can find a way, but our first priority is Harry. I’m sure the headmaster and your mum will be able to force your dad to get a divorce after.”

Both Ron and Ginny agreed before they went back to their common room.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - December 3, 2003**

Like every year, James once again sat down in the school board meeting room. This year, things were going to be different though. The governors had received a request from a small group of students that they be allowed to attend. It was a little unorthodox, but they had decided to allow the students so that they could find out what it was that they wished to discuss.

That was what led to him, and the other school governors, sitting down, asking the students what it was that they wished to discuss. The group included the head boy and girl, Percy Weasley and Penelope Clearwater, as well as prefects Marcus Flint, Katie Bell, and Cedric Diggory.

“What is it that you wished to discuss with us that couldn’t wait until the next complaints meeting. It is only a month away?” Alice asked kindly as she looked at the mixed house group.

“What we wished to discuss really isn’t a complaint.” Percy said. “It is more of a request. After a great many discussions amongst ourselves, we have decided that we feel the student population deserves it’s own voices on this board. As such, we would request that a representative of each house be given a place on this board.”

“But you are just children.” Molly didn’t like this idea, they were just kids, and kids shouldn’t get to make the decisions.

“Exactly.” Penelope smiled softly. “We are the students of this school. We know what we need, and what we don’t.”

“We mean no offence, but the school we attend isn’t the same school you did.” Katie tried to explain. “So much has changed since any of you were last students here.

And don’t think we aren’t grateful for all the changes you have made in recent years, we really are, but that has changed a lot of things for us. We just feel that we, the students, should be able to have a say on certain things.”

Seeing that Dumbledore was about to shoot the idea down, James quickly jumped in. “Can you give us an example? What sort of things would you like to change?”

“Well, for one thing, Hogsmeade weekends.” Cedric took a step forward. “The schedule for Hogsmeade weekends is completely nonsensical. We looked it up, last year, from the start of school until Yule, we had three Hogsmeade weekends. But, this year, we have only gotten to go once, and not even all of us got to go.
The only warning of a Hogsmeade weekend that we get is a note posted on the announcement boards in our common rooms a few days before. That doesn’t give anyone enough time to shift around our study or quidditch schedules.

Almost the entire sixth year alchemy class had to stay at the school during the weekend to finish off our assignments. We had hoped that their would be another trip later in the semester, but, obviously, there hasn’t been. If we had known more than a few days in advance, we could have made sure our work was finished earlier.

I also know that the Slytherin quidditch team had to stay at the school for the weekend because they had the pitch booked for practice, and were refused when they requested to reschedule their time.

We think that the school should allow us to have Hogsmeade weekends every other weekend. That way, we can pick and choose which weekends we go into town, and still be able to make sure that we can get all our work done.”

“I’m sorry my boy, but that just isn’t possible.” Albus twinkled at Cedric. “The staff just doesn’t have enough time to arrange it. Plus, the local businesses prefer it if the students are only there a few times a year.”

“I don’t mean to be contrary Headmaster, but how does it take up the staffs time?” Flint gave a slight grin. Although he wasn’t a death eater like his father, he still didn’t like this manipulative old fool. “All the staff does is post a sign, or, has the house elves post a sign, and checks off names.

I have been going to Hogsmeade when I can for the past four years. And the reason I say, when I can, is because almost every Hogsmeade weekend happens on the weekends Slytherin has the quidditch pitch booked. Of the 6 Hogsmeade weekends we had last year, every single one of them took place on a weekend we had practice, so the Slytherin team didn’t get to go even once.

But, I’m sure that’s just a coincidence, so, back on topic. We are not monitored while we are in town. On the rare occasions that we do see a staff member in town, they are sitting in the Three Broomsticks, not even paying any attention to us. If anything, it lessens the workload for those at the school since so many students are gone.”

“And as for the idea of what the local business owners want, I have no idea where you could have gotten that idea.” Percy’s voice was bland. “Since a few of us are 17, we signed ourselves out so that we could go and talk to them.

According to Madam Rosmerta, the only warning that the business owners get that it is a Hogsmeade weekend, is when students start arriving. They hate that. Madam Rosmerta only keeps a certain supply of butterbeer around, since she never knows when the students will be there, she never has enough when they do show up. If you ask any student, you need to get to the pub by 10 at the latest if you want one, after that, she is always out. She said that if she had warning, she would order more so that everyone could have some.

The same thing happens at every shop. Since they have no pre warning, they don’t have the time to stock up on what they know that the students like, so many of the students have to go without.”

Penelope pulled out 2 sheets of parchment and handed it to James. “The first sheet is a petition from the students for a set schedule of Hogsmeade trips. Even if it is just once a month, we want a schedule. We only started that last week, and have already gotten signatures from over half of the students third year and above.
The second sheet is a petition from the business owners of Hogsmeade for the same thing. If you’ll look, you will see that it is signed by every single business owner in town.”

The students relaxed and just waited, there really was nothing else they could do now.

The school governors went over the petitions. Each surprised at just how much work the students had done, as well as how passionate they were about this.

Albus was annoyed. He didn’t want the students to have even more freedoms. “Now children, it’s clear you’ve all done a lot of work, and it’s a decent idea, but…”

“I think it’s a brilliant idea.” The bold voice of Rowan Finnigan overpowered Dumbledore’s weak, placating one. “Whether we want to admit it or not, we are old. We don’t fully understand what the students of this school are going through.

Sure, we can talk to our kids, or try and remember what we wanted when we were here, but we still won’t be able to fully understand. What better way to get around that than having four students on the board with us. Also, it’s clear that the Hogsmeade issue is something that both students and business owners feel strongly about.

I say yes to both. Let the students on the board, and let them go to Hogsmeade every other weekend.”

“I agree.” James smiled. He really was glad that Dumbledore had put Rowan up to replace Elphias Doge. The man must have thought she would be another blindly loyal follower with the attitude of Molly, he had clearly underestimated the woman.

“As do I.” Was heard from most of the other governors.

In quick succession, both requests of the student group was approved. Starting when the students returned to the school in January, they would be able to go to Hogsmeade every other weekend.

When the meetings started up again, they would be on a Saturday so that they could be attended by a student from each house. After much debate, they also managed to figure out who could represent each house, and how they would be selected. It was decided that the heads of house would nominate four students, fifth year and above, from their house, and the students would then vote for who they wanted.

After that, the meeting finished up quickly.
After a great deal of stress, worrying, and planning, the day of the wedding finally arrived.

Waking up that morning, Arthur couldn’t stop smiling. Everyone was going to know that he was married to Fabian and Gideon. Everyone was going to know they were a family again.

As Arthur smiled, so did Fabian and Gideon. Their thoughts were almost the exact same as Arthurs.

All three of them had gone over the plans that Muriel, Marlene, and Narcissa had made. The ceremony would be held that evening, just as the sun went down. Since it was the shortest day of the year, sunset was actually going to occur just before 4pm.

The ceremony would be held outside. Thankfully, they had individual warming charms that would keep them warm without melting any of the snow or ice. Narcissa had even arranged for their to be fairy lanterns all around to give them light as the sun went down.

After the ceremony, there would be a Yule feast, with a proper Yule fire for those that celebrated the holiday. Once the ceremony and meal was finished, it was just going to be one big party. Arthur hated dancing, so there was only going to be a small dancing area off to the side, but most of the evening was just going to be devoted to being with friends and family.

Arthur and the others had considered what they would do for their honeymoon, but had decided to just stay home. As nice as it would be, they just didn’t think that it was a good idea. They had just started investing in a business, it wouldn’t be smart to spend a lot of money on going somewhere, just incase the worst happened. Money wasn’t overly tight, but it was safer for them not to risk their families financial future so soon.

Once out of bed, Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon started to cook breakfast for themselves and the seven children that were sleeping throughout the house. Arthur was beyond happy that he had all of his children there for him that day.

“Good morning, lovelies.” Muriel said as she walked into the house, ready to take care of any last minute problems. “Shoo, shoo. Trissy my dear, breakfast for eleven if you please, thank you my dear.”

“Yes Mistress Muriel.” The little elf quickly shooed the three human males out of her way and started to cook.

“Now, is everything ok? Has there been any issues?” Muriel looked between the men. She really wanted today to go perfectly.

“Everything is just fine Muriel.” Arthur smiled as he sat down, Trissy sending a teapot and cups to sit on the table in front of him. “There isn’t anything wrong.”

“We are all just fine for now Aunt Muriel.” Gideon added to settle his aunt.

“Hey everyone, is something wrong?” Percy asked as he walked down the stairs and into the
“Every thing is just fine.” Arthur smiled.

“If your sure.” Percy gave his fathers a once over just to be sure. As he was doing so, his older brothers both arrived in the kitchen. Percy turned to them and smiled. “Everything is apparently fine.”

Bill and Charlie chuckled lightly as they sat down to have breakfast.

Upstairs, Fred and George sat facing each other on their beds. They both knew that today was going to be interesting.

The night before they had already caught Ron and Ginny trying to sneak downstairs. What had woken them up was that the two had been arguing about whether they should destroy the ceremony setup that had already been set out, or to destroy the food.

Fred and George knew that they were going to need to keep a close eye on the two brats. One of the best ways to make sure they didn’t cause any major issues was to tell their older brothers. Between the five of them, they were sure that they could keep their fathers from noticing Ron and Ginny’s behaviour.

Getting up, Fred went up to Ron’s room, while George went to Ginny’s. It took them close to half an hour to get them both up. They had ultimately had to resort to dumping a glass of water over their heads.

Both Ron and Ginny stormed out of their rooms, damp and furious, to see Fred and George leaning against the wall, smirking.

“What is wrong with you?” Ron demanded.

“It’s time for breakfast baby brother.” Fred smiled calmly.

“We were sleeping.” Ginny snarled. “There was no need to get us up. I’m tired.”

“Maybe your tired because you were up late and sneaking around last night rather than sleeping.” George said in a quizzical voice.

“But, since you two clearly can’t be trusted to act with any form of respect or dignity, we will be making sure that you are not left alone at any point in time today.” Fred gave a smile.

“We weren’t doing anything.” Ron said petulantly.

“If you want us to believe that,” George looked to his brother.

“Then you need to learn how to whisper.” Fred finished.

“So what?” Ginny hated everything that was happening, and how no one was doing what she wanted them to anymore. “It’s not like it matters. This wedding is a sham, and I’m not going to pretend like it isn’t.”

“Well then, I guess we will leave it up to you both to explain, not only to dad and the rest of the family, but the rest of the guests that will be here this evening.” George kept his face blank. He knew that they were going to have to use the threat of Hadrian to keep the girl in line. Ron was
going to be another issue, especially since Granger was coming to the wedding.

“Again, so what? It’s just some stupid friends of dads, and those mens. They don’t matter.” Ginny snapped back.

“Oh, they matter.” Fred smiled.

“You, baby sister, go on and on about marrying a Lord and attending all the fancy parties in beautiful dresses, well guess what. This, is one of those parties.” George said.

“Amongst the guests tonight, there will be multiple Lords and Ladies. Oh, and just so you know, ‘those men’, are both Lords.” Fred informed his now stunned sister.

“If you stop this wedding, then you are stopping your father from marrying into a noble family. Plus you will be showing yourself as an embarrassment to everyone else. You would never be welcome at a party again.” George carried on.

“But, I think the worst thing, for you at least, is that you would have to explain to our dear Hadrian just why it is that you are destroying a wedding that was planned by two of his aunts. Aunts that he loves.” Fred smirked slightly as he saw Ginny realizing Hadrian would hate her if she did anything. “Because, let’s be honest, Hadrian loves his family, and any insult to them, will not be forgiven.”

“Now, it’s time for breakfast, get moving.” George directed his younger siblings in front of him. He and Fred shared a smile as they followed the other two down.

Ginny’s mind was working overtime as she went down the stairs. There really was nothing that she could do. If she did anything, the twins would tell everyone that it was her. Then everyone would know. She would be a laughing stalk in the more elite social circles, and she couldn’t risk that.

She almost growled as she saw her father smiling and laughing with those men. Her mood didn’t improve when she saw that Muriel was already there. This was not going to be a good day.

After their late breakfast was finished, everyone went their separate ways. Muriel took Arthur, Fabian and Gideon outside to make sure everything was just how they wanted it.

Fred and George went to sit on the couch, making sure to keep Ron and Ginny in sight.

“What have they done?” Percy sighed when he saw the twins looks.

“We didn’t do anything?” Ron argued.

“We caught them trying to sneak downstairs last night.” Fred told his older brothers.

“They weren’t being very quiet about wanting to destroy the wedding.” George continued.

Bill let out a deep sigh before turning to look at the two of them. “Honestly, what is wrong with you two? Is seeing anyone else happy really so bad that you feel the need to try and destroy it? It is time to grow up, you are not babies anymore.”

“We didn’t do anything.” Ginny repeated, crossing her arms defensively.

“You didn’t do anything, because you got caught before you could.” Charlie, like his brothers sighed. “I am done. I’m just done. Let me make this perfectly clear, to both of you, if you do anything, and I do mean anything, then I am just… Done with you.

I love you both. You are my brother and sister, and I love you. But if you are so selfish, that you
try to destroy dad’s happiness for your own pleasure, then that is it for me. I will always love you, but I will not allow you to be a part of my life. I just can’t…”

With that, Charlie turned and left the house.

“What is his problem?” Ron demanded, confused by what Charlie had just said.

“His problem is a thirteen year old boy, and a twelve year old girl that behave like spoiled toddlers. We are all exhausted with your behaviour.” Percy tried to explain, again. “Other people deserve to be happy. But the two of you act as if anyone else having the audacity to be happy is a personal insult to you.

Dad is happy. Dad is in love.

But you have done nothing but try and destroy it. Do you understand just how cruel that is? To try and take this away from dad. It’s like making him miserable is the only thing that would make you happy, and that is wrong.”

“He’s hurting mum.” Ron argued while Ginny glared.

“How? How is dad being happy hurting her?” Bill asked in exasperation. “She’s been married for months. If she wanted to be with dad, then why did she get remarried less than two months after they separated? If she can move on, why can’t he?”

“Because she loves him.” Ron argued.

Fred started to laugh. “Love. Are you kidding.”

“Ron, she’s already married. You don’t go and marry someone else if you love another.” George argued back.

“So who cares about Charlie. It’s not like he does anything for us.” Ginny snapped back. She really didn’t care if Charlie liked her or not, he was just in her way.

Percy sighed and shook his head in sorrow. “Ok, we get it, you don’t care about anyone but yourself. But, I guess, since you don’t care about Charlie, or us, then we should just return your Yule gifts and not bother to get you any birthday presents. Thanks for letting us know now so that we can return everything.”

“I want my presents. You can’t take them away, they’re mine.” Ginny stamped her foot.

“No Ginny.” Bill tried again in a way that might get through to the girl. “We get you presents, bought with our own money, because we love you. But, if you don’t care about us, and don’t want to be our sister, then you don’t get presents. Gift giving is something that occurs in families. If you don’t want to be a member of this family, then we don’t have to give you presents.

Also, presents aren’t required. We give you presents because we love you. Presents are a gift.”

Ginny glared for a few moments before she flopped down on the couch in the living room. She knew she needed to keep quiet. The plan was to give Yule gifts after lunch, so she had to wait until at least then.

Ron was stuck, he wanted to argue, but he couldn’t figure out an argument. He knew that he was going to have to wait until Hermione arrived. That girl could argue anyone into the ground.
12 Grimmauld Place

Hadrian was sitting in Marlene’s house elf casino with Dobby watching those around them. Originally, Dobby was supposed to have the day off to spend on his own, but the happy little elf had seen how worked up Hadrian was, and had suggested that Hadrian go with him to the casino.

With the wedding happening today, Hadrian was on edge. He knew it was silly, but something was making him stress out. At first, he had thought that it might be that he knew that he was going to have to deal with Hermione, Ron, and Ginny, but that wasn’t it. For some reason, the idea of going to a wedding with Fred and George made his stomach do flips.

Now, he was sitting, watching as Dobby bet one of his collection of socks against another elves ear muffs. He himself wasn’t gambling, he really didn’t know how. Pretty much his entire family, Dobby included, had tried to teach him, but he had never gotten the hang of it. His face was just to expressive. No matter what he tried, everyone that knew him could always spot his tells.

As he was sitting there, watching, another elf hesitantly came to sit next to him. Glancing over, he froze.

Winky.

The Crouch house elf was sitting next to him. Over the years, Hadrian’s family had repeatedly tried to set it up so that Crouch Jr. would be caught, but they hadn’t had any luck. As far as Hadrian knew, Barty Crouch Jr. was still being held prisoner by his father rather than in Azkaban, where he belonged.

“Hello, I’m Hadrian Potter-Black.” Hadrian held a hand out to the little elf.

Winky looked at the hand for a second before she shook it hesitantly. “I’s Winky.”

Once introductions were out of the way, Hadrian slowly got the little elf to open up to him. He made sure to never mention anything negative about the Crouch’s, he knew just how loyal the little elf was.

After Hadrian talked to Winky for a while, the elf started to relax. She started to open up a little more, and become more open to the conversation. Winky had only come to the casino because Dobby had invited her, and her master had told her to leave for the day.

Eventually, it was time for lunch, and Hadrian had to go home. Like the Weasley family, Hadrians family and friends would be exchanging their Yule gifts after lunch. But he needed to do one last thing first. He smiled at Winky.

“Winky, I know you probably are, but I have to ask, are you happily bound?”

Winky blinked a few times. “Yes, yes I is.”

“Ok, I was just wondering. I knew you probably were, but I figured I would try. It’s just I figured you would be the perfect elf for my friends family. But, oh well. Just figured I’d ask.

If on the off chance, you ever find yourself in need of a new family, just go to Dobby and have him bring you to me.”

With a small smile, Hadrian walked away.
Winky watched as the odd wizard said a quick goodbye to his own elf, and leave. She smiled to herself as she thought that wizard thought she was a good enough elf for his friends.

**The Burrow**

As day turned to evening, and guests arrived.

Fred and George grinned when they saw Hadrian arrive. Quickly, they went over to greet him before they returned to where their fathers stood.

Once everyone had arrived and been directed to their seats, they began. It had been decided that the ceremony would be conducted by Pandora Lovegood, who was a High Priestess at the Temple of the Moon.

The ceremony itself, was perfect. Not even Ron or Ginny caused any problems, although neither of them looked completely happy as they stood up for their father. But, at least they didn’t cause any problems, much to their older brothers relief.

Arthur had been surprised when Muriel had first come to them with their original binding ribbons that they had used in their handfasting ceremony. They had decided to use the ribbons again, and they even used their original vows, although, they did need to make a few changes to adjust for the time.

In spite of knowing that the wedding was about Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon, Hadrian struggled to keep himself from watching Fred and George. Fred and George, for their part, couldn’t stop themselves from smiling and standing a little taller every time they saw Hadrian’s eyes drift from their fathers over to them.

Everyone cheered happily when the ceremony was complete, and Arthur kissed both his husbands publicly for the first time in over a decade.

Up at the head table after the ceremony was finished, the Weasley-Prewett family sat to eat their dinner. Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon were all happily caught up in each other, so they really didn’t even notice what their family members were doing.

When Muriel had been arranging the meal, she had been smart enough to ensure that Ron and Ginny were monitored. From one end of the table to the other it was Muriel, Ginny, Percy, George, Fabian, Arthur, Gideon, Fred, Charlie, Ron, and then Bill. It would ensure that both Ron and Ginny could be watched properly, while still keeping them separated from their father.

Although, they all already knew that Arthur was well aware of how Ron and Ginny felt about him getting married, but they didn’t feel that he needed to have to listen to them. It was just best, in their opinions, to not let the children ruin Arthur’s mood.

“I want to go and sit with my friends.”

Both Bill and Charlie tried not to roll their eyes as Ron continued to whine.

“No Ron, as we have already told you, a dozen times, we are here for dad. You can go and see
your friend after dinner.” Bill said in a forced calm voice.

Thankfully, for his brothers sanity, Ron went back to shovelling food into his mouth.

Bill and Charlie both sighed as they went back to their own food. Making sure to set aside a small portion for the fire ritual.

“I want to go and sit with Harry.” Ginny whined at the other end of the table from Ron.

“How many times do we need to tell you Ginny, you are sitting with the family. And again, his name is Hadrian.” Percy almost growled. Ginny had been complaining almost non-stop since they sat down.

Ginny glared slightly at her brother. “What would you know?”

“I know his name because I actually talk to him. We are friends. And, I know for a fact, he hates when people call him Harry.” Percy once again explained to the girl.

“You don’t know anything.” Ginny hated everyone challenging her over Harry. She was the one who was going to marry him, she knew better than they did.

“That’s enough Ginevra, eat your food.” Muriel really was getting annoyed with the girl.

Ginny fumed for a few minutes as she ate. Nothing was going how she wanted it to anymore. She wanted her mum. Surely, her mum would be able to make her idiot father and brothers start doing what she wanted again.

Looking around, Ginny saw all the stupid people that were actually supporting her father. She hated them all, except her Harry of course, but she was going to need to teach him better once they were together.

“I thought you said that there were going to be a bunch of Lords and Ladies here? All I see is a bunch of random people.” Ginny was beginning to suspect that her brothers had lied to her just to stop her from stopping the wedding.

“There are plenty of Lords and Ladies Ginevra.” Muriel looked around with a slight smile at all the people that supported Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon. “I am going to have to teach you about the nobility in our country. It is clear that you have never been properly educated about our government. Your mother really should have taught you, but that is just another thing she neglected.

If you must know, there is of course, your new step-fathers. Fabian and Gideon are the Co-Lords of the House of Prewett. Then there is Lord Peverell-Gryffindor, he is married to Lord Prince. Lord Black and his husband, Lord and Lady Malfoy, Lord and Lady Longbottom-Hufflepuff, Lord and Lady Bones, and, of course, Lord and Lady Lovegood.”

Muriel motioned in the direction of each as she named them. But, she made sure to never point. To do so would be the height of rudeness.

“And, then there is of course their heirs.” Percy smiled slightly. “Hadrian, Draco, Neville, Susan, and Luna are all in line for their parents titles. And my date, Penelope, is the Clearwater heiress.”

Ginny was stunned. How dare Loony be an heiress, when she wasn’t? It wasn’t right, Ginny would
be a much better heiress than that freak ever could be. It just wasn’t fair. And she was going to make sure everyone knew it.

“Why would anyone ever let Loony be an heiress? She would never be accepted in proper society.”

“Loony?” Muriel questioned.

“That is the name Ginny uses when she tries to bully Luna.” Percy growled slightly, he hated how cruel Ginny was to the other girl.

“Ginevra Molly Weasley.” Muriel scolded in a strict harsh voice, making sure that her voice was quiet enough that it wouldn’t carry. “Good Merlin.

I honestly don’t know what to say. Behaviour like that is completely inappropriate for a member of this family. You will never treat that sweet girl like that again.

There is a long standing alliance between the Lovegood and Prewett families. Your behaviour could cost us that alliance. You could even start a blood feud if you did anything to harm her.

I think you, Ron, and I are going to have intensive etiquette lessons this summer. Your behaviour thus far has shown that you have no clue how to behave in society.”

Ginny was once again glaring at the older woman, that bitch was not the boss of her. “If Loony gets to be the Lovegood heiress, then I want to be the Prewett heiress. Since mum is a Prewett, and Uncle Fabian and Gideon are now my… step-fathers,” Ginnys tone was one of disgust at this point, “then I should get to be the Prewett heiress.”

“Your mother is a Diggle, not a Prewett.” Muriel informed her. “And, you can’t be the Prewett heiress. Fred and George were declared the heirs the day they were born. On that note, I will have to check to make sure they have collected their heir rings.”

Ginny was stunned. “It should be me. I want to be the heiress. Since Bill, Charlie, and Percy have already been deemed unworthy, then it should come to me. Fred and George would be terrible lords, and Ron wouldn't know what to do. So, I am the only viable option.”

Percy rolled his eyes. “Bill, Charlie and I weren't deemed unworthy. You really should learn about the family history.

The family was raised to prominence, and received its title under the guidance of a set of magical twins, magical twins are given prominence in the family. So, any set of magical twins in the family are automatically granted the heirship over all other children. If there are no magical twins available, or the twins refuse the title, then it goes from oldest to youngest.

So, for you to be the heiress, Fred and George would have to reject the heirship. Then, it would go to Bill, and on down the line. I’m sorry to say, that as the youngest, you are last in line for the title Ginny.”

“But that’s not fair. I want to be the heiress. I want to, I want to, I want to…” Ginny started to whine, going silent after Percy flicked his wand under the table casting a silencing spell on her where no one could see.

“Life isn’t fair young lady. Now, that is it. You are not a baby, so stop acting like it.” Muriel was realizing that it was going to take more than a summer of lessons to teach the girl proper behaviour. “Percy, my dear, leave the silencing spell on until dinner finishes. I think that your little sister needs to sit and think about her behaviour.”
Percy silently smirked at his aunt.

Ginny was enraged, and there was nothing she could do. If she threw a fit, everyone would see. She was stuck, and she knew it.

Ginny swore that she would make Percy and Muriel pay for this.

A little ways away from the head table, sat the teens table. Around the table was Hadrian, Draco, Neville, Luna, Susan Bones, Cedric Diggory, Oliver Wood, Penelope Clearwater, and Hermione Granger.

Hadrian was happily sitting between Luna and Oliver. He knew that that had been arranged to protect him from Granger. Hermione herself was less than pleased as she was sitting between Penelope and Susan. Neither girl was any happier than Granger.

“Hadrian?” Came the hesitant voice of Penelope.

“Yes Penelope?” Hadrian gave her a smile.

“I was just wondering… I mean… Are you safe at home?” Penelope finally got out.

“Safe?” Hadrian was confused by that. Why would Penelope think he wasn’t safe at home?

“Well, it’s just that we have all read about what’s going on with your Uncle Sebastian.” Oliver added, making it clear that he and Penelope had obviously discussed the issue amongst themselves.

“You’ve been reading the Daily Prophet, haven’t you?” Hadrian smirked slightly when everyone else around the table nodded.

Ever since his dad had claimed the proxy of the Slytherin Lordship, The Daily Prophet had been attacking him at least once a week. It had started out with snarky little comments every now and then in random articles, but now they were right flat out saying that he was evil and supported Voldemort. They had even repeatedly said that he should be sent to Azkaban, be stripped of his titles, and be barred from having any contact with Hadrian.

So far, James had been holding back, he had plans. He was going to let the paper dig its own grave.

“All you need to do is go to the Headmaster Harry.” Hermione was using her bossiest voice. “I’m sure that he will be happy to help you even though you have been so disrespectful in the past. You should just apologize, and he will help to arrange for you to move somewhere safe.”

“Why would I ever want to move? I am perfectly safe and happy with my family.” Hadrian gave the girl a look that clearly showed his dislike. “Besides, I haven’t been disrespectful to that man. I have always been courteous and polite, no matter how rude and disrespectful he has been.”

“Are you sure you’re safe?” Susan asked.

“Completely.” Hadrian smiled. “I know what that rag of a paper has said, but they are completely wrong, once again. I know Lord Slytherin personally, and he is absolutely no danger to me.

Soon enough, everyone will know that. I know for a fact that Lord Slytherin has arranged for an interview with The Quibbler just after new years. Then, everyone will see just how wrong the
Prophet is, like usual. Honestly, I don’t know why that rag is allowed to be called a newspaper, it’s more of a gossip rag, and not even a very good one.”

“Oh yes, mummy and daddy were so pleased when they found out that they were going to be the ones to introduce our world to the wonderful Lord Slytherin.” Luna sighed dreamily as she placed a small amount of her dessert on the small plate to her right.

“Why do you keep putting food on another plate?” Hermione questioned, knowing that she wouldn’t be able to get anymore information on Lord Slytherin with everyone else around.

She didn’t understand why Hadrian, Draco, Neville, Luna, and Susan were all placing small portions of their food on separate plates.

“Because it’s Yule.” Susan said. “The five of us all practice the olde ways. Setting aside a small portion of your Yule dinner to burn in the Yule fire is a part of the ritual.”

“But that’s stupid. Why would you waste your time on some stupid, false, religion? Just eat your food.” Hermione demanded, looking down her nose at them like she expected them to just do as she said.

“As you have your beliefs and practices, so do we. We aren’t going to turn our back on our rituals that have strengthened and sustained our people for thousands of years just because you have different beliefs.” Neville told the girl.

“Can I ask you guys another question?” Penelope waited until the others nodded their agreement. “Why do you practice the olde ways? I’ve heard from Percy that he does it because he likes their ideals, but what was the reason for the rest of you?”

“I think I can answer that for all of us.” Susan said. “I’m not sure why the others started, but I know why we all continue. You know that feeling after running in gym. When you’re all sweaty and your muscles feel like goo.” Penelope nodded, she knew that feeling all to well, but wasn’t sure what that had to do with the rituals. “That calm, clean, relaxed feeling you get after you take a hot bath with those muscle relaxing bubbles, that’s how your magic feels after the ritual.”

Hadrian smiled at Susans description. “The rituals help to refresh and renew magic. So, when we take part in the rituals we are cleansing our magic.

I ended up starting at the recommendation of a woman I met when I was younger. I used to have a hard time with magical outbursts when I was little, my family used the rituals to calm and soothe my magic.”

Penelope and the others discussed it with them for a little while longer, and ultimately decided to try out the Yule ritual. Hadrian and the others talked them through what they would need to do.

Hermione sat and fumed as she watched all the others at the table take their offerings over to the Yule Log. She had spent most of the dinner trying to explain to the others just how bad and dangerous the olde magical religions were, but none of them had been willing to listen to her. It horrified her that Harry was responsible for corrupting so many others. He should be ashamed of himself, and she was going to make sure he was one day.

As Penelope stood over by the Yule Log, she couldn’t help but give a happy little sigh. Susans description of how taking part in the ritual made a person feel had been completely accurate. She felt completely clean.
“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Came Percy’s voice from behind her.

Penelope turned and smiled up at her new boyfriend. “I feel amazing. I can actually feel my magic tingle. Well, Mr. I-Know-Everything, why does it feel so good?”

Percy smiled at Penny. “It is because your magic has been refreshed.”

“I still don’t understand. All I really know is that Susan was right when she said it felt like getting out of a relaxing bath after a hard gym class.” Penny smiled up at Percy as he directed them towards the drinks table.

“Well… Using that analogy, think of your magic like the water in that bathtub. You use that same water over and over, every day. The rituals are like pulling the plug, and refilling the tub with fresh water.” Percy knew it wasn’t exactly like that, but that was the best way he could think of explaining what the rituals did. “Your magic feels all fresh and clean, because it is. Now, let’s go and mingle with the others.”

“Hey Harry.” Ron practically shouted as he, Ginny, and Hermione walked over.

“Elmer. Ethel. Eunice.” Hadrian nodded to each of them. He was sitting in a small grove of flowers with Fred, George, Luna, Susan, Cedric, and Athena was curled up on his lap napping.

“Those aren’t our names.” Hermione stomped her foot. Ever since Fred and George had called them that at the beginning of the year most of the students used those names. Even members of their own house had started using the stupid names.

Hadrian didn’t respond, he just raised an eyebrow.

“What do you guys want?” Susan asked after it became clear that the three idiots weren’t going to understand what Hadrian was implying.

“We were just coming over to hang out with you guys.” Hermione said in a flat voice. It was clear that she and the others wanted to see Hadrian, but the others were in their way.

“What did you think of the ceremony Harry?” Ginny asked in a sickly sweet voice. She was initially going to go over and sit between Harry and George, but the stupid twins both moved closer to her Harry, and the others made room for her and the others on the opposite side of the circle.

“Well Ethel, I thought it was perfect.” Hadrian said in a droll voice. “I think Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon are perfect together.”

“But they’re brothers, and polygamy is illegal.” Hermione almost screamed. How could Harry be so stupid as to actually support this abomination.

“Fabian and Gideon married Arthur, not each other,” Hadrian said, his tone showing how stupid he thought she was being. “Besides, polygamy is only illegal in the muggle world. It is perfectly acceptable, and common, in the magical world, and has been for well over a thousand years. It is actually encouraged in the case of magical twins.”

“Fred and I will be marrying the same person.” George added.

“And more than likely so will Hadrians little sisters, Cas and Ari.” Fred explained.
“Why would any of you ever do something like that?” Ginny demanded. “You both really need help. Marrying your brother is gross.”

“Like Hadrian and the twins said, they would be marrying the same person, not each other.” Draco attempted to explain.

“Don’t speak to my sister you disgusting snake. I don’t even know why the likes of you were even invited to be around good, light, people.” Ron was almost foaming at the mouth.

Everyone else just rolled their eyes. They had gotten used to Ron’s racist rants. It was just better to ignore the brat, especially if they wanted to keep this wedding violence free.

“You do understand just how co-dependent you are? It isn’t healthy.” Hermione tried to sound like she was actually worried about the twins mental health, but she really just sounded patronizing.

“You really should see a therapist.”

“What’s a therapist?” Cedric and Susan both asked at the same time.

“It’s a muggle mind healer.” Neville quickly explained to them.

“Why would we need a mind healer?” Fred asked, giving the girl a disparaging look.

“Our behaviour is perfectly normal.” George added, giving the girl the same look as his brother.

“No, it isn’t. You two are completely incapable of being your own people. Look at Padma and Parvati, that is how twins should behave.”

“That is a completely different situation.” Neville sighed. He was actually surprised that none of the three of them even understood. “Fred and George are magical twins, Padma and Parvati are identical twins.”

“It’s the same thing, your just calling them something different.” Ginny snapped back.

“No, it isn’t.” Fred sighed. Was Ginny really that stupid?

“Honestly, you call yourself our sister.” George glared.

“Identical twins are just that, identical twins.”

“Magical twins are something different.”

“Not all magical twins are identical, but most are.”

“A set of identical twins are two separate individuals that look the same.”

“Magical twins are two people that share one soul.”

“We are separate people, but we share one soul between us.”

“What?” Hermione, Ron and Ginny all said at the same time after Fred and George had finished their explanation.

“I can understand Eunice, but what is your excuse?” Draco asked as he looked to Ron and Ginny. “They are your brothers. You have lived with them your entire lives, and you never even noticed that about them. How do you think they always know what the other is thinking or going to say?”
“What does that have to do with anything?” Granger demanded, she had never even heard of magical twins. They had to be making this up just to mess with her.

“Because they share a soul, their minds are connected. They have a telepathic connection. It’s why they use twin speak.” Hadrian smiled at both twins. “It’s why the school has suppressing bracelets. It’s for when magical twins are there and have to take exams. They have to wear the bracelets so that they can not give each other the answers.”

“So the two of you are the same?” Ginny asked in confusion, none of this made sense.

“No, we are our own people,”

“We have our own likes and dislikes,

“But we do still share everything.” Fred and George said.

“Fred is the softer of the two, he prefers ancient runes and spell crafting, and anything sweet. While George tends to be more out spoken, he likes alchemy and warding, and prefers his food spicy and his desserts tart.” Hadrian listed off. Not noticing how happy the twins were that he had noticed that about them without them ever having to tell him.

Most of the others just stared at Hadrian in surprise. Most hadn’t realized that there were differences between the twins.

“How do you know all that?” Hermione demanded.

“Because I have two little sisters that are magical twins. I am also friends with Fred and George. Just because someone is a twin, and looks exactly like another, doesn’t mean they are the same person.” Hadrian said, he knew just how much Cas and Ari hated it when they were treated the exact same.

Ginny just glared at the twins. Why did her Harry know all that about them. He shouldn’t be paying any attention to the twins, he should only be thinking about her. She was going to have to yell at the twins again so that they would remember their place in her Harry’s life.

But, before Ginny could think of anything to say, Percy and Penelope walked over.

“Hey Hadrian.” Percy smiled when he saw the little girl curled up in his lap. She was far to small to be any of his sisters, leaving the only option for who she was. “I was wondering where Athena got to. Penny and I will take her. Narcissa and Alice have set up a room for the kids to sleep in.”

“Who’s Athena?” Hermione questioned. She had never met any one named Athena.

“She isn’t a Malfoy.” Ron said, looking at the girl. “She looks nothing like you. You can’t just claim some kid is your sister. She should be with her family, not some dark wizards like your family.”

Athena’s eyes snapped open as soon as she heard that mean boy being mean to her brother.

“You’re a meany.”

“Don’t be mean Ron. Athena is most definitely a Malfoy.” Percy gave his brother a look.

“Why don’t you come with me sweet heart, and I’ll take you to your mum.” Penelope smiled
kindly at the spirited little girl as she stepped forward to take her from Hadrian.

Athena liked these new people. They were nice to her and her brother, and they had told that meany to be nice. Looking up, she smiled at them. Her hair shifting to the same curly brown style as the other girl, while her eyes went to the same brown as the boys, as freckles spread across her rounding face.

Penelope laughed as she saw the perfect combination of herself and Percy. “Well, aren’t you just the cutest little thing that ever existed.”

Percy smiled as he and Penelope walked away with Athena.

“She can’t do that.” Hermione said.

“Do what?” Draco questioned in a cold voice. He wasn’t about to let this girl dictate anything about his baby sister.

“Do magic.” Hermione snapped.

“She didn’t do any magic.” Hadrian said, he fully supported Draco in his protection of his sister.

“Yes she did.” Ron argued, backing up Hermione. “She just changed her appearance.”

“How did she do that?” Ginny asked. She wanted to learn how to do that. It would ensure that she was always the most beautiful girl in any room. Then Harry would have to pay more attention to her.

“Athena and her twin, Ares, are both metamorphmagus’s. Her changing her appearance is like you changing your expression. It’s just something she can do. Legally, it isn’t seen as magic.” Draco explained.

“But it’s still magic.” Hermione argued. “If she can do it, so can the rest of us. Where did she learn it?”

“It’s passive magic, not active.” Hadrian rolled his eyes. “And, you can’t learn it.”

“I can learn it if I want to. You can’t just say that I can’t learn something because I’m a muggleborn.” Hermione was furious. She had tried repeatedly over the past few years to force Harry to teach her the goblin language, and he had just kept refusing, now he was doing it again.

“You know, you are the only one that ever brings blood status into anything, right?” Neville questioned the girl. “He isn’t saying you can’t learn because you are a muggleborn, it is because you don’t have the ability.”

“And how would you know that?” Hermione demanded.

“Because,” Hadrian almost growled. “The metamorphmagus ability is something you have to be born with. It’s a genetic anomaly that has only ever been recorded in the Black family here in the UK.”

“But she isn’t a Black, she’s a Malfoy.” Ginny was confused.

“My mother’s maiden name is Black. She and Hadrian’s uncle Sirius are cousins. That’s how Athena and Ares got the gift. You can whine and complain all you want, but no matter what, you will never be able to learn the ability.” Draco told the annoying trio.
Thankfully, before any of the three could come up with some new reason to argue with everyone, Muriel came over to discuss things with Hadrian. She had seen the clear evidence of annoyance in the children and had gone over with the intent of distracting them from the other three.

With Muriel there, Ron, Ginny, and Hermione knew that they couldn’t say or do anything with the woman there.

It was almost 3 in the morning when the evening finally drew to a close. Everyone had finally gone home. It was only the Weasley-Prewett family that remained.

“What are you doing Bill? Charlie?” Arthur asked as Bill and Charlie carried out three suitcases. “I thought you both said you were staying until the kids went back to school.”

“Oh, these aren’t ours, they are for the three of you.” Bill smiled at his fathers.

“But we agreed that we weren’t going to go on a honeymoon. It just isn’t responsible right now.” Fabian said.

“Well, since Ron and Ginny are leaving for Molly’s tomorrow, and you all have the rest of the holidays off work anyways, we figured… Why not?” Charlie smiled.

“This honeymoon is already fully paid for, so you can’t say no. But, be warned, we let Fred and George plan most of it.” Percy warned.

“Oh relax.” Fred smiled when he saw the slightly fearful look on their fathers faces.

“Hadrian served as a voice of reason.” George told them, they all relaxed at that. Hadrian would be able to keep the twins from going to far.

“Why would Harry help you plan anything?” Ginny questioned.

“Because he is a good person and wanted to make sure the wedding was perfect.” Fred gave his sister a look.

“Here is the portkey. It will take you to your honeymoon destination. The activation word is love.” George said as he handed over a bottle of champagne that had been spelled.

“And we have packed everything that you will need.” Bill added as he and Charlie handed over the suitcases they had packed.

“Well, off you go.” Percy gave his fathers the shooing motion.

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon Quickly hugged their boys, Ron and Ginny wouldn’t let any of the three of them near them, and then they activated the portkey and popped off.

“Why did you do that?” Ron questioned. He didn’t understand why his brothers were so supportive of their dad and his stupid wedding.

“What? Support our family?” Bill looked to his younger siblings.

“Pay for some stupid honeymoon. It’s just a waste of money.” Ginny gave her brothers a critical look. If they could afford to send their father on holiday, then they certainly had enough to buy her more presents.
“It’s our money, we can do what we want with it. That’s what happens when you have a job, you earn money that you can spend.” Charlie said. “Besides, it really didn’t cost us much. All we needed to pay for was a few supplies for them. Everything else was free.”

“Then why can’t we go? I want to go on vacation.” Ron whined.

“You are going to your mothers tomorrow.” Percy reminded the two children. “And, this is a honeymoon. It is about them, not you.”

“Mum can come with us. If it’s free, then it won’t be a problem.” Ginny argued.

“Are you out of your minds? This is about them, there is no way we would ever allow Molly to crash their honeymoon.” Charlie was shocked at the idea of sending Molly on his fathers honeymoon with them.

“Well, we can just get rooms on the other side of the hotel.” Ron tried to bargain.

“They aren’t at a hotel.” Fred said.

“Then where are they?” Ginny wanted to know.

“Yes dear brothers. Where did you send them?” Bill asked as he looked to the twins. All that the twins had told them was that their fathers were going to somewhere hot with a beach.

“Hadrian helped us to arrange for them to go to the island.” George smiled.

“What island?” Ginny demanded.

“The Black families private island.” Fred smiled.

“Hadrian talked to his Uncle Sirius about letting them stay at the manor on the island for the week.” George explained.

“Harry has an island?” Ginny was thrilled that her Harry had his own private island. That was just perfect.

“No, the island belongs to the entire Black family. Hadrian can use it as he wishes, but it isn’t his alone.” Percy clarified.

Ginny just rolled her eyes. The island was Harry’s, she was sure of it. She would just write to him when she went to her mothers new place tomorrow. Ginny was sure that Harry would let her and her mother go there. Then, once she was out of the view of everyone else, she could make sure her father knew just what she thought about this stupid wedding.

It would be easy enough to convince her parents to get back together. A private island would be the perfect place for a double date between her and Harry and her parents.

“Now, time for bed. Ron, Ginny, you will be flooing to Diggle Manor tomorrow, so you will need to be up and ready by 10.” Bill reminded his youngest siblings as he ushered them towards the stairs so as to avoid any more issues over their fathers honeymoon.

“Why do we have to be up so early?” Ron whined.

“Because that is when Molly and dad agreed that you would floo there. So, bed, now” Charley said as he followed the others up the stairs.
It was Christmas day. It was one of the two days a year that Ron and Ginny woke up early, the only other day being their own birthdays.

Long before the sun had even begun to rise, Ron and Ginny were slamming on their mothers bedroom door demanding that she get up so they could open presents and have breakfast.

Molly had been expecting it, so she was already getting ready to give her babies the Christmas they had always deserved. Now that Arthur wasn’t around, she could get her babies all the presents he had denied them.

Sitting at the breakfast table after opening all their presents Ron and Ginny were adequately pleased. They had both gotten plenty of presents, much more than they had gotten in years.

Ginny was pleased that something was finally going her way. Having her mother there, giving her so many presents, and reassuring her that everything would be fixed soon, was exactly what Ginny needed.

The only thing that was really upsetting her was that she hadn’t heard back from Harry yet. She had written him explaining that he was to make arrangements for her and her mum to go to his private island so she could get her parents back together. She had even been nice enough to suggest that he come with her so that they could do it together while getting to know each other better. But, she was still waiting for him to make the arrangements. Honestly, how long did it take to arrange a portkey for them.

Things had gotten so messed up in the past few years. Her parents had broken up, both had then gotten remarried without her permission, Harry was sorted into the wrong house, and Harry wasn’t paying her the proper amount of attention. Why wasn’t anything going the way she wanted it to?

She had already told her mum all about what had happened at the wedding. Her mum had been furious when she learned about what Percy and Muriel had done to her, they would each be receiving plenty of howlers over the holidays.

Now, sitting at the table, like her mother, Ginny was disgusted. This house was disgusting. Everything was dirty and it smelted like mould. Even her room was gross. It was almost completely empty, but it wouldn’t be for long since most of her presents were to help her decorate the room.

Ginny had made sure to let her mum know just how much she didn’t like this house. Her mum was going to have to fix it up if she expected Ginny to stay there. She was the future Lady Potter, she wouldn’t stay in a dump like this.

Ron was, like usual, stuffing his face. Like his sister, he was happy with the amount of presents he had received. Like his sister, most of his presents were intended to actually make his room livable. And, like his first room, everything was going to be decorated in Chudley Cannons merchandise.

Unlike his sister, however, Ron, for once, wasn’t obsessing about Harry. He and Hermione had talked about it, and they were going to make it so that his house turned against him to force him to request a resort. When they got back to school, they were going to start all sorts of rumours about Harry and how he was being corrupted by Lord Slytherin and his uncle Sebastian. They were sure
that his own house mates wouldn’t want someone connected with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named in their house, and he and Hermione could be there to offer him support.

Looking at her babies, Molly smiled. She was so happy that they were with her once again. The only problem she could see was that they were going to have to leave her again soon. She still couldn’t understand just how Arthur could be so cruel to her. They had been together for over a decade and he acted like that meant nothing.

Then there was what had been done to her baby girl. How dare Muriel and Percy treat her precious baby like that? The only solace she had was that they were going to know just how she felt about it. No one was mean to her babies and got away with it.

Turning to her babies, Molly smiled. “I have one more present for you both.”

“What is it?” “Then give it to me.” They both responded at the same time.

“I can’t give it to you both until tomorrow.” Molly smiled at their enthusiasm. “Tomorrow, when the shops are open again, we will be going to Eeylops Owl Emporium and you both can pick out your owls.”

Molly was extremely happy as both her babies cheered.

“Why can’t we go today? I want my owl now.” Ginny said as soon as she got over the excitement of being told she was finally getting the owl she deserved.

“I wish we could go now baby, but the shops are all closed for Christmas. They won’t be open again until tomorrow.” Molly said in an understanding voice.

“Stupid people, who closes a business when there are people that want to buy things.” Ron laughed around the egg in his mouth.

“I know sweetheart, but you just have to wait one more day.” Molly simpered to her babies. She had wanted to have the owls for them for Christmas morning, but she knew it was better if she let them pick them out themselves. Once the children had chosen the owls they wanted she would just charge everything to the account Albus had set up for her, like she had done with the rest of the kids presents.

Molly knew that it had seriously depleted the funds she had available, but Albus had told her that he wanted her to manage the restaurant once it was up and running, so she was sure that she would be able to refill the account quickly.

Eeylops Owl Emporium - December 26, 2003

Philip Eeylops was standing behind the register in his families shop when Molly Diggle and her two children barged in. Philip had decided to work at the shop so that his children could stay with their children and grandchildren. Although Christmas had slowly been losing popularity since the return of their rituals, the day after Christmas was almost completely silent.

Philip barely managed to withhold a sigh and keep a smile on his face. He still remembered just how loud and difficult these two children had been at the end of the summer. And, since their father was no where around, they would more than likely be even less behaved since it had been their father that had tried to give them rules while their mother argued against them.
Ginny and Ron rushed forwards towards the owls. Ginny was searching for the perfect snowy owl. Although she would prefer a girl, she knew that she was going to have to get a boy. A boy snowy owl would be the perfect mate for Harry’s owl. She could just imagine it now, the perfect owl couple, and the perfect Gryffindor couple.

Ron was looking for the biggest and fastest owl he could see. He didn’t care what type it was, just so long as it was better than his brothers.

But, neither of them could see what they wanted.

“Where are the owls?” Ginny demanded, looking to the old man behind the counter.

“They’re right in front of you.” Philip had dealt with many rude children before, so he didn’t show any of the distaste he felt for the demanding child.

“I want a snowy owl.” Ginny stated.

“We don’t have any of those right now.” Philip said calmly.

“Well, why not?” Ginny was getting annoyed.

“Because snowy owls are hard to come by. Even in this business, snowy owls are rare. We’ve only had three or four in the last five years, and they have all been sold within a few hours.” Philip explained. “We started a waiting list for snowy owls last year, if you would like, you can add your name to that. But, I will warn you, the list already has over thirty people, so it will be years before we can get you one.”

“But I want a snowy owl now.” Ginny whined.

“Unfortunately, that isn’t possible.” Philip told the girl bluntly.

“Mummy!” Ginny turned to her mother with a demanding look.

“Now surely…” Molly started.

“No.” Philip calmly stated. “As I said, snowy owls are not common. And, we have a waiting list. It will be years before we would be able to get her one, and that isn’t going to change.”

Ginny glared at the man while Molly tried to comfort her.

“Why aren’t there more of them?” Ron asked as he looked at the less than 15 owls in the shop. Usually there were a lot more when he was in there.

“Because it’s just after a holiday. Most of the owls we had were sold before Yule and Christmas.” Philip explained. “You’re actually further ahead to wait to buy an owl. We get a larger selection of owls in the middle of the summer so the students will have a wider variety to choose from.”

“But I want my owl now.” Ron demanded much like his sister had. He didn’t want to have to wait any longer for his owl.

“Well then, this is what we have, you will have to choose one of them.” Philip said. Merlin these kids were whiny.

It took over an hour of whining, but Ron and Ginny finally chose their owls.

Ron chose a large tawny owl he named Cannon. Ginny selected a little grey elf owl she named
Peverell Manor - December 31, 2003

This year, the new years party was once again going to be held at Peverell Manor. Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon had returned just a few hours before the party began.

All three of them were completely happy. Their honeymoon had been perfect. Spending their days together on a beach, with no worries at all had been just what they had all needed.

Now, they were back home with their children, and even happier.

Arthur smiled around at all the people around him. It was a mix of dark and light, all happily coexisting together, and better for it. He had never considered that this was how his life would end up, but he was happy that all the bad had led to this.

Grabbing a small glass of fire whiskey Arthur headed back over to where his husbands sat.

Hadrian was happily sitting with Draco and Neville, Fred and George had gone to get him a drink. Turning on his mage sight, he looked over to his Aunt Marlene so that he could get a look at his new cousin. The baby’s magic was calm and relaxed.

As he was checking on his new cousin, Arthur walked past with his drink. Hadrian blinked a few times trying to process what he had seen before quickly getting up. Making an excuse to the others, Hadrian followed Arthur to the table he was sharing with his husbands.

Getting there, Hadrian quickly grabbed Arthurs drink just before he could take a sip.

“Hadrian?” Arthur looked at the boy in confusion.

“You are to young to start drinking.” Fabian told him.

“It’s not for me, it’s for the twins.” Hadrian said.

“We understand that Fred and George have more then likely had a few drinks while they were at school, but, they shouldn’t be drinking fire whiskey.” Gideon said, glancing towards his twin sons. A casual drink was fine, but fire whiskey was to strong for teenagers to be able to handle properly.

“Not those twins. I… Um.” Hadrian flushed a little with embarrassment. “I have mage sight, and I was checking on Aunt Marley’s baby when you walked by Arthur.

The… The thing is, I got a look at your magic too.”

“Ok?” Arthur didn’t really understand what Hadrian was trying to say.

“It’s just… Well you see… You currently have two sparks of magic forming in your abdomen.” Hadrian finally got out.

Arthur just stared at Hadrian, blinking a few times in an attempt to process what he was saying. Fabian and Gideon looked from Hadrian, over to Arthurs stunned and confused face, and then down to Arthur’s stomach.
“I… I have… Hmm?” Arthur tried to speak, but it really wasn’t working out.

“They’re just tiny right now, probably only a day or so old, but I didn’t want to risk you having a drink.” Hadrian said.

“Twins?” Both Fabian and Gideon said at the same time, never taking their eyes off Arthurs stomach.

“Yeah, but they aren’t like you or Fred and George. Their magic is already separated and different, so they aren’t magical twins.” Hadrian explained.

Arthur was still too shocked to speak, but Fabian and Gideon had identical smiles spreading across their faces.

“Thank you for warning us Hadrian.” Fabian said.

“Can we keep this between us for now?” Gideon asked.

“I… I can try.” Hadrian rubbed his arm and glanced over to where Fred and George were watching him. “I really don’t want to try to keep secrets or lie to Fred and George.”

Arthur, finally getting over his surprise, smiled at the boy. He really was glad that Hadrian was his boys soul mate, it was clear just how much they meant to him. “I understand Hadrian. You won’t have to keep this to yourself for long, we will be telling the boys tomorrow I’m sure.

Mostly, we are just going to keep it relatively quiet for now. More than likely the rest of your family will learn about it soon since Remus will obviously pick up on it as soon as he gets anywhere near me.

Mainly, we want you to keep this from Ron and Ginny. I understand that you really don’t speak to them, so I’m sure it won’t be a problem. They’ve already had to deal with enough change this holiday, so I think we will hold off telling them until they come home for spring break.”

“I can do that no problem.” Hadrian was glad he wasn’t going to have to lie to Fred and George for long. As for Ron and Ginny, he had absolutely no problem not telling them anything.

Saying a quick goodbye, Hadrian went back over to his friends. When the twins asked him what was going on, he just told them that they would find out tomorrow. Taking it as a challenge, Fred and George spent the rest of the night trying to get him to tell them what he was hiding. But, he was able to keep from telling them anything.

**The Burrow - January 1, 2004**

It was just after 3 in the morning when the Weasley-Prewett family made their way home. Everyone was happy and tired, but Fred and George both had concerned looks on their normally cheerful faces.

“What’s wrong boys?” Fabian asked his boys.

“It’s Hadrian.” Fred sighed.

“He’s keeping secrets.” George said in the same tone of voice as his twin.

Arthur smiled at his clearly upset boys. “It isn’t anything bad. We asked him to keep a secret for us
so that we could be the ones to tell all of you. He didn’t want to, but he did it for us.”

Fred and George looked over to their fathers.

“We were going to tell you all after we woke up, but I guess it is best that we tell you all now so that our poor Fred and George stop worrying about what Hadrian was hiding.” Gideon told the boys.

“Hadrian saw something and came over to let us know.” Fabian smiled.

“Well?” Fred said.

“What is it?” George added.

“Much to our surprise, you are all going to be big brothers.” Arthur announced.

All the children took a moment, just staring at their fathers. Bill, being the quickest to catch on, turned on his own mage sight and looked at his dad. Seeing the two sparks of magic, he smiled. “Twins!”

“What?” Both Fred and George said at the same time, turning to their eldest brother. But, he wasn’t looking at them, he was still looking at their dad’s stomach. “Twins!” Fred and George cheered as one, rushing forward to hug their fathers. Percy Bill and Charlie all joining in.

It took over five minutes before their boys calmed down enough that Arthur was able to be heard over their own voices. “Boys. Your fathers and I have talked about it, and we all feel that Ron and Ginny have had enough change for now. We will be waiting to tell Ron and Ginny about the babies until they come home for spring break, and we were hoping that you would also help us keep this secret.”

All the boys quickly agreed, they knew just how badly Ron and Ginny would take the news right now. It was better if they waited a while, and they all knew it.

**Criss Cross - January 3, 2004**

James smiled as he looked around the new restaurant in Hogsmeade. He thought it was perfect. With all the money that Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon gave them Nox’s parents had been able to afford to create an amazing place.

The building was three stories tall and sat just on the edge of town by the Black Lake. It was in the perfect place for the families of the teachers that lived at the school to visit.

Inside, it was even better. The first floor was a large, open sitting area. It was very much in line with what the Three Broomsticks was like. The second floor was sectioned off areas that formed over a dozen rooms. Each room had its own theme and had been enchanted to make the customers feel like they weren’t actually sitting in a restaurant. One room was decorated like you were out on a balcony over looking a beach, another was designed to be like sitting in a downtown cafe in Italy. The third story was filled with two dozen smaller rooms that were intended for one on one meetings or dates. Half of those rooms were made to be more formal, for meetings, while the other half were more romantic for dates. The entire focus of the top two floors was the suspension of reality.

Going inside, James went and sat down in one of the rooms on the second floor. This room in
particular reminded James of a cafe that he and the others had often visited when they were in Greece. James was only there for a few minutes before his guest arrived.

Tamsan Dove was thrilled as she walked into the new restaurant in Hogsmeade. Over the years, her career had only been elevated due to her discussions with Lord Peverell, now she was getting the interview that every other reporter had been scrambling for for months. She was going to be introduced to Lord Slytherin.

Originally, she had worked for The Daily Prophet, but she had not been happy there. The editors of the paper preferred to print sensationalized stories rather than the truth. A few years before she had joined the small staff of The Quibbler and was much happier. Although the magazine tended to be a bit more… fanciful, it was still far more accurate than the Prophet. Pandora Lovegood was very good at serving as a moderating influence to her husband.

“Welcome Ms. Dove.” James stood as the woman walked into the room. He was glad to see the pleased look on her face as she looked around. James had specifically chosen to hold the interview here for a little free marketing for the Cross’s.

“Good afternoon Lord Peverell.” Tamsan took a seat when he indicated the one across from where he had been sitting. “So, what is it that you wished to discuss with me?”

James smiled at the woman. “Well, I am here to introduce you to Lord Slytherin. After all, there have been so many slanderous rumours about him and I.”

“Yes, I have heard so many different stories, none of them very kind.” Tamsan quickly pulled out her quill and parchment. She set it up so the quill would record everything that was said. Lord Peverell had given her permission to use her charmed quill long ago, so long as it was set up to record everything and he wasn’t taken out of context. “Well lets start this off simply, what do you think of the reporting from outlets like The Daily Prophet?”

“I find it extremely insulting. Rather than looking for the truth, or waiting until Lord Slytherin felt comfortable speaking to them, they chose to lie. Although I am quite used to their behaviour now, I can assure you that Lord Slytherin stayed in the shadows as long as he did because of all the terrible things that have been said about him, he just didn’t feel safe.

Many of those reports said terrible things about him, when the didn’t even know who he was. I myself have been repeatedly attacked. Lord Slytherin only felt that he needed to come forward because they had gone so far as to suggest my incarceration and taking my heir from me. That was to much for him to tolerate.”

“Will Lord Slytherin be attending the next Wizengamot now that he is coming out publicly?”

“No, I will be continuing in my roll as proxy, at least for now. Lord Slytherin has more important things that need his attention.”

“What could be more important than helping to guide our world?”

James smiled. “You will understand once you meet him, but before that, I must ask you, what do you know of the ancient right of conquest?”

Tamsan thought, but she really had no clue what he was referring to. “Let’s just assume that I know nothing.”

James nodded. “Well, that really isn’t surprising. Conquest rights are rarely ever used due to the fact that they only come into play between the ancient families.
If, during a magically declared war, the last heir of one ancient family attacks the last heir of another ancient family that has been declared an enemy house, it creates what is known as an heir battle. To ensure the survival of both lines, magic transfers all inheritance rights to the winner."

“But why does that all matter?”

James used his wand to open the door. “Why don’t you come in Lord Slytherin?”

Tamsan couldn’t stop her gasp as Hadrian Potter-Black shyly walked into the room. Then she understood what Sebastian had been saying. School. His education would be more important then attending the Wizengamot.

“Ms. Dove, allow me to introduce you to Lord Potter-Slytherin-Le Fay, Hadrian Potter-Black.” James grinned at the shocked expression on the reporters face.

“Hello Ms. Dove.” Hadrian said, making sure to keep his voice soft and unsure.

“Well this is a surprise.” Tamsan had to force herself not to coo at the sweet boy. “Please, call me Tamsan.”

“You can call me Hadrian.” Hadrian gave her a slight smile.

“Thank you Hadrian. Shall we get started with this interview.” Tamsan pulled out her questions when the boy nodded. “To start off, how do you feel about what The Daily Prophet has written about you and Lord Peverell?”

“To be honest, I really don’t read The Prophet, or papers like it. I find them to be a complete waste of time. Although they do on occasion have decent articles, it isn’t enough to make up for all the lies and misinformation.

I decided that I wouldn’t have anything to do with that paper after I read one of their older issues. A few years ago I became interested in the catastrophe that was my Uncle Sirius’s imprisonment. I read the reports they initially wrote when he had been sent to Azkaban, and it was a disgrace, they wrote about it for weeks. They wrote about a trial, that we all know never occurred. They wrote that he had confessed to everything and had even laughed and was happy about it all.

Uncle Siri is my blood adopted godfather, and they portrayed him as a monster. Then, when it came out that he was completely innocent, and all the injustice that it involved, they never retracted a single one of their articles about him. They never even bothered to issue an apology.

But, although I don’t read that paper, I have heard plenty of what they have accused my Uncle Sebastian of, and they should be ashamed of their blatant lies. Since they didn’t know the truth, they, again, made up terrible stories about another member of my family. It just reinforces my refusal to have anything to do with that publication unless they have a major overhaul.”

Tamsan grinned slightly, she really wasn’t fond of The Prophet or the senior management. “Where have you heard about what has been said about your Uncle?”

“Mainly from my friends.” Hadrian said in a matter of fact voice. “Given all the claims that my Uncle was a threat to me, many of my friends wanted to make sure that I was safe.”

“It’s good to know that you have such caring friends.” Tamsan really was glad this sweet boy had good people around him. “Have you been happy with how your Uncle has been handling your seats?”
“Of course. My family has ensured that I was trained in how to properly handle my seats for when I come of age. Everything my Uncle has done as the proxy of my seats has been at my request.” Hadrian wanted to make sure that everyone knew that he was in control of his seats, and not being controlled.

“This is the last question I have prepared, it has often been rumoured that the former dark lord, Voldemort, was the heir of Slytherin, and since you gained the title by conquest rights we know that is true. My question is, how do you feel about that?” Tamsan only stuttered slightly on naming Voldemort, she had been using the name more and more over the years, but old habits were hard to break.

“Yes, it is true that I gained both the Slytherin and the Le Fay titles due to conquest rights. At first, I was a little uncomfortable about it, but I decided to take up the titles so that I could use the seats to make our world a better place then he wanted. But then, I took the heir tests, and learned that he had been deemed unworthy. That made me realize that Riddle’s views weren’t the views of the families.”

“Heir test?” Tamsan didn't really understand what that was, she didn’t come from a noble family.

“In some of the more ancient families, they have what is known as an heir test.” James started to explain. “This means, when the heir goes into the bank to claim the lordship, they are tested by the family magic. Each test is unique to the family.

The only way to take the title is to be accepted by the family magics. If the family magics find you unworthy, they will reject you and the lordship ring will return to the family vault for a worthy heir.

That is what happened to Riddle. The family magics found him lacking and rejected him. However, they found Hadrian to be worthy.”

“After experiencing the heir tests for both families, reading many of the journals that Salazar Slytherin left behind, and speaking to the portraits of the schools founders, I learned that almost everything that was written about Salazar is wrong or taken out of context.” Hadrian said, this would give him a chance to change the public image of Slytherin house.

“So he didn’t want to ban muggleborn from our world?” Tamsan found this to be very interesting, she was going to have to see if she could get copies of those journals.

“Yes and no.” Hadrian said in a thoughtful voice. “From what I have read, and what the portraits of all four founders have said, is that Salazar wanted to give muggleborns a choice. They could have their magic bound and memory altered and remain in the muggle world, or they could leave their muggle families behind and move completely into the magical world.”

“But that is barbaric.” Tamsan gasped.

“In modern terms, but you need to remember what was happening at the time. Tell me, what do you remember about what you learned about the witch hunts?” Hadrian asked.

“Well… The main thing that I remember is that Wendelin the Weird allowed herself to be caught over 40 times because she enjoyed pretending to be burnt at the stake. It really wasn’t that dangerous of a time for witches and wizards because they would just cast a flame freezing charm.” Tamsan said with a small smile, she had always thought that story was entertaining.

“But what I bet you never read about was what happened to the kids. Yes, an adult witch or wizard
could escape easily enough, the children couldn’t. It isn’t information that you will find in ‘A History of Magic’ by Bathilda Bagshot, but the witch hunt’s were extremely dangerous for children. They couldn’t just cast a flame freezing charm.

Each of the founders kept track of their students as much as they could during summers, and they all lost plenty of them to the witch hunts. Just from the few journals that I have read, they were losing an average of at least 10 students a year, every year. And most of those students had been denounced by members of their own families.

I mean, we have the DCW, and they remove children from abusive homes, it’s almost the same thing. If you knew that there was a good chance that a child was going to be killed, would you just leave them there.

And, there was a fight between the founders, but it wasn’t Salazar against the others, it was Salazar and Godric against Rowena and Helga. They ultimately compromised and offered to let the students stay at the school year round if they didn’t feel safe going home.” Hadrian could see the slightly horrified look on the reporters face as she learned that the witch hunts weren’t just the fun and games described in Dumbledore’s approved history book.

“So Salazar didn’t leave the school because the other founders refused to ban muggleborn students?” Tamsan asked, truly curious.

“No.” Hadrian said definitively. “Again, according to the journals and portraits of the other founders, Salazar served as the schools potions professor, deputy headmaster, and head of Slytherin house for over 80 years before he retired around the same time as all the others.

He was killed about a decade after that when he had been contacted by one of his former students about a group of children that had been caught by another witch trial. Both he and Godric went to save the children, and both were fatally wounded saving the lives of over a dozen children and getting them to the school.

Godric, Salazar, Helga, and Rowena all did fight. They were all strong willed, opinionated people after all. But from what I’ve learned, they were all the best of friends until the day they died.

If you want, I can send you copies of the journals.”

“I would appreciate that.” Tamsan knew that Xeno and Pandora would be more than willing to publish excerpts from the journals of the founders.

“I think it’s time to wrap up this interview, we have other appointments today.” James said with a small smile towards his son.

“Thank you for agreeing to sit down and speak with me Lord Potter-Slytherin-Le Fay.” Tamsan shook the boys hand.

“It was my pleasure Ms. Dove. I will have copies of the journals to you by the end of the week” Hadrian and his father both watched as the reporter packed up her things and left.

“Was that ok dad?” Hadrian turned to his father.

“It was perfect. You did wonderfully for your first interview.” James reassured his son. “Let’s get out of here, your papa and Kali were going to go book shopping, we can go and join them.”
Albus was sitting in his office with Lily. Things just weren’t going his way and he needed to get his people back in line.

“How has your job of getting close to Severus been going?” Albus asked in a kind voice. Really, he knew that she was failing completely.

“It hasn’t been going well at all Albus. I don’t know what is wrong with him. He doesn't even acknowledge me when we walk past each other in the halls.” Lily all but whined.

“You must get close to him my dear.” Albus admonished calmly. “You need to get to Sebastian through Severus. The only way to do so, is to get close to Severus first.”

“I know, I’m sorry headmaster.” Lily hung her head slightly for a moment before she sat back up like everything was just fine. “I really don’t see why we need Severus, we could just get rid of him and then I could go directly for Sebastian.”

“Because, without Severus, we have no way to get close to Sebastian. Severus is the only connection you will have with him.” Albus forced his eyes not to roll. The woman still behaved like a teenager.

“We can just give him love potions like I did to Sev and James when we were teenagers.”

“Because Sebastian and Severus are both Lords, and have their lordship rings. The only reason we were able to use those potions was because they were both young and vulnerable. The rings, plus Severus now being a potions master, make things a lot harder for us. They are now protected.”

Albus explained, again. He had been telling Lily the same thing for the past few years.

“Albus!” Minerva came rushing into the office.

“Minerva, what has happened now?” Albus sighed. Why was everything so hard?

“Lord Cuffe just came to see me since he couldn’t get ahold of you.” Minerva said.

Albus was even more confused now. Barnabas Cuffe was an old ally of his, not friend, but close enough that Albus was able to control the man. He was the current editor-in-chief of The Daily Prophet. “What did Barnabas want so badly that he couldn’t wait for me to get back to him?”

“He’s furious. The Quibbler managed to get an interview with the new Lord Slytherin.” Minerva rushed out.

“What does that have to do with me? I can’t control what that man does.” Albus was confused.

“You told Barnabas to write about how Sebastian was going to corrupt Harry with Lord Slytherin’s help.” Minerva told him.

“Well, of course he is. Lord Slytherin is just another dark, evil, snake.” Lily huffed.

“That’s just it, he isn’t. The new Lord Slytherin-Le Fay, is Harry.” Minerva almost shouted.

“What?” Albus demanded, all pretence of kind old man gone.

Minerva pulled out a copy of The Quibbler that she had gone and gotten from the village. “According to this, Harry got the titles through conquest rights. Everything we have been saying about the danger that Lord Slytherin poses to Harry has just been thrown back at us.
Barnabas is angry because Harry made sure everyone knew that he didn’t like, or even read, The Daily Prophet. He says it’s a publicity nightmare. They have spent months attacking Harry Potter himself, and now Harry has made what he thinks of The Prophet publicly known.

The Prophet has been getting howlers all morning accusing them of lying about Harry, and attacking him and his family.”

Albus flipped open the foolish magazine and found the article. Going through it, his fury rose. That stupid boy was ruining his plans again.

He had been so close to convincing Fudge to remove the brat from the custody of Sebastian and the others, now it was all for naught. Then there was the discussion about the history of the witch hunts and Salazar Slytherin. Albus had arranged with Bathilda to make it out so that the witch hunts weren’t portrayed to badly. In reality there had been hundreds of magical children killed every time the church became hysterical about witches.

Albus really didn’t need any journals from the founders to be released. He was already struggling to ensure that those damnable portraits didn’t tell the students too much.

Then there was Barnabas’s anger. He had been using Barnabas and his position for years, but he didn’t have full control over the man. Barnabas helped him because it was beneficial to him, Albus knew good and well that if Barnabas got a better offer he would turn on Albus in a heart beat. That stupid brat had just cost him his control of the media.

Hogwarts, Room of Requirement - January 17, 2004

After returning to Hogwarts at the end of the holidays, Hadrian quickly grew annoyed. Now that everyone knew he had three extremely powerful titles, it seemed like they all wanted to know him even more. It had been bad enough when they just thought of him as the-boy-who-lived.

He knew that soon enough the novelty of him would wear off, and he couldn’t wait for it. Now, he spent most of his free time hiding in the ROR with only those closest to him.

“How are your dads doing?” Hadrian looked to the Weasley-Prewett brothers. All three of the boys had joined him in the ROR to use the books there to help study for their end of year exams. Even Fred and George were studying.

“They’re great.” Percy smiled as he thought of how happy his dads had been before they returned back to school, not even Ron and Ginny’s attitudes when they returned could dampen their moods.

“They said that they would be starting to work on the nursery after we left.” Fred said.

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon had moved into the room that had originally been designed for Fabian. They had at first been thinking of turning Gideon’s room into a spare room, but now they had decided to make it a nursery and play room for the new babies.

“Good. I wonder what it is with the magical world and twins?” Hadrian had a quizzical look. He was surprised at just how many sets of twins he now knew.

“It’s the magic.” Percy said in a matter of fact voice. “Twins are over five times as common in the magical world then they are in the muggle one. Magic allows for multiple births better.

In the magical world conception doesn’t happen without the aid of magic. It’s why there was so
many fertility issues in the past when the rituals were banned. Magic wants our population to grow, and now that magic is strengthening again twins are going to be even more common until our power and population balance out. What?”

Percy looked up from the notes he had been going over to see all the others looking at him.

“Nothing Perce.” George smiled at his brother. Percy really did know the weirdest things sometimes, but they loved him just the way he was, oddness and all.

**Hogwarts - February 7, 2004**

Hadrian and his friends were out on the grounds. Ever since the school had been forced to start to offer physical education, the students had convinced the phys-ed professor to start offering weekend sports clubs.

Professor Ulysses, the phys-ed professor, had lain down enchantments and heating runes in one of the back fields so that there would be an area for the students to play. During the fall he supervised cricket matches, and in the spring they switched over to football.

The students made up their own teams and set up their own tournaments every year. Despite what most thought about the students from the different houses inability to be around each other for any length of time without arguing, the students got along just fine. Sure, there was some rivalry between the different teams, but it was all in good fun. It was most likely because each team was made up of a mix of all different houses.

Hadrian was sitting with Fred, Luna, Neville, Theo, Blaise, and Tracy Davis. They were all watching George, Draco, Nox, and Daphne as they played.

“Nargles are coming.” Luna sighed, her usually dreamy voice slightly flat.

Hadrian and those close to him all sighed.

“What does that mean?” Tracy asked in confusion.

Before anyone could answer her, Hermione, Ron, and Ginny all pushed their way over to where the friends were sitting.

“What are you doing Harry?” Ginny asked, once again fluttering her eyelashes in what she thought was a flirty fashion.

“I am watching my friends play, Ethel.” Hadrian sighed.

“My name is Ginny.” Ginny said like she often had, she really did wonder what was wrong with Harry sometimes.

“And his name is Hadrian, what’s your point?” Fred said in a bland voice, trying to give the girl a hint, again. Ginny just rolled her eyes and glared slightly at her older brother.

“We came over to talk about your resorting. We just thought we would let you know that we are going to help you to adjust to life in Gryffindor.” Hermione said happily.

While their plan had originally been to turn his own house against him for being connected to Lord Slytherin, it hadn’t been working out. The Quibbler had been printing sections of the founders
journals every week. Some of the students had even started to listen to what the portraits of the founders had been saying for years. The rivalry between the houses was a new thing.

Many of the students thought it was awesome that Harry was the Slytherin lord. Whenever they brought up the darkness of the house everyone just said that they trusted Harry to do the right thing.

It was only those that followed the headmaster and had been trying to gain control of Harry, and the darker purebloods that had any problems with Harry having the lordship.

“I’m not going to Gryffindor. I have already told the headmaster, repeatedly, that I don’t want to be resorted. I am perfectly happy in Ravenclaw. I have absolutely no intention of changing.” Hadrian said in a voice that clearly showed he thought they were being stupid.

“But you belong in Gryffindor.” Ron said stupidly.

“If I belonged in Gryffindor, then I would have been sorted to Gryffindor. But, obviously, I was sorted to Ravenclaw, so that is where I belong.” Hadrian said.

“It was just a mistake. Everyone knows that you are meant to be in Gryffindor. It’s where your parents were. Surely you want to be in the same house as them. Don’t you want to honour them?” Hermione said in a bossy voice.

Everyone just gave her a stunned look for a moment.

“I don’t have to be in the same house as my parents to honour them. I am not them, and I’m not going to try to be. I can honour my parents without being exactly like them. Any parent that decides how much they like their child based off what house they’re in, is a terrible parent.

Besides, I like having a roommate.” Hadrian said.

“You will be my roommate when you transfer to Gryffindor.” Ron said, ignoring the rest of what had just been said.

“No, I won’t. I would be in a room on my own.” Hadrian argued, hiding a smile. He knew that this was going to infuriate the Gryffindor idiots.

“No you wouldn’t.” Hermione argued back. “You will be in the same dorm room as the rest of the boys in our year. Everyone shares a dorm room. It says so in ‘Hogwarts: A History’.”

“That isn’t true.” Fred said to the girl.

“Yes it is.” Ginny argued back.

“No, it isn’t. Well younger years do share a dorm room, upper years in the other houses don’t. In fifth and sixth year, the students in Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin are all separated into rooms of two, seventh years get their own rooms. It’s so it’s easier for us to study for our exams without so many distractions.” Fred explained.

“That isn’t fair. Why don’t they do that for the Gryffindors? Why are we being forced to share rooms.” Ron huffed.

“Ask McGonagall.” Fred said. “The policy of separating the upper years was brought in when Charlie was in his last year. McGonagall refused to make the changes in Gryffindor. Don’t you remember him complaining about it? He was so annoyed that she wouldn’t let them have their on
rooms. As head of Gryffindor, only she can make the change, and since she refuses, you’re stuck.”

“But if Gryffindors always share a dorm room, then Harry would be in with Ron.” Ginny said in confusion. All she really knew was that she was going to make Mcgonagall give her her own room. Ginny hated most of the girls in her year.

“No, I wouldn’t. Right now, I share a room with Theo, the rest of the boys are in the room across the hall. If I switched houses, then we would both be alone, and I wouldn’t want that, even if I did want to be a Gryffindor, which I don’t.” Hadrian said. He knew this was going to lead to another argument.

“That isn’t right.” Hermione said in confusion. “We’re only third years. Like he just said, you can’t start getting double rooms until your in fifth year. Why would you and Theo get your own room while the rest are forced to share? It isn’t right.”

“We have our own room because both Theo and I have taken up lordships.” Hadrian said calmly.

“So, that doesn’t make you any better. You are still a student here. Really Harry, you shouldn’t be using your fame to make others give you special treatment. It’s wrong. You need to learn that you are just like everyone else, and that you don’t deserve to be treated differently.” Hermione said in a commanding voice.

Blaise just rolled his eyes. “He didn’t say he was better, Granger. He said that they had taken up their lordships, so they have separate rooms. I’ve taken up my families title too, so, I have my own room.

It isn’t because of special treatment, it is because of school rules and the law. Any student that has taken up a title is required to have a separate room”

“But that isn’t fair.” Ginny whined. She wanted her own room. This is exactly why she had wanted to be the Prewett heiress. She could force her uncles to step down and give her the title and then she would have a room just for her.

“It’s the law. We have to use proxies on the Wizengamot until we are 16, but until then we are still required to do paper work and go over different proposals. There is a lot of classified information in the paperwork, so we cant just share our rooms with anyone. The only time a lord or lady at Hogwarts is allowed to share their room is in cases like Hadrian and Theo. When there are two students in the same year, and in the same house that have titles. Other than that, the rest of us are alone.” Blaise told the others.

“But it isn’t fair.” Ginny whined again.

Blaise rolled his eyes again. “It’s the law. It’s meant to protect government documents, not give whiny children whatever they want.”

“Don’t you speak to my sister like that you filthy snake.” Ron snarled, puffing up his chest like he could intimidate the other boy, before turning back to the others. “Once your in Gryffindor then I can just move in with you, then the two of us can spend more time together without having to deal with the other guys.”

“What part of ‘I’m not being resorted’ don’t you get?” Hadrian sighed. “And, that wouldn’t happen. Like Blaise said, it is about protecting government documents. It wouldn’t work if anyone could just go in and out of our rooms.

The rooms we have are sealed. Only the seventh year prefects and our head of house can enter our
rooms. And that is only in the event of an emergency. Other than that, only those with a title can
enter our rooms.”

“It isn’t right.” Hermione said. “The government shouldn’t be keeping secrets from the population.
They are meant to represent the people. This is why we should be using the muggle system of
government.”

Neville just started to laugh. “Are you joking? Muggle governments have tons of secrets. Have you
ever heard of MI6? A covert intelligence service that has been operating since the beginning of the
20th century, and was only formally acknowledged a decade ago. Even now they operate in near
complete secrecy. Don’t pretend like everything is better in the muggle world.”

“What would you know about the muggle world. You’re just a pureblood.” Ron snapped.

“So are you. Just because you don’t seem to know anything about the muggle world, doesn’t mean
the rest of us don’t. My family often goes into the muggle world, so it was necessary for me to
learn about it. I found muggle history to be interesting so I kept learning about it.” Neville told him.

“Enough you three.” Percy said, walking up behind them. He had seen them annoying the others
and had gotten close enough to hear, but not so close as to be noticed. “Hadrian isn’t switching
houses. That is it. If you can’t sit down and watch the game without causing problems, then you
will have to leave.”

Hermione went back to the school to work on her homework while Ron, and Ginny both flopped
down on to the bench silently. Percy sat in between the two groups just to ensure that they didn’t
cause any problems.

**Headmasters Office**

Just after dinner Hermione, Ron, and Ginny went up to meet with the headmaster. They reported
about Harry’s refusal to be resorted, but they really didn’t have anything else to add.

They all did talk about the rooming issue, but the headmaster just brushed them off. He had more
important things to worry about. Albus really didn’t care about their stupid little problems.

After the students left, Minerva and Lily joined him up in his office. They spent over an hour trying
to think of ways to force the boy to switch houses.

**The Burrow - March 13, 2004**

Arthur was nervous as everyone sat down to dinner the first day after the kids arrived home for
spring break. He was terrified about how Ron and Ginny were going to react.

“We have an announcement to make.” Arthur waited until everyone was looking at him.
“According to my healer, as of September 9th, our family will be welcoming a new set of twins.”

Percy, Fred and George all cheered and acted as if this was the first time they were hearing the
news. They didn’t want Ron or Ginny to know that they had known about the pregnancy for
months.

“What do you mean?” Ron was confused. He didn’t understand what his dad was talking about.
Where would these twins come from?

“Ron, dad’s pregnant.” Percy explained.

“But he’s a boy?” Ginny said in confusion.

The older boys and their dads all exchanged looks.

“Ron, Ginny, it is possible for men to get pregnant. And, I am.” Arthur explained to his children.

It took Ginny only a few moments for her mind to catch up to what was going on, she screamed her response. “NO!”

“Ginny, there is no need to yell.” Fabian admonished.

“Shut up, you’re not my father, you’re nothing to me! You’ve ruined everything!” Ginny screamed at Fabian and Gideon.

“Ginny, that is enough. If you have a problem with this, then you need to calm down and talk to us about it.” Arthur tried, his voice shaking slightly. His emotions were already unstable because of the pregnancy.

“NO! I won’t let this happen, I won’t, I won’t, I won’t…” Ginny carried on. It was clear the girl was completely irrational.

Bill got up, grabbed his sister by the arm and escorted her out of the room. He took her up to her room so to let her calm down somewhere she felt comfortable. The entire time, Ginny just kept refusing to accept her father’s pregnancy.

“I don’t get it.” Ron was still confused. “You can’t have any more kids.”

“Why not, Ron?” Arthur was glad that at least Ron was staying relatively calm and was willing to talk about it.

“Because you can’t. You’re to old and you’re a boy.” Ron said.

“Ron, because magic extends our life span, witches and wizards can get pregnant until they are in their late 70’s. And, as we have already covered, men can indeed get pregnant. You will learn more about that when you have your sex education class during your fifth year.” Arthur told his youngest son.

“We don’t have the money or the room for another kid. You couldn’t even afford to get me an owl.” Ron tried.

“Ron, we have more then enough money. I didn’t buy you an owl because I told you you needed to earn the money yourself. It was about teaching you personal responsibility.” Arthur explained.

“That’s stupid.” Ron sneered at that. “We don’t have room for another set of twins.” Ron really didn’t want any more kids in the house.

“There is plenty of room, Ron. We have already started to change the room Gideon had been using into a nursery for the babies.” Arthur told him.

Ron huffed. He was completely out of excuses. “Fine, I don’t want any new kids in this house.”

“I understand that your surprised Ron, but it isn’t up to you. I’m already pregnant. In September,
you will have two new siblings. I just hope that you will accept them, and love them, just as all your older brothers did for you.” Arthur said, glancing at his other boys.

“And if I refuse?” Ron challenged.

“Then we will treat you,” Fred started in a cold voice.

“Exactly how you treat them.” George finished. Neither twin was going to allow Ron or Ginny to be mean to, or hurt, their new siblings.

Ron just huffed and sat back in his chair. He was going to have to talk to his mum about this and get her thoughts.

After everything had been settled with Ron, Arthur went up to Ginny’s room on his own. He knew that Fabian and Gideon would try to help, but Ginny clearly hadn’t accepted them yet.

Bill was resting against the wall just outside the girls room.

“How is she?” Arthur sighed.

“I gave her a glass of juice that I had slipped a small amount of a calming draught from work into. She went quiet about 5 minutes ago. Dad… I’m worried about her. There just seems to be something wrong with her.” Bill told his father.

“I know. I’ve already started looking at different mind healers that I can have her and Ron see over the summer. Their denial of reality, and their inability to accept or acknowledge anyone else’s feelings isn’t right. “ Arthur knew Bill was right to worry. “I’m going to speak to her. You can head back downstairs.”

“I’m going to wait out here. I know that she’s still just a kid, but with the way she’s acting, I just don’t trust her not to do something to you or the babies.” Worry was clear in Bill’s eyes.

Arthur just nodded to his eldest son and clapped him on the shoulder before entering Ginny’s room.

“Ginny, how are you doing sweetheart?”

Ginny just glared at her father.

“Ginny, I know that there have been a lot of changes over the past few months. I understand that you are overwhelmed and upset. But the rest of us can’t just stop living our lives because you are upset.”

“You don’t know anything. I don’t want any more kids in this house, I won’t let there be any more kids in this house.”

“Well I’m sorry you feel that way, but it isn’t going to change anything. As i have already explained to Ron, I’m pregnant, and nothing is going to change that. I can just hope that by the time your new siblings are born you have grown up enough to accept and love them like all of your older brothers did for you.” Arthur told his daughter in a kind yet hard voice, he wasn’t going to allow Ginny to continue on the way she had been.

“I hate you!” Ginny screamed as she threw herself back on her bed and put her pillow over her
“I love you Ginny. You can come and talk with the rest of us when your ready to behave properly.”

Arthur left the room, softly closing the door behind him. Giving Bill a small smile, they both went back downstairs to spend the evening with the others.

**St. Mungo’s - March 15, 2004**

Regulus Black felt like the luckiest man in the world. He had survived what would have killed most. His family had found him and gathered around him while he healed. The only woman he ever loved came back from the dead, much like he himself had. And, she still loved him.

Now, Regulus sat next to his wife in the hospital looking down at his perfect baby boy. Rigel Phoenix Black had been born with the first light of the dawn after 18 hours of labour.

Although small, he was perfectly healthy. And, like his older twin cousins, his hair colour was already shifting calmly as he slept in his mothers arms.

Regulus had already sent letters to the rest of his family to announce the arrival of his son. Everyone was going to be getting together for a baby shower in a few days at Grimmauld Place.

As much as the rest of the family wanted to meet baby Rigel immediately, they understood that Regulus and Marlene would need a little while to grow comfortable with being parents before they were over run with family. Even with how close their family was, they all understood just how aggravating it was to bring a new baby home just to have others try to involve themselves and invade their home.

**The Burrow - March 19, 2004**

The next few days after Ron and Ginny were told about the pregnancy were difficult. Ginny spent any time she was around anyone else glaring. Ron kept trying to give reasons why Arthur shouldn’t have any children.

By the time Ron and Ginny were set to go to their mothers, everyone was ready for them to go.

“I don’t get why you are so supportive of this stupidity.” Ron argued for what must have been the 1000th time that week.

“Because we support our family.” Charlie sighed.

“Ron, Ginny. We know that you are struggling with this. We have all been through this. It’s the I’m not the baby syndrome. You Ginny, as the youngest and only girl, and you Ron, as the youngest boy, you both have always been coddled, but now, you won’t be. But just because you won’t be the babies anymore doesn’t mean that we won’t love you anymore, it really doesn’t change anything.

What you need to remember is that all of us, at one time or other, were the baby in the family. But that changed for all of us too. If any of us had behaved like the two of you have been, then neither of you would be here.” Bill told them. He clearly remembered being less than impressed when he was first told of his new oncoming siblings for the first few times. He had really only immediately
accepted and been happy about his expanding family for Ron and Ginny, when he was old enough and used to it.

Ron and Ginny didn’t say anything and just flooed to their mothers a few minutes later.

**Diggle Manor**

“Babies.” Molly opened her arms as her babies came through the floo and went directly into her arms. Ron was clearly tens and Ginny started sobbing as soon as she was in her mothers arms. “What is wrong my babies? What has happened?”

“It’s dad.” Ron growled. “He’s being an idiot.”

“Daddy’s pregnant.” Ginny sobbed to her mother. “He’s forcing us to pretend that we’re happy he’s bringing another set of twins into our home.”

Molly froze. Arthur was pregnant. Her Arthur was pregnant. Another set of twins. Her Arthur was having another set of twins. Those should be her twins. Her brothers were stealing more of her children.

“Mum… mummy…” Ginny tried to get her mums attention. This wasn’t about her mum, this was about Ginny. Her mum should be paying attention to her.

“Yes Ginny dear?” Molly pulled herself out of her spiral to look at her daughter.

“Fix it. I don’t want any more brothers. I don’t want you and daddy to be separated. I don’t want those men anywhere near daddy.”

“I know sweetie, I know.” Molly reassured. “Headmaster Dumbledore and I are working on making things better. Ronnie, are you ok?”

“I don’t like it.” Ron stated bluntly. “I want you home, and I want Fabian and Gideon gone. And, I want the others to stop being so mean, they keep saying that we need to let dad be happy. It’s annoying.”

Molly just nodded her agreement with her baby boy. She really had thought she had taught those boys that it wasn’t ok to pick on her baby boy, but she was going to have to remind them.

**Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - May 1, 2004**

Sirius walked into the school board meeting room with a sigh. He was glad that he was going to get to see his best friend, but this was going to be annoying.

Shortly after the students returned from spring break the two youngest Weasley’s and Hermione Granger started to complain to the teachers that the other students were calling them by the wrong names. Ever since Fred and George had called them by the names ‘Eunice’, ‘Ethel’, and ‘Elmer’, over half of the students had started using those names.

McGonagall and those that followed Dumbledore had started to take points and give detentions to any student they heard doing it. The problem was that the other teachers started doing the same to the annoying trio. While the other students had just accepted the detentions or point loss, Granger
and the Weasleys didn’t. This meeting was the result of the three filing a complaint about unfair treatment.

The complaint had been filed against so many members of staff, that only a select few were called to the meeting, Sirius amongst them. Sirius was going to go out of his way to make sure that those three were forced to serve their punishment, and get them to stop using the wrong name for Hadrian while he was at it. He knew just how much it annoyed and upset his godson.

“Alright, our next complaint was filed by Ginny Weasley on behalf of Hermione Granger, her brother, Ron Weasley, and herself, against, well, against a large amount of the staff. Sirius Black, Horace Slughorn, and Pomona Sprout have been selected to stand for the rest of the staff. Minerva McGonagall, Ted Tonks, and the Headmaster have chosen to come and speak in the defence of Hermione, Ron, and Ginny.” Alice said. “Ms. Weasley, as you filed the complaint, what seems to be your issue?”

Ginny glanced towards Hermione. She had originally wanted Hermione to be the one to file the complaint, but the other girl was losing her mind rather quickly. Hermione had been driving herself crazy trying to do all her work and when Ginny had first gone to her to complain about the detention Hermione had screamed at her.

Hermione had only agreed to assist her with filing the complaint because she was struggling to finish her homework even more with all the detentions they were getting, and they were barely serving a quarter of them. Ginny had hoped that Hermione would speak for them once they were in the meeting, but now she was the one being asked.

“Well… Over the past few months, ever since we’ve gotten back from spring break, me, Hermione, and Ron have all been getting detention and having points taken for no reason. We’ve all talked to Professor McGonagall about it, and she has tried to help, but the other teachers just keep doing it. It isn’t fair.” Ginny’s voice took on a whiny tone towards the end.

Alice looked to the three teachers that were representing the other members of staff, the young girl really hadn’t explained anything. “If one of the three of you could explain the situation and why you have responded the way you have, it would be much appreciated.”

Sirius stepped forward before any of the others could, he wanted to be the one to explain. “Allow me, Lady Longbottom-Hufflepuff.

After the return of the students after spring break, the headmaster and deputy headmistress implemented a new rule. The students must call each other by their proper name, or a chosen short form of their name. Any student caught calling another student by the wrong name is to lose points the first time, and receive detention and lose points if the behaviour persists.

A large number of students have all been receiving detention and point loss due to this new rule. All of them have accepted their punishment with only a minimum amount of grumbling. Ms. and Mr. Weasley, along with Ms. Granger, have all been getting in trouble for the same thing, but the three of them keep going to the deputy headmistress to have their punishments retracted or deferred.

In spite of repeatedly, and knowingly, breaking the rules, the deputy headmistress, as their head of house, has lessened, if not completely removed, 17 evening detentions and returned 145 points. Yet, they still seem to feel like they are the victims.”

“That’s not true. We haven’t called anyone by the wrong name, their just picking on us because… Because they are mean.” Ginny whined, she couldn’t think of any real reason the other teachers
were targeting them, but she knew they were.

“Since when is calling people by the wrong name an issue?” Amos Diggory asked in confusion.

“I think I can provide some context to that.” Roger Davis, the sixth year Ravenclaw prefect that had been chosen to represent his house, spoke up. When everyone looked to him, and Alice gave him the go ahead, Roger started to explain.

“Over the past few years, really, ever since they started here, Mr. and Ms. Weasley, along with Ms. Granger, have continually called one of the students by the wrong name. Despite him repeatedly requesting they stop and start calling him by the correct name. They just ignore his request.

At the beginning of this year, a few students started referring to them as, Eunice for Ms. Granger, Ethel for Ms. Weasley, and Elmer for Mr. Weasley. A large number of the students have decided that they would call the three of them by the correct name when they started to do the same for the other students.”

“We haven’t been using the wrong names for anyone.” Ron grumbled.

“Oh yes you have young man. Repeatedly.” Slughorn added when he heard Rons grumble.

“Now now Horace, this really is just a slight misunderstanding.” Albus twinkled.

“You say that now, Headmaster, but it was previously important enough for you to implement a new rule.” Sophia Zabini said in a condescending tone.

“It is completely unacceptable for the other students to bully Hermione, Ron, and Ginny the way they have been. These three have done nothing wrong.” Minerva huffed. She was so disappointed in her co-workers that they were being so unfair to her students.

“Looking over the reports, much of the detentions and point loss has come from you, Professor Slughorn. You might be the best person to explain a little more?” Alice said as she looked over to the man.

“Certainly.” Horace sat up higher in his chair. “While young Mr. Davis avoided giving any names, the primary victim of this, disrespect, is young Hadrian Potter-Black.

They continuously refer to him as ‘Harry Potter’ despite his near constant correction of his name. Whit the headmasters new rule, they are punished for it every time it occurs. As they call him that pretty much every class, they get a lot of detention from me.

With Ms. Weasley, along with referring to Mr. Potter-Black by the incorrect name, she also has been bullying Ms. Luna Lovegood by referring to her as ‘Loony Lovegood’. I have even caught her trying to convince her fellow classmates to refer to her in the same way.”

“Come now Horace, they are just children. Harry is fine.” Albus tried to placate the man. He really didn’t understand why Horace was being so difficult on this issue, Sirius he understood, but not Horace.

“Yes, they are children, but that is no excuse.” Slughorn snapped back. “As for Hadrian, I have spoken with him about the issue. He finds it extremely offensive that not only are there students at this school that will not show him the respect of calling him by his name, but also certain staff members.

Hadrian was named in honour of his great uncle. Hadrian Fleamont Potter was a great man, and a
very dear friend of mine. He was a hero, and our Hadrian is proud to share his name. I will not stand by and watch anyone disrespect his memory.”

Albus almost groaned. He had completely forgotten that Horace had attended Hogwarts with the first Hadrian Potter, and that they had been the closest of friends until the day Gellert had killed him. Horace was not going to let this go.

“I don’t really understand why we are all here.” Rowan Finnigan announced. Looking to each of the three students she simply asked them if they called Hadrian, ‘Harry’. Each confirmed that they did, making excuses for it, but they did confirm it. “Well then… That is all we needed to know.

The new rule that the headmaster created says that a student will be punished for not calling a student by the proper name, each has now confirmed that they have. So, they will be punished. It is as simple as that. I do believe a muggle saying fits this situation. ‘You do the crime, you do the time’.”

“They haven’t done anything wrong.” Minerva really didn’t like these people, she knew she needed to protect her students from them. She couldn’t believe that Rowan was betraying her own former house this way. Hermione, Ron, and Ginny were the perfect representation of what her house should be.

“Yes, they did. And, they just admitted it. By the headmasters own rule, a student must call another student by the correct name. They haven’t been doing so, so they get in trouble.” Helen Davis sighed. “There really isn’t anything else to say. Hadrian Potter-Black, is Hadrian Potter-Black. Luna Lovegood, is Luna Lovegood. Calling them by any other names will result in point loss and detention, it’s that simple.”

“I’m sure they meant no harm…” Albus started.

“It doesn’t matter, headmaster.” Rowan spoke up again. Her own son, Seamus, had told her all about how rude those three were, she wasn’t going to let them continue to embarrass her old house. “You created the rule, so you clearly believed it to be an important enough issue when these three were the victim of it, so now all the students get the same protection.

No one is above the rules. No matter who they are. These three broke the rules, so they received the same punishment as the others. The only difference is that they felt they should be above the rules when all the others simply accepted the punishment assigned. Bullying is bullying. And, bullies are punished, as they should be. Give us a moment while we decide on how to deal with this situation.”

The privacy shield went up.

“My babies aren’t bullies.” Molly all but screamed at the other woman. Albus had told her that she needed to stay quiet, but she just couldn’t hold back anymore. No one insulted her babies. With the shield up now, Albus never needed to know that she defended her babies against these fools.

“Yes, they are.” Rowan snapped back. “They have just admitted it. If it is bullying when others do it to them, then it is bullying when they do it to others. You might not like it, you might prefer to ignore it, but they are behaving like bullies.”

Rowan and Molly ended up arguing for close to ten minutes before Alice broke it up. She let it carry on for as long as she did because it just served to continue to destroy what little bit of a good reputation Molly did have.
“Rowan, Molly, I think that is enough. Whether you like it or not Molly, the children have all
admitted to breaking the rules. Now, we need to vote on what we will be doing going forward.”

A quick vote was held. It really wasn’t close. Even with James and Pandora Lovegood abstaining
due to a conflict of interest, Molly refused to even consider doing the same, the vote wasn’t even
close. Bringing the shield down, Alice once again spoke for the group.

“We have decided that there is no evidence of unfair treatment against the three of you. The only
evidence of unfair treatment is that Professor McGonagall has been removing your detentions and
returning the points when it is clear you had earned the punishment. As such, you will all have to
serve the detentions that were removed now, and the points will be removed.”

“But that isn’t right. We didn’t do anything wrong.” Hermione just couldn’t deal with this. All this
on top of all the school work she had been doing was just too much. She didn’t have time for
detention, even with a time turner. “You just hate me because I’m muggleborn. You’re jealous of
how much better than your own kids I am.

Harry needs to be Harry. Hadrian is a stupid name. I refuse to call him by that stupid name. He
needs to be in Gryffindor. His parents would be so ashamed to have a brat like him for a son.”

Hermione continued to rant for a few more minutes. Sirius had seen this breakdown coming for
weeks and had brought a calming draught with him. He quickly pulled it out and spelled it directly
into the girls stomach. It took a few more minutes of ranting before Hermione started to relax and
go quiet. She was still glaring and occasionally twitching, but she stopped her pacing and sat down.

“What was that about?” Helen Davis asked. She was suddenly worrying about the girls mental
health.

“Over confidence.” Sirius said. “I’ve been waiting for this breakdown for weeks. I knew that if this
didn’t go her way she would finally melt down, so I made sure that I brought a calming draught so
that she wouldn’t hurt herself or others.”

“What does that have to do with over confidence?” Amos Diggory asked. He had found the girls
rant to be highly offensive, but like Helen, he thought she might be mentally ill.

“Ms. Granger has decided to take on too much work. Rather than being responsible and only
selecting a few courses, she has been trying to do too much and isn’t getting the grades she wants.”
Sirius explained.

“Now Sirius, Hermione is just a little overanxious because of this hearing. She knows that she
doesn’t deserve to be punished and it is just upsetting her. The governors are now forcing her to
serve weeks of detention that she doesn’t deserve. She’s the brightest witch of her age, a little
eccentricity is to be expected.” Albus twinkled.

“As has already been covered, she, and the others, have earned the detentions that they will be
serving.” Narcissa spoke up. “And that isn’t eccentricity, that is a mental breakdown. If she is
incapable of keeping up with the work, then she shouldn’t be taking so many courses.”

“Like Hermione said, you just don’t like her because she’s muggleborn. You’re nothing but a filthy
death eater. You’d kill us all if you thought you could get away with it.” Ron all but shouted.

Molly nodded along, she completely agreed with her son, she still didn’t understand why anyone
thought it would be a good idea to allow someone like Narcissa Malfoy to become a school
governor. She should be in Azkaban, like her sister, not near children.
Narcissa just gave the boy a cold look. “And that is why you get detention Mr. Weasley.”

“I think this meeting is ready to end.” James said, he had a headache from all the yelling that had been done by Molly, her kids, and Granger. “This complaint has been settled.

Now, Minerva, we will be discussing your behaviour at the meeting in June. Your behaviour over the past few years is troubling and we will be making a decision on what to do over the next few months.”

Minerva gave the man an icy look. She hadn’t done anything wrong. There was nothing they could do to her. When the school governors had started messing with the hiring, Albus had quickly drawn up a contract stating that she couldn’t be fired without the headmasters approval for the next 20 years, and she knew Albus would never agree to fire her.

“I agree with Sebastian.” Alice said. “It is time to end this meeting.

Professor Slughorn, as it is clear Professor McGonagall can not properly handle the punishment for these three, would you be so kind as to arrange their detentions as you see fit?”

Horace happily agreed. He wasn’t going to allow these three to get away with disrespecting his dead friend. He knew he couldn’t be too harsh on the kids, but he wasn’t going to just let them get away with it, he was a Slytherin after all.

The Lion’s Den - May 15, 2004

It was late in the afternoon that Hermione, Ron and Ginny arrived at the newest restaurant in Hogsmeade. Molly had arranged with Albus and Minerva for Ginny to be able to get out of school for the day. But, the kids had been kept at the school until well after lunch because Slughorn was forcing her poor babies to serve those detentions that they didn’t deserve.

Molly was equal parts happy and furious. She was thrilled that her babies, and Hermione, were there for the opening of the restaurant. But, she was furious that the three of them were late because of the mistreatment by the teachers and the other school governors.

It had taken a few months longer than they had planned for, mostly due to Molly’s continuous changes to the designs, but the restaurant and pub were finally open. There was a small area, that would probably only seat a dozen people, off to the side of the building that served as the pub part of the building. The pub area was completely separated from the restaurant, Deadalus had had to argue non-stop for weeks to even have the pub area at all. The only reason Molly had allowed for it was because they needed to have a pub area if they wanted to receive the insurance payout.

The main area of the restaurant could only be described as kitsch. Molly had personally designed and decorated the room. It was all in her overbearing style. For some reason, even though they had space expansion charms, the room was overly cramped and cluttered. Molly had felt that the charms were just to much work to cast and maintain, so she had refused to use more than the minimum amount needed to have everything fit.

Albus had arranged for a few people as staff, but other than that, Molly had felt that she had had to do everything. In truth, Molly wasn’t so sure about Albus’s choice of staff, none of them really met the standards she planned on setting for her restaurant. Albus might own the building, but she had already claimed it as her own.
Now, Molly was smiling happily at the best table in the place as she added more food to her babies plates. She knew that there was plenty of food at the school, but it was no where near the standard her babies deserved.

Ron was stuffing his face, as usual. Ginny, while eating, preened as she was the only second year that had been able to go to Hogsmeade. While Hermione was pecking at her food as she occasionally twitched. She had so much work to do, but both Ron and Ginny had whined until she agreed to go with them, in truth, Ginny had stolen many of her books and refused to give them back until Hermione said she would go with them.

“Hermione dear, you need to eat something.” Molly fussed as she added more food to the girls plate.

“Yes Mrs. Wea… Diggle.” Hermione said as she took a few quick bites before she went back to obsessing about all the work back at school. This was already her second relive of the afternoon, and she thought she might need to turn back her turner at least once more before she went to bed, if not more.

“Ronnie, Ginny, have you finished your homework?” Molly gave the children an expectant look.

“How can we when we are always being forced to do detention. There just isn’t enough time for us to do all that stupid work, do those detentions, and everything else we need to do.” Ginny whined. She was sure her mother could just make those stupid teachers stop giving them detention, or, maybe make them give them less homework.

After spending so long dreaming of going to Hogwarts, Ginny didn’t really like it. There was just so much work involved. Her eldest brothers had all just talked about hanging out with friends and the different parties they went to, but Ginny now thought that they had just been lying to make themselves look good, because school was nothing like they described. Almost all of the other students were annoying, and she hadn’t been invited to a single party, so there obviously weren’t any real parties.

“Have you heard anything from your father?” Molly asked in a nonchalant voice. She wanted to know everything she could about the pregnancy and new babies, after all, she was going to be their mother when she and Arthur got back together.

“He keeps sending letters every week.” Ron grumbled.

“It’s just the usual stupid stuff, I wrote back the first time and told him I won’t write back until he stops being stupid and agrees to get rid of the babies.” Ginny said in a smug tone. She had already decided that if her father decided to have these two new brats she was going to make him put them up for adoption. She was the baby of the family, not them.

The annoying trio spent the rest of the afternoon with Molly. Molly took her babies to the different stores to buy them anything they needed. Arthur was still being mean and refusing to give them enough money to make sure they had what they needed from Hogsmeade.

Hogwarts, Ravenclaw Dorms

After spending the afternoon of celebrating his sisters and Lyra’s belated birthdays in Hogsmeade with his friends, Hadrian returned to his room. Looking in, he saw Nem sitting on her bed on the windowsill, staring out at the grounds.
At four years old, Nem was still fairly small. She was about the size of an average house cat. As Charlie had said, Nems second tail had started to grow when she turned three and was now fully formed. Around the same time as her second tail finished growing the tips of her ears and tails changed colours, they were now gilded gold. This marked Nem as a elemental kitsune with a lightning inclination.

The bond she and Hadrian had now extended much further, but they still usually stayed together. Today however, Nem had stayed up in the dorms while Hadrian had gone into town. It hadn’t been the most comfortable way to spend the day, but she had refused to go, and when Hadrian said he would stay she got up to leave.

Nem was in full pout mode.

The day before Fred and George had managed their animigus transformation. The first thing they had done was bound off to find Hadrian in the ROR. They had spent almost the entire evening before curled up and snuggling with their little soul mate, much like Nem usually did. Nemesis was seething with jealousy.

She had not liked having to share Hadrian with two other foxes, and was letting everyone know it. She had even nipped at Fred and George’s tails. Which had just gotten her into trouble.

Now she refused to even look at Hadrian.

“Nem…” Hadrian whispered as he came into the room. He knew how dangerous it could be to startle a lightning kitsune. “I’m back.”

Nem turned her head further away from where she knew he was.

Hadrian slowly made his way over to where his familiar was laying. “I brought you presents. Come on, you know you want to see what I got you.”

Nem glanced quickly at the bag her human set down as he sat down on the sill next to her. She quickly looked away, although she could feel his joy that she had looked.

Hadrian pulled out a new, extra soft and fluffy, bed. The one Nem was currently sitting in was the one he had bought her before first year. Next to the bed he set down a container of Nems favourite treats and some new toys.

Despite herself, Nem found herself pleased with the peace offerings.

“Come on Nem, please don’t be mad at me. You are just being silly.” Hadrian said.

Nem huffed at that and gave Hadrian a glare.

“Well… You are.” Hadrian forced himself not to smile as Nem finally gave him her attention. “Fred and George could never replace you, no matter what form they are in, and you know it. I never realized you were so insecure.”

Nem huffed as she slowly got up and tested the new bed. It was perfect.

Seeing that Nem was accepting her presents, Hadrian quickly swooped down and cuddled her in his arms before spinning in circles. He received a few minor shocks, nothing to extreme though as Nem had been expecting it but still wanted to keep Hadrian on his toes.

“Oh come on you silly little kitsune. You love me just as much as I love you and you know it.”
Hadrian grinned as he felt Nem open her side of the bond. He could feel her love and exasperation. Hadrian gently place Nem back in her new bed where she sat primly after fixing her fur from where Hadrian had messed it up. Hadrian grinned unapologetically before he once again swooped down on her, this time he just pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

**Hogwarts - May 29, 2004**

Hadrian was sitting down in one of the courtyards working on an essay for alchemy when Draco came storming over and flopped down next to him in what must have been the most undignified act ever preformed by a Malfoy. Fred, George, and Neville all smirked, while Luna giggled at him.

“What has upset our little dragon so much?” George asked. Tyche jumped out of Draco’s robe pocket and seeking comfort from him as he did so. Tyche had not liked being in Draco’s pockets when he had flopped down.

“Granger.” Draco snarled.

“What has Eunice done now?” Fred sighed.

He knew that he wouldn’t get in trouble because the rule about names had bee retracted. Rather than making Hermione, Ron, and Ginny, start calling Hadrian by the proper name, the headmaster had just gotten rid of the rule so his puppets would stop getting so many detentions. McGonagall had tried to make it so they wouldn’t have to serve the detentions they had earned prior to the retraction of the rules, but she was stopped by the other teachers. Just because it was no longer a rule didn’t mean they should have to serve the punishments they had already earned.

“You know that report on hippogriffs that we have to do for COM?” Both Neville and Hadrian nodded to their classmate. “Well, Granger with the help of the other two have taken out every single book that even references hippogriffs.

It’s like she thinks her grade will be better in the class if she stops the rest of us from doing the assignment.”

“She has every book?” Neville was shocked. There were limits on how many books each student could take out of the library at a time.

“Yup. McGonagall gave them a pass so they could take out more books.” Draco sighed. “Now what do we do? We have to get that report done.”

“Why don’t you all go and get your COM stuff and meet us in the entrance hall in half an hour?” Fred smiled at the others.

“We know how to help you.” George added.

Half an hour later, a large group of students met up in the entrance hall. When Hadrian, Draco, and Neville had gone back to their own common rooms to get their things they mentioned what was going on to a few of their classmates. By the time they each had everything packed up word had spread to pretty much every other student in COM in the different houses.

After they all gathered in the entrance hall, Fred and George led a group that consisted of every
single third year COM student, other than their brother and Granger, down towards Hagrid’s hut. They knew he would be able to help the students.

Hagrid managed the grounds and creatures for the school. Professor Kettleburn had wanted to retire, but the headmaster had convinced him to stay one more year. Kettleburn was one of those that did most of what the headmaster said so Albus hadn’t wanted to lose him and risk having to hire another staff member that he couldn’t control.

Arriving at the cabin, George walked up and knocked.

Hagrid was sitting in his cabin reexamining his life. Right now, he was trying to decide if he should stay at the school. Although he loved his old school, a part of him felt like it was just holding him back now. He had his diploma and his handlers license, there were many other things he could be doing. The only reason he hadn’t left yet was because he didn’t want to leave behind the creatures he had spent so much time looking after.

Then he heard the nock on his door.

Opening the door he saw Charlie’s younger twin brothers, and a large group of students.

“What can I do fer all ya?”

“Hello Hagrid we have some students that need to learn.” Fred smiled at the giant man.

“What ya mean?”

“Don’t even.” Draco quickly stepped forward and silenced the twins before they could go into one of their long winded, dramatic explanations. “Hello Mr. Hagrid. We are the students of the third year COM class.

We have an assignment due next week on hippogriffs but two students in our class have taken every single book on them out of the library leaving the rest of us with nothing.”

“And she hits.” Seamus muttered from the middle of the group as he rubbed his arm. He and Dean had figured they could borrow one of the books as Granger had been working on an assignment for a different class, but she had screamed and yelled at them after punching Seamus.

“We were hoping that you would be willing to give us more in-depth information about hippogriffs. If it isn’t to much of a problem.” Draco said in a slightly formal voice.

“Oh course I’ll help ya out. And, it’s just Hagrid. None of that mister stuff.” Hagrid was thrilled that the students had come to him for help.

Hagrid led the students out behind his hut and let the children arrange themselves on the grass before he started. Resting against the back steps, Hagrid began a lecture on hippogriffs that lasted for well over an hour, and kept the students interested and paying attention the entire time.

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 5, 2004

With the school year drawing to an end, it was time for another governors meeting. There were only a few things that needed to be addressed, so James didn’t think that it would take to long.
After the meeting had officially been called to order, and the minutes read, James turned to where Cedric Diggory sat. Cedric had been selected to represent Hufflepuff.

“First order of business is a recommendation by our student members. Young Mr. Diggory, you have been chosen to speak. What is it that the students would like?”

“Thank you Lord Peverell-Gryffindor.” Cedric nodded to the man. “This isn’t a rule change or anything, it is more a motion about staffing.

Professor Kettleburn has been planning on retiring for years, but he keeps being convinced to stay. This year however, he has sworn that he is going to leave. He announced to the students in his classes that he will not be returning, and all the students think that thats fine. He deserves to retire after being here for so long. His classes are becoming increasingly dangerous as he can not pay the appropriate amount of attention to the students due to his increasing age.

We have been approached by a large number of students requesting that we put forward Hagrid’s name as a possible replacement. We feel that Hagrid would be a great teacher. Over the past few months many of the students have started going to him for help with assignments anyways.”

When Cedric finished, James smiled. He knew Hagrid would be a great teacher if given the chance. “Thank you Mr. Diggory. The students recommendation will be taken into consideration.”

Many of the schools governors privately agreed that Hagrid could be a good teacher. They would just need to make sure that he didn’t start showing the students anything to dangerous to quickly. But they were sure he would do fine if he had access to Professor Kettleburns old teaching plans.

“Next order of business, Gryffindor.” James said with a resigned look.

“What could you possibly have to say about my house?” McGonagall snapped immediately. She, and a few other teachers had been requested to be present.

“There are a few issues that have come to our attention.” Rowen said. “The rooming issues, the lack of study groups, and the clear evidence of bullying are just some of the problems.”

“There aren’t any issues.” Minerva huffed. In her mind, her Gryffindors were just fine.

“Yes, there are.” Jaanvi Patil said. Her daughters, being in two different houses gave her insight on the differences between the houses. “Gryffindor consistently averages the lowest in grade point averages. The students of Gryffindor have ranked at the bottom of every year for close to a decade, and that includes OWLs and NEWTs. It is the only house that doesn’t have any study or quiet area for students to do their work. They don’t even have bookshelves in the common room.

Despite this board ordering the heads of house to arrange for more rooms so older students can have their own rooms, it has not been done. The governors didn’t tell you to do that just for fun, they told you to do it, so you would do it. Instead, you chose to ignore them.

And to me, the worse part is the bully issue. Gryffindor is supposed to be the house for the brave and bold, but all they have been in recent years are bullies. Looking at the detention records, a vast majority of the students that get in trouble for bullying are from your house.

It is clear the students of Gryffindor need to learn what is expected from a functioning member of society. Bullying is not acceptable.”

“To that end, the governors have decided to assign a co-head of house.” Alice announced. “Sirius Black has agreed to take up the position. As a self confessed reformed bully we feel that he will be
able to get through to the students better.”

“You can’t do that.” Minerva was stunned. She didn’t need Sirius meddling in her house. He had caused nothing but problems since he himself was a student.

“I must agree with Minerva.” Albus twinkled. “Gryffindor is just fine. Sirius’s assistance isn’t needed.”

“This isn’t up for debate Albus. It is already done. Starting in September, Sirius will be co-head of Gryffindor.” James said in a flat voice, hiding a grin.

“The last issue we must address connects to the previous issue along with previously addressed issues. Minerva, your behaviour in recent years is extremely concerning.

Over the past few months, many of the governors have been discussing the issue and have come to a few conclusions.” Alice said as she looked to the already furious Scotts woman.

“You can’t do anything to me.” Minerva said sternly. Just who did these fools think they were, she had been teaching at this school for decades, and she wouldn’t be leaving any time soon. “My contract stipulates that you can’t fire me.”

“Yes, we are aware of the alterations you and the headmaster made to your contract. As a tenured professor we can’t fire you, but that doesn’t mean we have no recourse for your actions.” Alice continued. “Your contract will be up for negotiation in five years, and we will be reevaluating your position then.

But, until then… You are being kept on probation for the next five years. Your complete disregard for both the students and us is clear in your behaviour.

Also, you are being stripped of your position as deputy headmistress.”

“What?” Albus, Minerva, Molly, and Hestia Jones all shouted at the same time.

“Now really my dear, there really is no need for something so ridiculous.” Albus started to fiddle with his beard in his agitation.” Minerva is an excellent deputy head, and she will be retaining her position.”

Hestia Jones had been brought onto the board to replace Emmeline Vance after her nephew had transferred to a school in Japan when his father was assigned to the embassy there. Albus had managed to argue her inclusion just like he had done with Emmeline. No one had really cared as it was just replacing one Dumbledore fanatic with another.

“No, she won’t. We have the needed 3/4 of the boards agreement.” Sophia Zabini said.

“As I was saying, as of September, you will no longer be the deputy head. Maybe you will be able to spend more time dealing with your students and their issues without all the extra work.

After much consideration, of which Sebastian was not involved, we have decided to offer the position of deputy headmaster to Severus.” Alice announced, looking to Severus who, like Sirius, had been invited to the meeting.

“I have already submitted my acceptance of the position. I have also spoken with Aurora, as I feel that I will not be able to continue on as co-head of Slytherin, on top of the deputy head position. She has accepted my leaving but has requested that alchemy Professor, Lucian Zarno, take over my position as co-head of Slytherin.” Severus said formally.
“Of course.” Narcissa smiled. She figured Lucien would do just fine in the position.

“This all really isn’t necessary.” Albus butted in.

“Yes, it is.” Amos Diggory said.

“Minerva needs to keep her position as head of Gryffindor and deputy headmistress. It’s for the greater good. And, if anyone is to become co-head of Slytherin, it will be Andromeda.” Albus said in a demanding voice.

“No.” Pandora Lovegood said. Although she was very much like her dreamy daughter, Pandora could also be very strong willed when she needed to be. “Both Minerva and Andromeda have shown themselves to have questionable judgement, and will not be rewarded for such.”

“I really must disagree…” Albus tried again.

“Disagree all you want, but it isn’t going to change anything.” Francis Bole snapped, he really didn’t like this manipulative old man.

James saw that Albus was getting ready to turn this into another dark versus light argument, he cut him off. “With all that said and done, I think this meeting has come to an end, there are no other issues on the agenda that we need to address.”

Alice sighed happily as she, James, and Narcissa left the room after the meeting was formally called to an end.

**Headmasters Office**

Albus stormed up to his office after the school board meeting ended. Anyone who had seen him could practically see storm clouds over his head. It was clear the headmaster was furious.

“Albus?” Lily asked in a timid voice. She was in the office waiting with Andromeda and Ted.

“That… That…” Albus couldn’t find the words.

“How dare they? How dare they do this to me?” Minerva was muttering to herself.

Molly rushed into the office a few moments later. “Albus, I’m so sorry. I didn’t have any idea what they were doing. Sebastian Peverell is just terrible. He makes sure no one tells Hestia or I anything.”

“What has happened?” Andromeda demanded.

Everyone in the office was just as furious as Albus and Minerva after Molly finished explaining what had happened.

“What are we supposed to do?” Andromeda almost whined. “How could they put a former death eater in the position of deputy headmaster? It is just ridiculous. It’s practically advertising that blood supremacists are taking over.”

“How could Sebastian do this to us?” Lily whined. She had already started to fantasize about the relationship she wanted with Sebastian, much like she had done with James Potter while they had been in school.
“We can’t let Severus be the deputy head. It will give him too much control over the school and the students.” Ted said in a thoughtful voice. “I’ll go over the school’s charter and guidelines over the summer to see if there is any way we can force him out of the position.”

“I can’t believe they’re putting Sirius in charge of students.” Andromeda fumed, forgetting temporarily that Sirius was already in charge of students due to his role as a teacher. “He will be terrible. He’s just as dark as the rest of the family.”

“I don’t want either of those dark wizards having any control over my babies.” Molly agreed with Andromeda.

Albus just sat and stared out the window as the others all chattered. What was happening. He had lost so much, and when he thought there was nothing more that could be taken from him, they took more. He needed to regain control. He needed Lily to get together with Sebastian, now. He needed to get Severus out of the school. He needed to regain control of the Potter brat.

“Enough. Everyone leave. Rose, stay.” Albus said, making sure to call Lily by her new name. Although Minerva knew who the woman is, the others don’t.

“Headmaster?” Lily questioned once they were alone.

“You need to get Sebastian in your bed. Now. I don’t care what you have to do, you need to gain control of him.”

Lily smiles slightly. This was what she wanted, permission to do what needs to be done, no more trying to seduce Severus. “Of course headmaster.”

“I will tell you now, though you must keep it to yourself, we are planning on hosting the tri-wizard tournament next year. I will arrange for Sebastian to be one of our judges. That should give you plenty of access to the man.”

Lily just smiled. Lady Peverell-Gryfindor. It would be perfect.

Platform 9 3/4 - June 26, 2004

As the train pulled into the station, Hadrian was happy, like always. This time, his life was so much better.

One of the main things that he was thinking about, was that the last time around, at this point in time, he had been headed back to the Dursley’s with his beloved godfather on the run from the Ministry. He had felt so hopeless with what had been going on. It was like he wasn’t allowed to be happy.

This day, was much more preferable to what it could have been.

Glancing over, he saw Nem curled in Luna’s lap, partially ignoring him once again. Earlier on the ride, Fred and George had shifted to their fox forms and cuddled with him. It was something they had done often since they first managed their forms, so Nem was getting used to it, but she still didn’t like it. Whenever the twins shifted, she would always just walk away from Hadrian and sit with one of the others. Whenever she did this, Hadrian could feel the jealousy coming from her, but he could also feel the acceptance. Nem was finally getting used to the twins in fox form, but she still wasn’t overly fond of it.
Once the train stopped, everyone gathered their things and made their way off the train, ready to
start the summer.

As they moved through the crowds, Hadrian noticed the small grin on Percy’s face. Hadrian knew
that Percy had been planning to apply to the DOM, so Hadrian had mentioned to him a few days
before that he had seen Granger with a time turner. Percy had written to Regulus to check if she had
permission to have one, as he didn't think that the DOM would ever let a 13 year old have such an
important instrument.

Regulus, as Percy had expected, had confirmed that the DOM hadn’t given the girl the device. But,
he also mentioned that one of the turners had disappeared years ago, and the DOM believed that
Dumbledore had it. He told Percy that the unspeakables in the time chamber would greatly
appreciate its return. The missing turner had been a point of great dismay and anger for years.

Since they knew that if the turner suddenly disappeared, the headmaster would more than likely
have the entire school, and every student searched, the unspeakables had sent a fake turner. Percy
just needed to replace the one Granger had with the one Regulus had sent him. The fake turner
would fade away over time so that Dumbledore wouldn’t know what had happened to it and it
would give Percy plausible deniability.

It had been just after the last exams finished that Percy had gotten his chance. He had seen Granger
leaving the exam room, taking a chain from around her neck and tucking it into one of the pockets
of her bag. Before she had gotten her bag closed Percy had sent a small tripping jinx at the girl. As
he had hoped, she dropped the bag and all her things spilled out. Moving forward quickly, Percy
helped her to gather everything, quickly trading the fake turner for the real one. Granger had been
so busy checking to make sure none of her notes had been ruined by the spilled ink to see what he
had done. Telling the girl to be more careful, Percy had walked away happily.

Percy was sure that returning the turner would definitely get him a job at the DOM.

Further down the train, Hermione, Ron, and Ginny, were getting off the train.

Hermione was both excited and sad. Her year had been terrible. She had been so excited to get to
school so that she could use magic, but now she was just exhausted. The teachers had given her so
much work. Even with the time turner, Hermione had only been getting three hours of sleep since
the end of the first week at school.

By the end of the exams, she had been so tired. She had ended up sleeping the entire next day and
had only made it on to the train because Ginny had practically dragged her out of her bed.

As much as she hated to have to do it, Hermione had had to give the time turner back and cut back
on her schedule. She just couldn’t live through another year like this one had been. Hermione was
sure, that regardless of her course load, she would be able to maintain her position in her year.

The hardest thing for her was that she was once again unable to do magic. Since there were no
wards around her house anymore, she wouldn’t be able to practice for next year.

The year rankings had been posted on the notice boards before the exams, to display where they
were in their year at that point in time, and had shown Hermione in the top position. What
Hermione didn’t pay attention to was that the rankings took into account how many classes a
student was taking along with their grade point average. Another thing she had failed to notice was
that the list only consisted of Gryffindors. This was because the listings posted in each house was
only that house’s listings, if a student wanted to know their ranking in comparison to the rest of the school, they had to go to their head of house.

Both Ron and Ginny were both looking around for Harry. They really needed to get closer to him. How was anyone going to know just how important they were in his life if he was never seen with them. Ginny was thinking that next year she would get that weird Creepy boy, or whatever his name was, to start taking pictures of her whenever Harry was anywhere near her.

Moving further down the platform, they looked for their parents.

Spotting her parents, Hermione went over. Then she noticed the looks on their faces. “Mum, Dad? What’s wrong?”

When neither of them said anything, Hermione followed their eye line. She saw what had shocked them. Arthur Weasley was standing a little ways away.

The man was huge. His stomach was ballooned out. Hermione knew that he was due in three months. Hermione still hadn’t gotten over the fact that men could get pregnant in the magical world. Didn’t the magical world understand just how wrong and unnatural that was. She was going to make it illegal for men to get pregnant once she was minister. It was up to her to save the magical world from their own immorality.

Having already said good bye to the others, Hermione moved her parents away. She was going to have to explain what was going on once they got home.

“Ronnie! Ginny!” Ron heard his moms voice shriek.

He really didn’t understand why she was so excited. He had just been at the restaurant with her only a few weeks ago. Ignoring that fact, Ron led his sister over to their mother. That was until he caught a glimpse of his father.

He still didn’t understand how a man could get pregnant. So, seeing his father with a huge pregnancy belly was just weird.

Ginny happily went directly into her mums arms. She had seen her father and was furious that he really was going through with this stupid idea of having more kids.

After properly greeting her babies, Molly led them over to where her Arthur, her horrible brothers, Percy, Fred, and George stood greeting each other. Both Bill and Charlie hadn’t been able to come home this weekend as they both had to much work. Since they were planning on taking the last two weeks of the summer off so that they could attend the Quidditch World Cup, they needed to do the work now.

“Alright kids. Let’s head home.” Arthur said cheerfully.

Originally, Arthur and the twins had been standing with their friends, but had moved away when they saw Molly arrive and the train pulled into the station. They didn’t want Molly, or Ron and Ginny, to get caught up in trying to convince Hadrian to come over to their house over the holidays again.

Arthur was sure the other boy would come to visit, but he was sure Hadrian would only come over on the weekends he knew that Ron and Ginny would be with Molly.
Fred and George smiled happily as they watched Hadrian greet his own family. They watched as James and Severus quickly ushered him to the portkey area and he disappeared. Hadrian had kept an eye on them while they had watched him, and just before they left, Hadrian had waved. They had their own contact mirror now, so they would be talking to him soon enough they knew.

“I’m going to go to mums.” Ginny’s voice cut into Fred and George’s minds, disturbing them from the peace they had had from watching their soul mate.

“No you’re not, Ginny.” Arthur said in a calm voice. “You will be coming home with me. You will be going to your mothers later.”

“Arthur. If Ginny, or Ron, wants to come home with me, then they will be coming home with me.” Molly almost snarled.

“No, Molly. Ron and Ginny will be coming home with me.” Arthur had no intention of allowing the children to continue on as Molly let them.

“Arthur…” Molly growled.

“No, Molly. If you remember, you signed a custody agreement stating that. It will not be changing, we will follow the agreement that we made. If you wish to contest the custody agreement, then you will need to get a lawyer, and file a formal complaint with the ministry. But, until then, we will be following the agreement. It’s as simple as that.” Arthur stated calmly before turning and ushering the children away. “Ron, Ginny let’s go.”

“And if we refuse.” Ron tried. He really wanted to stay with his mum. She never tried to make him work.

“Then I will report you to the DMLE as a runaway.” Arthur looked directly at his son. “And, you will not be attending the Quidditch World Cup. I have already arranged for tickets. But if you don’t want to attend, then I’m sure I can find someone that will take your place.”

“Mum could just get us our own tickets.” Ginny sneered.

“The tickets are already sold out. So unless your mother got the tickets four months ago, when they first went on sale, then no, she won’t get you tickets.” Arthur explained.

Ron and Ginny looked to their mum. It was clear from the look on her face she hadn’t gotten tickets. As much as they didn’t want to have to deal with their dad and all the others, they wanted to go to the world cup.

“Bye mummy. We’ll see you later.” Ginny said as she hugged her mum again and started walking away. She was not going to give up tickets to the world cup. Besides, she was sure that her mum wouldn’t have agreed to a custody agreement that would allow her to be separated from her children. Her mum loved them to much to let their dad have more control over them than her.
I'm back. I'm just working on transcribing everything from my journal so I should have the rest of the year up by the end of the month. Just didn't want to make you guys wait anymore than I had to for this part.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Burrow - June 27, 2004

The evening after the kids came home from school Arthur was ready to set his plans into action. Ron and Ginny were going to get the help that they needed. Whether they wanted it or not.

Arthur just couldn’t let them carry on as they had been. Something was clearly wrong, he was just ashamed that he had let it carry on as long as he had.

The week before he had gone and made arrangements with mind healers for each of the kids. Ron would be seeing Healer Morrison, while Ginny would be seeing Healer Lane. Both specialized in dealing with children that had difficulty in differentiating between fantasy and reality.

From what both healers had told him while he was making the arrangements and giving them a background on Ron and Ginny’s issues, disassociation with reality was over 50x more common in the magical world than the muggle one. Because they had magic, and lived in a world where almost anything was possible, their children were naturally more open to the impossible and some never learned that even they had limits.

Because it was so common there were already in depth programs of mind magics and potions as well as traditional forms of therapy that could help to teach children to recognize reality and identify what is fantasy.

Arthur felt that that wasn’t exactly the problems Ron and Ginny were having, but it was the best he could find. Both Healer Morrison and Healer Lane said that the program was just a starting point. They wouldn’t be able to properly diagnose either child until after they had met with them at least a few times. It was only after they were properly diagnosed that a more personalized treatment plan could be created.

“What do you want?” Ginny demanded from the couch where she was sitting with Ron. Their father had demanded they come downstairs before dinner because he had said he wanted to talk to them.

“There are a few things that we need to discuss about what you two will be doing this summer.” Arthur sighed.

“What’s that supposed to mean? It’s summer. We get to do whatever we want.” Ron said in confusion.

“Yeah. That’s the point of summer.” Ginny said. Her voice clearly showing just how stupid she thought her dad was being.
“Not this year for the two of you.” Arthur gave them both critical looks. “I was contacted by a few of your teachers. Both of you will be attending summer school.”

“WHAT?”
“YOU CAN’T MAKE ME!”

Both of the children shouted.

“You don’t have any other choice. Ron, you failed arithmancy and history of magic, and you barely passed ancient runes. If you want to take spell crafting then you are going to need to make up arithmancy and improve your grades in ancient runes. You are also going to need to make up history or else you will be held back a year in that class.

Ginny, you failed herbology and magical theory. You are going to need to make those up in summer school, or else you will be held back a year in those classes.”

Arthur was truly disappointed that both children had failed two classes. He knew that Ron and Ginny were clever, in their own ways, but they were lazy and had never learned to work for something they wanted. He had been shocked to learn about the childrens grades when he had been contacted at the end of the year.

Apparently, the teachers had been speaking with McGonagall about it, but she didn’t do anything, and by the time he was informed, it was too late. Arthur was glad that Sirius was going to be co-head of Gryffindor next year. He knew he could trust Sirius to keep an eye on things and tell him about any issues.

"But that’s not fair! Everything has been all messed up this year. First you divorce mum. Then you get remarried. And then… That.” Ginny motioned towards Arthurs stomach. “How were we supposed to do everything?”

“Yeah.” Ron started. “Then there were the teachers. They just kept giving us detention for no reason. Then they just kept giving us more and more work. There was no way we could do everything. They expect way to much from everyone.”

Arthur almost sighed again. He could practically hear Molly’s voice during Ron’s little speech. Molly had obviously been making excuses for them again.

“First of all, Ginny.” Arthur ran his hand over his growing stomach. “This, is not a ‘that’, these are your younger siblings.

Second, the detentions. From what I have heard from your teachers about them, you both earned every single one of them due to your bullying and harassing other students.”

“We didn’t.” Ginny shrieked.

“Yes, you did. Mocking, belittling, or pushing around the other students is bullying, so you got detention. Which you deserved. Bullying is not acceptable from anyone, and that includes the both of you.

Third, the teachers are there to teach. That is their job. They haven’t been giving you any more work than they give any other student. If you aren’t keeping up, that’s on you, not them. Do your homework when you get it rather than waiting until the last minute and you will probably find things are a lot easier.

And, lastly. I do understand that this has been a very stressful year for the both of you. That is why
I have made arrangements for the two of you to talk to someone.

Starting next week, your Aunt Muriel will be taking you both to see mind healers for an hour every Monday and Thursday.

Ron, you will be seeing Healer Morrison, Ginny, you will be seeing Healer Lane. It’s a chance for the both of you to talk through anything and everything that has been bothering you.”

Ron thought the idea sounded silly, but Ginny was thrilled. Finally, she was going to be able to tell someone everything that her father was doing wrong. And, not only were they paid to listen, so they had to, they would probably be able to do something to make things better. Surely, a mind healer would be able to override her fathers stupid decisions over the past few years.

This Healer Lane would surely be able to make her life better. Whoever she was could force her parents to get back together. Maybe, even offer some relationship counselling for her and Harry, to teach him how to be a better boyfriend and future husband.

“We’ll go.” Ginny chirped happily before her stupid brother could say anything and ruin her plans before she even started.

Arthur was slightly surprised at how easy that was. He knew that it was a little pessimistic of him, but he knew from experience, when something was easy with Ron and/or Ginny, it meant they were up to something.

Crouch Manor - July 5, 2004

Bartemius Crouch Jr. sat silently in the dark living room in his fathers house, watching as the clock slowly ticked down to the time his father would come home from work.

Everything had fallen into place perfectly just this morning. Ever since his mother had arranged for his escape from Azkaban, his excuse of a father had renewed the imperious on him every Monday before he left for work.

Like clockwork. In all these years, he had never even been a minute late. At 7:45, just as he sat down to breakfast, he would reapply the curse over top of the last one.

Until today.

Hogwarts was set to host the Triwizard Tournament this coming year, and there was a lot of work that needed to be done. As the head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation at the ministry, a lot of that work involved his father.

For the most part, the great Albus Dumbledore was managing everything that would be public once the games were announced, but he didn’t want anything to do with anything that would happen behind the scenes. That meant that Bartemius Crouch Sr. was more than a little overworked.

And then, just this morning, at 7:44, Albus Dumbledore himself had floo called his father. From what he could hear from the other room, Dumbledore had had something come up and wouldn’t be able to attend one of the meetings with the other schools. He requested that his father take his place. What had completely thrown his father off was that the meeting was scheduled for 8:30 and he was going to need paperwork that he had left at his office.

His father normally didn't have to be at work until 9, so he was more than a little rushed. He had
had to skip breakfast and rush off to the office almost as soon as Dumbledore ended the call. Since he was skipping breakfast, he seemed to have forgotten to reapply the curse.

Winky had been in the kitchen, so she hadn’t seen. Since the curse was freshest on Mondays, that was the day she ran errands. After his father had left, she had made sure to feed him, got his lunch ready for when he wanted it, and then she left. She had to get some supplies for the house, and then go to the grocery store for this week. She wouldn’t be back until well after lunch. Normally, she didn’t arrive back until around 4 in the afternoon, just in time to start dinner.

He was still covered in layers of imperious curses, but he was fighting. A few years before, Barty had secretly been contacted by one of his former school mates, Quirinus Quirrell. Quirrell had been a few years above him, and although they hadn’t been close, they had known each other. While Barty had joined the Death Eaters, Quirrell had just been a secret supporter. He had been told by another one of their classmates, Bertha Jorkins, that Barty was being kept prisoner.

Quirrell had told him that he had found the dark lord and was planning on going to go and get him. He wasn’t strong enough to free Barty, so they were going to have to wait for their lord to free him. Quirrell had told him about his plans, and, if anything went wrong, he told Barty where he was going to arrange for their lord to go.

It was less than a year later that Barty had heard his father talking about how that idiot had been captured attempting to break into Gringotts. Clearly, the idiot had messed up. But, ever since then, Barty had been working on breaking through his fathers curses. In the past few months, he had started to have more and more success. He had figured that he would be able to break free within the next few months.

That was until this morning.

Without another layer of the curse, Barty had been able to force his way to the surface. It was still a bit of a struggle, but he had managed it. Thanks to growing up with a father like his, Barty had plenty of practice in throwing off curses.

Now, he was sitting in the dark with his mums old wand clutched tightly in his hand. He was going to make his father pay.

Only a few short hours later, his father arrived home for lunch after the meeting ended.

With a vicious smirk, Barty threw a disarming spell at his father as soon as he entered the house. A few more quick spells would ensure no one outside would be able to hear.

Advancing towards his father, Barty started the intricate movements for some of the curses he had learned during his time as a Death Eater.

Elf Market

Winky was making her way through the house elf shopping market when she dropped to her knees, gasping out in agony.

Her Master Crouch was dead.

Putting back the few things she had started to gather, Winky popped home.

Instantly, she started to scream in horror. There was blood everywhere.
Quickly, Winky searched the house. Master Barty was gone. He had done this. The little boy she had watched over for so long was a monster. He had done this. He had killed her Master Crouch.

But, Winky knew what she was to do. She had been given very specific orders on what to do if anything ever happened. She was to remove all traces of Master Barty from the house. She truly hated having to do it, she hated that she was ensuring that Master Barty was going to get away with what he had done, but she had her orders. And, Winky was a good elf.

Once all traces of Master Barty were out of the house, Winky popped to the DMLE to report her Master Crouch’s murder.

**Gringotts**

Albus Dumbledore was less than pleased as he followed some goblin towards his account managers office. There were so many things he needed to do today, and now he was being forced to waist his time at the bank.

There really needed to be stronger controls on these creatures.

He had had his day all planned out, that was, until a letter had arrived from the bank. There was an issue with his accounts and the payments he had arranged from the Potter accounts had been halted. He couldn’t have that, so he had had to make other arrangements for his day.

“What is the meaning of all this?” Albus demanded as soon as he entered the office.

“Good morning Lord Dumbledore.” Ragnock said in a chilly voice.

“Well?” Albus demanded imperiously.

Ragnock was doing everything to remain in control. Half of him wanted to kill this wizard. He was a rude, demanding, worthless, thief. The other half of him wanted to celebrate. It had taken years to reach this point, but the old fool was now going to learn that he had been waisting his own money all these years and not Hadrian’s, like he had intended.

“As we explained in our letter earlier this morning. All payments from the account you have been drawing from have been frozen.” Ragnock said in a forced calm voice.

“And just why is that?”

“Because the account is empty.” Ragnock replied with a sneer.

“What?” Albus was in shock. “That isn’t possible.”

“Yes, Lord Dumbledore, it is.” Ragnock once again had to force himself not to smile. “There was just over 5 million galleons in the account, over the past decade, you have transferred all of it out. The account is being formally closed now that it is empty.”

Albus just continued to stare at the goblin. This couldn’t be possible. He needed that money. Surely, the Potters had more money than that, they were amongst the wealthier families.

“Now, what would you like us to do about the payments you arranged to others?” Ragnock asked in an all business sort of voice, the old man across the desk just stared. “Unless you wish to cancel those payments then you are going to need to inform us which account you would like us to draw
The only account that you have access to that has any sizeable amounts is your own personal account. Other than your personal account there are a few accounts you inherited from your ancestors, but in total there is only 6,028 galleons, 196 sickles, and 36 knuts, all together in those accounts. Then, there is the business account that you inherited from your brother, but that account is almost empty itself.”

“What?” Albus repeated blankly. “But that can’t be.”

Ragnock pulled out the ledgers of the old fools accounts. He knew the old fool had his own copies, but he clearly never bothered to manage them properly, obviously, given that he never realized that he had been paying himself for years.

For the first time since his youth, Albus looked at an accounts ledger. Gallerat had always managed their accounts during the war, Albus just hadn’t really cared enough to pay attention.

But now, he was paying attention. Flipping through the books he saw just how low his finances were.

Sure, his own personal account was doing just fine, but the rest of his accounts were almost empty. Where had all his money gone.

Then he saw it. The account that he had been drawing the money from was listed as being opened by Ichabod Dumbledore. But it should have been the Potter account.

“This isn’t right.” Albus said angrily. “This says that you have been taking the payments out of an account opened by Ichabod Dumbledore. That money was supposed to be coming from the Potter estate. It was the payments for young Harry’s care and my management of the accounts.”

“No, you specifically stated that you wanted the money to be transferred from the account that was checked on the least by it’s owner.” Ragnock couldn’t hold back a small smirk. “The account that you have access to that, at the time, was checked on the least by it’s owner, was the account opened by Ichabod Dumbledore.”

“But the money was supposed to be coming from the Potter estate. You will just have to fix your mistake now.” Albus demanded.

Ragnock forced back the growl at the idea that the bank had been the one in error. “That isn’t possible. You have no legal right to anything from the Potter estate. Only a legal guardian of young Hadrian Potter has any legal right to access the Potter estate. You, are not, nor have you ever been, one of those guardians. As such, you have no right to make demands about his money.” Ragnocks tone was flat, he wasn’t going to let this fool have any control over the youngling he had become so fond of.

“I was given permission to manage the accounts by James Potter.” Albus tried. He needed that money.

“We have no record of that.” Ragnock said blandly. “The facts are simple Lord Dumbledore. You only have access to these accounts.” He waved his hands to the ledgers in front of the fool. “According to our records you were issued self updating copies of these ledgers when you first took over your families estate. If you have lost your copies we will be able to issue you replacement copies, at a cost of 25 galleons each. You have all the information you need to properly manage your accounts, so any mistakes or mismanagement is your responsibility and not
the banks.

With that said, what would you like us to do in regards to the payments you have been making to others? You will need to tell us which accounts you would like us to take the money from, or if you wish to cancel the payments.”

Albus just sat for a moment. This couldn’t be happening. How had his finances gotten so bad? As much as he would like to cancel the payments he had been making, he knew he couldn’t.

If he stopped the money going to Molly and the kids, the woman would never let it go. He was going to need to find a way to make that woman less dependent on him. Previously, he had enjoyed her devotion, but now it was just getting in the way. Maybe he could somehow get Dedalus to take over looking after the woman.

Then there was Ron and Ginny. Albus really didn’t want to have to pay them. He still couldn’t figure out just how any children of his could be so pathetic. Albus had originally thought that the children would be more like him, but it was clear they had both inherited Molly’s intelligence and temper. Such a waste, all he could hope was that they might grow to be better in time. But, he couldn’t stop payments into their accounts in the meantime because, once again, Molly would throw a fit.

Hermione was the only one he could conceivably stop paying given that the agreement had been for her to be friends with Harry, but that would just bring up new issues. As difficult as the girl had been, she still had her uses. If he stopped paying her now, she would be less likely to do anything for him in the future. That and the girl had a temper all her own, and was proving to be even less stable than Molly.

There was no choice, he was going to have to keep up the payments. He was also going to have to look into the restaurants finances clearly. Just the quick glance showed just how much money the place was losing. In spite of the less than inviting atmosphere Aberforth had created, the bar had actually made a decent profit, Molly clearly wasn’t doing that.

Ragnock took great pleasure in Dumbledore coming to terms with the fact that he had been, and was going to have to continue, having to waste his own money.

Albus sighed deeply as he made arrangements for the payments to come out of his own account. He was going to have to figure out a way to improve his finances. Or, find a way to gain some control over the Potter estate. Maybe, he could get Lily to go to the bank and use her position as Harry’s mother to get the money. The bank had extremely strong privacy rules. Even if Lily had to reveal she was still alive to them, the goblins would never tell anyone, and no one would believe them even if they did.

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**Peverell Manor - July 8, 2004**

It took a full three days for Winky to leave the DMLE after she had arrived to report the murder of her Master. Most of the aurors had been nothing but kind, but Winky was beyond traumatized.

The forced breaking of a bond through something like a violent death was different from any other form of unbonding. In the event of a natural death, the bond between house elf and its master simply dissolved away slowly. Giving the elf time to come to terms with the loss. When an elf was freed, the bond is simply severed. It is sharp and shocking, but it is a clean break. Most elves will become depressed for a while, but given enough time, they will recover.
But, in the case of a murdered master, the bond is torn and shattered. It leaves behind a gaping hole in the elves' core. Their magic starts to pour out of them in torrents. A clean wound heals a lot faster than a jagged one.

Winky’s situation was made even worse by the guilt that she knew who had killed her master and there was nothing she could do about it. She was forbidden from speaking about it.

Doing the only thing she could think of in her pain, Winky popped to Dobby. She could remember Dobby’s master saying that she should come to him if anything happened.

“Master Hadrian. Master Hadrian.”

Hadrian looked up from the book he was reading in one of the cushy chairs in the library. “What’s wrong Dobby?”

“Master Hadrian, Winky just arrived. She’s hurt.”

Hadrian instantly got up. This was unexpected. He had been trying to figure out what was going to happen with the Crouch family.

“Take me to her.”

Hadrian followed Dobby downstairs and to the elf courters. There was plenty of room in the manor for the elves to have plenty of rooms, but house elves generally disliked large open spaces. They preferred small, dim, warm places to create soft nests. They were also very social when they had the chance to be, so the 20 or so elves that lived and worked in the manor all lived in one room that had been divided into small, separate, spaces.

The elf courters were placed next to the kitchen for extra warmth. Entering the room, Dobby took Hadrian to his own nest where he had laid Winky down after she had arrived in a state of near collapse.

“Winky, what has happened?”

Hadrian kneeled down next to the poor little elf. Her skin had taken on a waxy complexion and her large eyes were dull and glassy.

“M… m… my Master C… c… Crouch. H… h… he was m… m… m… murdered whens I was at the elf market.” Winky’s weak voice stuttered as she spoke. She couldn’t even cry anymore, she was just so exhausted.

Hadrian forced himself not to panic, he had the first time he had heard the news when the paper had announced it a few days earlier, but now he was getting used to it. Something had changed, but he hadn’t figured out what yet. He was sure that it had been Barty that killed his father, but he knew he couldn’t confirm it. Winky would never forgive him if he tried to make her betray her former masters secrets when she was so weak.

“Shhh, rest now Winky. It’s going to be ok.” Hadrian pulled one of Dobby’s blankets over the elf and just sat holding her hand until she fell asleep only a few minutes later. “Koby.”

The elderly elf popped in as soon as he was called. Koby worked in the potions lab with his papa, and he served as a healer for the house elves in the family. Upon seeing the elf in the nest, he knew to keep his voice low. He didn’t know who she was, but he knew he had been called here for her.
“What can Koby be doing for Master Hadrian?”

“Koby, this is Winky.” Hadrian waved to where Winky slept, Dobby taking up his place next to her to watch over her. “Her master was murdered while she was at the elf market, is there anything you can do to help her? I don’t know what’s wrong.”

Koby sighed sadly. All elves knew the danger of losing one’s master like that. “It’s her broken bond Master Hadrian. A bond being ripped like that is very very bad. Most elves don’t survive. All we can do is make her comfortable and hope for the best.

I’s can give her some pain potions to ease the hurt, but she’s can only heal with time. She’s is too weak to bond now, but she will need a bond to survive.”

“I have an idea for a good family for her. Do you know when the best time would be for her to bond?”

Koby went over to the sleeping elf and ran a few checks. Using his own magic to soothe and comfort the elf to make sure she didn’t wake up. “She will need to rest and heal for at least a week, but then she will need to bond. Its would be best for her to bond in no less than 10 days. It will give enough time for her old bond to start to heal, while giving her a connection to stop the loss of her own magics. Even after she bonds, she’s will still need to rest. It could take at least a month before she will be able to handle any real work. Will this family give her time to recover?”

Hadrian could see Koby’s worry. Many families wouldn’t really take time to allow for a house elf to recover. Due to the bigotry of most witches and wizards, they saw house elves as beneath them and wouldn’t take any illness or injury into account when dealing with one.

“Of course. I was thinking of asking the Weasley-Prewett family to take her. Arthur is expecting twins in the early fall. I thought she would like a family with young children.”

Koby gave a relieved smile and explained a little more to Master Hadrian about what had happened to Winky. He had met most of the family, they had all been kind and respectful to every elf they had met. He was sure that a man like Arthur Weasley-Prewett and his husbands and sons would make a wonderful family to any elf.

Junior Technologies

After leaving Winky in the capable hands of Dobby and Koby, Hadrian flooed to the research offices of Junior Technologies. It was just before lunch, so he hoped that he might get a chance to talk to Arthur, Fabian, and/or Gideon. He knew from Fred and George, that they were extremely busy at work and more often than not ate at their desks during lunch.

Arriving at the office, he went to the office he knew Arthur shared with his husbands and saw all three of them sitting at their desks, surrounded by paper. Knocking softly on the door frame, Hadrian got their attention.

“Hadrian…” Fabian was a little lost when he looked up to see his son’s soul mate.

Like his twin, Gideon had been so caught up in his work that he was a little startled to see the boy. “Is something wrong?”

“No, I just needed to talk to the three of you about something for a few minutes. I brought lunch.”
Hadrian held up the bag of sandwiches that he had gotten from the elves.

“Please, come in.” Arthur wasn’t about to pass up food. “What is it that you needed to talk to us about. Is something going on? Is something wrong?”

“Kind of.” Hadrian had had all sorts of plans about Winky bonding with them, but now that he was here, he was a little lost and didn’t really know how to approach the subject.

“Well.. Is there something about Fred and George you want to talk to us about?” Gideon tried. It only made sense that if Hadrian wanted to talk to them than it was most likely about the boys.

“No.” Hadrian said. “It’s about a house elf.”

“A house elf?” Fabian was now completely confused.

“Yes. Earlier today my elf Dobby’s friend, Winky, came to the house. She worked for Crouch.” The three men all nodded, knowing by now what had happened to the man. “She was at the market when he was killed. She was the one that reported his murder. She needs a new family, soon, and I figured you guys would be good for her.

Winky has been through a lot in the past few days and it’s going to take her a while to recover. I figured you guys could offer that to her, and she could help make things easier when the new twins arrive.”

Arthur had caught how Hadrian’s voice tightened when he referred to what the elf needed.

“Hadrian, what do you mean she needs to recover? If she wasn’t there when Crouch was attacked, what’s wrong with her?”

“One of our elves, Kobi, serves as a healer for our elves. He said that when a bond is broken by something like murder, it hurts the elf that is bonded to the victim. Her bond was shattered so the magic is pouring out of her. It’s one of the reasons that my family tends to bond our elves to the family rather than an individual. It stops the elves from being hurt. She’s at the manor resting right now.

Kobi says that she is going to need to rest for at least a week, but she is going to need to bond shortly after that if she is to survive. Even with a new bond helping to support her it’s going to take her at least a month before she will be up to much.

I was hoping that you would be willing to offer her a home.”

Arthur could only nod. He could hear it in his tone, Hadrian was worried that the elf would not survive. “Of course she can come and live with us. If it’s what she wants. Let us know when she is ready to meet us and we will come by after work.”

Hadrian smiled. He knew that he could count on Arthur to be kind.

After Hadrian had left, Arthur and the twins had no choice but to get back to work. They had a lot of work to do, and their time was running out.

Ever since a young Draco had said that he was worried about missing the football games Arthur had been working on a way to record sporting events in a way that they could be rewatched by the wizarding populous. Now, it was almost finished.

The company had made a partnership with the company that designed omnioculars to create
recording devices. This year, the world cup would be recorded. Arthurs team had designed a pensieve like device. It would allow the viewer to enter the memory like they could with a pensieve, but it would be more interactive. Allowing them to pause, rewind, fast forward, zoom in, and even access information on the different players.

Prior to the war, Fabian and Gideon had both been involved with the Department of International Magical Cooperation in the ministry. Using their connections they had made contact with the two teams competing this year and gotten permission for the recordings and negotiated a distribution agreement. But, the largest part of their task was what they would be doing the next year.

As it was right now, if sales of the world cup game went well, every formal league game would be recorded during the next season. They had also started to reach out to other sports leagues about doing the same. Even some muggle sports, like football and rugby.

But right now, they only had less than two months left to get everything ready. And, despite there being entire teams working on the project, Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon were key to every level of the project, so they would be responsible for a majority of the work. If this failed, they would bare the responsibility, and they knew it.

Diagon Alley - July 10, 2004

Two days after Winky had arrived, it was a Saturday. Hadrian had gone into Diagon Alley with his Aunt Marlene and baby cousin Rigel. Regulus was over at the manor helping Sirius, Fred, George, and his dad on some new joke product, so Hadrian had offered to go with Marlene so he could watch Rigel while she took care of business.

Marlene had an appointment at the bank, and then she needed to buy some supplies from the apothecary. She loved being off on maternity leave because it gave her the time she needed to look after Rigel, but she also tended to get board. Since he was still so young a majority of his time was spent sleeping, leaving Marlene sitting around waiting for him to wake up. Recently, she had started to spend that time trying to improve her brewing. Potions had never been her strong suit, but she wanted to improve given its importance in the medical profession, she thought it was better in the long run if she got better.

After the bank appointment, Hadrian took Rigel to Fortescue’s. It was always recommended that no child go into the apothecary until they were at least three. This was because there were certain ingredients that were harmful to young children sold there. Those ingredients were usually kept away, but with the importance of children in their world no one wanted to take any chances.

Hadrian was sitting at one of the little tables in front of Fortescue’s eating a scoop of both of his favourite ice creams, honey rhubarb and strawberry rose cheesecake. Rigel was sleeping in his buggy next to him. Although, Hadrian knew that he wouldn’t be sleeping for much longer. Rigel had already started teething, and he had been rubbing at his mouth in his sleep for a little while now. Hadrian knew that soon enough he was going to wake up and want something to teethe on.

Looking up from where he was cautiously watching Rigel fight waking up, he groaned. Hermione, Ron and Ginny were walking down the alley. Directly towards him. They didn’t look like they had seen him yet, but it was only a matter of time. The only good thing was that he was at one of the single tables so there was no room for them to sit with him.

Going back to his ice cream, Hadrian hoped for the best and feared the worst. And, not even two minutes later, the worst happened.
There was a slight squeal from just down the road that Hadrian knew came from Ginny, though he made sure not to look up. No need to let her think he had noticed her. Then, he heard three sets of hurried footsteps rushing towards him and he sighed, his shoulders slumping.

“Harry, Harry, Harry. Hey Harry, how lucky we’re here at the same time. It must be fate.” Ginny called out in her high pitched voice, even though she was only a few feet away.

“Or I’m cursed.” Hadrian muttered under his breath before he looked up and shushed the girl.

“Please, there is a sleeping baby here, keep your voice down.”

That made Ginny freeze. She HATED babies.

“Who is that?” Hermione demanded as she got closer and glanced in at the sleeping baby.

“He, is my baby cousin, Rigel. You met my Aunt Marlene at Twilfit and Tatting, and again at the wedding.” Hadrian rolled the buggy back and forth to soothe Rigel after Ginnys voice had disturbed him. Nem, who was curled up next to him, was less than pleased to see those loud people, it was even worse that they had woken her up.

“You can’t have any magical aunts or cousins.” Hermione said in a bossy voice. “Your mum’s sister is a muggle and your dad was an only child.”

“Not that it’s really any of your business, but Rigel’s dad was my dad’s cousin. He as also Sirius’s little brother. Since Sirius is my blood adopted god father, which in the eyes of the law makes him my father, yes, he is my uncle.”

Seeing that Hermione was getting in to deep, Ron decided to cut in. “So how has your summer been Harry?”

“Great, up until now. It’s been two weeks of no one calling me by the wrong name.” Hadrian rolled his eye slightly as Ginny faked a laugh.

“So, Harry, why do you have a baby with you? Were you forced to look after him?” Ginny asked, moving forward to try and get between Harry and the stupid baby.

Hadrian pulled the buggy closer to him, blocking Ginny while keeping Rigel close. “I offered to look after Rigel while his mum’s in the apothecary. Why would anyone need to force me to spend time with a member of my family? I love my family. I enjoy spending time with Rigel when I can. Since I’m away at school so much during the year I like to spend as much time as I can with the younger kids in my family during the summer.

Just wait, soon enough you’ll have two new siblings. Then maybe you’ll understand.” Hadrian smirked slightly, knowing that neither Ron or Ginny were exactly happy about the babies.

Ginny held back a slight growl, she hated being reminded about her dads pregnancy. “Why would you want to look after a baby?”

Hadrian gave the girl a pitying look. “Because he’s family. It takes a particular kind of selfish person to not want to spend any time with a baby in their family. Family is important to me, always has been, always will be. The same can be said about all of my friends. We all understand the importance of family. I honestly don’t think you can trust anyone that would turn their back on their family, especially if there is an infant involved.”

Ginny just stared for a moment. She really didn’t like kids. Having kids of her own had never been in her plans. Sure, she understood she was going to have to have one when she married Harry to
ensure her access to the family vaults no matter what, but that didn’t mean she was going to raise it. That was what nannies were for. And, Harry wouldn’t be the one raising it since he was going to be accompanying her to parties and shopping.

Now she was going to have to pretend. She should have seen this coming, Harry had always been so obsessed with his family, his little sisters in particular.

“Of course. I know I can’t wait until the twins are born and I get to meet them.” Ginny’s voice sounded as fake as possible.

Before Hadrian could say anything Rigel started to fuss as he woke up. Grabbing the baby bag that was sitting under the buggy he started looking for his teething soother. Hadrian thought it was a brilliant thing. The soother was actually just a jell outline in the traditional shape, but it had a perforated surface. It could be filled with baby food and frozen so that as the baby teether their gums were soothed by the cold and they also got a small snack.

The New Zealand branch of JT had been the one to work on the design. They really hadn’t changed anything in the shape, the original muggle design had been close to perfect. The only real changes they made was to charm it to stay cool longer and enlarged the inside so the baby could get more food.

Rigel loved the avocado and banana flavour that Marlene mixed up for him. Often, when his teeth woke him up and he had one of those it would calm him enough that he would go back to sleep for another half hour or so.

Getting to the bottom of the bag, Hadrian sighed. The soother wasn’t there. The only soother there was the traditional kind. He gave that one a try, but Rigel refuse to accept it.

Hadrian really didn’t want to do this. He was going to have to call Kreacher.

Since Winky was safely at the manor, and wouldn’t be attending the world cup, Hadrian had hoped that the world would never have to go through Hermione with her SPEW thing again. He knew that there was a chance that she would eventually learn about house elves once Winky went to work at The Burrow, but at least he wouldn’t have to be there for that.

Looking at the tearful baby, he knew he had no choice.

“Kreacher!”

“Young Master Hadrian, Noble Heir of the House of Black calls Kreacher?” The elf popped in at Hadrian’s elbow.

“Yes Kreacher, Rigel needs his frozen soother but I don’t think Marly packed it today. Can you go home and check for it?”

“Yes Master Hadrian.” Kreacher looked at the quietly whimpering baby that was one of the most important wizards in his life before he popped home to find the soother the boy needed.

Both Ron and Ginny were green with jealousy. Of course Harry would have a house elf. With all his money and fame he probably had legions of them.

Hermione just stared at the spot where the strange creature had been. What had that been? The magical world just had so many weird things. And, why was it calling Harry master?

Before any of the others pulled themselves out of their own thoughts, Kreacher was back, soother
clasped tightly in his hands.

“Here is Master Rigel’s soother Master Hadrian. Will Master Hadrian or Master Rigel bes needing anything else from Kreacher.”

“No, thank you Kreacher. This is everything.” Hadrian tipped the back of the buggy up a bit so that Rigel was closer to a sitting position before giving him the soother. As soon as the soother was in his mouth the whimperers stopped and he started to suck contentedly. Once Kreacher saw that Rigel was ok he went back to the casino where he had been before, he and Dobby were in a pretty intense game of Texas hold’em, and he didn’t trust that crazy elf not to cheat.

“What, was that?” Hermione finally managed.

“That was a house elf.” Ron told the girl. “Why did he only mention the Black’s, the Potter’s are more important, everyone knows that?” Ron said in confusion. He really didn’t understand that.

“Kreacher is a Black family elf, not a Potter elf.” Hadrian said simply, not really paying any real attention to the boy, too caught up in Rigel.

“But why did he call you ‘master’? That makes it sound like he’s a slave.” Hermione said indignantly. “How much does he get paid?”

Hadrian rolled his eyes as his shoulders slumped. Here they went.

“House elves are servants Hermione.” Ginny said in a voice that showed she thought the other girl was an idiot. “They don’t get paid.”

“WHAT?” Hermione shrieked, getting a lot of attention from the others on the street for a moment before the other people decided they had more important things to do with their lives. “But, but that’s slavery.”

“Shhh. You do not scream around a baby.” Hadrian said in a harsh, but quiet, voice. “It isn’t slavery, per se. House elves and wizards have a symbiotic relationship.”

“They aren’t paid, that means it slavery. It’s wrong Harry. How can you not see that. In the muggle world slavery was abolished in the 1800’s, the wizarding world is just so backwards. You need to set that elf free. You need…” Hermione started to rant.

To save himself, Hadrian tried to cut the girl off. “Enough. Before you start ranting and raving about this topic, you should actually learn about it. Elves aren’t slaves.

Yes, there are some elves that are in bad homes, but most are happy. They like to work. Elves need to be bound to a wizard for their own health.”

“What is wrong with you?” Hermione interrupted, stomping her foot. “You sound like a monster saying things like that. Keeping slaves is wrong. And, I’m not ranting and raving, I’m just speaking the truth. Just because you don’t like what I’m saying doesn’t mean I need to be quiet. You can’t use your fame to cover up, and explain away the fact that you own slaves.

You should be ashamed of yourself. Keeping an intelligent being as a slave. Honestly Harry, what are we going to do with you. You need to learn to listen more…”

“Hadrian, darling, are you two ready to go?” Marlene’s voice was like hearing an angel for Hadrian. When Marlene had first come out of the apothecary, she had been thinking about quickly running
down to the book shop for a moment. Then, she had seen Hadrian surrounded by the two Weasley’s and the Granger girl. It was clear the girl was giving some kind of lecture and Hadrian looked like he was ready to start hexing. Rigel would be fine in the bookstore, and even she wasn’t so cruel to leave Hadrian with those three.

“Yes!” Hadrian jumped up as soon as he heard her. Moving quickly he brushed past Hermione and started pushing Rigel towards his mother.

Seeing that Hermione was putting her hands on her hips and starting to follow them Marlene realized the girl intended to follow them and continue on about what ever she had been saying. She could go to the book store any day, she wasn’t about to expose her son and nephew to that girl for any longer than she had to.

Turning away from the rest of the alley, Marlene guided her boys home.

Hermione watched as Harry left, completely ignoring her.

“Well.” She huffed as she turned to Ron and Ginny.

Ginny just glared at her. She was furious that Hermione had chased Harry away. This was the first time she had had a chance to be seen publicly with her future husband, and the other girl had made him leave.

“What?” Ron was very confused.

“House elves.” Hermione huffed again. “They’re slaves. How can you have nothing to say? Wizards are keeping slaves.”

“They like it.” Ron said stupidly, realizing as soon as the words left his mouth that was the exact wrong thing to say. Hermione was going to start yelling, and he knew it.

“Like it? Like it? Are you kidding me? Just because they have been brainwashed into thinking they like it doesn’t mean it’s true.” Hermione all but screamed, forgetting that they were standing in the middle of Diagon Alley. “How many poor creatures like that out there are there?”

“I don’t know.” Ron tried, giving the girl shushing motions with his hands as he saw people looking at them.

“Most old pure blood families have at least one.” Ginny supplied, starting to wander off towards the clothing shops they had originally been going towards before spotting Harry.

Hermione snarled as she followed the others that had already started to move away. She was going to have to fix this. She wasn’t about to live in a world that still accepted slavery.

Quality Quidditch

That afternoon, after Hermione had gone home in a huff, Molly met her children outside of Quality Quidditch. She had a surprise for her babies.

“What is going on mummy. Are you finally getting us our brooms?” Ginny demanded. Starting to get excited as she looked at the quidditch shop in front of them.
“Even better baby.” Molly smiled at her little girl. “You’re buying your own brooms. Since you are buying them they belong to you. That means your dad can’t take them away from you. If he does, that means he’s a thief and you can contact the auror department.”

“But we don’t get enough allowance.” Ron said. he was both extremely excited and confused.

“Your dad might not give you what you deserve, but I will.” Molly pulled out the bank cards that were connected to the account that Albus had set up for them 12 years earlier when she told him they needed money.

Since they hadn’t taken any money out, and Molly had been adding the money she had skimmed off Arthurs pay checks when he worked for the ministry there was close to 6,000 galleons in the account. There really was no need for them to know that it had been Albus to open the accounts, so she could take the credit, she had been the one to make him open the accounts anyways.

Pulling out the little account books she showed them just how much she was giving them.

Ron just grinned happily as he saw how much money he had now. Ginny hopped up and down squealing in joy. Finally, she had some decent spending money.

“Let’s go get you two your brooms.” Molly grinned at the children as she escorted them into the shop.

Both children immediately when to the Firebolt display. It had been released the year before, and it was the best and newest broom on the market. Both children wanted it.

In a stunningly small amount of time the children had grabbed everything that they wanted. They had both gotten new, top of the line, gloves and robes. Ron got everything he could ever need to be keeper, while Ginny got everything for being a chaser. In total, their little shopping spree cost them close to two thousand galleons each.

But, Molly didn’t really notice just how much the children were spending, she was just happy to see her babies so excited. She was the best mum and she knew it.

Peverell Manor - July 16, 2004

Friday night, after finishing up a late evening at work, Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon flooed to Peverell Manor. Hadrian had gotten in touch with them earlier to tell them that Winky had woken up. The healer elf, Kobi, had said that she needed the bond now if they wanted her to survive.

Down in the elf quarters, Hadrian was sitting with a still weak Winky. When Arthur and the twins came in Hadrian smiled and waved them over.

“Winky, this is Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon Weasley-Prewett. They’re the ones I was talking to you about. They want to bond with you, but only if it’s what you want.”

Winky slowly lifted her eyes to the three men that had come to sit next to her nest. They looked nice. When her eyes caught on the large stomach of the man in the centre she smiled. A baby, maybe, if she bonded with them she could keep this child from becoming like Master Barty.

“Hello Winky. I’m Arthur. Why don’t I tell you a little about our family to help you make a decision?” Arthur smiled when the little elf gave a small nod. “We have 7 children. Our eldest two, Bill and Charlie, both work out of the country. Then there is Percy, he just finished at Hogwarts
and is now working at the ministry, but he is still living at home while he saves up for his own place. Then there are our twins, Fred and George. They are going into their 6th year at Hogwarts in September. They are also best friends with Hadrian, so they will probably be here to visit while you recover.

Then, there is Ron, who is 14, and Ginny, who will be 13 in the middle of August.

And, of course, we have these two.” Arthur stroked his hand down his stomach. “We are expecting twins in the middle of September.

Now, don’t worry, we wouldn’t expect you to manage everything. We want to teach the children to be self reliant, so they are responsible for themselves. And, we try to be as involved as possible with their lives so we will take up primary responsibility for the twins once they’re born. Your main job would just be keeping the main area of the house tidy, the kids are responsible for their own rooms, and maybe a few meals during the week. The three of us all enjoy cooking so we could split the job between the four of us.

Can either of you think of anything I’ve missed?”

Both Fabian and Gideon shook their heads. Arthur had covered everything they could think of.

“Well, what do you say Winky?” Hadrian looked to the elf. “Would you like to bond with them?”

Winky looked at the three men. Her first instinct seemed to have been correct, they were nice. But, should she bond with them? Winky wasn’t a fool, she knew that if she didn’t bond she would die. But, would that be better?

She couldn’t stand the idea of bonding to another family like her Master Crouch’s. Winky had been born into the Crouch family, so she hadn’t had a choice, but she had once been proud to be a Crouch elf. Then she learned the truth. Her family wasn’t normal. Over the years she had seen and heard so many terrible things. The family she had been so proud to serve were criminals and killers. Could she really trust herself to make the right choice? Could she trust her instincts on this?

Then she looked to Dobby’s Master Hadrian. The boy trusted these men and had personally chosen them for her. She might not trust herself, but she trusted him.

Winky gave a nod, agreeing to the bond.

It was rather quick and easy to bond with a house elf. All that really needed to be done was for the potential master(s) to take the elves hand and then for them all to allow their magic to reach out.

Winky sighed happily as her new bond settled into place. She never realized just how painful her old bond had been. It had felt cold and hard, like a never melting piece of ice was being held to her chest all the time. This bond was warm and soft. She could feel the kindness in her new family. The bond soothed the pain in her chest.

It was like night and day in Hadrian’s opinion. As soon as the bond took hold Winky visibly improved. She was still small and weak looking, but she didn’t look like she was about to die anymore. Hadrian sighed in relief.

“Winky, what is your favourite colour?” Fabian asked.

“Winky’s likes purple Master Fabian. Whys does yous want to know?” Winky was confused, then she was terrified. “I’s is sorry Master Fabian. Winkys didn’t mean to question you.”
“Winky, calm down sweetheart.” Gideon tried to sooth the fearful elf. “You didn’t do anything wrong. It is more than ok to ask questions when you don’t understand something, actually, we encourage you to ask questions. It’s the only way for us to get to know each other. As for the colour, we were just wondering so that we could make sure that you have plenty of blankets and pillows in your favourite colour in your new nest room at our house for when your ready to move in.”

Winky teared up. These masters wanted to make sure her nest was in her favourite colour. Her last masters just let her use old towels to make her nest. Yes, these were good masters.

Hadrian smiled as he left Winky to get to know her new family better. He had known he had made the right decision in choosing them for her.

**Healers Office - July 22, 2004**

Arthur nervously made his way into the healers office where Healers Morrison and Lane worked. Rather than having the children attend their usual Thursday meeting, Arthur, and Molly, would be speaking to their healers to see what the treatment plan they recommended was. Both healers felt that they had enough information to start to diagnose the children.

At first he hadn’t planned on involving Molly in this, since he knew she would just make up excuses for the children, but he had changed his mind. Ever since Ron had written her and told her that he was sending them to mind healers Molly had been on a tear. Sending him multiple howlers about how there was nothing wrong with her babies. Arthur figured Molly needed to hear a professional opinion if he had any hopes of her working with him and whatever decisions he made.

Molly arrived a few minutes late, but Arthur was relieved that she had at least decided to attend. She needed to learn that the children really were having problems, and she wasn’t helping make anything better, if anything, she was making it worse.

“Well, now that we’re all here, let’s start.” Arthur smiled at the two mind healers.

Molly huffed slightly. She really didn’t see what was wrong with Arthur. Nothing was wrong with her babies. The only real reason she had even bothered to attend was because of his pregnancy, those twins were meant to be hers, so she wanted to make sure they at least heard her voice before they were born.

“Let’s.” Healer Morrison smiled. He was a larger jovial man. “I guess I’ll start.” He looked over to Healer Lane and she nodded to him. “So, Ronald. We’ve got some work to do here, but I’m sure we can deal with most of it.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Molly snarled. No one said there was something wrong with her baby boy.


Healer Morrison saw how this was going to go. “Well… I’m just going to use plain language and not get into technical terms to much so this goes faster.

I have found a few issues. The first, as we discussed when you were first arranging our meting Arthur, is that Ronald shows a clear lack of understanding of the difference between reality and fiction. Just from our few discussions it is clear that Ronald thinks he can rewrite history and it will become true simply because he says it is.
Second, he has almost zero understanding of what consequences are. He seems to think he can get away with anything, again, just because he says so. I don’t think I need to tell you why this is a problem. The law won’t change just because he wants it too.

The third issue I found was his inability to focus. He seems to struggle with focusing on anything for any real length of time. And, Ronald absolutely refuses to focus on anything he doesn’t want to. I think this is more than likely one of the factors that is contributing to his failing grades.

And, the fourth, and probably the largest issue in my opinion, is his complete self-centred worldview. Ronald does not seem to understand that there are other people in the world, and that they have just as much right to exist as he does.”

Arthur really wasn’t surprised by any of this. “Is there anything we can do to address any of these issues?”

“Plenty.” Healer Morrison smiled. “I’m going to need to continue to see him of course. I will serve as an outlet for his thoughts and ideas. I can also help him talk through what is going on and his feelings. I am also going to recommend some mind magics and potions.

We have a spell in our profession that will allow our patients to experience things from other people’s perspectives. This will teach him to empathize with others and hopefully show him that other people matter to.

With his focus problems there is a two-pronged approach. There is a potion, Lasarox, which will help him to focus for longer periods of time. He is also going to need structure. I understand that this is the summer so it would be easy to just let him do what he wants, but that is the exact worst thing for him. You are going to need to work out a strict schedule that will keep him on track.

I would recommend using a time table similar to his school schedule since he will be going back there in September. It will help him to learn to focus at the times when he is in class which should help his grades tremendously.

And, there needs to be consequences if he strays from his schedule by refusing to do things. This is about teaching him, not being cruel, but he needs to learn if you want him to be able to function as an adult.”

Molly just stewed in her own thoughts so Healer Lane decided to add her part.

“I have actually found Ginevra to have similar issues. Like her brother, Ginevra lacks empathy, compassion, or even notice, that other people exist and matter.

However, the largest issue that I have noticed with Ginevra is she has one of the worst cases of something we call obsessive love disorder, or OLD. 12 is a little early in my opinion to be in a serious relationship, but she isn’t my child.”

“What serious relationship?” Arthur questioned, although he already had an idea. “She isn’t in a serious relationship.”

“According to her, she has been seeing Hadrian Potter, although she refers to him as ‘Harry’, since she was 11.” Healer Lane said in an inquisitive voice.

Arthur shook his head sadly. “No she hasn’t. Hadrian, and yes, his name really is Hadrian, he hates when people call him Harry, but she just won’t listen, either way, he doesn’t like her.”

Healer Lane nodded in understanding, the girl was clearly making more things up again. But,
before she could say anything, Molly turned on Arthur.

“You have no idea what you’re talking about. Harry and Ginny are meant to be. They love each other.”

“No Molly, they don’t. Ginny loves the idea of Hadrian. She doesn’t even know him.

As for Hadrian, he can’t stand her. Her obsession with him frightens him. Also, the fact that she refuses to call him by his name infuriates him. The only reason he is polite to her at all is out of respect for the family. He understands that she is Fred and George’s little sister so he tries to stay civil.”

“So her condition is even worse than I thought.” Healer Lane said, attempting to interrupt the argument. “That is something that needs to be seriously addressed.

Aside from that, the thing that worries me the most is her clear evidence of sociopathic tendencies. She shows a disregard for the rights of others, and a near complete lack of empathy for anyone that isn’t her. With her temper, this is extremely dangerous.”

“What will treatment be for her?” Arthur asked in a subdued voice.

“For the first part, it will be a lot like her brother’s. Some mind magics to help her start to empathize with others. Treating her sociopathy will be similar. That isn’t something that can ever truly be removed, but we can at least teach her to respect others and their rights.

For her OLD there are a few potions that will ease her symptoms. Other than that she will need cognitive and talk therapy.

This isn’t something that is going to go away overnight. I know that one of the healers at the school, Healer Savoy, is a practiced mind healer, I personally helped to train her, so I would recommend arranging for Ginevra to see her during the school year.”

“I would suggest Ronald see her as well. There is only so much we can do with only the few months the children are home for the summer.” Healer Morrison agreed with his colleague.

“There is no need for any of this. There is nothing wrong with my babies. They’re just fine. The only one with issues is you three.” Molly growled. She had been quiet long enough. No one talked like that about her babies.

“Molly, the kids aren’t alright. They need help. They aren’t babies anymore. Ron is a teenager and Ginny will be as well in August. I have been telling you for years, they need to grow up.” Arthur tried again. “You do nothing but make excuses for their bad behaviour, but I have had enough.

They are both failing classes and getting detention almost every week for bullying. If this keeps up they will be going to Azkaban rather then their graduations. All it will take is for one of their bullying victims parents to file charges.”

“There is no need to be so dramatic. They are to young to go to Azkaban.” Molly brushed him off, but she didn’t get any further.

Healer Lane was not someone that was considered a pushover by anyone. She was as strict as they came. With a job like hers she often had to deal with family members that denied the truth about their child’s diagnosis. Her first priority was always, and would always be, her patients, and not their parents feelings.
“They might be to young for Azkaban at the moment, but that won’t last forever. But, that is not the only thing you need to worry about.

I will put it simply so that you understand. If any of the parents of your children's victims file charges, Healer Morrison or I will be called to testify. Given their diagnosis, and, if you refuse to let them be properly treated, we will have no choice but recommend that the children are removed from your care and committed.

There is a ward in St. Mungo’s for those with criminal tendencies. If you can’t be trusted to get your children the help they need, they will be taken away from you, plain and simple.

The best thing you can do right now is get on board and do what is best for your children. As your ex husband has already stated, they are failing class and getting in trouble. Either you can help them and be their mother, or you can try and stop it and risk the imprisonment of your children.

No parent wants to think that there is anything wrong with their children, but I am here to tell you, there is something wrong. But, we are going to do the best we can to fix it. The question is, are you going to help, or hinder?”

Arthur withheld a smirk. Healer Lane had done that expertly. She had put Molly back in her place and then framed the question in a way that Molly would have no choice but to agree with her.

Molly just huffed. What was she supposed to do? She was sure there was nothing wrong with her babies… But she couldn’t deny that she had been having problems with their attitudes in the past few years. Then there was the failing classes. She still couldn’t believe that they had failed two classes each. It was so embarrassing.

No, she had no choice. She had to let these people ‘treat’ her babies how they saw fit. If it worked, then all the better, but if it didn’t, like she thought, then she would be able to rub it in Arthur’s face. She could use that to show that he clearly didn’t know what to do without her. It would let her show Arthur that the children needed a mother that lived with them full time.

She might not like it overly much, but she would be willing to live in her old room at The Burrow to be close to her babies. Then she could get to work breaking her brothers and Arthur up. It would also let her become more active in the new twins lives.

Completely ignorant of Molly’s planning, Arthur was discussing what they would need to do for Ron and Ginny over the next few weeks.

**The Bubble - July 31, 2004**

This year, for Hadrian’s 14th birthday, James and Severus arranged for Hadrian to have a real party. It wasn’t overly large, just 20 or so people that he was close to, but it was his first party.

They went to The Bubble for the party. Charlie helped to arrange for them to be able to set up a picnic area in the field in thee unicorn inclosure. Most of the girls at the party enjoyed getting to just spend time around unicorns. Since they were so used to the caretakers coming in, the unicorns had no fear of people so the kids could all get close enough to pet them.

As much fun as he was having with his friends, Hadrian did find himself getting a little overwhelmed. Seeing this, Fred and George suggested they go and explore the rest of The Bubble for a bit.
Eventually, they came upon Charlie and Oliver, once again making out in the dragon enclosure. Fred and George couldn’t resist teasing their brother, but Hadrian’s attention was caught by the two young dragons.

Mercury and Silver were now the size of horses, and, as sarcastic as teenagers.

“Great, more two legs to come and mate in our home.” Silver snarked.

“Be nice Sil, you’ve seen how open it is out there. Maybe they’re just shy?” Mercury looked to his sister.

“I don’t care. The least they could have done was bring us more fishies. I’m hungry.”

“You’re always hungry. I honestly don’t see why you like those things so much. I liked the stuff they call beef they gave us after you snuck out and ate all the fish. It’s so much better. You should do that again, I want some more of that stuff.”

“I was sick for almost a week after that. I’m not doing that again. It’s not my fault they always give us fish, maybe they just like me better.”

“Or they just don’t mind you getting fat.”

Silver glared daggers at her brother. “How dare you. I’m not fat. I’m the perfect size for my age. One of the two legs said so.”

“That two legs is staring at us.”

“All the two legs stare at us. They’re just stunned by my beauty.”

“Or stupid. No, this one is different. He knows something.”

“Well, two legs. What’s your problem?”

“Nothing. Just thought your argument was interesting. I’m Hadrian by the way.” Hadrian said.

Both dragons were stunned as they had never met a two legs that understood them before.

“I’m Silver. You speak our language. No other two legs we’ve met has.” Silver said happily.

“Tell the other two legs, ‘Mercury doesn’t like fish’.” Mercury grouched sulkily.

“Hadrian be careful.” Charlie called out, seeing Hadrian walking towards the two dragons.

Fred and George immediately left their brother and rushed to Hadrian. They couldn’t believe they had been so caught up in teasing their brother they had let their soul mate put himself in so much danger.

“I’m fine. We’re just talking. Oh, and Mercury says he doesn’t like fish. He much prefers beef.” Hadrian said as he glanced over to Charlie.

“What?” Both Charlie and Oliver were confused.

“Oh, that’s right.” Fred smiled at his little soul mate.

“What?” Charlie tried again.
“Hadrian has all speak. He can understand them.” George told his elder brother.

Charlie rushed forward, pushing his brothers out of the way so he could get closer to Hadrian. “You understand them? You can talk to them? Mercury doesn’t like fish?”

Hadrian smiled at Charlie. “Yes, yes, and no. I can’t believe I never told you. Yes, I can understand magical creatures. I think… I could even find a way for you to communicate with them, give me a second.”

Moving forward, Hadrian started drawing symbols on the ground. Dragons were serpents, so he wondered if they understood parseltongue. Parseltongue had a written language that all serpents were born knowing.

“Do you guys understand this?” Hadrian asked.

“Of course. That’s the serpent tongue.” Silver huffed. Two legs could be so weird.

The others stared in confusion. When Hadrian spoke using his all speak, his voice was completely indecipherable to them. It wasn’t the hissing of parseltongue, it was just noise.

“This is the written language of parseltongue. All serpents are born with the knowledge of how to speak and read it. I can give you a few basic words and phrases that you can use if you want.” Hadrian said as he looked to Charlie.

Charlie could only babble. This was beyond his wildest dreams.

“Great, I think you broke my boyfriend.” Oliver sighed. “Time to get back to the party.” He looked to Fred and George.

Fred and George understood. They needed to get Hadrian and Charlie away from the dragons, and each other, or they were going to lose them to the dragons and language.

“Bye guys. I have to get back to my family. But, don’t worry, I’ll make sure the handlers know you don’t like fish, and I’ll give them the basics of snake tongue. It might give you a way to tell them what you want to eat.

“Bye Hadrian two legs.” Silver puffed out a few smoke rings.

“Make sure to tell them I don’t like fish.” Mercury called out as Hadrian was rushed from the enclosure.

Puddlemere United Main Office - August 4, 2004

Oliver was a little nervous as he made his way into the main office of the team. He had just been signed as reserve keeper for Puddlemere United two days before. Now he was being called into a meeting with the boss. Oliver was worried they were going to tell him there had been a mistake and he hadn’t really made the team.

Going into the office, Oliver sat down on the edge of the seat. “Is something wrong, ma’am, sirs?”

“There is something we need to discuss Mr. Wood. You show great potential, that is why we recruited you, but we can and will not risk our reputation. We can not have players on our team getting in trouble with the law.” The coach said, the others in the office, the owners, kept quiet.
“Trouble with the law?” Oliver was confused.

“Yes, we were visited by an auror yesterday. She implied that you were a person of interest in a case, although what case that is, we don’t know. We wanted to speak to you about it before we made any decisions.” Coach Hastings said.

Oliver was confused, but only for a few moments. Charlie had mentioned Nymphadora’s obsession with him. They figured that was why professor Tonks had been actively trying to fail him. Dora had even started harassing Charlie when he was home visiting. Now, it looked like she was trying to destroy his life.

“Let me guess, you met Auror Tonks.” Oliver growled.

“Yes.” The coach was slightly confused by Wood’s reaction.

“I can explain that. Nymphadora Tonks was obsessed with a boy she went to school with, Charlie Weasley. She, and her parents, had even started planning their wedding. But, Charlie had no interest in her.” Oliver explained.

“But what does this have to do with you?” Mrs. Fairchild, one of the teams co-owners, asked.

“Charlie is my boyfriend.” Oliver said. “Nymphadora’s parents both work at Hogwarts and her mother was even sanctioned by the school board for repeatedly failing my assignments in her class when it was proven she was marking me down just because I was dating Charlie. Charlie mentioned to me that Nymphadora has started to harass him whenever he comes home from Romania, where he is working as a dragon handler.”

“Ahhh, we understand.” Mrs. Fairchild nodded, this wasn’t the first stalker a member of their team had to deal with. “Many of our players have had to deal with issues like this. Although, I think you might be the first member of the team having to deal with harassment because they are dating the victim. Normally our players are the target of the obsession.

Don’t worry, we won’t let this affect your career with our team. We know that this isn’t your fault, although, I would recommend maybe taking this up with her boss. She could cause some serious issues for you with what she is doing. She truly made it seem as if you were suspected of doing something terrible.”

“I think I will be going to the DMLE to file a complaint after practice today. I didn’t realize she would go this far.” Oliver sighed.

“That is for the best. If you need anything from us, just let us know.” Mrs. Fairchild smiled at the young man. Stalking was something she took extremely seriously, as any sensible person should. “There is actually procedures in place for a case of stalking, Coach Hastings should have the paperwork with information and recommendations.”

Oliver looked to his coach who nodded that he did have such things.

**DMLE**

After finishing up practice, Oliver went directly to the DMLE. He wasn’t going to let this go. He could have lost his job today if the owners hadn’t chosen to speak to him first.

Mrs. Fairchild had made arrangements for him to have a meeting with Amelia Bones and Rufus
Scrimgeour. She had also gotten the other owners and Coach Hastings to write up a statement about what happened and even sent a copy of her memories of what happened when Tonks met with them.

“Mr. Wood, please, have a seat.” Amelia motioned to the chair on the other side of the table from her and Rufus. “Now, I was wondering what this was about? Madeline Fairchild wasn’t very specific when she requested this meeting with us.”

“I’m here to file a formal complaint of harassment agains one of your aurors. Nymphadora Tonks.” Oliver said, his voice cold and hard.

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Rufus laughed gruffly. “Tonks is an excellent auror.” Tonks was hand selected by Dumbledore, and Rufus trusted Dumbledore. He wasn’t really willing to risk crossing the clever old man.

“What is the basis of your claim?” Amelia shot Rufus a stern look.

“She went to my place of work and started interviewing my employers under the pretence of my being a suspect in a major case. She heavily implied that I was a criminal. I could have lost my job due to her actions.” Mrs. Fairchild had told Oliver that he needed to remain calm no matter what while he was filing the complaint, so he was doing his best not to let the old aurors behaviour bother him.

“She’s just doing her job. If you break the law, then you have to deal with aurors.” Rufus huffed.

“Except, I have not broken any laws. All I have done was dare to date a man that she is obsessed with. I should also point out, that she has been harassing and stalking my boyfriend whenever he is in the country. You should probably expect him to file a complaint after I tell him about this. Up until now he has just brushed it off as an overly enthusiastic crush. But, I don’t think he will be so calm when he hears what she’s done now. He can be a little protective when someone he cares about is threatened.

I brought these.” Oliver pulled out the statements and memories. “These are the statements of the different people she met with and the memory of one of those witnesses.”

“If you don’t mind, we will view the memory?” Amelia quickly set out the pensieve.

Oliver just sat, going over the statements of the others while Madame Bones and Mr. Scrimgeor viewed the memory. When they came out, both were stunned.

Amelia was furious at the clear evidence of abuse of power. Rufus was stunned at the foolish girls stupidity. He wasn’t above throwing his weight around, and he often over looked it when his aurors did the same, but the girl hadn’t even been subtle about it.

“Now… I’m sure it isn’t as bad as you claim.” Rufus started to try.

Amelia glared at the man before cutting him off. “I can assure you Mr. Wood, I will personally ensure that this is addressed. You have our full apologies. Please, have a nice day.”

Knowing he had been dismissed, Oliver thanked Madame Bones, shot a look at Scrimgeor, and left.

“Now Amelia…”
“Don’t even try it Rufus.” Amelia snarled at her co-worker. “This is one of the clearest cases of harassment and abuse of power I have seen in years.”

“Maybe he really is a criminal. We don’t know what she found during her investigation.” Rufus tried to make an excuse for the girl, but it was weak, and he knew it.

“I know for a fact that she is assigned to the faulty cauldrons case. I know this because she stormed into my office last week and demanded to be assigned to a bigger case, because she felt that the case was beneath her. She even threatened to go to Dumbledore about it for some reason. As if I would be intimidated by my old headmaster. Honestly, what could he do, give me detention?

I highly doubt a quidditch player is involved with smuggling in faulty cauldrons.

Allow me to make this simple. Either you reprimand her and find an appropriate punishment, or I will deal with it. If she does something like this again she will be fired, and you know it. And, I will inform the minister that I wanted to have her reprimanded but you didn’t. Don’t think for a second that I won’t let you go down with her.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it Amelia.” Rufus knew he didn’t have a choice. He knew Amelia would have no problem helping take him down. The woman was just to much of a rule lover. “I will address the problem.”

“You better.”

The Burrow - August 7, 2004

The day had finally arrived for Winky to move to her new home. Over the past month she had recovered remarkably well. Even before the murder of her old master, Winky hadn’t been doing very well. She still wasn’t fully recovered, but she was ready to go back to work.

If she had to spend any more time in bed she was sure she was going to lose it. She hadn’t even been aloud to help out around the manor. All anyone said was that they didn’t want her to hurt herself.

Winky was excited as she popped into her new home.

There was a large, multicoloured sign announcing ‘Welcome Home Winky’ in large, sparkly letters. All three of her new masters and the five older boys were all there to greet her.

Winky had never felt so loved in her life.

“Welcome home.” Everyone shouted as one as soon as she arrived.

Winky could only babble her thanks and blush. She had met them all over the past few weeks, they had come to visit her often while she was recovering. The only ones she hadn’t met were the two youngest children, Master Ron and Mistress Ginny.

After lunch, which Winky ate at the table with her masters for the first time in her life, the children all went on their ways. Bill was meeting a few friends from school, Charlie had a date, Percy was going to look at some apartments in London, and Fred and George were going to the shop. And wasn’t that a surprise for Winky, two of her young masters had already started their own successful business.
“Winky, there was something we need to discuss with you.” Fabian said.

Winky looked to her new masters, confused.

“You see, we have had a few problems in the past, and we don’t want them to surprise you.”
Gideon started to explain before looking to Arthur.

“When I was younger, I married Fabian and Gideon. We were happy together with our five boys.
But, not everyone was willing to let us be.” Arthur started.

“Our former little sister, Molly, was obsessed with Arthur. She used an incredibly old ritual to
change things. It forced us to forget that we were married.” Gideon carried on.

“She pretended that she was the one who married Arthur, and used love potions on him to make
him believe it. It was around that time that our friends were attacked by death eaters. When Gideon
and I went to help, we were taken and imprisoned by Voldemort. I’m sure you heard about the
recently discovered prison, well, the two of us were amongst them.” Fabian told the now upset elf.

“While the twins were in prison, I carried on under the ritual and potions, not knowing the truth.
During that time, Ron and Ginny were born. I will admit to you, since you will undoubtedly feel
the difference in your bond with them, I am not their birth father.

Molly used a blood adoption on them to make them mine. Although I was not their birth father, I
am their father now, and I love them.

Our older boys discovered what had happened to us and worked to free us, which, they obviously
did. We are now trying to pull our lives back together and figure out how to carry on. So you might
notice that we say or do odd things from time to time. One thing we would request is that you not
speak of any of this around Ron or Ginny, neither of them know any of this, and we would prefer to
keep it that way.

Ron and Ginny have been struggling for the past few years. I finally arranged for them to see mind
healers this summer, and they are currently on potions to help them adjust to their changing
situations.

But, the major thing we want you to know is that if Ron or Ginny are at any time mean to you, you
are to come to us and let us know so that we can deal with it. They were both diagnosed as lacking
empathy or compassion for anyone, it is one of the things they are being treated for. I do not doubt
that they will be mean, so I will apologize in advance.

And, you are not to follow their orders. They are responsible for cleaning their own rooms and
looking after their own things. If they were to ask you for a sandwich for lunch, then that is fine,
but if they order you to get them lunch, then you don’t have to listen. They are currently having to
learn that they can’t just demand things, they have to ask nicely. Unfortunately their mother felt
that was a lesson they didn’t need to learn as children.

Just use your own discretion. If they ask or tell you to do something that doesn’t seem normal,
set to us or just say no. You have the right to say no to any request or order by any member of
this family if you don’t want to do whatever it is or it makes you feel uncomfortable.” Arthur said
all at once.

Winky nodded. She was sad that her masters had been hurt like that in the past, and she swore that
she would do anything to stop it from happening again. As for the two youngest children, she had
no problem with her orders regarding them. She wasn’t about to make the same mistakes she had
made with her Master Barty.

Both she and the boys mother had tried to make up for his fathers cruelty by giving him anything that he wanted, and she had already seen how that turned out. No, she wasn’t going to let these two go down that path if she could help it.

**The Burrow - August 9, 2004**

All the Weasley-Prewett family members remaining at the house were up early and getting ready for work. Both Bill and Charlie had left to return to their own countries of work the night before.

Everyone was smiling and happy as they ate the incredible breakfast Winky had made for them. She had already started to settle in and was learning everyones favourite things. The overly large breakfast had been a trick. She had been invited to sit at the table at every single meal, and Charlie had even already made her her own special chair so that she could sit comfortably at the table, so she was watching who chose what. It would allow her to know what her new family liked to eat.

About half an hour before everyone had to leave, the floo flared green and Ron and Ginny slouched through. Neither of them were happy to be back at their dads, or up as early as they were. Their dad had created a, in their opinion, incredibly stupid schedule that they were forced to stick to.

They had to be up by 8 am on week days and 10 on weekends. They also were expected to spend at least 4 hours on their summer school assignments each day, and then another hour on Percys notes for their next years. And, their dad had even attached them to detailed schedules that actually monitored them, it didn’t count any time they spent day dreaming, even if they had their books open in front of them. Their mother was even forcing them to stick to the schedule, but she was nicer about it and kept pushing things back for them.

Before they had left their mothers, they had eaten the breakfast she had made and agreed that they were going directly to their rooms. They didn’t want to have to deal with any of the others so early in the morning.

That had been the plan, that was until they saw all the food and smelt how good it was.

“Where did all this food come from? Why do you have it?” Ginny asked. Ron was to busy salivating.

“It’s breakfast Ginny. And, it came from the kitchen.” Percy said in a bland voice.

“Ron, Ginny. Please, have a seat. There is a few things we need to discuss.” Arthur said.

Ron had no problem with that, the food smelt good. Ginny groaned as she shuffled to the table, whenever her dad said they needed to discuss something her life got worse.

“This is Winky.” Arthur motioned to the little elf that was sitting in her seat between George and Percy. “She is our new house elf. But, do not make any mistakes, she is not your personal servant. She will not be cleaning your rooms. She will not be following any order that comes into your mind. If you would like something, you must ask politely, and she has been given permission to say no if she doesn’t want to do it or it isn’t her job. Winky’s job is to tidy the main area of the house and make meals on occasion. She is not a slave that will do anything you want.

Also, you are both grounded from the brooms for the week.”

“Because you didn’t follow your schedule.” Arthur sighed. “You are supposed to get up at 10 on weekends, you know that. Yet, your schedules say you both slept in to well past noon all weekend. Ron, you didn’t spend even half the time on your summer school studies that you were supposed to. And Ginny, you didn’t even spend any time on studying for next years classes. Since you both broke the rules, you are both being punished.”

“You can’t touch our brooms. We bought them for ourselves, we own them, so you have no right to go near them. If you try and take my broom I’ll have the aurors charge you with stealing.” Ginny gave her father a look that clearly showed she thought she had won.

“Winky, is there any way you can make it so no broom can fly on this property without my permission?” Arthur asked the elf.

“Yes Master Arthur. Winky can.” Winky snapped her fingers, casting an area effect spell that would keep all brooms on the ground.

“Thank you Winky. There you go Ginny. You’re grounded and I didn’t touch your broom. Now, I think you might need to go up to your room and think about your attitude and how it is unacceptable to speak like that to your father.” Arthur watched the girl storm off. “Ronald, table manners.”

Ron didn’t even look up. He just kept shovelling food into his mouth. Fred and George were almost sickly fascinated as they watched their brother eat. Somehow, he was both managing to chew with his mouth open yet swallow his food almost hole.

Seeing her new masters anger, Winky once again snapped her fingers. All of a sudden the rude boy couldn’t grab any of the food, it all moved away from him.

“Thank you Winky.” Arthur smiled at the elf before looking back at his son, he hadn’t even realized she could do something like that. “Ronald.”

Arthur waited until Ron looked at him. “You need to chew your food properly, and, chew with your mouth closed. You are not a starving animal, don’t act like it. If you continue on like that I will speak to your Aunt Muriel and ask her to start teaching you proper table etiquette.”

Ron just glared at his father. They stared at each other until Ron sat properly and picked up his fork and knife. When he reached toward his food this time he was able to reach it.

Arthur smiled and went back to eating when he saw that Ron was eating properly, for the moment. Shortly after that, everyone left for work, and Winky cleaned up breakfast, much to Ron’s dismay.

Lyon, France - August 15, 2004

Dudley Dursley was extremely worried as he sat in the front room of his house.

Years ago, when he had been just a young child, he had been a terrible person. He didn’t remember much of what he was up to when he was five, but what he did remember made him ashamed just to think of it. He had bullied and tormented his cousin because his parents told him it was ok. It was only after his cousin was gone that he started to realize just how it felt.

One night, after his dad had had a bad day at work, Dudley had accidentally knocked a glass of
juice off the counter. In the past, his dad would have made his cousin deal with it, and then probably hit his cousin, but now his cousin wasn’t there. Dudley had ended up crying in his room clutching his chest, knowing that this was what his cousin had endured for years.

That night had left Dudley with a fractured wrist, three broken ribs, a black eye, and a lot of painful bruises. It also left him with a new respect for his cousin, and hatred of his parents.

After that he had been sent to live with his Aunt. Dudley had once thought the world of the woman because she always had treats for him. But after only a few days of living with her he learned she wasn’t any better then his father.

He had been helping her in the dog kennel with a new litter of puppies when she had given him a small one and told him to get rid of it. He hadn’t understood. When she told him to go and drown it because it was a runt, Dudley had been horrified. He had taken the puppy out of the kennel, letting her think he was doing what she said, but instead he ran all the way into town to where he knew the vet was and gave him the puppy and told him what his aunt had said. She had been arrested for animal cruelty a few hours later after social services had gone to the house the check into what was going on in regards to him.. He didn’t know what else they had found, but he really didn’t want to.

After that, his life had gotten much better. He had been sent to live with his dad and aunts cousin, Owen Dursley. Owen was in the military and single at the time, so it had just been the two of them. From the first day he had arrived at the small house he was to share with ‘Uncle’ Owen he had felt welcome and safe for the first time in a while.

They had moved all over the world as he grew up. Moving from military base to military base every few years. Until just last year when Owen had gotten married and left the military to move them to Lyon, France with his new wife, Claire, and her daughter, Marie.

One day, Dudley had been talking with Claire, who worked in a legal aid office, he had confessed his shame about how he had treated his cousin and how he had never gotten to apologize. She had said that if he really wanted to she and his uncle, who now worked in private security, might be able to try and track his cousin down for him.

Dudley had jumped at the chance. It had taken the better part of a year, but they had eventually found him. Dudley had nervously written a long letter, apologizing for every little thing, thinking that he would never hear back.

But, he had gotten a letter back. Harry, actually known as Hadrian, had said that Dudley didn’t need his forgiveness as he hadn’t done anything wrong, he had just been responding to what he had been taught, but if it meant that much to him, then he was forgiven.

They had written back and fourth for a few months, learning more about each other. And now, today, Hadrian was coming to visit.

“Dudley.” A soft voice called from the door way. Looking up he saw Marie. “You need to calm down. You have been talking to him for months. You know he isn’t angry with you.”

Dudley loved Marie. From the first day they had met, she had treated him as her little brother. She had loved and cared for him almost like a mother. She was kind and gentle, with just the right amount of ‘I will kick your ass if you don’t smarten up’.

“I know, I know. I’m just worried. What if it’s all been a trick just so he can come here and yell at me because I was so awful?”
“Then he will have to answer to me.” Marie said with a simple shrug.

Before Dudley could respond, there was a knock on the door.

There was an older man with long black hair and bright blue eyes standing at the door next to a boy with messy dark hair and bright green eyes. If Dudley hadn’t known that this was Hadrian, he wouldn’t have recognized him.

“Hadrian?” Dudley asked in a shy and nervous voice.

“Hey Dudley. Long time no see.” Hadrian tried to get his cousin to relax, it worked, a little.

If Hadrian hadn’t known this was Dudley, he never would have guessed. This wasn’t the same fat bully of a 14 year old he could have been. Although this Dudley wasn’t skinny, he wasn’t fat, Narcissa would have described him as sturdy. He wasn’t handsome, but he would be considered attractive. There was also an aura of kindness around the boy.

This wasn’t a self centred bully. This was a typical awkward teenager.

“This is my Uncle Sirius.” Hadrian motioned to the man.

“This is my Uncle Owen, Aunt Claire, and step-sister Marie.” Dudley introduced.

“Why don’t the rest of us go into the kitchen and get some tea, and you two boys can spend some time together?” Claire said as she motioned for Sirius and the others to follow her. Giving Dudley an encouraging smile as she went.

“So…” Dudley started.

Hadrian laughed at him. “You need to relax Dud. Like I said in my letters, I don’t blame you for anything that happened. And, hey, it all worked out in the end, for both of us. I guess…”

Dudley smiled and decided he liked his cousin. Deciding to keep their discussions private from his eavesdropping family that was in the kitchen, Dudley showed Hadrian up to his room.

“So… How has everything been going for you?” Dudley tried.

“Great. I was taken in by my godfather and his husband. I now have three little sisters, plenty of aunts, uncles, and cousins, and some really good friends.” Hadrian smiled. “How about you?”

“I’ve been really good. It was a bit of a mess after you left and all… that.” Dudley tried. “But ever since I got away from them I’ve been good.”

“That’s good. I’m glad you didn’t have to stay with them.” Hadrian was happy to see the changes in Dudley in comparison to who he could have been. “Do you ever hear from them?”

“Not really. Mum sends me a letter every year on my birthday. Complaining about… Well she goes on and on about how our lives fell apart because of you. I have no interest in restarting a relationship with them. Even now, after years, they still think that they didn’t do anything wrong and make all kinds of excuses for what they did.”

“I’m sorry Dud.” Hadrian reached forward to pat his cousins shoulder.

As Hadrian was sitting back in his seat, his foot hit on something that was just under the chair. Reaching down, Hadrian pulled out a thick book. That wasn’t what startled him.
It was a transfiguration book. A french transfiguration text book.

Why would Dudley have this? He didn’t have magic.

Dudley’s face was a mask of shock with a slight mix of terror.

“Hey Dud, I think I forgot my… book.” Marie rushed into the room and froze when she saw the new boy with her textbook for next year. “Don’t mind that, it’s just a joke book of mine. I…” Marie didn’t know what to say, besides to curse quietly in french. She was going to have to contact the ministry and have someone come out to erase the boys memory.

“Beauxbatons?” Hadrian smiled up at the scared girl.

“I… What…? How did you…?” Marie stuttered out.

“Hogwarts.” Hadrian smiled as he watched Marie visibly relax.

“What?” Dudley was confused.

“Dudley, there was a reason they called me an unnatural freak.” Hadrian looked to his confused cousin.

“He’s a wizard Dudley.” Marie explained with a laugh.

“Really?” Dudley looked to his cousin.

“Yup. That’s why Petunia hated me. From what I was told, she and Lily weren’t just sisters as children, they were the best of friends. That is, until Lily received a letter telling her she was a witch, and Petunia didn’t. I think Petunia hated magic because it took her sister away from her, even though that meant she hated her sister. Not the most sound logic, but Petunia was never exactly logical.” Hadrian explained.

“Wow, so my aunt was a witch.” Dudley smiled sadly. He finally understood where his mothers hatred came from, and it proved she was crazy.

“Yup, although, you might want to get yourself tested.” Hadrian looked to Dudley.

“Why?” Both Dudley and Marie asked at the same time.

“Because, there was a study done that showed that those often referred to as being muggle born, are actually squib born. For Lily to be a witch it means that she came from a family of squibs. Petunia was probably a squib, and you might be too.

It would be interesting to know for you. While squibs can’t use active magic, they can use passive magic. If you’re a squib you could do things like runes, arithmancy, and lower level herbology, care of magical creatures, and potions. Nothing higher end, but at least the basics.”

“Really?” Marie squealed. “We have to go to the alley and get you tested, now. There is so much I can teach you.”

Dudley just smiled at his cousin and his step-sister. He knew there was no way he was getting out of this. Not that he wanted to. There was a chance that he could do magic things!

Marie dashed off downstairs to tell their parents that they were going into town to the alley. Since the home was muggle they didn’t have a floo, but Marie did have a car and a drivers licence.
After Marie had first run off up stairs, after realizing she had left a book on magic on her brothers floor, Owen and Claire turned their attention on Sirius.

“So, I hope you don’t find this too rude, but I need to know. Why didn’t you take Hadrian after his parents died?” Claire asked bluntly. That was one thing that bothered her. Why hadn’t he been there for the boy after his parents died? Why only show up years later.

“Umm… Well…” Sirius was a little stuck. “There were a few issues that got in the way.”

Before Sirius could dig the hole any deeper, Marie came bouncing back into the kitchen.

“We’re gonna take off to Allée Magique.” Marie announced happily, grabbing her car keys.

“What?” All three adults asked at the same time. Shocked at hearing the word magic in the company of the other.

“Oh, so the reason I ran upstairs was because I realized I forgot my new transfiguration book in Dud’s room. But, when I got there, Hadrian had already found it. But, it’s fine. Hadrian attends Hogwarts, the British version of Beauxbatons.” Marie said before she left the kitchen.

The three adults just stared at each other as they heard the two boys come down the stairs.

“Uncle Siri, I’m heading out with Dud, and Marie. I’ll just floo back to the vineyard. And yes, I have my emergency portkey just in case.” Hadrian waved before he rushed out the door after the others. They were all staying at the Black Vineyard in Marseille and had just apperated to Lyon.

“So… You know about magic?” Sirius looked at the still stunned adults. “Well then. I was illegally imprisoned without a trial for being a member of a terrorist group, which I wasn’t, and mass murder, which I didn’t commit, and my husband is a werewolf so we weren’t even offered custody.”

It was like a bandaid in Sirius’s opinion. It was best to just get it all out in one and let the shock settle.

“Oh.” Was Owen’s only response.

“So how did you get free? Did you sue?” Claire’s mind immediately went to the legal implications of false imprisonment.

“Well, when Hadrian was found an investigation was started. That was how they found out about me not getting a trial. From there I was freed and the real killer was arrested and convicted. I was, of course, given reparations, and full custody of my godson.

All three of them took a long drink of their tea, all privately wishing there was some whiskey in it.

Allée Magique

“So, I have a question.” Marie said as she swerved through the afternoon traffic. “Why was it so hard for my parents to find you? I mean, my mom said that she tried going through your mom, since that was who she knew about. But she couldn’t find anything.”

“That’s a little complicated.” Hadrian said, clenching his fingers around his seatbelt. He really
hoped Marie was focused on the road.

“I think we can handle complicated.” She said over her shoulder.

“Well, to put it simply, Petunia was the sane nice one.” Hadrian smiled slightly.

“What?” Dudley practically turned around in his seat to give Hadrian a look that showed he thought he was crazy. “Are you mad. That woman is insane. She hates anything magic and thinks child abuse is excusable.”

“Yes, but she never kidnapped a man and his infant son. Wiped the man’s memory, doused him with love potions, and then claimed his son as hers and used an illegal blood ritual to adopt the child.” Hadrian said. Then he panicked as both Dudley and Marie turned to look at him.

“So… She kidnapped you?” Dudley was stunned.

“Yup.”

“So, we aren’t related.” Dudley said, he was sad about that.

“Yes, we are. The blood ritual that she used on me made her one of my biological parents. So, biologically, yes, we are still cousins.” Hadrian smiled at him.

“Wait. Someone can do that?” Marie asked. She hadn’t even known that was possible.

“Yeah, it’s called blood adoption. It binds the blood of the wanna be parents to the child’s. If you were to test me it would show that I have like… five parents.”

“Five?” Dudley questioned.

“Yup. My birth parents. My Uncles Sirius and Remus, who were my god parents that adopted me at the request of my dad as an extra layer of protection. And, Lily.”

“Why don’t you just break the ritual. I mean, she did kidnap you. Why would you stay connected to her?” Dudley asked in confusion. If he could stop being the son of Petunia and Vernon Dursley he would.

“I can’t. There is no counter to that ritual. It’s why it is taken so serious. Besides, I might not like her, but I am who I am because of her, at least in a small part. The bad just makes me stronger.” Hadrian smiled at his cousin, he understood what Dudley had been thinking.

“Wow, you’re really chill about that. We’re here!” Marie darted into a newly open parking space so fast Hadrian thought he was going to have whiplash.

The alley was incredible. The french alley seemed to be the perfect mix of past, present, and future. But they didn’t have time to really look at anything in the moment. Marie was all but dragging Hadrian and Dudley towards the local branch of Gringotts.

Marie was thrilled when Dudley’s test came back positive. He was a squib. After that, she dragged the boys back out of the bank. They needed to do some shopping. They needed to find all the things she and Dudley would be able to do together until she had to go back to school.

After over an hour in the bookstore they were headed for the apothecary when they heard someone call out to Marie. Turning, Hadrian was a little startled to see Fleur Delacour walking down the
alley towards them, her little sister, Gabrielle, following closely behind her.

“Fleur, what brings the great and powerful Fleur Delacour down to our little alley.” Marie said, her voice teasing as her eyes sparkled at the other girl.

“Oh please Marie. We both know this darling little alley has the best pastry shop in the country.” Fleur smiled demurely, glancing over to the two boys next to her school (semi) friend. “This is my little sister, Gabrielle. It’s our girls day, and no girls day is complete without pastries.”

“I agree. This is my younger step-brother Dudley, and his cousin, Hadrian. Hadrian came to visit from Britain.” Marie indicated the boys.

“It’s lovely to meet you both.” Fleur smiled again and nodded at the boys. Trying to bring her sister forward. The entire point of this trip was to try and get Gabrielle out more. The girl was painfully shy.

“It’s a pleasure.” Hadrian smiled, seeing how Fleur was trying to get Gabrielle involved. “Hello Gabrielle.”

The girl just clutched the little stuffed toy closer and squeaked a little. Now he was sad he didn’t bring Nem with him, she would have been great help with the little girl, but he hadn’t thought bringing a kitsune to a muggle home was a good idea. But, Hadrian recognized the toy. It came from a comic book series aimed at younger kids. His sisters loved it.

“Is that your Tisker?” Hadrian tried again. That seemed to do the trick.

Gabrielle looked up at the pretty looking older boy in surprise. “How did you know? Everyone always thinks it’s Tusker.”

Hadrian laughed, seeing Fleur grin as her sister spoke. “I have three slightly evil little sisters that love that comic. I will never make that mistake again.” Gabrielle giggled slightly. “Oh, sure. You laugh now, but I was green. A delightful shade of lime green for a week. I didn’t think it was so funny.”

This time Gabrielle laughed openly, not hiding behind her toy. All the others laughing with her. Hadrian just smiled. He could see the gratitude in Fleur’s eyes.

“Where do you go to school?” Gabrielle asked hesitantly. She had heard other people use that to start a conversation so she tried that to keep the nice boy talking.

“I go to Hogwarts back home in Britain.” Hadrian said.

“Why don’t we all go back to the pastry shop and I’ll get everyone a snack and drink and you can ask Hadrian all the questions you want?” Fleur smiled at her little sister before looking up at the others. “If that is ok with you?”

“Oh of course.” Marie smiled. She and Fleur weren’t exactly friends at school, but she was more than willing to help her out. She knew just how much Fleur worried about her little sister while she was away from her while at school. It was clear how much the girl loved her kid sister.

“But we already had one?” Gabrielle said as she looked to her sister in confusion.

“Do you want to know a secret?” Dudley asked, waiting until the shy little girl nodded at him. “There is no such thing as too many pastries. I’m pretty sure that’s the best part of being a grown up. Being able to have as many pastries as you want without an adult telling you your going to ruin
your dinner."

Gabrielle laughed again, her arms relaxing down to her sides as she became more comfortable with the others.

The five of them spent over an hour in the pastry shop talking. Hadrian told them all about Hogwarts, without betraying any of its secrets, and Marie and Fleur told them about Beauxbatons. By the time they left Gabrielle was relaxed and actively starting conversations and giving her opinion on things. Fleur made sure to send the others a grateful look as they went their separate ways.

Hadrian, Dudley, and Marie spent the afternoon going from shop to shop, exploring everything. By the time Hadrian flooed back to the vineyard he was exhausted but happy. He and Dudley were actually friends now, plus he had gotten to know Marie. They had all agreed that they were going to have to stay in touch and visit each other from time to time. Although, Hadrian had a secret little smile, knowing that he would be seeing Marie again sooner than she realized.

**Hogwarts, Headmasters Office - August 19, 2004**

Albus was sitting in his office going over mountains of paperwork. With the murder of Bartemius Crouch, so much of his work had been forced on Albus. Since they had kept things so quiet, so Albus could get the glory of announcing it, there were very few in Bartemiu’s office that even knew what was happening, and none of them were senior enough to be given the job. Thus, it had fallen to Albus.

As he was blankly staring at another piece of parchment, that he swore he had already looked at, the floo flared and a tall thin man stepped through.

“Igor, what can I do for you?” Albus looked at the headmaster of Durmstrang. He really didn’t like this man, but he was going to have to put up with him for at least a year.

“I am here about a problem I have been having. It would seem, our goals have momentarily aligned.” Igor swaggered forward and sat without an invitation.

“In what manner?” Albus practically glared at the man, not even bothering to offer him a candy, that was how much he hated this man.

“In what manner?” Albus practically glared at the man, not even bothering to offer him a candy, that was how much he hated this man.

“The Dark Lord.” Igor said simply.

“What about him?” All of a sudden Albus was sitting up in his seat, all his attention focused on the other man.

Igor knew he had caught the man now. “I was contacted by Barty Crouch last week. According to him, he has located a wraith form of the Dark Lord, and they are demanding my assistance in arranging his return.”

Although he was acting as smug as ever, Albus, from years of observation, could see the fear in the man’s eyes. Igor was, at his very core, nothing more than a self serving con man. Although he was rather sadistic, and had joined the Death Eaters, he was not a true believer. He had only joined because they gave him the opportunity to act on his darker impulses without consequences. The moment there were consequences, like being threatened with Azkaban, Igor had turned on anyone and everyone in an attempt to save himself. There were more than a few Death Eaters that wanted this mans head on a pike.
“Barty Crouch is dead.” Albus said in slight confusion.

“Jr, not Sr. It would seem Sr. arranged his sons escape from Azkaban and kept him under the imperious curse ever since. He got a little sloppy with his curses and Jr. broke free and took his revenge. Now, he is demanding my assistance. He knows about this years events and plans to use them to kidnap the Potter boy and use him in a ritual to bring the Dark Lord back. I think we both know just how bad that would be for us. If that were to happen, we both would be targets.”

Albus stood up and walked to the window, making sure Igor couldn’t see his face. As Albus could read his face, Igor could do the same to him, it came from the years of mind games they had played with each other as headmasters.

Reaching the window, Albus thought. Igor thought that stopping the return of Voldemort would be his top priority, but the opposite was true. If Voldemort returned Albus could use that to regain his power. Everyone would turn to him to save them again. He could use it to force Harry into lessons with him, how else could they be sure he would become the hero the people needed. Sure, Igor would undoubtedly be killed for his betrayal, but that was actually a plus for Albus, it would get rid of an annoying man that knew him just a little too well.

“And just how do they intend to take Mr. Potter from right under my nose?”

“They want me to arrange for his name to come out of the goblet of fire.”

“That wouldn’t do anything. His ‘family’ would just have him removed. Unless…” Albus started thinking again. There was going to be a private ICW meeting on the tournament in just a few days. If he could force through a bill, which he knew he could, then he could arrange for anyone who’s name came from the goblet to be forced to compete, regardless of age or willingness.

“Albus?”

“I can make arrangements to ensure that the name would be accepted. But, you would owe me… I would need everything you learn, or even suspect.”

“But, we don’t want his return, having the boy involved is the exact opposite of what we need.”

Albus turned back to the window again, hiding his growing smile from the man. “Not necessarily. If you failed in your task, they would just kill you. If, you managed to get him entered it would make them trust you more, while giving me time to arrange for the rituals failure. This is one of those instances where one must give to get.

If we do nothing, they will take matters into their own hands and we will have no chance of control. If we work together, we can make them believe that they are in control while we are working in secret to destroy them.”

Yes, Albus’s mind was running wild with his new plans. Making the boy compete would test him enough to make up for all the years he had done nothing. His pawns could also use this as a way to alienate him from the rest of the school, no one liked a cheater, while pretending they were the only ones he could trust.

Yes, this was exactly what he had needed.

Hogwarts, Headmasters Office - August 23, 2004

Albus and Alastor Moody were sitting in Albus’s office. He had just finalized the arrangements.
This September, Alastor Moody would be replacing Leon York as DADA teacher, except he would be taking over Sirius’s old schedule of teaching 2nd through 4th year. Albus had also made it so that Sirius would have to switch to teaching the 1st and 5th-7th years. It had been arranged for Leon to go and teach as a guest professor at Castelobruxo, in central Brazil for the next few years.

It had taken a lot of work, and he had had to jump through plenty of hoops, but he had managed it. For some reason Sirius had even agreed.

What Albus didn’t know was that Hadrian had been the one to convince Sirius. There was still a chance that Umbridge would end up at the school for some reason, and if Sirius was teaching the 5th years, which Hadrian would be by then, then that woman wouldn’t be able to torture him.

Albus had all kinds of plans about what Harry needed to learn, so he was giving Alastor a list. The boy needed proper training, and if he wasn’t able to do it himself, Alastor might be the only one he would fully trust with the task.

Just as the two of them were finishing up, Rufus Scrimgeour flooed in.

“Ah, good. Albus and Alastor, just the two people I was looking for.” Rufus growled.

“What is it that we can do for you Rufus?” Albus asked in a jovial tone.

“You can explain just why it is you two saddled me with such an idiot.” Rufus paced the office in a huff.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Alastor growled back. They had never been friendly, but they had had a decent working relationship until Rufus had helped Amelia to force Alastor into retirement.

“Nymphadora Tonks. Both of you came to me singing her praises. That girl is a fool. Not an ounce of intelligence or stealth in the girl.” Rufus went to the empty chair and sat with a huff.

“What has happened Rufus?” Albus questioned. He really didn’t understand where this had come from.

“That girl and her romantic obsessions. She has decided that she’s in love with Charlie Weasley.”

“They are going to be married.” Albus said with a smile, he fully supported the relationship so he wanted to encourage the idea of it in everyone.

“Well, it seems no one has told him that. He has filed stalking charges against her. Now, I could have dealt with that. But, oh no, she couldn’t just leave things alone. No, she had to start harassing his boyfriend, Oliver Wood. Going so far as to go to his job and start making implications of criminality to his bosses.

One of those Bosses is Mrs. Fairchild, who encouraged him to contact Amelia, going so far as to arrange a meeting a few weeks ago. Then, just today, the foolish girl went back when she learned Wood hadn’t been fired.

Unfortunately for her, and me, before allowing her into her office, Mrs. Fairchild floo called Amelia and arranged for the woman to be in the office and witness everything personally. Amelia is out for blood, and she doesn’t mind if it’s mine.

Tonks is already on suspension, but Amelia is out for her job. She wants her gone, now. If either of you want there to even be a chance for your little golden girl to keep her job, you’re going to need
to come up with some way to get her out of Amelia’s sight for at least 6 months so the woman can
cool down, and someone else can mess up and earn her anger.”

Albus just stared at the man for a moment. Surely Nymphadora hadn’t been so stupid. Then he
remembered what her mother had done only the year before. Of course she could be that stupid.
What was he supposed to do now. He needed her in the DMLE. He had plans for that woman. He
planned on her becoming Ronalds training auror when he and Harry joined, there was no other way
the boy would pass.

While Albus was thinking, Alastor started to argue with Rufus. Looking between the two, Albus
had a brilliant idea.

“I know what we are going to do. Alastor has just agreed to come and teach here for a year. The
school board has ordered assistants for all professors. Nymphadora can take a sabbatical from the
DMLE and come here as Alastors apprentice. That should give Amelia enough time to calm down,
and Alastor can keep teaching her.”

Albus smiled at the other two as he finished.

“I don’t care what you do, just get her out of my auror office for a while.” Rufus huffed as he got
up to head back to the floo. “Just have her submit the paperwork to me by owl post. She isn’t to set
foot in the ministry until next year.”

With that Rufus flooed away, leaving an angry Albus and an irate Alastor.

**Dartmoor, England - August 25, 2004**

Hadrian couldn’t stop himself from grinning as he helped his dads and uncles put up their tent. In
just a few hours he would be attending the world cup.

Sure, he already knew how it was going to end. And he knew what was going to happen after. But
it was impossible not to get excited. The energy around everyone was just so intense he found
himself excited for everyone else.

He was a little worried. They knew about the attack that had happened last time, but they really
didn’t know if the changes they had made would change that. Originally, Lucius had been the one
forced to plan the attack, so now that he didn’t have anything to do with the other former death
eaters, they didn’t know if the attack was being planned by someone else or if it had just been
canceled.

Either way, they were ready. Hadrian and all the children had been given emergency portkeys that
would take them right home. Their parents held the activation switch. If at any point in time their
parents felt they were in danger, they could send them home with a single word, and they would be
untraceable.

His parents had also been sure to remind and warn all those that knew about the time travel. They
had also told Amelia that Lucius had heard a rumour through one of his connections that an attack
was being planned on the cup. Making sure to let her know that it was just a rumour and that they
had no way to confirm it. They didn’t want Amelia to start to question where they got their
information.

When they finished with the tents, Hadrian smiled as he looked around. There was a large tent for
the parents and younger kids, but then there was a second tent that was just for Hadrian, Draco, and
Neville. It had taken a bit of convincing, but the boys had eventually convinced their parents that they were old enough to have their own space. The girls had all been a little upset by that, but their parents had compromised by getting another small tent and putting it up inside the room they were using for the kids so that they could have their own space, but still have parental supervision.

For the game, all of them were going to be up in the top box. But, this time, there was going to be two separate top boxes. The one they would be in was the one for government officials and where the announcer was. The other top box, which was going to be directly across from them, was for business officials and team management. That box had been set up so that the high ranking business officials connected to recording the game, along with people associated with the teams.

Hadrian had overheard Fabian talking with his dad about how he had managed to arrange tickets for his family. He knew that he shouldn’t say anything, but he just couldn’t resist. The twins had known as soon as they had next seen him that he was trying to hide something and they managed to trick it out of him. Mostly, after there begging and pleading had failed they pretended to be upset and sad that he didn’t trust them, Hadrian hadn’t been able to stand seeing them look so down so he had told them, swearing them to secrecy in the process. Since they were going to be directly opposite one another, they had agreed that they were going to use their omnioculars to find each other so they could wave hi before the game started.

As evening drew in, everyone became more excited as they started off towards the stadium.

**Weasley-Prewett Tent**

Arthur happily walked towards the site that he had rented for their tents. This trip had already started out wonderfully. Since he was pregnant, he couldn’t portkey or apparate, so he had gotten to go by car. Alice had become quite active in the muggle world so she had gotten her license. He had had a clear and blunt talk with Ron and Ginny two weeks before about what he expected of them and what they would get if they did as they were told.

Over the past two weeks both children had had to stick strictly to the schedule, including doing all their studying, cleaning up after themselves, and be nice to everyone else, including Winky. As a reward, not only would they be aloud to come, and not sent to spend the night at their Aunt Muriels, Hermione was invited to come with them.

“Alright, this is our site.” Arthur announced when they reached their space.

“Now we just need to set up the tents.” Bill smiled as he pulled out the large family sized tent he had been carrying.

When Ron, Ginny, and Hermione started to shuffle away, not wanting to have to do any of the work, they were blocked by Fabian and Gideon.

“Now you three.” Arthur looked to the trapped children. “After plenty of discussions with Fabian and Gideon we have come to a decision. If the three of you do your fair share in helping to set up the main tent, the smaller, three person tent Bill brought with him from work, will be yours while we are here.

If you are to childish to do your fair share, then you will be in the family tent with us since children need supervision and your brothers will get the private tent.”

Arthur smiled as the three suddenly became far more interested in helping. The second tent had
been a life saver. Arthur and the others knew that Ron and Ginny would spend all their time whining if they had to stay in the family tent while the other boys got the private tent, so they had decided to use it to force the younger children to show some responsibility. Arthur was finding the children much easier to deal with over the past few weeks as long as he laid things out plainly. You do this, you get that, you don’t do this, you don’t get that.

The tents were set up surprisingly quickly. Once everything was done, all the older boys and their fathers went into their tent while the younger three went into theirs.

Ron walked into the tent he was sharing with his sister and Hermione and flopped down happily in one of the chairs. He was so glad that they weren’t having to share with the others.

Ginny looked around, both happy and sad. Like her brother, she was glad that they didn’t have to share with the others, but this tent was just so small. The other tent had had a living room and kitchen along with all the bedrooms, this one just had three small single rooms and a main sitting area with three chairs around a small table.

For her part, Hermione was stunned. She hadn’t realized how big wizard tents could be. Looking around, she was glad that she had magic. There was no way she would want to share a muggle tent with the others. Moving quickly, she chose her room, she didn’t want to argue with the others about who got what room, they were all practically the same anyways.

She hadn’t really cared about coming to a quidditch game, but had decided it was for the best. There was no doubt that Harry would come, so she hoped they could use this to get closer to him. Maybe if he thought they were interested in the same things then he might be more open with them.

That was one thing Hermione couldn’t figure out. Why Harry didn’t seem to like them. They knew what was best for him, but he just wouldn’t listen. Albus Dumbledore was the greatest wizard to ever live, and he had plans that would make Harry great, yet he kept refusing to do what he was supposed to. Didn’t he understand, the world needed him to be better than he was, and the only way he could get there was by following their orders.

As the three of them were sitting down, there was an attempt at knocking, but it was mostly just a scuffing sound, as someone knocked on the tent flap. Fred and George came in.

“What do you two want? This is our tent.” Ron smirked nastily at his brothers. He thought that them getting the tent over their older brothers showed that their dad was finally learning that they were better.

“It’s almost time for lunch. Dad gave the five of us two jobs. We need to get water, and help set up the camp stove and cooking implements. We figured we would give you three a choice.” George said, ignoring his brothers look and tone.

“You three can go and get the water, or you can help set up.” Fred offered.

“I don’t want to. We’ve already done enough work.” Ginny said as she tried to relax further into her chair, but it wasn’t very comfortable.

“Well, either you do one of those two things, or you’re not going to get lunch, or dinner, so… Your choice.” George stated bluntly.

“We’ll help set up here.” Hermione said simply. Hushing the other two when they started to
complain.

Once Fred and George agreed and had left the tent Ron and Ginny turned on Hermione.

“Why did you do that?” Ron demanded.

“I don’t want to work.” Ginny pouted.

“Setting up here will be simple. What would you rather, setting up a few things, or carrying buckets of water from wherever the water taps are?” Hermione gave the two condescending looks.

Both of the others realized just how much work getting water would be and smirked. They were so glad that it was the twins having to do all that work. They could easily set up whatever it was here.

It took Fred and George well over an hour to get back. The others were still setting up and everyone looked a little annoyed.

“What happened here?” Fred asked.

“Some people don’t like to follow simple instructions.” Charlie growled.

A simple set up had turned out to be not so simple. Arthur had brought a small propane grill, a few pots and kettles, and a small ice box full of food. It should have been simple to set up, but Ginny had thrown the instructions into the little fire they had made because she thought they were stupid.

This meant that they didn’t have the instructions on how to set up the grill and make it work, or the instructions on how to prepare the food that Winky had written out for them.

Fred and George decided to leave it at that. They had had a good time going to get water. They had met up with a lot of their friends from school, and Hadrian, Draco, and Neville had been getting water too. They had spent a lot of time talking with them and their friends.

“What took you guys so long?” Ron, while annoyed with all the work he had had to do, was still glad he hadn’t had to carry water across the camp ground, then he noticed something missing. “Where’s the water?”

Fred and George held up two small jugs.

“That’s not going to be enough water.” Hermione said. There wouldn’t even be enough in those two jugs for everyone to have a cup of tea.

“I cast space expansion charms on them and Fabian cast feather weight charms.” Gideon said as he went to take the jugs from his sons. “There is more then enough water here. So, what took you two so long?”

“We ran into a few friends along the way and everyone wanted to talk.” George smiled.

“And Hadrian, Draco, and Neville, were also getting water for their families so we stopped to talk with them for a while.” Fred added.

“Harry’s here! Where?” Ginny suddenly perked up.

“Hadrian, is with his family.” George said flatly.
“Well, why didn’t you invite him back here for lunch?” Ron demanded.

“Because he is here with his family, and they were waiting for him.” Fred said, his tone a mirror of his brothers.

“Enough.” Arthur said strictly. “It does not matter where Hadrian and his family are. This isn’t about their family, it is about ours.”

“So… When do we need to head out to the stadium?” Bill asked to distract everyone.

“We need to head out just before it starts to get dusk so that we can buy anything we need and get to our seat, they’re a long way up.” Fabian said with a smile.

“What seats did you get us?” Ron questioned. He was surprised that it hadn’t occurred to him to ask that before. He knew that his dad had probably cheeped out on him again and that he had gotten them the worst seats in the place.

“Well, that was a part of the surprise.” Arthur smiled. “Over the past few years, Fabian, Gideon, and I have been working with the world cup committee and other businesses associated with it for work. JT is working with them to arrange for this game to be recorded so that people can buy copies and watch, or rewatch, at their leisure.

Fabian and Gideon have been mostly working with team officials and they managed to arrange for us to have seats in one of the top boxes.”

Arthur smiled at the shocked looks on all the kids faces. They hadn’t even told Bill or Charlie that. The only ones that knew were those like Hadrian because he had overheard when they had been discussing it with his family. He knew that Hadrian had secretly told the twins, but he didn’t blame him for that. He actually thought it was a good thing that they were so open with each other.

Ron and Ginny were both thrilled. They couldn’t wait to tell everyone back at school where they had been seated. Neither of them might like Fabian or Gideon at all really, but they might be willing to put up with them more so long as they kept doing things like this.

For the first time in a very long time, Hermione, Ron, and Ginny managed to go through their afternoon without Hadrian crossing their minds once. Although Hermione wasn’t very interested in quidditch, she still found herself getting swept up in everyone else’s excitement, so even she didn’t think about him.

Hogwarts, Headmasters Office

While everyone was settling into their tents at the world cup, Albus was sitting in his office waiting for a meeting. He had called both Molly and Dedalus to his office. Ever since the meeting at the bank, he had been going over the account ledgers and there were a few things that he needed to address.

“What can we do for you Albus?” Dedalus asked. He figured he knew what this was about, but he knew he still needed to ask. There really was very few things that he and Molly had in common, it was either about their marriage or the restaurant, the latter was the more likely. That was why he had brought his detailed copy of the accounts ledger that he had purchased from the bank.
“I wished to speak to you both about the Lions Den.” Albus gave the two of them a disappointed look.

“What about? Everything is going fine, almost. I really do think we never should have included the pub, it just gives us a bad image, and there are all the wrong sorts walking into my restaurant. I don’t want that sort around the good, light, people that come to the restaurant.”

“If I didn’t have the pub you would have bankrupted us already.” Dedalus rolled his eyes at the aggravating woman.

“What do you mean by that Dedalus?” Albus asked as he raised a hand to keep Molly quiet.

Dedalus pulled out his copy of the accounts. The detailed ones he had gotten showed a break down of all revenue and expenses, and where it came from.

“I purchased the detailed account ledger from the bank. If you look at these you will see that the only part of the business that has any profit is the pub section. The restaurant area is losing money as fast as it can as a result of a lack of business and Molly’s constant redecorating.”

So far, since the pub had opened in January, Molly had redecorated the restaurant 4 times. She was also driving away business with her overbearing behaviour. Going so far as to refuse to get people meals that they ordered and instead giving them ones she thought that they needed. She also had a bad habit of lecturing everyone on everything that came into her head. It had actually become common practice for some to come to his pub and order the food from there so as to avoid Molly.

Albus looked at the ledger and was startled. He couldn’t believe just how much money Molly was wasting on redecorating. It explained why the account Aberforth had left was emptying so quickly.

“Molly, what is the meaning of this? You are spending over twice what the restaurant section makes almost every month. You’re supposed to be making money, not wasting it.”


“No, it didn’t. You just can’t resist wasting money.” Dedalus said, glad he could finally tell the woman off and Albus couldn’t even fault him for it. “I mean, honestly. You designed the restaurant, if there were any design problems you have no one but yourself to blame.”

Molly was getting ready to start screaming at Dedalus when Albus stopped her.

“I quite agree. Looking at this, it is clear you are mismanaging the restaurant. Like Dedalus said, you designed it, if you have a problem with it now, that is your problem. You can not continue to waste money like you have been. you are driving that restaurant into the ground with your spending.

I understand that you just want everything to be perfect, but you need to stay within the budget. From this point on, you are barred from making any further changes without checking with me first. And, you will not be redecorating until the restaurant is posting a profit.”

Albus knew that Molly was going to throw a fit. For some reason he was surrounded by people that just hadn’t grown up. So many of those that followed him still behaved like children for some reason. He needed to cut her off with some news that she might like. Luckily for him, he had just the thing.

“With that said, thank you for coming Dedalus, you are free to leave. Molly, I need to speak with you about another topic.”
After Dedalus left, Molly turned to the headmaster, still pouting like a petulant child. “What else did we need to discuss?”

Albus was annoyed by the disrespect in the woman’s voice, but knew it wasn’t worth fighting over. “This year, Hogwarts will be holding a formal ball. This will be the perfect opportunity for Ginny to get close to Harry. She will need a formal ball gown this year, it would be best to get it before school since the moment it is announced the dress shops will be inundated with orders.”

Albus pulled out a sheet of parchment. “This is the dress code for the ball. She will need to adhere to these or she will not be aloud in. You both need to remember, this is a formal ball with expectations, not just a house party. I will leave it to you to ensure that she has the appropriate attire.”

Molly almost immediately forgot about being angry. Her mind was now full of all the dresses that her baby could wear. She was going to make sure that Ginny was the most beautifully dressed girl there. Quickly agreeing, Molly rushed out so that she could go to the different dress shops so she could get an early start.

**World Cup Stadium**

As evening started to draw in, everyone set off towards the stadium. When they did reach the stadium, the children went a little crazy with buying their souvenirs. Since Ron and Ginny now had the bank cards their mum had given them they didn’t even bother to ask their dad what they could have. They both just went and got everything they wanted.

It was a testament of just how excited Arthur was that he didn’t call the kids out on their shopping. Guiding the children up to the top box they would be sitting in, everyone gasped.

The view was amazing. There were just so many people making their way to their seats.

“This is so cool.” Ron smiled.

Even Hermione was stunned. She had never seen anything like this.

“It took a lot of work, but it was definitely worth it.” Fabian smiled.

“I wonder if we should have invited Harry?” Ginny questioned, thinking of the boy she loved. Surely, he would have been beyond grateful if she had arranged for him to get seats like this.

“Hadrian is just fine with his family.” Fred sighed.

“Yes, but even his family couldn’t have gotten him such good seats. All well, we’ll just have to tell him about anything he misses because his view isn’t as good as ours.” Ginny smiled slightly at the thought. She would love to make Harry jealous.

“Like Fred said, Hadrian is fine. Besides, his view will be just as good as ours. He’s in the top box across the field. The Minister invited his family and arranged for them to have seats in the front row of the governments top box.”

Hermione almost growled. She wanted to be in the top box across the field. Sure, this one was fine, but she would love the chance to get to meet some of the government officials. It would make her transition to the role of minister when she took over in a few years easier.
“Shouldn’t the government’s box be used for government officials and not used to curry favour with people?” Hermione questioned. She saw that as a clear case of corruption.

“They are. Sebastian, Severus, Lucius, Narcissa, Frank, Alice, and Sirius all have high ranked positions in the wizengamot. And, as was covered by The Quibbler last Yule, Hadrian currently holds three separate, extremely powerful, titles. It actually makes a lot of sense for Fudge to try and sway them to his way of thinking, not that it will necessarily work.” Gideon said.

“Why do you even know all that?” Ginny asked, giving him a disgusted look.

“Because we’re both lords. We need to keep up to date on what is going on. Although neither of us are very interested in sitting in the wizengamot, we still have responsibilities. If you don’t know who’s who, you could make a very powerful enemy or even start a feud, and that could destroy a family.” Fabian explained.

“But how do you get all the information?” Hermione was actually interested in something they had to say, something she never thought possible.

“The wizengamot puts out a who’s who every year. It details who holds what position and gives small write ups on their party affiliation, alliances, and voting record. If you want a copy all you would have to do is contact the wizengamot’s press office, each copy only cost 1 galleon and you can order it by owl at any time.” Gideon said.

Before Hermione could respond, the lighting on the seats dimmed and the lighting on the field became brighter. It was time.

While the others were talking, Fred and George were using their omnioculars and a note pad to write messages to Hadrian who was over on the other side doing the same thing, but they had to stop as the lighting changed and the game began.

The game went exactly as Hadrian knew it would, right down to the fight between the leprechauns and veela. Even though he had known what was going to happen, he had still been glued to the game.

It was on the way back to their tents after the game that everyone started to get tense. They knew what might happen, but they were still holding out hope that nothing would happen.

Even knowing what might happen, none of them were immune to the festivities, joining in the celebrations, although most stayed together. The only ones to leave their encampment was Draco and Hadrian.

Hadrian was going to quickly go to see the twins. Draco had decided to go with him so that Hadrian wasn’t alone, while Neville stayed behind to keep an eye on the kids for their brothers.

They had only been able to spend about an hour with Fred and George, walking around, talking with each other and the people they met up with. The original attack had occurred just after 11 pm, so all four of them had a curfew of 10. Their families figured that would ensure they would be well away from the attack, if it even did occur.

Draco and Hadrian were almost half way back to their tent when they heard an all too familiar squeal. They both glanced at each other, silently agreeing that they wouldn’t acknowledged that
they had heard anything. Just keeping walking forward, even as they heard the three calling out for Hadrian’s attention, once again using the wrong name. Hadrian figured he could use that as an explanation if they did manage to catch up to them.

Turning right when they should have turned left, Draco and Hadrian led the annoying trio away from their tent. They didn’t want to risk them knowing where they were.

When a large group of loud girls passed just behind them, momentarily blocking them from the view of their three stalkers, they both took off at a run, heading for a small wooded area they could hide in.

Just as Draco was rushing through a bush, he tripped, taking Hadrian down with him. Suddenly, there was a hand over their mouths, stopping them from making any noise. An accented voice quietly begging them to stay quiet.

The two boys looked up to see that they had tripped over none other than Viktor Krum himself. Like them, Krum was slightly out of breath. He was also missing one of the sleeves off of his sweater, and the other sleeve was barely on.

Glancing back at the girls that they had passed they clearly identified them as fan girls, one was proudly displaying the sleeve to Hermione, Ron, and Ginny. Both Ron and Ginny looking impressed while Hermione rolled her eyes. Then, there was another squeal.

Hadrian sighed, dropping his head into his hands, as he heard, “Did you say Potter?” From the girl standing next to Ginny.

Viktor looked over to the smaller dark haired boy shaking his head. It was clear the boy had been trying to find a hiding spot for the same reason he had. Then he looked to the shaking blond next to him. The boy was silently laughing his ass off.

“This isn’t funny.” Hadrian said quietly as he punched Draco in the arm.

“Kinda funny.” Was Draco’s response as he started to calm down.

“Sorry about him. He’s kinda an idiot from time to time.” Hadrian looked to Viktor.

“Can’t deny it, it is kind of funny.” Viktor smiled now that he was sure that he wasn’t about to have to run away from fans again.

“So, I can guess we all know why we’re hiding.” Viktor just nodded to Hadrian.

“I forgot my cloak back in the changing room and was heading back for it.” Viktor sighed. “By the time I realized that I didn’t really need it, it was too late. I was being followed. I was just on my way back to our area when I was cornered and escaped into the bushes.”

Hadrian questioned where the area Viktor was heading. Viktor explained where he was heading and Hadrian was a little surprised to realize it was only about five minutes from his own tent. He suggested that they all go together and the other two agreed.

“But how will we get there without being noticed?” Viktor questioned, there really were times he hated his fame. He had just wanted to play quidditch, not all this.

“I have an idea.” Draco said as he pulled out his bag.

They had just been sitting with Oliver and his family before they had had to leave. There had been
a large fire going, and since they had been next to it, they were both quite warm so they had just stuffed their cloaks into the bag Draco had brought with them. He handed Hadrian his own cloak and held out his own cloak to Victor.

“You’re of age, so just enlarge it slightly and it should fit just fine.” Draco said.

Viktor did as he was told before fastening the silver cloak around his shoulders and pulling the hood up and over his head.

“Alright, let’s go.” Hadrian gave an encouraging smile as he slowly stood up and looked around. His stalkers seemed to have wandered off with Viktor’s fan club.

They were making their way through the campground as quickly as caution would allow when Viktor literally bumped into a girl. His seeker reflexes kicked in and he grabbed the smaller girl by her arms and pulled her back to her feet before she even got close to hitting the ground. Starting to panic as the girl looked him straight in the eyes.

As he panicked, he couldn’t help but think that the girl was beautiful. She had long dark curly auburn hair with bright sky blue eyes. Her skin was a pale peach, making the freckles dusted across her nose and high cheek bones stand out even more.

Hadrian, like Viktor, panicked for a moment, until he got a good look at the girl. “Hey Autumn. What brings you here?”

Autumn Quinn was a Gryffindor that was in the same year as Hadrian and Draco. She was a very calm and relaxed girl that never seemed to be fazed by anything. Her best friends were Lily Moon, and Fey Dunbar. She had been Hadrian’s partner in DADA the year before and he had become quite fond of her.

“Hi Hadrian, Draco.” Autumn smiled at her school mates before looking to the other guy and offered her hand. “Hi, I’m Autumn.”

“Viktor.” Viktor took the girls hand, shaking it. He was mildly confused.

“Oh. Like Viktor Krum. Cool.” Autumn smiled at the quidditch player before looking back to the others. “So how did you two enjoy the game.”

“It was great.” Draco smiled, both at the memory of the game and the look on Viktor’s face. The older boy was clearly confused, probably having not experienced a reaction like this since he became famous. “Autumn, why are you here?”

“The Sea Cliff got us all tickets.” Autumn smiled.

“Yeah, but why are you here Autumn? You don’t like quidditch.” Hadrian looked closely at the girl.

“Ok, ok. And, you know I like quidditch just fine, it’s the height I’m not a fan of.” Autumn huffed, downplaying her crippling fear of heights that kept her from even going anywhere near the window in her dorm room. “And, I’m here because we were all offered tickets. Lucy convinced me to agree and then just give her my ticket.”

“Why would Lucy want your ticket?” Draco asked in confusion.

Lucy was a 16 year old Hufflepuff that lived in the room next to Autumn’s at the Sea Cliff House.
“Well, she’s in love… again. But, this one has lasted for more than a month. She wanted to invite him to the game so I gave her my ticket since it wasn’t like I could use it. Just, don’t tell anyone. I was supposed to attend the game, I don’t want to have to deal with another lecture about my needing supervision.” Autumn rolled her eyes before looking to Viktor. “Lucy lives in the room next to me and she falls in love with someone new about… 20 times a year. So, a month for her is a seriously big milestone.”

Viktor smiled. One of his two older sisters was the same way.

“So, where are you lot off to?” Autumn questioned.

“Heading back to our tents.” Hadrian smiled.

“Avoiding fan girls for Viktor, and Hadrian is avoiding his stalkers.” Draco said at the same time.

Autumn just laughed. Being in Gryffindor, and being forced to share a room with Hermione she more than understood just how obsessed with Hadrian the three stalkers were.

“What direction are you headed?” Autumn asked critically.

Hadrian pointed.

“Good luck with that. There’s a large group of Spanish wizards that have set up an encampment that way. It is a near solid wall. I’ve only been able to find a small path through.” Autumn warned them.

“Can you show us your path?” Draco asked.

“If that is ok with everyone?” Autumn didn’t want to force her presence on anyone. It was clear to her that Viktor was uncomfortable with all the attention he got and she didn’t want to upset him.

But, all three nodded at her, so they set off together. Autumn kept up a nonsense conversation the entire time helping to get Viktor to relax. It also helped with keeping them unnoticed, nothing made you stand out more than silently walking through a group of partying wizards.

Eventually they reached an intersection. Hadrian and Draco needed to go right to their tent, while Viktor’s tent was to the left. Viktor had at first started to give Draco back his robe, but he was stopped. Without the cloak he was too recognizable. Eventually they decided that Autumn would continue on with Viktor, and once they reached his tent, Autumn would take the cloak and return it to Draco on the train back to school. Hadrian had been tempted to just suggest Viktor return the cloak himself in October, but he didn’t want to spoil the triwizard tournament news for anyone. Not even Draco or Neville knew about it yet, and Hadrian didn’t want to spoil the surprise.

After the other boys left, things were momentarily awkward. Viktor decided to try and get the girl talking again.

“So, you’re not a big fan of quidditch?”

“I like quidditch. It’s just… I have this like… Catatonic fear of heights. The mind healer that the staff at Sea Cliff makes me see says it’s transference.” Autumn explained.

“Sea Cliff?” Victor decided to avoid the mention of mind healer, most people got a little sensitive when being questioned about something like that, and he wanted the girl to keep talking.
“Oh, right. You’re not a local. So, the Sea Cliff house is a manor house that is actually owned by Hadrian’s uncle that he rents to the government for kids like my little brother and I.

It’s… Um… You see… Alright, pretty much everyone I go to school with already knows the story, so whatever. My parents are religious fundamentalists. So, when, on the day of my 11th birthday, a man came to our house and explained that I was a witch and that I was being invited to a school to learn magic they didn’t really take it… well.

I was up in my room, so my dad said he would go and get me. The man, Mr. Garlend, didn’t see him stop in the kitchen and grab a knife. He really didn’t know anything was wrong until he heard me scream. He stunned both of my parents and he and my little brother, who had gotten to me at the same time he had, stabilized me and slowed the blood flow enough to get me to the hospital.”

“Blood flow?” Viktor’s voice held fear even though he could clearly see that she had survived whatever had happened.

Autumn just tipped her head back slightly, showing off her neck. Starting from just under her left ear and down to the centre of her throat was a long, slightly raised scar. Although she had used scar cream for a while, the scar would never fully fade. It was no longer the dark red it had started off, instead it was a pale, almost white line, only really noticeable if someone was looking for it.

Viktor couldn’t stop himself as his fingers lightly grazed the scar. How could anyone, let alone a father, do something like that to a girl like Autumn, his own daughter.

“Anyways, the Sea Cliff House was set up for kids that weren’t safe at home and didn’t have any other family that could take them. My brother and I have lived there ever since.” Autumn carried on like nothing was wrong.

“And your brother?” Viktor asked, needing to change the topic. All he could think about was tracking down her father and killing the man. What kind of monsters aloud their religion to override their love for their child. A child should always be more important than a religion. If at any time a religion told a person that they needed to hurt a child that should be the exact moment people left the religion in Viktor’s opinion.

“Liam’s 12. He’s a squib that attends a school the Sea Cliff house set up for kids and non magical children. He can’t use active magic, but he can still do a lot of stuff, like potions. I know what happened still bothers him, but I’ve always tried to teach him that what happened doesn’t define us. He always just goes back to the fact that if Mr. Garlend hadn’t been there, and I had just gotten a letter, like what they used to do, I would have probably died.

That’s actually what my mind healer says is my issue. Since I refuse to let what happened scare me the fear has to come out some how, and it seems to have manifested in a fear of heights. I don’t really care either way, it doesn’t stop me from having a good life.” Autumn shrugged just as they reached Viktor’s tent.

Viktor stared at the girl for a moment. He was startled by just how accepting she was about what had happened to her. He himself was furious over it and he had only known her for less then 15 minutes.

After saying a quick goodbye, Autumn took Draco’s cloak from Viktor before she dashed off. She had a curfew to make.
August 26, 2004

While Autumn and Viktor had been walking back to his tent, Draco and Hadrian safely made it back to theirs. They spent the next two hours with their families. Finally, at midnight, everyone went to bed.

The adults and Hadrian were all relaxed as they decided that without Lucius there, the Death Eaters never managed to arrange the attack. Getting into bed, everyone fell asleep quickly.

They should have known that they would jinx themselves.

It was just after 4 in the morning when everyone was started awake by an explosion. Then, they started to hear screams and the pounding of feet.

Severus, Lucius, and Frank had just opened the flap of the tent to go and get the boys when Hadrian, Draco, and Neville all rushed through the opening. Although they had hoped to avoid this, they had still made sure the kids knew what to do.

Neville took Alex out of his mum's arms, Draco grabbed Athena and Hadrian took Ares. The four older girls gathered around the boys, all looking to their parents as their emergency portkeys were activated and disappeared to Grimauld Place. Regulus and Marlene had offered to watch the kids if anything happened.

Once the kids were safely out of danger, the parents all went to help where they could.

Weasley-Prewett Tent

Arthur had, like so many others, set a curfew of 10. He, Fabian, and Gideon had been warned about the possibility of an attack, but, like the others, had chosen to stay.

It was just after 10:20 that Ron, Hermione, and Ginny came into the tent. They were all annoyed. Early in the evening, Arthur had given Ron and Ginny new bracelets. The kids, thinking that they were just presents had accepted and put them on happily.

What they hadn't known was that they were curfew bracelets that had been designed in Italy. A parent would set the curfew time, and from five minutes before then the bracelets would beep. If the child was walking toward the parent, who had the control bracelet, they would be quiet, but if they attempted moving further away the beep would grow louder and louder. The best feature, in Arthur's opinion was that the bracelets could only be removed if they were within five feet of the control bracelet.

Once they were close enough, both Ron and Ginny threw the bracelets off before storming into their tent with Hermione. When they were in the tent, Fabian cast an alarm spell on the tent entrance. If the kids attempted to leave at any time the adults would be alerted.

As 11 came and went they figured the attack wouldn't occur this time. Until 4 in the morning when they were also woken up by explosions and screams. Like the others, they had plans.

Fabian, Gideon, Bill, Charlie, and Percy, as adults, would stay to help. Arthur would portkey home with the kids. They were all more than a little nervous for each other. Arthur was worried that his husband and three older boys would be hurt, while they were worried about Arthur using a portkey.
The use of portkeys was not recommended for pregnant individuals. With Arthur being due in just over two weeks the biggest risk was that there was a 50/50 chance that it would push him into early labour. But, there was no safer way for them to leave. Apparition was even more dangerous and would risk still birth.

Leaving the tent Fabian, Gideon, and the boys headed towards the screams and glow of fire, while Arthur, Fred, and George went into the kids tent.

In the tent, Ron, Ginny, and Hermione were getting dressed quickly and quietly.

“We didn’t even do anything.” Ginny all but shouted as she saw her father and brothers.

“What?” Fred asked in confusion.

“Why do you think we think you did anything?” George added.

“We were just going to join the party. How did you even know that we were up. Were you spying on us again?” Ron demanded.

“Enough.” Arthur huffed before motioning the kids over to him. “Come here, all of you.”

Fred and George instantly went over. Ron, Hermione, and Ginny moved slower, but they went. As soon as they were close, Arthur, Fred, and George took hold of them and Arthur activated their portkey.

**The Burrow**

As soon as they landed, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny pushed away from the others. Fred and George barely noticed as they watched a flash of pain on their dads face just before he doubled over, breathing hard.

Fred and George knew what to do now. Fred would take their dad, and George would take the kids. Fred ushered their dad inside to quickly floo to the maternity ward in St. Mungo’s.

As soon as he was sure they were gone, George escorted the three kids inside to the floo, all of them asking dozens of questions, none of which really reached George. Half his mind was back at the campground with his fathers and brothers, while the other half was with his father and twin.

Throwing the floo powder into the fire he called out Diggle Manor.

“Why are we going to your mum’s?” Hermione questioned. She was more than a little irritated at being ignored.

“Don’t ask questions, just go.” George snapped back.

None of them had ever seen George so angry so they did as they were told without any more questions, for that moment.

**Diggle Manor**

Arriving in the floo room in the manor, George went forward to ring Molly’s bell. In the floo room there were four bells that could be rung. Each one would alert a different person of their arrival.
Even though Ginny and Ron were only there every other weekend, Molly had still demanded that they get bells in the event of one of their friends visiting.

Molly shuffled into the room a few minutes later, pulling on a dressing gown over her nightgown. Looking at the kids, she was confused. Ron, Hermione, and Ginny were all angrily yelling at, who she assumed was, Fred. Fred, for his part, didn't even seem to be hearing them, he was staring off into space and looked like he was getting close to tears. “What is going on in here?”

“Dad, Fred, and George wouldn’t let us attend the party.” Ginny whined as she rushed to her mum.

“Fred won’t tell us what’s going on.” Ron pouted.

Molly looked to Hermione for a coherent answer.

“I honestly don’t know what’s going on. A little while ago we were woken up by fireworks. Ron and Ginny wanted to go see so we were getting dressed when Mr. Weasley and Fred and George came into the tent. They didn't really explain anything, they just grabbed us and portkeyed us away.

George went somewhere with Mr. Weasley, who looked like he was in pain, and Fred brought us here.”

“Well?” Molly looked to the boy.

“First off, I’m George.” George said, pulling himself back to the present. “Second, we were in a rush. We didn’t have time to stop and explain everything to you.”

“And just why were you in such a rush? And, there is no way Arthur took a portkey, you’re not supposed to while pregnant.” Molly said.

“We didn’t have a choice. We needed to move quickly. It was to dangerous to leave any other way. Fred took dad to the hospital for a check up because of the portkey use.” George explained.

“And just what is so bad about fireworks. You just didn’t want us to have fun. Admit it. You guys made us leave so that we wouldn’t have any fun. Mummy, make them be nice.” Ginny turned and pretended to cry into her mums arms.

Seeing Molly getting ready to lecture him, like she was his mum, George snapped.

“Fine, you really want to know what was going on. I’ll tell you. As you’re so often saying, you’re not babies, so sure.

Those explosions and bright lights weren’t fireworks. Those weren’t screams of excitement or joy. Dad got us out of there because it was dangerous and he was trying to protect us, even at the risk of his pregnancy.”

“If it wasn’t fireworks then what was it?” Ron demanded, cutting into George’s tirade.

“Death Eaters. But, if you want to go back and play with the Death Eaters be my guest. All the others are already there fighting, risking their lives for ungrateful people like you that can only think of themselves like the little childish babies you are.” George snapped, that shut everyone up.

Molly’s arms shot out and grabbed her babies and held them close, her face going very stoic.

George might not like the woman, but this was the first real evidence that reminded him she really had lived through the last war. She might have never gone to actively fight, but she had still lived
through the fear.

“What do you mean George?” Molly questioned in a quiet voice.

“I mean that a group of former Death Eaters couldn’t resist such a large crowd and decided to attack. Dad got all us under age kids out before Ron or Ginny had managed to get out of the tent, like they had been planning, while the others went to try and help.” George said, calm and focused for that moment. “Now, the kids need to stay here for a little while since I’m going to the hospital to meet Fred while dad gets checked.

It would probably be best for Ron and Ginny to stay here for a day or two if you want, but I think dad will want them back this weekend at the latest. But, they can come home later in the afternoon if they want. Hermione needs to be dropped off at home after lunch.” With that said, George turned and flooed away.

Molly just hugged her babies close. She could have lost them tonight.

**St. Mungo’s**

It was 6 in the morning when Fabian, Gideon, and the three older boys arrived at the maternity ward of St. Mungo’s. All of them were a little worse for the wear, but all would be just fine. The only one in any real pain was Arthur.

As everything had been winding down at the world cup campgrounds Winky had popped in telling then that Fred and George had sent her to tell them that Arthur was in labour. The aurors just waved them away on the understanding that they would stop by the DMLE later in the week to give their statement. They knew there was no way any of them would be able to focus properly. It didn’t really matter too much now since all those in Death Eater masks and robes had been rounded up.

At the hospital the five Weasley-Prewett boys paced in the waiting room while their fathers were in the delivery room. They were all excited and worried.

In the delivery room, Fabian and Gideon were just as worried, if not more. They had been making so many plans.

They had already decided that they were going to try to raise these two to be Slytherins. Even going so far as to interrogate all the Slytherins they knew on what they thought would be the best lessons to teach them first. They figured, they had already had two Gryffindors, plus Ron and Ginny, two Hufflepuffs, and one Ravenclaw, they needed at least one snake next.

But now, that all just seemed silly. All they cared about now was that the twins were healthy.

Just after 8, Fabian and Gideon walked into the waiting room, all smiles. They had gotten their wish. The twins were perfect. Inviting the others in, they got ready to introduce their new twins.

“Well, as you know we had already decided on the babies names, but, there is going to have to be a slight change.” Fabian smiled.

“Your youngest brother will indeed be Leo, as we had planned, our little lion in the snake pit.” Gideon chuckled.
“But, the first born in this set is going to have a bit of a name change. Rather than the Nicholas we had planned, we got a perfect little Nicole.” Fabian finished.

Both stepped away, allowing the boys to see their dad sitting in the bed, a bundle in each arm. Pink on the left, and blue on the right.

That was a bit of a surprise. There hadn’t been a girl born in the Weasley family in over three generations. That had been why they had all figured they would get two more boys. They all secretly thought that Ginny wasn’t going to like this, she had always prided herself on being the only girl.

“So what are their full names?” Bill questioned.

“Nicole Muriel Weasley-Prewett, and Leo James Weasley-Prewett.” Arthur announced happily.

**Diggle Manor**

Molly and the three children were sitting down to a late lunch, Molly had decided the schedule didn’t matter right now since just how much danger her poor babies had had to face. The kids were once again regaling Molly with just what had happened. By this point they were all convinced that they had come face to face with over a dozen death eaters and survived by skill and intelligence.

As Ginny was reaching the height of her story, Loki and Hermes flew in, dropping letters on Ron and Ginny’s heads before immediately flying away.

Ginny got hers open first and started screaming in fury.

Ron just glared at his letter like he was trying to set it on fire.

Hermione grabbed Rons letter while Molly grabbed Ginnys. Both stared at the words telling the other two about the two new babies.

Molly had so many emotions about this news. She was excited that she was going to have another son and daughter, but she was sad at how upset her babies were. She was also annoyed that she hadn’t been informed, upset that she couldn’t be able to claim the title of mother of the only Weasley girl. And, of course, completely jealous at what her brothers had.

**Hogwarts Express - September 1, 2004**

Hadrian sat in a near state of shock in his regular compartment. Draco was in a similar state.

In the near week since the world cup, their lives had been like a traumatizing roller coaster.

Just two days after the riot the Daily Prophet had printed a picture that showed Severus and Lucius throwing jinxes and curses. The article under the picture had said that they had been siding with the Death Eaters and attacking innocent people.

Like usual, the public had immediately started demanding their heads and, in the case of Severus, demanding that he be stripped of his guardianship of Hadrian. Rufus Scrimgeour had even managed to push through an arrest warrant against the recommendations of Amelia.
Severus and Lucius had seen no other option than to surrender themselves to Frank and let him take them into custody. Luckily, although Amelia hadn’t been able to stop the arrest warrant, she had managed to keep them from being sent directly to Azkaban. Instead, they were held at the holding cells in the ministry.

Between Amelia, Frank, and Kingsley, they were never alone. Which was lucky as a large number of aurors had found their way down to the holding cells for no defensible reason, with their wands out. Unfortunately for those aurors, Amelia now had a list of their names and was keeping a close watch on them.

Their families had been in an uproar about what was going on, they knew those photos and stories were false, and they were going to prove it. But, public opinion was so heavily weighted against them that it was proving difficult. Albus had even come forward, expressing his sorrow about Severus before publicly offering his job before he had even been fired, going so far as to announce that Minerva would be retaining her position as deputy headmistress.

Hadrian had been in a state of shock. He couldn’t lose his papa again, and he couldn’t let him be taken from Kali. He had been staring at the article when he noticed that the photo was credited to Colin Creevey. There was no way Colin would do something like this to him.

Reaching out to Colin, he found a furious boy. Although he had taken the photo, the Prophet had selectively edited it. Inviting Colin and Dennis over, they had planned their method of attack with Draco and Neville.

When Colin and Dennis had gone to the bank to be tested, they had learned that they were indeed in line for a title. Dennis was now Lord Dennis Mercer-Creevey. Gerald Greengrass was his chosen proxy.

Dennis went to Gerald to have him file formal charges of corruption against the Prophet. Because it was two Lords that they were lying about, and it could be seen as an attempt to subvert the power of the wizengamot by targeting its members, it was more than just mere slander, it entered corruption and conspiracy.

Hadrian took Colin, with his original copies of the photos to the Lovegoods. When he had sold the photos to the Prophet he had signed an exclusivity contract stating that he wouldn’t let any other paper or magazine have the photos, but what the Prophet reporters hadn’t seemed to realize was that, at Dennis’s suggestion, an honesty clause had been added to that contract. By manipulating the photo they had violated the contract allowing Colin the right to give his photos to others.

The very next day The Quibbler had printed a special edition. On the front cover there was the picture that The Daily Prophet had printed, but then, the photo pulled back to show the full picture. It showed Severus and Lucius had been throwing the jinxes and curses at three Death Eaters. Just behind Severus and Lucius was a young mother that had a clearly broken leg and a large gash gushing blood down the side of her face as she tried to both comfort and use her own body to shield her two young children.

All of a sudden, after the photo had been printed the public changed their tune. Demanding justice for Severus and Lucius for the ministries rush to judgment. From then it was easy for Amelia to arrange the release of the two.

Having their fathers back had calmed the traumatized children slightly, but everyone was still furious. Especially when Amelia managed to get in touch with the young mother in the picture and gotten her statement.
Rufus Scrimgeour had never believed, or cared, about the reasons Lucius and Severus had been found innocent and released after the last war. He had been hoping to find some reason to arrest them for years, so when that opportunity had been offered up to him on a silver platter, he hadn’t been willing to let anything take it away from him, not even the truth. He had been hoping to use their arrest and conviction to catapult himself even higher in the ministry. So, when he had been contacted by the young mother and learned what had really been happening in that photo, he had promised her he would deal with it before destroying all records of his interview with her and any record of her contacting the ministry.

When Amelia had learned what he had done, following the rules, she reported it. Rufus had found himself removed as head of the Auror Office and moved over to Sr. Undersecretary to the head of the Transportation Office.

It was very similar to what had been done to Bartemius Crouch. It effectively ended his rise in the ministry. It also pretty much destroyed any influence or power he had once had.

Frank had been promoted to his position.

Since there were so few potions masters in Britain, Albus hadn’t managed to replace Severus. Albus had even been forced to make a public apology to the man. He had also been forced to announce that Severus had been placed as Deputy headmaster by the board, something the public hadn’t known at the time, but now was widely supported, much to Dumbledors private fury.

Now, everything was back to how it had been, but everyone was more than a little shaken up. Hadrian and Draco were furious about the injustice that had been done to their families. And, their younger siblings were terrified of losing their fathers. Although things were back to the way they had been, both Hadrian and Draco were permanently changed.

Further down the train, there were two other students that sat in a near state of shock. Ron and Ginny were trying to recover from how their summer had ended.

After the Death Eater attack their father had given birth to twins, and that had changed everything. Neither of them had wanted any more siblings, but they had been ignored.

Neither could really deny that their new younger brother and sister were kinda cute, but they still didn’t want them there. Everyone’s attention was completely focused on the new babies, and not them. Didn’t their family understand, they had almost been killed by Death Eaters, but no, all they cared about was the babies.

Nothing was ever going to be the same at home, and they both knew it. Even their mum was bugging them for pictures of the twins. Both Ron and Ginny felt she wasn’t paying the right amount of attention to them.

The only thing that made up for that behaviour for Ginny was the shopping trip her mum had taken them on. Ginny had been thrilled that there was going to be a ball, even though their mum didn’t know exactly when it was going to be, apparently it had never occurred to her mum to ask the headmaster.

For Ginny, life had just gotten harder. Her dad had come to her after she had come back, attempting to get her to accept her new siblings, but Ginny still wasn’t sure. Sure, like her dad had said, Nicole would look up to her as a role model, but Ginny wasn’t sure that she wanted that. She didn’t want someone trying to be like her, although it did stroke her ego to know that she was going to be
Nicole’s hero. Ginny had decided to wait a little bit before making a final decision on her. Right now, she was still too young to do anything more than eat and sleep, so Ginny couldn’t really tell if she was the kind of sister she could tolerate.

**Hogwarts**

With all the students on the train and on their way to the school Albus was in a rush. There were still things that needed to be finished for the coming year, and there weren’t many people that were willing to help him. For some reason a majority of his staff was furious at him for what happened with Severus.

Flitwick and Sprout had barely spoken more than two words to him since. And the words that they did speak had been to berate him.

Honestly, how was he supposed to know that there would be evidence that disproved what Severus had been accused of. Then, there was Severus himself. There was little chance he would be willing to forgive and forget what had happened.

Albus was frustrated. Once again, he had been so close to regaining control just for it to be taken from him. As soon as Severus had been arrested, Albus had gotten in touch with Fudge and they had started the paperwork to reassign Harry’s custody to Albus. But, no, that rag of a magazine, The Quibbler, had had to print the full picture. Albus had been less than 24 hours from having control of the boy. He had even managed to work in a clause that said once the guardianship was transferred it couldn’t be transferred back, regardless of the cases outcome, for at least 10 years.

Why was nothing working for him anymore? Albus had never had to deal with issues like the ones he had had in the past decade. Before this, Albus had been able to control almost everything with minimal amount of problems since he was a teenager. Now, nothing worked.

At least, until now, he hoped. A chance at getting Harry into the triwizard tournament, testing the boy while isolating him, and a possible return of Voldemort to force people back to him was just what he needed.

**Great Hall**

Everyone was sitting happily in the great hall, the last traces of their desserts fading from their plates when Dumbledore called everyone’s attention. When he announced that quidditch was being canceled for the year there was a near uproar amongst the students.

Both Ron and Ginny were furious. They finally had the brooms they deserved, and were practically guaranteed a place on the team. And now, quidditch was being cancelled for the year.

But then, the headmaster announced the triwizard tournament. All of a sudden, everyone forgot about quidditch.

Ron and Ginny’s anger turned to joy. Both imagining being selected as Hogwarts champion and going on to winning the cup. They started to dream about how everyone would praise them when they won.

But then, the age limit was announced. And, the rage from a majority of the student populations anger returned. They wouldn’t be able to compete, and although most were secretly glad they
weren’t going to have to risk their own lives, they had still wanted the chance.

With all that announced, the students were sent to their dorms.

For once, all the Gryffindors were waiting in their common room. As soon as the dessert had left their plates, a note replaced it. The notes told them that there was going to be a house meeting after the feast finished, and for every student that didn’t attend, the house would lose 5 points. No one wanted to start the year behind, so they had all gone straight to the tower.

Just as everyone was finding a place to stand or sit the prefects led the new first years in, followed by Sirius.

“Professor Black?” Many voices questioned.

“Hello everyone.” Sirius smiled out at all the kids, he knew that there would be more than a few angry at him soon enough, but this needed to be done. “For those of you who haven’t heard yet, I have been named co-head of Gryffindor.”

“But Professor McGonagall is our head of house.” None other than Ron said.

“Yes, she is. However, we are now co-heads. With this change, there are going to be a few other changes.”

“But we don’t need to change. We’re Gryffindors.” Ginny said like that could excuse everything.

“Yes, you are Gryffindors, and I am a former Gryffindor, but there are plenty of things that need to change. I am not going to sugar coat this, more and more, Gryffindor is being seen as the worst house.

I take no pride in having to say that, this is my former house after all.” Sirius said gravely, hushing the angry students. “But, in the past decade, this house has had the worst grades and the highest amount of detentions consistently. This house is starting to be seen as the house of bullies, and, that is no longer going to be tolerated. It is time to start to repair the image of this house, and it is going to have to start with you all.

I understand that no one likes to think that they are becoming a bully, but there is a difference between a joke and bullying. Trust me, I my self considered myself to be a joker when I attended here, but looking back now, I know that I was a bully, and that fact brings me great shame. I actually think my reputation as a bully made it much easier for people to condemn me. I do not wish the same for any of you.

To those ends, there are going to be changes in this house. For every detention associated with bullying you will be required to write a two foot essay. I have a list of topics and will assign you your topic at the time. Repeated instances of bullying will cause what I guess could be considered grounding. A grounded student will be able to go to meals, classes and any assigned detention, but other than that they will be restricted to the dorms.

Now, for the grade issue. We will be implementing mandatory study groups for any and all classes where you are receiving an A or lower.”

“That’s not fair, none of the other houses have that.” Once again, Ron was the one shouting out in his anger.
“Actually, all the other houses have mandatory study groups for low grades. All these changes are actually based off the rules in the other houses.” Sirius explained. “Another idea we will be taking from them is the meetings. When you receive your schedules tomorrow you will also receive a date and time where you will be meeting with me, and Professor McGonagall, should she wish to attend, to discuss any issues you are having.

As the headmaster said, there will be two other schools coming to visit this year, each of you will be a representative of this school, and this house, any misbehaviour will not be tolerated.

Now, for some good news for our older students. As co-head, I have been able to override Professor McGonagall about your rooming. Starting from this year, fifth and sixth years will be two to a room. To claim your room just press your wand to the door and your name will appear, marking it as yours. Just be careful, once you have selected a room, and roommate, there is no changing. You will be with them for the rest of the year. Seventh years, you will have private rooms. The process of claiming your room is the same.”

The older three years all cheered.

“What do you mean overrode McGonagall?” Angelina Johnson questioned.

“The school board ordered the change a few years ago to assist in your studying for your exams, but Professor McGonagall felt that it was better for you all to continue to share, so she refused to expand the dorms. Only a head of house can change the dorms so there was nothing any of the other staff could do, so they just left it alone while all the other houses started separating rooms for the older years.”

“Are you saying that all the other upper years have had their own rooms for years while we’ve been struggling to study in our dorms for years?” Angelina’s friend, Katie Bell asked, when Sirius nodded she seethed. “The least she could have done was give us the option. It’s almost impossible to study when there is no room.”

Sirius gave the older students a sad look. “I agree, which is why I changed it. Now, it’s time for bed, you all have class in the morning.”

Grumbling slightly, the students all went up to bed.

**Sirius’s Office - September 3, 2004**

Ginny walked into her meeting five minutes late in a huff. Sirius just raised an eyebrow at the girl.

“What do you want?” Ginny didn’t even try to pretend that she had any respect for this man.

“This meeting is to make sure that you are settling back into school well Ms. Weasley. I have had a letter from your father to make sure that you are taking your potions and remind you that you will be starting mind healer appointments with Healer Savoy this weekend. You will be meeting with her for an hour every other weekend. Don’t worry, the weekends you have your appointments are opposite to the Hogsmead weekends.

Although, I will tell you now, if you skip this weekends meeting you will be grounded to the dorms and I will personally be escorting you to every mind healer appointment after that. And, since we wouldn’t want you to fall any further behind in your treatment it will start next weekend, meaning you will be missing the Hogsmead weekends.
Ginny gave Sirius a startled look. She didn’t want to miss going to Hogsmead, and she knew he wasn’t lying. After being in his class last year she knew just how mean he could be.

“Fine, I’ll go to my appointment.” Ginny huffed. “Is that all?”

“Unless you have any other worries then yes, that is all.” Sirius said.

Ginny was up and out of his office before he had even finished.

**Sirius’s Office - September 4, 2004**

Sirius was once again sitting in his office holding the meetings he had scheduled. He was a little annoyed that Minerva was completely ignoring these meetings, although, he had expected it.

Right on time, Hermione Granger came into the office. Sirius forced himself to withhold a sigh as he saw the stack of papers she was carrying. This was going to be another long drawn out argument with the girl.

“Please, have a seat Ms. Granger.” Sirius was pleased he managed to keep his voice stable. “This meeting is just to check in with you to make sure that you are settling back in fine.”

“We need to talk about you fixing the unfair treatment the Gryffindors have to deal with.” Hermione demanded as she sat down.

“What unfair treatment?”

“We’ve only had two days of class and we’re already being given detention for no reason. How can you not see that we are being punished just for what house we’re in?”

Sirius withheld a groan. He knew that the girl had already gotten detention for bullying. He was sure that was what she was complaining about.

“Ms. Granger, I have already received your detention slip. You weren’t given detention because you are a Gryffindor, you got detention because you pushed a second year into a wall and called him a monster.”

“That idiot just wouldn’t listen. What is wrong with the wizarding world? Keeping slaves is wrong. That monster was defending keeping slaves, like it was acceptable.” Hermione almost screamed.

“Keeping slaves?”

“House elves!”

Sirius just stared for a moment. Was this girl serious? She had attacked a 12 year old over house elves?

“I’m not seeing the connection.”

“House elves are slaves.” Hermione’s voice was full of exasperation. “Oh who am I kidding, you have house elves. You’re part of the problem. What don’t wizards understand about it being wrong to benefit from slave labour?”

“Ms. Granger, have you ever even spoken to a house elf.” The girl shook her head. “If you had you would know that house elves like to serve. They like to work. There would be nothing crueler than
to deny them that right.

And, as for benefiting from the work of house elves, you do to.”

“No I don’t!”

“Ms. Granger, who do you think makes your food? Who do you think tidy’s your dorm, or does your laundry?”

Hermione just stared, growing more horrified.

“There are house elves here?” She demanded, her voice hard.

“Hogwarts has the largest population of house elves in Britain. There are over 150 elves here.”

Hermione was stunned. It wasn’t possible. Headmaster Dumbledore wouldn’t do something like that.

“You’re lying!”

“Mipsey!” Sirius called, the elf popped in a moment later.

“Master Professor Sirius bes calling Mipsey.” Mipsey Looked lovingly at Sirius. Being a Potter elf she had watched this wizard grow up and she felt more than a little possessive over him.

“Mipsey, can you tell me how many house elves live and work here at the school?” Sirius asked, not taking his eyes off Hermione.

“Therebes 163 house elfs at Hogwarts Master Sirius.”

“Thank you Mipsey. You can return to what you were doing.” Sirius sent the little elf a smile.

“Like I said Ms. Granger, there are a lot of house elves here. They are not slaves. They are happy.”

Hermione just glared. This was so wrong. She needed to figure out how to free those poor creatures, but she couldn’t let anyone that might stop her know what she was doing.

“And the bias against Gryffindor?”

“There is no bias against Gryffindor. You were punished for bullying, just like any other student would be. If someone had shoved you into a wall and called you a monster, they would have received the exact same punishment as you. The punishment is determined by the guidelines set out by the school board and apply to all students equally, regardless of house.”

“But…”

“Enough Ms. Granger. You attacked another student, you were punished. That is all there is to it.”

“Fine.” Hermione growled, still not accepting her punishment. “What about how we’re graded. I’m the top student in the school and even I’m struggling. Even you have to admit there is something wrong there.”

“You are graded based off a marking scheme. A marking scheme that you have known about since your first class. If you are unsure about how you will be marked, it is posted at the back of almost every class. If you are struggling, then you might want to look at it.

Going over your grades, you will be joining a few of the study groups that are being set up. Each
group will have an upper year student that has received an O in the class you are working on. They will be able to give you help and pointers. But, you will have to listen to their advice.

And, where did you get the idea that you’re the top student?” Sirius was confused by that, and he knew he couldn’t let the girl continue to believe that. Not only because she needed to deflate her ego, but if she thought she was the best she wouldn’t try and improve herself.

“I was at the top of the class rankings posted on the notice board last year.” Hermione said smugly.

“Ah, I see where the issue is. Ms. Granger, the class rankings list that is posted on the notice board in your common room only shows your placement in your year in comparison to the students in your house.” Sirius flipped through a few pages. “Last year you ranked 1 in Gryffindor, but 14 in the school overall.

And, that was mainly down to the number of classes you took. If only your grade point average was considered you would have dropped down even further.”

“WHAT!” Hermione screamed. “That isn’t right. I’m the brightest witch in my generation. I’m the best student in the school. You’re just being mean because I’m a muggleborn.”

“Ms Granger, your blood status has absolutely no bearing on your grades. There is only one marking scheme. It applies to all blood status’s equally. Like I said, you will have to join the study groups for the classes you are struggling in, and you will need to listen to the advice you are given. That will hopefully allow you to improve your grades.”

“You just fail me because I’m a muggleborn.” Hermione was shouting again.

“Ms. Granger, again, your blood status has nothing to do with anything. You are graded on the work that you do, and what you don’t. We are your teachers, we want you to do well, but we can’t give you grades that you haven’t earned.

You are a bright girl, you just need to learn that that does not mean there is nothing you have to learn. You are a student, you are here to learn. We give you assignments to help to teach. If you want your grades to reflect your intelligence you need to do the assignment you are given, not the one you feel we should have assigned.” Sirius tried to explain again. He was slightly surprised at just how much of an adult he was starting to sound like.

Hermione huffed, knowing that she wasn’t going to make Professor Black see sense. This wasn’t the first time they had argued about this. Just last year she had tried to show him his mistakes repeatedly, but he never listened. She was going to have to find a way to get the school board to listen to her since they clearly weren’t listening to the headmaster.

“And what about the triwizard tournament?”

“What about it?” Sirius really did wonder why this girl thought they needed to confer with her about everything the school did.

“Where will the students stay? Are we going to have to share our dorms with them? Do they speak english? Where will they eat? Are they going to be in our classes? How will the champions be selected? What are the trials? What protections will there be for us? How can you guarantee that no underage student tries to compete?”

Sirius held up his hand, momentarily slowing the girl.

“Ms. Granger, that isn’t your concern. The headmaster and staff are responsible for all that, not
you. You will be told what is happening as we go along.”

“But how do you expect anyone to plan what they’re going to do if you don’t tell us anything?” Hermione huffed.

“Ms. Granger, you are 14. It doesn’t matter. The other schools will be arriving on October 30. Other than that the only thing out of the norm that will be happening for you this year is going to watch the trials. You will not be competing, you do not need to worry about the other students, everything is handled. This has been in the works for a while. Everything is already decided.”

“The least you could have done was ask our opinion.” The girl crossed her arms in annoyance.

“No, we didn't need to. You are a student here Ms. Granger. You are not in charge, and you do not get to make the decisions. As a student your only concern is going to class and getting your grades up. If that is all, you may leave, I have another appointment.”

Sirius sighed in relief as the girl left and Lily Moon walked in, making sure to sidestep the clearly annoyed girl before she shot him a sympathetic look.

Unfortunately for Sirius’s sanity the last fourth year that he had to meet with was Ron Weasley. After a long day of talking with students, most of whom had been easy, but there were a few more difficult ones like Hermione Granger and Zacharias Smith, Sirius was ready to call it a day. He wouldn’t start on the fifth years until tomorrow. He just needed to get through this one last meeting.

Like his sister, Ronald was late, coming running in ten minutes after his scheduled time.

“Please have a seat Mr. Weasley.”

“What’s this about?” Ron questioned.

“This meeting is just to check in with you to make sure that you’re settling in ok.”

“I’m fine.”

Sirius looked over the paperwork he had associated with Ron. “That’s good. Now, your dad sent in some paperwork requesting that I ensure that you are keeping up with your mind healer visits. I know that you had an appointment today.”

“It’s stupid, I don’t need a mind healer.” Ron said petulantly.

“I can’t say either way. Your father has arranged it, so you will be going. I will give you the same warning I gave your sister. Your meetings are every other weekend. Your father arranged for those to be on the weekends opposing the Hogsmead visits, but if you miss your appointment then you will be going the weekend after that, meaning you will be missing going into town.”

Ron just stared for a moment, extremely glad that he had gone to his appointment today. He had been considering just skipping it, but Hermione had already been trying to get him to study again so he had gone. Suddenly, a thought struck him.

“I want to participate in the triwizard tournament. You need to tell the headmaster he needs to make an exception for me. I know I can handle anything that can be thrown at me.”
Sirius just gave the kid a blank look, was he serious. He had barely passed DADA the year before, and now he thought he could win a game like the triwizard tournament.

“No. You are 14. The rules have been changed so that only of age students can compete. There is a reason for that.”

“I could do it.” Ron argued.

“Mr. Weasley, do you know what a cockatrice is?”

Ron just shook his head so Sirius turned and grabbed one of his books, flipping through until he found information on them.

“This, is a cockatrice. During the last triwizard tournament the champions were tasked with capturing one. All they had was their wands. And that was the easiest task that year. The reason the tournament was ultimately canceled was because of the death toll getting to high. There is a reason there hasn’t been another one since.

It is for the best that underage students aren’t aloud to compete. You all just haven’t learned enough to compete in tasks like that.” Sirius gently took the book back.

“I could have done it.” Ron mumbled under his breath, but a small part of him was glad that he wasn’t even given the chance to compete.

Before Ron could say anything else Ginny burst into the room.

“There you are. Why weren’t you here last night. I wanted to talk to you.” Ginny said, practically glaring at Sirius.

“Ms. Weasley, I am in a meeting. You can’t just burst into my office like this. You need to knock, or schedule an appointment of your own.” Sirius said strictly.

“Whatever, it’s just Ron.” Ginny waved him away, she had more important things to talk about.

“Hey.” Ron glared slightly at his sister.

“So, where were you.” Ginny demanded, not even looking at her brother.

“Not that it is any of your business Ms. Weasley, but I was at home with my husband and children. Now, I think it is time for you to go back to the dorms Ms. Weasley.”

“You need to arrange for my room.” Ginny said, ignoring her professor.

“You have a room already.” Sirius said with a sigh.

“No, I should have a private room.” Ginny said.

“I want a private room too.” Ron wasn’t about to let his sister get her own room while he had to stay with the other boys.

“No, neither of you get private rooms.” Sirius said sternly.

“But Harry has his own room.” Ginny whined. She wanted her own room.

“Who?” Sirius absolutely refused to acknowledge Hadrian being called Harry.
“Harry, your godson.” Ron said like he thought his professor was being an idiot.

“I don’t have a godson named Harry. I have a godson named Hadrian, but no Harry.” Sirius said blandly.

Ginny growled slightly, this was just another person that thought they knew her future husband better than her.

“Fine, your godson has his own room. If he can have one than so can we.” Ron tried. “It isn’t right for you to arrange for something like that for a member of your family yet deny us.”

“Hadrian shares a room with one of his year mates. The reason they are separated is because they both have titles. Their separate room is required by school rules and the law. Neither of you are titled, so you do not get a separate room.

You also aren’t 7th years. You will get your own rooms when you are in your final year, not before. And there is nothing I, or anyone, can do to change that.”

“But we want…” Ginny started.

“It is not going to change.” Sirius cut in firmly. “That is all there is to it. Now, I think it’s time for you two to get going. Dinner starts soon and you wouldn’t want to be late.

Sirius let out a sigh as the two stormed off. He already knew this wasn’t going to be the end of it.

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**Hogwarts, DADA Classroom (Ravenclaw/Gryffindor) - September 24, 2004**

As they were finishing up their first month Hadrian was ready to scream. He wished that he hadn’t suggested that Sirius switch over to teaching the other classes. Now he was stuck with Moody.

And yes, it was the real Moody. Hadrian had kept watch on his map, and done daily searches multiple times every day.

Unfortunately, Barty Crouch some how managed to actually be a better teacher than Moody with the assistance of Tonks. DADA had gone from one of his favourite classes to his most hated.

Moody had no skill as a teacher. He completely lacked any volume control, going from near whispering to yelling in the same sentence. He also jumped from topic to topic without any reason.

Tonks behaved like she was the best. She looked down her nose at everyone. Talking down to them like they were babies.

Then there was the seating arrangement. It would seem Dumbledore finally found a teacher that was willing to do what he wanted. Hadrian had been placed between Ron and Hermione during every lecture and forced to partner with them during practicals.

It was driving him crazy.

If Hermione wasn’t lecturing him or hitting him, then Ron was yattering away about nothing. He had even been given a group assignment with them, but that was even worse than just having to sit next to them. Ron hadn’t done a single thing, just saying they had plenty of time. While Hermione had refused to let him do anything, berated him for not helping her, and was once again doing the assignment she wanted rather than the one they had been given.
Hadrian wasn’t about to give up his position in the top 5 of their year because of Dumbledore and his games. That was why, as their practical period ended, Hadrian stayed behind, waving off his real friends that were going to wait for him.

Ron and Hermione absolutely refused to leave so he just let them stay.

“What do ya want Potter?” Moody growled.

“I am making a formal request to change my assigned seat in class, my assigned practical partners, and am requesting that I be aloud to do my assignment on my own rather than in the group you assigned me.” Hadrian said in a flat formal voice.

“What, why would you want to do any of that?” Ron was confused.

“Don’t be ridiculous Harry. You know you need my help to pass, although I do wish you would help more on the assignment. You can’t just keep relying on your fame to get by.” Hermione gave him a condescending look, but Harry didn’t even acknowledge her, which just annoyed her more.

“No.” Moody said, staring the boy down with both eyes.

“Then I will make other arrangements.” Hadrian said simply, starting to turn away.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Tonks demanded in annoyance.

“I’ll self study DADA this year. I’m not going to risk my grade in what was one of my favourite classes because you and the headmaster feel that you have the right to try and force me to make friends with two people that have absolutely no respect for me. I mean really, there are an even number of students in our class. All the other groups have two students, but two groups have three. You couldn’t make your plan any more blatant if you tried.” Hadrian said, his voice staying calm, not looking away from Moody.

Ron, Hermione, and Tonks all started trying to get his attention to tell him off, but Hadrian just kept going in his staring contest with Moody.

“And what makes you think you can do that?” Moody asked.

“I’ve done it before, I can do it again. I can easily meet all the qualifications again.” Hadrian replied.

“And just why do you think you are better outside of this class?” Moody tried.

“Because I would actually be able to do my work and assignments properly. You can hardly claim that you don’t notice that Weasley does nothing but talk through your lectures. As for Granger, she seems to think she can control everything. Going so far as to start writing on my notes claiming that she knows better, and when I tell her to leave me alone, she hits me.

It does make me wonder just what kind of auror you were if you don’t even notice a physical assault taking place, or, if you do notice, you choose to do nothing. Either way, I know well enough that I will snap and curse her into the middle of next week eventually, and that won’t make either of us look good.”

“Either of us?”

“I already have enough problems with The Daily Prophet making up stories about my family and demanding my removal from them, last thing I need to do is start cursing bullies. Somehow they
will make it all my fault, I think we all know that.

As for you, how would it look for the ‘great auror Alastor Moody’ being incapable of keeping up with students. That you looked the other way when there were multiple physical assaults taking place in your classroom and either you didn’t notice or chose to do nothing. That just might make you look pretty bad.”

Moody turned and limped over to his desk. The boy was right. And, despite himself, he found a respect for the boy growing. He didn’t deny anything the boy said, he knew good and well what he was saying was true. He was planning on meeting with Albus about this very thing to try and get his old friend to see sense and get those two under control.

“And your assignment?”

“He hasn’t done anything? I’ve had to do all the work.” Hermione huffed, glaring at the boy.

“I have attempted to work with them, but Weasley, like usual, refuses to work, while Granger will not listen to anyone but the voices in her own head.” Hadrian reached into his bag and pulled out some papers. “Here is the assignment. I did it all on my own since I wasn’t aloud to contribute to the group one.”

“You were wrong.” Hermione growled, grabbing for his assignment, but Moody got it first.

“No, I was doing the assignment as it was assigned. Remind me Professor Moody, what was the assignment?”

“You were assigned to write up a report on the history of the unforgivable curses. You were to dedicate between 2-3 feet per curse.”

Hadrian smiled slightly. “And that is what I did. I do wish you luck on grading Grangers… assignment. The last time I saw it when I was attempting to do my part it was already over 12 feet of her opinion on those that use the unforgivables.”

Moody glanced at the girl. He had been warned that she refused to do assignments properly, but he had figured she wouldn’t try that with him. This was not good. He needed to keep the boy in his class, but Albus wanted him to force the boy to work with the other 2.

“I will see what I can do about adjusting the seating arrangements in class, and I will accept your assignment, this time.

Weasley, Granger, you two will be doing the assignment together. Just so you know, there is a spell that will allow me to identify who did what, so you both need to do it. And, the assignment is a report on the history of the unforgivable curses, not your opinion. That is the assignment you will be doing. I don’t care about your opinion, I want the history. Now, get out.”

Hadrian thanked Moody before quickly leaving the room while Ron and Hermione were still to shocked to move. He had just turned the corner and ducked into one of the secret passageways as the two were leaving the classroom.

He smirked slightly as he heard them both complaining about both him and Moody.
Albus sat in his chair staring across the desk at one of his oldest and most trusted friends, furious with the man. Minerva and Nymphadora joined them. Minerva was glaring at Moody, while Nymphadora was looking back and forth between the two men.

“If you have a problem Albus, just say it.” Came Moody’s gruff voice.

“You were supposed to partner Harry with Ron and Hermione. But instead, you separate them. Then, you go out of your way to belittle them.” Minerva snarled. She was so sick and tired of everyone picking on her students. She had expected more from Alastor.

Albus quickly silenced the woman, although he understood her anger, it wasn’t productive. Alastor always responded in kind and he didn’t need these two fighting in his office.

“I requested that you place Harry with Ron and Hermione. We need him to start seeing them as friends, or at least, have people see them as friends. And although you started to do as I requested, you seem to have changed your tactics, giving into the boy. I was just wondering why?” Albus asked, giving him a look that was tailor made to make others feel guilty.

“I tried, but I figured you would prefer him to remain in my class.” Alastor responded.

“What do you mean?” Albus asked in slight confusion.

“I placed them together, but it didn’t go well. Mr. Weasley, I honestly don’t know what is wrong with that boy, he did nothing but annoy him and talk right through every one of my lessons. Ms. Granger just kept lecturing him, hitting him, refused to let him do any work on their assignment and then berated him for not helping her.

Potter made himself perfectly clear, either I got them away from him and dealt with the issue or he would withdraw from my class and self study.” Alastor looked to his old friend as he started to understand what was really going on.

“I have to agree with him headmaster.” Nymphadora added hesitantly. “Those two really are difficult in class.”

“I understand, I will have to have a word with them about it.” Albus sighed, he should have seen this coming.

This wasn’t the first time Harry had been willing to drop a class to self study. He really was going to need to get control of his three pawns, his only problem was that all the work needed for the triwizard tournament was taking up all his time. Without Bartemius, and Ludo being completely useless, there was more work than he ever thought possible. When he had planned to bring back this game, he had never thought he would be the one having to do the work.

“Minerva, Nymphadora, why don’t you two head down to dinner, I need to have a private word with Alastor.” Albus suggested.

Alastor waited until the two women were gone before he turned to his old friend. “You’re slipping.”

“I know. I don’t know what is going on lately. Nothing is working.” Albus sighed. Alastor was one of the few people that he didn’t need to show any pretence with. Other than Gallert, Alastor knew him best.

“You’re trying to do too much on your own. You need to start letting others help.”
“I can’t. You’ve seen what Minerva is like right now. Somehow she has become so convinced that Ron, Ginny, and Hermione are perfect and won’t listen to a word against them, even when she knows it isn’t true, she’s had her own complaints about them. Then with all the power she has lost recently.

Losing her place as deputy headmistress and having Sirius as co-head of Gryffindor, she is lashing out more. She also isn’t as influential with the students as she had been previously. Her anger over all that is making her irrational and she’s started just trying to force things to be how she wants them.”

Alastor nodded. He understood that Minerva’s temper had always been one of her greatest weaknesses. “And Fawkes?”

“What about him?” Albus’s voice was suspicious.

“Don’t try that with me Albus.” Alastor growled. “I can see through the enchantments you have layered over that owl.”

Sitting on Fawkes’s old perch sat a sedated owl that had been covered in glamour spells to make it look like the phoenix. Albus had also used spells to alter the owls call so that it would come out like a phoenix’s trill.

“Someone stole my phoenix a few years ago.” Albus sighed. “It has taken me years to get that owl to replace him. One day he was here, and then he was gone and the bond was broken. I have tried to track where he was taken to when he was taken from me, but where ever it was, it was out of Britain and I lost the trail.”

“That isn’t good.” Alastor leaned back in his seat to think for a few moments. “Have you considered that Gallert might hav betrayed you. You know he would have reason too. He was the only one other than me that knew about Fawkes. We both know that he has the intelligence needed to manipulate people into doing what he wants even from that prison.”

Albus was slightly shocked. That thought had never crossed his mind. But, Alastor was right. All of these problems were something that Gallert would be capable of. Although it wasn’t as violent as some of his previous actions, Gallert had always enjoyed playing with some of his chosen victims first. That had been one of the things that had drawn him to Gallert, but he didn’t like it now when it was being used against him.

“I will have to look into that.” Albus was going to have to make a trip to Nurmengard to check in on his old lover. “What is your opinion on the Potter boy?”

“Honestly, I’m starting to respect him. He’s smart and powerful. He also knows how to work situations to his advantage. When he confronted me about what we were doing he was very focused and calm, he knew what he was doing and how to get what he wanted.”

“I haven’t been able to get very close to the boy, do you have any suggestions on what I should do about getting him closer to the other kids?” Albus really wanted to know this. Alastor, seeing him more often, might be able to give him some tips.

“You need to get them under control. Granger is to overbearing. The boy is smart, but she can’t accept that. Rather than treating him as a peer, she treats him the way she treats the Weasley boy. We need her to back off.

The Weasley boy’s real problem that I’ve seen is his attitude. Nothing matters to him but what he
wants. And he isn’t willing to work for any of it. He annoys the boy with his behaviour.

And, I know about your plans for a future relationship between the Potter boy and the Weasley girl. That isn’t going to happen if she continues on like she is. That girl is nothing but a brat. I take no joy in saying that, I understand why you chose her, but she is just like Molly. She has zero connection to reality, and the only way that she stands a chance at getting together with the boy with her current attitude is if she uses more than his body weight in amortentia. That girl needs a reality check.”

Albus nodded. He knew the three kids had issues, but he also knew Alastor was being honest. Alastor might be paranoid, but he really did have an ability to judge people accurately, that was one of the things that made him such a successful auror.

“I know. Both Ronald and Ginevra are currently seeing mind healers, but I’m not sure what else I can do.”

“Leave it to me. You are trying to do too much at once. Focus on the tournament, the school, and the politics. Leave the kids to me, I’ll get them in line.”

All of a sudden, Albus relaxed. He was sure that if anyone could get those three under control, it would be Alastor. He wouldn’t take any back talk from them, or Molly.

October 30, 2004

After an incredibly long, yet somehow short month, the day finally arrived for the other two schools to arrive. Hadrian was both nervous and excited as he, along with his friends, made their way down to the grounds.

Hadrian was still keeping a daily watch on the map and was relieved to see that there was no evidence of Barty Crouch Jr. anywhere near the school. He was still worried, but he was slowly growing more confident that he would be able to go through this year like every other student.

He smiled as he heard all the excited muttering when the carriage came into view. He had already received a letter from Marie telling him that she had been selected for the delegation from Beauxbaton. He had promised her that he would show her around.

After the carriage had landed, and the students had gotten off, Hadrian was able to see both Marie and Fleur. Before he could get Marie’s attention they were escorted inside out of the cold.

Next came the boat from Durmstrang. It was even more impressive than Hadrian remembered, but that was expected since his memories were blurred and he couldn’t always clearly see everything. It was easy enough to identify Viktor, he was being kept close by Karkaroff.

Going back inside, Hadrian rubbed warmth into his hands while going to take his seat. It took him a moment after sitting down to realize that something was off. Looking up, he saw that no one had sat beside him. Normally, Luna was on one side, and he had another friend on the other. Looking around, he caught Theo’s eye.

“Luna told us not to sit next to you.” Theo said simply. Over the years, those like Theo had picked up on how often Luna spoke the truth, even before anything happened. They had all guessed that she had some seer blood so they listened to her. There was a reason they had been sorted into the house of the wise after all.
When Hadrian looked to Luna, who had chosen to sit directly across from him, she smiled.

“Hadrian!” Came an excited voice from behind him.

Looking back he saw Marie practically bouncing towards him. Fleur following elegantly behind her.

“Hello Marie, Hello Fleur. Please, have a seat.” Hadrian made sure to be as charming as he could.

“Marci.” Fleur smiled as she sat to his left while Marie bounced into the seat on his right.

Dinner at the Ravenclaw table was calm and happy. Hadrian made sure to introduce everyone to the two girls, letting the others know that Marie was his cousin.

When the bouillabaisse ran out, before Fleur was subjected to having to go and ask the likes of Ron, Hadrian showed her the trick of asking the house elves for more by tapping his wand on the edge of the bowl. As soon as he did so, he saw a few of the others up and down the table use the same method to request refills on food and drinks.

When the Durmstrang students walked into the hall to find a place to sit they knew exactly where they were supposed to go. Headmaster Karkaroff had made sure that they all knew that they were supposed to only associate with the Slytherin students.

Viktor sighed silently. He hated how Karkaroff tried to control them all, him especially. The constant attempts of people like Karkaroff trying to take credit for his success was a near constant annoyance.

Looking around once he entered the hall, he tried to see if he could spot anyone he knew. He kind of wanted to see Autumn again, but he wasn’t able to see her, there were just too many students.

He knew that he was going to have to sit with the Slytherins either way, so he looked to the green table. His eyes were immediately drawn to the bright white blonde hair. At least he could sit next to someone he knew. The last thing he wanted to deal with was some grovelling fan.

“Hello Draco, is this seat empty?” Viktor asked as he walked over to the boy.

“Sure, have a seat Viktor.” Draco smiled as the world famous quidditch star sat next to him. He could already see the surprise on his housemates faces that he knew Viktor. “Welcome to Hogwarts.”

“It’s very nice.” Viktor smiled as he looked around. “Are the others not in your house?”

“No, Hadrian is in Ravenclaw, the blue table… And he seems to have found himself two beautiful french girls.” Draco laughed at his friend who was happily chatting with the two beautiful girls. “And Autumn is a Gryffindor, the red.”

Victor looked to the other two. Both were happily chatting with friends and hadn’t seemed to notice him. He actually liked that. They didn’t see him as a fascination that required them to stare at. He figured they had time to get to know each other better over the rest of the year.

“I’ll have to talk to them tomorrow.”
Over at the Gryffindor table, just down the table to where Autumn was sitting talking happily with her friends were three less than happy individuals.

Hermione really didn’t care about the arrival of the other schools all that much. The thing that was annoying her was that neither of the schools chose to sit with the Gryffindors. Why were they ignoring their house? There had to be a reason.

Ron had been so excited when he had seen that Viktor Krum was amongst the students. That was just so cool.

Viktor Krum. He was just so amazing. Ron was sure that they would be the best of friends. Ron knew everything there was to know about quidditch. Maybe Krum could put in a good word for him with the Chudley Cannons.

But no, Krum had had to sit with the Slytherins. Sitting next to Draco bloody Malfoy none the less. Ron knew he was going to have to warn Krum about Malfoy being a Death Eater.

Then he looked over to the Ravenclaw table to see how Harry was taking his fake friend cozying up to the famous star. He had figured he would be jealous.

But, as his eyes tracked down the table, he froze. The most beautiful girl he had ever seen was sitting there. She was perfect. He needed to have her.

Then, he noticed the perfect girl smiling at whoever was next to her. It was Harry.

Harry was sitting next to the girl Ron was going to marry and they were smiling and laughing together. What was wrong with him. Didn’t Harry understand he didn’t stand a chance with a girl like that, at least, not unless she was one of those that went for a guy because he was rich and famous.

Ron knew he was going to have to have a long conversation with Harry. He was supposed to marry Ginny, and Ron wasn’t going to let him cheat on his sister.

Ginny, for her part, had been glaring at those two girls that sat down next to her Harry since the moment they had started to talk to him. At first, Ginny had wanted to make friends with the beautiful blond girl, Ginny wanted to know all about her beauty regimens. But then, the girl had smiled at Harry and Ginnys admiration turned to hatred.

Harry was hers, not theirs.

October 31, 2004

Walking down to the great hall on the night of samhain, Hadrian was mostly excited, and only a little nervous. It was a Sunday, so he hadn’t had to worry about classes.

His papa had cast a spell on his map to make it look like a book, so Hadrian had just kept it open next to him in the library. The entire day he had been surrounded by other students, it had been his idea to make sure that he hadn’t been alone all day, just in case.

The night before, he had been stressed and worried, so he had taken a sleeping potion and gone to bed right after dinner. He knew that his parents and uncles had set up a schedule of who was going to watch the map and when, so he knew that they would be able to see if anything happened.
He also suspected from the exhausted looks on Fred and Georges faces they had both stayed up and watched too. Hadrian was relatively confident.

Since there still was no sign of Barty, he was pretty sure he was safe. Barty had only added his name last time because Voldemort had told him too. But, Barty had only spoken to him because Pettigrew had been looking after him. Since Pettigrew was in Azkaban, Hadrian didn’t know if Barty even knew that Voldemort had survived. He really didn’t know what was going to happen this time.

Throughout the meal Hadrian talked and joked slightly with those around him, but he was still on edge. He knew that he hadn’t put his name in, so if worse came to worse, and his name did come out, he had a plan.

Everyone watched with baited breath as the goblet of fire flamed brightly and the headmaster grabbed the first piece of paper. When he announce that the champion from Durmstrang was Viktor Krum, everyone cheered. Hadrian watched as he made his way towards the side room. His face a mask of forced calm.

Next came Fleur’s name. Hadrian gave her an encouraging smile as she forced herself to be calm before getting up. Like always, Fleur looked perfectly put together as she followed Viktor into the room.

Most of the students of Hogwarts cheered as Cedric’s name came out next. Both Fred and George, who had been sitting next to Cedric happily cheered, each giving him a congratulatory kiss on his cheeks, for some reason this made Hadrian angry. Cedric pushed the twins away laughing before he followed the others.

Hadrian was just starting to relax when the goblet flared again. Ice formed in his chest as Dumbledore read out ‘Hadrian Potter-Black’. He would have been impressed with the headmaster actually using his name for once if circumstances were different.

He couldn’t move. Hadrian just sat there and stared. This wasn’t possible. Barty Crouch hadn’t been in the school. No one else would have put his name in the cup, would they? Was there another follower in the school that he didn’t know about?

Eventually, he had to move, slowly getting up and walking to the front of the hall on shaky legs.

“I didn’t put my name in there.” Hadrian said loudly as soon as he got close.

“Just go into the other room my boy. We will talk about it there.” Albus twinkled. Finally, he had the boy where he wanted him. He could already hear murmurs that the boy had somehow cheated.

“I didn’t put my name in there, I don’t want to compete. And, I’m underage.” Hadrian tried again.

“Just go into the other room Harry. I will talk to you there.” Albus was getting annoyed once again. Why wouldn’t the boy just do what he was told for once?

Hadrian could hear the whispers of cheater behind him, he needed to deal with this now. He couldn’t let the headmaster or his pawns turn everyone against him.

Grabbing his wand, Hadrian turned to the student body and spoke in a calm, if slightly high, voice.

“I Hadrian Jameson Charlus Potter-Black do solemnly swear on my magic that I did not put my
name in the goblet of fire. I did not ask anyone to put my name in the goblet of fire. I do not know
who put my name in the goblet of fire. I do not want to compete in the triwizard tournament and
only will if under duress or forced. So mote it be.” With that said, Hadrian cast an over powered
lumos, a brilliant white light came from the tip of his wand, momentarily blinding everyone in the
hall.

It was only after he heard the whispers of shock that he turned, and without even looking at
Dumbledore made his way to the side room.

Walking into the side room, Hadrian felt his hands start to shake. He was completely numb. This
couldn’t be happening.

“Hadrian?”

Hadrian looked up to see Cedric looking at him in concern. It was just to much. Cedric couldn’t die
again. He wouldn’t be able to handle it. This time around, Hadrian and Cedric had a close personal
friendship. He couldn’t watch his friend die, he wouldn’t watch his friend die.

Once again, Hadrian pulled his wand again. “I Hadrian Jameson Charlus Potter-Black do solemnly
swear on my magic that I did not put my name in the goblet of fire. I did not ask anyone to put my
name in the goblet of fire. I do not know who put my name in the goblet of fire. I do not want to
compete in the triwizard tournament and only will if under duress or forced. So mote it be.”

The others just stared for a moment after the light faded.

“Hadrian, are you saying that your name just came out of the goblet?” Viktor asked, stunned.

Hadrian opened and closed his mouth a few times before he just settled for nodding. His voice
seemed to have momentarily abandoned him.

Fleur looked at the boy that had taken the time to be kind to her little sister and make her feel
comfortable. He looked completely terrified. His hands were shaking, his face was as white as a
sheet, and his overly large eyes looked like they were getting close to tears. Rushing forward, she
wrapped her arms around him and started to rub his back, whispering calming platitudes to him as
she tried to calm the younger boy.

When Albus and the others came into the room they saw a united front. Fleur was wrapped around
Hadrian, while both Cedric and Viktor stood to either side, practically glaring at the adults.

“What are you going to do about this?” Fleur demanded when she heard the adults walk in.

“Harry, did you put your name in the goblet?” Albus asked calmly.

“Are you insane Albus?” Severus demanded. He was furious at the headmaster as he walked over
to his son to stand between the headmaster and him. Grateful that Fleur was there to comfort him
while Severus dealt with the headmaster.

“He has already proven he didn’t have anything to do with this with that vow he made to the entire
great hall.” Sirius growled as he went to join Severus. The two men standing like a wall in front of
Hadrian.

Albus wanted to curse the brat for that. The students had just started to doubt the boy when he
made that vow and destroyed all that. As he had sent the students back to their dorms he had heard
them whispering questions about who would do something like this. All convinced someone had been trying to hurt the boy. He had even heard a few question if it had anything to do with the Death Eater attack during the summer.

“I know about the vow, I was there too Sirius. But I need to know, Harry, is this your signature?” Albus held out the piece of parchment.

Hadrian slipped from Fleur’s arms and in between Sirius and his papa to take the paper. Looking at it, he recognized his signature, but he knew he hadn’t signed anything for anyone.

Then he noticed that the edges on two sides were ripped. Flipping it over he saw, ‘Avalon… 592 when…Saxon’.

“This is from my history report on Merlin and King Arthur.” Hadrian said in shock.

“What?” Severus took it to look.

“But is it your signature?” Albus asked again, keeping his voice soft, trying to pretend sympathy.

“Yes, but it’s the corner of my history report.” Hadrian gave the man a look. He couldn’t really expect to force Hadrian to compete because of that, could he?

“But it is your signature, and that is the issue. I will see what I can do, but if we can’t find anything you will have to compete.” Albus said.

“But he didn’t put his name in.” Cedric said in confusion before he started getting angry. “Are you really saying that all someone would have had to do is take the names off kids assignments and that would be enough? You said there were protections. You personally drew the age line. Are you telling us now that it was all useless and that you really didn’t do anything to protect the younger years?”

“Watch your tone Diggory.” Moody growled.

“I agree with him completely.” Sirius snarled back. “I want all those questions and more answered. It was your job to protect the students of this school, are you saying you didn’t, Albus?”

Albus chose to ignore Sirius. He would only end up cursing the man if he responded. “Unfortunately there is nothing I can do at the moment. I promise that I will look into it my boy, but you will have to compete for now.”

“No, I want answers.” Hadrian demanded. “I refuse to compete. As I have already proven, I did not put my name in the goblet, therefore I will not be competing. But, I want you to say it before I will go to bed.”

Albus just stared at the boy. Where was this attitude coming from, didn’t he understand that he was talking to Albus Dumbledore, greatest wizard since Merlin. “Unfortunately there is nothing I can do at the moment. I promise that I will look into it my boy, but you will have to compete for now.”

“No he won’t. I’m withdrawing him. Since he is under age, he would have needed permission from Sirius or I. Since we didn’t give permission, he will not be competing.” Severus said as he put the parchment in his pocket.

“That won’t work my boy.” Albus fought to keep his tone level. “The ICW is in charge of the rules that govern the triwizard tournament since it is an international competition. There is a law that states that if a name is drawn, then the person must compete. He can not withdraw, and you can’t withdraw him. If Harry refuses to compete he will be stripped of his magic.”
“When did that become a law?” Cedric asked in confusion as all the others were looking at the headmaster in shock. “I looked up all sorts of different rules and regulations before I even considered competing, just to make sure I knew my rights. That wasn’t in any books I saw. In fact, during the last triwizard tournament before this one they had to redraw a few times because two of the three first selected changed their minds. So, if what you just said is true, then it has to be brand new.”

Sirius was pleased that Cedric was such a hard working student that thought through everything. “Well, Albus? When did this become a law?”

Albus was stuck. “It was passed by the ICW during the summer. There was nothing I could do to stop it.”

“Oh don’t even try that Albus, you are the supreme mugwump of the ICW. You are in charge. Nothing happens there without your permission. If that was passed, it was passed with your permission.”

“So I’m not being given a choice because of you?” Hadrian demanded of the headmaster.

“How would it look if Britain’s saviour withdrew? You are a hero, you might prefer otherwise, but to the people you are a hero. You wouldn’t want to let them down would you? You’re a Hogwarts champion.” Albus said to the boy, trying both the guilt and ego route.

“Are you kidding me?” Hadrian all but shouted. “Cedric is the Hogwarts champion, not me. I don’t want to be. And, I don’t care what people might think. I am a 14 year old student, not some mythical wonder child. I’m not going to willingly risk my life for your entertainment.”

“Now my boy…” Albus started to try and get the boy to calm down, he couldn’t have anyone blaming him for this.

“Don’t even.” Hadrian snarled. “I was entered into a deadly competition, while underage, because you didn’t do your job of ensuring something like this couldn’t happen. And now, you’re telling me I’m not being given the chance to withdraw my name because you, as supreme mugwump of the ICW, passed a law that makes it so I will lose my magic if I do.

I’m going to write a few letters to my Uncle Sebastian to get him looking into how to counter your failures, then, I’m going to bed.”

Hadrian glanced to his papa, who nodded in encouragement, before turning and storming from the room.

“I’m with him. I’m going to go and write to my parents to see if there’s anything they can do.” Fleur said in a furious voice as she turned to follow Hadrian out. Fleur’s father was a very high up member of the French ministry. She didn’t think there was anything he could do, but it would at least make sure the world knew just how incompetent Albus Dumbledore was.

Viktor and Cedric looked at each other, before turning to glare at Dumbledore, before they too left.

Once Hadrian was gone, Sirius and Severus once again turned on Albus, but this time they weren’t alone.

“I must agree Dumbledore. You assured us that something like this couldn’t happen.” Madame Olympe Maxime said. “Now you say that not only did your protections fail, but now we have a fourth champion, an unwilling, under age, fourth champion. And you, personally, have removed his families ability to withdraw him. This is unconscionable. He is a boy.”
“I understand Olympe…” Albus started.

“I don’t think you do Albus. This is unacceptable.” Sirius added his support to the woman.

“There was no way this could have been foreseen. This was clearly done by some brilliant Death Eater that has managed to stay hidden here for years, or maybe, came in with one of the other schools.” Alastor growled as he glared at the other two headmasters, giving Albus cover.

The adults continued to argue about who was to blame, never managing to come up with any real answers, despite Sirius and Severus’s efforts.

When Hadrian walked out the door, his mind a mess of fear and anger, he ended up walking directly into Fred and George who had been waiting outside of the room.

“Hadrian?” Fred asked quietly.

Hadrian just pressed his face into the taller boys chest. Fred wrapped his arms around him as he felt Hadrian shaking.

George looked to the other three as they came out, all clearly furious. “What happened?”

“The headmaster is forcing him to compete or lose his magic.” Cedric couldn’t believe this. He was a naturally easy going guy, but right now he was furious.

Fleur walked forward and rubbed Hadrians back for a moment before she pulled back. “I’m going to go write to my family. My father is in the french ministry, I don’t know if there’s anything he can do about this. But, he might be able to get Dumbledore in trouble with the international community. It might be useful to get him off the ICW.”

“I’ll join you.” Viktor said. “My family isn’t overly influential in politics, but I know plenty of people with power that would be happy to use this against that man to stop him.”

“Thank you both.” George said as the two walked away. He was grateful they were going to do what they could to help them destroy that mans reputation.

“I’m gonna go with them too. Like Krum, my family might not be overly powerful politically, but my dad is more than willing to fight with anyone he thinks has done something wrong. He’ll make sure to give the headmaster a good public thrashing.” Cedric smirked at the twins, knowing they knew just what kind of man his father was before he rushed after the others, leaving the twins alone with Hadrian.

“Let’s go to the ROR.” George said as he and Fred steered Hadrian to the room.

Once they were in the room Hadrian looked them in the eyes for the first time, before he managed to speak.

“I don’t know… I don’t want… I…I…”

Seeing Hadrian getting closer and closer to a panic attack, George knew he had to do something. He couldn’t bear to see Hadrian fall apart like this, he wasn’t that strong.

Making a snap decision, George stepped into Hadrians personal space and kissed him as passionately as he was capable.
All the panic and fear was just gone. All that existed to Hadrian was the twins. Georges lips made the rest of the world just disappear. He was burning. He was lost. He was happy.

George eventually pulled back to breathe. He had never hated his need to breathe more.

Hadrian was dazed. Blinking slowly he looked up at a clearly smug George. Before he could say anything, he was gently turned.

When George pulled back, Fred stepped up behind Hadrian and gently turned him around. Swooping down, he captured Hadrians lips in another kiss.

If George was being burned, Fred was falling. Hadrian felt his toes curl as Fred kissed him sweet and slow, yet just as thoroughly.

Like his brother, he eventually had to pull back. Hadrian just looked at the two of them before a goofy grin started to work its way across his face.

“You know, we had plans. We were going to start courting you properly next year. But… Seeing you so lost, I couldn’t resist.” George explained.

He and Fred had started planning how to court Hadrian when they were only 11, before they had even met him.

“We hope you don’t mind?” Fred added smugly, the grin on Hadrians face made him convinced he wasn’t going to give them a hard time about it.

“Mind… I don’t mind.” Hadrian managed to get out.

“Come, we need to talk about things.” George said as he ushered Hadrian and his twin over to the large soft couch, the couch actually reminded the twins of the one that was in the sitting area in their trunk.

The boys spent the next half hour talking about what they were going to do. Neither Fred or George wanted to rush this, even though Hadrian wasn’t apposed to moving a little quicker than the twins were planning.

Fred and George wanted to do this properly, and that meant getting formal permission from his family. And to do that, they would need to take time. But, Hadrian was willing to do this their way since it seemed to mean so much to them.

The three boys were all cuddling on the couch, Hadrian sleeping lightly on George, when Sirius and Severus walked in. The twins had known that they would be looking for them so they had made it so they could get into the room, but no one else.

“Here he is. We were starting to worry when we couldn’t find him on the map.” Sirius said, keeping his voice down when he saw that Hadrian had worn himself out. It was more than understandable with how emotional this had been.

“How is he?” Severus asked as he walked forward. A chair appearing in front of the couch so he could sit.

“Scared. What happened?” Fred said.
“He didn’t tell you?” Severus asked, slightly surprised given just how open Hadrian was with the twins.

“Cedric said he was being forced to compete by Dumbledore. But we wanted to distract him so we’ve just been talking about other things. Oh, and Fleur, Viktor, and Cedric have all written home to see if their families can help using their influence and power.” George told the two men.

“That might help. I can’t believe we missed this. We took control of our government, but we completely forgot that old fool was in control of the ICW.” Severus sighed, like his son he was exhausted. It had just been such a stressful day. And it wasn’t over yet. He still had to go home and tell James.

“You three need to get to bed. It's almost your curfew. The last thing we need is any of you getting into trouble, Dumbledore would use that to make this even harder if he could.” Sirius sighed, he really didn’t want to make Hadrian get up, but they couldn’t risk Albus learning he had been out after hours.

Fred and George just nodded. They didn’t want to let Hadrian go, but they knew they had to.

Sirius guided Fred and George back to Hufflepuff, while Severus took a still sleepy Hadrian. While they walked Severus told him all he could, but there really wasn’t much to say. After the students had left all that had really happened was arguments, nothing had been achieved.

Arriving at the dorm, Hadrian went in, Severus following him just to make sure none of the students gave him a hard time.

In the dorm, every student was waiting, Filius had joined them. Seeing them, everyone started talking, but Hadrian was slightly distracted as Luna practically danced towards him, enveloping him in a bone crushing hug, whispering in his ear that it was going to be ok.

“Oh, good good, you’re here.” Filius smiled momentarily at his student and co-worker. “We were all just talking about how you were going to be withdrawn.”

Hadrian sighed and just shook his head.

“What do you mean? You didn't enter. Just withdraw.” Came a voice from further back.

“But how would it look if Britain's saviour withdrew?” Hadrian asked sarcastically.

“What?” Filius snarled, his goblin heritage coming out. “Are you saying the headmaster actually said that?”

Hadrian nodded.

“Severus?” Filius looked to his co-worker, seeing just how worn out his student was.

“Apparently the ICW passed a law this summer stating that anyone who’s name came out was required to compete regardless of their willingness.” Severus explained.

All the students were furious. Hadrian was one of theirs, how dare someone endanger him.

“But the headmaster is the head of the ICW.” Roger Davis said in confusion.

“Indeed.” Severus said, his voice clearly showing his opinion.
“If he doesn’t compete?” Nox asked.

“His magic will be stripped.” Severus said simply.

Everyone gasped in horror.

“But wouldn’t it only count if it was his signature. It had to have been a forgery, so wouldn't it be the person that forged his signature that is bound?” One of the older students asked.

“Who ever did this ripped Hadrian's name from his history report that he turned in a few days ago. So, it is technically his signature.” Severus answered.

“What about the other champions?” Cho asked, her mind drifting to Cedric.

“All three sided with Hadrian and have gone to write to their families to see if their’s anything they can do, but we don’t have much hope.” Severus sighed.

This was really freaking the students out. Severus might not be as harsh as he had been before, but he was still strict. But right now, it was clear he was scared. And, seeing someone as strong as their potions professor scared terrified them.

“I think that is enough.” Filius said before anyone could ask any more questions, Hadrian looked on the verge of collapse. "I will have the law section of our houses library expanded and we will see if anyone can find any way around the headmasters stupidity. Now, off to bed.”

All the students nodded their agreement with both points. Many were already planning to start going through law books to see if there was any way they could help their house mate.

Everyone got one final shock of the evening as the cold and strict potions professor hugged their housemate before kissing him on the forehead and sending him to bed.

Great Hall - November 1, 2004

Hadrian didn’t want to get up the day after the drawing. He was just so frustrated.

Walking into the great hall he heard as the whispers started up instantly. Thankfully they seemed to be on his side and not blaming him. Theo and Nox had both taken up their place to either side of him and walked him to his usual seat before they went to sit across from him.

“How are you doing this morning?” Marie asked him from next to Luna.

Hadrian just shrugged before he started picking at his food.

Fred and George moved over to the Ravenclaw table to put him between them. Pomona looked down to see two of her students at the wrong table, glancing to Filius, they both silently agreed that there was no point in trying to make the twins return to their table. The twins weren’t going to leave their friend, and they both felt that Hadrian could use their support right now.

About half way through breakfast the great hall doors slammed open and the school board came marching in following James, although Molly and Hestia did not seem to be happy about having to follow him.

“I wasn’t aware that we were having a meeting today?” Albus said in a false confident voice.
“You should have expected one.” Narcissa muttered, glaring at the headmaster before she sent a small smile to Hadrian and another to Draco.

“We are here to discuss the mess that has been made here.” James said coldly. He was standing just behind Hadrian and laid his hand on his sons shoulder and gave it a supportive squeeze. Giving both Fred and George a grateful look for their comforting of Hadrian.

“This is really being blown out of proportion.” Albus tried to downplay everything.

“Blown out of proportion? Are you kidding me?” Alice snarled. “All those security measures you assured us you had created were bypassed by someone simply ripping off a students name from an assignment and then submitting it. Anyones name could have been submitted. And now you won’t let him withdraw. This is a mess plain and simple.”

Before anyone could say anything the mail arrived, many owls carrying copies of The Daily Prophet and The Oracle. The Oracle was the name of the daily newsletter that Pandora had started to get people the news without the slant the Prophet had. It had only started publishing a few weeks before and it was already actively competing with the Prophet.

Both papers top story was what had happened the night before. Both, making it clear that something had gone wrong. But The Oracle had more information. Covering Hadrian’s vow and even mentioning the ICW change, forcing Hadrian to compete against his will.

Albus glanced at the papers and sighed, he had wanted the presses attention, but not about this. He was going to have to do some fast talking. The only good thing was that he still had the boy where he wanted him.

“Why don’t we head up to my office to discuss this. The students have class to attend.” Albus got up and slipped out the side door much quicker than most would think a man of his advanced years could, leaving the school board no choice but to follow if they wanted to talk to him.

James and the other governors quickly greeted their children before heading after him.

**Headmaster’s Office**

Once everyone reached the office, which was a little cramped with the number of people there, chairs were summoned and everyone sat down.

“Would you care to explain just how this happened?” James demanded as he glared at the old fool.

“There was a slight misunderstanding.” Albus said as he patted down his beard.

“A slight misunderstanding? A 14 year old was entered into a deadly competition. A competition that we were assured would be restricted to only of age students.” Alice said, forcing herself to remain calm as she knew that James was already furious enough for all of them.

“It was just a small accident, everything will be fine.” Albus tried again.

“Are you out of your mind old man. You swore to us that nothing like this would happen, and then it happened. Hadrian is 14. This competition was specifically designed for 17 year olds. They have three more years of education than he does. How do you expect him to be able to compete? Since you have refused to tell anyone what the tasks are we have no idea what that poor boy is going to be forced to face.” Narcissa, like Alice was forcing herself to remain calm, but she was furious that
Albus was endangering Hadrian, again.

“Harry will be just fine I’m sure. He’s a hero after all.” Molly huffed. She really didn’t see what the others were going on about. This was just a chance for Harry to prove himself worthy of her baby girl.

“He is a student, not some ‘hero’ as you say.” James growled, looking to the annoying woman. “How would you feel if it had been your son Ronald? The boys are the same age. Would you feel comfortable letting your child compete in a competition that has previously proven lethal?”

Molly paled slightly thinking of her baby being in danger. “The headmaster wouldn’t let that happen. The students are perfectly safe.”

“He also said that underage students wouldn’t be able to compete, yet here we are. If we can’t trust him with that how do you think we can trust him to keep the champions safe?” Alice asked simply.

“There is another issue we are also going to need to address.” Amos Diggory said before Molly could start shouting like she usually did whenever anyone dared to disagree with her. “Not only has an underage student been entered, now we also learn that you removed the students ability to withdraw.”

Albus looked at Amos, not really seeing what he was on about. “It was the ICW, not me.”

“You should know that I looked into that after I received a letter from my son last night. From what I have found that rule was passed during a private meeting of the ICW that you yourself chaired just this summer. It wouldn’t have even been able to be put forward without your approval. While Hadrian’s case is of the most importance here, since he was entered against his will, this effects all the students. What if something had come up? You have effectively imprisoned four students in this little scheme of yours.” Amos said angrily.

“I must agree.” Everyone looked to see Amelia Bones standing next to the fire. She had come in while the others were yelling at the headmaster so no one had noticed her arrival.

“What brings you here Amelia?” Albus asked in a tight voice.

“The same thing that brings the board here I do believe.” Amelia walked forward and summoned her own seat. “This mess of Hadrian Potter-Black being entered into, and forced to compete in, this tournament of yours.”

“This has nothing to do with the DMLE.” Molly said, slightly confused by Amelia’s arrival.

“Actually, it does. Entering someone into a deadly competition like this could be considered attempted murder, especially when you take Hadrian’s age into account. With the reemergence of Death Eaters just a few months ago it would be foolish of my department to overlook a possible attempt on young Hadrian’s life.” Amelia gave Albus a cold calculating look. “Lord Peverell, I will be submitting a written request to interview your heir later today. This is not something I intend to take lightly.”

“I will make the arrangements for a meeting Madame Bones.” James said equally formally.

“Does the board have any plans?” Amelia asked.

“I was planning on formally requesting that one of our members be given free access to the school at all times to monitor this… tournament.” James said.
“I like that idea.” Amos said thoughtfully. “Given that it is your heir that the headmasters carelessness has placed in danger I would suggest that it is you as you would be able to be trusted to be the most vigilant.”

James nodded his gratitude to the man.

Albus saw an opportunity. He had tried to get Sebastian assigned as one of the judges after Bartemius had been killed, but hadn’t managed it. He needed the man around if he wanted to get him involved with Lily. “You would be more than welcome to take a more active roll in the school Sebastian.”

“Wonderful. I will assign two of my aurors to you.” Amelia smiled. “I was planning on requesting that they just patrol the school, but if you are going to be here the three of you could work together to spot, and fix, any weaknesses you see.”

“We already have Alastor and Nymphadora here. We won’t be needing your aurors.” Albus said quickly, not wanting any of those Amelia would trust in his school.

“That isn’t something you should brag about Albus.” Amelia said, giving the man a disparaging look. “Given that this possible attempt on Mr. Potter-Black’s life occurred while both were in residence it is clear they aren’t up to the task. No, I will be assigning proper aurors.”

“I think we all, or at least most of us, would be willing to agree with that.” Alice said, sparing Molly a slight glance, knowing that the woman wouldn’t support the idea.

As the governors were getting ready to leave, James used the cover of the crowd to send a scanning spell at Fawkes. When Severus had first said that somehow Albus had the phoenix back they had all worried. Looking at the spell James let out a sigh of relief when the species results came back as a common barn owl. He had to admit Albus was clever. For anyone who didn’t know about his loss of the phoenix it would look as if they were still bonded.

November 13, 2004

Hadrian sighed as he made his way to what he knew was going to be the weighing of the wands. The past few weeks had actually been pretty good, but there had still been a small part of him that was terrified.

The weekend after the school governors had arrived to yell at the headmaster his papa and dad had taken him out of school so that he could go to the DMLE and give his statement. It had of course been leaked to the press that the DMLE suspected this to be some intricate assassination plot. That just served to make everyone at school treat him like he was made of glass and would shatter at any moment.

With both his dad and papa now being at the school practically everyday Hadrian felt safer, and he liked being able to see his dad more, but he knew there was nothing they could really do for him. He was going to have to compete, but at least he knew what was coming.

Lately, Hadrian had been considering seeing about getting the other three champions to work together. He thought that it would be a good way to make connections around the world. Also, it could only help him to be friends with those he was being forced to compete against. And this time he had a basis of friendship with all the others.

Entering the room he looked around. Spotting the others he went towards them. But he was
stopped when Rita Skeeter herself all but jumped in front of him.

“Hello dearie. Just the boy I was looking for.” Hadrian could see the greed shining in the woman’s eyes as she grabbed his arm tightly, starting to drag him to a small door in the side of the room. “Why don’t we just have a little chat?”

“No.” James walked up behind his son and extracted his arm from the woman’s talons. “Hadrian is not going anywhere alone with anyone.”

As James spoke Kingsley had walked up behind him. Kings had been one of the aurors assigned to the school along with Auror Proudfoot.

“We were just going to have a talk.” Rita said innocently, although no one believed her. “It’s why I’m here after all.”

“All interviews will be conducted here. You remember that don’t you Rita dear, or is your memory going.” Tamsin said as she walked over.

Rita had been selected to report for the Prophet, much to everyone’s annoyance, while Tamsin was reporting for The Quibbler and The Oracle. The two women had often competed against each other and had built up a rather large rivalry.

Seeing Rita was distracted Hadrian quickly slipped past her and all but ran to the others.

“What was that about?” Viktor asked as he moved to block the smaller boy from the grabby woman’s view.

“That is Rita Skeeter.” Hadrian told Viktor and Fleur, Cedric already knew. “Be careful around her. Rita loves drama and twists everything to fit her idea of exciting. That is if she doesn’t just make it up. If she ever interviews you make sure she isn’t using that quick quotes quill of hers, it makes things up just as much as she does.”

“My dad wrote me to warn me to be wary of her when he heard The Prophet was sending her. Apparently she’s been harassing my parents trying to get them to say they’re mad at Hadrian for stealing my ‘moment of glory’.” Cedric whispered to the others.

“We understand.” Fleur said, she had met more than her fair share of people like that.

Viktor nodded. As a quidditch star he was used to gossip journalists making things up about him and he knew how best to shut them down.

Eventually, the champions were called forward for their wands to be checked. Fleur, Viktor, and Cedric’s wands were quickly approved. Then it was Hadrians turn.

As Hadrian stepped forward and removed his wand from his wrist holster Ollivander was practically bouncing in his seat. “Ahh yes. I remember this wand. One of my finest creations. You were a tricky customer weren’t you?”

Hadrian didn’t respond as Ollivander seemed to be talking to the wand more than him. The odd man gently took the wand in his fingertips. Handling it with the utmost care. A tiny little flick resulted in brilliant mini starburst forming all around the room.

“Yes yes, still in perfect working order.” Ollivander declared before handing the wand back.
While Hadrian was focused on the wand maker and his wand James noticed to look on Dumbledore’s face as he stared at his son’s wand. This wasn’t good. Dumbledore now knew that Hadrian hadn’t gotten the wand that was the brother’s to Voldemort’s.

Albus just stared at the wand. That wasn’t the wand that he had had Garrick make. The boy was supposed to have the brother wand to Voldemort. Why didn’t he have the right wand?

With the wand checks done all that was left was to answer a few questions and take a few pictures. Hadrian made sure to say just how upset he was that he was being forced to compete against his will and that no one knew who had entered his name yet. He didn’t want anyone to think that he had wanted this. Although he knew Rita would take whatever he said out of context, like she always did, he at least had faith that Tamsin would be honest.

The others all offered their support and Kings even confirmed that the aurors saw this as a crime and were looking for evidence, going so far as to seize Hadrian’s history report, leaving a copy to be marked. Hadrian was pleased by all this, although he made sure not to let on too much, the last thing he needed was Rita’s camera man getting a picture of him looking smug.

With all that done, they were finally free to leave.

November 16, 2004

After dinner a few days later Hadrian decided it was time to go for a walk down the forbidden forest to see if the dragons had arrived yet, while also giving him an excuse about how he had known about the task. Hadrian often went for walks on his own, so it wouldn’t seem suspicious.

Down just past Hagrid’s hut, Hadrian slipped on his invisibility cloak and walked towards the clearing. And they were there. Four large nesting mother dragons. Dumbledore was insane.

But, this was what Hadrian wanted. Walking back out beside the lake, Hadrian called Hedwig. This would be a good excuse to get the others to start working together.

Hadrian tied three small notes to her leg, requesting that each of the other three meet him down by the lake. Giving Hedwig a pet and a treat he let her go about her business. He also requested that they come alone and make sure they weren’t followed. Each now had their own little group of stalkers.

Hadrian was sitting, lost in thought when the others arrived.

“Hadrian, what’s going on?” Cedric asked as he and the others got close. They were far enough away from the school that they knew they were alone.

Hadrian slipped his map back into his pocket, he had been making sure no one had been followed.

“There was something I wanted to talk to you all about. I know what the first task is. I was thinking that we should work together some. I don’t mean we should share everything, but we could brainstorm and study together at least. In spite of what everyone says, about how they understand what we’re going through, they really don’t. The only ones here that can understand is each of us.

I just think that it would be better if we were here to support each other. I know this is a competition, but that doesn’t stop us from working together. Regardless of that we will still have to
complete the tasks alone.” Hadrian said.

“What’s wrong? You seem worried.” Cedric said in confusion. He was used to Hadrians little oddities, but this was something new.

“I have no problem with studying together. I actually think it might be fun.” Fleur was happy that Hadrian had suggested it. She was finding it really hard to work in the carriage with all the other students in her grade constantly bothering her and giving her their opinions. If she worked with the other three at least she could know that they had the ability to understand her thoughts.

“I’m good with it, but what is the task? And how did you figure it out?” Viktor said.

“I go for walks to clear my head sometimes. I was doing that and heard something. Something I wouldn’t subject my worst enemy to. Follow me.” Hadrian got up and led the others to the clearing.

All three froze as they saw the dragons. They couldn’t even make a sound as the horntail sent a giant jet of fire towards the sky.

Fleur was frozen in fear. Dragons. They wanted her to do something with a dragon. Were they out of their minds? Then, she didn’t know what happened. All of a sudden her eyes were drawn away from the dragons.

There was a man. The most beautiful man she had ever seen. He was tall, with long fire red hair tied back, and a fang in his ear. He was walking with another man that looked a bit like him, but she only had eyes for the tall man.

“We need to get out of here.” Hadrian said as he saw the trainers leaving their tents heading back to the dragons.

Grabbing the others he started to pull them away, shocking them all into focus. They silently followed him back to the lake.

“What do they expect us to do with dragons?” Cedric asked in a voice that was much higher than normal.

“I don’t know, but I think it will involve getting something from them. I overheard some of the handlers complaining earlier. Apparently they were specifically requested to bring nesting mothers. I figure it means it has something to do with the eggs.” Hadrian wanted to give the others an idea, but not let them know what was happening. He needed to get them to guess on their own while keeping his story plausible.

“Are they insane?” Viktor questioned. “Mother dragons will rip us apart if we try to get anywhere near their nests.”

The four ended up sitting silently at the lake until just before curfew. All caught in their own thoughts. Before heading back to their own dorms they agreed to meet in the library the next day. Cedric knew of a secret study nook on the fourth floor that they could use without being disturbed. Since Hadrian was only a fourth year he could only go up to the fifth level, so they needed to stay below there.

Study Nook - November 21, 2004
Three days before the first task Hadrian sat in the study area Cedric had showed them. Hadrian and Cedric were sitting together going over books on dragons while they waited for Viktor and Fleur.

When Fleur did arrive she was weighed down with books.

“Where did you get all those?” Cedric asked as he looked at the girl. They had already searched the entire library for every book they could find.

“Madame Maxime.” Fleur practically groaned in relief as she set down the dozen books her head mistress had just shoved into her arms. “I think this is her way of telling me what the task is.”

Fleur held up a book that displayed a nesting dragon on the cover.

“Well, let’s get to work.” Hadrian said as he grabbed one of the books.

Each of them had been reading different books, making point form notes on anything they found. Then they would make copies of the notes and hand them out so everyone had copies of the information.

Each had only managed to get a few pages in when Viktor came to join them. He had a contemplative look on his face.

“What happened Viktor?” Fleur asked.

“Headmaster Karkaroff has learned about the dragons. He just pulled me aside and told me he found them last night. He suggested that I use a conjunctivitis curse aimed at its eyes.” Viktor said.

The others looked thoughtful, but Hadrian looked hesitant. He had just remembered that the last time that had resulted in the destruction of many of the eggs.

“What’s wrong Hadrian?” Viktor asked as he sat down to grab one of the books from the pile.

“It’s just… Don’t you think that would make things worse. I mean, the conjunctivitis curse hurts doesn’t it. Wouldn’t a blind, angry, in pain dragon be even more dangerous. Then you also risk the eggs getting smashed, which would only anger the dragon more.”

All the others looked to Hadrian in shock.

“Yeah, I think that would get you killed.” Cedric agreed with Hadrian. He already had his own idea and was just fine tuning it.

“I know, I just can’t think of anything.” Viktor sighed.

“I just figured you would fly” Hadrian said simply. He had decided that he was just going to use his all speak this time around, so he didn’t need to fly. Plus, this time he hadn’t gotten a firebolt because his nimbus had never been destroyed. And, as much as he loved his nimbus, he didn’t think it could outfly an angry dragon.

“What do you mean?” Viktor asked the younger boy in surprise.

“Well, if you kinda tease the dragon until it gets up you could shoot down and do whatever it is they want us to do quickly, you have a firebolt, don’t you? If your quick you should be able to do it fast enough.” Hadrian shrugged his shoulder nonchalantly, hoping that Viktor would do as he suggested.

“That’s kinda brilliant.” Cedric said.
“Yeah, but don’t you want to use that technique?” Viktor asked, the boy was already at a disadvantage, he didn’t want to make things harder for him.

“I’ll be fine. I know what I’m gonna do.” Hadrian smiled.

“It’s ok if you don’t want to say, but can you at least give us a hint about what you’re going to do. I really don’t want to steal your idea if you might need it. We all promise we won’t copy what ever you decide.” Viktor said hesitantly.

“It’s fine. I honestly don’t think any of you could, or would copy. The thing is, I have all speak. I can literally talk to magical creatures.” Hadrian explained as the others all looked at him, stunned.

“But how do you know that you can talk to dragons?” Cedric asked.

“I talked to two at my birthday.”

“Hadrian, I was at your birthday party. We were in a unicorn field.” Cedric said in confusion.

“No, you were in a unicorn field. Fred, George, and I got board so we snuck off to the dragon enclosure. I had a good talk with the two antipodean opaleyce’s that they have there.” Hadrian smiled at Cedric.

“You had a birthday party with unicorns?” Viktor smiled at Hadrian.

Hadrian dropped his head as he shook it. “I let my little sisters decide where the party was held.”

“You’re saying the girls chose a unicorn field?” Cedric questioned in confusion.

“Well, no. Kali wanted to be with a sphinx, Ari wanted an occamy, Cas chose the griffin, and our cousin Lyra wanted hippogryfs. Lyra’s was the most acceptable to our parents, but Aunt Narcissa managed to convince them to accept the unicorns.”

“Ok… That sounds a lot more like them.” Cedric said with a smirk.

“Would these be the same sisters that dyed you green?” Fleur smiled at him too.

“Yes.” Hadrian sighed. “How about we just get back to our books.”

The others all laughed, but did as he requested and went back to reading.

**First Task - November 24, 2004**

As much as the four champions might wish for more time the date of the first task arrived. They were all nervous as they made their way down to the champions tent together.

Just before they had left James had given Hadrian a huge hug and made him promise that he would be fine. Hadrian had done so, but he knew his parents were both still terrified, but then again, so was he.

In the tent the headmasters explained everything to them like it was supposed to be one big shock. Just like last time Fleur drew the Welsh green with the 2, Viktor got the Chinese fireball with the 3, Cedric got the Swedish short-snout with the 1, and of course, that left Hadrian with the Hungarian horntail with the 4.
It seemed like fate was enjoying repeating herself this year.

As the task started, the three remaining in the tent wished Cedric good luck before he left. Then, they waited. But not alone. Viktor, Fleur, and Hadrian were just sitting silently together when the back wall of the tent started moving, before lifting up so Fred and George could roll in under the wall.

Hadrian instantly went to them, not bothering to hide his kissing them from the others. They had seen it often enough over the weeks of studying together. Fleur often cooed at them whenever she saw them. She thought they were the perfect couple.

Hearing the whistle, They wished Fleur good luck as she walked out. Viktor took a deep breath and relaxed into his seat.

“Are you ok Viktor?” Hadrian asked his friend.

“I am ok. Just sick of waiting. I have always hated the wait before you take the field.” Viktor said.

“Ah yes, that moment where the worst flashes through your mind.” Fred nodded in understanding.

“The calm before the storm.” George smiled at the other boy.

Then there came the whistle calling Viktor out. He shook Hadrian’s hand, thanking him for his idea, after the twins wished him luck, he was gone.

“Are you ready for this?” Fred asked looking to the smaller boy between him and his twin.

“As ready as I’ll ever be. I have a plan, I know what I’m going to do. I’ve got this.” Hadrian said, trying to convince himself just as much as the twins.

Fred and George both knew what Hadrian was really trying to do but they weren’t willing to call him on it. They were both hoping beyond hope that this worked out. They knew Hadrian knew what he was doing, but they couldn’t help but worry. This was their soulmate and a dragon after all.

When the whistle came, both twins gave Hadrian another good luck kiss before they all left the tent together. Just before they reached the arena, Fred and George slipped away to go and wait for him by the medical tent just in case.

Walking alone into the large area, Hadrian was stunned at the dragon in front of him. He was amazed at just how big she was. Looking around, Hadrian saw his fathers sitting in the stand holding each others hands. Sending them a small smile, he turned to the dragon.

Taking out his wand, He amplified his voice, hoping that it would get through to the mother dragon.

“Peace great mother. I mean your hatchlings no harm.” Hadrian said, knowing that no one else in the crowd would understand.

The dragon actually shook her head like a dog trying to get water out of its ear. Then, she dropped her head down until she was close enough to look Hadrian dead in the eye. She just looked at him for a moment, judging his honesty before she lowered her head the rest of the way down so they were looking right at each other.

“You speak my language little two legs. I have heard tales of ones like you that can speak with the great dragons, but I did not think I would meet one in my lifetime.
If you mean me and my young no harm, why are you here?” The dragon questioned in an imperious voice.

“I am not here by choice.” Hadrian shot a glare to the judges table. “I was forced into this. They have hidden a golden egg amongst your young and demanded I retrieve it.”

“Foolish two legs. You are smaller than the others that have faced my cousins.”

“I am younger than them. I was not supposed to be involved in this, but the choice was taken from me. My fathers are very angry about this.”

“As any life giver should be. Tell me young dragon speaker, if I were to allow you to take this golden egg you claim is in my nest, will you be safe?”

Hadrian smiled. Of course he would end up dealing with a mother dragon that would end up worrying about his safety.

“As safe as I ever am. My life has never been one of safety, but my life givers do what they can to protect me from the worst of it. I know that they will protect me from whatever comes next.”

“And was it you that taught the one with fire on its head the noble tongue of the serpents?”

Hadrian had to think for a moment, then he almost laughed. She was referring to Charlie with his red hair. “Yes. I met two young dragons over the summer that he was with and taught him so that he could better feed and care for them.”

“But that is the job of a life giver.”

Hadrian sadly shook his head. “These to hatchlings were stolen by egg thieves before they even hatched. Their life giver could not be found after the egg thieves were caught. The two legs have been doing what they can to care for the young ones. They have had five hatching days now and are happy with the two legs that are caring for them.”

The mother dragon was furious hearing that eggs had been stolen, although she was slightly mollified that the thieves had been caught and the eggs saved, there was never a punishment bad enough for an egg thief.

Tilting her head to the side, she examined the two legs. This two legs spoke her language. He had shown nothing but kindness. He taught others the serpent tongue so that they could better care for two young ones alone in the world. He did not wish to be here, but had been forced by other, older, two legs. If it had not been for his kind words about his life givers she would have invited him to join her clutch for his own safety, but no, he just wouldn’t fit.

“I shall allow you to find your golden egg. But understand this little dragon speaker, if I feel you wish harm upon my young I will eat you.”

“I understand great mother.”

Hadrian slowly walked forward until he reached the nest. It was easy to spot the golden egg. Reaching forward he grabbed it, making sure not to touch any of the other eggs before walking back to where he had stood before.

“Thank you great mother. Might I also ask that you and your cousins are kind to the two legs in the robes. They mean you no harm and only wish to help.”
“We know they mean us no harm dragon speaker. If we thought they meant harm they would have been eaten long ago. It serves no purpose for us to let them grow complacent. Like all young, they must be taught how to survive, that is all that we do. We may not be their life givers, but we still see them as ours. Sometimes, a life giver must teach a hard lesson, but that does not mean they wish harm, only that they will do what needs to be done.”

Hadrian couldn’t help himself. He laughed.

“Thank you again great mother, now, I shall take my leave if you have no further questions.”

“You may go your way dragon speaker, but I would ask you not tell the two legs. Sometimes young are easier to teach when they do not realize they are learning.”

“It shall be our secret great mother.”

With that, Hadrian turned and walked towards the tent. Not paying any attention to the cheering, yet extremely confused, crowd.

“What was that?” Tamsin demanded as soon as he came into sight, she had been standing near Fred and George near the medical tent.

“What do you mean Ms. Dove?” Hadrian asked in a charming voice.

“That, what just happened?” She replied.

“I must ask the same thing. You seem to have caused quite a stir my good man.” Ludo said as he bound over.

“I have all speak. I can speak to magical creatures. Dragons are magical creatures.” Hadrian said simply.

“So you just asked to go and get the egg?” Tamsin asked, still stunned.

“Well, I had to reassure her a fair bit. She was more than a little distressed by all this, which I completely understand. I honestly don’t know who planned this task, but that was monstrously cruel.” Hadrian glared at the ground.

“Cruel?” Tamsin questioned, catching the hint of a story.

“Well just think about it. How would any of us feel if we were bundled into a crate with our children. Taken to a strange country. Put in the center of an arena, surrounded by people. And then, someone tried to get past us to our children. She isn’t just a dragon, she is a mother. They are all mothers. They were terrified for the safety of their children. And all this was done to them for entertainment. Yes, I consider that cruel.” Hadrian huffed before turning away.

Ludo shrugged it off before bounding back to the judges to explain how the boy got the egg, completely forgetting what he had just said. Tamsin however, wrote down every word he said. That would make an excellent story in her opinion. After hearing it described that way she too thought it was just awful.

As Hadrian walked away from the reporter he was ambushed with hugs by his parents. Both were near tears now that their son was safe. While he had been standing face to face with a dragon they had been to afraid to move, like if they startled her it would cost them their son. But now, they
needed to ensure he was ok, even having seen that he hadn’t been harmed in any way.

They both quickly guided him into the healers tent to get him scanned, just in case. Neither were able to breath properly until Healer Forsythe gave Hadrian a clean bill of health.

Hadrian looked around the tent. Cedric had burn paste on his face, Viktor seemed to be nursing a healing broken arm, and as he watched Fleur limped out from behind a screen with wraps on her legs.

“We did it.” Fleur announced happily.

“We did.” Hadrian agreed, smiling.

Hadrian didn’t even bother to pay attention when his points were given. He honestly didn’t care. He was just glad it was over.

Hadrian waited until the others were cleared to leave before they all left together. They had been given the information about the egg, and everyone wanted to get to work.

They had until February to figure it out, but the others wanted to figure it out as soon as possible so they had more time to figure out a plan. Hadrian wasn’t about to try and stop them. Now he just needed to figure out how to get them to open the egg underwater.

He was just going to have to play it by ear. And, if all else failed, lie.

They really didn’t manage to get to even open the egg that night. As soon as they left they were all but dragged off to a party.

Ron, Ginny, and Hermione rushed down from the stands as quickly as they could, which wasn’t very quick at all. They had been up at the very top of the stands and none of the other students were getting out of their way. They needed to get to the healers tent to congratulate Harry.

Hermione also wanted to learn more about this all speak thing. When Ludo Bagman announce Hadrians points he let them all know that he had used all speak to talk to the dragon. She didn’t understand that. How had he learned that?

There was still so much that Hermione didn’t know, and she didn’t like that. One day she was going to be in charge of this world, and no one was telling her what she needed to know. Even working through the library wasn’t helping her as much as she thought it would. Almost all the books were just directly connected to what they learned in lessons, she needed more.

Ginny was happy. Harry had proven himself to be great, even getting the highest score in the first challenge. Sure, she wished he had done something more heroic than just talking to the dragon, but at least he had succeeded. She would have loved watching Harry fight a dragon for her. Her mind was off and running through different fairytale scenarios that came from the stories her mum had told her when she was little.

Ron, wasn’t really thinking about Harry at all. In truth, his obsession had been slowly fading ever since he had started seeing his mind healer. That, and he had never really liked the other boy. Sure, he liked Harry’s fame and money, but the boy himself was just so boring. The only thing they really had in common was quidditch, and since quidditch was cancelled this year there was nothing
to bring them together. Ron hated that Harry was getting to compete when he had been denied, but he was also glad it wasn’t him.

Although he was sure he could have managed that task, it was probably for the best that he hadn’t had to. Ron could only imagine what his mum would do if she learned he had been forced to face a dragon. Right now, he was more focused on Krum and Fleur.

Being friends with a world famous quidditch player would be great. Ron was sure of it. No one would dare tell him he couldn’t join any quidditch team he wanted to join. They could play together on weekends and give each other pointers on how to improve their skills. Ron knew all about different moves so he could give plenty of recommendations on how Krum could win more games.

Then there was Fleur. She was just so beautiful. Ron wanted her to be his. Having a girlfriend like her would make him the most popular guy around. Having a girlfriend like that, and being friends with Viktor Krum would be even better. Then even Harry would hang off his every word, like he was supposed to.

Now he just needed to figure out how to make his daydreams come true.

**December 4, 2004**

Lily made her way down the hall towards the office Sebastian had been given to use while he was there. She was dressed perfectly. Her perfectly tailored blue silk top matched her eyes exactly, she had had her skirt hemmed so that it ended well above her knees, perfectly displaying her toned legs that were covered with sheer stockings. Her legs looked even better than normal since she was wearing 6 inch heels.

Albus had told her that he had called Sebastian in to go over something, she really hadn’t listened to whatever it was. But, that meant Sebastian was alone in the office. It was the perfect opportunity. So far he had been able to avoid being alone with her, it was like he had some way of knowing when she was coming.

She needed to get that man in her bed.

James sighed as he saw Lily making her way to his office. He had known that Dumbledore had had an ulterior motive for calling him in. Thankfully, as soon as he had been called in he had put in a call to Kings. The other man was getting ready and was going to join him soon.

He was ready to kill the woman. Not just for what she had done in the past, but also what she was doing now. It seemed every time he turned around she was there trying to throw herself at him.

She just wouldn’t accept that he wasn’t interested.

The door opened without a nock and the woman flounced in.

“What can I do for you now Ms. Mathews?” James sighed as he turned the pages in a book he was looking at.

“I just came to spend some time with you.” Lily fluttered her eyelashes flirtatiously.
“I have work to do.” James said coldly before he turned his attention back to the book.

Lily decided that she had had enough, it was time to force the issue. Spotting the tea cup sitting on the desk, she slipped forward and added three drops of amormentia. Then she circled behind the man to wait for him to take a sip. She knew that as soon as he even sipped his tea he would be madly in love with her and instantly throw himself at her. She did wish that their first time would be a little more romantic than in an office in her old school, but she was sure Sebastian would make up for it in years to come.

James glanced up when he heard the floo.

Kings stepped through, seeing Rose Mathews all but stalking his friend he grimaced. James just rolled his eyes in exasperation to the man.

“Good afternoon Sebastian, Ms. Mathews.” Kings said, keeping his voice calm.

“Thanks for coming in Kings. I got a rambling floo call from the headmaster and wanted to hurry through this so I could get home.” James told the man.

“It’s no problem. I think we’re all getting used to the headmasters odd demands. What is it this time?” Kings just shook his head as he hung his cloak.

James withheld a grin as he just caught an acid green beetle flying off Kings’s cloak and on to one of the desks across the room. “Apparently he suggested that the issue that allowed for Hadrian’s entrance into the tournament has something to do with the schools wards.”

“How in Merlin’s name did he come up with that?” Kings asked in confusion. “The wards have nothing to do with the age line he drew. I swear, that man is losing it.”

“Oh, it gets even better. He wanted us to examine the wards, but has absolutely refused to allow us near the ward stone. I’ve been looking up some way we can do a full examination of the wards without access to the ward stone.” James showed him the books he was looking at.

Kings shook his head. “I don’t think that’s even possible. Do you know when the wards were last updated?”

“That’s another issue, I’ve been looking and can’t find any information on when it was last done. I think I’m going to have to bring this up with the school board and force him to give us the information.” James said in exasperation.

“Albus is a great man, you can’t talk about him like that.” Lily snarled from behind James.

James turned and gave her a cold look. “It doesn’t matter how blindly allegiant you are to the man. It is the job of the headmaster to maintain and update the wards every year. If he hasn’t been doing so it is an incredible dereliction of duty.

Maybe he is just spread to thin. With the Wizengamot, advisory position to the minister, ICW position, headmaster position, and everything else he does. He isn’t as young as he once was after all. But that is no real excuse. This school houses a majority of all magical children in this country. It is unacceptable for any headmaster to endanger them for the price of powerful positions. The safety and security of the students of this school should come before all.”

“I agree.” Kings had nodded along as James spoke.

James started gathering his things, he needed to get away from that woman. As he reached for his
now cold tea his Prince consort ring started to heat up. He knew that there were enchantments on the ring that would warn him if there was a potion near it.

That bitch had spiked his tea. He had no doubt that it was a love potion. Picking up the tea cup he turned to head for the window to dump the tea out, almost running into a grinning Lily.

“Sebastian, darling, why don’t we forget about all this and go somewhere more private to get to know each other better.” Lily said in her most sultry voice. She had seen him pick up the tea and gotten excited.

“No.” James said coldly, stepping around her and going to the window to dump the tea in the flowerbed below, only after he secretly spelled a small sample into a potions vile he had secretly grabbed from his desk.

Turning back after tucking the vial in his inside pocket he gave Lily a pitting look, knowing that Rita was around and watching everything. “I really don’t know where you got the idea that there could ever be anything but a working relationship between us Ms. Mathews, but if I have given you that idea somehow then I must apologize. I am happily married. I will ask you, again, to please stop throwing yourself at me. I’m sure you will be much happier if you turned your attention to someone that is available.

Kings, I’m going to go and check if the warding professor is around to get his opinion, if you wouldn’t mind coming with me.”

“Be there in a minute.” Kings waited until Sebastian had left before he turned to the woman. “Ms. Mathews, I really think you need to back off and leave Sebastian alone. As he said, he is happily married.”

“And what makes you think you have a say in what I do?” Lily demanded in a nasty voice.

“I am an auror and what you are doing is called sexual harassment. If he files a formal complaint you risk losing your job, or, if you cross a line you could even be arrested.

You are an educator. Just think about the types of lessons you are teaching your students when you do things like this.”

Turning away, Kings walked out of the room, leaving a fuming woman behind.

James was waiting at the end of the hall.

“What did you do?”

“Just gave her a warning about not crossing any lines.”

“I think she already has.” James pulled the vial from his pocket. “When I reached for my tea the Prince ring got hot. It’s spelled to detect potions. I can’t prove anything, but it was fine before she arrived.”

Kings took the vial and tucked it in his pocket. “I’ll have the guys in the office check it and open a file.”

“Thanks.”

Both carried on down the hall. James had known that was the best that could be done.
That was the problem with love potions. You could only charge someone if you caught them in the act. It wasn’t enough to just have the potion, you needed proof of it being used or else charges wouldn’t stick.

**Study Nook**

Hadrian was sitting in the study nook once again with the others. They were all going through books on different charms that would allow them to go under water for an hour.

When they had been at the party Fred and George had arranged for them they had opened the egg at the request of those around them. But, this time, rather than hearing the screeching, Hadrian was able to make out the song. It seemed with the gift of all speak things were a lot easier.

The next time he had gotten together with the others they had all been going on to try and figure out what the screeching was. Hadrian had just asked them what screeching. When they had explained the egg he just told them what he had heard.

It had been easy for the others to figure out that that sound must have been some kind of magic creature. It was Fleur that figured that ‘we cannot sing above the ground’ must mean underwater. A few days of looking through books on water creatures led them to mermaids.

Hadrian was pleased that it had been the others that had done most of the work, giving him cover. Other than translating the mermaids song, the others had figured everything else out.

They were all sitting chatting happily when the secret door opened and James walked in.

“Hello everyone.” James smiled at the students there. Happy to see that Fred and George had joined Hadrian. He liked how devoted to his son they were. Having them there made him feel better about his son’s safety.

“What can we do for you Lord Peverell?” Cedric asked formally. He had come to greatly respect him last year. He had been a little sad that he couldn’t work with the school board this year, but he had figured studying for the tournament and his NEWTS would take up most of his time. The headmaster may have said that the champions were exempt from end of year exams, but the NEWTS were required for any student to get a job so he still had to take them, he just didn’t have to do in class tests.

“I actually had a slight issue earlier today and it made me realize something.” James said as he took a seat.

“What happened?” Hadrian was concerned for his dad.

“There was a slight issue of someone slipping a love potion into my drink, thankfully my rings let me know. But that made me think of the four of you.

As I am a target for my position, you four will be targets due to being champions. I know that I am not supposed to say anything, but given that it is readily available information to anyone who looks at the history of this tournament, there is always a Yule Ball held during the tournament. Being on your arm during that ball would be a desirable position, and I would just rather those there are not there due to trickery.”

James pulled out four bracelets. Three thicker, male, designs, and one delicate one for a woman.
“You wanted to protect them from love potion,” Fred started in confusion.

“So you got them bracelets?” George finished.

“I rented these from the goblins. These are enchanted goblin made bracelets that will heat up and tighten based on what potion is in the food or drink. The hotter and tighter they get the more powerful the potion.” James explained.

“The goblins let you buy their jewelry?” Cedric asked in fascination. Everyone knew that the goblins were very protective of their crafting.

“I rented those. On the last day of school they will just disappear from your wrists and return to the bank.” James smiled. “And, as for convincing the goblins to part with their craftwork, I just mentioned it was for Hadrian.

This darling boy managed to charm the goblins so completely when he was a child, not only did they allow him to learn their language, they declared him a goblin friend.”

The other three just stared at Hadrian in shock. James, Fred, and George just smirked at Hadrian’s blush. Everyone that knew anything about goblins knew just how rare it was for someone to be declared a goblin friend.

James left happily after thoroughly embarrassing his son while also ensuring his protection.

**Ravenclaw Common Room - December 10, 2004**

Hadrian slumped onto one of the couches in the Ravenclaw common room with a huff. Today had been the announcement of the Yule Ball. Almost everyone was looking at him expectantly.

This was something Hadrian was not looking forward to. He had already gone to Professor Flitwick to ask if he was able to go to the ball with the twins, but Flitwick had sadly told him no. He was only aloud to have one date, not two.

This left Hadrian at a loss. He couldn’t decide between Fred and George. It just wasn’t possible.

Luckily, the twins had been more than understanding. Other than a fair amount of kissing, they were all still taking things really slow. The twins had already made their formal request to his fathers for permission to court him. And, being the overprotective parents they were, it took over a week of intense questioning before they gave their permission, much to Hadrians annoyance. They just told him that as his fathers it was their job to embarrass him.

Now, they got together for a small date every weekend. It was only little things, generally it involved just talking, but it was giving him a chance to get to know them even better. Hadrian hadn’t thought it possible, but there was still plenty that they didn’t know about each other.

Other than a few close friends, their relationship was still secret, and that was how they preferred to keep it. None of them were ready to read about it in the paper just yet, and Rita was reporting on everything she could right now. They had decided they should wait until next year to go public since she wouldn’t be at the school so much then.

But that left Hadrian with another problem. Who was he going to go with.

As Hadrian was sitting there, bemoaning his fate, Luna floated over and sat down next to him
happily, letting Nem slip onto her lap for a good petting.

“Relax Hadrian, everything will work out. You’ll see. Things are right on track.”

“You couldn’t just tell me what you see could you little moon.” Hadrian sighed as she smiled and shook her head.

Hadrian just dropped his head on her shoulder as he heard her bell like laugh.

Across the room Cho Chang watched the scene with annoyance. She really didn’t like that Luna girl, there was just something about her that made Cho uncomfortable.

“Why does he even waste his time with a girl like that?” Cho’s best friend, Marietta questioned, her voice just as disgusted as Cho felt.

“Who knows. Maybe it’s charity.” Cho answered as she cast a charm around them that would stop any evesdroppers.

Once the spell was in place Marietta looked over with a vicious smirk. “So, who are you going to go after?”

“I can’t decide.” Cho smiled at her friend, she was so glad that Marietta was so much like her. “I want both Potter-Black and Diggory. They're both good in their own way. Potter-Black is rich and powerful, and gorgeous in his own way. But, Diggory is just downright perfect. Sure, his family isn’t as wealthy or titled, but he looks like a god.”

“There’s no denying, in the looks department Diggory wins, hands down. Potter-Blacks fun to look at, but he’s more beautiful than handsome.” Marietta contributed her opinion. “But, what are you going to do?”

“I was thinking I might just dose them both. Which ever one asks me to the ball first is the one I go with. It will also give me a fall back plan if the one I end up with is a total bore. What about you, who do you want.”

“Davis.” Marietta looked to the current head boy. “He’s titled, rich, smart, and gorgeous. I might not get to open the ball, but I’ll have much less competition for him.”

“Looks like we have potions to make.” Cho smiled at her friend before they quickly went up to their dorm.

Gryffindor Common Room

Ginny danced around her dorm room humming to herself. She was so excited. This was the ball her mum had told her about.

A Yule Ball.

It was just so perfect. Ginny just couldn’t wait. She knew that Harry was going to ask her.

It was going to be the perfect night. Dancing around the ball room, Harry would only have eyes for her.
Ginny was so glad that her mum had made sure that she had the perfect dress.

In his dorm Ron was making plans about how he was going to ask Fleur. He needed to sweep her off her feet. He also needed to move quickly. Everyone was going to want to ask her, he needed to get there before the rush.

Ron was glad that his mum had taken them shopping for robes. He had gotten great, pure black, dress robes that would put even the likes of Harry to shame. Ron smirked as he thought of the other boy. He was sure that, since Harry had no idea about the ball, he wouldn’t have proper robes.

Going to bed that night he imagined what it would be like if Harry wasn’t able to find dress robes in time. It would be so funny.

While Ron and Ginny were dreaming about their plans for the ball, Hermione was making her own arrangements. She needed to make everyone notice her. She needed to force people to see her as more than just the brilliant girl she was.

Thanks to the beautification potion she had gotten years ago, Hermione was well on her way to being gorgeous. Now she just needed people to notice.

She also needed to put herself in a position of power. That meant she needed to go with someone influential and powerful. That really left her with only three options.

Harry, Cedric Diggory, or Viktor Krum.

Harry was already out because she knew the plans for him. That left her with Cedric or Viktor.

Hermione decided that Viktor was her best bet. Cedric was gorgeous, but Viktor was already famous.

Linking herself with a world famous quidditch star would make her the envy of girls all over the world. She didn’t plan on keeping him forever, but it would be fun to have him for a little while.

Going up to her dorm she grabbed a few books out of her trunk before closing the curtains around her bed to block out the silly giggling of the other 5 girls she was forced to share her room with.

Flipping through the potions books she found all the different types of love and lust potions that she could. Taking a quill and some parchment she started making notes on each to help her determine which one was best.

Krum was in the library all the time, so it should be fairly easy to dose him.

Hermione smiled as she worked. It was good to be brilliant.

**December 11, 2004**

Marie made her way down the hall a little confused. She had made plans to meet Hadrian to go for a walk and talk. Since Hadrian was her honorary cousin Marie was taking her role serious. She wanted to make sure that he was ok and that if he needed to talk about anything he knew she was there.
But Hadrian had been late.

His friend, Luna, had told her where to go. Now, Marie was walking down the hall in confusion. There was nothing but a blank wall there. Then, a door started to appear in front of her. Going in, Marie froze, then broke out in a massive grin.

Hadrian was happily losing himself in Fred's lips when a loud wolf whistle brought him back to reality.

Pulling back in shock, Hadrian turned to see Marie grinning at him.

“Marie?” Hadrian was confused. How had she found this room?

“We were supposed to meet 10 minutes ago. Your dear friend Luna told me where I could find you. Imagine my surprise to find my dear sweet innocent cousin locking lips with not one, but two guys.

I am so proud of you.” Marie just grinned as Hadrian’s face went bright red while the twins broke out in identical grins.

“Shut up Marie.” Hadrian huffed.

“Not gonna happen cuz. We're family now, you're not getting rid of me.” Marie just continued to smile. “Now, sorry to do this to you boys, but I’m stealing my cousin from you. It would seem we have a lot more to talk about than I first thought.

Well, what are you waiting for, get going mister.”

Hadrian really couldn’t help himself, he liked Marie. Smiling, he gave Fred and George one last kiss. “Sorry, but I don’t think I’m going to get out of this.”

The twins just kept smiling before sending him off. They had things of their own to do.

Walking down the hall Hadrian cast a quick muffliato charm before he started to explain the ROR to Marie. But, she was more interested in his relationship with the twins.

Hadrian just couldn’t help himself. There was just something so…pure, about Marie that drew him in. She was honest and loyal but more than willing to call him out on his crap. In truth, she reminded him a bit of Sirius. But, while Sirius took the form of a wolf hound, he figured Marie would be a chocolate lab.

As they left the school and walked out onto the ground Hadrian found himself telling her about what was going on with him and the twins. His worries about who he was going to invite to the ball, then having to explain why he wasn’t going with the twins. He even found himself explaining his fears that the twins would find someone they liked better at the ball.

Through it all Marie just listened. Letting him spill his heart to her without any judgment. That was what he liked best about Marie, her simple acceptance.

Just as he was finishing, feeling about 100 pounds lighter having gotten to tell someone what was going on in his head, he felt his heart sink as he saw Hermione and Ginny making their way
through the snow towards where they were sitting by the lake.

“Great.” Hadrian groaned silently.

“What’s wrong?” Marie, who had been completely focused on Hadrian hadn’t noticed the others yet.

“My stalkers have found us.”

“Yeah, what’s the deal with those two, and the other boy they hang out with? The way they stare at you is just creepy.”

“The two red heads are actually the twins younger siblings, but all three of them have been obsessed with me since I started here. They refuse to call me by my name. Insult pretty much everything I say or believe in, and are just an all around pain in the ass.”

“Don’t worry about them. Leave them to me.” Marie sent him a vicious smirk, making Hadrian question his lab comparison, because that look was pure protective doberman.

Hadrian took down the muffliato charm.

“Hi Harry.” Ginny chirped, not even sparing the other girl a look. She really didn’t like how close that girl seemed to be getting with her Harry.

Hadrian just ignored her and kept talking with Marie, changing the topic to the last letter he had gotten from Dudley.

Hermione huffed once she and Ginny were directly in front of the other two. “There is no need to be rude, Ginny said hi, the least you could do is acknowledge her.”

“No, she said hi to someone named Harry, neither of us are Harry.” Marie sent the girl a vicious smile. “I’m Marie and this is Hadrian. How are we supposed to know you are talking to one of us if you don’t say our name. You could have been talking to someone else for all we knew.”

“His name is Harry.” Hermione challenged.

“No, his name is Hadrian.” Marie said back calmly.

“And just how would you know that?” Ginny demanded. She needed to get this other girl away from her Harry.

“Because he’s my cousin. And, everyone who knows anything about him knows his name is Hadrian.”

“You’re not his cousin.” Hermione said, what was with all these so called cousins Harry had?

“I think I would know who is my family and who isn’t. Hadrian is my cousin by marriage. Not that it is any of your business given the fact that you clearly don’t know anything about him since you are to stupid to even figure out his name.” Marie sent the other two a sweet smile. “Hadrian, darling, why don’t you head back to the school. You promised your Uncle Sirius you would meet him before lunch.”

Hadrian smiled. He didn’t really have a meeting, but Marie was giving him the perfect opportunity to get away while she dealt with the others. Nodding, Hadrian leaned down and kissed her on the cheek before quickly walking away.
When the others went to follow him, Marie stepped in their way. “If I could give you little girls some advice. No man likes stalkers that can’t even learn his name. It just makes you look pathetic.”

Ginny glared at the older girl. “You know nothing. Harry and I are going to the Yule Ball together, you’ll see.”

“Oh sweetheart, don’t delude yourself. Maybe, you need to aim for someone more your speed.” Marie really did wonder about the girls mental health.

“Like you would know what he’s looking for in a date.” Hermione sneered.

“I know exactly the type of person he wants to take to the ball given that was what we were just talking about. He just described his ideal date, and I can promise, it wasn’t either of you. Like I said, maybe you should go for someone else. I’ll tell you a secret all girls need to learn, if he’s not interested in you, then he isn’t worth your time obsessing over. Find a guy that treats you like a princess and obsess about him, because that’s the kind of guy that’s worth your time. If you spend your whole life chasing someone that doesn’t want you, all you’ll get is a wasted life, and that’s what you’ll deserve.” Sending the girls a look, Marie turned and walked back to the carriage.

After leaving Marie, Hadrian found himself losing himself in the schools corridors. He had no destination in mind, he just wanted to wander. Somehow finding himself up in the bell tower.

“I was wondering when you would get here.” Luna’s voice drifted down to him from the floor above.

Walking up the final set of rickety stairs, Hadrian found himself sitting on the edge that overhung the bells. He was slightly surprised he had made it all the way up here, normally this area was warded off with spells that wouldn’t allow a student to pass.

“Were you waiting for me little moon?”

Luna pulled two sugar cookies out of her pocket, handing him one with a smile.

“Don’t worry Hadrian, it’s going to work out. Your fears will come to nothing in the end, only serving to feed the wrackspurts.”

Again, Luna reached into her pocket and pulled out a piece of fabric.

Hadrian unrolled an ice blue tie.

“What’s this for little moon?”

“It matches my dress. And, it will work well with your robes for the ball. We’ll meet in the common room and go from there.”

Luna gave him a dreamy smile.

“I figured you would be going with Neville.”

“No, it isn’t time quite yet. Soon, but not yet. Besides, he is going to need to be there for some friends. The ball will be interesting.”
“What do you see my little moon?” Hadrian looked at the girl he had come to love like a sister, her eyes were even more unfocused than usual as she tried to make sense of the swirling world and voices in her head.

“The world will turn. Some shall make the right choice, going with who they are meant for, but many others will choose wrong out of fear. It will be up to you and I to give them the push they need to find their truth. Without that push, the night shall end in tears and lost love, but with a push, the world will wake to a better day than the one before.”

Luna came back to herself and smiled at Hadrian.

“It’s time for lunch.” Luna said with a grin, starting to get up. “I think we should have pudding.”

“As you wish my lady.”

Linking arms, Hadrian made his way down to the great hall with Luna, much calmer now.

**Gryffindor Common Room**

After dinner that night Ginny joined Hermione and Ron on one of the couches in front of the fire. All three of them had plans to make.

They had been sitting together for about half an hour, going over how they were going to arrange their dates when Lavender and Pavarti came through the portrait hole.

“We have bad news!” Lavender announced to everyone.

“Two of the champions have their dates.” Pavarti gave an exaggerated pout before she went back to smiling.

“Who?” “Who are they going with?” Was questioned by a few. The chance to go on a date with one of the four champions was actually of great interest to much of the student body.

“The lovely Fleur Delacour will be going with Ravenclaw seventh year, and current head boy, Roger Davis.” Pavarti announced to the many groans of boys nursing their broken hearts.

A lot of the boys had been secretly planning to ask the beautiful french girl. The chance to even be close to a girl that beautiful was enough to fill fantasies for weeks.

Ron just glared from his place by the fire. Fleur was supposed to be his. Now she was going with some other guy. He had never really payed much attention to the head boy, he was going to have to start to see if he could see what it was that drew Fleur to him.

“And the other taken champion?” Third year Romilda Vane asked, hanging off every word of the two older girls.

“None other than our own dear Hadrian Potter-Black.” A chorus of groans echoed from the younger girls. “Hadrian will be attending the ball with none other that third year Luna Lovegood.” Lavender announced in the same tone Pavarti had used.

Ginny just stared. That wasn’t possible. Her Harry was going to the ball with LUNA. He was hers. He was supposed to ask her.

Seeing the impending blow up Hermione grabbed hold of Ginny’s arm and dragged her up to the
girls dorms. Only managing to throw up a silencing spell on the door before Ginny started screaming.

**Study Nook - December 15, 2004**

Hadrian was sitting in the study nook talking with Draco. Hadrian had wondered what Luna had meant when she said that some would end up going to the ball with the wrong people due to fear, and that they would need to help them by giving them a push. That was, until he had sat down with Draco.

Draco was trying to figure out what to do. He knew what a lot of people thought he should do. He had already been encouraged by more than a few in his house about asking Pansy Parkinson. Pansy herself seemed to always be tracking him down and getting in his way.

But, Draco actually wanted to ask Autumn’s friend, Fey Dunbar.

Draco had developed a massive crush on the Gryffindor during their charms classes the year before. The two had been seated next to each other and often been partnered during practicals.

“Draco, you like Fey, you have liked Fey for a while. Just ask her. If she says no, which I doubt, then you can settle for Pansy if that is what you want.”

“I know, but she’s a Gryffindor. I understand that things are better between our houses, but there will still be a lot of people that aren’t going to like the two of us going together.”

“Then just ignore them. Look, I am your friend, so I say this with love. Stop being an idiot. Don’t be one of those people so pathetic that they live their life following the expectations of others. You are Draco Malfoy, not some weak willed follower. And, if you don’t ask Fey I’m telling your mum.”

Draco just stared for a moment. “Did you just threaten to tell on me to my mum. Low blow man, low blow. Fine, I’ll ask Fey, but how do I do it? She’s never alone.”

“Leave it to me.” Hadrian grinned at his friend.

About an hour later Hadrian was leading Draco through the school. Fey, Autumn, and Lily were sitting down by one of the windows that overlooked the lake. Hadrian couldn’t stop smiling while Draco was silently panicking.

Leaving Draco around the corner, Hadrian walked forward to see the girls.

“Hey Hadrian.” Lily called when she saw him.

“Hey girls.” Hadrian’s smile grew impossibly bigger. “Lily, Autumn, can I talk to you two privately for a moment?”

Lily and Autumn were a little confused but they agreed, getting up while shooting Fey confused looks.

Turning the two away from Fey Hadrian whispered. “We need to run away, now!”

Hadrian shot a slight sticking charm at Fey so she couldn’t go anywhere before he grabbed the
other two girls and all but dragged them down the hall and around the corner opposite to where Draco was waiting.

“What the hell Hadrian?” Fey demanded as she stared in confusion.

Draco just shook his head at his stupid friend, but this was his chance. Walking forward, he went to where Fey was still sitting. Clearing his throat, he got her attention.

“Hi Fey.”

Fey turned, her confusion becoming excitement. She had just been talking with the others last night about how much she wished Draco would ask her. Now he was here, an adorable pink flushing his cheeks.

“Hi Draco.”

“I was wondering… I just thought… Would you go to the Yule Ball with me Fey?” Draco forced out.

“Of course.” Fey broke out in a smile so big it actually hurt her cheeks, but she didn’t care.

Both looked down the hall when they heard squealing. Three heads were peaking out around the corner.

Seeing that they had been caught, Autumn and Lily dashed down the hall to congratulate their friend.

“You’re an idiot, you know that right?” Draco said to Hadrian as he walked up.

“Yup.” Hadrian just smiled.

**Study Nook**

After dinner, Hadrian met the other three champions for a quick study session in the study nook.

When Cedric came in he was clearly agitated.

“What’s wrong Cedric?” Fleur questioned.

“It would seem Lord Peverell was right. I’ve found two of my drinks spiked today. I didn’t think anyone would do something like that.” Cedric had always looked for the best in people. It had never really occurred to him that there were people that would try and use him like that.

“Yup.” Hadrian just nodded, he had found love potions in his food and drink since

“Me too.” Viktor just nodded. He was glad for the bracelets. He was going to have to see about getting one of these after this year, love potions were nothing new to him.

“Even I’ve found them in my drinks.” Fleur was annoyed by that. Thankfully, due to her veela heritage she had some level of protection from love potions. The bracelet just made her even safer.

“I really had thought better of the other students.” Cedric sighed.

It was a little while later that Viktor looked to Hadrian and smiled. “So, I heard you were a bit of
“I was not an idiot, he was.” Hadrian shot back before explaining to the others about his helping Draco get a date.

The others all agreed that Hadrian had been a bit of an idiot, but so had Draco. They were all just laughing when Hadrian caught the thoughtful look on Viktor’s face. He thought he knew what he was thinking about.

“Will I have to use another sticking charm on one of those three?” Hadrian questioned with a grin.

“Maybe.” Came Viktor’s voice, but it was surprisingly joined by Cedrics.

“Uh oh.” Fleur said as the two older boys looked at each other.

Cedric was slightly surprised, it hadn’t occurred to him that Viktor would be interested in one of the three. Taking a deep breath he made a choice, if he and Viktor liked the same girl, Cedric would step back. All there was left to do was check.

“I kinda wanted to ask Lily. Her mum is friends with my mum so we’ve known each other for years.”

Viktor smiled. “I wanted to ask Autumn. Hadrian introduced us this summer.”

“Oh, good. I was worried we were going to have some issues.” Fleur was relieved, but now she was making plans to get to know the girls. She wanted to make sure they were good enough for her friends. She had already known and liked Luna, so she hadn’t had a problem with her going to the ball with Hadrian.

“So, will you help us?” Cedric smiled at Hadrian.

“What am I, the designated wing man? Sure, I’d be happy to help.” Hadrian grinned at the others.

Over the next few days, Hadrian tracked down the three friends two more times. Each time taking the other girls aside before they ran away, leaving their friend alone.

By the time it came for Cedric to ask Lily, they all knew exactly what was happening. They all laughed together as Autumn and Fey ran away from Lily, who hadn’t even tried to follow them knowing that someone was going to ask her to the ball.

Luna had just smiled at Hadrian whenever he returned. She was glad that he was helping her give people a little push. Things weren’t working out as well for her, but she knew it would in the end, she just needed to be patient.

Lion’s Den - December 18, 2004

Ron, Ginny, and Hermione were all practically vibrating in anger as they walked into the restaurant on their Hogsmead weekend. All three of them were furious their plans had come to nothing. Before they had even really gotten to put them into actions they were too late.

“What’s wrong my babies?” Molly questioned as she rushed forward as the kids came into the restaurant.
“Nothing is working right mummy.” Ginny whined as she went into her mothers arms.

“What do you mean sweetie?” Molly hugged her little girl.

“Harry asked Loony and not me. He was supposed to ask me. You promised he would.” Ginny pushed away to glare at her mum.

“But he was supposed to ask you.” Molly was shocked. How stupid could that boy be to prefer that Lovegood girl to her own baby? Ginny was perfect for him. She said as much, making Ginny beam with pride before she remembered why she had been angry.

"I know.” Ginny glared down at the food her mum placed in front of her, only picking at it. She needed to keep her figure for her dress.

The afternoon was spent talking through the kids anger at not getting the dates they wanted. Since most of the students had already partnered up, Ron and Hermione both had decided to settle for each other. All that was left for Ginny was to find someone she decided was worthy of her.

Her standards lowered significantly when Hermione pointed out that, as a third year, she wouldn’t be able to even go without a date.

Hogwarts - December 21, 2004

Just as the students were heading to lunch, Luna smiled. Turning, she walked away from the crowds.

Hadrian was quietly talking with the other champions, Draco, Neville, and the twins with them, when Luna walked up.

“What’s going on little moon?” Hadrian was the first to notice the joy in her eyes.

“I have to go home, but don’t worry, I’ll be back in time to do what needs to be done at the ball.” Luna said in her dreamy voice “Oh, I always find it best to avoid caffeine on Tuesdays. Especially if you don’t want to fall in love with another.”

Cedric, Viktor, and Fleur just looked at Luna in complete confusion. All looking at her like she was crazy. But, all the others were thinking through what she said.

“Why do you need to leave?” Hadrian wondered.

“My little brother needs me.” Luna practically glowed.

“You don’t have a little brother?” Draco said in confusion.

Before any of them could say anything else Professor Flitwick walked up to them, a huge smile on his face. “Miss Lovegood! I have wonderful news. Your parents just flooed me. Your mum has gone into labour and they want you to come home for the next few days.”

Luna just smiled at the others before she turned to follow their professor.

“Seer?” Fleur asked when Luna and the small professor turned the corner. This wasn’t her first experience with one with the sight.

“What?” Cedric questioned in confusion, looking to Hadrian and the other boys.
Hadrian just smiled. “I think we should get to lunch, and watch out for caffeine.”

The others just accepted. Having gotten used to weird things happening around Hadrian.

The Rook

After arriving home Luna carried on with her day almost normally. She read and she danced, the only real difference was that she was at home with her parents. Her mum had decided to have the baby at home.

It was just before midnight when Luna first got to see her baby brother. He was everything that she knew he would be.

“Well, what do you think little moon?” Her dad said as he walked up behind her.

“He’s perfect.” Luna smiled.

“He is.” Xeno smiled at his daughter. “Hmm, I must agree with your mum. He just doesn’t look like a Constantine.”

“Well of course not, that’s not his name.” Luna gave her dad a look, she had always known that wasn’t going to be her brother’s name.

“Well what do you think his name is my little moon.”

“Apollo Constantine Lovegood. As I am your little moon, he is your sun.” Luna giggled at her little joke.

Xeno looked at his son and couldn’t help but agree with her, his son was an Apollo. There was just something in his eyes.

“You’re right my little moon. Let’s go tell your mum.” Xeno picked up his new son to take him to his wife who was just following up with her midwife.

Ravenclaw Common Room - December 25, 2004

Hadrian smiled as Luna walked towards him. She was wearing a simple white celtic gown with an ice blue cover. Her makeup and jewelry were both simple, yet still had the flair Luna was known for.

It wasn’t what Hadrian would have figured she would wear. He figured Luna would dress in her typical fashion. This dress was much tamer than he had ever considered Luna could be. And yet, Luna made it look perfect. What would make most women look plain, made Luna look stunning.

After only getting three days at home with her new baby brother, Luna had come back to school only a few hours before. As grateful as Hadrian was that he wasn’t going to have to go to the ball without her, he still felt bad that she wasn’t with her family.

Luna had just brushed his concerns aside. She would be going to the ball and then going home for the rest of the holidays the next day. When Hadrian had asked why she, and her parents, hadn’t told anyone about the pregnancy she once again laughed it off. Luna explained that they had agreed to
just keep it to themselves. There was already so much going on in the world they had wanted to keep Apollo to themselves for just a little bit longer. Once everyone knew, he would belong to the world, but if no one else knew, then he was just theirs.

Hadrian could only smile. Luna was just so… Luna. And it would seem she came by it honestly, her parents were the same.

But in the end, he was just glad that she was there. There was a chance that this night might be ok if she was there.

**Hufflepuff Common Room**

Neville grinned at Susan and Hannah as the two girls came from their dorm room to meet him. The three of them had decided to go together. Each had wanted to go with someone else, but had ended up deciding to just play it safe and go with each other. There was nothing any of them feared more than being rejected by their crush.

From the moment he had first heard about the ball, Neville had been trying to work up the nerve to ask Luna, but he just hadn’t been able to do it. When he had heard Susan and Hannah talking softly about feeling the same way about their own crushes, he had suggested the three of them go together, just as friends.

It was only a few hours after Neville had asked Susan and Hannah to go to the ball with him that he heard that Luna was going with Hadrian. Neville was trying to be supportive of his friends, but there was still a small part of him that was jealous of Hadrian. He already had the twins practically worshiping him, and now he had taken Luna from him.

But he wasn’t going to let it get to him. Nope. Not even a little bit.

**Gryffindor Common Room**

Ron was annoyed as he sat on one of the overstuffed chairs in the common room. The ball was set to start in less than 20 minutes and both Hermione and Ginny still hadn’t come down from their room. The one time he actually managed to show up to something early and there was no one there to see it, or at least, no one that really mattered.

Huffily lounging on one of the couches was Zacharias Smith. While Ginnys attempts at seduction had failed miserably on Hadrian, Zacharias had fallen for it almost instantly. It also helped that he hadn’t managed to convince any of the other girls he had asked to go with him.

Zacharias had a less than desirable reputation with the girls at Hogwarts. On the few dates he had gone on all he had done was talk about himself. Zacharias was extremely self centred and was sure he was Merlin’s gift to women.

But Ginny didn’t care about any of that. She just needed a date. The fact that Zacharias was decently hot just made it better. She was sure she could use Zacharias to make Harry jealous. When that thought had first come to her it occurred to her that maybe that was what Harry was doing, using Loony to make her jealous.

Ron glanced over at the other boy. When they had been in first year they had tried to be friends, but it hadn’t worked out. Both of them wanted all the attention and praise, and they just couldn’t
reconcile that with one another. While Ron had turned to Hermione, Zacharias had turned to a few Puff’s in their year that he was able to manipulate well enough. They would never be friends, but they still got along with each other better than they did with any of the other boys in their dorm room so they didn’t go out of their way to antagonize each other.

Now, they just needed the girls to come down so that they could go.

Up in the girls dorms, Ginny and Hermione were locked in the girls bathroom. They hadn’t been locked in by the annoyed other girls, they had locked themselves in. Now they just kept the door locked because they hadn’t realized the other girls had already left.

Ginny had decided to get ready with Hermione. Only Romilda Vane had been invited to the ball from her dorm mates, but all the other girls felt they had a right to an opinion on what the girls should wear and how they should do their hair and makeup. Ginny had found it annoying while Romilda had reveled in the attention.

When Ginny had left her dorm all of the other girls had been in the bathroom with Romilda helping her do her hair and makeup, chattering the entire time. The only person Ginny felt she could trust to help her get ready was Hermione. She knew just how jealous of her the other girls were, she didn’t trust them not to try and make her look bad.

Hermione’s room had been even worse. All of the girls in Hermione’s dorm were going to the ball so they were all getting ready. But, Hermione had figured out how to outsmart them to make sure that they got the bathroom.

The other girls were all working on their makeup before they put on their dresses so they wouldn’t get it on their dresses, spills happened to the best of ‘em, and the last thing anyone needed was dumping foundation or eyeshadow powder down the front of their dress. Hermione and Ginny took up positions on either side of the bathroom door before Hermione called out that they only had 10 minutes left before the ball started. As soon as the girls all rushed from the bathroom in a panic to get their dresses on, Hermione and Ginny ducked into the bathroom and sealed the door.

Hermione was thrilled. She hated that Autumn was going to the ball with Viktor, when she knew it should be her. Now, Autumn wouldn’t be able to finish her makeup. Maybe Viktor would ask her to stand in and help him open the ball since Autumn was going to have to be late if she wanted to finish her makeup.

Since the other girls had left their makeup in the bathroom when they had rushed out they wouldn’t be able to finish getting ready. Hermione and Ginny had agreed that they would stay in the bathroom until the last possible moment. What they hadn’t realized was that, after a few minutes of trying to get in the bathroom, the other girls had gone to the upper years to ask for help. Since they couldn’t get the door open since it had been sealed from the inside, the upper years pooled their makeup and jewelry to help them. The other fourth year girls had finished getting ready with the help of the others before they had left, not wanting to be late.

With only a few minutes left before they had to go, Hermione and Ginny put the final touches on their looks. They were ready.

Hermione looked practically flawless. At first, when they had gone shopping, she had joined Ginny and her mum, Hermione had seen a beautiful simple silken periwinkle blue dress, but she hadn’t gotten it. Molly and Ginny had convinced her that she should go with something more enticing. Having never really grown up, Hermione had been convinced to agree with their choice. Hermione
now wore a vivid Gryffindor red silk dress. It was much tighter than Hermione would normally have wanted, and there was also less material.

The sleeves hung low on her shoulders, and the neckline dipped low in both the front and the back. The woman that had sold her the dress had actually tried, in her own way, to talk Hermione out of getting it because the dress was meant for a more full figured girl. Hermione was still developing and only had a few slight curves so the dress didn’t really accentuate her body, instead it showed what she lacked, but Hermione had been convinced she needed it. Her hair was smoothed straight and cascaded down her back. And her makeup, as per Ginny’s instructions, was plentiful and far darker than normal. Hermione had to admit, the make up helped her look older and more interesting.

Ginny, much like Hermione had ended up choosing a dress that was meant to entice that just didn’t really work for her. Her hair was glossy and sleek as it framed her face and was pulled up at the back. Her makeup, much like Hermione’s was dark and dramatic, making her look older than she was. Her dress was a bright fuchsia pink strapless hi-lo. The front of the skirt stopped well above her knees while the top cut low in both front and back.

The main issue was that, much like Hermione’s dress, this dress just wasn’t designed for a girl like her. With her dieting, Ginny had managed to slim down her already slim form. At 13, Ginny was as flat as a board. Without magic, there was nothing that held up her dress. All the dress really did for her body was to show how thin she was, and that thinness was starting to look unhealthy.

Smiling at each other, the two girls finally unlocked the bathroom door and stepped out. But, none of the other girls were there like they had expected. Looking out the dorm door, they looked around and didn’t see anyone.

Ron sighed in relief as Hermione and Ginny finally came down the stairs. Both girls looked good enough to him. “What took you so long?” Zacharias demanded when he saw them. “We were getting ready.” Ginny snapped back. “Where is everyone?” “They already left. The ball officially opens in 5 minutes. We’re going to have to run if we want to get there in time since you two took so long.” Ron said angrily. He had finally been on time, just for the girls to be late.

Great Hall

Ron, Hermione, Ginny, and Zacharias slipped into the ball just in time to hear the end of Dumbledore’s speech opening the ball. The champions were then introduced, walking in with their dates as their names were called.

Everyone took their seats so they could eat. After the meal was done, the dancing was ready to begin.

Ginny practically snarled as she shoved another person out of her way to see Harry looking perfect as he danced with Loony. That should have been her. Loony was wearing a completely boring dress. Nothing about her was designed to get attention, but even Ginny couldn’t deny that she looked beautiful, how was that even possible?
While Ginny was glaring at Harry and Loony, Hermione glared at Autumn. How could her roommate do this to her? Viktor should have been hers tonight. Sure, she wasn’t going to keep him, but she had wanted him for that moment, and Autumn had stood in her way.

Ron was watching Fleur as she danced with the Ravenclaw boy. Ron had forgotten his name. She looked perfect, although, Ron would have had her wear something that accentuated her figure more if they had gone together. Her dress, although pretty, was to plain for Rons taste.

Zacharias was ignoring the other three as he looked around for his friends. He really hadn’t wanted to ask Ginny, but there hadn’t been anyone left that was even slightly worth his time. He was sure that this wouldn’t have happened to him if the Longbottom’s hadn’t stolen the Hufflepuff title. If he had been the Hufflepuff heir there would have been girls lined up around the great hall for a chance to be his date.

Up at the head table, the feast passed enjoyably. Since they were friends, all of the champions divided their time between their dates and teasing each other. It was plenty of fun.

The adults around them were all a little dubious about the developing friendships between the champions. Both Karkaroff and Dumbledore didn’t like them becoming friends. Sure, the stated purpose of the tournament was to foster bonds between the students, but it really wasn’t what they were aiming for.

Watching their students laugh and joke with each other was annoying to them. Dumbledore hated seeing Harry so happy. The boy didn’t have any understanding of suffering or pain, how were they supposed to convince him to sacrifice himself for the greater good if he only knew happiness. Then there was the Lovegood girl sitting next to him. That should have been Ginny. How dare the boy ask the wrong girl, he had had to deal with Mollys fury over it and the boy didn’t even seem to care.

Throughout the meal, Hadrian had felt the headmasters eyes boring into him. It gave him joy to know that seeing him happy drove the old fool so crazy. Luna had been perfect company for that because she always seemed to know when the fool was watching them and would say something to make everyone smile and laugh.

As the meal ended, the dancing began. This was something that Hadrian really wasn’t looking forward to. He was surprised as he thought back, but he had never really been dancing. He had attended the few basic lessons that the students had gotten after the ball was announced, but that was really it. Luckily for him, Luna knew what she was doing, even if it wasn’t technically perfect, it worked for them.

After a few more dances, Luna looked to Hadrian with a devilish grin. “It’s time to start pushing.”

When she turned away, Hadrian saw Neville quickly look away from Luna before he sighed and walked outside. Hadrian nodded, heading after Neville, while Luna headed in the other direction.

“She. Neville. Hey Neville. Wait up.” Hadrian called as he followed his friend.

Neville sat down heavily on one of the benches to wait for his friend. Could this night get any worse. He had had to stand by while the girl he was crazy about smiled and laughed with his best
friend. He was really struggling. He had already decided that he would support their relationship, but he couldn’t stop the jealousy. He really didn’t understand what was going on with the twins letting Hadrian go to the ball with Luna.

“Hey Neville.” Hadrian sat down next to his friend. “Why aren’t you at the ball?”
“Just felt like getting some fresh air.” Neville said in an attempt at a nonchalant voice.

“So it didn’t have anything to do with seeing Luna and I dancing?” Hadrian gave him a look. “If you wanted to go to the ball with Luna, why didn’t you just ask her?”

“You were already going with her.” Neville said coldly.

“No. Luna suggested we go together as friends after you had asked Susan and Hannah. I know for a fact that if you had asked her she would have said yes, but you didn’t.” Hadrian looked to his friend.

Neville froze. Luna had only decided to go with Hadrian because he had already decided to go with the other girls. This was all his fault. If he had just had the courage to ask her he wouldn’t have spent so much time hating himself for hating his friend for taking his crush to the ball.

“I’m an idiot.” Neville sighed.

“No, well, a little. You just need to work on your confidence a little. You’re a great guy Neville. Luna would have to be crazy not to like you, and, as you know, no matter what others say, Luna might just be the sanest person here.”

Neville laughed at that. “Yeah, she’s great.”

“Well, not that I don’t enjoy the company, why don’t you go back in there and ask the girl of your dreams for a dance?”

“Yeah, Yeah, I think I will.” Neville got up, straightening his cloak, shooting Hadrian a grin, he went back inside.

Hadrian got up to go back in when he saw none other than Fleur rush out of the hall nearly in tears. He quickly followed her.

“Fleur? What’s wrong?” Hadrian walked over to sit next to the upset girl. “Did Roger do something, because I swear…”

Fleur let out a watery giggle. “No, he’s great. Too great really.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“It’s just… I heard some girls talking about me. I don’t think they realized that I was getting a drink and was right behind them.” Fleur sighed.

“What were they saying?”

“The usual. People only like me because I’m beautiful. If I wasn’t pretty I wouldn’t have anything. I don’t deserve all the attention I get.” Fleur started to explain.

“All right, all right, I get it. But so what? Fleur, I know you. Yes, you are beautiful, but you are so much more than that. You are smart, kind, compassionate, loyal, caring, funny, but most of all, you are a genuinely good person.
The goblet didn’t select you as champion because you are beautiful, it doesn’t have eyes, it chose you because it sensed your power. You aren’t in the top five students in your school because of how you look, it’s because you work and study hard. You aren’t a good big sister because of it, you’re a good big sister because you love Gabriel and spend time with her.

You are an amazing person, and not because of how you look, but how you act. If people lash out due to jealousy that is their problem, not yours. Now, why don’t you allow me to escort you back inside so that we can dance?”

Hadrian got up and held out his arm. With a grateful smile, Fleur got up and, linking their arms, they went back inside.

Neither of them noticing the lime green beetle that had been following Hadrian around the garden.

While Hadrian was out in the garden with Neville and Fleur, Ron Ginny and Hermione were all inside. All three looking around and trying to make sure they were noticed.

Ron was trying to get people to pay attention to him by talking loudly about things like quidditch, hoping that others like Krum would come over to talk to him about it, it wasn’t really working. Most actually just thought he had been drinking.

He had tried showing off Hermione, the girl cleaned up nicely, but Hermione hadn’t been willing to just stand at his side. She was going all over talking to other people. Didn’t she understand that she was his date, she was supposed to stay with him, not go running off in all directions.

When he had first seen Harry dancing with Loony he had been annoyed. Why did Harry get everything? He was rich, famous, a Hogwarts champion, had an attentive date, and he had even managed to get dress robes that looked better than Rons. Why wouldn’t things just work out for Ron, he deserved all those things, not Harry.

Hermione was more concerned with ensuring that everyone was following the rules than actually just enjoying the Yule Ball like the rest of the students. Although, lecturing other students was what made her happiest, so she actually was enjoying her night. There were only a few things that were annoying her. She didn’t like how Ron was constantly trying to get her attention. Then there was how Harry was behaving. The stupid boy wasn’t what she was promised he would be.

She had just gone to get a drink after ending up with a dry throat due to yelling at a few students that weren’t dancing properly when she heard a few other girls talking. Glancing over she saw that it was Cho Chang and her friend Marietta and a few others from their year. At first Hermione was going to tell them off, but then she heard what they were saying. It would seem none of them liked that Fleur girl much. A sentiment that Hermione fully supported. She hated how that girl must float through life on her looks.

When she had noticed the other girl walking towards the drinks table Hermione had made sure to raise her voice a little to make sure she heard. She wanted to make sure that the other girl knew that she wasn’t fooling anyone. When Fleur had quickly run off Hermione couldn’t help but smile. She wasn’t the only one either, both Cho and Marietta had turned to see what had gotten Hermione’s attention just in time to see the blonde dash out of the hall. Both girls joined Hermione in her smirking. Hermione found herself actually wishing that the other two were in her house, she actually thought she would get along with them. They were both intelligent and Hermione liked how they thought.

After making sure Fleur knew what others thought of her, Hermione left the others to their gossip.
She needed to find Harry and make him ask Ginny to dance. Harry needed to start behaving properly. Didn’t he understand that Loony was crazy and that Ginny was meant to be Lady Potter? Maybe she needed to talk to the headmaster about compulsion spells and potions. The boy needed a push in the right direction.

Ginny was actually having fun with Zacharias, which surprised her. At first, when he had said that he wanted her to stay by his side she had been a little annoyed, but then she realized it was because he wanted to show off to his friends. He was proud to have her by his side. As he should be in Ginny’s opinion. Why couldn’t Harry behave like this? Ginny smiled happily from beside Zacharias as he talked with others, making sure that they could see how beautiful she was.

The only times that Ginny was less than happy was whenever she caught sight of Harry with Loony or any of the others he had danced with so far. He had danced with that Marie girl as well as a few others, and Ginny was furious every time. She had been particularly furious when she saw Harry come in from outside, arms linked with Fleur, and then led her out onto the dance floor. Why was he wasting his time on girls like that when he should only have eyes for her? Why wasn’t he more like Zacharias?

When Hadrian went after Neville Luna smiled. It was time to push a few people. The wrackspurts needed to be cleared from a few people.

Theo was a little confused as his dreamy housemate walked towards him, but he wasn’t going to risk being rude. “Hello Luna, you look lovely tonight. What brings you over here?”

Luna looked to the boy with a smile. Theo had asked Tracy Davis to the ball, just like he was meant to. Then, her eyes drifted to the other two sitting at the table with them. Blaise Zabini and Daphne Greengrass. The two had come together, but they weren’t meant to be together. They had only decided to go with each other because they had been afraid to ask who they really wanted. They had both feared rejection and had received pressure to stick to those in their house.

“Hello Theo, it is good to see that you didn’t let the wrackspurts make you afraid to ask Tracy. You two will do well together. It is so unfortunate when people let their fears blind them to what, or who, is best for them. Wouldn’t you agree?” When she asked the question, Luna’s eyes snapped to Blaise and Daphne.

Blaise and Daphne just glanced to each other, they had never really even spoken to the girl and were slightly confused by what she had said. They were also a little unnerved with her look.

“I agree.” Theo said in slight confusion, but he also kinda got it.

He had been friends with Blaise since they were kids, so he knew that Blaise had a crush on a girl. But not Daphne. He had also heard from Tracy, who was best friends with Daphne, that Daphne had agreed to go with Blaise even though she wanted to go with someone else. He figured Luna was talking about them.

“It is such a shame when people miss a chance at something great because of fear of rejection, especially when they wouldn’t have been rejected.” Luna smiled.

“Luna.” Came a slightly shaky yet strong voice from behind her.

“Hello Neville.” Luna smiled, not even turning around to see who it was.

“Will you dance with me?” Neville asked, a little of his bravado fading.
“Of course.” A glowing smile overtook her face as she turned and kissed the older boy on the cheek. “I was so hoping that you would ask. It was nice of you to come with Susan and Hannah as their friend since their crushes didn’t ask them, and they were too nervous to ask them themselves, but I think things are going to work themselves out soon enough. Yes, it is unfortunate when we let fear stop us from going after what we want.

But, luckily, it isn’t to late for any of us here… Yet.” Luna gave everyone an eerie look before she smiled and took Neville’s arm to lead him away.

“Well?” Theo looked expectantly to his two friends.

“What in Merlin’s name was that?” Daphne asked in confusion. Blaise just nodded his agreement.

“That was Luna being Luna.” Theo just waved it away, he was semi used to the girls odd behaviour. “So, are you going to take her advice?”

“What advice?” Tracy asked her new, possible, boyfriend.

“Look, I’m not saying anything, I’m just saying that when Luna speaks, you should always listen. Because every word she says has meaning.” Theo explained.

“You know her better than us, so what do you think she meant?” Blaise tried. He had a slight idea what she was referencing, but he was still worried about being rejected.

“Well, I know that the both of you wanted to go with other people but were to chicken to ask so you decided to come together. I know that Neville wanted to go with Luna but, like the two of you, didn’t ask. My guess is that Luna thinks there is still a chance for you.”

“What?” Tracy was still a little confused. “It’s not like she’s a seer or something.”

Theo smirked at her. “Says who. She’s never said, and I’ve never asked. But, when Luna suggests I do something, I do it. She hasn’t lead me wrong yet.” Theo smiled as he twined his fingers with Tracy’s before bringing them up so he could kiss her hand.

Daphne and Blaise glanced at each other with a shrug. They really didn’t have much to lose. Besides, if things didn’t work out they could blame Theo and his airy little friend.

“We’re gonna go walk around for a bit.” Blaise said as he and Daphne got up to leave, both looking around.

After looking around for only a few minutes, Blaise and Daphne spotted who they were looking for. Wishing each other luck, they split up.

Blaise walked towards the drinks table. Angling his path so that he would cut his crush off before she reached the table. She was looking down, so when Blaise stepped in front of her she didn’t notice, bumping into him.

Looking up, Susan Bones felt her cheeks flush red. She hated how easily she blushed. “H… Hi Blaise.”

Blaise smiled down at the small red head. He thought her pink flushed cheeks were adorable. "Hi, Susan. I was just... I was just wondering if you might want to dance with me?"
Susan stared at him for a moment. Was he serious? She had hoped with all her heart that Blaise would ask her to the ball, but then she had heard that he had asked Daphne Greengrass.

He was just so perfect. He was smart and handsome. He was normally pretty quiet, so she didn’t know much about him. But, from the little she had managed to get out of him during their shared classes, he seemed really nice and thoughtful.

The only reason she hadn’t asked him herself was because of who they were. There had always been suspicions about his mum, and then there was her family. She didn’t want him to think she was just trying to get information for her aunt.

Susan realized she had been staring silently for a little too long, but her voice seemed to have abandoned her. Giving up trying to speak, she just nodded.

Blaise grinned hugely as he led Susan towards the dance floor. Happy he had taken a chance, but also kind of wishing he had done so sooner. Even if it was only one dance, it was more than he ever thought he would get.

Daphne threw her shoulders back as she all but marched towards one of the table. She knew what people thought about her. She was the ice queen of Slytherin. Her father was the Chief Warlock and that ended up putting a lot of pressure on her and her little sister, so she always tried to maintain her mask. But this was one time she needed to let it down, and she was terrified.

Reaching the table, she tapped the only person there on the shoulder.

Hannah Abbot looked up at the most beautiful girl in the school, her mind completely blank. Daphne Greengrass was slim and perfect. Her jet black hair which she usually kept up in a pony tail currently fell in waves down her back. Her dark blue eyes held Hannah captivated.

Cursing herself slightly, Hannah felt a flush creeping across her face. “Hi.” was all she managed to squeak out.

“Hi, Hannah. I was wondering if you would dance with me?” Daphne didn’t see any point to wasting her time and decided to get right to the matter at hand.

“You… You want to dance with me? Are you sure?” Hannah said before she could stop herself, flushing an even deeper red as she realized what she had just said.

“If I wasn’t sure, I wouldn’t have asked.” Daphne said, not even trying to suppress her smile.

“Yes, yeah, sure. I mean… I’d love to.”

Hannah couldn’t believe what was happening as she walked to the dance floor with Daphne.

On the dance floor, Luna smiled. She didn’t really know just why it was so important for those couples to exist, but she knew that she had done her job correctly.

ROR

About half an hour before the ball ended, Hadrian slipped away and made his way up to the ROR.
He felt himself truly relax for the first time that night as he entered the room, seeing Fred and George were already there, waiting for him.

Hadrian went directly into their open arms. He had hated that he couldn’t dance with them. But they had agreed that it would be too dangerous. They had all already been told by the few that knew about their relationship that anyone with eyes would know they were together if they danced together during the ball. Hadrian hated having to keep their relationship a secret, but he also knew it was for the best.

The last thing any of them needed was Rita finding out, she would go out of her way to destroy them they were sure. Then there was the reaction of Dumbledore and his followers. They would not respond well to another one of Dumbledore's plans failing. The last thing Hadrian wanted to do was have that old man paying any more attention to him. Plus, Ginny. Ginny was barely sane on the best day, if she saw them together at the ball everyone was sure the girl would spontaneously combust in fury.

They had compromised with this. They would dance in the ROR. Sure, it wasn’t the same as dancing together down in the great hall, but in some ways it was better for them. This wasn’t for anyone else to gawk at, this was for them.

Without any of them saying anything, they danced. Sometimes two at a time, other times one twin would stand in front of Hadrian and the other would take up his position behind.

Something about the quiet just made it seem so much more intense to Hadrian.

Eventually, when they only had a few minutes left before they had to go back to their dorms the three started talking. Telling each other about how their night had been.

Fred and George had gone to the ball with Marie. The three had had a lot of fun, but they had missed having Hadrian between them. Thankfully, Marie had understood how they were feeling so she had gone out of her way to make them laugh.

But, eventually, their night had to end. Hadrian received a mind numbing kiss from each twin before they had to leave the ROR. Each making their way back to the dorms with their minds filled with each other.

December 26, 2004

The day after the Yule Ball the upper year students all slept in. Most didn’t make it to breakfast and ended up not getting out of bed until lunch.

The elves had done amazing work, switching the great hall back to its regular set up. If a student hadn’t been there the night before they never would have thought anything had changed.

Hadrian was just sitting down to start eating his lunch when he heard stomping footsteps coming up behind him. He didn’t even care. The thing that did make him happy was that the twins, who had just walked into the hall, quickly moved to his side.

Hearing a familiar huff, Hadrian rolled his eyes. He just didn’t have the patients to deal with Hermione Granger this early in the morning.

“Well.” Came the demanding voice.
“I am trying to eat Granger, please, just go away.” Hadrian didn’t look at the girl.

“What was wrong with you last night? Why didn’t you dance with Ginny? You two are meant to be.” Hermione huffed.

Hadrian sighed as he turned to look at the girl. “Granger. Let me make myself clear. You do not get to dictate my life. You do not get to make decisions for me.

I didn’t dance with the Weasley girl because I am not interested in stalkers. We are not meant to be, she is a creepy stalker that, in my opinion, needs a great deal of help.” Hadrian said, starting to turn back to his food.

“Don’t talk like that about her.” Hermione shrieked. “Ginny is perfect for you. How can you not see that? Once you stop being so foolish and the two of you get together you will see.

So, where did you go last night? You just disappeared before you danced with Ginny?”

Hadrian rolled his eyes. “And again, you don’t get to dictate my life. As to where I was, I was with my friends. And, it really doesn’t matter to you, you have no part in my life. Now, please just go away.”

Hermione was like a tea kettle that was about to boil. Everyone that was watching could see her building up her steam. But, thankfully, both Sirius and Severus walked in, seeing the girl near Hadrian, rushed over to them.

“I think it is time you return to your table Ms. Granger.” Sirius said.

“Did you hear what he said?” Hermione demanded.

“No.” Severus said blandly, holding up his hand to stop the girl. “I would recommend you listen to Professor Black Ms. Granger. The fact that you are standing at the Ravenclaw table shows that you were the one that came over here and started it. He didn’t go to you. My guess is that he, once again, stated the fact that you do not get to dictate his life. Which is the truth. Now, go and eat your lunch Ms. Granger.”

Hermione huffed and stomped her foot, but went back to the Gryffindor table.

Hadrian shot his papa and Uncle Siri a grateful look before they went up to the head table to get their lunch. He was really going to have to figure out a way to ensure that that girl learned she wasn’t in charge.

Chapter End Notes

Luna’s Dress Inspiration (http://www.idealpin.com/details/31362/ice-blue-medieval-dress-elven-dress-handfasting-dress)


Note: I changed the name of the female Weasley twin to Nicole.
January 10, 2005

Eventually winter holidays came to an end, and the students had to return to class. Although most huffed and groaned, not liking to have to get up early for class again, Hadrian was happy. He really did like learning this time around since he was able to access his full intelligence and power, and he didn’t have the traitors making him miserable. Plus, it served as a distraction for the other students.

Over the past few weeks, Rita had been continuously publishing different articles, most of which involved him in some way. The part that surprised Remus, who was the only one in their family that even bothered to get that paper any more, was that none of them were attacking him, or even slandering him in the slightest.

One of the major articles, titled ‘Bullied Beauty’, was about what happened with Fleur during the ball. It went into the blatant bullying the girl was being subjected to while at Hogwarts. About how there were certain students going out of their way to insult her, claiming the only reason she had the things she did was because she was beautiful.

Hadrian was more than annoyed when the article directly quoted him about what he had told Fleur after he found her outside during the ball. It even included Rita’s memory of the event. Hadrian was really annoyed that he hadn’t thought to keep an eye out for the woman. He should have known that she would be spying.

The good thing was that it made people like him more. He had been receiving dozens of letters ever since complimenting him on being such a kind boy and good friend. But, it also made things more uncomfortable for him because now over half the female population of the school was looking at him with puppy love in their eyes. Some had even started to come to him with their problems, like he was supposed to make them better. Amongst those girls was of course, Ginny Weasley.

Another of the more important articles was titled ‘Harassment at Hogwarts’. Rita hadn’t just been spying on Hadrian, but his dad as well. She wrote about how James, who she called Sebastian was dealing with near constant harassment by Lily, who she referred to as Rose.

Well this didn’t directly affect him, it did result in him getting plenty of looks and people were back to whispering behind his back. There was plenty of theories floating around about what Lily was doing. Many thought she just wanted to have some sort of connection to Hadrian given how closely she watched him during every charms class.

The other articles were smaller, and less dramatic, but they all made some sort of mention of him. It seemed that the Prophet was trying to get on his good side by not writing anything negative about him. He didn’t think it would last all that long, but he did understand why they were doing it. After what they had done to his papa and Lucius the paper was under investigation for corruption,
had already been fined for their involvement in the false imprisonment, and the editor and upper level staff were all being watched by the DMLE for any other criminal involvement.

Thankfully, with classes starting up again, he hoped that the other students would focus on class work a little more. He didn’t hold out much hope that it would stop them from talking about him completely, but by this point any form of distraction, no matter how big or small, was preferable.

**Study Nook**

As the official classes came to an end, Hadrian made his way to the study nook to work on his self study. While he was exempt from the exams in his regular classes, he still had to take the ones for his self study courses. Since the only grade that mattered when it came to self study of the non core classes was the exam if he didn’t do the exams he wouldn’t be able to test for his OWLs.

Sure, he could take them at the ministry after, like he was planning for a few other subjects. But, if he took them at the school he would be able to do a majority of his tests at once, and without having to pay for them. It would also give him extra time to devote to the other courses that he was planning to test for at the ministry.

Hadrian was glad for his friendship with the other champions. Since they were all older, they were able to tutor him. Cedric, who had studied many of the same subjects as Harry in particular was able to give him pointers for his OWLs.

The magic of the OWLs stopped all students who had taken them from telling anyone else about what was on the test, but it didn’t stop them from pointing others in the right direction.

Hadrian was just going over one of his magical law books when Fleur came in. Like Hadrian, she had had to deal with the fallout of the articles. She was furious that such a private moment had been broadcast to the world. Now she was dealing with people coming up to her and acting all supportive, the part that annoyed her the most was that many of the worst bullies were amongst them, trying to give themselves a better image. Like she was going to fall for that.

“So, Hadrian, when is it my turn?” Fleur asked with a slight smile.

“Your turn for what?” Hadrian put his book down to give her his full attention.

“Well, you have so far helped to set up both Viktor and Cedric, as well as many others if what I hear is true. So, when will you find me they guy of my dreams?”

Fleur and Roger had decided that they would just be friends. Which ended up being a good thing as Roger had ended up dancing with Marie during the ball and was really starting to like her.

Hadrian leaned back in his chair and thought. He knew that Fleur and Bill had been great together in the past, he figured they would do well together again, if they met. But, things were different this time. Fleur had first seen Bill when the Weasley’s came to see him before the final task, but that wasn’t going to happen this time. So, maybe he should orchestrate a meeting between the two.

“I think I just might know the perfect guy for you. But, he has already graduated. Hows this, I will invite him to lunch during the next Hogsmeade weekend and you can come too. It will give you a chance to get to know him without too much pressure.”

“Seriously?” Fleur was surprised. “I was really just joking, I didn’t think you would actually have a guy in mind for me.”
“Well I do, and now it’s too late to back out.” Hadrian gave her a vicious grin.

Ministry of Magic - January 12, 2005

Regulus was confused as he made his way through the ministry on his way to the DMLE evidence room. It had just occurred to him this morning that there was something they had overlooked.

How could Voldemort be involved in what was happening with Hadrian. Severus had banished his spirit into the Mirror of Erised. So what was going on? He needed to check.

It was easy for Regulus to get through the ministries halls. The robes of the Unspeakables tended to intimidate everyone so they quickly moved out of his way.

Slipping into the evidence room, Regulus looked up the location of the mirror and went off in search of it. He couldn’t help but sigh in exasperation when he reached the spot where the mirror was supposed to be. It wasn’t there.

He knew he should have had the mirror transferred to the department of mysteries as soon as it had been sent to the ministry. But he had known that Dumbledore was keeping an eye on the mirror and he hadn’t wanted to draw the old man’s eyes to him. Now he wished he hadn’t waited.

There was no doubt in Regulus’s mind that Dumbledore had arranged for the mirror to be removed from storage and had Voldemort’s spirit released. It was something he should have expected the old man to do. He needed a villain so that he could play the hero.

Regulus made a quick stop in the DMLE office to let Amelia know that evidence had disappeared before he went back to his department. He hoped that Amelia would be able to figure out who Dumbledore used to steal the mirror. She wouldn’t just fire them, she would charge them. One less Dumbledore follower in the ministry would be for the best.

Criss Cross - January 15, 2005

Bill Weasley made his way into one of the rooms on the upper floors. This room was intended for larger groups and was designed to look like the table had been placed in the middle of a rainforest near a small pond and waterfall.

Hearing some cooing, Bill looked down at the stroller he had brought with him.

There had apparently been some major emergency at JT and his fathers had all been called in. Apparently something had happened with the viewing orbs that they were planning on using for the upcoming quidditch season. Since he was already home, Bill had offered to take the twins for a few hours while his dads put out the fires at work.

None of his parents had been overly happy about being called in, but they had gone in just to keep the plan on track. All three of them would be getting royalties for their assistance in the project for the rest of their lives. They would all be able to retire and never have to work again off what they had made possible, but they weren’t sure what they were going to do yet.

All three of them were struggling with what was going on. After what had happened last time, the older boys all understood the near obsessive level of devotion they had to the babies, but it was bordering on unhealthy. Arthur was considering that they might have to start seeing mind healers,
so long as the healers took strict secrecy oaths.

This was actually the first time they were going to be spending any time away from the twins since they were born. It had been hard on them, but they knew it was for the best. Nicole and Leo were perfectly safe with Bill, and they needed to get the job done so they could return home.

Now, Bill was just waiting for his brothers and Hadrian. He didn’t really understand why they had wanted to see him, but he wasn’t about to pass up the chance to see them. Plus, it would allow Fred and George to spend a little time with the younger twins. He felt bad for them having to go back to school so soon after they were born.

Hadrian smiled as he led the others into the private room he had had arranged. Fred and George had gotten a letter earlier about Bill bringing Nicole and Leo so they both went directly to their baby siblings.

Fleur followed behind the three boys, wondering about Hadrian’s smile he had been giving her all morning. What made him think that he knew the perfect guy for her?

She kept wondering that until she felt warmth bloom in her chest. Looking up, she saw the tall man she had seen near the dragon enclosure. And, like last time, he was the focus of her attention. But this time, she knew why he seemed so important to her. That small little place in her heart, the portion of her that was veela, purred in contentment at his presence. If she had been a full veela, this man would have been her mate. As she was only part veela she could refuse him, but she wasn’t sure she wanted to.

Hadrian quickly introduced Fleur and Bill to each other. Fleur wasn’t just thrilled to know his name, finally, but she was happy to meet the two babies. She had always wanted a large family, and seeing just how he was with his siblings made her like him even more. He was smart, kind, handsome, powerful, and clearly devoted to his family. He was perfect.

When Bill had first seen pictures of Fleur in the paper after she had been chosen as champion, his first thought had been to congratulate his other self. Although, he did hope that he hadn’t been so shallow as to only get together with a woman because of how she looked.

But now, sitting here actually talking with her, Bill was relieved to known he hadn’t become shallow. She was perfect. When Nicole had started to fuss when they were just sitting down to eat and Fleur’s first reaction had been to turn away from the food to soothe the girl, Bill felt himself starting to fall in love. When Hadrian started talking about her little sister Bill had seen just how much she loved her family. It would seem, that behind the girl’s beauty was a heart of pure gold, a heart Bill intended to have.

He was a little startled with just how quickly he was finding himself falling in love with her, he had only known her for less than an hour after all, but he decided to just go with it. His dad had always told him to trust his heart after all. And, love at first sight, resulting in long happy marriages, was fairly common in the Weasley side of his family.

Seeing the quickly developing relationship between the two, Hadrian, Fred, and George quickly excused themselves. Taking the younger twins, after both Bill and Fleur had covered them in protection charms, they went to wander the village. The charms would ensure that the babies stayed nice and warm, and, not a single germ would get within three feet of them.
At first, when they had left the restaurant, the babies had been in the stroller, but soon enough they had started to fuss. George had shrunk the stroller and stuck it in his pocket, while Fred carried Leo and Hadrian was playing with Nicole as they walked through the town.

Hadrian was having fun as he bounced Nicole and made the baby girl break down in peals of laughter. The little ones were just such happy babies. From what Hadrian remembered, his little sisters, although happy, had been far more dramatic and there had been much more tears whenever they felt they weren’t getting the right amount of attention. His sisters had always been drama queens and demanded the attention of their family. Hadrian loved his sisters, but calm they were not.

They were walking through the village laughing together. All three of them were sure that soon enough Bill and Fleur would be getting engaged. It made all three of them happy remembering the looks on their faces as they stared at each other while they talked.

“Harry!” Came a voice that made the three all sigh.

“What do you want Ginny?” George asked as he turned to see his sister and brother, along with Hermione.

“We came to see Harry.” Ron growled at his brothers.

“Is that your little cousin? He’s so cute.” Ginny gushed as she looked at the baby, hoping to form a connection with Harry over the baby.

Hadrian laughed at the girls blatant cluelessness. “No, this isn’t Rigel. This is Nicole, you know, your little sister. Fred has Leo.”

Ginny looked between the babies in shock. “Why do you have them?”

“Bill brought them for a visit. We decided to show them around town.” Fred smiled.

“But they’re babies. They aren’t smart enough to realize what’s happening.” Hermione said in confusion. What did they think they were going to teach two babies.

“We know, but we wanted to spend time with them. You know, like family does.” George rolled his eyes. What was wrong with these three that they didn’t understand that it was just about spending time with the babies?

Ron just watched. He really didn’t understand his brothers or Harry. Honestly, he didn’t really feel anything for his younger siblings either way. He knew that Ginny really didn’t like them, Nicole especially, but he just didn’t care. They were just more annoyances that he ignored.

Looking around, he saw that others were watching, many girls in particular were paying attention, he wondered why. From those stupid potions and spells during his stupid mind healer sessions he knew that there had to be some reason, but he just couldn’t figure it out. He still didn’t understand peoples reactions to babies, maybe he should ask Healer Savoy about it.

“Why do you have them?” Hermione questioned. Although she admitted that the babies were cute, she didn’t understand why three teenagers were going out of their way to carry babies around with them.

“Like Fred said, Bill brought them and we offered to take them for the afternoon. We wanted to spend time with them. You know, because they are family and we love them.” George said like they were being stupid.
“Ohhh, look.” Autumn pulled Viktor over to see the babies, Cedric and Lily, and Draco and Fey, following. “They are just so sweet.”

“Hey Autumn, hey Viktor.” Hadrian smiled as he turned so Autumn could get a clear view of Nicole.

“Who are they?” Autumn questioned as she looked at the babies.

“Well, isn’t it obvious?” Fred said in mock surprise.

“Just look at how gorgeous they are and it will be clear.” George added.

Hadrian couldn’t help but laugh at his twins antics. “This is Nicole Weasley-Prewett, and Fred has her younger twin brother Leo.”

“They are so sweet.” Lily sighed as Nicole grabbed on to her finger and smiled at the girl while she babbled.

“They’re just babies.” Ginny said in confusion.

Everyone just gave her a look.

“They’re your little brother and sister.” Autumn said, expecting the girl to understand the significance, but from the blank look it was clear it went over her head.

“They are rather sweet.” Viktor said with a smile as Leo smiled at him. “Where are your dads?” He questioned. He had heard from the twins just how obsessed their dads were about the twins.

“Emergency at work.” Fred said.

“They need to get everything set up before the new quidditch season starts.” George added.

“Oh, yeah. I completely forgot. It’s absolutely amazing that they’re going to get the games recorded for people that can’t make it to the games.” Viktor grinned.

“Yeah, once they finalize these last few things they said they are done and can return all their focus to the twins.” Fred smiled.

Ron was stunned. He hadn’t thought that some one like Krum would be interested in what his dad was doing. Maybe this was his way in.

“Ahh, there you are.” Came a voice before Ron could say anything. Everyone turned to see Arthur and his husbands making their way towards them.

“Hey dad.” Both of the older twins said as one.

“Hello kids.” Arthur smiled at his children and the others. “Bill sent a message that you two had the twins.”

“Yeah, we left him to enjoy his date.” Fred said, exaggerating the word date.

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon laughed, along with George and Hadrian.

“Date, what date?” Ginny demanded. She didn’t like not knowing who Bill was seeing, she didn’t want him being stupid like Charlie was.
“Hadrian set him up with a friend of his.” George smiled, knowing that the girl wouldn’t cause problems for their elder brother knowing that.

Ginny just stared. Who had Harry set Bill up with? She needed to know. The only person she could think of was that stupid girl that claimed to be his cousin, Ginny didn’t like her. She didn’t want her anywhere near her family. But, it did give her more of a connection to Harry. If her brother was dating Harry’s cousin than that might be useful to her.

“Let’s have some fun looking around.” Hadrian suggested as he handed Nicole off to Arthur. He could see the man was having a hard time not having at least one of his children in his arms.

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon joined Fred, George, and their friends for the rest of the afternoon. Ron and Ginny stayed with them for a little while, trying to get closer to Hadrian and convince their dad to get them things, but when that wasn’t working for them they became frustrated and stormed off with Hermione.

When it came time for dinner, the students made their way back to the school. Fred and George making sure to kiss their younger siblings goodbye before saying goodbye to their fathers.

**Entrance Hall - January 29, 2005**

Soon enough it was almost the end of January. The second task was coming closer and closer, much to Hadrian’s annoyance. Just the idea of going into the lake in February made him shiver. He and the twins were already making plans to ensure that the judges all ended up in the lake. If they thought that it was fine for teenagers to be in the freezing water, then they deserved a dip.

Hadrian was sitting with the twins and their friends while they waited for lunch. Luna was just explaining what a blibbering humdinger was to everyone when the annoyances stormed into the entrance hall.

Everyone sighed secretly, knowing that they were going to get the joy of hearing whatever it was that had upset them this time. So far, ever since Hogsmeade, they had managed to avoid them.

“I can’t believe this. How does that woman keep getting this information?” Hermione shouted as she shook the paper at her two friends.

Hadrian almost smirked. As he had expected Rita Skeeter had been writing new stories almost every day about the goings on at the school. Hadrian didn’t really know what they were about, he still refused to read that paper, but he had heard plenty of other students talking about them. They all questioned the same thing, how was she getting the information? It was causing a great deal of suspicion amongst the students as to her sources.

The thing that really surprised Hadrian was that none of them showed him or his family in a negative light. If anything, they praised him and his family. Hadrian just figured that the paper was still trying to avoid angering his family any more, also, the public wouldn’t tolerate them attacking him again.

Basically since the beginning of this year, Hadrian had seen the green beetle buzzing around. He had warned those that were close to him about her to help to protect them from her.

One of the things he had heard around the school was that she had managed to find out who it was that were the worst bullies of Fleur. That had included naming Hermione as one of them. The girl had been seething ever since.
Seeing Harry, Ginny grabbed the other two and pulled them towards the group. “Hi.” She chirped.

“Can you believe this?” Hermione demanded as she shook the paper at them.

“Believe what?” Neville asked in confusion from where he sat with Luna resting against him.

“This!” Hermione thrust the paper under his nose.

Neville took the paper and read the story aloud to his friends who hadn’t seen it. The story was questioning Dumbledore’s ability to manage the school properly. It brought up not only what had happened with the triwizard tournament, but it also went into the bullying issue as well as growing evidence of love potions being used at the school.

Over the past months almost every apothecary had reported that their supplies of love potion ingredients had been purchased separately. Since love potions were illegal, the ingredients couldn’t be sold together. Any person wanting to brew them would order each ingredient from different apothecaries. It was normal that there would be orders for those ingredients, but this year the orders had more than doubled, all simply stating delivery to Hogwarts. And, since each of the individual ingredients could be used in a multitude of potions the only way to determine what was being brewed would be to have aurors interview every one who ordered them, and they couldn’t legally do that without cause.

They knew that love potions were being brewed at the school because 5 students had already had to be treated for being given improperly brewed potions. If a love potion wasn’t made properly it could become toxic very easily. And since love potions weren’t something they were taught to brew the students really didn’t fully know what they were doing.

“So, it’s an article in the paper, why should any of us care?” Draco asked condescendingly.

“Because she is using quotes. Either she is making it up or students are betraying the school and telling her people’s private information. Last week she included information on students health, and now this!”

“Oh, she’s getting the information herself.” Luna said in a soft voice. She didn’t like Skeeter or Granger, she thought it would be funny to turn them on each other.

“She can’t have. She hasn’t been at the school since the first task.” Ginny rolled her eyes at the girl. If she had heard that Rita was coming to the school she would have made sure that she was photographed with Harry.

“Well, she’s been here obviously.” Fred said, waving the paper they had brought with them.

“How?” Ron questioned in confusion.

“Simple, she’s an animagus.” Luna said happily. She already knew that this was going to set Granger off. She couldn’t wait.

“No, she isn’t.” Hermione stated in her bossy tone.

“Yes she is.” Hadrian responded.

“No, she isn’t. I looked up all animagi for our transfiguration class. She isn’t on the list. All animagi are required to register. Since she isn’t on the list she can’t be one.”

“Because she never registered.” Hadrian said simply to the girl.
“Then I’m going to report her.” Hermione was smug. She hated that woman for writing such terrible things about her.

“What’s that supposed to do?” Draco asked in confusion.

“It’s the law that you have to register when you are an animagus.” Hermione said like they were stupid, before becoming excited. “Maybe she’ll end up in Azkaban.”

“No, on both counts.” Hadrian said in a bland voice, smiling internally when he saw how angry the other girl was getting. “The Animagi Registration Act never managed to pass fully, due to Family Magic laws, it is only a policy, not a law. A miss-information campaign is the only reason some register.

Most however, know that they aren’t legally required to register. Although it is extremely hard to become an animagus, there are far more than people think.”

“Family magic laws?” Ginny said in confusion, wanting to keep Harry talking.

“Most of the major families have their own private grimoires, filled with ancient magics. They guard these family secrets jealously. There is also the fact that some magics only work for certain bloodlines. Because of that, laws were made to protect family magics.

The animagus transformation was originally Switch family magic. About 200 years ago a member of the Switch family fell into debt due to a broken contract so he sold the animagus transformation process by ripping the pages from the grimoire. He was ultimately disowned for his betrayal of the family, the Switch family spent over 100 years trying to regain control of the process, but wasn’t successful ultimately, but there are still those that pay royalties. Those that know about what happened willingly pay royalties to the family out of respect.”

Hadrian explained. He was actually a little surprised that Hermione didn’t know this. He had heard her often enough bragging about taking the law class for some reason, like she was the only one.

“What?” Hermione was outraged. “It’s against the law, and how can we be denied the right to learn magic just because we aren’t pure bloods?”

“Like Hadrian just said, it isn’t against the law. It is policy. Legally there are no requirements to register as an animagus. If it were a law, she could be punished for being unregistered, but since it is only a policy, she won’t get in to trouble.” Draco said simply.

“And the magic? What right to they have to deny people the right to learn magic. It is our right.” Hermione crossed her arms in her anger, stomping her foot.

“It’s their spells.” Neville said. “The spells and rituals in grimoires were created by members of the family. If you invented something, it would be yours. I think we all know that if you had created a spell and anyone else took it from you, you would throw the worlds biggest fit.”

“We don’t have anything like that.” Ron argued.

“Really, how can you not? Both the Weasley and Prewett families have existed for hundreds of years. Surely they have grimoires.” Hadrian said in confusion.

“Oh, they do.” Fred smiled.

“But Ronniekins and Ginnykins have never been very interested in books or learning.” George added.
“The rest of us were aloud to start reading the family grimoires when we were 10.”

“But neither of them wanted to.”

“Although we are forbidden from using any of the higher level spells until we are of age.”

“They are too powerful.”

“And once you start, you can’t always stop.”

“So we can only use the lower level stuff now.”

“But it isn’t right.” Hermione huffed. “It isn’t fair. The public deserves to know.”

“It’s also dangerous. The spells and rituals can be extremely dangerous if not done by family members.” George said.

Hermione was furious, she wanted to learn, and they were standing in her way, again. “They aren’t dangerous. That’s just some excuse that you make up to keep it to your self. It isn’t right.”

“Yes, they are dangerous. The Longbottom grimoire has a spell to enchant certain dangerous plants to be more manageable. About 60 years ago some one managed to steal one of the plants that had been enchanted with the spell. The thing is, the enchantment is meant for those with an earth elemental leaning and was blood bound to the family.

That made it so any family member with that leaning could handle it easier, but anyone outside the family couldn't. It was sold to a tree nursery that started taking cuttings of it in the hopes that the saplings would be safe to handle. Over 30 people died before the plant and its saplings was located and returned.

Family magic can be great. But it can also be incredibly dangerous if you don’t have the aptitude for it or aren’t a member of the family.” Neville said.

“Leaning?” Ron questioned.

“Wow.” Most of the group said in shock. How could Ron have even grown up in their world and not know. Not to mention passed their magical theory classes. Sure, it wasn’t specifically covered, but any wizard raised child knew about it.

“Every witch and wizard has a magical leaning. It’s something that you are just naturally inclined towards.” Draco said like they were stupid.

“The Longbottom’s lean towards earth elemental magic, you would know it better as herbology.”

“The Malfoy’s lean towards enchanting.”

“The Lovegood’s excel at mind magics.” Luna giggled. Technically having seer blood did effect the mind.

“The Potters are more inclined to transfiguration. While the Blacks are known for their dueling.”

“And, darling little brother and sister, many members of the Weasley family have excelled in spell crafting.” Fred smiled.

“While the Prewett’s tend to be experts in warding.” George finished.
“But, just because that is your family’s leanings doesn’t mean that will be yours.” Hadrian carried on with the little impromptu lesson. “My Aunt Marlene’s family had always excelled at runes, but her magic leans more towards the healing arts.”

“So what does that mean for us?” Ginny questioned in confusion.

“Don’t worry about it little sister. It clearly doesn’t effect you.” Fred said in exasperation.

“But we are a part of the family, so we get to know the family magic.” Ginny announced proudly.

“And then you can teach me.” Hermione and the younger girl grinned at each other.

“Not.”

“Going.”

“To.”

”Happen.” Fred and George said angrily.

“You can’t stop us.” Ron smirked at his brothers.

“We don’t need to.” Fred smirked back.

“After the whole incident with the Switch family, most families started applying protection to protect their Grimoires. I’m assuming that’s what you’re talking about.” Draco said looking at the twins.

“Yes. Both the Weasley and Prewett grimoires have been covered in protections and curses.” George agreed.

“To even be aloud to open the cover of both you would first have to make a binding agreement that you won’t betray the secrets inside.”

“If you were to try and tell anyone what you read the magic would stop you by taking your voice.”

“But don’t worry, you’ll get it back after a few days.” George’s grin was vicious as he imagined those two being silent for days. It would be amazing.

“If you tried to show anyone not a blood member of the family, the book would go blank.”

“But more than that, once again, the magic would punish you.”

“It would strip you of your magic.”

“Temporarily, since you’re both still under age at least.”

“But, can you imagine it. Going for days, if not weeks without being able to feel your magic?”

“You can’t do that.” Ginny shouted at the twins.

“We wouldn’t be doing anything.” George growled.

“That’s the punishment for betraying the family.”

“So long as you don’t betray the family.”
“Then you have nothing to worry about.”

Fred and George grinned at their younger siblings before they, and the rest of their group, got up to head into the great hall for lunch as the doors opened.

As the others walked away, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny all fumed.

Both Ron and Ginny didn’t like what their brothers had just said. Sure, neither had wanted to learn the family magic when their dad had asked. But now they did. And, they wanted to share it with Hermione. Surely there was some way around those stupid protections.

Hermione was furious by all that she had just learned. Once again, she was being denied the chance to learn. This was something that was going to have to be changed. Maybe she should start drafting bills to change the laws now so that she could implement them once she was in charge.

Then there was Rita Skeeter. Hermione was sure that she was required to register. She was going to have to talk to the headmaster about bringing charges against the woman.

Turning, all three headed into get their lunch still thinking about what they were going to do about what they had just learned.

**Ravenclaw Dorms - February 14, 2005**

Hadrian woke up slowly on Valentines day. He smiled happily to himself as he thought about what the twins were going to wake up to.

It had been extremely easy to get the elves to help him arrange for them to get his gifts. When they woke up they would find themselves surrounded with their favourite candies. The main present however, was wrapped in paper the same colour as his eyes tied with ribbons that matched the sapphire blue of their eyes.

Hadrian had had an extremely hard time trying to decide what to get them, but he had eventually settled on what he thought they might like, and also be useful. Each received a dragon hide wrist wand holster that they could link to their wands magic so that if lost or taken, their wands would appear back in it. And, there were also a few books each. Hadrian knew that Fred was thinking about trying to get a mastery in spell crafting while George wanted one in alchemy, so he arranged for them to get some of the rarer books on those subjects that he thought might help them.

He hoped that would let them know that he truly cared about them and what they wanted, not just what they could be to him. Hadrian wanted them to be themselves, and never feel like he wanted them to change for him, they were perfect just the way they were to him.

He grinned, his eyes still closed, as he thought about the day before. It had been a Hogsmeade weekend, and since this year Valentines day was on a Monday, Hadrian and the twins had had a private lunch together the day before. They had gone to one of the private rooms in Criss Cross. The room had looked like a private table for three overlooking the Seine in Paris.

For Hadrian, it had been perfect. Fred and George had made sure that there was all of his favourite foods. Even appeasing Nem by making sure there was plenty of food and treats for her. After spending most of the time just talking and eating, they had gone and walked around the village together. Fred had created a spell for them that would ensure no one recognized them so that
Hadrian didn’t have to worry about any of his stalkers finding them. It had been the first time Hadrian had felt free within the village.

Just as Hadrian was remembering how they had kissed him after walking him back to the tower that evening, he caught the smell of flowers. Opening his eyes, he saw that he hadn’t been the only one to convince the elves to help him make this day special.

There were flowers and plants all over his bed. He didn’t know much of the flower language, but he knew a little. He saw sunflowers that meant adoration, red and blue salvia that meant forever mine and thinking of you, red tulips and roses which were two different ways of showing love, violets for devotion, two groups of white clover that meant think of me, and the ivy that wrapped around the frame of his bed represented friendship. He was going to have to ask Neville to borrow his flower language book so he could fully understand their message, but he got the gist of it.

Sitting, wrapped in the flowers, were two boxes. Hadrian couldn’t help but laugh when he saw that both Fred and George had apparently found the same wrapping paper as he had. With a smile, he slowly unwrapped the boxes, both wanting to rush and wanting to savour the excitement.

In the first box, from Fred, was a beautiful figurine. When Hadrian touched it he could feel Fred’s magic, letting him know that Fred had made this himself. The figurine was of three foxes. The two larger, red, ones looked just like Fred and George in their animal forms, and there was a smaller black fox that looked just like the form that he would gain once he managed his transformation. Right now, the three of them were all curled up together, but he could see little movements that told him the three were enchanted to move.

After finally managing to set Fred’s gift aside, he opened George’s. It was another self made gift. George’s specialty was potions and alchemy, so, like his brother, he had crafted something for Hadrian. His gift was a box filled with all sorts of different potions. Flipping through the little booklet included, Hadrian saw that there were a multitude of new prank potions that hadn’t even reached the store shelves yet. There were also purging potions, just in case he was dosed with anything like love or compulsion potions. On the alchemy side of things were potions that would increase his healing, Hadrian was surprised as he looked over what George had created because it was only a few steps away from the elixir of life made by the philosophers stone, only Nicolas Flamel had ever successfully managed to create that. Then, there was also a potion that would make him impervious to all manner of curses or jinxes, basically anything below the strength of the unforgivables would bounce off him, but the part that truly touched him was the little note that said it would also work for Nem. Hadrian was always worried about Nem getting hurt, over the years she had actually been hit by a few curses, either because a student was jealous, angry at Hadrian, or were supporters of the dark and had just been trying to hurt Hadrian. A single drop of the potion in bath water and he and Nem would be protected for a full month.

With a sad sigh, Hadrian turned away from his gifts to open his beds curtains. He smiled slightly as the sunlight hit the fox figurines, and the two red foxes gave him a disgruntled look before they wrapped themselves tighter around the little black fox. Setting the figurines and the potions on his bedside table he started to get up to go get ready for class. He was going to use the shield potion tonight on both Nem and himself.

Theo just stared at all the flowers. He knew that Hadrian was seeing someone, though he didn’t know who it was. When he had asked Hadrian about it, his roommate had just said that he preferred to keep it secret. Knowing just how hard it was for Hadrian to keep his life private he had easily agreed that he didn’t need to know and that he wouldn’t say anything.
After classes ended that day, Hadrian and the twins met in the ROR where they had a private dinner sent up to them by the elves. They knew that it was a little risky to not be in the great hall for the feast, but they just didn’t want to go. They wanted to stay together.

Besides, it wasn’t like they were the only ones that were skipping the feast. He knew that most of his friends had found their own places to have a private meal with their dates. Neville and Luna were in the greenhouse, Draco, Fey, Viktor, and Autumn were scattered around the lake on picnic blankets with warming charms, Cedric and Lily were up on the astronomy tower, and Fleur and Bill, both being of age, were at Criss Cross. There were also plenty of other students all around doing the same thing they were.

They all knew that it seemed a little silly, they did spend pretty much all of their free time together, but there was just something about their dates. It just seemed more intense saying that they were on a date rather than just hanging out.

Their evening passed joyfully, with a great deal of snuggling.

Ginny was ready to scream. She couldn’t see Harry anywhere.

It just wasn’t possible. Everyone knew that the only reason students skipped the Valentines day feast was if they were having a private date.

But that couldn’t be why Harry wasn’t there. There was no way he was on a date. Who would be so stupid as to think that they could steal her Harry?

Looking around, she noticed that Loony wasn’t there. No, no, no, NO! Loony wasn’t aloud to be near her Harry. She was going to make that girl suffer for this.

Harry was hers. And anyone who thought differently was going to suffer!

Hermione could see trouble coming. She had, of course, already noticed that Harry wasn’t there, and neither was Loony. The look on Ginny’s face spelled trouble for the other girl, not that Hermione really cared if she suffered.

The problem was that she knew Ginny wasn’t thinking clearly. She would get caught. Then there would be real trouble. Depending on just how far she went, Ginny could get in serious trouble.

And, of course, Hermione would get in trouble too. The headmaster had already called her up to his office earlier this year and told her she was in charge of making sure Ron and Ginny passed their classes and didn’t get into trouble.

She was going to have to find some way to distract Ginny. Plus, she was going to have to think of a way to get Harry to smarten up and start seeing Ginny. Then there was all the school work she had and the bills she was working on to force the stupid pure blood families to share the spells they had been keeping secret.
Ron was glaring at his food. Fleur wasn’t there. She had to be out on a date with someone.

It just wasn’t fair. Why couldn’t he ever get what he wanted? He wanted her, and once again, he was being denied.

**Head Table**

Up at the head table James was sitting next to Severus. Unlike Sirius, Severus hadn’t been able to get away from the school that evening since he had some last minute deputy-headmaster work to finish up so he had had to stay for dinner. James had talked to Kali, who had agreed to be looked after by the house elves so that James could go up to the school to be with Severus, even if it just was eating together in the great hall. He already knew that she wouldn’t be alone for long since Remus and Sirius were going to most likely be making the same arrangements for Cas and Ari and the elves would probably end up bringing the girls into one house so they could corral them in one place.

After dinner Severus had about an hours more work to get through, but James was already making plans on how he would surprise him when he got home. But, for now, he settled for giving Sev all his attention, while also rubbing his thigh under the table with his free hand.

Severus, like his husband, couldn’t wait until they got home.

At the lower head table, Lily fumed. She had been feeding Sebastian love potions for months now, and he still didn’t pay attention to her.

The headmaster was getting frustrated with her and she knew it. She needed to make this work. She deserved to be Lady Peverell-Gryffindor. Sure, she wasn’t thrilled about being a step-mother to his brat, but the headmaster had already promised he would deal with the girl when he dealt with Severus. It wasn’t that she wanted the kid to die, honestly she didn’t really care, but she needed to make sure that her child would be heir, so the kid had to go.

Then there was Harry. Over the years she still hadn’t figured out how she felt about the boy. He represented the fact that James had chosen another over her. But, he was also biologically her son due to the blood adoption. She had never really been a very maternal person, but she still wanted him in her life. Besides, he was famous, so even if she later learned that she didn’t want to be his mum, then it would still be worth it since he could bring her fame.

**Headmasters Office - February 20, 2005**

Albus was just going over a few last minute arrangements for the second task that was set to take place in 4 days when Alastor and Minerva both walked into his office arguing.

“What is going on now?” Albus sighed. He was really getting sick of these two coming to his office bickering like children.

“You have to get Alastor under control headmaster. He is forcing Ron, Hermione, and Ginny to spend hours in his office doing work.” Minerva all but threw herself down into one of the chairs in front of his office.
“Alastor?” Albus looked to the other man.

“You want those three to pass don’t you?” Alastor questioned. “I make them sit in front of me and do their work to ensure that they can pass. Ms. Granger fights me tooth and nail about doing the work that I assign. The only way I have been able to get her to do the assignments in a way that will allow her to get decent grades is by going over it as she works so that I can stop her from going off track.

Over the term I have repeatedly caught both Mr. and Ms. Weasley plagiarizing their assignments, or simply not doing them. I either keep an eye on them, or nothing gets done.”

Albus sighed again. He had known that Alastor had been doing something with the three, but he hadn’t figured he had had to go this far.

“Why haven’t they said anything?” Minerva questioned, some of her anger bleeding away.

“Because I placed them under secrecy spells since it isn’t technically aloud. They can’t tell anyone that I have been working with them.” Alastor smirked.

“Why would you do something like this Alastor? They are my students, you should have come to me.” Minerva huffed.

“Would you have done anything?” Alastor shot back. “Face it Minerva, you’ve lost your edge. You act like those three are perfect, but they aren’t. I’ve been doing what I can to get the lot of them to start behaving properly.”

Minerva growled. “I haven’t lost my edge, those three are the future of our movement. We need to help them, not hold them back.”

“Exactly. Those three will be completely useless unless they start learning.

Granger wants to be minister of magic, but she won’t be unless she gets her attitude under control. She has gone out of her way to make enemies of almost every powerful house by repeatedly fighting with their children. As I have already told her. There is no way she will ever be elected if she doesn’t learn how to start making allies rather than enemies.”

“And just who do you think she has made an enemy of?”

“Bones, Malfoy, Longbottom, Potter-Black, Zabini, Greengrass, Macmillan, MacDougal, do I need to say more? The students currently at this school are all heirs to the families and she has gone out of her way to anger them. Going so far as to physically attack all of them.

You and I both know that no minister has ever been elected without the support of at least ⅓ of the Wizengamot. Potter-Black alone will have the ability to stop her with just a word. But, she has repeatedly hit him in just the few weeks I had them sitting next to each other.

If we ever want that girl to become powerful in our world she needs to learn a little humility. How to play off peoples emotions. How to manipulate people into seeing her as being better than she is.”

“She’s smart enough to do that.” Minerva snapped back, but Alastor could see the thoughtful look in her eyes.

“No, she clearly isn’t. She knows what is expected from her on her assignments, but she doesn’t seem to have the brains to follow the marking scheme. If she was as smart as you claim she is, she
could use the marking scheme that she has to get perfect, or near perfect, scores on her assignments, as many students do, but she thinks she is smarter than the teachers and then goes on to argue when she refuses to follow instructions.”

Minerva sighed. She had fought so hard to see the girl as what she wanted her to be. But, the girl just wasn’t what they wanted. She had the potential, but right now she lacked the humility to learn. “Fine. And Mr. and Ms. Weasley?”

“Those two need to start doing their work. When I force them to sit down and do it, they manage at least average assignments. It’s just having to force them to do the work. It takes them at least four times as long as it should, but if they are taught how to do the work on their own, then they should be able to do well.

Albus, I know that you want the boy to be an auror, but he is going to need to learn how to do the work. It is going to take years for him to work his way up the ranks, and I do mean work.” Alastor looked from Minerva, who was finally accepting reality, to his old friend.

“I know.” Albus sighed and shook his head, although he was happy Minerva was finally seeing sense. “They are seeing mind healers, but I think it is going to take more. Luckily, Arthur will be home with them the entire summer, and he seems to be more willing to take a firm hand with the children.”

“What are you working on Albus?” Alastor asked to get them onto a different subject.

“Just putting the final touches on the second task.” Albus said as he looked at his old friends.

“And what does Ms. Weasley have to do with that?” Minerva asked when she saw the young girl’s name on one of the papers spread on the desk.

“I was thinking of using her as the Potter boy’s hostage.” Albus said thoughtfully.

“I wouldn’t if I were you.” Alastor said.

Both Minerva and Alastor had been involved in making a few arrangements so they both already knew what the task was.

“Why not?” Albus questioned.

“You and I both know that the girl annoys the boy right now. Be honest, do you really think that he would save her?” Alastor questioned.

Albus and Minerva both just looked at each other. They both had already been forced to admit that Harry wasn’t really following their plan when it came to Ginny, but neither was willing to give up on him yet.

“He is more likely to leave the girl down there just to spite you.” Alastor reminded them.

“Then what would you recommend?” Albus questioned. He wouldn’t put it past the boy to leave the girl at the bottom of the lake, and then he would have to deal with Molly.

“Use the Lovegood girl.” Alastor said.

“We don’t want to encourage any further development in that relationship.” Minerva huffed. She didn’t see what the boy saw in that girl, she was just so…odd.
Alastor smirked. “There is nothing but friendship between those two.”

“And how do you know that Alastor?” Albus asked thoughtfully.

“I know that because the girl has recently begun seeing the Longbottom boy, at Potter’s recommendation. Despite what many might think, Lovegood didn’t spend the Valentines day feast with Potter, but with Longbottom in the tropical greenhouse.” Alastor told them what he had seen.

“Then who was Potter with?” Minerva questioned. Like all the others she had seen that the boy had been missing that night.

“I have no idea.” Alastor growled, he hated having to admit it. “I looked all over the school, but I didn’t see him anywhere. Wherever he was, it wasn’t in any of the usual places.”

Albus was annoyed. He hated that the boy wasn’t what he wanted him to be. Sebastian was to blame for that he knew. That man needed to stop meddling in his plans. Hopefully, Lily would get the man under control soon. Although, the woman had been a clear failure, but he had plans to get a love potion into the man.

Albus made a few adjustments to the second task before he dismissed the other two so he could have a peaceful evening.

**Second Task - February 24, 2005**

Hadrian sighed as he made his way down to the lake to do the second task. He really wasn’t looking forward to it, that water was freezing.

Checking his bag again just to make sure, he saw that he had more than enough gillyweed that he had bought through owl order a few weeks earlier. He had made sure that he had enough for the others just in case they needed it.

The task had, of course, become that much harder the week earlier. Hadrian just wished that one day he might actually have a peaceful time in his life.

Remus had been going over the law that the ICW had passed that forced Hadrian to compete. He had wanted to see if there were any loopholes. He didn’t find any loopholes, but what he did find made everything that much worse.

They all figured that since Dumbledore had had to rush the writing of the bill, that he just hadn’t manage to correct any mistakes. At least, that was what they hoped, because even they didn’t think Dumbledore could be so cruel. Although, they figured it was a mistake since they knew Dumbledore didn’t want more negative press, and the mistake could destroy his reputation.

In one of the final paragraphs of the bill, it said that all champions were required to complete every task. Complete, not compete. It was the difference of a single letter, but it changed everything.

If any of them failed to complete each task then they would have their magic stripped. That made things even worse.

Hadrian knew that Fleur had been attacked by grindylows, and as a result had had to turn back. That meant she had failed to complete the task last time. If that happened again, then she would be stripped of her magic. He couldn’t let that happen.
Then there was the third task. It was a maze. The only way to complete that task was to get to the centre of the maze and take the cup. That meant, if he wanted them all to keep their magic they would all have to take the cup together, but the cup was most likely going to be a portkey that would take them to a graveyard where Voldemort would be.

Hadrian sighed again. He was going to have to deal with it later. He had already talked with his family and they had all agreed that they would wait until after the tournament ended to publicly announce the compete vs compete issue. Dumbledore was already being torn apart repeatedly for what he had done to Hadrian. Now he was going to be attacked for, once again, using underage children in the tournament since Hadrian had already noticed that Luna, Lily, and Autumn were missing. He just really hoped that he wouldn’t be so stupid as to use Gabrielle, she was just a kid.

They all already had plans to use the outcome of this task to its fullest regardless of what happened. He had decided he would tell the others about the whole complete thing when they were told about the maze.

As he reached the other champions, Hadrian once again checked his bag. He had brought a bag that had been enchanted to keep all water out, even when opened. He had stored everything he thought he might need.

Hadrian glanced to the side and he saw the twins on either side of the judges table. They were more than likely putting the last minute touches on their prank.

Sooner than he would have liked, the whistle blew and it was time to go into the water. Pulling a handful of the gillyweed out, Hadrian stuffed it in his mouth and started to chew as he started to wade out into the water. It was disgusting. When he felt his gills forming he dove under the water and started to swim.

Swimming out towards the centre of the lake he started to angle down. When the light started to fade as he went deeper he once again opened his bag. He pulled out a light crystal on a chain that he wrapped around his neck. It would ensure that he had a decent amount of light.

Pulling out his wand he cast a point me spell for Fleur. He wanted to monitor her progress so that he could stop her from returning to the surface.

Going further into the lake he spotted Fleur, but she was already fighting with the grindylows. When he saw one make a dangerously large cut in her leg, he couldn’t stay out of it.

Darting forward, Hadrian started sending jinxes at them to force them away from her. But that just created a new problem. Fleur looked up to see who was helping her. With her distraction one of the grindylows attacked her face and popped her bubble head charm.

The bubble head charm worked by gathering the oxygen that was around the caster. But, since they were already so far underwater, the oxygen levels in the water were too low to form a proper bubble. Hadrian didn’t think the charm would hold, and the more Fleur cast it the weaker she would become. She was already losing far too much blood, in his opinion, from the gash on her leg.

Swimming right up to her, Hadrian cast a strong shield spell that forced the grindylows away. Pulling out another hunk of gillyweed he stuffed it in her mouth as she was already starting to panic without air.

When Fleur gave him a confused look, since she didn’t know what he had just shoved in her
mouth, Hadrian tipped his head back. He showed her his gills. Seeing the flash of understanding in her eyes he knew that she understood. It took a few moments, but he started to see the gills forming on her neck as her eyes cleared from the effects of the oxygen deprivation.

Once she was able to breathe again, Fleur tried to move towards the surface, but Hadrian stopped her. Casting a spell that would temporarily bind her wound, Hadrian started to pull her down. They needed to get to the mervillage. A message that he delivered to her using an underwater chalk board that he had pulled from his bag. Fleur nodded, and they both slowly started to make their way in the direction Hadrian’s point me spell directed them.

Hadrian was pleased as they arrived at the mervillage. They seemed to be at the back of the village so they couldn’t see the hostages. He didn’t think he would be able to keep Fleur away from her sister, even with how weak her injury was making her.

The point me spell he had cast was to guide them to the merhealer. Arriving at one of what he assumed was homes, Hadrian knocked. A fierce looking merman came towards them.

“Foolish land walkers, your fellows are over there.” The healer hissed as he motioned towards the front of the village.

Hadrian glanced in the direction and saw where the four girls were floating. He was slightly glad that Fleur couldn’t understand and the blood loss was slowing her down enough that she didn’t turn. Gabrielle was clearly visible.

“My friend is injured, can you help her?” Hadrian questioned.

“Why should I?” The merman demanded.

Hadrian grinned. He had figured it was better to be prepared. Reaching into his bag, he pulled out an orb with a large blue flower and enlarged it to its proper size, which was about the size of a medium sized table. The flower was known simply as a blue fire sea flower. From what he had discovered, these flowers were extremely powerful and valued amongst merpeople due to their medicinal properties. The thing was, those flowers only grew in tropical areas in salt water. Since this mervillage was in cold, fresh water, they could only get it on occasion. Hagrid had admitted to occasionally getting some of the dried petals and giving it to the lakes merpeople. But, it wouldn’t last long since as soon as it was in the water it started to deteriorate.

The orb that the flower was being kept in was a geo dome that Hadrian had purchased along with the flower. It was designed to perfectly mimic the natural habitat of the flower and was guaranteed to operate for 4 decades. A person, or in this case merperson, could reach through the bubbled to care for, or take cuttings of, the flower without any disruption to its micro environment.

Seeing the stunned look on the merman’s face, Hadrian smiled. “If you help my friend, this is yours.”

The merman quickly agreed, taking both the flower and Fleur inside after Hadrian had used his chalk board to explain to her what was happening. He had requested that the healer send Fleur over towards the hostages when she was better, so he went over to them and settled down to wait.

While Hadrian sat, waiting for Fleur, he watched out for the others.
Cedric was the first to arrive. Seeing Hadrian, Cedric swam over with a questioning look.

Hadrian held up his chalk board that he had already written a message on. He explained that Fleur had been injured and that he was going to wait for her to make sure she made it back to the surface with her little sister.

Cedric offered to wait with him, using the second board Hadrian had brought with him. But Hadrian had refused, encouraging the other boy to take Lily up to the surface and to let the healers know what was going on just in case the merhealer couldn’t fully fix her injury. It took a little convincing, but eventually Cedric took hold of his unconscious girlfriend and pulled her towards the surface.

It was only shortly after Cedric had left that Viktor arrived. Like Cedric, he wanted to wait, but Hadrian convinced him to go ahead. Just as he was convincing Viktor to go, Fleur made her way towards them, escorted by the merhealer.

She was moving slowly, and was still dangerously pale. There was a wrap of seaweed going up her injured leg, from her ankle to her knee.

The healer explained that he had been able to heal the physical injury, but she had lost a great deal of blood and there was nothing he could do about that since they were different species. She would need to keep the wrap on for the next few hours, and it would need to remain damp, preferably with water from the lake for the best response, but then she would be fine.

Thanking the merman again, Hadrian watched him leave. Turning to Fleur and Viktor he wrote down what he had been told. Viktor agreed to go on ahead to tell the healers while Hadrian would slowly help Fleur back to the surface. When Viktor offered to take their hostages, Hadrian refused. He wasn’t sure if that would count as non completion, but he didn’t want to take that risk. Instead, he just said that that would slow him down and they needed him to get to the surface before they did. He had some ropes that he planned on using like a leash so that his hands were free to help him move quicker.

After that Viktor had grabbed his girlfriend, Autumn, and took off towards the surface.

With Viktor gone, Hadrian and Fleur freed both of their hostages, he could clearly see the fury in the girls eyes. Hadrian knew that even in her weakened state, Fleur was going to have a word or two for whoever thought of using her little sister in this farce.

It took them close to half an hour to slowly make their way to the surface. Fleur was exhausted and clearly feeling weak, but they needed to keep going. Hadrian could feel the gillyweed starting to wear off. They needed to get to the surface soon or they were going to lose the ability to breathe. He had given Fleur a smaller piece than he had taken since they had already been a decent amount of time into the competition.

When they were just below the surface of the water, Hadrian started moving them towards the shore. He figured he had about another minute, and he knew that Luna and Gabrielle would wake up as soon as they were above the surface. It was probably better for them to stay unconscious until they were closer to shore to limit their fear, and their discomfort in the cold water.

When the pain finally came signaling the gillyweed wearing off Hadrian pushed his head above the surface of the water. They had come up near the centre of the lake, so they were still a decent ways away from the shore. One of the worst parts was that now that the gillyweed had worn off he was absolutely freezing. This water was like ice.
Only a few minutes later, when they were only about a dozen yards from the shore, Fleur’s head popped above the surface of the water. Hadrian started to worry more about her as he could see her slowing down even more, her eyes were glazed, and her lips were going blue.

Finally, when they were close enough, Hadrian pulled the two younger girls above the surface of the water. Both, like him and Fleur, immediately started shaking from the cold. It was just so wrong to use girls as young and small as both Gabrielle and Luna like this.

Reaching the shore, both healers Forsythe and Savoy rushed to them. Even though Fleur was so clearly in the worst shape, she insisted that they take Gabrielle and Luna first, Hadrian was right there with her on that insistence. The girls needed the healers first.

While the healers were quickly moving the younger girls to the healers area, Hadrian wrapped one of Fleur’s arms around his shoulder and started to help her out of the water. Fleur was limping slightly, but was in much better shape than Hadrian might have thought.

Before the healers had even come back out of the healing tent, Hadrian and Fleur made their way in.

Fleur was clearly suffering from blood loss, but thankfully Viktor had informed the healers of what was going on so they already had blood replenishing potions lined up for the girl. They also didn’t want to mess with what the merhealer had done, since they didn’t know if there would be any negative reactions, so they were going to leave the seaweed wrap on the injury.

Once both healers were assured that Fleur would survive they turned on him. Hadrian shrunk back in fear as both healers advanced on him with potions. Turning to run, he froze. Both his dads as well as his uncles were blocking his escape, looking at him with both fear for his safety as well as a clear refusal to let him escape the smothering effect of the healers. Hadrian had no choice but to suffer the assault of two healers trying to help him. Sure, they only wanted to make sure he was ok, but it was still a little overwhelming.

As soon as the healers backed off, his family rushed forward to make sure that he was ok. This was going to be a long day. After letting his family fuss for a few minutes, Hadrian and Fleur had to go and get their scores.

When the judges finished giving them their points, which once again put Hadrian in a tie for first with Cedric, Hadrian gave the twins a barely noticeable nod. There was a loud crack, streamers and glitter started falling from the sky. With most of the students distracted, only a few noticed as the judges all disappeared from their seats, just to reappear a few feet above the surface of the middle of the lake.

All the judges dropped with a huge splash and screams. That caught everyones attention. When the shock wore off, everyone started to laugh. No one noticed that the judges wands were all sitting uselessly on the chairs they had previously occupied, meaning that they had to swim all the way back to shore.

The house elves had been less than pleased when they heard what was planned for their students.

When the judges finally made their way back, they were brought into the healing tent just as the others were being released. The champions, and their hostages, all got to hear as the judges complained about just how dangerous that prank had been, one of them could have died in that water.
That was just too much for Fleur. She gently pushed Gabrielle into the middle of the others so that she could be assured of the younger girls safety before she turned on the judges.

Fleur did not hold back as she told the judges off. They had used underage children in this task, and she had no doubt that they didn’t get parental approval since her parents would never let them do something like that to her baby sister. If they thought that it was just fine to do that to children then it was just fine for them. She even said that they should be trapped in the lake for over an hour like they had done to the kids. She carried on scolding them for over 20 minutes.

During the entire lecture, Fleur did not try to keep her voice low at any point. The end result was that most of the students that had gathered around got to enjoy watching the headmasters of their school being scolded like children by an infuriated 17 year old girl.

The worst part for them was that Rita heard the entire thing and was already planning. She was going to have to get in touch with the girls families to see if Dumbledore had gotten parental permission to use their children that way. Just how would the public react to the great Albus Dumbledore effectively abusing children by forcing them into dangerous situations? Rita couldn’t wait to find out.

Great Hall

That night Fleur made sure to put Gabrielle between her and Hadrian at the table. She wasn’t going to take any risks with her little sister. A furious letter had already been sent to her parents telling them what had happened.

According to Gabrielle, she had been invited to surprise Fleur. When she had gotten there she had been pressured into allowing herself to be used as hostage by Dumbledore and Bagman. She had never even been told what was going to be done to her. After she had fearfully said ok, they had simply stunned her. Now that she was awake she was completely terrified by what had happened.

Fleur was going to make sure that anyone involved in using her sister like that was going to suffer. And she knew she wasn’t alone.

All of the other girls had admitted to being pressured into agreeing. None of them knew if their guardians had been contacted, but they had their doubts.

Even though they had known what was coming, all of the champions were angry about what had happened. The older three had willingly entered this competition. They had chosen to take a risk. Their family and girlfriends had not. They knew the risks they had chosen to take, but they hadn’t known that it would risk those they cared about.

Delacour Estate, France - February 29, 2005

Marius and Apolline Delacour were absolutely furious as they read the letter that Fleur had sent them. This meant war.

How dare those english fools treat their baby like that. Gabrielle was a sweet innocent little girl, not a pawn for them to endanger.

Over the past few months Marius had been using his connections on the ICW to damage Dumbledores reputation, but now he wanted him gone. He would not allow that monster to have
any control over the international community.

**Headmaster’s Office - March 12, 2005**

Albus arrived back at his office in an absolute fury. He was ready to kill. And he knew who he wanted to start with.

Marius Delacour.

That veela loving french bastard.

When Albus had left for a surprise ICW meeting this morning, he had actually been in a relatively good mood. The paper this morning hadn’t had a single article slandering him for what happened during the second task. It was the first time since the task had occurred that that had happened. That waste of magic, Rita Skeeter, had been dragging his name through the mud for the past few weeks.

But, with the lack of any new articles, he had settled down and started to feel better. He had had a few words with Barnabas about getting that woman back in line. It had taken more than a few very thinly vailed threats, but he had finally gotten his point across about the cost of crossing him.

Arriving at the meeting, he had figured it would just be some simple little thing. It wasn’t.

Marius Delacour had filed a formal motion to not only have him removed from his position as the Supreme Mugwump, but to have him completely removed from the ICW. And those fools had done it.

Officially, it would appear as if Albus had chosen to withdraw so that he could focus more on Hogwarts, but everyone that looked closely would know the truth. He had been fired.

The official story had only been constructed to avoid a scandal, and not even for the benefit of Albus. The ICW didn’t want to be linked with his recent actions, in their words, so they had made up some stupid reason that would hopefully downplay his role.

This just wasn’t possible. Albus had been stripped of his only formal position of power on the international stage. Plus he wasn’t able to pass any bill in the Wizengamot like he had in the past. Even just his public image had lost power. Then, there was his loss of control in his own school.

He had lost so much power, and when he didn’t think he could lose any more, he did.

That was it, Albus needed to focus.

Right now, all he could focus on was the school. Once he had regained the control of the school he would then start to make those fools regret ever thinking they could cross him and get away with it.

Yes, it was time for the rise of a dark lord to remind them all just how weak and easy to kill they were.

**Granger House - March 26, 2005**
Sirius was doing his best to keep from bouncing as he made his way into the Granger house to sit down. It was time to get the girls parents involved. Although he didn’t have much hope that they might actually do something, he would at least get to tell them what a brat they had raised.

Both Hermione and Ginny were ‘grounded’ to the common room for the rest of the year after they had attacked Luna the day before. Albus and Minerva had used the little pull that they did have to make that their punishment rather than the suspension Sirius and Filius had been pushing for.

The day before Luna had been on her way back from the library on her own when Ginny and Hermione had cornered her. They had insulted her as they pushed her around for a bit. Luna had chosen not to react and instead just chose to walk away. They had followed her and shoved her. The major problem was that they had all been at the top of one of the stair cases and when they had shoved Luna, it had been in the direction of the stairs.

Luckily, the Slytherin and Hufflepuff prefects had been on their way to break up the fight when they had heard the girls yelling at Luna, and they had been on the stairs. They had managed to catch Luna before she could get to badly hurt.

Luna had ended up with a fractured ankle and a few bumps and bruises, but everyone was grateful that it wasn’t worse.

The reason they were at the Grangers was because after receiving her punishment, Hermione had written home making up some sort of sob story and now the Grangers were threatening to get the ministry involved for discriminating against their daughter. Sirius, as her co-head of house, and Alice and Rowan, as school board members, had decided to go and speak with them in an attempt to avoid the involvement of the legal system.

“Well?” Jean Granger demanded as soon as the three sat down in her living room. She was furious that her daughter was once again being discriminated against.

Hermione had written home and told them that a pure blood girl had been bullying her, and when Hermione had fought back she had been punished while the pure blood girl hadn’t. It had only been a week since their daughter had come home for break and told them all about the favouritism at the school.

Sirius cringed slightly, it was clear where Hermione got her abrasive voice from.

“We are here today to discuss what happened at the school yesterday in hopes of avoiding this going any further. It won’t end well if law enforcement is brought in.” Alice said in a calm voice. Or, as calm as she could manage given that it was her sons girlfriend, and a girl she was quite fond of, that had been attacked.

“You just don’t want us to sue the school for discriminating against our daughter.” Howard Granger huffed. Like his wife, he was furious.

“I think there has been some sort of miss understanding. None of this is about discrimination. Now, when you wrote to us you mentioned about what your daughter told you in a letter she sent you. The thing is I have a feeling your daughter wasn’t exactly truthful in what she said happened.” Alice said.

“Hermione doesn’t lie. She has been the victim of bullying the entire time she has been at that school of yours and whenever she responds she is punished. It isn’t right.” Jean snapped.

“There is a simple way to solve this issue so you can compare what you have been told with what
actually happened. In the magical world we have something called a pensive. It is something similar to your security cameras, except it shows the memory of what happened. We brought a projector pensive and just a few memories with us of the reasons your daughter has been getting in trouble as well as the attack yesterday.” Sirius explained as he set up the projection and started adding memories that dated back to Hermione’s ride on the train her first year.

Over the next half an hour Howard and Jean Granger grew more and more horrified, and more and more ashamed, as they watched how their daughter behaved.

They watched as Hermione pushed and insulted other children. They watched as she called them stupid when they struggled to answer questions.

One of the longer memories showed a 13 year old Hermione storming over to a table of students in the library studying. One of the students had a book she wanted. When the student said she could have the book when they were done with it when she demanded it, Hermione shoved the student, grabbed the book, and then used the book to hit the student on the head saying that they were too stupid to even understand it. The incident was stopped when one of the librarians spelled the book out of her hands and kicked her out of the library for the rest of the week along with detention and point loss.

The memories went on and on. But they all had one thing in common. Hermione started it.

Eventually, they came to the memory of the attack on Luna. Howard and Jean were stunned to see that the smaller girl hadn’t even said a word, she had just tried to walk away.

When it all ended, both parents just continued to stare blankly at the wall. They couldn’t believe this. Hermione had been lying to them for years.

Thinking back, they knew it wasn’t the first time. There had been a few teachers that had talked about her attitude during primary school, but Hermione had always told them she had just been responding to a bully. Had she always been the one to start it and they had just not noticed because they trusted her.

How had their sweet little angel become so cruel and violent. She had said so many terrible things to those other students, most of whom were younger than her. They both were forced to come to the same conclusion.

Hermione was a bully.

“I can’t believe this.” Jean said softly as she turned to the others. “What happens now? What kind of punishment was she given, because I honestly don’t think I can trust what she has said.”

“I am co-head of Gryffindor house, and as such am responsible for her discipline.” Sirius said, happy that they were willing to listen now. “When I took up the position at the beginning of the year I implemented a few rules.

She is going to be writing a series of essays on bullying and its effects for me. She will also be, what I call grounded. She will be able to go to class, but other than that she will be in her dorm. If she needs to go to the library to do school work, she will be required to have adult supervision.

When she is in the dorms, so long as she isn’t causing problems or arguing, she will be able to sit and talk with the other students in the common room. I’m not going for complete isolation, that isn’t healthy. But she won’t be involved in any activities.

That means, she won’t be able to attend the last triwizard tournament event. She also is barred
from Hogsmeade for the rest of the year.

I also have a request for you. The other girl in that memory, the red head that took part in the attack, Ginny, is already seeing a mind healer at the school. I believe in the muggle world you call them therapists. I think Hermione might benefit from the same thing, so I would request that you allow me to set up appointments for her.”

“Of course.” Howard said instantly. This was nothing like what Hermione had said was happening. She was going on about how they were going to use her for slave labour. The grounding actually sounded light in comparison to what they could have done, plus, therapy sounded like a good idea.

Rowan and Alice were pleased with how the Grangers were reacting. At first they hadn’t been going to bring the memories, but Sirius had recommended it. He said that it might be best to let her parents see the truth to break through the girls lies.

“Is there anything else you think we need to discuss.” Jean asked tiredly.

“Her grades.” Sirius wasn’t going to pass up the opportunity to address this issue.

“What about her grades?” Howard questioned. “She’s getting mostly A’s.”

“That’s one of the issues. She is capable of more, it’s just getting her to do the work.” Sirius said in slight confusion.

“What did Hermione tell you about the grading scheme that is used in the wizarding world?” Rowan questioned as Sirius and the Grangers gave each other confused looks.

“She said an A is an A and EE and O are even better.” Jean said simply.

“Clever. And I’m assuming there was no cover sheet with the grading break down with her report card.” Rowan said. Both parents nodded, Sirius and Alice looked at her in confusion. “In the muggle world they use an alphabetical grading system too, but an A is the best grade a student can get.

In the magical world our marking system is different. We have six grade levels. Three fail, and three pass. The fail grades are T, D, and P. T means troll, and is 0-14%. D is dreadful, it’s 15-34%.

And, P means poor and is for grades between 35-49%.

The pass grades are A, EE, and O. A stands for acceptable, it’s for grades between 50-74%. EE means exceeds expectations and is 75-89%. and O is for outstanding and that’s any grade 90% and above.”

Howard and Jean once again just stared. Hermione had always been so smart, but if what that woman said was true then she was just barely passing.

Jean needed to speak up in defence of her daughter. “But Hermione is smart. How could she not be getting top grades?”

“Hermione could do very well, it’s true, but she would need to change her attitude.” Sirius said. “I teach defence, I had her in my class for a year and a half before I got switched to the upper years.

Hermione is very intelligent, and if she put in the work she is capable of doing much better than she is right now.

I will tell you there was a slight mistake that I spoke to her about at the beginning of the year. She
saw the class rankings that is put on the notice boards in the common room and it said she was first, but she didn’t realize that those were only the rankings in her house. Last year she was the top ranked Gryffindor in her year, but 17th in the school over all.

Also, when the rankings are made it takes into account not only the students average grade, but how many classes they are taking. If the rank had only been based off average then she would have been in the lower half of the class rankings.”

“But if she’s so smart, why isn’t she doing better?” Howard asked in a faint voice.

“Her work.” Sirius actually felt a slight amount of pity for these two, their entire world had just been shaken. “While it is true that Hermione can memorize any information and give answers, that isn’t enough.

One thing that really brings down her grades is her assignments. Hermione absolutely refuses to do as she is told. I’ll give you an example from just last week that I have already spoken with her about.

In her political theory class they were assigned to make a timeline of the major changes to the wizarding bill of rights. When I spoke with the professor, she told me that there were 18 major dates that she was looking for. The only way to get a perfect score was to include those dates. If they wanted to put in more information for extra credit that was fine, but they needed those 18 dates.

Hermione handed in a 12 foot essay on what she thought should be in the bill of rights. It was a perfectly good essay, but it wasn’t what was assigned. Since her professor decided to be kind she went through the essay and found 3 of the dates, so she gave her points for that, but Hermione still failed the assignment.

You see, there was an issue with discrimination years ago, so the board of governors implemented a marking scheme that we are required to follow. That marking scheme hangs at the back of every class, so none of the students can claim ignorance.

We can not give her marks, if she doesn’t do the assignment properly.

Then there is our practicals. In classes like defence, charms, and transfiguration we have 2 hour practicals every week. It’s just a basic mark for those classes, did they practice, or not. Hermione refuses to practice. Once she has managed the spell once, she stops and refuses to do more.

The thing is, it can take years to master a spell. When we do tests, to get full marks on a spell the student must do the spell, with the right amount of power, the first time. They are given three chances, losing a few points each time.

Because Hermione won’t practice, when it comes to her tests she generally over or under powers her spells the first few times. So, she can’t get full marks on them.

All of this comes together to give her the grades she has. I know myself, and many other professors have tried talking to her about it, but she refuses to listen. She actually says that she’s right and we’re wrong even when she makes mistakes.

That might be something you could address with her over the summer. We’ve been doing what we can in class, but we have other students that need help so we can’t devote all our time to arguing with her.”

“And it’s something that’s going to need to be addressed soon.” Alice said when Sirius finished.
“Why? What’s happening?” Jean questioned looking to the other woman.

“We have two major standardized tests that dictate what kind of job a student can get. They are called OWLs and NEWTs. OWLs take place at the end of 5th year, while NEWTs are the end of 7th.

A student can only carry on in the classes that they get OWLs in for 6th year and up. And it isn’t just enough to get an A. In the more demanding classes like defence and transfiguration, a student is required to get an EE to keep going in those classes. And, in potions, they need an O since that is when they go into the more dangerous potions where mistakes can, and have in the past, been lethal.”

“I’ve spoken with Hermione, and she’s told me she wants to get a job in the ministry. But, depending on what department in the ministry she wants to go into she would be required to have between 2-6 NEWTs minimum. And she can only get into those NEWTs classes if she does well enough on her OWLs next year.” Sirius put in.

Howard nodded already making plans. School was something he had always taken very seriously and he wasn’t going to let his daughter fail just because she had a bad attitude. Hermione had always caught onto things like math and science so quickly that she had never really had to practice, and that was probably her biggest issue. Since it had always been easy in the past she had never learned the importance of practice.

After all that, the three school representatives left rather happy knowing that Hermione was finally going to be forced to face the music. It was time the girl grew up.

**Great Hall - March 27, 2005**

Hermione Granger was pleased as she went into the great hall for breakfast. Sure, she was still technically in trouble, but it wasn’t going to last long.

After Professor Black had finished punishing her, she had written to her parents. She had gotten a letter back only a few hours later from her parents telling her that they were going to deal with it and would be filing a criminal complaint. Hermione couldn’t wait to see those disgusting pure bloods get what they deserved.

Then she got two different messages. The first, was to inform her that she was to meet with Professor Black when she finished breakfast. Hermione was pleased, she was sure the man was going to apologize to her.

The second letter was just a short message from her parents that they had made arrangements with Professor Black for her and that they would discuss everything with her when she got home. She was a little confused by that, but sure that things were going to work out for her.

After she finished her breakfast, Hermione made a decision and went up to the head table to get Professor McGonagall. It would probably be best to bring the other woman in. Professor McGonagall would be able to ensure that Professor Black was kept from lashing out at her again since he was clearly wrong. The more people to witness this the better.

Professor Moody, who was sitting next to Professor McGonagall, decided to come with her. She wasn’t really sure how she felt about that, she wasn’t particularly fond of him. She hated being forced to sit down and do the stupid assignments he gave her.
Then, as the three of them were making their way out of the hall the headmaster had stopped them. When professor McGonagall told him where they were going the headmaster decided to join them as well. Hermione was thrilled that she had such powerful people backing her.

Leading the way, Hermione marched into Professor Black’s office.

Sirius looked up from the assignments that he was marking when his door was opened. He had only come in this morning to do a little marking and have his meeting with Hermione. After this meeting he was going to be heading home, taking the marking with him so that he could still do his work but be with his family.

Sighing, he summoned more chairs as he saw who was following the girl. But, this might actually be a good thing. Get it all done in one shot and limit the blow back, hopefully.

“You wanted to see me Professor Black?” Hermione said in a sweet voice.

“Yes Ms. Granger.” Sirius said to the girl and looked to his colleagues. “Minerva, it’s nice of you to get involved with our Gryffindor’s. Albus, Alastor.”

Minerva seethed silently at the less than subtle jab. Only staying silent because of the look Albus was sending her.

“My parents said they had spoken to you about my punishment.” Hermione wanted him to admit that he had been wrong.

“Yes. I attended a meeting with your parents yesterday. They have requested that I arrange for weekly mind healer appointments for you. I have spoken with Healer Savoy, and she has said that she will be expecting you from 1-2pm Saturday afternoons.” Sirius smiled at the shocked girl.

“What do you mean? You are supposed to be cancelling that stupid punishment you gave me.” Hermione demanded.

“No. Your punishment stands.” Sirius kept his face blank.

“Now my dear boy…” Albus started.

“Now nothing Albus, Ms. Granger will be doing the punishment she earned, and her parents have fully agreed to it.” Sirius interrupted.

“My parents would never let you get away with doing this to me.” Hermione was furious. She had her parents wrapped around her little finger and she knew it.

“That is where you are wrong Ms. Granger. After you wrote them lying about what happened, myself, and two of the school governors, paid them a visit yesterday and explained what has been happening here. Upon learning the truth they gave me their full support in grounding you and signed off on getting you a mind healer.” Sirius gave the girl a sharp smile.

“You can’t be serious Sirius.” Minerva huffed.

“Oh, I am serious, twice over.” Sirius chuckled. He had always loved to use his name in jokes like that.

“And what is this punishment?” Albus questioned, he hadn’t been paying attention to the kids
since he had been dealing with the ICW issues lately.

“Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley have been grounded for the rest of the year. They are aloud to go to meals, classes, and the library, under supervision, but other than that they will be restricted to the Gryffindor dorms and common room. They are going to be writing a series of essays on bullying for me. And, they are barred from any extracurricular activities. That includes, Hogsmeade, and the final triwizard challenge.” Sirius explained.

“There is no need for that. The girls will serve a detention for whatever it was, it surely wasn’t that bad. There is no need to be so cruel.” Albus said as soon as Sirius finished. Hermione sent the headmaster a grateful look, she didn’t want to suffer that punishment.

“No, Albus. They will be serving the punishment I assigned.” Sirius relaxed back in his seat.

“Oh, it was more than a mistake Albus. Since you clearly don’t know what this is about, even though you involved yourself by stopping their suspension, let me inform you what really happened. Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley attacked Ms. Lovegood when she was on her way back from the library and shoved her down a flight of stairs. The only reason Ms. Lovegood didn’t suffer serious injury was because she was caught by two prefects that were on their way up the stairs to the girls.”

All the other teachers glanced at Hermione at that.

“We weren’t trying to push her down the stairs. We didn’t even realize how close we were to them. Besides, she started it. You have no idea how mean she is. She hides behind that crazy behaviour, but she’s been bullying Ginny since they were kids.” Hermione whined.

“If the other girl started it then she should be the one that is punished. I will have words with Filius.” Minerva started planning on how to force the other professor to deal with his student.

“Well then, that’s that. The girls will serve the detention I assign, along with ms. Lovegood and then we will carry on.” Albus smiled.

“Again, no.” Sirius gave them a cold look. “Is this the story you are planning to stick with Ms. Granger?”

Hermione just gave him a blank look. She had no intention of breaking.

“You should know that Ms. Lovegood’s parents arranged for the girls memories to be retrieved. I have seen them, in full.” Sirius warned the girl, seeing the spark of worry in her eyes, but she didn’t break. “Ms. Lovegood didn’t start anything. She actually didn’t say a single word. I do not believe it was the girls intention to push Ms. Lovegood down the stairs, but the reason they were at the top of the stairs was because Ms. Lovegood decided to simply walk away and was followed to the top of the stairs.

Now, I have already spoken with the Lovegood’s and they have agreed to allow this to stay a school matter, so long as both girls serve the full punishment I assigned. If the punishment is changed, or the girls do not follow the rules, then they will take this to the DMLE and file charges of aggravated assault.”

Everyone in the room just stared at him when he said that.

“This latest attack is only one in a long line of incidents. The Lovegood’s are done with allowing their daughter to be bullied by attacks like this, along with Ms. Weasley and ms. Granger calling their daughter ‘Loony’. If this harassment doesn’t end, then they will be filing charges.

And, given the repeated instances of physical attacks, as well as the girls history of bullying other students, I have no doubt that they will be found guilty. Either you can let the girls serve the punishment they earned, or risk the girls facing criminal charges and probable arrest.” Sirius said blandly. He really didn’t take any joy in this, he honestly felt the adults in the girls life were the reason she was as bad as she was.

“The memories would have to be certified.” Alastor said. His mind going to the legalities of the case.

“They are. And, so are the memories of many of the other victims. The Lovegood’s reached out to multiple families whose children have suffered the bullying.” Sirius looked back at a man he had once respected.

Alastor just nodded. He had known Sirius when he was an auror. He might have his issues with what the man became, but his skills were always top notch.

“They can’t do that.” Hermione whined.

“Yes, they can. And, Ms. Granger, I will now also be adding an essay on lying. Now, I think you should be getting back to the common room. Your study group for ancient runes should be starting soon.” Sirius gave the girl a small smile. “I will send you a reminder about your mind healers appointment next week.”

Hermione growled slightly before she stormed from the office. She had a letter to write. How dare her parents allow him to do this to her?

“Is all this really necessary Sirius?” Minerva growled now that their student was gone.

“Yes. You didn’t bother to do your job and rain the bullying in, and now it needs to be addressed. Can you imagine what would have happened if those prefects hadn’t been there? They could have killed that girl.” Sirius said in exasperation.

“And you think that you’re the best one to deal with issues like this?” Minerva questioned, remembering just the kind of terror that Sirius had been when he had been a student.

“Yes, I think I am since, clearly, no one else is doing it. I was horrible when I was a student here. I am man enough to admit that. And I regret my actions every day.

But the thing is, since no one ever bothered to hold me accountable for my actions it took a war and being falsely imprisoned for me to grow up. I don’t want that for this generation. I want to let them grow up slowly as they go to school. Because trust me, being forced to grow up the way I did is like flying your broom directly into the ground. It hurts, and makes you forget who you are for a time.” Sirius explained.

“I have heard that before. Many in your generation were forced to grow up in the harshest ways possible.” Alastor nodded along, understanding. He too had been on the front line of that war.

“But Hermione and Ginny are still kids, they made a mistake.” Minerva started again.

“Yes, they did. And now they are dealing with the consequences of that mistake. And no one will be changing that. I have already spoken with the Grangers and Arthur. All have agreed that the
“Surely we can talk about this?” Albus suggested.

“No Albus. I already told you. If you, or any one else, tries to stop or change their punishment the Lovegood’s will take this directly to Amelia, and I will back them. It is time for those children to meet reality. You shove a student down a flight of stairs, you get punished.” Sirius snapped.

“I agree. It could have been much worse.” Alastor said thoughtfully. “Given the girls history of bullying, and the fact that they followed her after she had chosen to walk away, it could even be taken to attempted manslaughter, if not attempted murder.”

Albus froze. He couldn’t have that. The last thing he needed was his pawns being accused of attempted murder. The press would eat him alive. Not to mention what it would do to his plans.

“Do we know what caused this latest attack?” Alastor questioned, not really understanding why any of this had happened.

“Yes, apparently the girls got it into their heads that Luna was dating Hadrian and Ginevra was jealous.” Sirius shook his head.

“But she’s dating the Longbottom heir.” Alastor said in confusion. Was this all caused because the girls were to foolish to see what was right in front of them.

“Exactly.” Sirius agreed.

Hogwarts - April 1, 2005

The day of the twins 17th birthday was plenty of fun. Like had become common, Hadrian and all of their friends spent the night before setting up all kinds of different pranks.

Fred and George always loved their birthday when they saw the chaos their soulmate and friends created. This year, every stone in the castle was a different colour, students words were coming out in multi coloured bubbles, there were also students that were now floating along near the ceilings as they hiccuped, and many of the teachers were singing their lessons.

While many of the teachers were annoyed, some just laughed it off. Sirius had even taken great joy in dramatically singing nearly non stop that day just to make everyone laugh. These were the kinds of jokes he liked, everyone had fun, and no one was hurt or humiliated.

The Burrow

After a day full of fun and jokes the four Weasley children at Hogwarts returned to The Burrow. Coming of age was a very important event in the wizarding world, and now that Molly was out of the house, Arthur intended to properly celebrate the twins birthday.

He had called all the children home for the weekend, including Bill and Charlie. He had had to make special arrangements with Sirius in order to get approval for Ginny to come home and had only done so after speaking with the Lovegoods. Pandora and Xeno had agreed to allow the girl to get out of her punishment for the weekend because of how much they cared for the twins and didn’t want to disrupt their birthday.
As it was Ginny would not be leaving the house. The girl would be aloud to take part in the traditional birthday events, but other than that she was grounded to her room. Arthur had been horrified when Sirius had contacted him about Ginny pushing Luna down the stairs. He had no intention of allowing the girl to get away with it. He had even arranged for her mind healer appointments to be every week since she would not be going to Hogsmeade on weekends for the rest of the year.

With the twins coming of age they would gain full access to their core as well as family magics. Both boys planned on spending most of the weekend going through the family grimoires. They were finally old enough to learn the more advanced spells and rituals.

During the weekend Arthur made sure to make time to just go and sit and talk with both Ron and Ginny, Ginny in particular. He didn’t want them to feel that just because there were new babies in the house they weren’t loved.

He also wanted to talk to them about their issues with bullying. Talking it through, making the children put themselves in the role of the victims, was one of the things their mind healers had recommended. It had been something they had started to do over the summer, and Arthur thought they were actually making a little progress, though, not nearly as much as he might have liked.

Arthur just wanted to give them the chance to grow up a little more. He had no intention of giving up on them, but he was getting frustrated. If they didn’t start to improve their attitudes and behaviours soon he worried about what was going to happen, Ginny could have ended up in prison for what she had done to Luna.

Arthur had gone back to the children’s mind healers to ask a few questions. He had thought the children would start to get better faster. Both healers had been more than willing to sit down and explain things to him more.

They reminded Arthur that every child was unique. There was no one size fits all when it came to the treatment of mental illness. Each child needed something different.

They were still fine-tuning the potions and spells. Once they managed to get that right, they would also need the children to work with them. You can’t help someone if they are not willing to accept help. From what they had learned during their discussions with Healer Savoy, Ron was starting to accept some basic treatment, but Ginny was still just using the sessions to vent but was unwilling to do any self reflection.

The only way to change a childs behaviour immediately would be to use compulsion spells and potions or to use mind magics to completely wipe out the child’s personality and rebuild a new one. And no qualified mind healer would be willing to do that because it would be considered on the same level as murder. It would be the destruction of a human being, even if their body survived.

Arthur had to agree. He wanted his children to recover, but he didn’t want to hurt them to do so. All he could do was give them time and hope that they would accept the help he was offering.

Earlier he had had to deal with Molly. When Ginny had written to her mum and told her that she was being punished Molly had been furious. And, when she had learned that Arthur had aloud the punishment she had sent him dozens of howlers.

Finally, Arthur had gone to meet with her at the restaurant just to ensure they weren’t alone. He had explained what had happened but Molly still hadn’t been willing to listen. She didn’t care what
Arthur said, Ginny had written to her lying about what had happened so Molly wasn’t going to believe anyone else.

Ultimately he had had Sirius come down with a copy of the memories so that Molly could see that Ginny had once again been lying to her. Even after seeing that Luna hadn’t done anything Molly hadn’t cared. She didn’t want her daughter punished regardless of what she did.

Sirius had said that he would be willing to cancel Ginny’s punishment, making Molly very happy. That was until he explained that if he did so then Ginny would be facing arrest and prison. Then he went on to explain that an agreement had been made that Ginny had to serve her punishment, without interference or reduction, or charges would be filed.

Molly hadn’t thought Ginny would be convicted since she was a light witch, but she still hadn’t wanted her daughter being arrested. That would, of course, make the papers because of all the attention on the tournament, and she hadn’t wanted the public to believe that her baby girl was a criminal.

She had been forced to accept the punishment that had already been decided if only to keep her daughter out of the legal system.

Hogwarts - April 20, 2005

Lily smirked to herself as she made her way down the hallway. She finally had a plan that was going to work.

For months now she had been slipping Sebastian love, submission, and compulsion potions. But none of them seemed to be taking effect. When she had talked about it with the headmaster he had theorized that the Prince ring that he wore might weaken or destroy the lower level potions that she had been giving him. Although Lily had passed potions, she still wasn’t the best brewer so she hadn’t been able to brew the higher level, stronger, potions.

But now she had the strongest potions available. The headmaster had had to arrange getting the potion from China since they couldn’t risk asking Severus to brew them and he was the only one that they knew that had the skill to brew them.

There was no way the Prince ring or anything else would be able to block these potions. There actually was nothing that could. Not only that, but the potions cause a near permanent effect. It would take a full system ritual purge to remove them from his system. But the compulsion potion would make him refuse to accept a purge.

Soon enough she was going to get everything she deserved.

James was once again watching the map as he did some paperwork. He was planning on convincing the rest of the board to demand a detailed scan of the wards. There was no doubt in his mind that Dumbledore hadn’t been maintaining and updating the wards like he was supposed to.

But before he could do that he needed a detailed list of the schools rules regarding the wards. Luckily, since Dumbledore had previously mentioned the wards may have been what aloud Hadrian to be entered into the tournament, he was able to go over things while at the school doing
his monitoring. He had a copy of one of the original regulation books out so that he could note down the expectations.

He had seen Lily on her way towards the room they were using to monitor the school and had called both Kingsley and Auror Proudfoot as well. Kings had opened a file on the possible love potion use and alerted Proudfoot to it. Over the past months they had both been watching and making note of everything they had seen. Now, they were ready to catch her in the act.

They were sure she was going to try again since James had found his drink and food spiked every time she came anywhere near him.

Kings got him a fresh cup of tea, that he took a sample of so that they had evidence that it wasn’t tampered with before she had been near them. Then, both he and Proudfoot hid themselves using masking and invisibility spells. Both making sure that they had a clear, but different, view of the tea.

“Hello Sebastian darling.” Lily smiled and fluttered her eyelashes as she flounced into the room in a cloud of sickeningly sweet perfume.

“Ms. Mathews.” James said in a cold voice. “Is there something I can do for you? It is the middle of the day, I’m sure you have some work to do, I know that I do.”

“The headmaster sent me to get you. He said he needed to have a word with you.” Lily kept her smile plastered on her face even as her eyes narrowed at his dismissal of her.

“Fine.” James wrote down one last thing before he moved anything sensitive into one of the desk drawers and locked it.

Getting up and walking past her, making sure not to get anywhere near her, he left the room.

Lily let the smile slide off her face as soon as she was alone in the room. She hated just how much that man disrespected her.

A little grin worked its way back onto her face as she pulled out the vials of potions. Soon enough he was going to learn his place.

Albus had told her just to start with the submission potion since that would make him defer to her which would make it easier to make him take the other potions. But, she didn’t want to wait any more. Albus wanted her to wait a week in-between each potion, but she didn’t want to.

Opening each potion, she dropped a few drops of each into the tea. Smiling as she saw the tea swirl a different colour after each drop before returning to its original brown. Once she was done, she slipped the vials back into her pocket.

Just as Lily was going to turn and leave the room, she was hit with a stunning spell from behind.

Kings and Proudfoot stared down at the stunned woman. They really hadn’t thought it would be that simple, or that she would be that obvious.

Whenever most people were going to drug a drink they surreptitiously spelled the potion into the cup. Maybe she had just figured she didn’t need to since she thought she was alone in the room.
Either way, it made their job easier.

Kings went back to the tea and took another sample before collecting the rest for evidence. Proudfoot recovered the potions from the woman’s robes.

Once they had collected everything, they activated the floo and levitated the stunned woman through before they followed. They would lay the formal charges and then get a warrant to search the woman’s quarters.

**Headmasters Office**

James sighed as he walked towards the headmasters office. Reaching the guardian he realized that Lily hadn’t given him the password so he started listing off candies. It took him less than a dozen tries before the guardian jumped aside when he said snickers.

Walking up the stairs, he entered the office after he knocked and was aloud entrance. Once he was in the office he leaned against the back wall. He knew that this was just a way to get him away from his drink so he didn’t bother to sit down since this wouldn’t take long.

“You wanted to see me Albus?”

“Yes yes my boy, lemon drop?”

“No, thank you Albus.” James raised an eyebrow, waiting for the man to say whatever it was he wanted to say.

“I just wanted to check in on how things have been going.”

“The same as they were when you asked me last week. Unless you allow us access to the ward stone, we can not complete a proper examination of the wards to verify they had no part in the events of this year.

However, I still don’t understand your logic in blaming the wards for a flaw in the age line you drew.”

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out.” Albus gave him a small, brittle, grin. He hated being questioned like this.

“If that is all, I have work to do. I’m sure you do as well.” Without waiting for an answer, James strode out of the room.

James smiled when he arrived back at his office and found the note Kings had left for him.

**Headmasters Office - April 21, 2005**

Albus was pacing his office. He had given Lily the potions she needed to get control over Sebastian, but she hadn’t contacted him yet. She knew she was supposed to let him know what happened. So, why hadn’t she come to see him yet.

He had even gone to her quarters to speak with her, but she hadn’t been there.
Albus sighed, she most likely didn’t listen to him. He had told her to give him the submission one first, but he would bet that she had used the love potion instead. Stupid selfish woman that she was.

Just as he was about to go back to his desk, his floo alarm went off. Checking the connection he saw that it was from the DMLE. He just assumed that it was Amelia coming to give him an update on her aurors in his school so he aloud entrance.

Amelia did come in, but she wasn’t alone. Four other aurors followed, including Kingsley and Proudfoot.

“What is the meaning of this Amelia?” Albus was more than a little concerned about his school being invaded.

Amelia handed over the warrant. “This is a warrant allowing for the search of Rose Mathews quarters and the seizure of anything found that is deemed of value to our case.”

“Your case?” Albus stuttered slightly as he sunk down in to his chair in shock.

“Yes, Rose Mathews has been arrested for the use of a love potion, amongst others, on a Lord. As you know the use of any potion like that on a member of the Wizengamot is taken very seriously given that it can be seen as an attempt to control our government.” Amelia started to head towards the door when she noticed that Albus hadn’t moved. She turned back. “If you don’t feel like showing us her quarters then please inform us which one is hers and we will find our own way.”

Albus just kept looking at her blankly. This wasn’t possible. That woman couldn’t have been stupid enough to get caught. He was so caught in his own spiralling thoughts he didn’t even notice the others.

“I know which room is hers Madam Bones.” Kings said when it became obvious that Albus wasn’t going to give them the information they needed.

“Then lead the way.” Amelia and the other aurors followed the man out of the office.

Albus didn’t even notice. What was he supposed to do now?

If they questioned Lily under truth serum, which they would due to what she was being charged with, then the first question they asked was going to destroy everything.

The first question was always the persons name. As soon as Lily said her name his entire story about the life of Harry Potter would be destroyed. He had spent years talking up the love that had existed between James and Lily. The moment they started questioning that woman it would bring up all sorts of questions that he really didn’t want to have asked.

How had she gotten caught? Hadn’t she bothered to check the room before she did anything?

Even more than that, they would have needed to catch her in the act. That might be the avenue to getting her free. If all they had was suspicion then he could have the warrant thrown out meaning they wouldn’t be able to gather any evidence and the case wouldn’t make it to trial.

But if they had gotten a warrant then they had to have something. He needed to figure out what they had before he could make any plans. And that would mean getting in contact with one of the aurors that was loyal to him. There were still plenty of them, they just weren’t in the higher level positions like he would have liked.

He needed to think.
**Lion’s Den - May 16, 2005**

Molly was furious as she sat at one of the tables in the restaurant after closing. Nothing was working out how she wanted. She had had such plans for her life, but now they had been stolen from her.

Arthur was with her stupid brothers. They even had more children that she hadn’t been able to meet. All she knew of them was what she managed to get from Ron and Ginny. And neither of her babies really knew all that much about the new little ones since they didn’t really like them.

Then there was this stupid job. She was proud of what she had created, but it was just so hard. Managing a restaurant was extremely difficult, especially since she didn’t trust the staff Albus had hired. The cooks just weren’t up to her standards and neither were the servers. She ended up having to do most of their work since they just wouldn’t listen to her and do their jobs properly.

She was also annoyed that she was being denied the money she earned to fix up the few little issues in the restaurant. While walking through Hogsmeade the other day she saw the most darling figurine of a lion cub. The sign in the window had said it came from something called Lion King, whatever that was. But no, she wasn’t aloud to buy anything new. Not to mention just how little she was being paid to do all the work she did. It wasn’t even enough for a decent living. She was going to have to talk to Albus about paying her better.

Ginny was another problem. Molly couldn’t believe how cruelly her baby girl was being treated. She had never thought the Lovegoods would be so terrible, oh, she had known that Sirius would be, but not the Lovegoods. Ginny hadn’t meant for the brat to get injured, although, it did sort of serve the girl right for trying to steal Ginny’s boyfriend.

Molly had been receiving letters almost daily about how cruel the teachers were being to her poor baby. Plus, she wasn’t being aloud to see her since Ginny was basically imprisoned in that school. And Arthur had aloud it all. Molly was sure that Fabian and Gideon were behind it. They were most likely trying to force a separation between Ginny and Arthur so that their daughter would get all his attention.

And finally, there were her letters to the DCW. It had been over a year now since she had started filing abuse reports and nothing had been done. There was just no excuse for that. She wrote letters almost every day, and nothing.

Maybe she was going to need to arrange a meeting with Albus. He needed to get everyone back in line. She was not going to put up with this for much longer.

**Hogwarts Grounds - May 27, 2005**

Hadrian and the others were walking back towards the school after having the third task explained to them. He was going to warn the others about what Remus had found.

“Can we talk?” Hadrian motioned the others to follow him further away from the school so they wouldn’t be overheard.

The others just silently followed him. Trusting that whatever it was he wanted to speak about would most likely be important.
Hadrian was concerned. He knew they all needed to take the cup, but then they would all be portkeyed away. What would he do if any of them got hurt because of him? He just couldn’t handle someone else getting hurt because of him.

“What is it Hadrian?” Cedric asked once they were decently hidden from the path. He could see the worried look on the younger boys face.

Hadrian handed over the ICW bill that forced his competing in the tournament and tapped at the hi-lighted section.

“All students whose names are given by the Goblet of Fire are required to compete in every task.” Cedric quickly read aloud.

“Try again. Go slower and read every word as it is written.” Hadrian said.

“All students whose names are given by the Goblet of Fire are required to… Oh Merlin… This can’t be possible.” Cedric went pale as he saw the mistake. “All students whose names are given by the Goblet of Fire are required to… Complete… every task.”

“My Uncle Remus has been going over what the ICW passed and found this a few months ago. He thinks it may have just been a mistake, but the problem is that by passing it with the mistake in the wording makes it binding.

I figured that it wouldn’t be too much of a big deal, until we learned what the final task is.” Hadrian told the others. Once again lying a bit, but everyone has their secrets.

“That’s why you wouldn’t let me give up and return to the surface during the second task.” Fleur said in shock.

She had been a little confused why Hadrian hadn’t let her give up and instead had her keep going. But now she did. If she had turned back she would have been stripped of her magic. Hadrian nodded at her.

“The final task is a maze. The only way to complete this task is to reach the centre and take the cup.” Viktor said slowly, fear in his eyes. “That means that as soon as one of us takes the cup, the others will all have failed to complete the task and will be stripped of our magic.”

They all just stayed silent, thinking, for a few minutes. Each imagining having their magic ripped from them. There was almost nothing worse in the eyes of a witch or wizard than to lose their connection to their core.

“It will be fine.” Fleur shook her hair behind her shoulders and straightened her back. “We have made it this far together, we will finish it together.

We find each other in the maze, or we wait for each other in the centre. We take the cup as a group only. If all four of us take the cup at the same time, we will have all completed the task. And, we will all receive the same amount of points so our positions will stay as they are.

Hadrian and Cedric will tie for first, Viktor, you will get second, and I will be third.”

“That should work.” Cedric smiled.

“I agree, we stand together, and we will all be fine.” Viktor grinned.

“I agree. But, there is also another issue.” Hadrian gave the others a shy smile. “My Uncle Sirius
pointed out that the DMLE thinks my name was added as an attempt to kill me, but nothing out of the ordinary has happened during the other tasks. They think that whatever the plan is, it will happen during the final task.”

“Then we will handle it together.” Viktor said like it was the simplest thing in the world.

“Like Fleur said, we finish this together. If someone comes after you, they are going to have to deal with all of us.” Cedric told him as Fleur hugged Hadrian close.

“I just don’t want any of you getting hurt because of me.” Hadrian said, pain in his voice as he remembered Cedrics death.

“Hadrian, you aren’t responsible for any of this. It’s that stupid headmaster of yours and whoever put your name in the cup. If anything happens to any of us, it is their fault not yours. I can tell you right now, I would never blame you if something happened to me. In fact, if something did happen and you started to blame yourself I would be furious with you. None of this is your fault, and I won’t let you blame yourself for the danger others have put us all in.” Fleur held him at arms length in front of her as she lectured him.

Hadrian gave a small smile. Fleur was just such a naturally caring woman.

“I agree.” Viktor said once again.

“Me too.” Cedric added. “This is not your fault. I don’t care what happens to me, or if anything happens to me, I would never blame you and wouldn’t want you to blame yourself.”

Hadrian smiled at Cedric. It made him feel a little better. He wondered if the Cedric in the other timeline would have felt the same way.

The four agreed that they would keep this to themselves, or at least, keep it to their little group of trusted friends until after the task was done. They didn’t want to have to listen to everyone telling them what they should, or shouldn’t, do.

Hogwarts, School Board Meeting Room - June 1, 2005

About half an hour after the board meeting had started and they had dealt with a few minor issues James caught everyones attention.

“I think there has been something we have been overlooking. The wards.”

“There is nothing wrong with the wards my boy.” Albus huffed.

“Really, because you came to me earlier this year saying that you thought the wards might have been the cause of Hadrian’s being forced into the tournament. You clearly believed that there was flaws in the wards.

But that got me thinking. I have not been able to find any information on the updates to the wards. According to the schools charter, the Headmaster is required to update the wards before the start of every new year. And the wards are to be goblin tested every decade. I spoke with the warding guild at Gringotts and they informed me that you have denied them access for the past 40 years.

This might be why so many accidents and dangerous things have been able to gain access to the grounds. If the wards have not been properly maintained then every student at this school is in
danger.” James gave the old fool a slight smile.

“The headmaster said the wards are fine, so the wards are fine.” Molly growled. She hated when others questioned the headmaster.

“Then how was a possessed teacher able to teach here? How did trolls manage to get into the school?” Alice questioned. “Clearly, there is a problem with the wards. And, as Sebastian said, the schools charter dictates that they are tested every ten years. You have no right to deny those tests.”

“Now my dear…” Albus started again.

“Enough Albus. Given everything that has happened in the past few years it is clear there is a problem. We can blame it on the wards, or you… You decide. The wards are required to be checked, so they will be checked.

I don’t want anyone else’s child to be placed in the danger that my son has been in over the past few years. This is my last board meeting since Cedric is graduating this year, I want to know that I left this school a better place than it was when I started.” Amos Diggory argued.

“I agree.” Helen Davis smiled. She looked over and smiled at her elder son who was set to graduate who was once again selected to represent Ravenclaw. “I hate the amount of danger that my boys have been in. The wards should have been checked years ago after that troll and possessed teacher incident.

Sebastian, you are on the best terms with the goblins, would you be able to schedule the ward checks?”

“Easily enough.” James nodded to the woman. “When I spoke with them they informed me that since they haven’t been able to do the checks they would recommend a full examination to make sure that everything is up to the standards required for a magical school. The checks would only take about a day, but the full examination will take a full week.

Albus, you will have to make arrangements to ensure that everyone is out of the castle for a week so that the goblins can come in and do their job. If you would let me know when is the best time I will speak with the goblins warding department.”

“I’m afraid that isn’t possible my boy.” Albus twinkled.

“It is going to be done Albus. Whether you like it or not.” Narcissa said in a cold voice. “You can willingly arrange a time with Sebastian or we will have the goblins remove you. This is about the safety of the children. You might not take that seriously, but we do.”

Albus narrowed his eyes at the woman. He had always hated having to have those on the dark side as governors, but having Narcissa Malfoy made it even worse.

“Don’t you speak to the headmaster like that.” Hestia Jones demanded.

“Auror Jones, the headmaster is standing in the way of securing this school. As you are an auror you must know about the recent arrest.” James sat back to examine his old colleague.

“Arrest?” Jaanvi Patil questioned.

“Yes. The charms assistant, who the headmaster personally selected, Rose Mathews was arrested for attempting to use love potion, amongst others, on me just a few months ago.
Madame Bones is in the process of bringing her to trial, but somebody in the Wizengamot seems to be attempting to secretly get the charges dismissed.” James told the room, making sure that everyone knew who he blamed.

“So along with all the other issues, this school is also harbouring criminals.” Pandora Lovegood gave the headmaster a calculating look.

“If you refuse to give me a date, I will just say the warding will be done starting on the first Monday in August. You, and everyone else will be out of this school at that time headmaster, or, like Narcissa said, the goblins will remove you.” James chose a random date, while still giving the staff time to do any last minute things after the end of the year.

“You can’t just do that.” Molly screeched.

“Then let’s put it to a vote. All in favour… All opposed.” Alice announced, counting each result.
“Well, it appears he can. By a clear majority vote the goblins will be doing the warding in August. Anyone still on the premises will be removed.”

“Next, there is the problems of former auror Alastor Moody, and junior auror Nymphadora Tonks.” James announced.

“There are no problems my boy.” Albus twinkled hiding his anger. “They are both exemplary in their positions.”

“And, once again, I must disagree with you Albus.” James gave the man a cold smile. “Like happened 2 years ago, a great many students have chosen self study.”

“Yes, I was actually wondering about that.” Helen Davis said. “Theo was one of those who chose to self study, but he didn’t give me any specifics. He just told me that he felt that he would be better off without those two teaching him.”

“Same here.” Said a few of the others there. If anyone bothered to consider things they would realize that the parents that all said the same thing all had their children in Slytherin other than Helen.

“I think I can explain. Draco had absolutely no problem with telling me what was going on when he came home during spring break. He had tried to stay in the class, but eventually gave up and left after Yule.” Narcissa’s glare was practically glacial as she looked to the headmaster. “It would seem that both Alastor and Nymphadora are prejudice againsts those from my own former house.”

“I’m sure it’s just a slight misunderstanding.” Albus tried.

“There is no misunderstanding.” Narcissa snapped back. “Draco allowed me to see his memories of what was going on in that classroom.

Two adults should know better than to behave the way those two do. I had thought we had already addressed this issue, but apparently not.

Both Alastor and Nymphadora seem to be going out of their way to make class time miserable for all Slytherins from what I saw in the memories. I was also informed that they have done the same for any student who had a Death Eater in the family. That might be Theo’s issue Helen. While they can’t downgrade them because of the policies we have put in place that doesn’t stop either of them from going on rants every lesson and repeatedly insulting the students.

I feel that I must remind you headmaster that the students of this school are not to blame for the
actions of their parents or family members took over a decade ago. A lesson that you seem not to have learned yet, and neither have certain members of your staff. It is completely unacceptable to take out whatever issues one may have on children.”

“Now surely it isn’t that bad.” Albus said with a brittle smile. He knew it was true. Both Alastor and Nymphadora had gone out of their way to make sure all the Slytherins and children of dark families learned their place.

Albus hated having so many dark children in his school, they were just too dangerous. Look at what Tom had done. No, it was better off if those students were kept restricted and informed of the results of being dark in a respectable world.

Helen was furious. Had those fools actually tried to blame her son for the actions of his biological father, the same father that had tortured the boy. No wonder Theo had been so out of sorts lately. “Are you out of your mind old man. Are you telling me that those… those… people have been using Thaddeus’s actions to hurt my son.

You were there for that trial Albus, you should know very well what something like that would do to him.”

Albus actually flinched at that. He had been at the trial and he knew that the boy had been tortured. Young Theodor Nott was one of the students he kept a close eye on. The boy was powerful and dark, but he also knew just how bad dark wizards were from his own experiences. Albus had attempted to form a mentorship bond with the boy over the first few years he was at the school but had given up last year. Although the boy knew the true danger of the dark he still followed their lead.

It was a bit of an annoyance as he could have used the boy. Not only was he the new Lord Nott, he was also Harry’s roommate. It would have been very beneficial for Albus to get the brat’s roommate on his side. He could have used the boy not only for information but also to push the brat towards Ron, Hermione, and Ginny. But no, the boy was just as stubborn as Harry was himself.

Ultimately he had chosen to hit the boy with a secrecy spell. He couldn’t have the boy telling his family about what had been going on in the class. Albus knew that Helen and her husband were more than capable of causing problems for him, and being from a well known neutral house he couldn’t just brush them off as being dark supporters. He had cast the spell at the boys back only a few weeks after the first term had started, it would stop the boy from being capable of telling his family anything about the classes other than the material.

He could still talk to the other students, but just not his family because if he had completely blocked the boy from speaking about it to anyone everyone would become extremely suspicious. Albus had ended up having to do that to a great many students. If they were from Slytherin he hadn’t bothered because those were people he could just brush off as being dark. It would be easy to say the reason they didn’t like Alastor or Nymphadora was because they were aurors, and, Alastor had more than likely put a member of their family in Azkaban and that was why they were complaining.

“I think we are going to have to get even more involved in the teaching at this school.” Sophia Zabini sighed. “This is honestly getting ridiculous. If you aren’t hiring incompetent teachers, or criminals, now you are hiring teachers that verbally abuse the students. I am putting forward a motion to have those two removed from their positions. I do understand that the year is almost done and some students may need them to help them prepare for exams, but I do not think that they should be rehired for next year.”
Most of the other board members agreed. Molly, of course, went off on another rant against Slytherin’s and dark wizards, but most had just learned to tune the woman out.

“I’m sure it’s just a slight misunderstanding. Alastor and Nymphadora both signed contracts for the next two years. It’s for the greater good that they retain their position.” Albus smiled.

“No. Their contracts will be cancelled.” Alice snapped. “When Neville brought this to my attention I looked into their contracts. There is a morals clause that they have clearly broken by emotionally abusing the students. We can use that to remove them from the school.”

“Then that is that. Alastor and Nymphadora will finish out the year and then they will be gone. We can’t have those sorts of people working here.” James smiled.

“Those sorts of people?!” Molly shrieked. “Just because Nymphadora is a half blood does not give you the right to treat her like this.”

“He didn’t say anything about their blood status.” Roger Davis said in a confused voice. All the other student representatives agreed. Roger was furious that his little brother was being treated the way he was. He just wished that Theo had come to him, but he did understand that Theo still did everything he could to avoid talking about his birth father and the abuse.

“Like the students said, I didn’t say anything about blood status. What I was referring to was the fact that they seem to think that it is fine to emotionally abuse children for things that happened when they were extremely young, or in the cases of the second years and some of the third years, before they were even born. As we have already covered, multiple times, in multiple different ways, it is never ok to abuse a child, wether it is physical, emotional, or mental, it is never ok.”

After that, the meeting carried on in typical fashion. Everyone talked and discussed little things, all making sure to touch on the final task. Most kept trying to get information about the task in a hopes of trying to increase security.

Even with all the power they had managed to wrestle away from the headmaster, the man still had too much control for their comfort.

St. Mungo’s - June 7, 2005

Dedalus Diggle sighed as he made his way to the long term care ward in St. Mungo’s. The time had finally come for him to die. And, after decades of fighting it, he had accepted his fate.

When Dedalus had been a young man he had worked in the transportation department. It hadn’t been glamorous, but he had been happy. Until the accident.

He had been working on a faulty floo when there had been a massive surge. The amount of power that had forced its way into his body had cracked his core. There was nothing that the healers could do. His magic would slowly bleed out of him until he died. The healers had only given him a few months to live, but Albus had offered him a chance to survive. And all he had to do was give him his unwavering loyalty.

It hadn’t seemed like much, after all, he was the great Albus Dumbledore, there was nothing too bad the man could do. Now he knew how wrong he had been. Dedalus had no doubt that the power Albus had arranged for him to get that kept him alive had come from those prisoners that had been found. As soon as the prison had been found the power he had been getting started to decrease, only increasing slightly whenever another one of Albus’s loyal older followers died.
But even then, Dedalus had been too afraid to die to do anything. But it all came to nothing in the end. Since Albus no longer had access to those poor souls, the power had been fading. Over the past year Dedalus had been growing weaker and weaker. Until now, he knew the end was near.

Dedalus was dying. And he wasn’t afraid.

No, he was ready. He was done living his life by stealing it from another.

He wished that he could let the world know just what kind of man Albus Dumbledore was, but a part of the loyalty vow he had taken so long ago was that he could never let anyone know anything negative he learned about the man. But he could still make the man suffer in his own way, but only after he died.

Since he had known what was going to happen Dedalus had been making plans. He had already arranged for Mundungus ‘Dung’ Fletcher to take over running his bar. He wished that he would be able to see Molly’s face when she learned that she was going to be working with a confessed criminal. If she thought the clientele he had was bad, just wait until she met Dung’s friends.

There was also the Diggle money. Since his injury was work related, and the ministry had thought he was going to die quickly, he had been given compensation. He had been receiving almost 1000 galleons a month ever since the accident. He had lived primarily off that, but he also had old family money. He had never been an overly materialistic man, so he didn’t tend to buy lots of things. He also hadn’t really seen the need for fixing up the manor, it had been just fine for him since he was almost never home.

But, there was no way he was going to allow Albus or Molly to touch a single knut of his families money. It was the legacy from his ancestors that they had absolutely no respect for. He knew them, they would waste everything it had taken generations to build in less than a year he was sure. No, they weren’t getting it.

Dedalus had come up with a plan. He had gone to the DCW. He had explained that he was the last of his bloodline, and that he didn’t want it to end with him. He had requested to be aloud to blood adopt a young orphan so that when he died, his blood would live on. It would also serve to give the child a prominent family name and a decent inheritance.

They had been a little weary at first, but had ultimately agreed. Dedalus had been introduced to a young 8 year old boy named Deven, and his 5 year old sister named Daisy. The children had been discovered after their mother’s car had hit an ice patch and gone off a bridge. In his fear, Deven, who had been holding on to his little sister, had apparated by accidental magic back onto the bridge.

The burst of accidental magic had been enough to get the attention of the accidental magic reversal squad who had gone to see what had happened only to find two terrified children. When they had at first approached the children Daisy had accidentally pushed them back using accidental magic of her own. Their mother had been a single parent, and they didn’t have any other family that they knew of so the children were going to be sent to the Sea Cliff Home.

After talking it out with the DCW as well as the staff at the Sea Cliff Home and the children the kids had agreed to being blood adopted. It wouldn’t change anything for them, they would still be going to the orphanage. But, when they came of age they would inherit the Diggle estate.

Dedalus had made arrangements with the goblins that after he died the manor would be closed down and repaired before being put into stasis for the children when they grew up. He had also made sure to give the kids copies of the family history so that they could learn what they were
going to inherit as they grew up. The goblins would hold the Diggle grimoire in trust for them to ensure that Dumbledore never got his hands on it.

Now, all he had to do was wait for his time. The healer that had examined him had said that he had a few months left, but he was too weak to manage on his own.

When they asked if they should contact his wife, Dedalus had told them they could if they wanted, but that he didn’t expect the woman to care. This had shocked the healers slightly as many believed Molly to be a good and caring woman. It gave Dedalus a little joy to damage the harpies reputation.

Hey, he was dying, he figured that entitled him to be a little mean.

Third Task - June 24, 2005

By the time the third task arrived Hadrian was nearly in a constant state of panic. He was barely sleeping or eating. Fleur had taken to practically force feeding him at meals.

The only thing that was really serving to distract him was studying for both the task and the exams in his self study classes. Since it was some of the only time he was able to relax even slightly, Hadrian threw himself into studying. There was no doubt that he was going to do amazing on the few exams he had.

And he wasn’t the only one. All of the other champions joined him in using studying to relax.

But, now it was the day. All four of them were nervous as they went to breakfast. They weren’t even going to pretend that they weren’t allies like many wanted, so they all sat together at Ravenclaw table.

Over the past few weeks Hadrian had had to deal with Dumbledore and his pawns all telling him he needed to win for the glory of Hogwarts. They all kept cornering him every chance they got to tell him he needed to start treating this as a competition and stop being so friendly with the others. He had even been lectured about how they were a danger to him. Hadrian had just ignored them since he knew the truth.

After breakfast, all four of the champions were guided to the side room where they met their families. Hadrian smiled as he saw his dad and Uncle Remus along with his little sisters. Both his papa and Sirius had exam review classes.

The day ended up being a lot of fun as everyone got to know each other. Both of Fleur’s parents, and Gabrielle, were happy to see him. Gabrielle ended up being instantly accepted by his sisters. Hadrian grinned as he saw the shock on the older Delacour’s faces as they saw how quickly the girls drew Gabrielle out of her shell. If anyone could make someone feel comfortable and talkative, it was his sisters.

Viktor’s mother was actually an activist for the rights of those with creature blood, so she was thrilled when she learned that Remus was a werewolf. She peppered him with all sorts of questions about his views on the treatment of those like him from a British perspective. Britain had been one of the most regressive countries when it came to protections for creatures so she wanted to get a first hand account.

Amos bonded quickly with Viktor’s dad. Both men had a similar personality and were soon enough
talking like they were old friends. A similar friendship was forming between Fleur’s mum and Cedrics.

That left James with Marius Delacour, much to his joy. By now everyone knew that it had been Marius who had had Dumbledore stripped of his position on the ICW and James loved the opportunity to get a first hand account of the look on the mans face.

But, all good things must come to an end. Soon enough it was time to head down to the quidditch pitch. The third task was about to begin.

Since Cedric and Hadrian would be going in together, they decided to just stay together and wait for the others around the first corner. But it didn’t seem things were going to be that easy.

As soon as both boys walked into the maze, the entrance they had just walked through closed up behind them. As they were trying to figure out where the others were going to come in from, a hedge shot out between them, separating them. It would seem they would just have to meet in the middle.

Hadrian set off. This time his trip through the maze wasn’t as easy as he remembered. Over the hour he walked, he didn’t just meet up with a sphinx, a boggart, and a mist that turned the world upside down, but also an occamy, quicksand, tangle vine, and almost had flubberworm mucus dumped on his head, thankfully his quick reflexes saved him.

Eventually, he saw a light ahead and walked out into the centre of the maze. The cup was on a pedestal in the centre of the clearing. Looking around, Hadrian saw that no one else was there so he just sat down to wait. Making sure he wasn’t near the hedges since he didn’t trust them not to attack.

About five minutes after he sat down Fleur made her way into the clearing. She looked a little worse for the wear, but in much better condition than she had been after the first two tasks.

Hadrian waved her over and she joined him on the ground. They had just started to discuss what each of them had faced when Viktor skidded into the area, glancing over his shoulder. He had had an unfortunate run in with a very persistent ghoul that apparently wanted a friend to hug, or strangle, Viktor hadn’t waited to figure out which.

Shortly after that, Cedric walked in, his eyes slightly glazed. At first Hadrian had started to panic thinking that it was the imperious, but then Cedric started talking about beautiful women that wanted him to come swimming with them but he had had to tell them no for some reason. Fleur laughed before she called up her veela side to break the sirens spell.

“Are we all ready?” Fleur asked in excitement.

“Just remember to be on guard, this just doesn’t feel right.” Hadrian reminded the others.

“I agree with Hadrian, something is off.” Cedric said as he glanced over his shoulder. He had been having cold chills running down his spine almost constantly since he first walked into the maze. He felt like something really bad was about to happen.

“Wands out. And, be ready for anything.” Viktor told the others.

Once they were all ready, they counted down from three. Viktor and Fleur grabbed the left handle at the same time Hadrian and Cedric took the right.
They all felt the hooking feeling in their stomachs as they were portkeyed away.

Up in the stands, all the parents nervously watched the maze. The hedges were so high, and it was already so dark out that the path was completely covered in shadow. They could only see the vague outline of the maze and the glowing cup in the middle.

Albus clearly hadn’t been thinking about the view the spectators would have when these tasks were designed. Severus thought this was just as much fun as watching the surface of the lake during the last task.

James, Severus, Remus, and Sirius were all wound as tight as was possible, but they were trying to play it off. The girls were noticing how nervous they were and that was putting them on edge. Sometimes it sucked to have observant children.

There was a collective gasp in the stadium as Hadrian made his way into the clearing in the centre of the maze. Everyone started to cheer as Hadrian made his way towards the cup, but then he sat down. Then there were all manner of sounds. Some remained excited, others were confused, and some were angrily demanding he take the cup.

But, it would seem Hadrian couldn’t see or hear them as he just sat and waited. They all watched as each champion made their way into the clearing, but none took the cup.

It was only after all four were there that they got up and surrounded the cup. When it became clear that they intended to take the cup together the crowd once again got both angry and excited. Some thought it was nice that they were sharing, but others were furious and said that it was cheating, not that they said how it was cheating.

James felt his heart stop as he watched the four champions take the cup and disappear.

Albus was annoyed as he saw the stupid Potter boy sit down in the centre of the maze. What was that fool doing? He was supposed to take the cup and be sent to Voldemort.

He knew that there was a good chance that he would die in this encounter, but Albus didn’t care. If the brat survived then many would look to him to save them, and that wasn’t what he needed. Albus needed the public to look to him, not the brat.

This might actually help him to regain his power. With the Potter brat dead, and Voldemort back, everyone would look to him to save them. He could easily use that to force the Wizengamot to declare him Chief Warlock for life.

Maybe, with a few well placed compulsions, Albus could get Voldemort to take his rein of destruction global. That would teach those fools on the ICW to question him. If he played this right, Albus knew he could regain all the power he had lost in the past years.

All he needed now was for the brat to take the cup. Honestly, what was he waiting for?

Finally, after all the others arrived, they took the cup together. Albus didn’t like the friendships that had been forming between the champions, but now that problem was solved. They would all die together now.

It might even help get attention from the international community as two of the soon to be dead
students were from other countries. Plus, this was going to make Marius suffer for what he had done to him.

So, all in all, this had worked out pretty well for him.

**Graveyard, Little Hangleton**

The four champions arrived in the graveyard in a crouched defensive position. Cedric had the strongest shields, so as soon as his feet hit the ground he threw up his strongest shield.

It was lucky he did as less than a second later a series of stunners hit the shield. The shield held.

Hadrian quickly looked around to figure out how things had changed. It would seem that Barty hadn’t kept Voldemort’s return to himself. There were five people in Death Eater robes in the graveyard with them. Then he looked for the cup, it seemed to have been thrown away from them and Hadrian couldn’t see where it was.

“We need to get somewhere with cover.” Hadrian whispered to the others as he threw a blasting hex to the ground in front of the death eaters causing large chunks of dirt to block their view. That was the problem with wearing masks into battle, it severely limited their field of vision.

With Hadrian’s distraction the others all quickly moved to hide behind some of the head stones. Hadrian and Cedric stayed together and went left, while Fleur and Viktor went right. Crouching down they looked to each other.

Hadrian was a little frustrated, he had wanted them to be hidden, but closer together. Viktor and Fleur were at least 4 feet away and that was too far. Cora and Ragnock had given him an emergency portkey at the beginning of the year and he was wearing it. He needed them all together before he activated it.

But that was driven momentarily from his mind as the Death Eaters refocused and started firing spells. Hadrian and the others might all be amongst the strongest in their schools, but they still weren’t a match for full grown wizards that had previously fought in a war and also been skilled enough to escape getting caught.

They all kept shooting spells from behind their shelter, and it was slowing the Death Eaters down, but they were still advancing. Hadrian was starting to panic as they got nearer.

“Bring me the boy, kill the rest.” A voice hissed.

Hadrian felt the fear as he heard that voice. He couldn’t let the others die for him. Not again. Never again. No one would ever die for him again.

Then he felt a tugging in his chest and Nemesis popped up in front of him with a flash of light. Hadrian had left her with his sisters to protect them.

Nem quickly looked around and summed up the situation. ‘Well you’ve gotten your self in quite the mess haven’t you.” Nem huffed in his mind.

Nem walked out in between the head stones. She was furious. Not only were they attacking her human, these were full grown adults attacking students. She was not going to let them get away with this.
Drawing on the well of magic within her. Nem walked forward as she summoned her lightning.

Hadrian could feel Nem calling on her power and then watched the flashes of lightning. He waved the others over to him.

“Hadrian?” Fleur whispered once she was next to him.

“I have an emergency portkey. Grab on.” Hadrian slid the pendent and chain over his head and held it out.

Each grabbed on. Hadrian called Nem back and once he had her in his free arm he triggered the portkey.

**Gringotts**

Hadrian and the others all arrived huddled together in the bank. Both Ragnock and Cora were there waiting for them.

“Are you all well?” Ragnock questioned.

“It doesn’t matter. They are not leaving here without a full check up anyways.” Cora huffed at her husband as she bustled forward.

“I think we’re all fine.” Hadrian smiled. “There is no need to get worked up Cora.”

“Don’t you tell me what to do youngling. You know very well that charming smile of yours won’t work on any healer worth their licence. Besides, I’m just fine.” Cora ran her hand over her growing stomach, she was almost half way through her 18 month pregnancy. “Give Ragnock your portkey and he will take some of our warriors to go and deal with those foolish trouble makers that thought they could attack one of ours.”

Hadrian only smiled at the over protective goblin as he handed over his portkey. "Come on guys, we aren’t getting out of a full check up."

The others all just grinned. Goblins were always such a gruff race, it was amusing to see them fuss over Hadrian like he was a disobedient child.

The four champions followed the clearly annoyed goblin healer to the medical ward. Once they were there, Cora gave Hadrian one of the contact mirrors so that he could let his family know that he was safe.

“Dad.” Hadrian said as he activated the mirror and saw his dad’s face.

“Hadrian, are you ok? Are you safe? Have you been hurt? What about the others? What’s happening?” His dad started.

“Give me that.” The mirror shook and Hadrian saw his papa’s face. “Are you safely at the bank? Is Nemesis with you? She just disappeared from your sisters arms.”

“We’re at the bank. We’re all doing fine.” Hadrian smiled at his papa. “I have Nem. Ragnock took some of their warriors to the graveyard and Cora has trapped us all in the healing ward. You might have to come save us, I think she’s gone crazy.” Hadrian stage whispered the last bit and got a cloth thrown at his head for it.
“Can you tell our parents we’re ok?” Fleur called out.

“I’ll let them know and we will all come to the bank to meet you.” Severus said before he ended the call. He was in a hurry, talking to his son was fine, but he wanted to have him in his arms and the only way that was going to happen was getting to the bank.

Hadrian and the others had convinced Cora to let them push a few of the beds together so they could sit together and talk. Cora had forbidden them from getting out of the beds, so this was their compromise. They didn’t really need to be in the beds, there had only been a few minor injuries from the maze and other than that they were in perfect health, but Cora was being over protective.

They were just eating the last of the biscuits Cora had given them when the door opened and their families were led in by a guard. Hadrian’s sisters, and Fleur’s little sister all ran in and joined them on the beds, attacking them with tears and hugs. Their parents quickly followed, all expressing both fear and relief.

There were so many questions coming from all different directions. Seeing her patients getting overwhelmed trying to answer all the different questions, Cora stopped them and forced them to all sit and start asking their questions in an orderly fashion.

Each of the adults took turns asking their questions under the watchful eye of the goblin. The children all worked together to explain everything they knew.

When they explained why they had waited and took the cup together all the other parents just stared. It was amazing to them. If even one of the four had gotten greedy then the rest could have lost everything. That level of trust in each other was astounding. It also once again infuriated them about what Dumbledore had done to their children.

They were going to make that man suffer for everything he had done. They were also going to be demanding answers on just how the Triwizard Cup was turned into a portkey. That shouldn’t have been possible.

Amos was glad that they were forcing the old fool to fix the wards. He knew that there was supposedly a ward that would stop any portkeyes from working on the grounds.

**Hogwarts**

Fred and George watched everyone as they tried to figure out what was going on. James had stopped by to let them know that Hadrian was safely at the bank and that they were going to get him. They would have wanted to go with them, but Severus had requested that they keep an eye on how everyone reacted. They still didn’t know who it was that added Hadrian’s name.

Most of the student body was panicking. While they had heard that everything that happened may have been an attempt on Hadrian’s life, it just hadn’t seemed real to them.

Right now, the ones they were watching the closest was Headmaster Dumbledore and Headmaster Karkaroff. If anything, Dumbledore looked… Smug. Karkaroff kept shooting the man odd looks. It was like he couldn’t decide if he was proud, afraid, or suspicious.

If they were betting men, which they were, they would say Karkaroff was the one who put Hadrian’s name in the goblet and had spelled it to be a portkey, but he hadn’t done it alone.
Dumbledore had to be involved some how.

He had been the one to pass the law forcing anyone who’s name came out of the goblet to compete. He was the one who drew the age line. He was the one that planned the challenges. And the Triwizard Cup had been stored in his office.

Everything connected back to the old man.

Glancing at each other they grinned. These fools were going to regret conspiring against their soul mate.

Albus was pleased as he surveyed his panicking students. Finally, a plan was working. Soon, the brat would be dead and Voldemort would be back. The public would be bowing at his feet again in no time.

As he was looking around he saw the looks Igor was shooting him. That man was going to have to go. He knew too much. It looked like it was time for an accident. He did consider letting Voldemort kill the man for his betrayal, but he just couldn’t trust that Igor wouldn’t be able to worm his way out of it. Given that he was the one that put the Potter boys name in the goblet Voldemort might actually believe the man.

Albus started looking around, wanting to see the look on Marius’s face with the loss of his eldest daughter. Now all he had left was the little one he had yelled at him for ‘endangering’.

But Marius wasn’t there. Starting to turn in circles he noticed the parents of all the champions appeared to be missing. Where had they gone? There was no way they could know where their kids were, it hadn’t even been ten minutes since the task ended.

He really should have guessed something was wrong. The fact that Amos and Marius weren’t there crying their fool heads off was proof enough of that. How could they have just disappeared? Weren’t they concerned about where their children were?

Surely if they needed help they would turn to him.

**Gryffindor Common Room**

Hermione and Ginny were angrily sitting in the common room. Because of Professor Black they were barred from attending the task. They had tried to convince Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall to let them go, but had been denied.

Hermione hadn’t really wanted to go, she really didn’t care about any of this stupid competition, but she had wanted the option. She thought that studying was more important right now. Right now she was more concerned with maintaining her position in her grade than attending some stupid competition.

Ginny, however, had really wanted to attend. She had wanted to see Harry win. She was sure he would, the others just weren’t as great.

Ginny just stared into the fire in her anger. Why didn’t Harry love her? Healer Savoy kept telling her that she needed to step back and look at what was going on. She had told Ginny so many times that maybe Ginny should turn her attention on someone who would give her the attention and love
she desired. But, Harry would do that, eventually. She just needed to make him see that she was perfect for him.

The two girls could hear all the noise from the task, but didn’t know what was going on. One thing they could figure was that whatever it was, people weren’t happy. There was the roar of the crowd, but it didn’t sound positive.

Then they heard screams of shock. Both went over to the windows to see if they could see anything, but they couldn’t.

Both of the girls were getting annoyed for not knowing what was going on when the portrait hole opened and the other students started streaming in.

“What happened?” Ginny demanded as soon as Ron sat down.

“I don’t really know.” Ron was confused by everything. “The task was a maze. The Triwizard Cup was in the center and the first to the cup won.”

“So… Who got to the cup first?” Ginny pushed.

“Harry.”

“Yay.” Ginny cheered with a huge grin.

“What happened? You don’t look like that’s all.” Hermione had looked up from her law book to see the confused look on Ron’s face.

“He didn’t take the cup. He just sat there and waited for all the others to get there.” Ron really didn’t understand. Harry had been so close to the glory of winning, and he hadn’t taken it. “When all four of them were there they took the cup together and disappeared. No one knows where they are. I heard some of the others saying that they thought Harry had been kidnapped by Death Eaters.”

“What?” Ginny shrieked. Her Harry had been kidnapped by Death Eaters. “What is the headmaster doing?”

“I don’t know, we were all just sent back to our dorms. He said that they would figure out what was going on and let us know in the morning.” Ron shrugged.

“Well what are we supposed to do?” Ginny questioned, annoyed at her brothers disregard for her fiancee’s safety.

“We study.” Hermione said as she put books into the two Weasley’s hands. “Ron, you and I have our runes and alchemy exams tomorrow, plus I have my law exam, and Ginny, you have arithmancy and charms. You’ve both been putting it off, but I have had enough. The exams are tomorrow, you need to study, unless you want to do summer school, again.”

“And what about Harry?” Ginny whined to the other girl. “He could be in danger.”

“The headmaster is dealing with it. If anyone can figure out what is going on and save Harry it’s him.” Hermione said in a superior voice before she forced them to study.
Amelia Bones made her way into Gringotts. She and her aurors had been at the school trying to figure out what had happened when she had received a message from Sirius telling her to come to the bank to get the answers.

It seemed a little odd, but she trusted that Sirius wouldn’t waste her time when it came to the safety of his godson. With that in mind she had left Kingsley in charge and made her way to the bank.

Amelia was slightly startled when she walked into the healing ward of the bank to see all four of their missing champions.

“I think I am going to need some explanations.” She went to sit down and pulled out a notebook so she could get it all done.

“The cup was a portkey.” Hadrian said.

“We had expected something was going to happen since nothing out of the ordinary had happened yet and there had to have been some reason Hadrian was entered.” Viktor supplied.

“Where did you end up?” Amelia stopped writing and just spelled her quill to record everything for her.

“We ended up in a graveyard. There were five people in Death Eater robes waiting.” Cedric told her.

“How did you get away?” Amelia was shocked that all four had gotten away.

“Cedric threw up a really strong shield as soon as we landed.” Fleur, along with all the others in the room sent Cedric a grateful look. Amos puffed up proudly as he laid a hand on his sons shoulder. “Hadrian summoned Nemesis and she did something and then we used Hadrian’s emergency portkey to bring us here.”

“Nemesis?”

“Nemesis is my familiar, she is a lightning kitsune.” Hadrian held up the sleeping fox. She had worn herself out forcing the Death Eaters away from the champions. “She summoned her lightning as a distraction so we could gather together for me to activate my portkey.”

“And why did you have a porkey?”

“Young Hadrian was declared a goblin friend.” Cora answered for them. “From the moment he was forced into that farce he has worn an emergency portkey that would bring him to us.

There was an activation phrase, but we also added a few key features. If at any time our Hadrian was unconscious or spelled immovable for more than 10 minutes it would automatically activate. We will not have the life of an honorary member of our clan endangered by the foolishness of wizards.”

Amelia was a little stunned. It had been generations since a goblin friend was named. She didn’t even know what being a goblin friend entailed.

“Can I see this portkey to see if I can track it back to where they were taken? We need to see if we can figure out who was behind this kidnapping.”
“There is no need for that.” Ragnok strode into the ward, a few injured goblins following, none with more than a few scratches. The only reason they even went to the ward was because Ragnock knew that if Cora ever learned he hadn’t brought them his life would be over. The only thing scarier than a goblin female, was a pregnant goblin female.

Cora moved to heal the warriors as they came in. It only took a few quick spells and a blood replenisher and they were all good as new. They all quickly excused themselves to go and join in the victory festivities. The goblin warriors of the goblin nation had gotten to draw the blood of their enemies for the first time in a very long time. This was something to celebrate.

“Why is there no need?” Amelia asked hesitantly. She knew just how dangerous goblins could be and wondered what had happened to have goblins coming to be healed before leaving happily. It had sent a shiver down her spine when she saw that the goblins had been practically… grinning.

“An attack on a goblin friend is an attack on the goblin nation. According to our treaties the goblins have the right to respond with force in the event of an attack on the goblin nation.

Earlier our warriors used the portkey to find the attackers. One had already fled, but four others were apprehended.” Ragnock was furious that one had gotten away, but glad they had caught the others. “You may view their sentencing if you wish, it will be starting in ten minutes. As you four are amongst their victims you are invited to ensure that justice is done.”

“They need to be tried in the Wizangamot.” Amelia said at that.

“No. They don’t. In accordance with the 1589 treaty if both wizards and goblins are attacked those who capture the criminal get to punish them first. As they were apprehended by goblin forces they are our prisoners. You may put in claims to have them charged in your courts but you will only be able to get them once they have served their punishment here.” Ragnock gave a toothy grin.

Everyone decided they wanted to see this, it wasn’t often wizards were able to witness a goblin trial.

Arriving in an amphitheater like room, the champions and their families took seats. All of them were surprised when Tamsan Dove came and sat with them.

She explained that Luna had sent her and told her to tell one of the goblin guards that she was sent there in regards to goblin friend Hadrian. They just trusted that Luna had a reason to send her, even if they didn’t see it yet.

“Wait, did you say sentencing? Don’t they need a trial first?” Cedric questioned Ragnock when he suddenly realized what had been said.

“Yes. Goblins do not run things the way your people do. They were caught in the act and as such are already shown to be guilty. Now, since one got away they will be given truth serum and ordered to provide all the information they have on this plot. Once that is done they will be given their sentence.” Ragnock explained to the humans just as the goblin judge came in and the four Death Eaters were brought in.

“I call to order the sentencing of Alecto Carrow, Amycus Carrow, Thorfinn Rowle, and Walden Mcnair. They are guilty of the attack of Hadrian Potter-Black, a friend of the goblin nation and as such are guilty of attacking the goblin nation.

As goblin Friend, Hadrian Potter-Black and others have reported five attackers and there were only
four when our noble warriors arrived, they will be questioned about this discrepancy. Each has been given goblin truth serum, questioning will be carried out by law goblin Grimfang.” The judge announced in a formal voice.

“Alecto Carrow, how many others were with you when you attacked goblin friend Hadrian Potter-Black and his allies?”

“Four.”

“Alecto Carrow, what were there full names?”
“Amycus Carrow, Thorfinn Rowle, Walden Mcnair, and Bartemius Crouch Jr.”

“Alecto Carrow, what happened to Bartemius Crouch Jr.?”
“After Potter-Black and the others escaped he fled.”

“Alecto Carrow, do you know where he is now?”
“No.”

“Alecto Carrow, do you know where he would have gone?”
“He may have gone to Riddle Manor.”

“Alecto Carrow, where is Riddle Manor?”
“Atop the hill overlooking Little Hangleton, England.”

The Judge looked to the warriors that were standing at the side of the hall and gave them a nod. Swiftly and silently they made their way out. Everyone knew where they were going.

“Alecto Carrow, how did you get goblin friend, Hadrian Potter-Black, into the Triwizard Tournament?”

“Igor Karkaroff put his name into the cup.”

All those in the stands were shocked. Viktor hadn’t thought that his headmaster would do something like that. Hadrian and his family were all surprised because they hadn’t thought Karkaroff would have worked for the man. According to the journals, Karkaroff had fled and been killed by Death Eater’s last time. It had never occurred to them that he would help them.

“Alecto Carrow, how did the Triwizard cup become a portkey?”

“Igor Karkaroff spelled it when he volunteered to place it in the maze.”

“Alecto Carrow, where is Igor Karkaroff now?”

“Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

“Alecto Carrow, why did you kidnap goblin friend, Hadrian Potter-Black, and his allies?”

“He was to be used in a ritual to bring back my Lord. We were going to sacrifice him for our Lords resurrection.”

“Alecto Carrow, did you plan to kill goblin friend, Hadrian Potter-Black?”
“Yes.”

“Alecto Carrow, did you plan to kill goblin friend Hadrian Potter-Black’s allies, Cedric Diggory, Fleur Delacour, and Viktor Krum, and if so, why?”

“Yes. We were to kill anyone that got between us and Hadrian Potter-Black.”

“Alecto Carrow, are you admitting to the planned attack and attempted murder of goblin friend Hadrian Potter-Black and his allies Cedric Diggory, Fleur Delacour, and Viktor Krum?”

“Yes.”

Grimfang then went through and asked all the others the same questions. All gave the same answers. Once it was all done, the judge called attention back to himself.

“Alecto Carrow, Amycus Carrow, Thorfinn Rowle, and Walden Mcnair, all of you have been found guilty for attacking the goblin nation and the attempted murder of an honorary member of the goblin nation. As such you are each sentenced to 200 years in the goblin mines, your magic shall be bound, and your assets shall be seized and divided amongst the goblin nation and those to whom you intended harm.

This ends the sentencing of Alecto Carrow, Amycus Carrow, Thorfinn Rowle, and Walden Mcnair. This case is closed. No considerations shall be aloud, and there will be no chance of reduction of sentence. Guards, take them to the mines.”

Everyone watched as the four were removed from the court room. Ragnock invited them all back to his office so that he could explain a few things to them.

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**Hogwarts**

Filius Flitwick was not happy. Normally he could make the best of any situation, but right now he was furious.

One of his students had been forced to compete in an extremely dangerous tournament for the entertainment of others. Now, that same student, as well as all the others, had been kidnapped. And there was nothing he could do.

He had just managed to get all of his students, minus one, into his house to request that they stay calm and stay safe. No one yet knew just how the others were kidnapped and he wasn’t going to risk any of his other students. Once all the students were safely inside the entrance was sealed. It was one of the schools defences in the event of something like this. All students were sealed in their dorms that only a head of house or the headmaster could bypass until it was determined the rest of the students were safe.

He knew that his students were worried, but he didn’t know what to tell them. One of their own was in danger and he didn’t know how to help. The aurors had sent everyone away so he couldn’t even track the portkey residue.

Filius was going to see if there was anything he could do to help when a house elf popped up next to him and told him that there were goblins at the front gate demanding to speak with him. Filius made his way down to the gate as fast as he could.

“How may I help you?” Filius asked after he bowed and formally greeted each of the goblins.
“We are here to arrest Igor Karkaroff for the kidnapping and assisting in the attempted murder of goblin friend Hadrian Potter-Black.” The lead warrior informed him as Filius lead them to the Durmstrang boat.

“Attempted? Hadrian is ok? The others?” Filius was desperate for information.

“Yes, all are well and attending the sentencing of the other kidnappers. After they are subjected to one last scan by Healer Cora they will be released.”

“Do their families know? They disappeared from the school rather quickly.”

“Yes, their families are with them and will most likely be returning with them.”

Filius and the warriors went onto the boat to find the headmaster, but he wasn’t there. The students told them that he never came back from the third task. Even with that the goblins still searched the boat, but found no evidence of where he may have gone.

Filius calmed the Durmstrang students by telling them that their classmate was fine and would be back soon before he followed the goblins off the boat. The goblins all stared up at the school and looked around the ground, there weren’t enough of them to properly search and they told Filius so.

“Otis.” Filius called.

The aged head house elf popped into view right next to him. “Duel Master Flitwick calls for Otis?”

“Otis, we have an enemy that has endangered the students. Can you have the house elves check the school and grounds for any trace of Igor Karkaroff?”

You wouldn’t think that a house elf could look vicious, but Otis did upon hearing that there was a danger to the students. “It shall be done.”

“Come, join me in my office while they search.” Filius guided the goblins to his office.

All knew that if the man was on school grounds the elves would find him. Goblins understood the loyalty of house elves. They might not understand their life style, but they understood their fierce devotion to what they considered theirs.

It took only about 20 minutes before Otis popped into Filius’s office.

“Duel Master Flitwick I is sorry to report that Igor Karkaroff is not on school grounds. We elves’s found traces of his magic leading from the quidditch stadium to the front gate and out into Hogsmeade. The traces were faint and we’s believe he left as soon as the students’s was taken.”

Otis hung his head.

“Thank you for your information and work head elf Otis. It has helped our hunt greatly.” The lead goblin bowed to the house elf. He was not willing to disrespect one who saved them time and gave them a new lead at the same time. “We shall continue to track our enemy.”

“Allow me to show you out.” Filius added his thanks for the elves work before escorting the goblins out.

Gringotts

“Ragnock, is there any word on Barty Crouch Jr.?” James asked as soon as they were in the office.
“Unfortunately no. The manor is abandoned. The same for Igor Karkaroff. Our warriors went to Hogwarts and searched. Traces of his magic were found leading away from Hogwarts. The man seemed to have fled. Have no fear, we shall hunt them until they are retrieved, one way or another.

Now, something else to worry about. Cora has insisted on giving all of you a health scan before she will let any of you leave, and I am not brave enough to tell her no.”

Apolline chuckled as she saw the goblin admit he feared his pregnant wife. She had always known goblins, although obsessed with fighting, were a wise race. “I think that will be fine.”

“Chief Ragnock, I was wondering, what did the judge mean about their assets being seized?” Cedric questioned.

“In the goblin nation any crime results in the loss of all monetary assets that are then given to the victims.” Ragnock took the legal file on his desk while his wife started her scans. “Between the four of them they had…3.82 million galleons. As such, each of the four of you, and the bank, shall be receiving…764,046 galleons each. I will need to get your vault numbers to have the money transferred in.” Ragnock announced.

Everyone just stared at him for a moment.

“Are you serious?” Viktor questioned in shock.

Although he was doing just fine financially now, he hadn’t grown up wealthy. Even now, that was still a lot of money. Even the highest paid quidditch players only made a maximum of about 200,000 galleons per year.

“No, I’m Sirius.” Sirius said on instinct.

Everyone chuckled softly when Remus cuffed the man upside the head.

“You’re really giving us that much money?” Cedric questioned.

Like Viktor, Cedric had never had that kind of money. Although his family lived comfortably on the profit from the little antiques shop his dad’s family owned, that was more than they got in 5 years.

“Yes, it is rightfully yours as one of the intended victims.” Ragnok told him patiently. He understood that it was a lot of money to some.

Fleur was a little startled, but she had grown up in a wealthy family, so that much money was less surprising to her. Her mum had always insisted that she wasn’t just a pretty face and had had her helping her with the businesses they owned since she was 14. She knew that her families income was close to 5 million galleons per year.

For Hadrian, it wasn’t nearly as valuable. Since the goblins had gotten the idea of using something like credit cards from him, he got a portion of the profit. That profit easily totalled 2 million galleons per year. Added to that was the businesses he owned from his inheritance plus the investments he had the goblins make with his account. All in all, Hadrian made well over 10 million galleons per year.

“What about their families?” Cedric worried. He didn’t know if any of them had families that would need the money.

“Only Alecto and Amycus Carrow had any remaining family. They had a younger brother, but he
walked away from the family when he came of age. He has refused to have anything to do with his elder siblings since that day. Even if you offered him the money I doubt he would accept.” Ragnock said.

“Yes, he would refuse. Aaron Carrow is a good man.” Sirius said, he had known him when they were kids, though Aaron was a few years younger. “His wife is a muggleborn who’s entire family was killed by the Death Eaters.”

“Doesn’t he have kids at the school?” Remus questioned.

“Yes, twin girls. Hestia and Flora. They’re second year Slytherins.” Severus answered. “I agree with Sirius. Aaron Carrow swore he would never accept anything from his family. I think the only reason he kept the last name was because of his grandfather who had always protected him.”

The other three champions gave Ragnock their vault information, he didn’t need Hadrian’s as he already knew it, so that he could arrange for the money transfer. After that was all done it was time for the students to head back to Hogwarts. Cora had given them all a clean bill of health, other than Ariadne being in the beginning stages of a cold, for which she got a potion.

Hogwarts

Everyone tiredly made their way back to the school. Between the task, the graveyard, arriving at the bank, the healing ward, waiting for their families, the sentencing, and then the explanations in Ragnocks office it was late. It was almost 3 am.

They were all exhausted and breakfast started in 4 hours. Severus had told them they could all sleep in, but they wanted to be at breakfast in the morning. Amelia was going to be attending so she could tell the entire school what had happened. They all wanted to be there for that, also to let their friends know they were fine.

Since both Barty Crouch and Igor Karkaroff had escaped it was still classified as an open case they weren’t aloud to talk about it. Amelia was going to tell the students and staff what they were legally aloud to know. She hoped that that would keep the students from harassing the four champions to tell them what happened.

Severus was going to arrange guest quarters for Amelia as well as the families of the other champions. He knew they would want to be close to their children, but all four wanted to be able to spend their last few days of school with their friends.

Since Viktor, Fleur, and Cedric were all seventh years they would officially be done with school in two days. Their families had all agreed to allow them to stay until the end of the school year. Both Viktor’s and Fleur’s families were planning on returning to their home countries with their school delegations. It had taken more than a little negotiation by Cedric and Hadrian to get their parents to agree to letting them ride the train home.

They all knew that it was going to be an interesting few months until they could convince their families they were safe.

Arriving at the school they were met at the gate by Filius. He had been waiting there since he heard that the students would be returning. Filius had wanted to make sure for himself that they were fine.
“Are you sure you’re all ok?” Filius squeaked as he led them up the path to the school.

“Yes Filius.” Severus smiled, he was grateful that Filius showed such care to his students, especially since his son was one of those students. “We were all given medical exams before we were aloud to leave. The only thing we learned was Ariadne is getting a cold, but we gave her the potion to stop it.”

“Can you tell me anything? I know the goblin warriors were here but couldn’t find Igor.” The curiosity was killing Filius.

“I will be making a public announcement at breakfast tomorrow.” Amelia said. “Due to the escapes it is still an open case so everyone has been requested not to speak of the specifics of the case.”

Filius nodded. He knew that there were some things that just needed to stay private, especially when it came to investigation. He also knew that he was going to have to speak to his house. Sometimes their curiosity and drive to learn could be a curse.

“Here.” Severus handed out potions. “These are double sleep potions that I picked up from Cora. Take them just as you go to bed and it will allow you to get twice the amount of rest, so the four hours we have left will seem like eight.”

“Why don’t we get these more. This would make studying so much easier.” Cedric had wished he had something like this when he was prepping for his OWLs and NEWTs.

“Because if taken more than once a month it loses its effectiveness. It can also risk addiction if taken more than three times in a year.” Severus informed him. He didn’t want any of them getting any ideas about using potions like this.

The students all took their potions and, after being practically hugged to death by their families, headed for their beds. Severus, as deputy headmaster, guided the other families to the rooms he was having the castle and elves arrange for them while the students were escorted away by the others.

**Durmstrang Ship**

Viktor was escorted to the ship by the little professor. Once he was there safe he bid the others goodnight. Fleur had walked down with them and was now being escorted to the Beauxbatons carriage.

Making his way onto the ship, Viktor went to make his way to his small room as quietly as he could. But there was a light glowing in the communal living area.

“What are you still doing up?” Viktor questioned when he saw that every single Durmstrang student was sitting there talking.

“Goblins came to search for Headmaster Karkaroff.” One said.

“What is going on? Was he involved?” Another questioned in their native language.

Viktor thought. He knew he couldn’t give specifics, but he knew they wouldn’t settle for nothing. He needed to say something, and he knew just what it was.

“Karkaroff is no longer one of us. He broke the code and attacked one of our own without honour.”
Durmstrang had very strict rules. One of the most important was that when in someone else’s territory you never attacked one of your own. Another was that if you were going to attack one of your own you never did it behind their back. It was fine to dishonour an enemy, but never one of your own.

By attacking him the way he had, risking his death, Karkaroff had betrayed the rules all those of Durmstrang knew from half way through their first year. Karkaroff was now the enemy. He would never find comfort or safety with any from Durmstrang again.

The other students just nodded their understanding before silently making their way to bed. There really wasn’t anything to say. Their headmaster had shown he had no honour, and by fleeing, proven he was a coward.

Any respect they may have once had for the man was now gone. But for now, bed was more important.

**Beauxbatons Carriage**

Fleur slowly walked up the few steps into the carriage. She smiled when she saw many of the others passed out sleeping on the floor and couches in the main area. It would seem they had been waiting for her.

Going further back into the carriage she pressed a button next to the largest door. It was their headmistresses room. Madame Maxime had set it up so they could get her whenever they needed her. The button would set off an alarm in her room.

“Yes. What is wrong?” Madame Maxime yawned as she opened her door, then she spotted who it was. “Fleur my darling. Are you ok? What happened?”

“I’m Fine Madame Maxine. So are the others. I can’t really tell you anything about what happened because it’s still an open case. It will all be explained at breakfast in the morning. I just wanted to let you know that I was back.” Fleur told her as she yawned.

“Thank you for letting me know, now, off to bed. You must be exhausted.”

Fleur didn’t even think to argue and just made her way to her room.

**Hufflepuff Common Room**

Professor Black escorted Cedric to his common room. It seemed none of the adults were going to take any chances with them.

Cedric made his way into his common room only to see a large number of his housemates cuddled up on the couches while Professor Sprout was trying to comfort them. None seemed to have noticed him coming in, to caught up in their fear.

“Shouldn’t everyone be in bed? It is way past bedtime, and there are exams starting in a few hours.” Cedric said, drawing everyones attention.

Everyone rushed forward to hug him. Cedric wondered if he had survived Death Eaters just to be smothered to death by Hufflepuff’s.

“I’m fine. So are the others.” Cedric smiled. “I actually can’t tell you guys anything. I know, I know.” Everyone had groaned. “It’s an on going case so Madame Bones has requested that we not say anything. She will be announcing everything at breakfast tomorrow, so if you guys want to know what’s going on we better get to bed.”

Pomona was pleased as she saw her students make their way to their dorms without too much fuss. All making sure to let Cedric know they were happy he was safe. She had been trying to get everyone to bed for over an hour but understood why they were all so upset.

Once the common room was empty Cedric started to head for his room, before he looked back at his head of house. “Goodnight professor.”

In his dorm Neville let out a sigh of relief. Hadrian was safe.

**Ravenclaw Common Room**

James walked Hadrian up to his dorm. Both were quiet as they thought about everything that had happened. Hadrian was glad that things had worked out so well given how bad it could have turned out. They all could have been killed, instead they were all safe and four Death Eaters were now being punished for their crimes, and Voldemort hadn’t been able to return. James just kept going back to how his son could have been killed. He knew that Hadrian had always seemed older than he was given his past, but he was still only 14.

“I’m fine dad.” Hadrian said as they reached the entrance.

“I know. It was just scary. I know you had plans, but you will never understand just how it felt to watch you disappear like that and know there was nothing I could do to stop it.” James’s voice held his fear. “It’s just going to take some time until You’re papa and I are ready to trust that you are safe.”

They hugged goodnight and Hadrian went inside.

James turned slowly and headed back towards the exit. While the other families would be staying in guest quarters at the school James and the rest of their family would be going to their homes. They were just going to floo back in to Sev’s office in the morning to be there for breakfast.

It had been decided that it was best to take the girls home and let them sleep in their own beds. There was no need to disrupt their routine any more than they had to.

There were more than a few ravens up studying. They all looked up when he walked in. Both Padma and Luna ran over to hug him.

“You guys do know it’s after 3 am right?” Hadrian looked around.

“We couldn’t sleep so we decided to study.” Theo told him around a yawn.

Hadrian held up his hand before anyone could start asking questions. “Madame Bones is going to be explaining things tomorrow morning… So if you want to know you will have to go to bed so
you can get up for breakfast.” Hadrian smiled, he knew the drive to know would force them all to bed.

With a few grumbles everyone started to get up and go to bed. They were all exhausted anyway, they just hadn’t been able to sleep out of worry. Now that they knew Hadrian and the others were safe they might be able to get a few hours of sleep.

Just as Hadrian was getting into bed he realized that, while Neville would know because of Cedric, none of his friends in Slytherin or Gryffindor knew that they were safe. He quickly wrote out a few notes and called a house elf.

He asked the elf to deliver the notes. If they were awake just hand them the note, and if they were asleep then just leave it on their bedside table.

Hadrian didn’t know it, but the elf delivered each note in to the hands of its recipient. It was only after reading the notes that Draco, Lily, and Autumn were able to go to bed and actually fall asleep.

Great Hall - June 29, 2005

Albus was sitting in his throne like chair looking out at the students. He was already planning on what he was going to say to the students. They needed to believe that he was sad about the, more than likely, chance that the champions had all been killed.

Most of last night had been spent hunting down Igor. The man had been clever, but not clever enough.

Igor had ran when he had seen Albus's reaction to the disappearance of the champions. He had finally realized that he had been played. Albus had known that the man was a liability so he had started to track his magical signature, making sure to erase his own. It took a lot of power to fully erase ones magical signature, but it had been worth it.

Now, although he was exhausted, and had to take multiple wide eye potions just to get out of bed, Igor was dead. Albus had made it look like a drunken accident. The man was floating down the river just outside of Hogsmeade. Depending on when he was discovered, if ever, it would be impossible to link it back to him.

All he needed to do now was get everything in order with the aurors. He wished that Amelia Bones hadn’t gotten involved, but he was sure that he could get her on his side. After all, her brother and his wife had been kidnapped by the man. Surely he could sway her to his side once Voldemort made his resurrection known.

Albus wondered just how Voldemort was going to return. Igor had told him that he had had some sort of ritual, but since Albus had lost his library when the pub burned down he didn’t know what it was. He knew about the horcruxs, but it really irritated him not to know about the ritual.

The more he thought about it the more he thought of just how much he didn’t know. Albus had always prided himself on knowing exactly what was going on and who was involved, but in this he was almost clueless.

He didn’t know who else was involved. He didn’t know where the ritual was being performed. He didn’t know what was going to happen with the bodies. He didn’t know what the aurors were
He needed to get control. But, with the death of their saviour the public would be weak and open to his guidance. Like sheep in need of their shepherd.

Through all of his musings he never noticed that there was an extra table set up.

When the champions all woke up they knew what they were to do. Sending their friends on ahead, they went to meet up with their parents and Madame Bones. They were all going to go to the great hall. Everyone was all still tired, but thanks to the potions they weren’t exhausted.

Amelia came out of her room going over copies of the different reports that had been filed by her aurors. There wasn’t much more information. They had people out looking for both Barty and Karkaroff, but they weren’t having any luck. She knew that the goblins were also in search of the two and they would let her know if they found anything.

After having a few quick words with each other, they all headed down.

The great hall was quiet as the students whispered to each other. All trying to figure out what was happening. Half of the student body already knew that the champions were safe but weren’t talking about it out of respect for what they had been told the night before. The other half of the school knew something was going on, but didn’t know what it was.

Albus had just gotten his speech worked out in his head and his sad face on and started to get up to call the attention of the students when Amelia led her party into the great hall. There was chaos.

Most of the Gryffindors and Slytherins were surprised to see the missing champions. Many were glad they were safe, but there were a few that weren’t impressed. Some of the children of Death Eaters had heard over Yule break that something was happening, but it was clear whatever it was had failed since the champions all looked unhurt, Potter-Black especially.

There were a few students that wanted to get up and rush to the champions, but they knew from the look on Madame Bones’s face, as well as the head shake from the champions, that they needed to stay put. So everyone just watched as the group all walked up to the front of the hall.

“Amelia, I see you found our lost students.” Albus smiled, trying to pretend that he was happy.

Albus couldn’t believe it. The brat was alive and he was here. Voldemort was supposed to kill him, not let him come back to the school. Then there was the involvement of Amelia. Amelia and the DMLE being involved was the last thing he needed.

If he had managed to get one of his people in charge of the investigation then he would be able to direct them in the wrong direction. But no, Amelia seemed to have taken over the case. Which meant he would have no control over the investigation. Amelia just didn’t listen properly.

He had spent so much time the night before getting rid of the loose end known as Igor, so he hadn’t been able to check in on who the DMLE had sent to his school. After all the work of cleaning up his magical signature he had been so exhausted he had gone straight to bed.

“Actually they found us.” Amelia gave him a frigid smile before she turned to address everyone. “As you can all see, your fellow classmates have returned safe and sound.
It was decided that I would tell you everything you need to know. This is still an open case so the others aren’t aloud to give anyone specifics of the case. But we all do understand that you would be curious so I will tell you what I can. I would request that you not question the others on what happened last night, at least until the case is closed.

Now, as you all know at the end of the third task all four champions disappeared after taking the triwizard cup. That is because the cup was a portkey. They were taken to an undisclosed location where there were 5 Death Eaters waiting.

As we had suspected the entrance of Hadrian Potter-Black into the tournament was a set up. Thankfully this attack had been suspected not only by us but by the champions themselves. Working together they managed to escape unharmed.

Four of the Death Eaters have already been apprehended. One did manage to escape and a search has already been organized. He is not believed to be anywhere near the school, but we will be keeping an eye on things just to be safe. His name is Bartemius Crouch Jr. and his photo will be made public in the papers.

Also, it would appear that Headmaster Igor Karkaroff also played a part in what happened last night and is wanted for questioning. If any of you have any information please speak with myself or one of the aurors here at the school.

With all that said, please go back to enjoying your breakfast.”

The hall had been nearly completely silent as Amelia had spoken, but as soon as she finished the students started whispering with their friends filling the room with a dull roar.

While their families sat at the extra table that the elves had set up for them, all four champions went and sat together at the Ravenclaw table. Luna had spoken to a few of the others, so there was plenty of room for them. Many of the Ravenclaws had understood that the champions would most likely prefer to stay together so they were sitting with friends at other tables.

Draco, Neville, Fred, George, Autumn, Lily, and Fey had all sat at the Ravenclaw table when they entered. Luna had also warned them that the champions would all be sitting at the blue table. Everyone had been understanding for the most part.

It took Albus a few moments before he forced himself to work through everything he had just learned. He was ready to start screaming and cursing everyone in sight.

Not only were his own people proving useless, Voldemort’s were as well. How had those fools not only failed to kill the brat, but got caught? He needed information. Why hadn’t any of his people informed him?

Sure, he had closed and locked his office when he had returned, but they still could have sent him a letter. Didn’t anyone understand the importance of information like that? Now, because he hadn’t been warned he was going to have to completely rework his plans again.

Everything he had been working on had relied on the brats death, but no. The brat just had to survive. Albus was ready to kill the boy himself just to make sure he did what he wanted, but no… He needed to keep a cool head. In spite of everything the brat was still the peoples hero. If he could just gain control of him then he would be able to follow his original plans. But how?
Everything he had been doing for years hadn’t worked. The brat just wasn’t what he had intended. Why oh why did the Dursley’s have to lose the boy. It had taken him so many years, but he had finally managed to track them down and learn that the brat had run away when he was only 5. They were supposed to have kept the boy imprisoned.

But, no? They had lost the boy only four years after he had delivered him to them. And they hadn’t bothered to inform him. He had made them suffer for that failure. It was just unfortunate that he hadn’t been able to kill them like they had deserved for destroying his plans. He hadn’t wanted there to be any more attention paid to them, and if they had been found dead there was a risk that somehow the brat or his family would learn of it.

Albus just sat and stared. This summer he was going to have to work hard to get everything back the way he wanted it. He remembered Molly whining to him that the DCW hadn’t done anything with her reports of child abuse against Severus, Sebastian, Remus, and Sirius. He was going to have to speak to the Wizengamot about the DCW not properly doing their job.

If it worked out properly then he might manage to discredit both the DCW and the brats so called family. He knew Molly wanted custody of the boy, but Albus wasn’t sure. If Ron and Ginny were the best examples of her parenting ability then he really didn’t want her anywhere near the boy. He needed the brat weak and subservient.

Albus was honestly starting to question his original plan of using Molly and Ron. So far, he wasn’t willing to give up on his plans of marrying the boy to Ginny. The girl was overbearing and controlling like her mother and as long as he was the one to dictate the terms of their marriage contract he knew he would be able to control them both.

But he was still wary. None of his plans had been working the way he wanted. He didn’t want to risk another public backlash if things didn’t go the way he wanted. He was going to have to find someone that he could use to get the job done, but still allow him some deniability just in case things went wrong.

And through all this, he needed to figure out what to say to the students.

Albus pulled the world back into focus just to hear the students cheer. Looking around he saw that that idiot, Ludo Bagman, was announcing the final scores of the tournament. The man was covered in a thin sheen of sweat. Albus knew that the man was now in debt with the goblins.

At least he knew the man was going to suffer after taking his spotlight. Albus knew good and well that Ludo had every last galleon he had, and much more, riding on the out come of this tournament. And, judging by his shifting eyes, and the dark circles underneath them, he had just lost it all. The goblins weren’t going to be kind.

Although the students were happy that Hogwarts had ultimately won, there were many that were still angry about the four champions taking the cup together. No one yet understood why they had. Even Albus was confused by that. Didn’t those children understand the kind of glory they had given up by going about things the way they had? Now they had to share.

Albus watched and listened as Ludo finished his announcement and retook his seat. It was his time to regain the students attention.

“Yes, yes. Well done my boys. This evenings dinner shall be a grand feast.” Albus announced as he grinned at them all. “Now, while I do understand that last evening was more than a little dramatic,
many of you still have exams to finish up so I shall only wish you all good luck.”

After that many of the students had to tiredly go to take their exams.

**Study Nook**

Hadrian met the other champions in the study nook just before lunch. There was plenty of things that needed to be discussed.

Cedric had arrived around the same time given that he managed to finish the written part of his transfiguration exam early, he would be doing the practical portion after lunch. Both Fleur and Viktor had had to do their WOMBATs. The WOMBATs or the Wizards' Ordinary Magic and Basic Aptitude Test, were the equivalent of the NEWTs in the wider world. While there were a few countries that had their own systems like Britain with the OWLs and NEWTs, most countries used the WOMBATs that were administered by the ICW.

The four all talked about when they were going to release the information about why they had all taken the cup at the same time. After discussing it they had all agreed that they wanted to do it at the time that would do the most damage. They were all more than a little disgruntled at what had happened to them and wanted Dumbledore to pay for what he had done that year.

Eventually they agreed that the information would be released before the Wizengamot meeting during the summer. That would not only make him look incredibly bad, but it would also distract him. Hadrian had told the others that his dad, who he referred to as Sebastian, was planning to put forward a major bill. If they threw Dumbledore off balance there was an even better chance of the bill going through.

After their timing was decided they all carried on with their day.

**Great Hall**

After the students had finished a long day of exams everyone congregated in the great hall for dinner. Everyone was thrilled. Their exams were finished, they would be going home tomorrow before lunch, and it was the awards feast for the Triwizard tournament. This was a feast for so many reasons.

Everyone was still gossiping about what they had learned at lunch. While the Daily Prophet had been delivered at breakfast like usual, The Seer hadn’t. Hadrian and the other champions had all assumed, correctly, that the Lovegood’s had held off on publishing until after Tamsin managed to get everything in order for her report on the goblin trial.

At lunch The Seer was delivered. And, as suspected, when the paper was delivered the entire front page was covered in what had happened the evening before. The rest of the hall had been stunned when they saw that it hadn’t been the aurors that had captured the Death Eater’s, but the goblins.

Everyone was a little stunned when they read the sentences. While everyone had expected a harsh punishment, it was from the goblins after all, they hadn’t realized just how harsh they would be. Then there was the part about the assets being seized. No one knew just how much they had, but they were all from older lines so they believed that it would be a lot.

Severus had written to Aaron Carrow on the request of the champions to see how he felt about his
elder siblings assets being seized. Arron had written back quickly letting Severus know that he was actually happy with how things had worked out. He truly wanted nothing to do with his older siblings and was more than pleased to know they were finally being punished. He had encouraged the champions to spend every last knut of the money they were given.

Hadrian sighed slightly as he heard the whispers of envy coming from a few of the other students, the two youngest Weasley’s in particular. Didn’t they understand that he had gotten that money because someone had tried to kill him, again.

Hadrian rested his head on Marie’s shoulder as he listened to the droning speeches. It seemed there were more than a few ministry officials that had wanted to attend the awards ceremony. This included the Minister of Magic himself, Cornelius Fudge, who spent over 20 minutes using a lot of words to say nothing. All the students were getting frustrated. Each speech just meant they had to wait longer for food.

When it finally came time to accept their awards the four champions all went to the front of the hall and quickly accepted their awards, Hadrian and Cedric accepting a bag of 500 galleons each. Both were a little startled when they were told to make a speech, they had never been warned of that.

Cedric was the one that stepped forward. “We thank you for the award. Although, I think we’re all still more than a little angry about Hadrian being force to compete, along with the travesty that was the second task. Other than that, we’re hungry. Dinner started over an hour ago and we still haven’t gotten any food, so if you all could hurry this along that would be great.”

After that all four champions returned to their places and picked up their silverware just to emphasize their point. A few of the other officials and Dumbledore started trying to speak but all the other students joined the champions in picking up their silverware and started a rhythmic banging on the tables drowning them out. Laughing, Sirius stood up.

“Will all you pompous windbags please shut up. I can’t speak for the other professors, but i am starving. Either I get food or you’re all going back in the lake.”

The students all cheered at that. It finally became enough and all the so called windbags sat down and the feast began.

Eventually, all good things must come to an end. As the last of the desserts faded away Dumbledore once again stood up and called all the attention to himself.

“No that we have finished that fantastic meal there are a few last minute things that must be addressed.

First, a general reminder. The train leaves at 11 sharp. So make sure you have everything packed and ready to go.

Second, once again I will congratulate all four champions for their exemplary performance. And of course to Hufflepuff for winning the house cup this year.

And finally, on a more somber note, we all must prepare. Last nights drama was caused by Lord Voldemort attempting to return to our world. We all must be on guard. Just because he failed last night doesn’t mean he won’t try again.”

The students all just stared at the headmaster as he spent the next ten minutes going over how he believed Voldemort was going to return and that they needed to start to prepare. He encouraged the
students to start working together to gather as much information as they could.

Through the entire speech Fudge looked like he was having an apoplectic fit. His little sycophant, Deloris Umbridge, who was sitting next to him was even angrier. Unfortunately for them McGonagall and Moody had both cast silencing spells on them to keep them silent and sticking charms to keep them in their chairs.

They had had to sit through Dumbledore’s entire speech silently screaming at the man as they tried to pry themselves off their chairs. When they had seen what the others had done the three Tonks’s worked together to cast multiple notice-me-not’s on them so none of the students would notice. It would give the students the impression that the ministry was supporting Dumbledore in what he was saying.

Once Albus had finished his speech he sent the students off. He didn’t want to give anyone else the chance to talk. He knew Fudge and the other ministry officials would contradict him and he couldn’t have that. The students needed to believe in Voldemort’s return so that they would look to him to save them.

Everyone left the hall, all having plenty to gossip about. No one bothering to release Fudge or Umbridge. Most didn’t notice them thanks to the spells, and those that did just didn’t care.

**Headmasters Office**

Hadrian sighed deeply as he made his way up the stairs to the headmasters office. He had been sitting with his friend when one of the seventh year Gryffindor prefects had tracked him down and told him that the Headmaster was demanding his presence, although he said ask rather than demand, it had been clear he wasn’t being given an option.

At first Hadrian had said he would just go and get his head of house and uncles, but the prefect had been instructed that they wouldn’t be needed. Hadrian had had to settle for motioning his friends to go, he knew they would go and get his family to make sure he wouldn’t be left alone for any length of time with Dumbledore.

“You wanted to see me headmaster.” Hadrian said in a formal voice as he stepped into the office.

“Yes, yes my boy. That will be all Mr. Tucker.” Albus twinkled at the prefect as he sent him on his way. Once he was gone he turned back to the stubborn brat. “Now, Harry my boy, there are a couple things I feel we need to discuss. Please, have a seat.”

Hadrian cautiously went to sit in the seat he was directed too. The reason he was so on edge was that all three Tonks’s were in the office and were sitting in front of the desk. The chair he had been motioned towards sat between Andromeda and Nymphadora. He didn’t trust anyone in this office, all he could hope was that if anything happened Headmaster Black would go to one of his other portraits to warn his family to help him.

“Lemon drop?” Albus offered and was refused like usual once the brat sat down, oh how he wished the brat would just take the sweets. “Well then, I’m sure you are wondering why I asked you up here.

Like I announced at the feast, Voldemort is attempting to return to our world, and I have no doubt that it is only a matter of time before he is successful unfortunately. As much as we all might wish it wasn’t so. You will need to start preparing.”
“Why would I need to prepare for anything?” Hadrian interrupted. “I am a fourteen year old student, not an auror.”

“I know my dear boy, I do understand you’re young, but you have a destiny to fulfill. I can’t explain everything to you yet, you’re still too young, but I can say that you are destined to be the one to defeat him. I think we might need to start private lessons for you this summer. You will come and meet me ad the Lion’s Den a few days a week and we will come up here to the school to work on your spell work. I know that it will mean giving up part of your summer, but it really is for the greater good my boy. But don’t worry, I will allow Ms. Granger and the two younger Weasleys to attend your lessons with you so you aren’t alone.”

Hadrian just stared open mouthed at the old goat for a moment. “Are you out of your mind? That’s it isn’t it, you’ve flipped your lid.

I am too young to know what’s going on, but old enough to kill a man. How does that make any sense? Again, I am fourteen years old. It is not my job to fight zombie dark lords, that is the job of the adults of this world, and aurors. You know, like Ms. Tonks, someone who trained to deal with criminals, unless you’re saying you don’t have faith in her capabilities.”

Albus glanced at Nymphadora. He could clearly see the boy had boxed him into a corner. If he said that he didn’t think the aurors could deal with it it would insult Nymphadora. If he said they could, then the boy would use that as a reason to leave it up to them.

“It doesn’t really matter regardless, it is your destiny my boy.” Albus said.

Hadrian couldn’t help himself. He broke down laughing.

“This isn’t funny young man.” Ted Tonks huffed. “You have responsibilities to this world.”

Hadrian suddenly sobered. “Yes, I do have responsibilities. But none of those currently are to save those that are so pathetically weak as to turn to a student to save them. My responsibilities are the same as every other student in this school. I need to do my homework and maintain my grades. Like I said, I’m not the auror in the room. It is not my job to arrest criminals. I am not going to go looking for a fight if I don’t have to. I think all of you might need to take a long hard look in a mirror and question yourselves as to just why it is that you look to a child to save you, and then ask yourself, if you aren’t willing to try and save yourself, do you really think your worth saving?

I will be 16 in a little over a year and then I will be able to take my place in the Wizengamot. Once I’m there I will see what I can do to implement criminal reform, but other than that I really don’t see anything else I can do to help you.”

Albus withheld a growl. The boy was being difficult again. He had hoped that what had happened the day before would scare the boy into being more agreeable, but apparently not. He was going to have to figure this out. Maybe if he used the abuse claims Molly had been filing to get the boy away from those fools he would finally be able to get him to take stronger versions of the potions that he didn’t seem to be responding to.

Once he managed to get control of the boy he would be able to fix things. It never occurred to Albus as he thought and planned just how many times he had thought the exact same things only to fail.

Maybe the boy would be more responsive after Voldemort had returned. “We shall leave that be for the time being my boy. Now, the other reason I wanted to speak to you is the Black title.”
“Shouldn’t you speak to Uncle Siri about that. You know… Lord Black.” Hadrian said in a quizzical voice. he really didn’t understand what they were trying to accomplish.

“I must agree.” Came Sirius’s growl from the door to the office as it opened to reveal both him and Severus. Both clearly furious.

“What do you think you are doing Albus? You know damn well that you aren’t aloud to meet with students, Hadrian especially, without a parent, guardian, or head of house. I have already warned you about doing something like this.” Severus walked into the office and stood behind his son.

“Now Severus my boy, I just wanted to have a few words with Harry.” Albus was really getting sick of Severus’s disregard for him.

“That changes nothing. There are rules, you are not above them. Hadrian, and yes, his name is Hadrian, is a student of this school and as such any interactions you have with him fall under the school rules.” Severus snapped. “We have discussed this before, you know the rules. Senility is not a good enough excuse.”

Albus ground his teeth. But before he could say anything Sirius stepped forward.

“I would like to know just why it is you felt the need to discuss my title with my heir Albus?”

“It’s just that he is still a student. I feel that it is just too much pressure for one young boy. It really would be for the greater good if you passed the title on to Nymphadora and Andromeda. They would be able to properly manage the title while you focused on your daughters and Harry focused on school.”

“Oh, so having titles is to much pressure for me but you think it’s my responsibility to kill a man that’s already been killed.” Hadrian said sarcastically under his breath.

“That is something that we will be discussing, and don’t you think other wise.” Sirius snapped, glaring at the headmaster when he heard his godsons words. “But, right now we are focused on the title.

As we all know, the Black title is passed down the male line. I might feel that that is sexist, but it doesn’t change anything. No female can claim the title. So just how do you figure I could pass the title to Andromeda or Nymphadora? Not that I would even consider it.”

“Nymphadora will be getting married soon and it would be for the best for her son to inherit the title. Since the Blacks are known for their metamorphmagus abilities, and Nymphadora has the trait, and more than likely her son will too, the title should go to her child. It really is for the best my boy.” Albus gave a grandfatherly smile.

“That won’t happen.” Sirius said simply.

“Really Sirius, you know that the Black family would be better served by Nymphadora’s son.” Andromeda huffed. “She could at least start to restore prestige to the family. Get it away from the disgrace it has been in the past.

Sirius glared. “I don’t see why you would want to have the title given your complete lack of respect for the family, but then I remember just who you are. This is nothing but a pathetic money and power grab and even a blind man could see that Andy.

But, like I said, it will never happen. First off, for that to happen I would have to abdicate my position and declare a new heir. And again, the heir would have to be a male. Not a potential male
child, but one that has already been born.

Then there is the fact that you were disowned Andy. The only way your daughter, or imaginary grandson, could inherit was if you were brought back into the family along with your daughter. And while I might be willing to do that, there are very strict rules on how that could be done.

To fully return to the family you would have to annul your marriage. Not simply divorce, but annul. That would mean that it would be like the marriage never existed. Luckily for you, Narcissa fulfilled your open marriage contract, or else you would have had to.

But, the thing is, only a legitimate child, with the last name of Black, can inherit. Since you would have to annul your marriage that would mean that Nymphadora would then be seen as illegitimate, and, both she, and any child she had, wouldn’t be accepted as lord or heir.”

When Sirius finished his explanation the others in the office all just stared. Even Hadrian and Severus were slightly surprised by all that.

“So you’re just going to give the title away?” Andromeda demanded in fury before she waved to Hadrian. “He isn’t even a Black.”

“He is more of a Black than you.” Sirius snapped. “You turned your back on this family long ago, you don’t get to make decisions for it now. We both know that all you want is the money and seat on the Wizengamot Andromeda, it’s all you ever wanted.”

Hadrian knew that he needed to interrupt this, if he didn’t Sirius and Andromeda would descend into an all out screaming match. “It doesn’t matter either way. I’m not planning to keep the heirship. I figured I would pass it to Rigel when he’s old enough.”

Sirius smiled. That actually sounded like a good plan and he couldn’t determine if Hadrian had just come up with it or had been thinking about it since the boy was born.

“That sounds like a good plan.”

“I just figured that I already have more than enough power and responsibility, it would be fun to make others suffer too.”

Sirius broke down laughing, even Severus smirked. They both knew that Hadrian didn’t really care about all the power he had and still, on occasion, dreamed of being a normal boy.

“Surely you are exaggerating Sirius.” Albus cut in, trying to force the conversation back to what he wanted. “Nymphadora really should hold the title in trust for her future son. It would restore the metamorphmagus gift. As Nymphadora is the only one left she deserves it. It really is for the greater good.”

Hadrian practically sighed when he heard the greater good line. Since he had been avoiding the man he had thankfully been able to avoid hearing it, mostly. He had wished to continue that trend, but it would seem Dumbledore was trying to make up for lost time.

“Hadrian, go back to your common room. You still have to pack for the train tomorrow, and I’m sure you will want to say bye to your friends.” Sirius ushered Hadrian towards the door. He didn’t want his godson to have to endure the old fool any longer.

Hadrian didn’t even question it. He finally let his smirk grace his face as he turned towards the door and listened to Nymphadora’s near constant muttering about how she hates her name that had started from the first time her name was mentioned. Moving quickly he all but dashes from the
office, not noticing two high ranking members of the ministry that had been on their way up to put the headmaster back in his place.

Up in the office, Sirius turned back to glare at the headmaster and the others once he was assured his godson was out of the room. “This is none of your business Albus.”

“Don’t speak to the headmaster like that.” Andromeda snapped, infuriated by Sirius’s tone.

Albus knew he needed to try again, the Black’s were an extremely powerful seat and had plenty of alliances. If he could gain control of that seat he might be able to use that to maneuver his way back into the chief warlock position if he moved quickly, and maybe added a few potions and spells, or threats.

“Really Sirius my boy, you know that you are being slightly selfish. I’m sure you are doing what you think is for the best, but you really don’t have the full picture of what is going on.” Albus tried throwing a few basic compulsions under his desk just to try as he tried his grandfather routine. “You’ve never even sat in your seat.

With Voldemort attempting to return we need to present a united front. The Black seat would be perfect to help form alliances to ensure the lights victory in the coming war. Andromeda and Nymphadora would be excellent in helping to bring the light faction back together. Then there is Ted. With his background in law he would be wonderful at helping to write up laws that will aid us. And, of course, like I said previously, Nymphadora is the last metamorphmagus, she will be the one to bring the gene back, there really must be a way to allow for a female to hold the title if she has such an important trait.

Come now my boy. It really is for the best.”

“You really need to take the cotton out of your ears and listen. No. That’s N O. It is a very simple word with a very simple meaning, it means no, negative, not going to happen.” Sirius said in a tone that one would use with a very young child that just wasn’t learning. He had felt the spells brush across his magic, but they hadn’t managed to stick thanks to his Lord ring. “They are female, that means they can’t hold the title. Ted can’t hold it as proxy either, so don’t even bother. Only a male, with Black blood, and the last name of Black can hold the title. That’s why Hadrians last name is Potter-Black. It was so that he could hold the heirship.

Also, Nymphadora isn’t the last metamorphmagus. There are actually four others that have Black blood. Rigel, the child Hadrian said he wanted to hand the heirship to is one of those four. He also has the last name Black, and is clearly male. That means he meets all the qualifications.”

“Who is this boy? You only have daughters.” Andromeda said thoughtfully. She didn’t know of any other boys in her old family, but she hadn’t really been paying that much attention.

“He is a Black, and that’s all that matters.” Sirius said. He didn’t want to let any of these people know that Reggie was still alive, as far as they were concerned he had died years ago.

“Now Sirius…” Albus needed this information but he ended up being cut off by Severus.

“Enough, all of you. Sirius is Lord Black, only he can select his heir. None of you have any say in who that heir is.

Sebastian serves as his proxy. Sirius has a full time job, so it only makes sense for him to have a proxy, I use Sebastian myself. Maybe if you focused more on the school and it’s students and less
on politics we wouldn’t have had all these issues with security.

But there is something we need to go over. Just what were you thinking of calling a student up here without his guardians or head of house? You know good and well Albus that that isn’t aloud. Then there was what you called him up here to discuss. You are not aloud to try and force your political views on the students Albus, and you know that. You have already been warned that something like that could cause us to lose access to the schools vaults again. Or did you forget that was the exact reason the vaults were initially closed off.

As the headmaster you are required to remain politically neutral with the staff and students. I told you this only a few months ago when you tried to get me to reassign my title to you as proxy. You know better.

Then, just what do you think you are doing trying to use students in this war you are planning? They are children. Hadrian hasn’t even done his OWLs and you expect him to fight in a war. Have you lost your mind?

Allow me to make this perfectly clear, if I learn that you are attempting to force any student to become a soldier in this little war of yours I will personally take it to both the board and the ministry and request you be fired. I know Molly and Hestia will never willingly agree to that, but I’m sure the minister would be able to find a way to get you out of this school. Even more so now that you have publicly announced the attempted return of Voldemort against the express wishes of Fudge.”

Severus was really wishing that they could get rid of the old fool. James and the other governors were trying, but it wasn’t easy. To remove a headmaster they needed a unanimous decision, and Albus’s supporters on the board would never agree. Alice was in the process of going through the charter word by word to see if there was anything they could use to get the man out. But, Severus was sure Fudge was going to be trying to determine some way to get Albus out.

“I have no intent of using the children like that.” Albus twinkled, forcing his anger down. He was going to make Severus pay for this.

“Don’t even try that.” Sirius scoffed. “You recruited both Severus and I while we were still in school, along with many others. I was 15 when you first started working on recruiting me. If I find out you have tried that with Hadrian I will have you up on corruption of a minor charges so fast it will make your head spin. I am fully backing Sev on this. The students are students, not soldiers. If you want to recruit anyone outside this school there is nothing we can do, but we will not allow you to use students under our care like that.”

Without giving Albus or the others any chance to respond both Sirius and Severus quickly spun and left the office. Neither of them wanted to deal with the man any longer. On the way out both glanced at the portrait of Phineas and he gave them a discrete nod, letting them know he would keep an eye and report anything he heard to Regulus.

“How dare they say we can’t get the students ready for this war.” Nymphadora growled. “I would have been grateful for an opportunity to help the light like that. The students need to be better trained, sure, but they would be able to do a great deal to help the light in the war. It is their duty.”

“Who is this Rigel kid?” Andromeda wondered aloud. “We need to figure out if we can get him on our side. Maybe he could be useful.”

Ted glanced from where his wife and daughter were muttering to look to the headmaster. “What is your opinion headmaster?”
“We need to tread carefully.” Albus sat back pensively in his seat. “I understand your anger my dears, but we need to move with caution. it would do us no good now to make enemies out of potential allies, we can wait until after Harry defeats Voldemort to deal with the others.

We can not risk a hint of impropriety with the students. Molly, Hestia, and Emmeline will be able to keep the board from removing me, but Cornelius will be out for my blood unless I can get the man under control. He would be more than willing to try sending me to Azkaban if someone offered him enough gold, or he thought it would help him politically.

No, we need to move in secret. Once we have conformation of Voldemort's return I will call the rest of the order back. Voldemort will naturally go after Harry again so we can use that to get Severus and Sirius under control. They will want to help to protect the brat.”

Albus turned towards the window to think for a few minutes, the others staying perfectly still and silent waiting for his decision like dogs begging for scraps. “This is what we will do, Nymphadora, I want you to return to the auror office and start feeling out your coworkers. You will need to be careful. The last thing we need is to arouse suspicion. Both Amelia and Cornelius won’t understand, so you can’t let them catch you.

Andromeda, start looking into this Rigel Black. We need to know who he is and who his parents are. From the fact that Harry said he would give the heirship to the boy when he was old enough we know that he is younger than 11. We need to know who his parents are and if we can sway them.

Ted, I am going to need your help with the laws. I will need to start presenting laws that will weaken the dark and strengthen our position and your assistance would be invaluable.”

All three happily agreed and he dismissed them. Once they were gone Albus pulled out some parchment and started to make a list of everything he was going to need to do over the summer. It was a surprisingly long list.

Hogsmeade Station - June 30, 2005

Just before 11 everyone was milling around Hogsmeade Station. Many of the students from the other schools were with them, saying their last minute goodbyes to their new friends. They would be going back to their own home countries just after the train left.

Hermione, Ron, and Ginny were slowly working their way closer and closer to where Harry was once again talking to that Marie girl. They wanted to get as much information about what Harry was doing this summer as they could. They had all been called up to the Headmasters office after breakfast and he gave them new tasks. If they couldn’t force Harry to be their friend, then they just needed to get close to him and allow people to think they were.

Ron snarled softly as he saw Fleur make her way over to Harry and give him a tight hug before she kissed both of his cheeks and then his forehead. He had gone out of his way to try and meet her all year and nothing, she never even spoke to him.

“I’m going to be coming back to France to visit Marie and Dud this summer, I’ll send a letter to see if you and Gabi want to come visit.” They heard Harry say to the girl.

Now they knew that he would be going to France. Hermione started to make plans. Her family often visited France during the summer, so she was going to have to see if she could arrange a
chance meeting, she just needed to figure out where Marie and Fleur lived.

“I’m sure Gabi would love to visit you while you’re in France, but I most likely won’t be there. I’ve already gotten an amazing job.” Fleur’s eyes were practically glowing in joy. “But, not to worry, we will definitely be seeing each other. I can say the same to the two of you.”

Fred and George grinned as Fleur looked to them. They had both already taken great joy in teasing their brother on just how quickly he had fallen in love, not that they could say to much because of how they were with Hadrian. Bill seemed to bring up Fleur in every letter and conversation he had since the day they met, it was like he couldn’t bring himself to not think about her at least a dozen times every minute.

“Oh, we know.” Fred grinned.

“We never thought differently.” George winked at her.

“Oh you two.” Fleur blushed and gently smacked both twins arms.

“What else…”

“Is family for?” The twins replied.

“Well, I always did wish for a little brother, I just didn’t think I would get such delightfully annoying ones.” Fleur gave them her best chiding look.

“What else would the use of brothers be?” George brushed off the look.

“We annoy because we care.” Fred added.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Ron shouted out in confusion. He couldn’t figure out why Fleur would consider the twins to be brothers.

“Just what she said.” Fred gave a devilish grin. He and George knew good and well that poor Ronnienkins had a massive crush on Fleur, to bad for him she was so madly in love with Bill.

“Dear Fleur is as good as family.” George mirrored his twins grin.

“How?” Ginny said in shock. She had no clue how they were related to the French beauty. It was good for her because now she could learn the girls beauty regimens at the same time as making sure the other girl stayed away from her Harry.

“Our dear Hadrian had the brilliant idea of setting Fleur up on a date with Bill.” George winked at Hadrian.

“The two are madly in love” Fred fluttered his eyelashes at the girl who just smiled.

“We expect to hear wedding bells soon enough.” George sighed.

“They just seemed perfect for each other.” Hadrian said in explanation.

“And I couldn’t agree more.” Fleur beamed at him. “But, back to what I was saying. I have been hired to work with Bill’s team as their recorder and and apprentice historian. Bill and I were talking and we were thinking about dividing up our weekends between our families so that we had the chance to get to know each others families. So, I’m sure we will end up meeting up more than once.”
Ginny just stared for a moment while she thought. She could make this work. Although she would have liked to have been informed Bill was dating someone, it could be worse. Maybe she could convince them to take her to France with them. That would be amazing, France in the summer.

Ron just stared, barely a thought managing to cross his mind. He had never managed to get this close to the beautiful girl and was dazzled, she was even more beautiful up close. The only thoughts he managed to have was anger at his brother for taking her from him and how he was going to need to seduce her away from him.

After a few more last minute goodbyes, Hadrian and the others made their way towards the train. Glancing at their reflections in the windows and side of the train Hadrian and the others could see Hermione, Ron, and Ginny starting to follow them without taking their eyes off Hadrian.

Hadrian glanced to each of the twins and saw they understood. Using a well practiced maneuver, Hadrian slipped in front of them and they stepped closer to each other, completely blocking view of him. Once he was out of sight Hadrian pulled on his metamorphmagus ability and quickly changed before walking off towards the front of the train. He knew the others would join him once they had lost the stalkers.

With Hadrian safely gone the others split up and all went to different areas of the train. Hermione, Ron and Ginny were all extremely confused as they spun in circles trying to find Harry. How did he disappear like that?

Once everyone made it to the compartment the rest of the ride past enjoyably. Everyone was making plans about visiting each other and how they were going to spend their summer.

Everyone was even able to safely get off the train without being harassed as Molly was at the restaurant and hadn’t been able to be there. She had made sure to send multiple letters to Arthur reminding him that she got Ron and Ginny for the next weekend, she had even offered to take Nicole and Leo for the weekend. The reply she had received had been less than pleasant and she still hadn’t returned to her usual colour and had to wear a hat since she had lost her hair.

It seemed like the start of a beautiful summer.
Fifth Year (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry I've been gone for so long.

My only real excuse is that I got the new Spyro and Crash Bandicoot games for X-Mas and got caught up playing. I had forgotten just how much I loved those two when I was little.

But, I'm back to working on the story, so hopefully it won't be so long between updates.

Granger House - July 3, 2005

Sunday after church the Grangers all gathered at their dining room table. Hermione was confused about what her parents wanted to talk about, but she had seen this as an opportunity to get her parents acting properly. She was still furious about them allowing her to be punished during the school year.

The mind healer appointments hadn’t been too bad, it had just given her a chance to explain what everyone was doing wrong, but she still thought they were foolish. She could have used that time for research or working on the laws she was making.

Her parents apparently needed to be reminded that as her parents they were supposed to be on her side. Not only because they were her parents, but also because she was right. How dare her parents let her be punished for something that wasn’t her fault?

Sitting down Hermione pulled out her notebook that she had been using to keep track of all of the problems she was having with her parents actions as well as her arguments. She had no intention of letting her parents think even a second that she wasn’t going to hold them accountable for their actions. They had always told her that if someone is bad then they deserved to be punished, it was Gods law.

“Mother, Father, I think there are many things we need to discuss.” Hermione said in a solemn tone, trying to stare down her parents.

“I really must agree.” Howard said. He was frustrated to see Hermione not showing any respect towards them, she was acting like she was the parent and not them. How had they let things get so out of control?

“Why don’t you start.” Jean said, wanting to give Hermione a chance to prove that she was growing up.

Hermione flipped to the right page in her journal. “Well, to start off there was how you aloud Professor Black to punish me when I had done nothing wrong. When I told you what had happened you assured me that you would deal with it, but you didn’t. You lied to me. You said that you would deal with it and instead did nothing.
No, you did worse than do nothing. You allowed me to suffer. I was restricted from accessing the library whenever I wanted, I wasn’t aloud to go to Hogsmeade, I wasn’t aloud to attend the last triwizard event, and I was forced to stay in my common room and dorm during my free time.

How could you allow that to happen to your only child? You met with Professor Black and just allowed him to walk all over you. As my parents it is your job to protect me. You abandoned me when I needed you.

Then there is the mind healer appointment. There was and is no need for it. I’m not the one with the problem. While it wasn’t too bad, it was still highly inconvenient and you bare the responsibility for that.

But, the most important issue that I feel we need to address is your complete lack of respect for me. I am your daughter, you should always be on my side. I have done nothing wrong, yet I am continuously being punished and now even my own parents are turning against me.”

Howard and Jean just stared at their daughter for a moment. They really had made mistakes.

“Well… What do you have to say for your selves?” Hermione huffed.

“I think we are both a little shocked by this.” Jean said softly, still surprised.

Howard sat up straight and got ready to remind his daughter of the way the world worked. “Like you, your mother and I have worked up a list of things that we felt we needed to address with you. I think it would be best if we went through each thing one at a time and we can have discussions in between. You will not speak until we finish, we listened to you, now you have to listen to us.”

They waited until Hermione agreed to allow them to speak without interrupting before Howard continued.

“I think the first thing we need to make crystal clear is our positions in this family. You, Hermione Jean Granger, are not in charge. Your mother and I are the adults, you are the child. We have always allowed you a rather large amount of leeway, mainly due to our own misconception of your maturity level, but you are not the boss, never have been, never will be.”

Hermione was furious. “How dare you speak to me like that? Mum, tell him. He has no right to be so rude to me.”

Jean was a little shocked at how Hermione thought she was in the right. “Hermione, I am in complete agreement with your father. You are not in charge. Like he said, we let you get away with as much as we did because we honestly trusted you to be mature enough to handle the responsibilities we gave you.

We have learned our mistake now, so you can expect things to change. You have proven that you are not the mature well mannered daughter we had thought we were raising, and are instead a spoiled little girl. That stops now.”

“I am mature.” Hermione screamed at her parents, going red in the face.

“If you were mature you wouldn’t be throwing a fit that a toddler would be jealous of. If you want to be treated like a grown up, then you have to act like one.” Howard snapped at his daughter.

“One of the biggest things we will no longer tolerate is your lying…” Jean started.

“I don’t lie.” Hermione growled, intentionally not screaming. She didn’t want to give her parents a
reason to say she was immature.

“Yes, you do apparently. Over the last four years your father and I have heard all about the unfair treatment you have been suffering, only to learn that it hasn’t occurred.”

“Yes it has.” Hermione whined as she forced herself to tear up. “I’m bullied and picked on because I’m not a pure blood. The teachers mark me down and don’t treat me fairly.”

“Hermione that is enough.” Jean said in a cold voice. It was hard, as a mother she wanted to stop her daughters tears, but she knew that this was just dramatics designed to get her sympathy.
“Professor Black showed us what has been going on for the past four years. Can you imagine just how surprised and ashamed we were when we saw what you had been doing.

Your father and I were ready to press charges for discrimination based on what you had told us. Only to learn you had been lying. Stealing a book from someone and then using it to hit them because you want it has nothing to do with your blood status. Shoving students into walls because they have different opinions than you has nothing to do with your blood status. And, shoving a girl down a flight of stairs that hadn’t said a word and was trying to walk away most certainly has nothing to do with your blood status.

You, Hermione Jean Granger, are a bully. And you spent years lying to us and saying you were the victim. When you attack anyone, whether it be with your words or you body, it is wrong and you deserve to be punished.

We are done with your lies. We will be double checking any punishments and their causes with your teachers from now on since we clearly can’t trust what you say. It is an unfortunate thing, but you have lost our trust, and it is going to take you a long time to earn it back.”

“And that leads us to another issue. Your bullying.” Howard carried on before Hermione could react. He knew that they only had so much time before it was too much for the girl and she threw a complete fit. “We watched memory after memory of what you have done, and do you know what we noticed… You started it.

You have always told us that you only responded to people that were already bullying you, but now I am questioning if that was ever the truth. Watching those memories and comparing them to what you had told us the only conclusion one could draw was that you thought another person simply breathing while being anywhere near you was an excuse for you to attack.”

“It wasn’t like that.” Hermione whined. This wasn’t good. Why had Professor Black showed them memories, now she was going to have to work around the clearly biased views they had been shown.

“And that’s just it Hermione. It is. We saw the memories. But, even more, based on all the times we now know you have lied to us, we don’t trust you.” Jean shook her head sadly.

“But you have to believe me.” Hermione demanded. “I’m your daughter. You have to be on my side.”

“No.” Howard said. “We are your parents. It is our job to teach you how to be a functioning member of society. You do understand that you could have killed that girl when you pushed her down the stairs. Whether you meant it or not, you could have gone to prison, and you would have deserved it. We will not let you carry on the way you have been. From this point on, you are going to learn how to behave properly.”
“I am done listening to this.” Hermione screamed at her parents. “It was an accident, that was it. Maybe if she wasn’t such a freak it wouldn’t have happened.”

“She did nothing wrong.” Jean said in shock. “We saw what happened, she never even said a word to you or the other girl with you. You attacked an innocent girl. You were in the wrong. And don’t you take that tone with your father or I young lady. Honour thy father and thy mother.”

“Shut up.” Hermione screamed. “I am going to go to my room until dinner. You had better think about how you are treating me. Maybe you will stop being so stupid by then. Call me when dinner is ready.”

Both Howard and Jean stared as their daughter stormed up to her room.

“Just let her calm down.” Jean held her husband back when they heard the door slam.

“She can’t get away with that. It sends the wrong message.”

“She won’t. But right now she is just too angry to listen. We will finish this talk during dinner.”

Hermione spent the next few hours doing nothing and everything. She was just so angry that she couldn’t focus. First she had started trying to do her summer assignments, but had been so angry her hand had shaken so much she couldn’t write properly. Sometimes she regretted that she still refused to use pens and instead insisted on using quills and an open pot of ink.

Then she had tried reading, that hadn’t gone any better. She had almost ripped the pages as she flipped through in anger. Then she had tried writing to Ron and Ginny, but had stopped when she remembered the quill issue that had stopped her homework effort.

The only thing she managed to do consistently was imagine all the different ways her parents would apologize to her for their foolishness. They would have to beg for her forgiveness, but Hermione knew what they could give her to make up for it. She had a catalog of new books coming out over the summer and she had already gone through and had over three dozen books that she wanted that she was going to make her parents get her.

When she heard her mum call her down for dinner, she stopped to look in the mirror. It wouldn’t do to look too smug, so she schooled her expression into one of calm disinterest.

They all ate their dinner in near complete silence. Everyone seemed to think food was important enough to hold to a temporary truce until after.

Once dinner was done and the table had been cleared Jean pulled out the different paperwork that she and Howard had spent the last few months preparing.

“Now, Hermione, I do hope you have calmed down enough to carry on with more dignity.” Howard said.

Jean huffed slightly as she gave her husband a look, passive aggressiveness would do them no good. “Hermione, one thing your father and I wished to speak with you about was your grades.”

Hermione saw as her mother laid out her most recent report card. “What is there to speak about?
Mostly A’s. You’ve never had a problem with that before.”

Jean just looked at her daughters too sweet smile. “I think we all know we would have had a problem if we had gotten the entire thing.”

Hermione froze as her mum laid out the coversheet with the grading breakdown next to the report. She had used magic to unseal the envelope and gotten rid of that sheet before resealing it.

“We had your head of house, Professor Black, enchant this sheet so that if it was removed from your report card and thrown away it would appear on the counter. Not that throwing it away would have helped you since we had a full explanation about the marking scheme Hogwarts uses from the school board members that came to see us.” Jean just stared her daughter down.

Hermione couldn’t help but fidget. Sure, technically she had been lying to her parents about the grading scheme, but it wasn’t her fault. The teachers just weren’t fair. And she was going to make sure her parents knew it.

“The teachers aren’t fair. They always mark me down for some stupid reason or another. They won't listen to me. And whenever I answer their questions I get in trouble. It isn't my fault.”

“Hermione, do you remember our earlier discussion about lying?” Howard questioned. “Your mother and I have been getting weekly updates on your class work and assignments. According to Professor Black you finished the year ranked 4th in your house, and 37th over all. I am actually surprised you managed to do as well as you did.”

“Hermione, when a teacher gives you an assignment, you need to do that assignment, not one that you make up. You can’t expect to get grades for work that you didn’t do.” Jean tried to explain. “As your father and I are in charge here, your teachers are in charge at the school. What they say goes.”

“But they give us stupid assignments.” Hermione muttered.

“It doesn’t matter if you like what you are assigned or not, you have to do it anyway. That is how you get grades in school, by doing school work.” Howard sighed. “Then there is your practicals. Hermione, practice is important. They aren’t telling you to practice for their own good, but yours.

Do you remember when you were first learning how to write and you had a book that we made you write your letters in over and over until you got them right? Do you remember how much you hated it and told us it was a waste of your time? But we made you do it, and in the end you learned how to write properly every time.

That is what your teachers are doing. They are trying to help you learn to do the spells right every time, not just occasionally.”

“I got the spells.” Hermione crossed her arms.

“After a few tries you managed it once, but that isn’t enough. We were told that you need to get it right on the first casting to get full marks during your exams. That is one thing that is dragging down your grades. Because you don’t practice it takes you a few tries to get the spell right and each attempt costs you more points.” Jean told her, seeing the slight shock in her eyes. It seemed Hermione hadn’t even bothered to look at the grading outlines if she had missed that, it was clearly outlined in how their tests were marked.

“And about your getting in trouble for answering questions in class, you need to raise your hand and wait to be called on.” Howard told her.
“But I’m the only one that knows the answers.” Hermione was getting annoyed again.

“Obviously not given your ranking. Other students clearly know the answers too.” Howard told her. “You are not the only student that has the right to answer questions. Everyone deserves a chance. Shouting out over everyone doesn’t make you look smart, it makes you look ignorant.”

“Hermione, we want what is best for you, and because of that things are going to be changing around here.” Jean warned her daughter.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hermione was worried now. This wasn’t going how she had planned. She didn’t want things to change.

“Your mother and I have had many long discussions about how we were going to correct our mistakes with you. The first thing we have decided is a combination punishment and learning experience.

As a result of your lying and bullying we don’t feel we can trust you home alone often, so you will be coming with us to the office Monday to Wednesday. You will be working with our secretary. It will teach you about the responsibilities of a job.

The good thing for you is that we have decided you will be paid for your work. This is to teach you the value of money. Over the years we have always bought you whatever you wanted, that is ending. We will pay for your schooling and school supplies, but you will have to pay for any extras.”

Jean saw the horrified look on her daughters face but decided to continue to get it all over with. “To teach you a little humility and compassion for others you will be spending Thursday volunteering at the homeless shelter that the church funds.”

“I don’t want to work with them, They’re all gross and weird.” Hermione had a disgusted look on her face. “It isn’t my fault they have nothing. They can only blame themselves. Maybe if they quit drinking they wouldn’t be homeless. I can’t believe that you think I will work with people like that.”

“That is enough young lady.” Jean gave her daughter a hard look. “This isn’t up for debate. You will be doing it.

You do not know why they are homeless, and it is unfair to judge them without even knowing them. Many homeless people are veterans or the mentally ill. It isn’t their fault our system of government has failed them. You have never worked a day in your life, so don’t pretend that you are better than them. The only difference is that your father and I have worked long and hard to ensure you had everything you wanted. Not everyone is as lucky as you.

Now… You will have Fridays and the rest of the weekends off.”

“Is that everything you think you will be doing?” Hermione asked in a challenging voice.

“Not quite.” Howard continued. “You are going to be required to earn extra privileges like going to Diagon Alley or to your friends. To earn those privileges you are going to have to do assignments your mum and I have created.”

Howard pushed forward a stack of paper that he and Jean had used to write up different assignments. They had made sure that their expectations were very specific and had used similar layouts to the assignments Hermione had been struggling with at school.
“Each of these are based on the books you have in your room. Our expectations are clearly shown. If you want to earn the privilege you want, then you will have to do these assignments as they are written, not how ever you want. If you do not follow the instructions we have given then you will not be able to do what it is that you want until after you do it correctly. Of course you will also have to work around your mind healer appointments, which will be every Friday afternoon. Either your father or I will be taking the afternoons off to make sure you get there.” Jean told Hermione as Hermione flipped through the pages of assignments.

“No.” Hermione said as she looked up from the pages to glare at her parents.

“Either you can follow our rules, or things will get a lot tougher for you young lady. Your free ride is over.” Howard said as he handed Hermione a glossy brochure. “This is your other option. Boot camp.

To give you a little more information, if you take the boot camp option you will need to be packed and ready to go Tuesday morning. You will be staying at the camp until a week and a half before school starts which will give you enough time to do your summer assignments. Now, if you go there you will not have to do your mind healer appointments because they have a set schedule.”

“To give the basics of what each of your days would be like, since we want you to make an informed decision, I will tell you what their schedule is.” Jean told her as she looked down at the information she had gotten from the head of the boot camp. “Wake up call is 6am everyday. I should mention that they don’t count weekends, they believe that keeping to a schedule is more important than time off. After you meet at the flag poll for roll call there is a 3km run before going to get breakfast.

After that there will be a combination of physical exercise and class work that they will assign until lunch. After lunch will be volunteer work. This summer they have three different projects they will be working on. One is cutting and clearing walking paths through a wooded area. Next is helping to build houses for low income families. And the third thing is working at a farm helping to plant and maintain crops as well as clean up after and care for the animals.

Dinner is served at 6pm. After dinner is quiet time where you can read or work on different work they will provide like math or science assignments. Lights out is 8pm sharp. They want to ensure that you get a good nights sleep.”

“You can’t do that.” Hermione said in shock.

“Yes, we can. Those are your options Hermione, there is no other way out of this for you. You have no one but yourself to blame for this. Lying and bullying is not acceptable and it is time you learned that.

We will give you the evening to think through your options and make your choice. If you decide to stay with us this summer you will need to be up at 7:30 so that we can all eat breakfast before we head into the office to get you setup. If you are not up we will take that as your decision to go to boot camp and we will make the arrangements to drop you off Tuesday morning.” Jean told her daughter as she gathered up everything off the table.

“And don’t think you can work your way around this by coming with us for a week and then changing your mind. The boot camp accepts new campers every week, so you can start at any point during the summer should you change your mind.” Howard said. He had seen the glimmer in his daughters eyes and knew she was going to try and find a way around her punishment.

Hermione shoved away from the table and stormed up to her room, slamming her door as hard as
she could once again.

None of this was fair. Her parents were supposed to be grovelling for her forgiveness, not punishing her for no good reason. She was in the right and she knew it.

Now what was she supposed to do. She really didn’t want to have to work over the summer, but that boot camp sounded even worse. She hated exercise so doing hours of it every day just sounded like the worst thing possible.

Then there were those stupid assignments that her parents planned on giving her. It was just ridiculous. The problem with her grades was because of the teachers, not her. It wasn’t like it would be too hard, she had seen the list of books that they wanted her to write reports on and she had read all of them multiple times over the years, but it was just annoying.

Sitting down at her desk Hermione wrote out a pros and cons list for each of the two choices her parents had given her. In the end she saw she really didn’t have a choice if she wanted an even half way decent summer.

Going to bed, Hermione set her alarm for 7.

The Burrow - July 4, 2005

Ron and Ginny slowly made their way down to breakfast. They had gone to visit their mum over the weekend, but she had been so busy with the restaurant she hadn’t even taken them to get anything. Now they were back with their dad and slightly worried about how this summer was going to go.

Arriving in the kitchen they flopped down in their spots. Fabian and Gideon were across from them working on feeding the twins. It looked like more food was ending up on them or the floor than in the babies mouths.

“Ah good.” Arthur grinned at the two of them. “I was hoping to speak to you both.”

Ginny just sighed.

“Oh don’t worry, it’s not too bad.” Arthur laughed, he knew how frustrated the two were getting, but this summer was actually going to be better for them. “I have good news, I spoke with Sirius, you both passed all your classes with high enough grades that you won’t need to do summer school.”

Both cheered.

“You are still going to have to go over Percys’ notes for your up coming years, but it won’t be the constant need for studying. Ron, I spoke with Professor Fabbri, the spell crafting professor, she said that your grades are high enough, but your ancient rune mark is borderline. The good news for you is that you will be able to take the class, but she wants you to do a work book over the summer just to make sure you are ready.

Both Fabian and Gideon actually have masteries in ancient runes so you are in luck since you won’t have to do a course. Professor Fabbri agreed to allow them to administer the work and mark it. I’ve spoken with them and they figure that you can easily finish the work book within the month
even if you only do an hour or two a day, not including weekends. If you really work at it you could have it done by the end of the week.” Arthur pushed forward the thin booklet, it was only about 30 pages.

“If you are struggling with anything just let one of us know and we can walk you through it.” Fabian smiled at the boy.

Ron sighed as he picked up the book and flipped through. He relaxed when he saw that it wasn’t reports or anything that he needed to do, it was just a few questions and drawings of runes he needed to do per page. He had honestly expected a lot worse. It wasn’t what he wanted, but it seemed easy enough, it could be worse. But if it got him into spell crafting it would be worth it. That class sounded like fun.

“You will still have to keep to your schedules, but it will be more relaxed this year. You can sleep in until 10 on weekdays and 11 on weekends. You still have your mind healer appointments, but this summer they will be Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

But, on to the good stuff.” Arthur was so happy with what the twins had told him. “Fred and George mentioned to me that you both were becoming interested in learning the family magic.”

“Yeah, it just sounded kind of interesting.” Ginny smiled. She wanted to learn all about the secrets her family had.

Ginny had actually looked up just how much that Switch guy had gotten when he sold the animagi spell. He had gotten thousands of galleons and Ginny wanted that. She knew her brothers had said there were protections for their family magic to ensure it wasn’t made public, but she was sure she could find a way around it.

“I will start teaching you about the Weasley family magic and get you both keyed into the Weasley Grimoire, and Fabian and Gideon can do the same for the Prewett magics.” Arthur was pleased. He had been hoping to find a way for him, along with Fabian and Gideon, to connect with the kids and this was the perfect chance.

“We can start whenever you’re ready.” Gideon said as he wiped some of the eggs Leo had tossed back at him off his face.

“Can’t mum teach us the Prewett magic?” Ron questioned. He really would prefer to learn it from his mum, she would make things easier for him he was sure.

“Your mum never bothered to learn the family magic. Our parents offered to teach her, but she just said that she was going to be a Lady and it wouldn’t be useful for her.” Fabian told the kids.

“Fine.” Both Ron and Ginny said as they went back to their breakfast.

**Headmaster’s Office - July 6, 2005**

Albus was absolutely furious. He had thought he had put that stupid tournament behind him, but apparently not. Pacing his office, Albus tried to think about what he was going to do.

When he had sat down to what he had hoped to be a peaceful breakfast before he left for the Wizengamot he had been in such a good mood. That was until the paper was delivered. Albus only got a copy of the Lovegood’s stupid Seer because he wanted to know what madness they were saying, he preferred the prophet more usually because of the control he had over what they
Then he had looked at both papers and almost spit out his pumpkin juice.

The main article on the front page of The Prophet was about how he was losing his grip on reality. They were saying he was going senile and were using his announcement of Voldemort returning as evidence. They said he had dark lords on the brain. There were multiple quotes from Cornelius about how he thought Albus might no longer be up to the task of being headmaster.

Then there was The Seer. That was even worse. ‘The Misspelling That Could Have Destroyed Lives’ was printed in large letters across the front. The article announced that the reason the four champions had ended up working together through the tournament was because if any hadn’t made it they would have lost their magic.

The author went into detail about how the champions had discovered about what was in the ICW law and had chosen to stand by each other rather than compete. It gave credit to the four for the loyalty they had shown one another and the complete trust that must have formed between them.

That brat, Potter, and the Diggory boy had even been quoted. They spoke about how they had decided not to let everyone know at the time because they had just wanted to focus on surviving the tournament and not have to deal with the added pressure from the public knowing about what could happen.

The worst part, for Albus anyway, was that they also mentioned that they had all agreed to do interviews only after the school term had ended and the four of them were able to settle in at home. That meant that the news was going to be in the international papers too.

Just as he was finishing reading the mail started to arrive. Albus looked to the window and could see what looked like a dark cloud headed towards his window. But it wasn’t a cloud, it was hundreds of owls. Many carrying the dreaded red envelopes that signified a howler.

Albus spent the next half hour putting out fires all over his office as the letters burst into flames as the sender finished screaming at him. He was supposed to be getting ready to head to the ministry, but there were still more letters arriving. He couldn’t risk having letters like these finding him at the ministry.

Then things went from bad to worse. He was floo called by the ICW. They were demanding he attend an emergency meeting that Bulgaria and France had called. They wanted him to explain his actions that had risked the magic of their citizens.

This just wasn’t going to be a good day.

Peverell Manor

Hadrian grinned as his dad all but skipped out of the floo.

“I’m going to assume you had a good day dad?”

“The best.” James had a huge smile on his face as he picked Kali up and spun her around before releasing the giggling girl.

“Well…” Severus encouraged. He wanted to know how everything went.
“Hadrian was right. Releasing the information today managed to keep Dumbledore from attending. From what I heard he was actually called to the ICW to explain his actions to them.” James laughed slightly. “Without Dumbledore the light side was completely disorganized. I never realized just how much they relied on him. It took them over an hour just to figure out who would lead their faction.

I might admit that the rest of us just carried on while they worked it out behind a privacy ward so they might not have followed everything. By the time they finally got organized I was already finished presenting our bill and a vote was being called. They were so startled some even voted for it giving us an easy majority even with many in the dark voting against.”

The new bill that James had worked out with the others was a creatures rights bill. It created protections for any magical being that was deemed to have the intelligence to maintain their own habitat. That covered a great deal of the magical creatures in their world. Since nests were considered to be a part of a habitat even creating their own nest was enough for a creature to be protected.

The ministry still had many unfair creature laws so this one bill would over ride them. It made it illegal to intentionally harm them or destroy their habitats. In recent years, as towns like Hogsmeade were expanding many had taken to simply destroying the homes of many magical creatures. This had caused a great many issues with the centaurs as people had started cutting down trees to make more room even though it was centaur land.

Delores Umbridge had been working on getting a law passed that would make it legal to kill any creature that got in the way of expansions. She had wanted to allow for people to hunt those like centaurs to get rid of them, stating that the witches and wizards deserved the land more.

Now with James law in place that wasn’t going to happen. While it was understandable to expand as their population grew, it was only common sense to do it in a way that didn’t harm their fellow magical beings.

While on the surface the bill had seemed rather simple and innocuous, it had long reaching consequences.

It also didn’t hurt to see the pure rage on Umbridge’s face when his bill had passed. While most hadn’t seen what the bill was really doing, the woman had such an extreme hatred of creatures that as soon as she heard protection and creatures in the same bill she had wanted it destroyed.

The bill also brought in further protection for magical beings that were used in service. It made it illegal to harm or kill a house elf and even set up a way for abused elves to report their abuse. It was specifically written in magic so that a master could not order an elf not to report them.

Much of the magical world relied on services that were provided by magical creatures and now those creatures were protected.

Even the goblins benefited from the law as it kept the ministry from interfering in the bank. Dumbledore and the light had recently started to propose bills that would limit the abilities of the goblins, and James was expecting both the light and the dark to react negatively to the recent trial. While none of the bills managed to pass, it still greatly unsettled the goblins. James had spoken with Ragnock and he had taken the bill to the goblin king. The King wrote out how the goblins were to be treated to ensure that the wording was correct. James hadn’t wanted to seem like he was just another wizard telling the goblin nation what they needed.

Everyone was happy to hear that their plans had worked. Hadrian in particular was glad. It thrilled
him more than he could say that the centaurs were being protected. That would drive Umbridge crazy and he knew it.

Then James told them the even better news. Without Dumbledore being there he was able to bring up the lack of trial for Lily. Many in the Wizengamot were a little startled to know that a woman had been in the ministries custody for months without being tried because someone, although everyone suspected Dumbledore, was delaying and removing the trial from the docket.

Because of that they had made arrangements to ensure that her trial would be set for when they met for trials at the end of the month. Since he had done it publicly there was no way Dumbledore could stop it now. The woman was finally going to pay.

**Wizengamot Meeting Room - July 20, 2005**

Albus sighed as he made his way into the Wizengamot’s court room. It had been a rough two weeks. Even today he still received a few letters from people that were angry with him.

Then he had gone to the ICW he had been forced to sit through almost 7 hours of being berated. Then, things got even worse. While he had been removed as head months ago, they hadn’t immediately scheduled a vote for a new supreme mugwump, Albus had been planning to stand for reelection to the position once the vote was called, it wasn’t like anyone would be stupid enough to stand against the great Albus Dumbledore. But, in what he considered to be a protest vote, Marius Delacour was voted in as the new Supreme Mugwump. Albus had been ready to kill when that happened. That man was going to destroy all the work Albus had done over the past decades.

Albus sighed.

He had thought the tournament was going to be great. He thought it would bring great fame and prestige to both him and his school. There was also the side benefit of testing Harry.

But it had failed. The entire year had been horrible. From the day Harry’s name had been drawn nothing had gone his way. Albus had been dealing with a near constant assault from all sides. It was like the little fools of this world had forgotten who he was.

They owed him their loyalty, not the other way around.

Then there was the bill that Sebastian had presented and had passed during the meeting he had been forced to miss. When he had been told about it his people had down played it, apparently not even realizing just what it was.

When Albus read the bill he had been stunned. What seemed like a simple bill was going to completely change their world. He had spent years slowly layering more and more restrictions on magical creatures. This bill wiped away all that work. Not a single creature control he had put in place was active anymore.

Plus, the entire sub section that granted more freedoms to those filthy goblins. He had been working on adding more restrictions on them, he wanted them to pay for the loss of the Potter assets and how they had tricked him into wasting his own fortune.

This new law would stop him from making the goblins pay. That above all infuriated Albus. He wanted those creatures to suffer, now instead they were being given more power.

Albus just couldn’t believe how useless his people had proven to be. Not only had they allowed
that bill to pass, with some of the useless idiots even voting for it, they were allowing Lily to be tried.

After the mess with Sirius the ministry had brought in new rules. No one could be sent to Azkaban without a trial, they were to be held in the ministry cells. They could only be held for a maximum of 6 months. After those 6 months the person would be released and the ministry would be barred from ever trying them for the crime they had been arrested for.

That had been the only plan he had been able to think of. Sense she had been caught in the act it was their only chance.

But now that chance was gone. He was going to have to figure out some new way to at least keep her from mentioning him.

Maybe a vow, but that wouldn’t work. If a vow was detected the Unspeakables would be called in. They might be able to strip it away and then things would just get even worse for him.

He just needed to think.

Albus forced everything out of his mind as he walked into the chamber. This meeting was to deal with a few basic things in regards to the DCW. Because the department was deemed as being so important they had yearly meetings with the heads of the department.

While most departments just submitted paperwork for things like rule changes and requests for their budgets the DCW was deemed important enough to have an entire meeting dedicated just to making sure they had whatever they wanted. Albus didn’t really see the point since in all these years not a single request had been denied. He honestly believed that they could request a pet dragon for each member of the department and the fools would approve it just because they didn’t want to look like they weren’t doing what the kids wanted.

At least this would help him. But Albus was still planning to be cautious, he didn’t want to risk another plan backfiring on him. To that end he had arranged for Lady Griselda Marchbanks to be the one to bring the issue up.

Griselda was another problem. She had been one of his allies that had been feeding off the magic of the prisoners and she was fading. The last time Albus had seen her she had been pale, sweaty, and shaking just from the exertion of standing up. She really was only managing to carry on by sheer stubbornness. Albus didn’t think she would make it to the end of the summer.

Luckily for Albus he had even more control over her daughter who would inherit the title. The only real problem for Albus was that without Griselda he would lose control over the OWL and NEWT testers, and that just wasn’t good. Especially since 2 of his pawns were supposed to be taking those tests and Albus had his doubts that they would be able to do well if they were held to the proper standard.

Over the years Albus had used Griselda to stack the testers with his people. He gave them a list of his favoured and they would ensure that they got the grades they needed to get the positions he wanted. He had even got them to downgrade certain Slytherins that he felt were reaching above where he wanted them. It had allowed him to keep control of who got the best jobs.

But, if she died, that was another area he would lose control of unless he could get another one of his people to head the testers.
Albus watched as the meeting was called to order, he still hated seeing Gerald Greengrass in his rightful position. That was where he should be, not sitting, with only limited power, as the leader of the light faction, which was the smallest of the three.

The meeting progressed like it usually did. There were a few requests for changes in the budget and an expansion in their staffing numbers, all of which were approved. Then it was time for the members of the Wizengamot to ask any questions or clarifications that they wanted.

Albus looked to Griselda when the floor was opened.

“There is an issue that has caused me great distress that I feel we must discuss.” Griselda said in a quavering voice.

“And what might that be Lady Marchbanks?” Cecilia Perra questioned respectfully.

“I have been informed that you aren’t properly handling allegations of abuse.” Many people in the chamber started to mutter. “I have received letters from a few different people that have all reported abuse cases to you and nothing was done, instead you left the children in their abusive situation.

Those I have spoken with all said they reported the abuse anonymously because they feared retaliation. If even adults fear these people, how could you allow children to remain there?”

Albus sat up a little taller as he saw people starting to become angry. This might just work. Looking over he saw the viewing gallery, filled with regular citizens and reporters that were interested in this meeting, Albus saw them shifting and muttering. The reporters were scribbling away.

“While I’m sure you are more than sincere with your concerns Lady Marchbanks, I think someone, or multiple someone’s, is attempting to use you for their own gain.” Cecilia said softly. “We investigate whenever we are given new accusations of abuse.

It is true that we have had some issues with anonymous letters alleging abuse, but the issue isn’t that they aren’t being followed up on, it’s that many have ultimately proven to be false, and those are the ones that we have gotten multiple times.

If we have already investigated the claim of abuse and found none we will not reinvestigate for 6 months. We have one particularly determined individual that has been sending abuse allegations almost every single day for 2 years. Even when the child is away at school and not living at home there are new allegations of abuse.”

“Why would anyone file false allegations of abuse?” One of the neutral Lady’s questioned in a shocked voice.

Edward and Cecilia looked at each other thoughtfully before Edward stepped forward.

“As we have already covered, the reports were made anonymously so we can’t get them to give any answers, but we do have our suspicions. We have found a few of those that have had reports made about them had come out the victors in custody battles within the previous year, usually as a result of a messy breakup or divorce. We believe that in those cases the one filing the report is the parent who didn’t get custody.

But, more often than not the subject of the reports are orphans. As we all know there were a rather
large number of children orphaned during the last war. A startling number of these children inherited their families title, fortune, or both. Many of you know this as you sit here today as proxy for the underage Lord or Lady of whom you have custody.

These are the children we receive reports on most. A few of you are well aware of this as you have ended up having meetings with us or members of our department for that very reason. We investigate as a precaution, but if there is no evidence of abuse then we move on.

The part of the entire situation that we actually think is the most concerning is that the reports are only ever about the heirs. In many cases there are other children in the house, whether it be cousins or in some cases younger siblings. But the reports almost never even mention them. The only child who’s custody they wish to change is the ones with the money or the title.

It is honestly extremely insulting, not only to those that work in our department as it wastes valuable time, but also to true victims of abuse. Knowing that there are people willing to lie about abuse in the hopes of possibly gaining control of a wealthy or titled child under false pretences.”

“Although we do encourage reporting of suspected abuse, whether it be anonymously or not, this false reporting is getting out of hand. We were actually considering whether or not we should hand over the false reports to the DMLE as what they are doing could be considered harassment not only of the guardians, but of the children themselves.” Cecilia added.

“I will request a partial seal of silence.” Lord Ogden said.

The motion was quickly approved. This seal would block anyone from giving names outside of these meeting chambers, but they could still speak openly during this meeting. The reporters would still be able to describe what had happened, just without names.

Once the seal was in place Lord Ogden called the attention back to himself. “Can I assume this is why my wife and I have had members of your department coming to do wellness checks on my grand daughter twice over the past year?”

“Yes Lord Ogden. Your grand daughter is one of those children that we have received multiple reports about. You will probably be receiving another visit in a few months as I know for a fact we have already received another dozen or so reports since the last meeting. Even though she was away at school for four of the last five months.

I can assure all of you here that there has been absolutely no evidence of any form of abuse, either physical or mental.” Cecilia told both Lord Ogden, and everyone else.

Lord Ogden leaned back in his seat thoughtfully. He was sure he knew who it was that had reported him. After his daughter and her husband were killed near the end of the last war he and his wife gained custody of his 2 year old grand daughter, Abbigail. While Abbi wasn’t in line for a title since his son was the heir, she was in line for a large amount of money.

His daughter and her husband had gone into business designing beauty products and had been extremely successful. They had left Abbi millions.

But, Abbi’s aunt and uncle on her fathers side had wanted custody of her. They had been left tens of thousands of galleons, but they had burned through it with extravagant purchases within the first year. After that they had started trying to gain custody of Abbi. If they had Abbi they could use it to gain access to her money.

Lord Ogden figured they had been the ones filing the abuse reports in attempt to get Abbi. He was
just happy that Abbi would be coming of age in December and then she would be free of having to deal with them trying to get control over her.

“Are you trying to say that this is a good home life for an innocent child?” Griselda Marchbanks demanded as she waved her wand and had a healers report appear in front of all the members and the two heads of department.

James was furious as he saw ‘Potter-Black, Hadrian’ written across the top. He saw the seal that the healers at Hogwarts used. There was no way that either of the healers at the school would willingly allow the release, to do so would violate their oaths and they would be stripped of their healers license and be forbidden to ever work in any field that required any form of privacy. The only positives he could see right now was that no one in the viewing area received a copy and there was already a partial seal of silence on the room so there was no risk this was going to get out.

“Madame Bones I am making a formal request for you to investigate how Lady Marchbanks was able to acquire private medical documents without permission. Lord Greengrass I petition for Lady Marchbanks to face censure for the violation of the privacy of both a Lord and Heir.” James said as he stood.

“It will be investigated.” Amelia assured. Although she was surprised to see the medical records she wasn’t surprised by what was in it since she had seen it all those years ago.

“I demand Potter’s guardians be arrested.” A voice called out from the light section. Many others voiced their agreement.

James felt many glares aimed his way from all three sections, but he didn’t let it bother him. He was going to have to do something to ensure that Dumbledore was the one who looked bad. He knew that this medical record had to have been revealed on his order.

Edgar looked to his sister in confusion. Amelia had very strong beliefs about abuse yet she seemed perfectly calm about this. Then Amelia looked at him and cocked her head to the side with a very familiar look in her eyes. Edgar recognized it as her wanting him to question her about it.

Amelia had often used that look when she wanted to brag about something but hadn’t wanted to seem like she was bragging. They had both used a series of different looks to secretly communicate. It came in handy when they needed to downplay anything.

Edgar amplified his voice. “Madame Bones, we are all well aware of your stance on child abuse, yet you seem calm and unaffected by what we have all just learned. I would like to know why you haven’t ordered the arrest of the young Lords guardians?”

Amelia withheld a smile. “You are correct Lord Bones, I do have very strong feelings in regards to abuse, but I have had much more time to deal with this report. If you look you will see that these are not full sized pages, the column that would have listed the dates these injuries occurred has been removed, hopefully that is just an oversight and not an attempt to provide false information that could result in false arrests.

I have a copy of a similar report, except it was done by the Gringotts healers. I was presented with the report almost a decade ago.”

“A decade?” “What is this about?” “Why weren’t we made aware of this?” Was shouted by many members of the Wizengamot.

“It is not my place to answer those questions.” Amelia said as she stared down the angry members
demanding answers. “Since this is in regards to a minor only one of his guardians can answer those questions.”

James thought about what he should do. Hadrian had known that one day his abuse would most likely be made public, and had given him permission to speak about it when that day came, but at the same time he wanted to protect his son. After a few moments of thought, James made his decision.

“I do understand the desire to know what is going on, but for that to happen I would request that the partial seal of silence be upgraded to a complete seal for this information. This is already a highly unethical situation involving stolen medical records of an underage child. I will not have anything from this situation made public.”

Frank seconded his motion and it passed quickly, only a few in the light who blindly followed Dumbledore voted against it. The stronger seal was tied into Hadrians name so no one would be able to mention anything that involved him an any way, whether it be his name or even any reference of the medical record. It would allow those there to talk about the decisions that were made, but stop them from mentioning Hadrians abuse in any way shape or form.

“I guess I should start from the beginning. As we all know after the attack on Godric’s Hollow Hadrian was removed from our world.” James sent a vicious look to Dumbledore who had been trying to interrupt him. “He was placed with Lily Evans’s muggle sister and her husband. Shortly before his sixth birthday he had had enough of the abuse and ran away. Thankfully he was discovered by a good samaritan only a little while later who wished to remain anonymous who recognized him. Seeing the condition Hadrian was in he took him to Gringotts to be healed. As his closest living relative the Goblins arranged for my retrieval. After that I got in contact first with Madame Bones, and then with Mr. Brown, and Mrs. Perra.

My husband and I, along with Hadrians godfather and his husband were granted custody by all three.”

“And we can confirm this.” Edward Brown said. “Young Hadrian was actually the first case our department handled after it was created. Ever since we placed Hadrian with Lord Peverell and his family we have monitored them. Arranging semi annual home visits, along with health scans and mind healer visits. In all these years there hasn’t been a single issue.

Given the seal and that we have already covered this, Hadrian is one of those children that we have received reports about. He actually holds the record for number of abuse reports. None of these reports have ever been substantiated in any way and this was actually the case that led us to believe that there were certain people that were attempting to use our department to gain control over children they had no legal right to.”

“And you did not think to inform anyone?” Lady Marchbanks demanded. She knew this wasn’t going the way Albus wanted, but she didn’t want to let her old friend down.

“There was no legal reason to inform anyone else.” Amelia said. “Despite how many in this world act, they do not own Hadrian Potter-Black and have no legal rights to dictate his life. Everyone that needed to be informed was.

I had expected that it would have been made public once Lord Dumbledore checked on him. After all, it was Lord Dumbledore that placed him with those… people, and assured us all that the boy was safe and loved. But given the record of abuse either no one was checking on the boy or they are criminally negligent.”
The only evidence of James’s joy at what Amelia had just said was the slight widening of his eyes. This was perfect. Sure, none of this information could leave the room, but it would make more people start to look at Dumbledore with distrust.

The meeting ended fairly quickly after that as people started demanding answers from Dumbledore. Answers that he was unwilling to provide. Instead he just kept going back to his greater good line. As if that was supposed to be an excuse for allowing a child to be abused.

Thankfully, a vast majority of the Lords and Ladies disagreed. Only a few of the more blindly loyal light followers tried to excuse the mans actions.

**Cemetery - July 24, 2005**

It was a rainy day as the friends of Dedalus Diggle gathered around the Diggle family crypt. The day earlier he had passed peacefully in his sleep.

For the most part those that were there were old friends of Dedalus. Many had either gone to school with him, worked with him at the ministry, or been regulars at his pub. There were of course a few that came along out of respect but hadn’t been overly close to him.

Most notable was the absence of the mans wife. Over the months Dedalus was in the hospital he had often been visited by his friends, all who noticed that his wife was never there. Whenever they questioned Dedalus about it, he would just say that they didn’t have a good relationship and he hadn’t seen her since before he had gone to the hospital. It just made the poor reputation the woman had even worse.

Many had already had misgivings when it had come out that Arthur had kicked her out after she had threatened one of his boys, and this just made them think even worse things about her. Many started to think that despite all the claims she and Headmaster Dumbledore made about her being a good light witch she was actually evil. Even if you weren’t fond of someone, when they were dying you were supposed to at least show compassion. Only a truly horrible person was unkind to a dying man.

Another notable absence was Albus Dumbledore. Many had muttered about that. Dumbledore had always made a big deal about being there for his, so called, friends. To those who knew and cared about Dedalus, this seemed like an insult to their deceased friend.

Dumbledore had been making a big deal about the death of Griselda Marchbanks, who had died only a day before Dedalus, but he hadn’t even mentioned Dedalus. It was like Dumbledore thought the Lady was more worth mentioning than a bartender. Dumbledore had always tried to act like he didn’t care about a persons position in society, but now he was seeming more like just another elitist.

As the funeral drew to an end more than a few of those who had attended left a shot by their friends final resting place.

**Gringotts - July 25, 2005**

Albus was more than a little confused as he was lead into a meeting room with Molly. He had received a message saying that he was expected at a meeting today. He really didn’t know what it
was these creatures wanted, but he was going to make them pay for their arrogance in demanding his time. But only after he knew what this was about.

“Molly my dear, do you know what this is about?”

“I have no idea Albus. Don’t you lot know that I have a business to run?” Molly grumbled as she stared at the goblin sitting at the desk in front of them.

Goblin Manager Sharpstaff didn’t even bother to react to the disrespect. Every goblin there worth their weapon knew about how Dumbledore and his sycophants behaved. At least he was going to get to anger them with what he was going to do next.

“You are here to hear the last will and testament of Dedalus Diggle.” Sharpstaff growled.

“What?” Molly was shocked.

“Dedalus died.” Albus was just as shocked. He had known that Dedalus had been in the hospital, but he hadn’t realized he had died.

Albus smiled slightly. This was a good thing for him. When he had first heard that Dedalus was in the hospital he had encouraged him to make up his will. He had even sent one of Ted’s colleagues, since wills weren’t his area of expertise. The man had come back saying that everything was set. Albus was sure that Dedalus would leave him everything, it wasn’t like he had anyone else. The only confusing thing was why Molly was here, why would Dedalus leave her anything.

“Yes, Mr. Diggle passed a few days ago. His funeral was yesterday.” Sharpstaff gave them a clearly disgusted look, they hadn’t even realized the man had died.

“So what do we get?” Molly’s greed was shining in her eyes.

“Shall I just go over the bequests specific to you?”

“Yes.” Both Molly and Albus said immediately.

“For Lord Dumbledore I have this.” Sharpstaff handed over a letter. “And for you Mrs. Diggle you receive this.” He pushed forward a single knut.

“What is this supposed to be.” Molly shrieked as she picked up the knut and shook it at the goblin. “I was his wife. I deserve more than a knut.”

“According to the will you were his wife in name only.” Sharpstaff pulled out the will and looked over the part written about the woman. “He seems to feel that he was more than generous for leaving you anything. Harpy, banshee, and dementor are amongst the nicer ways he described you.”

“What is the meaning of this!” Albus thundered as he finished reading the first page of the letter.

The letter was five sheets of parchment allowing Dedalus to explain just what he thought of Albus. Because of the vow he could not speak against him, but he could use this letter to tell Albus exactly what he thought of him. It was the rudest, most insulting thing that Albus had ever endured, and he had argued with people trying to murder him.

“It is the letter that Mr. Diggle left for you. I am not aware of the contents but if you would like me to read it and explain it to you I would be happy too.” Sharpstaff sneered.
Albus quickly shoved the letter in his pocket, he couldn’t let anyone know what had been written. There was no doubt in his mind that that disgusting creature would make the letters contents public if he could.

“Now, on to the next issue. Mrs. Diggle, you have 1 week to be completely moved out of Diggle Manor. Anything left in the manor will be forfeit.” Sharpstaff said blandly.

“What!” Molly shrieked.

“I don’t know any other way I could word that.” Sharpstaff grinned. “You must be completely out of the house. Anything you leave behind will be seized.”

“But the house now belongs to Molly.” Albus tried to twinkle but failed in his shock.

“No, it doesn’t. The manor, and all other assets were left in trust for his heirs. One week from today the manor and all vault will be sealed shut until his eldest heir comes of age.” Sharpstaff smirked. He had been given permission to taunt these two as much as he wanted by Mr. Diggle so long as he didn’t name the heirs.

“But he doesn’t have any other family.” Albus said.

“That is where you are incorrect. Maybe he just didn’t feel you needed to know. Or, maybe he didn’t trust you as much as you thought.”

“What does all this mean.” Molly demanded in confusion.

“Exactly what I said.” Sharpstaff said, his voice showing just how stupid he thought this woman was. “You get a knut. That’s it, that’s all. You need to find another place to live and get your stuff out of Mr. Diggle’s home.

You should be aware that you will only be aloud to remove your possessions. Mr. Diggle left a detailed inventory of everything of value he owned. Anything found to be missing will be charged to you. If it is a family heirloom then our warriors will retrieve it from you personally.”

“But I’m his wife” She repeated dumbly. “I’m supposed to get everything.”

“No, you don’t.” Sharpstaff said like he was trying to explain something to an extremely dumb toddler. “Arrangements were made by Mr. Diggle. And we shall carry out his wishes, to the letter.”

“You said until the heirs come of age, that means they’re children. We shall just arrange taking their custody. We will manage everything for them until their old enough to do it themselves.” Albus smiled.

“No.” Sharpstaff said again. “You are not the heirs guardian, and you never will be. You were both strictly forbidden from gaining their custody in the will. They currently reside with Mr. Diggle’s chosen guardian.”

“But…” Molly started.

“But nothing. You will never gain control over those children.” Sharpstaff snapped. “Now, I think it is time for you to be on your way. You will probably be needing to start your packing and house hunting.”

Molly glared at the amused goblin but Albus lead her to the floo.
Headmasters Office

“What am I going to do now Albus?” Molly whined once they were safely away from the bank.

“I honestly don’t know Molly. This summer is turning into a complete disaster.” Albus sighed.

“I should have inherited everything. I was his wife after all.” Molly grumbled.

Albus actually wanted to roll his eyes. Those two had been married in name only and pretty much everyone knew it. Molly spent most of her time complaining about him. It was too late to play the dutiful wife.

“And then there’s my home.” Molly continued her rant. “How dare those… those… things, kick me out of my home. They are stealing the roof from over my babies heads.

And to go so far as to call me a thief. Like there’s anything in that place that I would take. It is a disaster zone.

Where can I go now Albus?”

Albus sighed. “We are going to need to think of something else. There’s nothing I can do about it now. I could have sealed the will if I had still been Chief Warlock, but since I’m not, and the will has already been read I can’t stop it.”

“I can’t go back to the cottage in Godric’s Hollow.” Molly said. “There isn’t enough room for my babies and there is no way I’m giving up the little bit of time I have with them.”

There was no way Albus was going to send her back to the cottage. If he couldn’t avoid the rewarding, though he was currently working on plans too, then he was going to need to stay there for a week. And there was absolutely no way he was going to live with Molly for a week.

“I think it might be easiest to use the Lion’s Den right now. A basic flat can be added above the restaurant in only a matter of days. Then, once you have found a better home we will be able to rent out the flat for a little extra money.” Albus said thoughtfully.

“Do you think it can be done?” Molly really didn’t want to live above the restaurant, but she just didn’t have the money right now to purchase a home with room for both her and the children. Under normal circumstances she wouldn’t even entertain the idea, but she needed a home… Plus Albus would be paying for it.

“The basic three-bedroom flat could be fully up within two days if I encouraged the builders. You will just need to spend those days packing up the manor and start moving in after that. Once you’re in you can go about setting things up. Right now the main focus is keeping you away from the goblins.

I will start making the arrangements this afternoon. But Molly, this can’t be like it was when the restaurant was being built. There will be no changes, no alterations, and no interference. I wish that we had time to do this differently but we just don’t have control over the goblins at the moment to stop them from stealing your stuff after the week is up.”

“But Albus…” Molly whined.

“Enough Molly.” Albus snapped. “You don’t have a choice. I will make the arrangements and you
will start packing. I will remind you that anything of yours you leave behind will be lost, and anything that isn’t yours that you take will be recorded and you will have to pay for it. With your own money.”

Albus quickly ushered the annoying woman out of his office.

Gringotts - July 26, 2005

Leaving her office at the end of the day Amelia made her way to Gringotts. She was more than a little confused as to why Sebastian had requested to see her here. Entering the office she was led to, Amelia saw Sebastian and the goblin she knew was called Ragnok waiting for her.

“Hello Amelia.” James said as he pulled out a bottle of fire whiskey. “Please, have a seat. I think this is going to be one of those meetings.”

Amelia glanced at the bottle and saw it was already half empty. Looking up she noticed the clear signs that Sebastian had already had a drink.

“Do I need to worry about you becoming a day drinker?” Amelia quirked an eyebrow.

“I just had this meeting with Edward and Cecilia and we all had need of a drink to settle our nerves. What we are about to discuss will be quite shocking.

What I want you to know is that I never planned this deception lasting this long. It just got away from us and before we realized it almost a decade had passed.” James told her sheepishly. He really hadn’t meant to lie to everyone forever, he had just gotten so caught up in his family that time had passed much faster than he thought it could.

Amelia sat down with a sigh. “Well then pour me a drink and lets work through this.”

James smirked as he poured the requested drink. “I think we should just get the big shock out of the way first. Ragnock, if you would.”

Ragnock clicked his fingers and the glamour James had on dropped, allowing Amelia to see him.

“J…James?” Amelia stuttered before she grabbed the glass and drank it all back in one, forcing herself to be calm. “Explain, now.”

“Well… I guess to start I should tell you I never married Lily Evans and she was not Hadrians mother. Just after I graduated Hogwarts I married my boyfriend, Severus. Sev and I are Hadrians parents.

Dumbledore had recruited Sev as a spy before he even finished Hogwarts so we had been keeping our relationship secret. Only Siri and Remus knew of our relationship.

One night when I was putting Hadrian to bed someone stunned me from behind. The next thing I was really conscious of was that I was living in Godric’s Hollow with Lily Evans and she was acting like Hadrian was her son. That time of my life is pretty hazy, I’m pretty sure I was doused with love potions and under plenty of compulsion and memory charms.

I know at the same time this was happening many others had their memory altered. Sev, Siri, and Remy, all knew about Sev and I but they forgot. There were also plenty of people in Dumbledore’s Order that knew I wasn’t with Lily but they all seemed to have had their memory altered. I even
talked to Alice and she swears she remembered Lily being pregnant even though she wasn’t.

From what we have been able to figure out sometime before the attack on Godric’s Hollow I was once again kidnapped and we believe replaced with a golem. Neither Lily, nor I were there the night of the attack.”

Amelia had stayed quiet through all that, just sipping her newly poured drink, but now she had questions. “What happened to Lily? What happened after you were kidnapped the second time?”

“We aren’t 100% sure what happened with Lily.” James hedged. “We believe that she was the one that kidnapped me again, but we don’t have any proof.

I actually don’t know what happened after I was taken the second time. When I was rescued years later I was in a magically induced coma and the goblin healers said I had been in that state for years.”

“Who rescued you? How did they even know you were alive?”

“I can answer that Madame Bones.” Ragnock said. “After young Hadrian was brought to us we did an inheritance test. It showed that Lord Peverell was still alive. My wife is rather… forceful and she insisted that Hadrian’s fathers be here when he woke up.

Lord Peverell was tracked to a cottage in Godric’s Hollow. We arranged for his retrieval. As we have no right to charge or detain any witch or wizard that has not committed a crime against Gringotts or the goblin nation there was no need for us to determine who was involved with the kidnapping.”

“I woke up in the healing ward here shortly before I went to you and Fudge to arrange Siri’s release from Azkaban.” James finished.

“How are you Lord Peverell? Why didn’t the Wizengamot chambers recognize your use of a false name?”

“Because it isn’t a false name. At the time I didn’t know what was going on or who I could trust. My first priority was my son who was still healing from the hell he was subjected to as a result of Dumbledore and the wizarding worlds blind trust in the old fool. I just wanted him safe and healthy.

The Potter’s are descended from the Peverell’s so I simply took up the title. I abdicated the Potter Lordship in favour of my son so that no one would connect me with the title.

As for the name thing, I legally and magically changed my name. The chamber accepted me as Sebastian Peverell because in the eyes of both the law and lady magic I am Sebastian Peverell.”

“But why tell me now?” Amelia questioned. That was one thing that didn’t make sense. Everything had been working for them so far, so why tell now.

“We both know that this issue with Hadrian’s custody isn’t going to just stop. There are many that want to be able to take control of him for his titles, his fame, his money, or all three. Just because we stopped it this time doesn’t mean there wont be another attempt to get him away from us. As Sev and I are his fathers we have more rights, but that is only if certain people like you know.”

Amelia nodded. She understood that. Hadrian was just too famous in their world for people to just leave him alone.
“So what do you want me to do with this information?” Amelia asked.

“Nothing. We just figured it would be better if you had the information in case anything else happens.” James told her.

“Ok, can I ask one more question? What happened with Lily? I mean, where is she now?”

“Not really sure. She just sort of disappeared.” James said. “We know from Hadrians test that she is still alive, but we really don’t care, just so long as she stays away from my children I don’t care. I figure she is up to her old tricks, whatever that might be.”

After that James, Amelia and Ragnock finished their drinks, Amelia asking a few more basic questions before the meeting came to an end. Amelia left the bank in a state of shock. This was the last thing she had expected. She was starting to wonder who was the next person that was going to come back from the dead.

James watched Amelia leave before he headed out. It had been a bit of a gamble, but it had been worth it. Lily’s trial was set to start in two days. Amelia was going to be the interrogator so she was going to need to have her wits about her. This way she would be able to absorb the shock faster and ask proper questions.

Ministry of Magic, Court Room 10 - July 27, 2005

The day had finally arrived for Lily’s trial. It was taking James everything he had not to bounce into the court room. Even Sirius, who had never even sat in his seat in the Wizengamot, was wearing his lordship robes. He had decided there was no way he was missing this so had decided to be there. Severus was also there, wearing the Prince crest and ring publicly for the first time.

All three made their way up to the seats. Both James and Severus would both be restricted from voting since James was the victim, but Sirius would be able to vote. For this meeting Hadrian had even transferred his proxy votes to Sirius just to give him that much more power.

Hadrian was sitting with Remus in the heir area. This area was warded so that no one could identify the heirs. This was done so that the heirs could attend the Wizengamot to learn their duties without having to deal with the press. But just to be on the safe side Hadrians hair was a soft brown and his eyes were a light blue.

Amelia took her place as prosecutor. She could feel something was off about this trial. After everything that had happened in recent years she had started to trust Dumbledore even less than she already had. His attempts at stopping this woman from facing trial was more than a little suspicious.

Now she was going to get the answers she craved.

Ms. Mathews barrister took the seat at the other table as the woman was brought in and placed in the accused's chair. Over the past week Amelia had had plenty of visits from the man who was trying to keep his client from being tried.

Amelia knew that, although it hadn’t been even implied, Albus Dumbledore had been the one to arrange for the man taking the woman on as a client. She really didn’t understand the mans weird obsession with the woman. Amelia had figured she was just another employee, but this was odd.
Maybe the man just didn’t want to admit he had once again made a mistake and hired another criminal, the Lockhart situation still bothered many people.

Everyone settled into their seats as Lord Greengrass called the trial to order. He, like many others, knew that this wasn’t going to be easy. Dumbledore and his sycophants already looked ready to start objecting.

Like they had thought almost as soon as the trial started the objections began. Amelia had requested the use of veritaserum. Many of Dumbledore’s people didn’t want it to be used, but it was clear that they weren’t exactly sure why. Since they were just following Dumbledore’s orders they objected, but they didn’t have any legal reason to stop the use of a truth serum.

Amelia had to withhold a smirk as she offered a compromise. Rather than using veritaserum, they would be using a less forceful truth serum. This actually worked better for her in the long run.

While veritaserum forced the speaker to tell the truth, they only answered the direct question. With the lighter truth serums, while the person was still forced to tell the truth, it also allowed them to think and expand on things. When asked a question they would have to tell the truth, but they could also go off on tangents.

It was one of the reasons they always tried to use veritaserum in their trials. It allowed them to go faster. But Amelia figured it was better to have the woman speaking openly rather than in a trance like state. So long as she asked the right questions she could learn a world of truth.

Once everyone settled down again Amelia watched as Rose Mathews was given the serum.

Getting up she went to start the interrogation.

“I will start with the basic test questions.” Amelia announced as she moved closer to the bound woman. “What is your name?”

“Lily Evans.”

“What?” Amelia gasped in shock.

“My name is Lily Evans. But I have been using the name Rose Mathews for the last few years.”

Albus sighed heavily. This wasn’t good. He had known it was going to happen, but he had still barely withheld his flinch when the woman spoke.

Amelia glanced at James. He had to have known something, but she wasn’t angry about it. He had given her plausible deniability. If she had known this was Lily before hand she would have had to recuse herself from this trial, and she really was glad to be involved.

“Why don’t you look like Lily Evans?”

“My ring has an ancient glamour woven into it.” Lily answered without a care in the world. Inside she was screaming at herself to shut up.

Amelia had one of the unspeakables come forward and remove the ring. This left Lily looking like herself again. Although many were shocked, the years hadn’t been kind to her.

The ancient glamour had fallen out of use for a reason. They actually damaged the body as they were worn. Dumbledore had only chosen to use those glamour on Lily because most of the
detection spells were newer and didn’t catch the older glamours. Even Mad-Eye’s eye couldn’t see through them.

Since Lily had been wearing the glamours non stop for years they had done extensive damage. Her skin was like wax paper with discoloured spots where her freckles had once been and covered in deep lines. Her once gleaming red hair was now dull and brittle. She looked much older than she was.

Amelia knew she needed to start off focused on the love potions, but if Lily mentioned anything about how she had survived she could expand her questions.

“Let’s continue. What is your date of birth?”

“January 30, 1970. But I’ve been telling everyone it was June 1, 1975 so everyone would think I’m younger.”

Amelia smirked slightly, Merlin this woman was shallow.

“Did you attempt to use love potions on Sebastian Prince-Peverell?”

“Of course.”

“Why?”

“Because I should be Lady Peverell-Gryffindor. Severus doesn’t deserve to be married to Sebastian. He should be mine.”

“What potions did you use and for what purpose?”

“Aeternum amare, to make him completely in love with me. Aeternum submittere to make him submit to me. And aeternum studium to make him loyal to me.”

“You do understand that all three of those potions are highly illegal?”

“Yes, but I wanted to use them.”

“Even though you knew that using even one of those potions is worth a life sentence in Azkaban?”

“Yes.”

“If you knew why did you use them?”

“Because I’m Lily Evans. I’m celebrated as a hero. No one would dare send me to Azkaban.”

“Where did you get the potions?”

Lily stayed silent.

“Ms. Evans, what do you remember about where you got the potions?”

“I have no memory.”

“Unspeakable Topaz, would you check the accused’s memory?” Amelia addressed the Unspeakable in the room.

After a twenty minute examination the Unspeakable turned to address the court. “The memories
have been removed. It is common when dealing in illegal goods to remove the memory of where they were acquired. It is a way to stop prosecution of the suppliers.”

“Do you know when the memories were removed?” Amelia asked.

“There is no way to determine when the memories were removed.”

“I call for the dismissal of this case due to the fact that my clients memories have been altered.” Lily’s barrister jumped up, seeing this as his only chance to get his client off.

“What is your expert opinion in this matter Unspeakable Topaz, was she operating under her own control?” Gerald asked the unspeakable, he didn’t want to let this woman off.

The unspeakable did another check. “Her memories weren’t tampered with, only removed. There is no evidence of coercion. It is most likely that the black market dealer she worked with removed the memory of their identity in an act of self preservation. Everything she did before and after that point was done with her own free will.”

“Thank you Unspeakable Topaz. Motion for dismissal denied. Please continue with your questioning Madame Bones.” Gerald announced.

Albus let out a slight sigh of relief.

“Have you ever used love potion before? And if so who on and when?”

Lily tried to force herself to be quiet, she didn’t want to admit this, but the potion forced her to speak.

“I started using weak love potions on Severus Snape starting when he was 12 after I learned how to get them over the summer before our second year. I started using the same basic potions on James Potter at the same time. During that time I started to randomly dose others in Gryffindor, I didn’t know who was getting the potions. I started using the stronger love potion, amorntentia, on both when we were in our fifth year after I learned how to brew it myself.”

“Why did you use love potions on all those people.”

“Because I deserved their love and adoration.”

Everyone was a little startled at Lily’s answer, even Albus. She really was self centred.

Amelia knew that she was running out of time. The truth potion only lasted for so long, and the agreement that had been made was that she could ask any relevant questions until the potion wore off. Given the amount of potion that had been administered she had only about 10 minutes left. She needed to ignore everyone else and just focus on her interrogation.

“Did you use love potions to make James Potter marry you?”

“No. We were never married.”

“Then why has everyone been informed you were?”

“Objection, relevance.” Lily’s lawyer jumped up as he shot a silencing spell at her. This trial was not going the way he had hoped. When Albus had come to him to defend his employee he had sworn she was innocent. Then when he had interviewed her to work up his defence strategy she had told him she hadn’t done anything and that she hadn’t had anything to hide, that was why he
had even allowed them to use truth serum.

If she had told him the truth he would have recommended that she plead guilty. At least if she had done that she would only be punished for the potions. He might have even been able to negotiate her time down from life to only a few decades. But now there was pretty much nothing he could do to help her.

“She has already admitted James Potter was one of her victims. From that information it would only be sensible to further examine that situation due to its impact on our community.” Amelia said as she looked to Gerald who overruled the objection and motioned for her to continue. “I ask again, Lily Evans why was the magical community led to believe that you were married to James Potter?”

“Because I wanted to be Lady Potter but James was being difficult. No one knew who he was involved with when Hadrian was born so I started lying and saying that I was his mother. Everyone just assumed that we were married.”

“Why didn’t James ever contradict your story?”

“Because he was under multiple love potions, compulsion potions, loyalty potions, and mind alterations to make him believe that we really were married.”

“You said you started informing people that Hadrian Potter-Black, James Potter’s son, was yours. Are you saying you are not the mother of Hadrian Potter-Black?”

“Yes and no. I did not give birth to Hadrian but I blood adopted him just before his first birthday after kidnapping him and James from their home and moving to Godric’s Hollow.”

“Was the blood adoption done legally? Did you get the proper permission from both parents without any coercion?”

“No. I forced the boy to drink the potion while he was unconscious from being moved.”

“Did you do anything else to Hadrian Potter-Black after you kidnapped him?”

“I placed blocks on his abilities and magic like his metamorphmagus gift and his wish magic, along with a few various curses.” Lily could feel the potion starting to wear off and so was able to limit what she said slightly.

Amelia knew that she was almost out of time and she made a quick decision about what her last questions would be. “How did you survive the attack in Godric’s Hollow on October 31, 1991? What happened to James Potter?”

Although the potion was wearing off, Lily still felt compelled to answer, but she was able to limit what she said, but not enough. “I wasn’t there. Before that night I took James and left golems in our place. I kept James in a magical coma and…”

Amelia knew when the potion was completely gone and Lily snapped her mouth closed and refused to continue to answer. Then and only then did Amelia start paying attention to the voices of the rest of the Wizengamot. It was obvious they were furious as they demanded answers.

Lily just shook her head refusing to look at anyone. There was a defeated look in her lawyers eyes, he knew this was going to end very badly for his client.

“I wish to amend the charges to include two counts of kidnapping, a forced blood adoption, illegal blocks and enchantments placed on an underage child, and child abuse.” Amelia announced loudly
over the noise.

Gerald went through the adding of the charges allowing the Wizengamot to vote for or against adding the charges. Each was approved. Then he called for a vote on guilt or innocence. It was unanimous, guilty. Even Dumbledore knew he had to vote for conviction.

Then came the decision on sentencing. After a lengthy debate Lily was sentenced to four life terms in Azkaban in the high security wing with round the clock presence of dementors, she would serve the first 50 years and then it would be brought back before the Wizengamot to vote whether she be returned to the prison to continue being punished or shown the mercy of a swift execution. She would only be granted the execution if the Wizengamot felt she had adequately paid for her crimes and felt true remorse, if they didn’t then she would have to continue her punishment. Everyone knew that death was preferable to long term exposure to dementors.

With the sentence given the Wizengamot members went back to demanding answers about the fate of James Potter. Lily’s lawyer saw this as his last chance and started to try and negotiate a reduction in sentence in exchange for answers.

Amelia wasn’t going to let that happen. “There is no need for that. I know of the fate of James Potter.”

Everyone turned to Amelia. Most were curious about what had happened, while two people in the chamber started to panic. Both Albus and Lily were terrified.

Albus couldn’t figure out how Amelia could have figured out what he had done to James, his body was still hidden in the basement. There was no way Amelia could have found the cottage, could she?

Lily, while afraid, was also confused. Like with where she got the potions from, Lily had no memories of what had happened to James. Since she didn’t have any memories of what had happened to him there really wasn’t anything they could do to her, but she also knew that they might try and force more information from her with more truth serum and that just wouldn’t end well. She never wanted that again, she still had far to many secrets to risk it.

“An anonymous third party learned that James Potter had survived and arranged for his rescue. He was privately treated for the potion and spell damage. After he was released from the private healers his first concern was for his son.

The third party that rescued him was only concerned with his survival and so had not bothered to collect any evidence or determine who it was that was holding him prisoner. Their only concern was his retrieval. As they had no evidence there was no way to determine who was involved in his kidnapping.

With no evidence of who was involved with his kidnapping James chose to go into hiding and focus on his family. To do this he went to the goblins at Gringotts. They assisted in legally changing his name and abdicating his title in favour of his son, as a result of this James Potter ceased to exist and Hadrian Potter-Black gained the ability to claim the title. He also got a powerful glamour that would allow him to continue to live his life without fear of his kidnappers returning and targeting him and his son.

He eventually came to me and gave me the basic outline of what had happened to him and what he knew. Unfortunately, as I had no evidence of who was involved and there was no evidence there was little I could do until today.”
James was pleased with how Amelia was laying things out. She was telling the truth, as far as she knew, but slanting it in a way that would limit any fallout for him. Now people would think that he hadn’t known who had targeted him and had simply been protecting his son.

Then people started demanding to know where James Potter was. Amelia gave him a subtle glance. James had known this was going to come out. He had had Ragnock remove the stronger glamour and instead now wore a glamour ring that kept his appearance up. It was time to face the world, with his true face.

Amelia watched as James stood up. Seeing where she was looking a majority of the people in the room turned to see a Lord that they all thought they had known well take off a ring on his little finger and changed to look like James Potter.

It was like someone set of a dozen canons.

James held up a hand and waited until it was relatively quiet, which happened surprisingly quickly. “I would apologize for the deceit, but I really don’t regret it. Changing my name and face allowed for me to protect and raise my son.”

“But you can’t do that.” Fudge sputtered. “All of your votes are invalid as you are required to use your true name when sitting in this chamber.”

Albus sat up a little. Although he was struggling to figure out how James was here, this could help him. He might be able to get everything James had done in the past years revoked.

“I have been using my name.” James smiled. “I legally changed my name, both in ministry records as well as magic. I am Sebastian Prince-Peverell, lord of both the Peverell and Gryffindor family. Everything I have done has been within the law.”

“He is correct.” Amelia added, not wanting Fudge, or worse, his sycophant, Umbridge, to make fools of the Ministry. “I have looked over everything he did and it was all legal and above board.”

“So who is Hadrian’s mum?” Came a confused voice.

“He doesn’t have one.” James replied. “Hadrian is my son with my husband.”

“Are you saying that the-boy-who-lived is the son of a death eater.” One of Dumbledore’s light fools demanded.

James narrowed his eyes. “As has been repeatedly covered, my husband was a spy. I am proud of what my husband did and anyone who says differently needs to reevaluate their thought process.”

After that James only gave clipped responses. These people had no right to question his husband. Severus was the best man he had ever met and many of those light fools condemned him even though he had risked his life every day for years to protect their worthless lives.

It took another hour before the meeting broke up after it was decided that everyone was just to worked up to accomplish anything more that day. James and Severus made their way out quickly along with Sirius and met up with Remus and Hadrian.

James knew that he was going to have to speak with the reporters, but he was going to let the furor die down a bit. Since they had known that this would be the outcome they had already made arrangements to spend the next week in France so Hadrian could spend some time with Dudley. He
would contact Tamsin only after his return.

Macmillan, Smith, and Boot Law Office

Albus sat silently in the office of Kyle Smith, uncle of one of his current Gryffindor’s. He was less than pleased. When he had gone to Kyle, who he had assisted in helping pass his NEWTs after the man had chosen to party rather than study, he had been assured that Kyle would do his best to get a minimal sentence.

“I think we need to speak Mr. Smith.” Albus all but hissed as Kyle made his way into the office.

Kyle jumped and spun when he heard the voice. He had spent the last few hours being berated by multiple people. First had been Lily Evans as he escorted her to where the aurors would meet them to escort her to Azkaban. Then had been his brother, who was furious that he had taken on a case without first speaking with him about it. Then had been the rest of the partners of the law firm about taking such a high ranked case and losing. Thankfully he had managed to hold them back with the fact that his client had lied to him about everything, even her name, so he couldn’t have been able to prepare a proper defence or known the importance of the trial.

“H…Headmaster Dumbledore.” Kyle stuttered out.

“Can you explain to me what happened today? You assured me that you would do your best.”

“I… I did.” Kyle knew better than to anger this man. “I did everything I could, but she lied to me. If she had given me information, even just the truth about her name, I might have been able to stop the use of truth serum, but she lied. She swore to me that she wasn’t guilty so I set up the defence for a false arrest.

If I had known the truth I could have helped her plead for a lesser sentence and kept everything else secret. She still would have gone to Azkaban, but I might have managed to keep it to only a few decades rather than multiple life sentences. I did everything I could.”

Albus sighed, he had specifically told Lily to keep her secrets close, but he had hoped she would at least have the intelligence to give Kyle the information he needed to properly defend her. This was one of the reasons he hadn’t used Ted Tonks, he knew Ted wouldn’t have a problem raking him over coals for withholding information.

“I’m sure you did your best my boy.” Albus sighed, it wouldn’t do to let Kyle feel that he had repaid his debt.

Kyle had to force himself to remain calm over the next ten minutes of talking with his former headmaster. He knew that he had made mistakes with the trial but he still didn’t like feeling so guilty. He was sure that he would be able to repay the headmaster but now he felt like he owed him even more.

Lion’s Den, Upstairs Flat - July 29, 2005

Arthur sighed as he made his way up the stairs that had been added to the back of the restaurant. They were just finishing off the first month of summer and he was bringing Ron and Ginny over to Molly’s for their second weekend with her. He was not looking forward to this. Molly had tried visiting a few days prior, but the wards had blocked her out, so she had ended up sending a very
nasty howler explaining her moving.

After knocking they were called to come in. Arthur prepared him self for what was to come.

“My babies.” Molly rushed forward, pushing Arthur out of her way, to envelop the two teens in a hug. She was acting as if she hadn’t seen them in years rather than two weeks.

“Molly, there are a few things I think we are going to need to speak about.” Arthur said in a forced calm voice, he knew Molly was going to start shrieking soon.

“Oh what is it Arthur, can’t you see I’m spending time with my babies.” Molly snapped.

“Like I said, there are things we need to speak about.”

“Oh fine.” Molly huffed and went to sit at the small table in the room. “So what is it that is so important.”

“I’m not sure if Ron and Ginny told you, but they decided to start learning the family magics at the beginning of the summer so Fabian, Gideon, and I sat down and explained things to them before we allowed them to start reading the family grimoires.”

“Yes, yes, what does that have to do with anything.”

Arthur withheld a growl. “I know you wouldn’t understand as you never bothered to learn the Prewett magics yourself, but there are some very strict secrecy spells on the books. It would seem that despite all the warnings they were given, Ron and Ginny decided to ignore what they were told and tried to betray the family secrets.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean?” Molly huffed.

“They tried to tell Hermione the different spells they read about. Since you never bothered to learn, you probably don’t know that to even be able to open the books you have to sign a secrecy contract. Any attempt to betray the family secrets is punished.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean?” Molly demanded as she rushed over and started checking for injuries, but couldn’t find anything.

“Since they tried to tell someone the secrets the family magic punished them by taking their voices.” Arthur shrugged. “From what the twins and I can figure they should regain their voices by the end of next week.”

“What?” Molly shrieked.

Both Ron and Ginny just kept glaring. Ron tried to yell they hadn’t done anything wrong, but nothing came out. He just went red in the face and he flung his arms around and stomped his feet, but nothing would come out of his moving lips.

“You will fix this, and you will fix this now.” Molly shouted at Arthur.

“There is nothing I can do Molly. They made a magically binding agreement. They broke it, now they pay the price they agreed to.” Arthur had been explaining this fact for the past few days every time Ron and Ginny threw a silent fit.

Things quickly devolved into an argument. Molly was sure that Arthur could fix the problem and was just refusing to because he was being cruel. Arthur just kept saying that there was nothing he
could do, they had broken a magically binding agreement.

“I have had enough of this.” Molly screamed. “My babies are staying with me from now on. I refuse to let them stay with you and those disgusting freaks you call husbands. I will not allow you to corrupt my babies any more.”

Ron and Ginny both started nodding. They hated having to stay with their dad so much.

Seeing the way the kids were reacting Arthur sighed. “Do you know what… fine. You two aren’t little children anymore so you should have a say in where you live. If it is what you both want then we will just reverse the custody agreement. You will live with your mother and come to the Burrow every other weekend.

But you do understand what that means. This isn’t something you can change every time you don’t get your way. If we change the agreement then that is it. It is changed and you can’t go back. It also means I will no longer be giving you your allowance, that will instead come from your mother.”

Ron and Ginny just nodded. They wanted to be with their mum.

“Alright then, I will have the papers drawn up. Molly, I will expect them at the Burrow every other weekend starting next weekend. I will chip in 10 galleons for their school supplies each. That should more than cover what they need.

I will also keep paying for their mind healer appointments, but they will have to go and be on time. If they are late more than twice or miss more than 2 appointments without a valid reason then I will stop payments and you can cover the cost yourself.”

“Fine.” Molly was thrilled that her babies were coming to live with her. “There is just the matter of child support. Since they will be living with me full time you will need to start paying.”

Arthur smirked. “I will pay the exact same amount of child support you have been paying.”

Molly glared. Sure, she had never paid a single knut in support when her babies had been living with Arthur, but she shouldn’t have had to. Arthur and the twins had all been working so of course they had had more than enough money. She deserved support since she was going to become a single mum.

“Don’t start Molly. All we are doing is reversing the agreement that we had, not adding anything else. I think I am being more than kind given that I am willing to assist in paying for their school supplies, something that you have never done. I will even continue to cover their school tuition, unless you would like to start.” Molly just kept glaring. “I think that look says everything that needs to be said.

I will see you two next weekend. I hope you like this arrangement and it doesn’t turn around to bite you.”

With that Arthur walked out. He was sad that things had come to this, but he really had tried everything he could think of. There was nothing else he could do. Maybe this was for the best. He would still get to spend time with them, but it wouldn’t be so much that they got angry with him. Maybe absence really did make the heart grow fonder.

Hogwarts - August 1, 2005
Albus Dumbledore was furious as he was forced from his office at spear point and under threat of having all his gold seized.

The goblins had arrived bright and early just like Sebastian…James had said, Albus still couldn’t believe that. He had gone to the cottage in Godric’s Hollow to try and figure out how he could have the body of James Potter yet the man had been walking around for years. What he didn’t know was that as soon as they had all walked into the Wizengamot court room a goblin contingent had gone to the cottage and removed the body.

Albus had found an empty basement and that had just made him more confused. He knew that he had had a body there. But it wasn’t like he could tell anyone that he had lost track of the body of a man that he had both kidnapped and killed.

Before he could even start to try and work out what had happened he had been woken up by goblins demanding that he leave for the next week. There was no way he was going to willingly do that. He didn’t want the wards to be examined or changed. He had done a lot of work on them over the years to make them how he wanted them and he didn’t want those disgusting creatures to have any involvement in his school. He needed the changes he had made to remain.

Since they needed the school to be empty of all witches and wizards Albus had just planned not to leave. He knew that he was going to need to make up some kind of excuse to tell the stupid governors because they were so demanding about the update but he was sure he could do it. And even if they didn’t accept his excuse they would have to wait until the next summer anyways and by then he would have found another way around it. He had managed to keep a lot of secrets just by putting things off that way.

But things hadn’t worked for him. The goblins had stormed into his private chambers and demanded he leave. They completely refused to listen to him and just kept saying they had a job to do. Eventually he had gotten sick of them and he had pulled his wand only to have more than a dozen weapons aimed at him.

The stupid goblin that had previously been demanding he leave told him that if he cast a single spell at them he would be treated as an enemy of the goblin nation. That meant that any assets he had would be seized, but more than likely he would be executed before that happened. That didn’t seem like a good idea so he had no choice but to allow himself to be escorted out.

The goblins were all almost pleased once the annoying old wizard was gone and they could get on with their work.

Hogwarts - August 9, 2005

Albus was finally back in his office and still completely furious. Those disgusting goblins had made a mess of his wards. Over the years he had edited and changed the wards so that he could do what he wanted, but the goblins had had the original ward scheme information and had updated from there.

The new wards blocked dangerous artifacts from the school, which had caused the destruction of multiple priceless artifacts that he had collected over the years, he had already started work on removing those. There were also new wards that would alert the closest professor in the event of bullying turning violent and also freeze the aggressor. He knew over the years it was more often than not a Gryffindor that would be the one attacking, but he had used the fact that there weren’t witnesses, but if it was the aggressor that was the one that was frozen then there was no way he
He could say that it was the other person's fault. There were now multiple other wards that would protect the students and make the grounds less dangerous and he didn’t like that, he used the danger to keep control.

Then there was the removal of the wards he had added. It had taken years, but a few decades ago Albus had managed to integrate a ward that would allow him to identify and track all children with a dark core and all students in Slytherin. He had also added a low level leaching ward in recent years. The ward had to be low level because most of the older students would notice if their magic decreased by too much. As it had been he was able to syphon off 2% from every student, not enough for anyone to notice, but a great deal of power when added together. He had been using that magic to supplement what had been lost from the prison, but it still hadn’t been enough. And now that magic too, was gone.

There wasn’t even words for how much he hated all this meddling in his school and his plans. He was supposed to be the one in control. He needed to find a way to start to regain his control.

He had been writing different ideas on a sheet of parchment. Once again getting frustrated he balled up the sheet and threw it into the fire, that he had burning even though it was the middle of summer, when Minerva’s cat patronus came dashing in to tell him that he needed to get to the staff room so that they could select the new prefects. Normally they did that earlier but everything had been such a mess with the trial and then the wards had made him put it off, but they needed to get it done now if they wanted to get the letters out so that the students could get their supplies.

Severus was more than a little annoyed by the time Dumbledore managed to finally make it down to the staff room. They had already been sitting there for over half an hour. Whenever any of the others just tried to do their job Minerva would interrupt and demand that they wait for the headmaster.

This could have been handled on time if Dumbledore wasn’t such a control freak. The man had been so distracted by the trial that he kept moving the meeting back even though the school should have come first, and it wasn’t like they even needed him there. The heads of house were responsible for selecting their prefects and either the headmaster, or deputy headmaster could approve it. Then there had been the period of the warding, they could have held the meeting at any point during that week, just not at the school, there were many private rooms at the restaurants in Hogsmeade that they could have used, but again Dumbledore refused to allow it.

“Sorry I’m late, I was busy with some pre term paperwork.” Albus twinkled at those in the room.

“Yes, well… Let’s carry on now that we’re all here.” Severus sneered.

Minerva snarled slightly at the look her colleague sent her.

“Yes, yes. Let’s get to work.” Dumbledore took his seat.

“I guess I’ll start.” Pomona Sprout said. “I will be keeping my upper year prefects the same and I was thinking of making Susan Bones and Neville Longbottom my 5th year prefects.”

The others all agreed. Albus and Minerva didn’t see a problem with that. If anything it was helpful since both Susan and Neville had powerful and influential family members that they might be able to convince to see things their way if it meant the advancement of their children.

“We discussed it and have also decided to keep our older prefects.” Lucien Zarno said as co-head
of Slytherin.

Aurora Sinistra nodded. “Our new prefects will be Daphne Greengrass and Draco Malfoy.”

This lead to a bit of a debate. Albus and Minerva had absolutely no problem with Daphne, but both objected to Draco. Neither of them wanted to elevate a Malfoy but couldn’t give a good reason for that so both were approved.

“Filius?” Albus looked to the small charms master.

“It goes without saying that the upper years will be keeping their positions. For the 5th year choices I want Padma Patil and Terry Boot.”

“I figured you would select young Hadrian.” Pomona said in slight confusion.

“I watched the students over the past year and even spoke with my top choices about it to see if they would be willing,” Filius sipped his tea. “Both Hadrian and his roommate Theo were both in contention for the spot but selected to withdraw themselves since they are both Lords. Nox currently sits as the top student of their year and said he felt that being prefect would take too much time away from studying. Of the remaining boys Terry Boot is the best qualified.”

“Yes, I spoke with Hadrian about it.” Severus added when he saw both Albus and Minerva getting ready to add their opinions. “While he can’t take his seat in the Wizengamot until he is 16, he is planning on taking more responsibility for his seats over the year so that he can begin to get ready for the position. Given that he is expected to hold the responsibility of his lordships for years to come, and the role of prefect only lasts for a maximum of 3 years, Hadrian has chosen to prioritize his grades and lordship.”

“That is quite sensible. I know that Blaise Zabini has taken the same path. He has already written me to let me know that he will even be attending a few of the Wizengamot sessions over the coming year so that he can know what to expect.” Aurora added.

“Yes, Hadrian has spoken with us and will be doing the same thing, but he is going to wait until the school year starts so he can see what his schedule is like before he starts making plans so that he doesn’t miss anything.” Severus said.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea Severus? Harry really should be focusing on his school work.” Dumbledore said. He really didn’t want Harry to get involved in the Wizengamot. There were too many people that would follow the boys foolish ideas, it was why Albus had wanted to hold proxy over those seats.

“Hadrian is currently ranked second in his year just behind Mr. Cross.” Severus raised a brow. “He knows that his grades come first. Don’t worry Albus, I have every intention of keeping a close eye on my son and will not hesitate to intervene.”

Albus wanted to scream at that reminder. How could he knot have known that Severus and James had been involved? He was supposed to know everything that went on with his people yet he had somehow missed two of his people that he had spelled to hate each other were married and had had a child.

If he had known that he might have been able to make better plans. He could have forced Severus to sign over guardianship rights while he had had the man under his spells before he had gone to work for the bank. Another missed opportunity.

“Now that that’s out of the way…” Sirius broke in. “To the Gryffindor’s. I don’t know about who
Minerva has selected, since she has refused to discuss it with me, but I think the older prefects are doing fine, and for the upcoming 5th years... I was thinking Autumn Quinn and Dean Thomas. They are both well liked, have decent grades, Dean has had the fewest detentions of the boys in his year, and Autumn has had none, and they are both good leaders.”

“I think not.” Minerva snapped. “Ron and Hermione are going to be this years prefects.”

“Have you completely lost your mind.”

Everyone was more than a little surprised to see that it was Pomona that had spoken and was looking at the woman like she had two heads.

“Now Pomona I’m sure Minerva knows what is best for her house. Her decisions are the ones that matter.” Albus twinkled.

“Actually Albus, as Sirius is her co-head their opinions carry the same weight. And I fully support Pomona’s reaction.” Severus drawled.

“I must agree. Hermione is a middling student and Ronald is one of the worst. Neither can follow instructions or have shown any leadership qualities. Not to mention just how many detentions they have had. I don’t think they managed to go a single week without at least getting detention or losing points for breaking the rules.” Lucian agreed.

“There is also their problems with bullying. How can we trust those two to be in a position of authority? They would just use it to abuse their fellow students more.” Aurora added having had to deal with those two for years.

“It has just been a slight misunderstanding. I’m sure Ronald and Hermione would never abuse their position or the other students.” Dumbledore popped a lemon drop in his mouth to try and stay calm.

This ended up leading to an argument that lasted another half an hour. Only Albus and Minerva were arguing in favour of making Ron and Hermione prefects, but neither was willing to back down or even listen to reason.

Sirius glanced over to Severus and could see the vein throbbing in his temple. He himself was getting a headache. This needed to end.

“Enough.” Sirius shouted over the bickering. “It is clear neither side is willing to back away from their positions so I am going to propose an idea that might be our only chance of getting home before we have to come back to start setting up.

I propose that we give Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger a chance. But it will come with caveats. They will be on probation for the first term and any detentions they give, and any points they give and take will be reviewed by all heads of house for legitimacy. If they are found to be abusing their badge then they will lose them to the students I selected. Alongside this, their grades and detention records will be watched. If their grades drop below a low EE average, or they get more than three detentions a month then they will have their badges removed. However, if there are any incidents of a physical attack or hexing that results in the victim going to the hospital wing they will be stripped of their badges immediately.

Rather than sending out their letter like usual I will personally deliver them so that I can be sure to impress upon them the rules that they will need to follow.”

“I do wonder why you would even agree to allow them the positions in the first place?” Severus
said thoughtfully.

“This is a chance for them to grow up.” Sirius shrugged. “A chance for them to rise to the occasion. I know from seeing it with James, when he was given the head boy badge and the responsibility it involved, he stepped up. Maybe these two just need that same push. At least, it is what I hope.”

“And just why are you the one that should deliver the letters? I can do it just as easily as you.” Minerva snarled.

“Normally I would just allow you to do it Minerva, but I have my doubts that you would be able to make sure they understand that there is no way they are getting around the rules. You have always made excuses for their behaviour so they will not see you as someone not to cross.

They know that I will not change the rules for them. When I give them expectations and consequences they know that I will follow through.” Sirius gave her a bland look.

“Now surely there is no need for this probation idea. They are good children, they have just made a few mistakes. They will do just fine with the responsibility.” Albus smiled. “They will get the badges without the probation.”

“No.” Of all people it was once again Pomona that spoke up. “I have my doubts that they will be able to rise to the occasion, but I am willing to accept Sirius’s idea. That is the only way I will agree with those two getting the badge.

Honestly, it is an insult to the other students that have worked hard and not gotten in trouble to give those two a badge, but it is not my choice. But, if either of you, Albus or Minerva, attempt to change the parameters that Sirius just laid out I will demand this decision go to the board.”

Albus forced down his anger. He knew for a fact that if it went to the board there was no way his pawns would get the badges. Oh how he hated being questioned, by a ’Puff no less.

“Fine. Sirius, you will deliver their badges and impress upon them the rules.” Albus motioned for Minerva to stay silent.

As soon as all the others had left Minerva followed Albus back up to his office.

“Why did you let them do that?” Minerva demanded.

“Please take a seat Minerva.” Albus sighed. He knew she was going to be angry. “I did what I had to do to ensure we got what we wanted.

Yes, I do wish we could have gotten them the badges without the probationary period, but it is the best we could get.”


“No Minerva.” Albus snapped, he had enough issues, he didn’t need her behaving like a child. “There was no other option. Either we agreed to Sirius’s proposal or they wouldn’t have gotten the badges. It is better to make a small sacrifice rather than lose everything we had been working for.

We need those two to be prefects. It will allow us to speak with them more. It will also allow them to establish their position as one of authority over the rest of the school, it will even make it easier
for them to become head boy and girl. We need the other students to look to them and the only way we can get that is if they are prefects.

You will have to speak with them once they are back at school. They can not lose their positions. I don’t care what they want, they have to follow the rules… At least for the first term. Once they are no longer on probation they can start to relax their behaviour, but until then they need to be perfect.”

“Don’t worry Albus, I’ll take care of it.” Minerva was determined not to fail.

**Granger House - August 12, 2005**

Hermione was sitting at the table working on one of the assignments her parents had given her under the watchful eye of her mother. She was sure there could be no worse summer than this.

She had thought that just being denied the use of her magic had been bad enough, but apparently not. Now she had to work too. Then there were the assignments that her parents were making her do to earn visiting her friends. So far she had only been aloud to visit Ron and Ginny once that summer, and that hadn’t even been worth it since as soon as they started to tell her about the family magics they were learning they both lost their voices and had had to go home.

Right now she was going to use this assignment she was doing to get her parents to let her go do some shopping in Diagon Alley. It was now just about convincing her parents to accept it. So far they had rejected all but one of her papers. Her mum had even made her sit down and write out a point form list of what she wanted to include in this paper before going through the list and scratching out everything she said should not be in the paper. It was more than a little annoying, but she really had no other choice but to do it her mothers way.

The only thing she was waiting for now was her letter telling her which books she would need for the oncoming year. It was odd because the letter usually would have come by now, but she was willing to overlook the lateness. But only if the extra she had been offered was there.

Before leaving for the summer the year before Professor McGonagall had assured her that she would be getting the prefects badge. Hermione knew that she deserved it, but she had her doubts that she would get it. Professor Black was now co-head of house, and he clearly didn’t like her, most likely because she was muggle born she knew, he was a Black after all. But Professor Black had just as much power as Professor McGonagall so he might just be able to stop Hermione from getting the badge, hopefully Headmaster Dumbledore would be able to put the man in his place.

Just before dinner there was a nock at the door. Jean Granger led Professor Black into the living room, calling her husband and daughter in. Professor Black had told her that he needed to speak with Hermione, but he thought both parents should be there.

“Professor Black?” Howard questioned.

“I decided to bring this personally.” Sirius handed over Hermione’s school letter.

“Why is it so late, and why did you bring it?” Hermione was confused.

“The school was being rewarded, but that isn’t what I’m here about.” Sirius really didn’t understand why this little girl thought everyone should have to answer to her. “What I am here
about is this.”

Hermione grinned as the professor held out the shiny prefects badge that she had been hoping for.

“Now, there are a few strings that come attached to that badge.” Sirius said seriously.

“And what sort of strings are those?” Jean questioned. She was happy her daughter had gotten the badge she had wanted so badly, but she was confused since Hermione’s behaviour didn’t show any evidence of deserving or earning this elevation.

“She will be on probation. The badge can be removed if she does not prove herself worthy.” Sirius looked between the two adults. “This honour has been granted to Hermione in the hopes that it will encourage her to prove herself worthy, not because she has already done so. It is a chance for her to rise to the occasion.

But, you must understand Ms. Granger, you will be monitored. Any points you give or take, as well as any detentions you assign will be evaluated every month. If you are caught taking advantage of your badge then you will lose it. That means you have to have a valid reason for all actions you take.

Along side that both your grades and your own behaviour will be evaluated each month. If you receive more than three detentions a month, if your grades drop below a low EE average, or if you are caught physically attacking, or hexing, another student you will lose your badge. That means you have to stop hitting your fellow students.”

“I don’t hit anyone.” Hermione glared, incensed at everything she had just been told. She deserved this badge, and they had no right to hold it over her head for the type of behaviour they wanted.

“Yes, you do Hermione.” Jean sighed. “It is why you now work in the filing room rather than at the front desk with Emma. You kept hitting her when she was trying to teach you what to do.”

“This is a list of what we will be monitoring and the basic outline of the minimum requirements to maintain her badge, although I would hope that she aims higher than minimum expectations.” Sirius said as he got up to leave. “I really should be off, I still have another meeting to get to.”

“Allow me to escort you out.” Howard got up and left his wife and daughter to their staring contest. Reaching the door Howard turned to his daughters professor. “Thank you for allowing her another chance, though I don’t know if it will help. She is just so sure she is always right.

We have been trying to change things alongside her mind healer appointments, but she just refuses to accept it. Her hitting is going to get her into real trouble soon. I really don’t know if it will help. She is just so sure she is always right.

Sirius took a moment to think through his next words, he didn’t want the other man to take this wrong. “I think one of her major issues is that she has more than likely never been hit before. I’m not saying you need to have been hit to understand why it is wrong to do it to others, just that with her inability to see things from others perspectives she might truly believe that it isn’t wrong so she doesn’t pay attention to when she hits. It’s almost like it’s unconscious.”

But… There is something that might help. I’m not saying it is the path you need to take, but it is just an option. There is a potion called a karma potion, though that’s just the common nickname, not the real one. The potion is often used when treating patients with problems of pathological violence.

The potion allows the one who takes it to feel the result of their actions. It would mean that
Hermione would feel the same pain she causes every time she hits someone. It might be something to keep in mind as an option of last resort.”

Howard nodded. “I really don’t want her to get hurt, but she just isn’t getting it. I’ll speak with Jean and her healer. We probably won’t do it now, but it is an option I guess.

Either way, good evening Professor Black. Have a safe trip.”

Sirius walked out of the house and went into a dark alley a few houses down and apperated away.

**Lion’s Den, Upstairs Flat**

Molly was up in the flat making dinner for Ron and Ginny when Sirius arrived. She was already starting to get frustrated. It had been two weeks since her babies had come to live with her… and they were starting to drive her crazy.

When she had first been forced to move out by Arthur she had been so dreadfully lonely and missing her kids, but she had gotten used to it quickly. She had gotten used to the no screaming arguments at all hours of the day and night. She had gotten used to things staying where she put them. She had gotten used to not having others around making messes that she then had to clean up. She had gotten used to not always having someone else underfoot. But most of all she had gotten used to only being responsible for herself.

Ron and Ginny expected her to take care of everything for them. She had to make all their meals in the upstairs flat because if she didn’t they would either make a disaster in the kitchen when they attempted it themselves, or worse, they would come down to the restaurant kitchen and just start taking any food that looked good. Somehow they managed to make a mess everywhere they went and didn’t clean up.

She knew that Arthur had always made them clean up after themselves and take responsibility for themselves, but she didn’t want to be mean like him, Ron and Ginny always told her how mean he was. That was the reason she had gotten rid of all those stupid rules Arthur had given them.

There was no more bed time. There was no more time they had to be up by. And there were no more rules about when and how often they needed to study.

All these things led to a slightly frazzled Molly Diggle letting Sirius into her place. “What is it that you want Sirius?”

“I came to deliver these.” Sirius held out the two Hogwarts letters.

“Why?” Molly was confused. She didn’t trust this man and didn’t know why he was here to deliver the letters personally.

“Mum I’m hungry.” Ron whined as he came into the kitchen.

“Me too.” Ginny whined louder as she followed him. “What are you doing here?” She demanded as she saw one of her heads of house.

“He came to drop off your letters.” Molly said, her confusion and suspicion clear in her voice.

“There is another reason.” Sirius pulled out the badge and Molly shrieked while Ron puffed up his chest and grinned.
Both then went on to spend the next ten minutes completely ignoring him while they were lost in their own little worlds. Molly was thrilled. She had known that her baby boy would get the prefects badge. After all, there was no one more deserving. Ron was happy. He had wanted a badge of his own ever since Bill had gotten his. Now he had one of his own. He just needed to get on the quidditch team and then he could show up Charlie too.

“Just wait, I will finally be able to start getting those disgusting snakes back in line. I’ll make sure they know where they belong.” Ron grinned viciously.

“And that is exactly what will get you in trouble at school.” Sirius said, he had known the boy wouldn’t be able to withhold his own prejudice. At least he wouldn’t be embarrassing his house for too long.

“And what is that supposed to mean?” Molly snarled as she whirled around to stare the man down.

“There was a rather large debate about whether Ronald would get the badge.” Sirius shrugged as if he didn’t have a care in the world. “In the end it was agreed that he would get the badge, but he would be on probation and could have his badge stripped if he got into too much trouble.

Here are a list of the guidelines.” Sirius handed over the list. “The basics are that a remark like that one you just made Mr. Weasley, is completely unacceptable. If we had been at school just now that remark alone could have you stripped of that badge. You are not aloud to target one group over another, you must apply the rules equally amongst all houses.

As it states on that list, every action you take will be monitored and evaluated to ensure that you are living up to this honour you have been given. I want you to understand Mr. Weasley, you have been given the badge in the hope that you will live up to it, not because you have already done so. This is an opportunity to put the past behind you and grow up, I hope that you take it seriously.”

With that Sirius turned and quickly left, he could see Molly building up steam and wanted to get out before she blew her top.

“Just who does he think he is? How dare he act like he is doing you some great favour? You deserved that badge. You and Ginny are the best students at that stupid school. These stupid rules are just ridiculous. They aren’t even real, neither Bill or Percy were ever threatened like this. I will just write to the Headmaster to get him to put that man back in his place. I will not have him threatening my children like that.”

With that Molly plated the kids dinner before turning to go and write up a letter to send to the headmaster.

Ron and Ginny both just sat down to eat their food. They really weren’t concerned with what their mum was muttering about. Ginny, because she really didn’t care about whether or not Ron was a prefect, although she could see the benefit of him being able to protect her and give her extra points. Ron just didn’t care.

He was sure that Black was just being dramatic. There was no way they would take his badge away. He had never even heard of someone having their badge removed, and if it had ever happened surely Hermione would have told him about it.

No, he wasn’t going to let Professor Black stop him from doing what he knew was right. Those snakes were going to learn just where they belonged. And maybe Potter might just have to learn a thing or too as well. All he could hope was that he would be able to catch Potter breaking the rules and use that to threaten the other boy into telling others they were friends.
Hogwarts, Headmaster’s Office - August 17, 2005

Albus sat in his office and fumed. This year was already proving it was going to be a bad year.

Ever since the final task he had been trying to get everyone ready. Voldemort was coming back.

But no one was listening to him.

Just this morning the Daily Prophet had written about him trying to regain past glory. They had implied that he was just trying to scare people so that they would look to him for answers since more and more people were going elsewhere to look for ways to solve their world’s problems.

It might be partly true, he did want people to look to him once again, but it was for the greater good. He was the one that knew what was best. What about that didn’t they understand?

Just look at what leaving those little fools to govern themselves had lead to? Creatures now had equal rights. Children were being taken from their families just because they were strict. And there were even dark classes in his beloved school.

No, he couldn’t let things go any longer. He needed to regain his position, and if it took a dark lord killing a few people then so be it.

Ministry of Magic, Minister’s Office

As Albus made his plans Cornelius Fudge was doing the same. He was absolutely furious at the other man.

How dare Albus undermine him by claiming that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was back? It was all just to make him look bad he was sure. Albus was just trying to regain power and he knew it.

Over the last few weeks he had been speaking with Delores and they were both convinced that Albus was just trying to destabilize the ministry so that he could get himself elected minister. They both knew how much the old man liked power.

They needed to do something, that old man was going to destroy what power they had left. James Potter and his little group of supporters had often stood in their way, but they were nothing compared to the damage Albus could do if he put his mind to it.

“Delores.” Cornelius called as he pulled out the paper work they had been working on to get Delores into the school so she could keep a closer eye on the old man.

Platform 9 ¾ - September 1, 2005

Once again Hadrian and his family ended up arriving at the platform before the train. After Lily’s trial and James subsequently having to reveal himself the press was more of a problem than ever.

As soon as the trial had ended James and Severus, along with Sirius and Remus, had taken their kids to Black Island. Over the next few weeks none of the kids had been aloud to leave. Originally they had wanted to take Hadrian to France so that he could visit with Dudley, but it had been
decided to invite him and the rest of his family to the island instead so that they could have privacy. They had even gone so far as to owl order Hadrian’s school supplies. The only contact they had had with the outside world had been the few times James, Sirius, and Severus had left and when their friends portkeyed in to visit, even for Hadrian’s birthday they had stayed on the island.

Sirius had, of course, had to leave for the meeting about the prefects but other than that had remained with the kids. Both James and Severus had ended up leaving a few times to give different interviews, but all interviews were scheduled well in advance and privacy was ensured.

For the most part, the interest in Hadrian’s parentage had started to dwindle. It was probably one of the only benefits of the fact that most witches and wizards lacked the ability to focus for any length of time. By now the masses were being distracted with the slandering of the beloved headmaster by the press at the insistence of the ministry and the latest society gossip.

Hadrian knew that he was going to have to deal with the rest of the students gossiping about it for the first few weeks, but he was sure that they would move on after that. It wasn’t like it was the first time something like this had happened to him. He had been through this all before.

His family once again escorted him to his compartment, and after smothering him in hugs, made their way home. It was still hard for them to say goodbye to him, but they were slowly getting used to it. Hadrian just worried about how his dads and uncles would react when his sisters started. Sure, both his papa and Siri worked at the school, but he knew his dad and Remus were going to be distraught.

Sitting on his own, Hadrian worked on mentally preparing himself for this year. This year was another one that was going to be unknown this time around. Originally he knew that he had had to deal with Umbridge and the newly returned Voldemort all while teaching defence to almost half the school and enduring torture from a blood quill. But this time he might actually get a calm year, at least he hoped, but being honest he knew something was going to happen, it was just his luck.

Thankfully he already knew that Umbridge wouldn’t be teaching defence this year, his dad had made sure of it. She had applied, but his dad had told him Ragnok had made sure that the contract was given to someone else. It was easy to do since she didn’t have a masters and it was one of the requirements.

The thing that Hadrian was most worried about was Voldemort. Both he and Barty Crouch Jr. had escaped and Hadrian knew beyond a shadow of a doubt they were working on some new way to return Voldemort to a body. And given the fact that Fudge was trying to stay in control and denying any danger to do so, plus Voldemort’s abundance of allies it was more than likely to happen sooner rather than later.

Leaning back in his seat with Nem curled up in his lap Hadrian waited for the others to arrive so they could get this new year started.

It was just after Hadrian’s family had left that Hermione and her parents arrived. She was determined to make sure everyone knew just how serious she was taking her position as prefect. Her parents had spent the past few weeks going over and over the rules she needed to follow, like she was some idiot child or something.

Hermione had reread Hogwarts: A History and there wasn’t a single mention of any of those stupid rules that Professor Black had given her parents so she knew they were just made up. There was no way they would take away her badge. It wasn’t like there was anyone that could do the job as well
Making her way to the prefects compartment Hermione had her dad store her luggage for her before she said goodbye to her parents. Finally she was going back to the magical world. There were times she really didn’t understand why she returned to the muggle world, it just wasn’t the same.

Molly rushed Ron and Ginny towards the train. She just couldn’t understand how the time had gone so quickly. She had made sure to get the two of them up by 10, it really shouldn’t have taken them that long to eat breakfast and floo to the platform. She had just forgotten that Ron never really bothered to pack and Ginny generally had a meltdown about wanting to wear a different outfit. Through all that Molly was pleased that they had gotten there with 6 minutes to spare.

Ron huffed as his mum pulled him into a bone crushing hug before he could head to the train. She was acting like he was a baby and she was never going to see him again. Didn’t she understand, he was a prefect now, he didn’t have time to waste on long goodbyes.

When it was Ginny’s turn for a hug she ended up making a big deal about not messing up her hair. Although Molly didn’t really see how she could mess up her daughters hair since it was just laying flat, but woe betide anyone who messed with a girls hair she knew.

After their hugs both teens got onto the train, dragging their trunks.

Ginny shoved her trunk into one of the compartments before wandering off. Now that she was 14 she was ready to get a boyfriend. Harry would be so jealous if he saw her with someone else, maybe she should see about dating one of his friends, but who? There was no way she was getting involved with Malfoy or Nott, they were death eaters. Maybe Neville or one of the other Ravenclaws. Yes, that might just be the way to go. If all else failed she knew she could use Zacharias.

Ron slowly worked his way towards the prefect compartment. The letter he had gotten with his badge, and the letters he had exchanged with Hermione in the last few weekends, all said that he needed to go to that compartment, There was supposed to be some kind of meeting that Hermione had told him would give him a more detailed view of what he was supposed to be doing over the next few weeks.

Halfway to the compartment Ron ran into Hermione who had come to get him to make sure he actually did what she told him and came to the prefects compartment. Ron groaned as Hermione started to escort him, lecturing him the entire way about responsibility and how they needed people to perceive them.

**Prefects Compartment**

The new head girl, Hufflepuff Daisy Rivers, looked around the prefects compartment just as the train started to move. They still had another 5 minutes until the meeting was supposed to start, but pretty much everyone was there. Doing a quick head count she found that only 2 were missing. It didn’t take her long to identify the older prefects she had worked with before, that meant it was fifth years. Looking at the three pairs she saw that it was the Gryffindors. This was perfect.

“Can I get everyone’s attention for a quick premeeting announcement before the others get here?”
When everyone looked to her she continued. "I'm just going to warn you all now the new Gryffindor prefects are going to need watching. For some stupid reason McGonagall insisted on Weasley and Granger."

Their complaints were instant. Every single prefect had had to deal with those two in the past, and the other fifth years had had to deal with them in class. Everyone felt insulted that those two had been honoured.

“I know, I know. I met with Professor Black and he assured me that it was going to be ok. This was an attempt to make them grow up, but there will be boundaries. They are both on probation this term so if you have any issues with them go to Professor Black and he will deal with them. Now, let’s start getting ready. The meeting starts soon and those two should be on their way.”

As Daisy had said the two Gryffindors arrived less than a minute later.

“Alright everyone, let’s get down to business quickly.” The head boy announced. “I’m Kyle Hagman, and I’m a Ravenclaw. Obviously, I am this years head boy. Our head girl is Daisy Rivers and she’s a Hufflepuff.

Now, Daisy and I have already worked out the basic schedule for patrols and rounds. On the train we only need to do rounds every half an hour, there are enough of us that each of you will only be doing 2 rounds, Daisy and I have the rest, but we will also be working with our new fifth years to show you the ropes.

When we get to school the time of rounds will be the same, but the schedule will be different. Fifth years will have rounds from 9-10 every other week. Sixth years have 10-11, and seventh years have 11-12. After that the teachers take over.

During each of these times you will be working with a team of four teachers so you will need to meet with them before your rounds officially start so you can decide who is walking each area.

Now just cause I say every other week doesn’t necessarily mean it will be every other week. There are always problems that pop up and we’re just going to have to work through it. You might get your weeks swapped so you can work with a different house from time to time, or there might be an illness or accident. We also take into account any major homework assignments.

I understand that this might be a little surprising since we used to do it every other night rather than a week on a week off, but we decided to try something new this year. As the older prefects could tell you when it’s every other day it really messes with your schedule, whether it be sleep or homework. We were hoping by doing it every other week it will allow you to manage your time better.”

Daisy stood up as Kyle sat down. “If you have any issues with your assigned times just let us know and we will try to work with you, but that might not always be possible. Everyone needs to realize that by accepting the badge it means accepting the responsibility. You will have to do rounds. We will not change the schedule around all the time just cause someone didn’t manage their time properly and is behind on homework. We are not here to coddle you.

A good rule of thumb is that we shouldn’t have to change your rounds more than once a term barring unforeseen circumstances.

For our new prefects, during your first month you will never be on your own, a teacher or Kyle and I will be with you just to make sure you fully understand what’s what. It also helps having the teachers there because they’ve generally seen everything so they can tell you how to handle
different situations, which can be anything from a fight to a lost pet.

Also, having this badge means that younger years can come to you with any issues. More than likely you will have first years coming up to you in-between classes asking for directions until they get more comfortable with the castle. It is your job to help them. Never turn away someone who is asking for your help, that is why you have the badge.”

After that the schedules were handed out and they asked for questions. Hermione of course started asking questions right away and tried to change the schedule to something she had created, but she was coolly shut down in a way that she couldn’t argue with.

With that done everyone went off do do their own thing and some started their rounds.

The train was less than an hour outside Hogsmeade when Hermione and Ron joined the head boy and girl to do their second round of the evening. The first time round had just been the basics, Kyle and Daisy had just told them what to do and how to handle the students. This time Ron and Hermione were going to be responsible for doing things and the others were just there to intervene if their were any issues or they had any questions.

About half way down the train Ron saw Ginny sitting with one of the girls from her dorm and it suddenly hit him. “Hey, I haven’t seen my brothers yet. Did they miss the train?”

“You’re right, I don’t remember seeing Fred and George.” Hermione added. “Do you think you should send a letter to your dad to remind him that he was supposed to bring the twins to the train today?”

“There isn’t a need.” Daisy told them. “The twins are in one of the secure compartments.”

“Secure compartments?” Both Ron and Hermione said in confusion.

“Yes, in recent years it has become common to ward certain compartments for high risk students. Fred and George are in with Hadrian Potter-Black. As you know he was kidnapped and almost killed last year, and he has always had threats to his life. The train isn’t the most defensible position with the students spread out the way we are and with a limited number of adults, so high risk students like Hadrian, and those with titles, tend to be placed in secured compartments.

You can only see and/or enter the compartments if you have been invited in. Other than those that are invited only the head boy and girl, the conductor, and the lady that pushes the trolly can enter the compartments.” Daisy explained.

“Generally you don’t need to worry about them unless you become head boy or girl, other than that we just ignore them.”

“But why do they get extra protection?” Hermione demanded. She didn’t like that she didn’t have the same protections.

“Because many of them are students that have received death threats.” Kyle said like she was an idiot. “It isn’t some great privilege. They are stuck in their compartments for the entire ride, they can’t go see their friends or just walk around. It is only natural to add some extra protections for them. I mean, no one really thinks the train will be attacked or anything, but it would be stupid to take unnecessary risks.

Come on, let’s finish this.”
Hermione growled slightly at the unfairness, she was going to have to do something she knew, but Ron really didn’t care. Ron had finally come to the conclusion that he didn’t really care about the precious boy-who-lived all that much. Sure, it would be better for him if everyone thought they were friends, but he was done chasing after the ponce.

A years worth of potions and mind healer meetings had finally started to teach him not to obsess over the other boy. He was still incredibly jealous of everything he had, he just had better things to do with his time he was sure. He was still going to lord his position over the other boy, especially since he saw that Harry hadn’t gotten the badge, but he wasn’t going to seek him out to do it, they had plenty of classes together after all.

**Hogwarts**

Hadrian grinned as he and the twins got out of the carriage and entered the school. After lots of conversations on the topic they had decided that they were going to take their relationship public. It wasn’t going to happen over night, they had planned to let it out in stages to hopefully get others used to it, but they were planning on everyone knowing about them before they went home for next summer. He was more than happy about that.

As he was walking into the great hall he froze causing the twins to run into his back.

“What’s wrong Hadrian?” George questioned worriedly.

Hadrian just stared at the head table. There, sitting next to Dumbledore in a slightly smaller thrown sat a smug looking Delores Umbridge. What in the seven hells was that toad doing at the school? He knew she didnt have a contract with the board. Looking further down the table he saw both his papa and uncle had furious looks on their faces but they were trying to hide it. Hadrian could only see it because of how well he knew them.

“Umbridge. She’s the toad in pink.”

“What is that doing in our school?” Fred growled, disgusted just from the colour.

“The bitch with the blood quills?” George questioned in a falsely calm voice.

Hadrian nodded. “We’re gonna have to keep an eye on her.”

“We will.”

“Don’t worry love.”

“We won’t let her hurt you.”

“Or anyone else.”

“We should go and sit down. More than likely she will make some stupid speech so we can figure this out.” Hadrian looked to the twins. “I’ll meet you after the feast in the ROR.”

The three then went to their tables, none of them taking their eyes off the toad.

The sorting was finished and Dumbledore was introducing the new staff members when he turned to the one Hadrian really wanted to know about. “And lastly allow me to introduce you all to
Delores Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic. She has taken up the position of High Inquisitor here…”

“Hem hem.” everyone turned as the pink toad interrupted.

Dumbledore sat as the toad stood. McGonagall looked like she was ready to scratch the womans eyes out from her position on the other side of Dumbledore.

“*The Ministry of Magic has always considered the education of young witches and wizards to be of vital importance. The rare gifts with which you were born may come to nothing if not nurtured and honed by careful instruction.

The ancient skills unique to the wizarding community must be passed down the generations lest we lose them forever. The treasure trove of magical knowledge amassed by our ancestors must be guarded, replenished and polished by those who have been called to the noble profession of teaching.

Every headmaster and headmistress of Hogwarts have brought something new to the weighty task of governing this historic school, and that is as it should be, for without progress there will be stagnation and decay.

There again, progress for progress's sake must be discouraged, for our tried and tested traditions often require no tinkering. A balance, then, between old and new, between permanence and change, between tradition and innovation because some changes will be for the better, while others will come, in the fullness of time, to be recognized as errors of judgment.

Meanwhile, some old habits will be retained, and rightly so, whereas others, outmoded and outworn, must be abandoned. Let us move forward, then, into a new era of openness, effectiveness and accountability, intent on preserving what ought to be preserved, perfecting what needs to be perfected, and pruning wherever we find practices that ought to be prohibited.*

Minister Fudge has personally assigned me to conduct a full review of this honoured institution and bring it back up to standard. You will be seeing me in many of your classes as I evaluate your professors to ensure that you are getting the best education we can possibly provide in a safe risk free environment. If any of you have any issues do not hesitate to seek me out.”

Hadrian wanted to scream. Of course the stupid minister would put this woman at the school. Dumbledore had drawn a target on himself and now the students were going to pay for it, again. He was going to have to talk to his dads and uncles to see if this was even legal or if there was some way they could force her out before she made more of a nuisance of herself.

Over at the Hufflepuff table Fred and George glared at the woman. This woman had tortured their soul mate last time, they would kill her if she tried it this time. Normally they were more relaxed, but nobody got to hurt their Hadrian and live.

**ROR**

After the feast Hadrian and the twins went to the ROR. They weren’t surprised when they were joined by Severus and Sirius.

“I know, this was a surprise to us too.” Severus sighed as he drew his son into a hug. He knew Hadrian was a little old to be cuddled, but he also knew Hadrian would never ask him to stop given his past.
“This was apparently kept top secret by the minister and Dumbledore. They are going to have some stupid big announcement in the Prophet tomorrow morning.”

“Can they even do this?” George demanded.

“How could they get her here without going through the board?” Fred questioned.

“Is it legal? Can’t we just have her kicked out.” Hadrian added hopefully.

“Your dad is going to have to be the one to figure out the legality, but I do think it is legal.” Severus wiped his hand down his face, it had been a long day already and it still wasn’t over. “Although Hogwarts is a private institution we are still answerable to the Department of Education which is part of the ministry.

They used that department to create this new position. Her contract is through the ministry, so she is answerable to them and not the board. I honestly don’t think we can stop this right now. Albus signed off on it apparently.”

“But she’s out to get him?” Hadrian was beyond confused.

“Yes and no.” Sirius said thoughtfully, although he wasn’t involved in politics to the level James was he was still raised a Black, and all Blacks were taught how to use politics to their benefit. “Yes, she and Fudge are after him due to the Voldemort issue, but he might see her as useful. Looking over many of the anti-creature laws that she pushed you would see that most of them were supported or co-authored with members of the light faction. Over the years Albus has used her to get through bills he wanted passed without having to look like the bad guy. He might be trying to do that here.

He’s lost much of his power because of us, this might be a way to try and get it back. The DoE can actually overrule the board if they find cause. They may try and use that to change the school to the way they want it. There is plenty of common ground.

Albus and Umbridge both want to keep the students dumbed down. They want to take control out of the hands of the governors. There are plenty of teachers that teach classes they don’t approve of. This could be very dangerous.”

“You three are going to need to stay out of her line of sight.” Severus smirked at the three disgruntled looks. “I’m not saying don’t mess with her, I know better than that, just make sure you don’t get caught. Always make sure you have an alibi, especially you Hadrian. Albus has repeatedly tried to say you were supporting him in his claims Voldemort has returned, your dad and I have been able to keep it out of the papers so far, but both Fudge and Umbridge know what he has said.”

“Self righteous idiot.” Hadrian muttered.

“Yes.” Sirius nodded. “But it doesn’t change the fact that he’s still dangerous. I know none of you are little kids, but this is our job, not yours. Hadrian you have your OWLs this year, and Fred, George, you have your NEWTs. You guys need to stay focused on school and not a toad. You can prank her all you want, we won’t stop you, but leave the big stuff to us.”

“Ok.” Fred said as George and Hadrian nodded their agreement. They knew Sirius was right.

“Then we shall take our leave.” Severus hugged his son again. At the door he stopped and turned back to the others. “But don’t make the mistake of thinking that just because we aren’t here you
can do whatever you want. I’m still keeping my eyes on all three of you.”

Hadrian sighed in annoyance as his papa and chuckling uncle left. Fred and George just looked between each other in slight fear. They had spent too much time with Hadrian’s family over the years to think that was just a joke. As much as they loved how well their little soul mate was protected, there were times it was just terrifying.

“Oh will you two relax.” Hadrian huffed as he pulled them both towards a couch that had just appeared. “They all know that we’ve been snogging ourselves breathless for months. They just want to harass you a little as is their fatherly, and god fatherly, duty.”

Hadrian didn’t give either of them a chance to respond as he sat in George’s lap and pulled Fred in for a deep kiss.

High Inquisitors Room

Delores grinned as she looked around her room and it’s connected office. It was perfect.

It had taken her the better part of the evening but she had finally gotten things the way she wanted them. Those stupid house elves were practically worthless. They hadn’t been listening to her and when she went to correct their failures with a swift smack they had all popped away. A note was left on the desk that said by order of the school governors the elves were to protect themselves. If anyone tried to hurt them then the elves would not answer their call. After that Delores had had to do all the work herself since none of the elves would answer her. Who did they think she was, some kind of mudblood?

But in the end she got it done. Thankfully the elves had gotten the rug down, the walls papered, and the furniture in the room. But she had to do all of the arranging on her own, and then she had even had to hang all of her plates by herself. Although she was glad for that, she didn’t want those creatures grubby little fingers on her precious plates.

With all that done she looked over her list one last time before she went to get ready for bed. She was going to have to get up bright and early to make sure she was at breakfast before the students. She needed to observe them to see who she was going to need to deal with.

Smiling she cuddled up under her soft pink duvet, oh yes, soon enough this school was going to be unrecognizable. And Albus Dumbledore was going to have no one but himself to blame for it. She would show him, and that Potter brat with him.

She and Cornelius had seen him leaving the Headmaster’s office last year and they both knew that he was at the heart of all this. Dumbledore might have too much power, but it was the boy that could prove to be the real danger. There were just too many people that idolized him for what happened at the end of the last war.

Deloris herself hated him for it. While she had never taken the dark mark, she had agreed with getting rid of the mudbloods. They were nothing and deserved to be stamped out. After they were gone she was hoping that the Dark Lord would move on to the half bloods and creatures that were also polluting their world with their continued existence.

Hogwarts, Potions Class - September 5, 2005
Hadrian was happy as he listened to his papa give them a lecture about what this year was going to be like and how he was going to help prepare them for their OWLs. He knew that this was going to be a tough year, but he was excited for the challenge.

The first month of this year was going to be focused on reviewing everything from the past four years to remind all the students about what they had learned earlier before they started working on new information. That way they would have already reviewed the older information so when they started studying for end of year exams they could focus on the newer stuff more since all five years worth of information would be on the exams.

The thing that made Hadrian the happiest was that now that he was in fifth year he was in classes with his papa and Uncle Siri. He knew it wouldn’t really change anything about how he learned and what he was assigned, but he liked that he could be with them. Just being around his family always made him happy.

High Inquisitors Office - September 19, 2005

Delores Umbridge was exhausted. Over the past weeks she had just been looking over the school. Honestly, why did the stupid place have to be so big? There was a part of her that really wanted to move the school.

The ministry could easily build a new, better, school. Once the new school was up and running then they could sell this drafty old castle and use the profit to benefit the ministry. What made it even better was the fact that since it would be a ministry school they would have more control over what was taught and how it was taught.

The only thing that was standing in the way of that was tradition. And Delores did so love her pure blood traditions. It was something she was going to need to think about some more.

Then there was the behaviour of the students. They were complete monsters. Who had let those miscreants think that their behaviour was acceptable? They were loud, disrespectful, arrogant, terrible little demons. One of them had even charmed her favourite pink cardigan to be a disgusting lime. If she ever found out who had done that she would have them expelled, maybe even put in Azkaban if she could arrange it.

As for the classes, she was going to be starting her evaluations during the next week. Her plan had just been to sit in on a few classes with the Slytherins, being a Slytherin herself she knew she could trust them, but that had been stopped. Sirius Black, one of the biggest disgraces of a pure blood, had pointed out that if she was to evaluate a class she had to sit in on multiple classes, with multiple years, and multiple houses. It was apparently some old rule of the DoE from a long time ago that no one had paid much attention to.

Now she was going to have to spend months going to different classes rather than just a few weeks. She had hoped to finish her evaluation quickly and start getting rid of any teacher she didn’t approve of and start restricting the curriculum. Once she had the evidence that Dumbledore was incompetent, or more likely plotting to overthrow the ministry, she would have him removed and have the minister appoint her as the new head mistress.

The original plan she had worked out would have had her in charge before yule, but now it was going to take longer. But she had no intention of stopping, she was just going to have to work harder.
There were going to be some big changes starting this year or her name wasn’t Delores Jane Umbridge.

Sirius’s Office - October 1, 2005

Sirius sighed as he waited in his office for Ron Weasley to join him. He had already done the meetings with the students, but this was a meeting about the prefect badge. After his meeting with Ron he had scheduled an appointment with Hermione to discuss her badge, it was done that way since he was sure that his meeting with Hermione would be longer, that girl just couldn’t do anything quickly and easily.

Honestly he was surprise that they had both managed to get through their first month without losing their badges, but it had been a close thing. Both had received detention twice, and Ron was already falling behind on his grades. There had also been a few arguments, but so far no one had ended up in the hospital wing as a result, but Sirius had seen Hermione rubbing her arm and going to the hospital wing saying she was in pain more than once, the last time he had gone to the healers and told them about the potion so that they could explain to her what was going on and so that they wouldn’t waste their time trying to figure out the issue.

At the end of the summer Sirius had received a letter from Hermione’s parents saying that they had ended up deciding to get her the karma potion. Now, every time she hit someone she would share the pain she caused. The potion was a long lasting one and would stay in her system for 6 months. He hoped the girl would learn something during that time.

Ron Weasley was making his way down the hall towards his DADA professor’s office. He didn’t really understand why he had to meet with his professor again, they had met only a week before about how he was settling into the new year, but at least it got him away from Hermione for a little while.

Ever since the teachers had given their start of year lectures about the OWLs the girl had been battyer than ever before. She tried to make him study almost constantly, the only time she didn’t was when they had those stupid prefect rounds, but even then he wasn’t safe. Since the head boy or girl was always with them she spent most of their rounds asking them questions about the stupid exams. Even Ron could see how annoyed they were and figured they were more than excited that they no longer needed to chaperone them on their rounds anymore.

This was just another thing that annoyed Ron. He had been so excited about getting the prefects badge, but it just wasn’t what he thought. Whenever Bill or Percy had talked about being prefect they had only mentioned perks, like the prefects bathroom, that he really liked, but they never talked about the downside.

He had to spend hours every week doing rounds and other things that Hermione said prefects had to do. With all the work the teachers were heapung on them he had next to no free time. As it was he had skipped a few assignments just to get everything done. And he still wanted to try out for the quidditch team. There was no way he could do everything. It was just so annoying.

If it weren’t for the fact that he wanted the position then he would have given the badge back. He enjoyed getting to lord his position over others, but it was just so much work. During the first week he had tried to make Harry jealous since McGonagall had assigned them to sit together in her class, but Harry had just said that he had requested Flitwick not consider him since he was going to be
busy this year. It annoyed Ron that he had finally gotten something that Harry hadn’t and the other boy hadn’t even wanted it. But he had to admit he had a point, Harry had quidditch after all.

Arriving at the office, Ron mentally prepared himself to talk to the professor and walked in without knocking. “What is this about?”

Sirius looked up and raised an eyebrow at the rudeness of the boy. “Please have a seat Mr. Weasley.

This is a check up about your prefect badge. As you know you are on probation so I will be meeting with you each month to let you know how you’re doing and get any feedback from you.

Well, so far you are doing ok. I’m going to warn you now though, you need to work harder on your school work, your grades are slipping and if they go much further then you will lose your position. I know that it can be hard in your OWL year to keep up with your homework, but you still need to do it. I would recommend working up a schedule for when you do your assignments, don’t just wait until the last minute, start working up an outline when you get it so you can just add things as you go. We do give you a lot of work, but it is possible to do it all, as has been proven by every other student before you.”

“There is no way anyone can do all that work.” Ron whined.

“Yes, they can, and so can you, you just have to work hard.” Sirius had seen the change in the boy’s attitude and was sure that the mind healers potions had finally started to take effect, much to his joy. “Like I said, the day you get the assignment work up an outline, it can just be point form. Add to it during your free time, and then write up the rough draft at the half way mark. Go over it and anything else you need to get done and rewrite it a day or two before it’s due.

We generally give you two or three weeks to write a long paper, there is more than enough time for that. It is just about time management. That is why I recommended working up a schedule. I know for a fact that you have free slots during your days for the electives you aren’t taking. If you were to come to the great hall during that time you will find that it is being used as a study hall. There are always teachers there for if you have questions, and there are limited distractions so you could focus on your work. If you used your free periods to do your work you would find more free time during the evenings.”

“But I don’t want to.” Ron moaned.

“Then you risk both failing your exams and losing your badge due to poor grades and you will have no one but your self to blame. You also won’t be able to try out for quidditch.

I am your professor, not your parent. It is my job to ensure you get an education, not coddle you.”

Ron just glared, he didn’t need to be coddled. The professor just didn’t understand how hard it was to be in school nowadays.

“Do you have any other concerns about your position as prefect Mr. Weasley?”

Ron just shook his head petulantly.

“Then you are free to go, but I would recommend going over the rules you need to follow to keep your badge again. You need to work on your temper, you are a roll model for the younger years after all.”

Sirius fought not to roll his eyes as the boy all but stomped out of the room, slamming the door as
he went. The boy was acting like a petulant 5 year old, but at least he had matured from the toddler like behaviour from the years previous.

Looking at the clock he saw he had 5 more minutes before Hermione showed up. He really did wonder why there was a rule that said teachers couldn’t drink before meetings with students.

Hermione made her way towards her professors office trying to figure out what the meeting was about, she hadn’t done anything wrong. She had seen Ron when she was on her way to the office but he had been muttering to himself and when she had asked him what the meeting was about he had just ignored her. She had tapped him on the arm, but he had just ignored her.

At the office she knocked and entered when she was invited. “You wanted to see me Professor Black?”

“Yes, please have a seat Ms. Granger.” Sirius motioned to the chair, seeing the girl unconsciously rubbing her arm. She must have hit someone on her way down. “This is just a meeting about your prefect probation. At the beginning of each month you will meet with me so we can go over any issues.”

“I’m not having any issues, other than this stupid hex that the healers can’t find.” Hermione huffed.

“That is where you’re wrong.” Sirius looked at her. “You really need to get your attitude under control. You had two detentions last month for talking back to professors.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong.” Hermione growled.

“Yes, you did. Intellectual debates are one thing, but being bluntly rude and disrespectful is another. To be a teacher the staff has to have a mastery in their subject. I’m the only professor that doesn’t but I was hired because of my background as an auror. The point of that is, we know more than a teenage witch that has yet to even finish school.

I’m not saying that we don’t make mistakes, because everyone does, but we know more than you. If a mistake is made you could point it out politely, but telling Professor Sinistra that she is a ‘no nothing air head who believes in superstitious nonsense’ is not something you say to a professor.”

“But she was wrong. Only idiots believe in astrology. There have been multiple studies over the past few decades that completely debunk all that garbage.” Hermione gave him a haughty look.

“She was trying to tell us about how our astrological sign may affect our lives. I merely pointed out how wrong she was and she argued she wasn’t.”

Sirius raised an eyebrow. “She argued with you because she was correct. While it is true that muggle astrology is incorrect the magical version has been validated repeatedly.

Magical astrology isn’t just about the placement of the stars, but how the placement effects the magical resonance of our environment. You will actually learn more about this in arithmancy later on this year because you will be calculating the resonance surrounding your date of birth as a term project. Professor Sinistra was correct, you were wrong and disrespectful. I would recommend you speak with your mind healer about your difficulty with accepting others might know something you don’t, it isn’t healthy.”

Hermione glared and muttered that she was right and they were just being idiots.

“You do know I can hear you Ms. Granger? Like I said, you need to work on your attitude. If you
ever spoke to an employer like that you would find yourself unemployed very quickly. No one likes being spoken to like that. I know you want a job at the ministry after school and that means you are going to have to learn to work with others.”

“I’m going to be minister of magic.” Hermione snarled, her attitude was fine.

“But you are going to have to work your way up, you can’t just finish school and become minister. First off, there is an age restriction. To even run for minister you must be 30 years old. You graduate at 17 or 18, which means you will have to do some other job for 12 or 13 years.

Then there is the fact that ministers need the popular vote. I hate to say this to you Ms. Granger, but a politician you are not. A politician is capable of taking all sides of any issue and endear themselves to multiple different groups.”

“I represent the muggleborns. That is enough.” Hermione didn’t like what she was hearing.

“No, it isn’t. I would recommend speaking to your politics professor. He might be able to give you a more detailed breakdown of the political situation in our country. But from what I know of our population even if you got the vote of every single muggleborn it wouldn’t be enough. But more than that you wouldn’t be able to get every muggleborn vote.

Like I said, you need to learn how to play politics if you want to be a politician. But even more so if you want to join the ministry. If you work at the ministry you won’t be starting at the top, you start at the bottom, regardless of your grades. You will have to do as you are told, whether you agree with it or not. To move up not only will you have to complete the jobs you were assigned, but you will also have to be well liked and respected by your co-workers.”

Hermione had never actually thought about that. She had always just thought about graduating and Headmaster Dumbledore arranging for her to become minister. But with that stupid age restriction then that looked less likely. Maybe she would have to talk to him about how he was going to fix that, she didn’t want to have to spend 13 years working for those idiots.

“But, back on track, as you well know if you had gotten any more detentions last month you would have lost your badge so you will need to work on that. So far your grades are fine and you haven’t sent anyone to the hospital wing so you have cleared that hurdle.”

“And what about the students that have sent me to the hospital wing?” Hermione demanded, thinking of the pain she had felt.

“And which students would that be?” Sirius knew what was coming next.

“I don’t know, just that I keep getting hexed or jinxed when I’m talking to different people and it makes my arms hurt. But no one is doing anything.” Hermione whined.

“Yes, I had heard you had been to the hospital about pain with no apparent cause. I have spoken with the healers so they understand what is going on.”

“And you did nothing. If you knew what was happening why haven’t you done anything.” Hermione demanded.

“There is nothing that I can do. I had a letter from your parents to explain it. Apparently they have also noticed your bad habit of hitting, but they also realized you don’t seem to even realize that you’re hitting.”

“I haven’t hit anyone.” Hermione argued as she crossed her arms.
“Yes, you clearly have. Your parents wrote that they gave you what is commonly referred to as a karma potion. It is used to treat unconscious behaviour.

For the next six months, every time you hit someone, you will feel the resulting pain along with your victim.”

“How dare my parents give me a potion like that.” Hermione shouted.

“Well, given the fact that you have repeatedly gone to the hospital wing with pain, and that you came into this office just now rubbing your arm, it is clear you needed it. If you didn’t hit anyone then you would feel no pain. You are only now experiencing the pain that you cause. The purpose of the potion is to teach you that hitting hurts, it also shows that you need to control yourself with your violent outbursts.

Hitting is wrong Ms. Granger, the potion just allows you to understand your actions.”

Hermione glared. She didn’t hit people, and even if she did then they must have deserved it. Just as she was getting ready to tell the professor off he changed the subject again.

“If you truly are interested in politics I would suggest that you spend some of your time this year seeing if you can make alliances within your house. Then maybe next year you will win the school board spot for Gryffindor.”

“What are you talking about?” Hermione was confused.

“Have you not bothered to read the notices on the notice board?”

“Of course not, it’s just stupid stuff. Information about different clubs like that stupid gobstone group. The only time I bother to look at it is at the end of the terms so I can see my placement. The only other reason was to see when the Hogsmeade weekends were, but now since it’s every other weekend there isn’t any reason.”

“Well I would recommend that you start looking at it. There is more than just clubs and grades that are listed. Something you seem to have missed is that four students sit on the school board. One student from each house. The heads of house nominate four students from their house and the other students vote during the first week who they want to represent them.

This year both you and Mr. Weasley were nominated alongside Angelina Johnson and Winston Hardin. Ms. Johnson won with a clear majority so for this school year she sits on the board. If you want a career in politics you could consider this year as a campaign for next years election.” Sirius thought this might be a way to get the girl to try and play nice with others.

“Why wasn’t I chosen? I was the best candidate.” Hermione was surprised, she hadn’t known that she had had a chance to sit on the school board. But now that she knew the position existed she was furious that the idiots in her house hadn’t elected her, she was the best person for a position like that.

“Ms. Johnson is well liked and respected in the house. It would seem that your house mates saw her as the more approachable option. As I have repeatedly mentioned, you have an attitude issue, and that would be off-putting to others. In the end, they felt she would best represent them.”

“And how many votes did I get?” Hermione demanded, she needed to know how many people she needed to convince to vote for her next time.

Sirius pulled out a folder and flipped it open, not that it had anything to do with the topic, he
already knew the answer but needed to make it look like he actually didn’t. “None.”

“WHAT?”

“None. You didn’t get any votes. Politics is about making friends, or at least alliances. Something you have never gone out of your way to do.”

Hermione was furious. No one had voted for her. How dare they disrespect her like that? Getting up, proverbial storm clouds over her head, she stomped out of the office without another word.

Leaning back Sirius let a smirk make its way onto his face. By jumping from topic to topic he had managed to keep the girl off balance and that had kept her from being able to form any of the lengthy arguments that the girl was known for.

Hogwarts - October 10, 2005

Hadrian, Blaise Zabini, and Theo Nott were walking together towards the school when they all noticed Ron and Hermione standing in the front doors, their arms crossed and vicious smiles on their faces.

“Something tells me this is going to get messy.” Theo muttered just loud enough as he mentally prepared himself for the oncoming confrontation.

The three of them had spent the day at the judicial meeting of the Wizengamot so they could start to learn how they were handled in reality and not just how they were supposed to work according to books. As all three currently held titles they were able to enter the chambers to view any and all trials, although they couldn’t vote.

“And just where were you three today?” Hermione demanded as she stomped down towards them.

“You three missed all of your classes. Skipping class is worth a loss of 5 points per class and every class after the third offence gets you detention. So that’s…”

“We didn’t skip class.” Blaise interrupted before the girl could start docking points.

“Yes you did. You weren’t in any of our classes. We checked.” Ron said pompously. “Plus we just saw you walk through the gate, that means you were also out of bounds which is going to cost you even more.” Ron was thrilled at just how many points they were going to lose and how many detentions they were going to serve.

“We had permission.” Theo informed the two annoyances.

“Sure you did.” Ron said in a mocking voice.

“And just where were you?” Hermione huffed.

“We were at the Wizengamot.” Hadrian said.

“Why would you be there?” Hermione squinted at them. “You aren’t a member of the ministry.”

“We were there because we’re all Lords. Come next year we will be able to take up our positions on the Wizengamot if we want. All three of us decided we needed to start attending so that we can learn about our responsibilities.” Blaise explained, he knew this was going to set the know it all off.
“But that isn’t right. You’re just kids. You have no right to make decisions about the government.” Hermione’s hands immediately went to her hips as she stumped her foot. “Stop this foolishness right now. You aren’t old enough to know what is best for our world, I bet you all even have house elves.”

“House elves?” Theo was confused.

“It’s slavery!” Hermione screamed at the confused boy.

“That is more than enough Ms. Granger.” Came the voice of Hagrid, he had been out on the grounds when he had seen what was going on. “You are a prefect, you should act like it. Now, what is going on here?”

“They skipped all their classes today and left the school.” Ron announced before the others could speak.

Blaise sighed, did these two never listen. “We had permission from both our parents and heads of house. We had family obligations to attend to so we were given permission to leave.”

“I don’t understand what the issue is.” Hagrid said in confusion.

“They skipped class and left school grounds.” Hermione said snobbishly. “They are in trouble.”

“No, they aren’t.” Hagrid said slowly. “If they had permission then they had permission. It’s no different then if your family called you home for the day. They had every right to leave if they were given permission.”

Hermione drew in a deep breath, getting ready to start a rant, but Sirius arrived before she could.

“Don’t start. They have done nothing wrong so you have no right to yell at them, not that you would have the right to yell at them even if they had done something wrong. No one has the right to yell at someone here, you can speak to them, but not yell.

I think you two should be off. I’m sure you have homework waiting for you. We wouldn’t want you to do anything to get yourselves in trouble.”

Hermione glared, but surprisingly, Ron started to pull her away. Everyone was shocked that Ron had actually managed to control his temper as much as he had. Something was going on with that boy.

Hogsmeade - October 22, 2005

Arthur was still surprised as he made his way through Hogsmeade. Just the day before he had gotten a letter from Ron requesting to meet with him. This had been the first time that he could ever remember that Ron had been the one to reach out.

From what Sirius and Severus had told him recently, Ron had started to respond to the mind healer potions. While he was still childish, he was getting a hold of his temper. He apparently hadn’t even gotten into a fight in the past three weeks, while he had argued, it hadn’t moved beyond that. Now the issue was his not doing his homework.

“There you are.” Ron said when Arthur walked around the corner. “I thought you had forgotten.”
“Not at all. Winky just wanted to make sure I had everything. She whipped up some of your favourite treats when I told her I was coming to see you today.” Arthur held up the package the sweet little elf had given him before he left.

“Even the double chocolate brownies?” Ron asked hopefully as his eyes went big as he reached out. That was one thing he missed about living with his dad, Winky always made really good snacks.

“Of course, she knows how much you like those.” Arthur smiled. The best part about Winky’s treats was that she enchanted them so that the children wouldn’t want to eat more than two at once. It allowed them to have sweets, but not over indulge and make themselves sick.

They walked a little further into town and sat on one of the benches in the little park. Both were glad the entire area was covered in warming charms so they didn’t have to worry about getting cold.

“So, what is it you wanted to talk to me about?” Arthur asked as Ron pulled out one of the brownies.

Ron fidgeted slightly. “It’s… I don’t want…” Ron huffed out a sigh and looked down like he was expecting to get in trouble. “I don’t want to be a prefect.”

“Ok.” Arthur didn’t understand why Ron had such a hard time admitting that. “So just give the badge back.”

“What?” Ron was shocked with his dads reaction. “But you and mum have always gone on and on about us being prefects. Now you’re saying that I can just give the badge back?”

“Ron. You are my son. Whether you have a badge or not, I will always love you.” Arthur reached out to the boy. “If I made you think that I would only love you if you were a prefect then I am sorry. I know your mum and I made a big deal about when Bill and Percy got their badges, but that was just because we were proud.

If you don’t want to be a prefect, that’s fine with me. Remember, Charlie, Fred, and George, have never been prefects, and they are still loved, you will be too.”

“But being a prefect is a tradition in our family.” Ron said in shock.

Arthur couldn’t help it, he started laughing. “Tradition? I don’t know where you got that idea. Up until Bill and Percy, no Weasley had been a prefect or head boy in over a century. Weasleys in general just don’t have the prefect gene. We tend to get so focused on what we want that we blunder right past any rules or limits. I can’t tell you just how surprised I was when Bill got the badge, Perce I could understand, but Bill was a surprise. And, on your mum’s side of the family, the last prefect was Muriel.

That was why your mum and I made such a big deal about it, because your brothers were the odd one’s out.”

Ron started to relax. “But I thought you and mum…”

“Nope.” Arthur shook his head. “Neither your mum or I were even considered. Not that I would have wanted to be. I’m sure you know just how much work is involved with being prefect, and there is even more if your head boy. I liked my free time way to much to want that kind of responsibility.”
“I know, it’s just crazy.” Ron started to grin as he nodded. “There’s just so much work, and it’s the OWLs this year. Hermione is already driving me crazy.”

Arthur smiled down at his son. “I know. During my OWL year I thought I would be working on assignments for the next decade, but, I got through it. The best advice I can give you is something my mum told me, do what you’re told, and that’s it.

If your teacher asks you for two feet, write two feet. Another tip, sometimes, if you ask, a teacher will just let you write in point form on assignments. You should ask your teachers about that. I know Fred and George told me that there were a few teachers that allowed that.”

“Really?” Ron was excited by that. He hated having to write out long papers.

“Yup. Now, why come to me about this and not just turn in your badge?”

“Mum.” Ron went from happy to depressed instantly. “She has been going on and on about me being prefect, and head boy in the future for as long as I can remember. I don’t want to let her down.

I know how much it means to her. I was hoping you could help me make up an excuse.”

“If that’s what you want.” Arthur thought about it for a few minutes before he flicked his wand, sending his lion patronus off to deliver a message. “Come with me, I have an idea.”

“What was that?” Ron stared at where the silver animal had been as he got up.

“That was a patronus. It is a high level defensive shield, but it can also serve as a messenger.”

“When do we learn that?”

“You most likely won’t. It is extra credit on your NEWTs. It is an auror level spell.”

“Then how do you know it?”

“It is the only thing that works against dementors. During the last war the dementors sided against us, so a lot of people were attacked by them. There were plenty of us that spent years learning that spell as a last defence. Now, come on.”

Arthur lead Ron out of town and towards where the teachers cottages were. When they got there Sirius was waiting out front.

“What can I do for you Arthur, young Mr. Weasley?”

There was a few seconds of silence while Arthur looked to his son waiting for his reply before he realized he was going to need to get this going. “Well, why don’t you tell your professor what you just told me.”

Ron looked fearfully to his father for a moment, he didn’t exactly have the best relationship with this professor, but he took a deep breath and plowed forward. “I don’t want to be a prefect. I hate it. But, I can’t just give the badge back because my mum won’t like it.”

Sirius thought for a few moments. “I have an idea. So far this month you have had three detentions Mr. Weasley. One more and you will automatically be stripped of your badge. If you were to say, arrive late, to all of your classes with me this week, I could give you that last detention and no one could argue that it was unfair or retract it.
You wouldn’t have to be prefect, and your mum would have me to blame for it. She already doesn’t really like me, so that shouldn’t be an issue.”

“You’d really do that?” Ron was thrilled with the idea, he didn’t want to have detention again, but it would be worth it if he could get rid of the badge and avoid his mums anger over it.

“Sure, but try to only be 5 or 10 minutes late if you please. You still need to learn. And, for your detention I’ll just let you do your homework rather than the usual detention. I will also speak to Ms. Bell.”

“Katie. Why would you talk to Katie about it?” Ron was confused why Professor Black would speak to the quidditch captain about it.

“You most likely haven’t heard but the team is going to be holding another try out next week.” The original tryouts had been during the second week of school, but Ron hadn’t even noticed since he had actually been in detention at the time. “The new keeper that had been selected has decided to withdraw herself because practice conflicts with her charms club and she prefers charms. I will just explain to Ms. Bell that the detention was planned so she won’t hold it against you during try outs.”

Ron couldn’t believe it. He had been so angry when he had learned he had missed try outs, but now he had a second chance. He had never considered that Professor Black could be so much help. Usually, when he went to McGonagall she was useless and just told him to do what Hermione told him to do.

Arthur was glad. Ron would get the chance to make the team, something he actually wanted for himself, and not something he wanted just because Molly made a big deal about it.

That afternoon, everyone left happy.

**Ritual Room - October 31, 2005**

Far away from Hogwarts a ritual was being conducted.

Alastor ‘Mad-Eye’ Moody was in furious agony as a man he had long believed dead sliced his wrist to gather the blood he needed. He had always known that Voldemort wasn’t truly gone, but now he had the evidence.

Moody was forced to watch as a monster emerged from the cauldron. But he didn’t have to watch for long. Only a few minutes later the thing called his followers and had them watch as he dueled and killed the old auror.

Voldemort glared down at the body of one of his old enemies as his followers fell at his feet. This was not what he had wanted. He had wanted to use and kill the Potter boy, the one who had defeated him. But the plan had failed, now he had been forced to use an inferior enemy.

After torturing his followers that had such little faith in him, Voldemort got to planning. The Potter brat was going to need to be dealt with. So were all those that had turned against him, starting with Severus and Lucius. Plans needed to be made, and information needed to be gathered. He had lost so much since that night in Godric’s Hollow, and he was going to make everyone pay for it.
Sirius was interested as he made his way up to the headmaster's office. He really had no clue what this was about. There really wasn’t anything Sirius could think of that would require the two of them to speak.

Walking into the office he couldn’t help but roll his eyes when he saw not only Dumbledore, but Andromeda and her daughter who looked like she had been crying non-stop for days. He knew that the only reason Ted hadn’t joined them was because he was currently teaching a class.

“So what can I do for you three?” Sirius shot a glance at the portrait of Phineas and could see the man was more than a little annoyed already, joy. At least he knew he had someone watching his back that could get a warning out if need be.

“We have recently received some tragic news, my boy.” Dumbledore said in a somber tone. “The body of Alastor Moody was discovered in a rural area this morning.”

Sirius couldn’t help but be stunned. He had thought Moody would live forever. “That is unfortunate, but I don’t see what that has to do with me.”

“He showed signs of being tortured, but there was also evidence of an extremely dark ritual.” Dumbledore made his voice even more grave. “Given what I’ve been able to find it would seem that Voldemort and his followers use the sacrifice of Alastor to resurrect him.”

Sirius just looked at him for a few moments, trying to figure out the mans angle. Dumbledore had done nothing to hide what he believed was going on, but why was he approaching Sirius? It wasn’t like Sirius was able to do anything about it. There was the possibility that this was a lie of some manner, but what did Dumbledore have to gain from lying about this?

But, what if he was telling the truth and Voldemort really was back? This was something they had known was a risk ever since they learned the mirror was missing. The entire family already had plans in place about what they would do, but there was always still a risk. All their plans had been made from what had happened the last time, but so many things had changed that there was no way to tell if things would happen even similarly this time.

“Again, I’m not exactly sure what this has to do with me.” Sirius said eventually.

“How dare you?” Nymphadora shrieked as a fresh wave of tears fell down her cheeks.

“Hush hush sweetheart.” Andromeda tried to calm her daughter before turning to glare at her cousin. “Really Sirius, this affects everyone. Alastor has been murdered and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is back. What part of that don’t you understand?”

“Yes, I understand that that is bad. It is unfortunate that Mad-Eye was killed, but he lived a dangerous life. Every auror, or former auror, should know the danger they are in because of the job.” Sirius said calmly. “All you have is suspicion that Voldemort is back. I am willing to accept the idea that he has returned, but you are going to need evidence if you want the public to believe it, especially given what Fudge has had printed in the Prophet lately. That has done you no good, even more so when your actions over recent years are brought up.

The issue I’m having, is why I was called up here to be informed of this. Surely, this is something that you would want to tell the staff as a whole, unless you are planning on individually informing everyone on staff, which would be a complete waste of time.”

“I will be informing the rest of the staff at a meeting that I will be calling later, but there were a
few things I needed to speak with you about.” Albus forced himself to be calm. He hated being
reminded of the attacks his reputation was suffering due to Fudge and the Prophet. He had tried to
get Barnabas back in line, but the man had clearly chosen to side with Fudge.

“And what is that?” Sirius was suddenly suspicious.

“I will be reforming The Order of the Phoenix.” Dumbledore puffed up importantly, but Sirius
wanted to laugh since the name of the order came from the mans fake familiar that he had lost so
long ago. “We are going to need a place to use as headquarters since the goblins sealed Diggle
Manor after Dedalus died.

I was speaking with Andromeda and Nymphadora about it when Andromeda suggested the Black
house on Grimmauld Place. She said that it has some of the most extensive ward schemes in all of
Britain. And, since you live here or with Seb… James and his family, it will be empty. It really
would be for the best to use it as the headquarters, not just because of how protected it is, but also
it is where the fabled Black Library is. Those books could prove to be an invaluable resource to
fight against the dark.

Now, you don’t need to worry about being there to keep the wards open to everyone, Nymphadora
has offered to stay there. Since she is of Black blood she will be able to manage the wards…”

Sirius just looked at the man like he was an idiot for a moment. “No.”

“… And then… What?” Albus looked to the man in shock. What did he mean ‘no’? He had plans
for the Black Library, it was well known to be one of the most extensive private collections in the
magical world. Since the loss of his own library he had been trying to find new copies of the
books, but since most were so old they were hard to find and almost impossible to afford, given the
state of his own vaults he hadn’t been able to buy any of the few he had managed to find.

“SIRIUS!” Nymphadora shrieked, yelling once again before breaking down into sobs. “Mad-Eye is
dead, what part of that don’t you understand? Now you won’t even help stop the monsters that
killed him.”

“Hush now sweetie. We know, we know, why don’t you go back to your father and my room?”
The girl nodded and slipped from the room, sobbing all the way out.

Once the door had shut Andromeda turned on Sirius, fury in her eyes. “SIRIUS ORION BLACK! I
have had enough of this. This isn’t like you at all.

You used to understand the importance of defeating the dark. Now, all you do is defend them. The
Headmaster is trying to save our world, and you won’t even do the bare minimum.”

Albus wanted to sigh. He had warned the woman against this. They needed Sirius to agree with
him, but he was never going to if Andromeda and her fool daughter kept yelling at him. Sirius had
always been difficult, even with all the potions he had gotten as a child, without them, he was even
more contrary.

“Now Sirius, surely you understand it is for the greater good for us to use the house. It is centrally
located in London, plus, as I previously mentioned the benefit the library would offer.”
Dumbledore twinkled.”It really would be for the best.”

“Exactly.” Andromeda gave Sirius a superior look. “It is what is safest for everyone, it’s why I
offered the house to The Order.”

“Like I already said, no.” Sirius shot his cousin a glare. “First of all, Andy, you have no right to
offer a Black family home to anyone, you don’t own it. Second, the house that you are talking about isn’t even mine. I gave it to another member of the family.”


“Yes my boy, who?” Dumbledore questioned unhappily, he wanted access to that library. “Surely who ever it is would understand, The Order needs the house more. They can easily move out for the duration of the oncoming war. It really is for the greater good.”

Sirius gave the headmaster a startled look at that. “NO. I am not asking anyone to leave their home just because it’s what you want. It is their home, not yours.”

“Then just tell us who it is and the headmaster or I will speak with them.” Andromeda huffed, pleased when Dumbledore nodded his agreement.

“Not a chance. I have no intention of telling you who is living there so you can harass them.” Sirius started to get up. “I am willing to help The Order find a place to use, but I will not do so at the expense of my family. Now, if you don’t mind, I have a class to prepare for.”

Albus ground his teeth as Sirius walked out of the office. The man completely lacked respect for him. He was Albus Dumbledore, he deserved his respect.

“I can’t believe him.” Andromeda growled. “How dare he say no to us? We need a safe place to meet.”

“We will need to think about this a bit more my dear. While I agree that we need access to that house, the library in particular, we also need to figure out what he is hiding.” Albus was thoughtful as he pushed his anger down. “As far as I know the only other family that Sirius has is you and your sisters, neither of them would be living there, so just who is it?”

“I don’t know?” Like the headmaster Andromeda couldn’t think of any other family members.

“That might be a good task for Nymphadora.” Albus suggested. “It would serve to take her mind off the loss of Alastor.”

“That’s a wonderful idea headmaster.” Andromeda beamed at the man, she really was worried about how Nymphadora was handling what had happened. “I will suggest it to her.”

Albus was looking around the room when his eyes caught on a painting and he suddenly had an idea. “Phineas!”

Getting up he walked over to stand in front of the portrait, Andromeda following behind him in confusion. “Phineas, you have a second portrait at the Black residence in London, don’t you?”

The former headmaster just stared back blankly.

“So, tell us Phineas, just who is it that is living there?” Albus twinkled at the former headmaster as he saw a way to get the information he wanted.

“That is none of your business Albus.” Phineas sneered.

“Don’t you speak to the headmaster like that.” Andromeda stepped up to scold her ancestor.

Phineas just glared at her.

“Come now Phineas.” Albus had always hated this former headmaster, the man had been so dark.
He had even tried to have the portrait removed, but hadn’t been able to. “As a former headmaster you are required to answer the questions of the current headmaster. Besides, we are only trying to do what is best for our world. We would just like to speak with the resident, I’m sure they would be fine with you telling us about them.”

Phineas snorted. “We are only required to answer questions about the school, and who is living in a family home has nothing to do with the school, so I don’t have to tell you anything. And, if you think I’m going to buy that twinkly eyes look you’re a bigger fool than even I thought. I have been on this wall since the day you first entered this office. I might be prevented from telling anyone else your secrets, but that doesn’t mean I don’t know the truth of you. I have no intention of setting you after a member of my family.”

“How dare you?” Andromeda was absolutely furious. “I have every right to know who’s in that house since they are a member of my family, so, I order you to tell me.”

Phineas barked out a laugh and gave her a disgusted look. “How many times do you need to be reminded you were disowned you delusional little girl. You are not a member of the Noble House of Black, thank Merlin.”

“Andromeda, why don’t you go and check on Nymphadora and allow me to deal with him. I’m sure she is wondering what is taking you so long.” Albus had to force himself to speak kindly, having Andromeda yell at the painting wasn’t going to do him any good.

“Of course headmaster. Just let me know if you need anything else.” Andromeda shot one last venomous glare at the portrait before she left the office to go and find her daughter.

Once they were alone Albus dropped all pretence of being a kind old man and glared at the portrait. “You will tell me what I want, or else.”

Phineas just laughed. “Or else what? You’ll have me removed. You’ll silence my portrait. You’ll blast me off the wall. You’ll burn me. You’ve tried it all before, and you have failed every time. I was here long before you, and I will be here long after you.”

Albus growled. “You owe me your loyalty.”

“No, we are loyal to Hogwarts, you are not Hogwarts.” One of the other portraits told the man. None of the portraits had any form of respect for the current headmaster. In truth, they were all disgusted with him. They had seen plenty of terrible teachers and headmasters over the decades, but Albus Dumbledore was by far the worst in their opinions.

“I will never betray my family to the likes of you.” Phineas sneered before he walked out of his frame.

As he had done many times over the past few decades, Albus threw all manner of fire and blasting curses at the empty frame, but it still refused to burn. All the former headmasters and mistresses smirked as they saw him fail once again.

**Flitwick’s Office - November 14, 2005**

Hadrian’s smile was brittle on his face when he made his way into his head of house’s office for his career meeting. Sitting at the side of the charms professors desk was Umbridge, dressed in her usually sickening pink.
Glancing at his professor's face he could see that the usually happy man was about as happy as he was at that moment. Hadrian let out a long silent breath and got ready for a long meeting. So far he had managed to stay away from Umbridge, so this was the first time he was going to have to listen to the annoying woman's voice up close.

“Please, have a seat Hadrian.” Filius waved to the seat.

Filius couldn’t help but keep shooting wary glances at the woman sitting at the end of his desk. She had arrived only a few minutes before this meeting saying that she needed to oversee a few sessions like this one, but he didn’t believe her. Filius had heard enough rumours, Umbridge had been questioning far too many people about young Hadrian for his comfort. He worried that she was planning something, and he had no intentions of making it easy for her.

“As you are aware, this is just a little meeting so that we can discuss your future career plans so I can make sure you’re on the right track in terms of your schooling.” Filius smiled, completely ignoring the presence of the pink woman. “So, what are your plans for after you graduate?”

“I was thinking about working towards a mastery in enchanting.” Hadrian followed his professor’s lead and ignored the toad.

“That is an interesting field of study.” Filius was pleased to know the young boy planned to further his education.

“Yeah, I’ve been studying it on my own for a few years now. I think enchanting and spell weaving are my two favourite subjects that we don’t learn here. But, since you can’t get a mastery in spell weaving I’ve decided to focus on enchanting.”

In this, Hadrian was being completely truthful. Enchanting and spell weaving were closely linked subjects that he found completely fascinating. Enchantment took a combination of charms, spell crafting, runes, and spell weaving. It created a long term magical object. Things like the Mirror of Erised and self stirring cauldrons were examples of enchantment.

Hadrian and the twins had discussed it and they all felt that their individual fields would help in making the joke shop even more successful. Fred was planning on getting a mastery in spell crafting and George was going to go for alchemy. Between the three of them they would be able to create all manner of new items.

“I do hope you don’t follow the example of your father.” Filius said in concern. “I know he might have the title of youngest potions master in over 500 years, but doing that took a great toll on him.”

Hadrian smiled softly, knowing the professor’s concern was honest. “No, I have no intent to try that. I’ve already spoken with him and he warned me not to try it. Sure, he managed to get his mastery in just under 2 years, but that was with working 16 hours a day, every day. I like to think I have more self preservation than that.

I’ve worked up a basic timeline, and from what I can figure it will take 5 years minimum, and that is if everything goes exactly as planned, but I know that is unlikely. Between family and personal obligations, combined with the ministry, I will have more than enough to do.”

“Hem, hem.” The aggravating sound came from the end of the desk and both had to finally give their attention to the pink monstrosity. “I don’t think it’s a good idea to set a child up for disappointment, do you Professor Flitwick?”

“Disappointment?” Flitwick said in confusion.
“Yes. I highly doubt that Mr. Potter has the… mental fortitude to be able to achieve a NEWT in such a complicated and dangerous subject such as enchanting, let alone a mastery.” Umbridge simpered.

“I don’t know where you would get an idea like that Madame Umbridge, but it is a highly incorrect one.” Flitwick smiled viciously as he gave the woman his full attention. “Hadrian has finished amongst the top three students of his year, every year. He is exceptionally gifted academically, so I have no doubt that he will achieve his goals quite easily. It might take him longer than expected because of his involvement with the ministry as he said, but I’m sure it will work out, in time.”

“He has no involvement with the ministry.” Umbridge all but hissed. “He is just a child.”

“I feel I should point out that this really is none of your business Madame Umbridge.” Hadrian gave the woman a cold look. “But, for your information, as most already know thanks to reporters, I currently hold three lordships and am heir to a few others. As such, I have a seat on the Wizengamot. My dad currently holds proxy over my seats, but I fully intend to take my place once I am old enough. So, therefor, I am involved in the ministry.”

“Why you little…” Umbridge started as she glared at the student, but was interrupted by the little charms master clearing his throat loudly and cutting her off.

“I think we have gotten off track here.” Flitwick sent the woman a sharp look before turning back to his student with a smile. “Now, I’m guessing that you have already started your own research into what you will need to get your mastery.” He smiled when Hadrian nodded. “That’s good. Just by looking over your grades in the associated subjects it’s clear you have an aptitude for the subject matter.

I’m not seeing any reason you wouldn’t be able to get your mastery. If you would like I can reach out to a former duelling partner of mine who went for their mastery in enchanting to get a more in depth information on what getting a mastery is actually like from the view of someone who has actually done so.”

“That would be great.” Hadrian grinned at the professor, once again going back to ignoring the toad, much to her annoyance.

After that the meeting ended quickly. It was only after Hadrian had left that Filius turned on the woman in the room to tell her off for attempting to demean one of his students.

Dolores made her way out of the office in a huff. How dare a disgusting little creature like that speak to her in such a way? Once she had managed to get control of the school that thing would be one of the first to go. Not only that, but she was going to make sure that Potter learned his place. There was no way he was smart enough to get a mastery, even she hadn’t managed that, not that she had really tried. She was sure the teachers were just letting him pass because he was famous and his family held a lot of power, far too much in her opinion.

But that was going to change soon, and she was going to make sure of it.

Sirius’s Office - November 17, 2005

Sirius sat back in his chair hoping that today would go by quickly. Today was the day he was going to be meeting with the students in Gryffindor about the careers that they wanted once they finish school.
The thing that made him think that this was going to be difficult was that this year Minerva had decided that she was going to attend. The year before he had done it on his own and things had gone by without any delays or issues.

The first few meetings had gone by rather quickly, and without too many issues. The only thing that slowed them down at all was that Minerva kept suggesting that the students all go and work at the ministry, of course, adding in that she and the headmaster would be more than willing to speak to the higher ups at the ministry to ensure they got a decent job.

But, most of the students didn't actually want to work at the ministry. With all the changes in their world over the last decade there were now actually plenty of opportunities for the Hogwarts graduates.

Sirius knew that one of the real reasons Minerva had attended was about to show up. The next student was going to be Hermione Granger. More than likely this particular meeting was going to involve some yelling. While Granger had actually started to hit less, her temper was still explosive.

But, Sirius was ready. He had made sure that he had information on all the different departments that the girl might want to work in. Maybe if he could just give her the information she and Minerva wouldn’t get too worked up.

When the girl arrived Minerva invited her in and directed her to a seat.

“Hello Hermione.” Minerva smiled at the girl. “As you know this meeting is about the career that you’re planning and anything we can do to insure you are on the right track. So, what exactly are your plans?”

Sirius wanted to roll his eyes. He knew very well that there was no reason these two needed to discuss this topic with each other, they had been working together on their plans.

“Well, as I have often said, I will be going to work at the ministry.” Hermione smiled happily at one of her favourite professors while completely ignoring the other.

“And I have no doubt that you will achieve great things Hermione.” Minerva smiled at the girl. “I will be speaking with the headmaster. I know that he will be more than happy to give you a recommendation so that you can start in a position more appropriate for your intellect and talent.”

Sirius was actually slightly nauseated at that. “And what department are you planning on applying to?”

“What?” Hermione was confused by that question.

“Which department do you want to work in?” Sirius asked again. “You can’t just work ‘at the ministry, you have to be in a particular department.

I know you are planning on running for minister when you are old enough so you might be interested to know that Fudge worked in the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes, before him was Bagnold, and she worked in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, and before her was Westley, and he worked in the Department of International Magical Cooperation.

But there are plenty of other departments. So, it all depends on what you want to do.”

Hermione just stared for a moment. “I’m going to work in the ministers office.”

“So you want to be a secretary?” Sirius questioned.
“No, I’m going to be involved in the laws.” Hermione was horrified at the idea that she would be a lowly secretary. Her parents had made her work with their secretary over the summer and she had absolutely hated the job.

“Then the job you are looking for isn’t in the ministers office. To be involved in making the laws you would want to look towards the Wizengamot. They have a legal department that assists in writing the laws and going over different proposals. There is of course the barrister department that deals with legal matters that arise, there is also an international branch of that department that deals with the international laws. Or, on the enforcement side of things you would want to look at the DMLE.” Sirius explained to the girl.

“Hermione will do wonderful in any department.” Minerva huffed, not liking the tone Sirius had taken.

“Yes, but she needs to select a particular department, unless she is just planning to apply to them all and see which one she is accepted by.” Sirius pulled out the selection of papers he had gathered and handed them to the girl. “Ms. Granger, these are detailed explanations of the different departments as well as the expectations that must be met to even be considered for a position. I would recommend that you go over them and see if that helps you to narrow down which department you might like to work in. I’m sure Professor McGonagall would agree with me in saying that once you have made your decision, if you have any other questions you are welcome to see one or both of us during our office hours.”

Hermione just glared down at the papers in her hands. She just wanted to become minister. She wanted to make the laws, not check them for legality. Why couldn’t things just work the way she wanted them too? She was going to have to meet with Professor McGonagall and Headmaster Dumbledore about this. All those years ago they had laid out the plan for her, but now things weren’t going the way they had promised her so she was going to need to help them to figure out what to do now. Because there was no way she was going to accept the basic boring life that would come from doing boring busy work when she could actually be fixing this world.

Hermione left shortly after that. Sirius could tell that the girl was angry once again that he hadn’t just agreed with her. The girl still didn’t seem to understand that things weren’t going to change just because she said so. It wasn’t like she could just walk into the ministry and do whatever she wanted, there were rules, policies, laws, and so much more that stopped that.

“Really Sirius?” Minerva demanded once they were alone.

“Really what Minerva?” Sirius sighed out.

“Why must you be so dismissive of her. Hermione is an incredible student, she is going to do great things.” Minerva glared at the other man, she had never thought he would be like this when he was a child, he had been one of her Gryfffindors, not a snake.

“I was in no way dismissive of her.” Sirius rolled his eyes. “All I did was give her the proper information. You of all people should know that she can’t just walk into the ministry and start making decisions. It will take years for her to work her way up. And, acting like she is going to just become a high ranking ministry official right out of school is just setting her up to fail. It is better to be honest rather than tell her whatever it is she wants to hear.”

Minerva snarled in the back of her throat. That wasn’t what she had been doing, she had just been trying to encourage the girl.
It was a few headache filled hours later when Ron Weasley made his way into the office for his own meeting. Sirius is pleased to find that the boy was actually on time.

The month before Ron had indeed been stripped of his prefects badge, and the boy couldn’t seem to be happier about it. After the loss of the badge he had tried out for the quidditch team and actually managed to make it. While his grades still weren’t as high as they could be if he started to put in the effort, he was at least maintaining the base average he needed to stay on the team.

“Please have a seat Mr. Weasley.” Sirius gave the boy a small smile. “Let’s just get through this quickly so we can all go for dinner. So, what are your plans after school Mr. Weasley.”

“I’m going to join the Chudley Cannons as their keeper.” Ron smiled.

Sirius actually thought that might be possible. The Cannons were the worst team in the league, and given a bit more practice Ron would be on par with their current keeper.

“Don’t be silly Ron, you want to be an auror.” Minerva gave the boy a look. She had noticed the changes in his attitude recently, and while she appreciated some of it, it was things like this that annoyed her. “It has been your dream since you were a little boy.”

“Yeah, but things change.” Ron shrugged. “I want to play quidditch. I’ll keep auror as a back up.”

“I’m not sure that will work out for you Mr. Weasley.” Sirius said.

“What do you mean?” Ron got a little agitated by that.

“To be an auror you would need a NEWT in potions. Professor Prince only takes NEWT students that achieve an outstanding on their OWLs. You currently only have an acceptable. Also, you have never seemed to be overly interested in school, and aurors require another 2 years of training after Hogwarts. Plus, a new requirement that is being considered is at least an OWL in physical education, which is a class you never took.”

Ron scrunched up his nose at that. He didn’t want any more school, or to have anything more to do with potions or exercise. While he would love to go out and catch dark wizards and be famous for it, he didn’t want all that extra work. “So what should I do. I know my mum wants me to work in the ministry?”

“Well, if your quidditch dreams don’t work out, there is always the Department of Magical Games and Sports.” Sirius pulled out the paperwork on that department he had gotten specifically for the boy. “For that you would only require 3 pass NEWTs, which I see no issue in you achieving. That department is responsible for organizing sporting events like the Quidditch World Cup and regulating the leagues. It’s a fairly relaxed department that, at least in my opinion, would be perfect for you. You would get to spend your days talking about quidditch.”

“Cool.” Ron smiled as he looked through the papers. It had never even occurred to him that he could work in a department like that, but then again he hadn’t even really known it existed. “That works. If I can’t be a professional keeper I’ll work there. At least them mum can’t get too angry. Thanks, later.”

And with that Ron was up and out of the office before Minerva could say another word, to him at least.

“Sirius Black! Just what was that?”
“What? I gave a student a recommendation for a career that he might like. That’s kinda what we are here for.” Sirius sighed again, he had hoped that with Ron leaving he was done.

“Ron is supposed to be an auror.” Minerva said. “It has been his dream since he was little, now you’ve taken that away.”

“No, I just gave him another option. Look, Minerva, have you seen his grades. While I fully believe that he is capable of getting better grades I just don’t think that would be enough. Like I said, he is barely passing potions now and he would need an outstanding OWL in the subject, that just isn’t going to happen.

It’s better he work towards something that he can actually achieve then put all of his focus on something only to be denied. At least this way he has options.”

“He could do it.” Minerva glared.

“Sure, if he suddenly had a complete change in personality.” Sirius got up and started heading for the door. “If he suddenly started studying, doing his absolute best on his assignments, and paid attention in every class, he might be able to get the grades, but I don’t see that happening.

The boy is just not academically inclined, and I highly doubt anything is going to change that. There are just some people that do better outside of the world of academia, and Ron Weasley is one of them. He is still perfectly capable of having a successful life, he just needs to play to his strengths. And, his strength is his love of quidditch apparently.”

Not giving the woman a chance to respond Sirius turned and was out the door before she could blink.

**Hogwarts, Headmasters Office- December 8, 2005**

Rolling his neck, Severus made his way up to the headmasters office with Sirius by his side. Only a few feet behind them were Filius, Pomona, and of course Aurora Sinistra and Lucian Zarno. While it may have been just he and Sirius who had been invited he knew that the others were going to be needed for what was to come.

Earlier Hermione Granger had finally snapped. Severus had seen it coming for days, but now that it had happened even he had been surprised at just how explosive it had been.

After the death of Griselda Marchbanks the OWL and NEWT testing department had been taken over by a younger replacement that had all kinds of new ideas that had always been rejected before. One of those ideas was to hold voluntary practice OWLs before Yule break so the students could at least get a basic idea of what the end of year exams will be like while also seeing how they will be graded. The test didn’t cover everything over the first five years of school like the end of year tests would, but it does cover everything from the four years that are already done.

Many, including Hermione, had signed up to do the practice test. But, while most treated the tests as the practice they were, Hermione acted like they were the real thing. She threw herself into studying with a passion that well surpassed obsessive. More than one of her teachers had tried to speak to her to remind her that these tests were just practice and didn’t actually have any effect on her grade, but she just refused to listen.

Between her studying for the tests, doing her homework, classes, prefect duties, and her personal projects there was no way the girl was getting more than three hours of sleep a night. Lately, ever
since she had learned that there were students with titles that attended the Wizengamot she had been on her own crusade to stop them.

Hermione had repeatedly approached different teachers, the four student reps on the school board, and even the titled students themselves. All in the hopes of making things how she would want them. But none were willing to listen to her.

After once again trying, and failing, to convince Blaise Zabini and Theo Nott, who had the misfortune to be caught in the library by an irate Hermione Granger, that they should pass the proxy of their seats over to Dumbledore. Both refused, as they had repeatedly. Neither of them were willing to give the headmaster anymore power.

Being told no once again had been too much for the girl. She had started screaming at the top of her lungs. The boys had tried to back away but she had pulled her wand before they could get out of the line of fire. Blaise, knowing his friends history with violence had pushed Theo behind him and ended up taking a blasting curst to the shoulder.

Thankfully, since Hermione was still refusing to practice like she had been told too, the curse was underpowered. If the curse had been at full power it would have shattered his shoulder, if not actually blasting his arm right off. But with her magic being so weak the damage was relatively minor. He was still going to have to spend the next few days in the hospital wing as his muscles and tendons healed, but it could have been a lot worse, especially if the magic in the new wards hadn’t frozen the girl in place after the first curse was fired, stopping her from doing any more damage.

That was what had led up to this meeting. As Hermione had still been on probation until the end of the month she had immediately been stripped of her badge. Not that she knew it yet as she was still unconscious in the hospital wing from the number of stunners she had been hit with in combination with the large quantity of calming draughts she had been given. And things were not going to be getting any better for her once she woke up. Thanks to the potion she would get to feel the same pain that Blaise was.

The four professors that were making their way up to the office knew that Dumbledore and McGonagall were going to try and allow the girl to keep her badge even after what she had done. And they had no intention of allowing that to happen.

As expected, when Severus walked into the office he saw that McGonagall was already there and waiting.

“Ah, Severus, Sirius, my boys please…” Albus went to invite the two men in but hesitated when he saw the other heads of house follow them in.

“Don’t mind us Headmaster, Severus and Sirius just thought we would be needed for what you wished to discuss.” Aurora said in a sweet voice as she too made her way into the office, sitting in the chair Lucian had summoned for her.

“Yes, yes. Please sit down everyone.” Albus quickly collected himself as he started trying to rework his plans. This was going to be a lot harder now that the others were all here. He had been planning on talking to the others one on one or in pairs since it would give him a better chance of convincing them if he said the others had already agreed, but it would seem Severus and Sirius had already countered that plan.

“So, what is it you wished to discuss, Headmaster?” Lucian said in a falsely light tone.
“Well, I was going to speak to Severus and Sirius about some recent events that I feel may have been over blown.” Albus forced his magic into his eyes to make them twinkle as he gave a false little smile.

“Are we to assume that the ‘events’ that you speak of involve Ms. Granger?” Pomona questioned.

“Hermione made a mistake, I’m sure you all understand that.” Albus looked around but didn’t see any understanding in the others eyes. “Surely we can be lenient this time?”

“Albus, we had an agreement. Hermione knew the rules and she still broke them. She has done nothing that would warrant leniency in this matter. Hermione put a student in the hospital wing, knowing full well what that would mean.” Sirius shook his head.

“It was just an accident.” Minerva tried, but even she knew that it most likely wouldn’t work. Her eyes were truly open now, although she had no great care for either of the two boys, she was more than aware of just how bad things could have ended. If either of the boys had died, or even been seriously injured, Hermione’s life would have been effectively over in their world. A muggleborn attacking two purebloods was something that no one would forget if it had been more serious, it was bad enough even as it was.

“It was not an accident.” Aurora’s eyes snapped to her fellow professor. “She intentionally pulled out her wand, intentionally aimed it at another human being, and then intentionally screamed the curse. There is nothing accidental about what she did.”

“I guess this is the one time we can be thankful she still refuses to practice her spells.” Filius muttered, but everyone was able to hear him. “I shudder to think the damage she could have done if she was successful in casting that curse.”

“She’s just been so overwhelmed with everything going on she reacted poorly.” Minerva might know there was no real chance of getting around what happened, but she had no intention of not defending her lion.

“And she has no one but herself to blame for that.” Lucian said. “I must have told her at least half dozen times over the past few weeks that she needed to remember that these tests were just practice and that she didn’t even need to do them if it was too much, but she refused to listen.

If she had just listened to the advice of others she wouldn’t have been so close to a breakdown. While we do give a certain level of leniency for the students in their OWL and NEWT years for their little breakdowns this was over the line. There was no need for her to get herself so worked up. She knew full well that these tests meant nothing in the long run.”

“Hermione just wants to do her best, she always has.” Albus twinkled. “Taking away her badge for a mistake like this will only discourage her and we can’t have that.”

“There is a difference between trying ones best and what she was doing. In her attempt to be better than everyone else she hurt not only others, but herself as well. She isn’t sleeping or eating properly and we can all see it. Hermione needs to learn how to properly handle things like stress. If she can’t handle the practice tests, what do you think is going to happen when the time comes for her to take the real ones.” Severus looked right at Dumbledore.

“The debate is moot either way.” Sirius chipped in. “Not only did we agree that she would be stripped of her badge if she sent another student to the hospital wing, we also said if she got more than three detentions she lost the badge. And, she will be receiving both detention and point loss for her actions today, and that brings her up to four detentions. So, she is losing the badge.
regardless of how you feel about what she did Headmaster.

More over, this is not a one time thing. While her hitting has gotten better in the past few months, Hermione has a long history of violence that is hard to overlook in these circumstances. For Merlin’s sake, more than half of the detentions she has earned since she started here has been as a result of some form of violence.”

“Yes… I have noticed a marked improvement in her self control when it comes to her hitting recently.” Aurora said contemplatively. “I think that’s one of the reason this attack came as such a surprise to me.”

“With her mind healers agreement, her parents gave her a karma potion before she started school this year.” Sirius told her. “That’s why she has stopped hitting so much, she has finally started to learn how it feels, and she doesn’t like it.

It’s also why I am suggesting that her detention just be silent reading or something that isn’t strenuous. She is going to be feeling the pain she inflicted just as Mr. Zabini is.”

“Then she has already been punished more than enough.” Albus butted in. “Having to feel the pain will be more than enough to teach her, so there is no reason to punish her more.”

“Like I said before, if you keep fighting on this Headmaster I will request it is brought before the board.” Pomona cut in. “I’m sure Helen Davis and Sophia Zabini will have plenty to say on the topic.”

Albus couldn’t believe that once again it was the head of the Hufflepuff house that was proving to be his biggest threat. While the others might have disagreed with his planned course of action it had been Pomona that was practically threatening him. He knew that he couldn’t let this now before the board since the victims were the children of current board members.

Helen Davis would probably be even worse given her adoptive sons history. Albus still remembered the trial that had taken place so many years before about the boys abuse. During his first year, Albus had tried to foster a mentorship bond with the Nott Lord, but the boy was far too standoffish to allow him close for any length of time. He had given up after that, given the boys family history, Albus had no doubts that he would eventually turn to the dark and he hadn’t wanted to be connected to him when he did.

“Fine, Fine. I can see there is no prevailing upon you about this matter.” Albus gave them all sad and disappointed looks, but none of them even flinched. He hated that.

“Good evening Headmaster. Minerva.” Sirius nodded to the two before he lead the rest of the staff out of the office, leaving the two behind.

Minerva didn’t even speak, she just drew in a deep breath and let it out on a growl.

Albus leaned back in his chair and thought. He needed to get Hermione and Ron back under his control. But how?

Hermione had gotten too caught up in her idea of being the best. Her attitude may have gotten her far if he had still been in control of the school and that ridiculous new marking scheme wasn’t in place, but it wasn’t doing any good now. He needed to get her to start following instructions.

Then there was Ron. The Albus had first heard that Arthur was making the boy see a mind healer he had thought it might be a good thing, and it had at that point. The boys grades had shown a marked increase, but he still wasn’t where Albus would have wanted him. But, recently he had seen
the changes in the boy. He was no longer following their plan. He didn’t seek out the Potter boy much anymore. Even though Minerva had them sitting next to each other in her class she had said Ron barely spoke to the boy.

Albus needed to get them to be friends with the boy, that had been his plan for so long. Instead, they had alienated themselves from the boy and he had surrounded himself with their enemies.

The only thing Albus could think of was that it might be time for an attitude adjustment for those two.

**Hogwarts Train - December 19, 2005**

Hadrian was sitting with his friends on the way home for their Yule holidays feeling happy. Despite her best efforts, Umbridge still had almost no power or control over the students and staff of Hogwarts. That hadn’t stopped him and the twins from pranking her a lot, but it was nice.

Mr. Weasley wasn’t sitting in a hospital bed recovering from an attack by Nagini. Instead he was going to be meeting them at the platform with his husbands and new children.

Life really was going good for Hadrian this time around. He was even almost finished with his animagus training. So far he could do the individual body parts almost seamlessly. It was just combining them all together now. It was still going to take a bit more work, but he was right on track with his personal timetable. Of course, once he was able to shift, he was going to need to start working on the muscles. Animals used different muscles than humans did so he was going to need to strengthen those muscles so that he would be able to do things like run and jump in his fox form.

Looking down again, he smiled at the results of his practice OWLs. While he knew they weren’t as long or in depth as the real thing was going to be, something he knew from experience, they had done well in giving the feel of the real tests. If he had been like the other students they really would have proven beneficial for showing him what he needed to know.

In all, he hand ended up getting outstanding in every subject. While he was pleased, there was still a small part of him that felt a bit guilty since he had done a lot of these courses before, but not as much as he normally would. With all the changes to the curriculum, plus the different classes he was taking he still had to study and practice to do well.

Tucking the paper back into his pocket he leaned back and rested his head on Fred’s shoulder. That was the only downside of this year in his opinion. At the end of this year, Fred and George would be graduating and he hated the fact that they were going to be separated for him while he was still at school. But, there was nothing he could do to stop it, so he pushed it out of his mind and focused on what was going on around him.

Hermione sat numbly in her compartment on her way back to London. How had everything gone so wrong?

Not only had she lost her prefects badge, but she had barely passed her practice OWLs. Even Ron had scored better than her in a few subjects. RON. That just wasn’t possible. How could someone like him do better than her? She studied and read all the time and all he did was play quidditch and chess.

Looking over, she glared at the boy who once again had his nose shoved into one of his stupid
quidditch books. Although, she had no idea why he and Ginny were even on the train. They were going to their mums and she lived in Hogsmeade. That meant they were taking the train all the way to London, just to floo back to Scotland. They could have just walked the five minutes to their mums place and been there and done with it already. But, at least she wasn’t alone.
Fifth Year (Part 2)

Diagon Alley - December 23, 2005

Hadrian and Neville were sitting at Florean Fortescue’s Ice Cream Parlour happily eating their favourite ice creams. Alexander, Neville’s little brother, was happily sitting next to them as he watched the people moving about the alley.

Hadrian had had to come into the alley to drop his sisters off. They were meeting up with one of their friends from the magical kids school that the Sea Cliff House had started for those too young to attend Hogwarts, or those that proved to be squibs. The girls were going to be spending the afternoon with their friend before flooing home in the evening.

Neville had had to grab a few things that he had had to special order from the herbology shop. Alex had begged to bring him along for ice cream and Neville hadn’t been able to resist his little brothers pleas.

It was supposed to be a quick in and out, but Hadrian sighed as he saw that wasn’t going to happen. Walking into the alley was both Hermione and Ginny, followed by who Hadrian knew were Hermione’s parents. If they were spotted he had no doubt that the girls would come and harass him like usual.

Hadrian slid down a little further in his seat and let out a sigh as he saw Ginny catch sight of him and immediately make a beeline for them. He knew this was going to happen. Why, oh why, couldn’t he just be invisible to certain people? Like Hadrian, Neville let out a sigh as they both heard Ginny calling out. Hadrian swore it was like she had a tracker on him.

Unbeknownst to Hadrian, Hermione also sighed softly as she saw him and Neville. She had been on her way to the bookstore and now she was going to have to pretend she liked the two boys.

She had had to argue with her parents since the moment she got home just to be allowed to come to the alley today and now they were going to have to waste some of their time on the idiot and his friend. There was no way Ginny was going to give up the chance to be seen with him publicly. And, although it would be useful for their plan, she really didn’t want to waste her time pretending the boys mattered.

“Hi Harry!” Ginny practically bounced over to where the boys were sitting.

Hermione followed at a slower pace with her parents right behind her. After they had been told about what happened with that pathetic Slytherin they had been keeping her under constant supervision. She wasn’t allowed to do anything fun. They were even forcing her to study at the kitchen table so they could watch what she was doing.

“Ms. Weasley, Ms Granger.” Neville nodded to both girls before looking to the adults that followed them. “Sir. Ma’am.”

“Hello boys.” Jean smiled at the two polite young men and the little boy.

“Who’s that?” Ginny questioned as she pointed rudely at Alex.

Howard Granger cleared his throat at the rudeness. “Allow me to make introductions since the girls
don’t seem to want to. This is my wife, Jean Granger, and I am Howard Granger. We are both dentists in the muggle world.”

“Pleasure to meet you both.” Neville reached out and shook Howard Granger’s hand. “This is Lord Hadrian Potter-Black. I am Heir Neville Longbottom. And this is my little brother Alexander Longbottom.”

Howard and Jean couldn’t help but share a look when they heard that one of the boys was a lord and that another was an heir to another title. While they knew Lords existed in theory, neither of them thought they would meet one, not to mention one so young. These boys were the same age as their daughter.

“Aren’t you a little young to be recognized as a Lord? I thought you had to be 18 before you could accept the title. At least, that’s how it is in the non-magical world.” Jean questioned in confusion.

“Exactly.” Hermione huffed haughtily. She had known that there was no way Harry was allowed to hold a title. She just couldn’t believe that it was her mum of all people that had that information. “You aren’t 18 yet, so there is no way you should have been allowed to take a Lordship. Just because you’re famous doesn’t mean you shouldn’t have to follow the rules.”

“Look around Granger, this is the magical world, not the non-magical one.” Neville sighed as he knew where the girl was going with this idea.

“Well it is true that a person must be over 18 to be able to claim a title in the non magical world it is different in the magical one.” Hadrian started to explain. “In the magical world you are only required to be 11 to claim a title, but you won’t be able to actively use it. For me, I claimed my titles when I was 11, but my family is in charge of managing the estate until I’m older. In the magical world I won’t be able to start taking control until I’m at least 16.”

“So it’s different in the magical world? That’s interesting.” Jean had been trying to learn more about the magical world in an attempt to bond more with her daughter, but Hermione just said that it was like their world.

“Of course it’s different.” Hadrian replied, confusion evident in his voice. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Well why would they be different? We are still in Britain.” Jean slowly lowered herself onto the bench, she didn’t even realize it as she was so interested in the potential discussion. While Hermione had inherited her love of knowledge she hadn’t inherited her ability to listen to others that knew more about a subject and learn from them.

“Well… The Statute of Secrecy was first signed in 1689 and ratified in 1692.” Hadrian explained. “So, from that point on, our societies and cultures have evolved and developed along parallel lines, but they are different.

Prior to that point there was cross-pollination of the cultures, but they had already been fairly different already. But after that we went our separate ways.”

“How was it different before then?” Jean questioned.

“In a lot of different ways, but I guess one of the biggest was the treatment of women.” Neville said. “At that point, in non-magical communities, women were seen as property but it was different in the magical ones. Since magic doesn’t discriminate between the genders, women were seen as just as strong as men in our world. It was perfectly acceptable for women to take any job that a man would, even going so far as becoming a soldier.”
“How can you claim any form of gender equality?” Hermione demanded. “Just look at your own family. Auror Tonks is elder than you, but you are the heir to the Black family even though she is more qualified. The only reason for that is your gender.” Hermione had overheard the Professor’s Tonk’s talking about it when Professor Black had refused to transfer the heirship from Harry to their daughter.

“How can you claim any form of gender equality?” Hermione demanded. “Just look at your own family. Auror Tonks is elder than you, but you are the heir to the Black family even though she is more qualified. The only reason for that is your gender.” Hermione had overheard the 2 Professor’s Tonk’s talking about it when Professor Black had refused to transfer the heirship from Harry to their daughter.

“First of all, my families internal politics is really none of your business.” Hadrian snapped getting annoyed that she had the audacity to think she had a right to make decisions about anything to do with his family. “But, regardless, that is completely untrue. There are multiple reasons that she doesn’t qualify for the heirship, her gender is just one.

As for the fact that the Black family is a patriarchy, it is just how the family is. A majority of the ancient and/or noble houses tend to be gender neutral in regards to the heirship, but there are those that aren’t. But, for every family that is a patriarchy there is another that is a matriarchy, and there are even those that have other requirements. I mean, just look at the Prewett family, that family line follows magical twins rather than the eldest child.”

“Are there really such intricate politics even within families?” Jean questioned, attempting to change the topic. She could see they were straying into dangerous territory, no one liked it when others started trying to enforce their will on their family like Hermione seemed to want to do.

“If you want to learn more about the magical world then you should try the ‘Magical for the Non-Magical’ book series by Diana Jordan.” Hadrian suggested.

“No, I have read a few of her books.” Jean said in confusion. “She’s a fiction writer. I’ve read a few of her books.”

“Yes, she writes fiction.” Hadrian nodded. “But she has also written some non fiction. You see, while she is a muggle, her husband is a wizard and they have three magical children. Their youngest son, Lee, is a few years above me in Ravenclaw.

I think there’s like… 13 books in the series. It goes over everything she found different or interesting when dealing with the magical world. So, it’s things like.. The different laws, the different, and shared, histories, as well as cultural differences.”

“Can we get those at Flourish and Blotts?” Howard questioned, knowing they would be getting the entire series based off the look in his wife’s eyes.

“Probably not.” Neville told him. “You would be better off heading down to River Run. There are plenty of bookstores there. Each one has their own theme of sorts and focus on different subjects. Plus, the prices are much better there.”

“River Run?” Howard had never heard of it.

“It’s one of the other magical alleys in the London area. You have to go to Shakespeare’s Globe, just down from Tower Bridge. Just to the left there is a small restaurant called Swan. There is a magical section that is hidden from muggles, so you would need to go to one of the servers and request a seat in the river run room. They’ll take you through. The alley stretches out toward the Tate and it’s gardens.”

“Why would the prices for books be cheaper there? Flourish and Blotts is far better known.” Hermione questioned, actually interested now that they were talking about books.

“I must agree, wouldn’t things be cheaper here given the importance of this alley?” Jean said thoughtfully.
Neville thought how best to explain for a few seconds before he figured out how to word things. “Think of it like brand name and generic. It’s the same product, but the books from Flourish and Blotts has the fancy insignia stamped on the inside cover to identify it came from them while the ones from the stores on River Run don’t.”

“Then why is it recommended for muggle-borns to do their shopping here?” Hermione crossed her arms over her chest in anger. “Are they just trying to get us to waste our money?”

“No…” Hadrian sighed knowing the girl was going to try to make this about blood status again. “The reason Muggle-borns are generally sent here is because this is where you can do everything at once.

If you were to use the other alleys then you would still need to come here to exchange money at Gringotts, as well as the fact that Ollivander’s has the best wands. Then you would need to go to River Run for books and potions supplies. Morning Dew has the most affordable clothing and uniforms. And Horizon has the best trunks as well as anything else you might need like telescopes and cauldrons.

It saves you time by making it so you don’t have to go running all over the city. It also helps to keep first timers from getting too overwhelmed with everything. Just imagine coming into the magical world for the first time, seeing a preserve and thinking about how it would be nice to see the wild life and then coming face to face with a dragon.”

“A DRAGON?” Howard was shocked.

“Yes. The preserve on River Run has two dragons that they rescued. Along with much much more.” Hadrian smiled at him before turning to his year mate with a bland look. “You are aware that not everything comes back to blood status, right?”

“You just say that because you’re a pompous pureblood who looks down on everyone else.” Hermione sneered.

“Hermione!” Both Howard and Jean said, shocked at their daughter’s blatant rudeness.

Hadrian rolled his eyes before giving her a confused look. “I don’t know where you would come up with an idea like that, I am a half blood.

The way things are broken down is that a pure blood is someone with four magical grandparents. A half blood, which has the most expansive definition, is someone who has at least one magical ancestor within the last 4 generations. And a muggle-born is someone who comes from a family that is non-magical, although many are included in that definition that don’t actually belong since they don’t bother to look into their genealogy.

One of my grandfathers was non-magical, therefor, I am a half blood. So all that stuff about my life being easier because I’m a pure blood is complete nonsense.”

Hermione was ready to start arguing with him, but an owl flew down right then and landed directly in front of Hadrian distracting him. Hadrian smiled as he took the letter from the beautiful owl before giving her a few treats from the package he had picked up for Hedwig earlier. He had been expecting this letter.

After leaving Hogwarts Cedric had gone on to join the military. Hadrian thought that it would be only sensible to ensure that those within the magical branch of the military were kept aware of what was going on. He knew that if Voldemort really was back then Fudge would be denying it
until he had irrefutable proof, regardless of how many lives it cost, and Dumbledore wouldn’t tell anyone with the power to really do anything because he wanted the glory of being the one to do something. To get around them both Hadrian had kept in touch with Cedric and let him know about the developments.

He had written about the murder of Moody and the suspected resurrection just after it had happened. Cedric had taken that information and passed it on to his commanding officer who in turn passed it on. In the last letter Cedric had sent he had said that he had a meeting with someone in charge and that he would be letting him know about the outcome when he could. Hadrian figured that was what this letter was about.

“Who do you know in The Black Hole?” Jean questioned, shocked as she saw the insignia on the seal of the letter.

Hadrian was slightly stunned that the woman knew the nickname that had been given to the magical military unit. “How do you know that name?”

“My grandfather.” Jean shrugged. “He served with them for 40 years.”

Neville and Hadrian smirked at each other for a moment before Neville turned to Hermione with a grin.

“Good news Granger, you can no longer say you are being discriminated against because you are a muggle born.”

“And just why is that? I have my doubts that those in the magical world will ever stop their prejudice.” Hermione sneered.

“Simple, it’s because you aren’t a muggle-born.” Neville grinned.

“What do you mean?” Jean questioned, not understanding why her grandfather serving in the military stopped her daughter from being a muggle-born.

“Because, the 20th division of the SAS, nicknamed The Black Hole, is the magical branch of Her Majesty's Armed Forces.” Hadrian looked to the older woman. “If your grandfather served with them, then he had to have been magical as only active magic users are able to join that particular unit.

This letter is from my friend Cedric Diggory. He graduated from Hogwarts last year and decided to join the military.”

“There isn’t a magical military.” Ginny added, having been ignored for too long she wanted Harry to pay attention to her. “I’ve lived in the magical world my entire life and never even heard of the military, whatever that is.”

“The military is a muggle thing Ginny.” Hermione rolled her eyes, how could the girl be so clueless? Then she turned back to the boys at the table. “But, she’s right. There is no magical military. The Ministry of Magic relies on the aurors to keep control. And since the muggles don’t know about magic then there is no way they would have a magical branch of their military.

You just said it yourself, the statute of secrecy keeps our wolds separate.”

“Yes, our worlds are separated, but we still live in Britain.” Neville looked at the girls. “We’re still British subjects, and as such, we can still choose to join the military.”
“While the general public isn’t aware of our world, the higher ups are.” Hadrian decided he needed to go into more detail. “No Sovereign would ever willingly give up certain aspects of control over their subjects, especially at the time the statute was signed.

We were granted the right of self governance, but we are still answerable to the royal family. The minister of magic is the equivalent of the muggle prime minister. The Queen is still the head of state, and as such, she is aware of our existence. So is every Prime Minister and their senior staff. They all need to be because of when there is cross over between our worlds.

There are dragons scattered across Wales and Scotland after all, and they do occasionally end up in muggle areas. The same with trolls, ogres, and giants. Cover stories are occasionally needed.”

“In recent years the bond between our two governments has gotten stronger.” Neville carried on when Hadrian finished. “Changes in the Wizengamot have made it possible for more cooperation.”

“So… If my grandfather was a part of this unit, then he was magical?” Jean said in confusion. “But that isn’t possible. My mother didn’t have magic, and neither do I.”

“Just because a parent has magic doesn’t mean the child will.” Hadrian shrugged. “The gene for magic is dominant, but a child can still be born with recessive genes. It’s like a parent with dark eyes having a child with light eyes, it’s rarer, but it does happen. Non-magical children born to magical parents are called squibs.”

“How would I find out?” Jean really wanted to know if it was possible that her family had indeed come from the magical world.

“The best way to find out would be an inheritance test at Gringotts. The basic test just shows your parents, but the in-depth test can actually create a family tree that can extend back up to 20 generations, it just depends on how much blood you add to the potion, and how much you’re willing to pay.” Hadrian said thoughtfully. “What’s even better is that the goblins have recently started offering a background check.

Basically, if you fount that you really did have magical ancestors the goblins would research them for you. Nothing to extreme, but they would be able to tell you about any powerful or notable figures in your family. And it usually only takes a few hours, so you could go and get tested now, and by dinner time have all kinds of information about your ancestors.

I think it would be a good idea if you both went and got tested.”

Howard wondered about that. “Why both of us?”

“Because it would let you know if you had any magical ancestors as well.” Neville shrugged.

“I doubt I do. If Hermione had come across any magical Grangers I bet she would have told us.” Howard looked to his daughter but she shook her head since she hadn’t heard of any. “Why would you think I had magical ancestors?”

“It’s just that most muggle-borns actually come from when two squib lines meet.” Hadrian told him. “As for magical Granger’s, I can think of one off the top of my head. I was raised by a potions master, so I know a lot about all things potions, and I can tell you that Hector Dagworth-Granger founded the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneers in 1811.”

“And just why wasn’t I told about this?” Hermione demanded. She really didn’t like this topic, she had loved the idea of being the only magical member of her family since it showed how much
better she was in comparison.

Neville just gave her a confused look. “Because it’s general information that is readily available. And, it is not our job to tell you every random thing that has ever happened in the magical world.

The fact that muggle-borns can track their lineage back to squibs has been publicly known for a long time. It isn’t some nefarious plot against you. The goblins have a sign recommending the inheritance tests at the money exchange, it’s no one else’s fault if you choose to ignore it. All anyone can do is give you recommendations, they can’t force you to do anything. It’s like why the school recommends phys-ed.”

“Yes, I did notice the recommendation for that class on the course list. They just want you to be healthy.” Howard shot his daughter a look. She might not like exercise, but it was important for overall health.

“It’s not just the health benefits.” Hadrian glanced over.

“What else could it be for?” Jean questioned.

“The magical core is like a muscle. And, like any muscle, it benefits from exercise. Repeatedly practicing spells can help to strengthen ones core, while physical exercise can actually expand the core, allowing you to become stronger, and it also increases your stamina allowing you to do more magic without becoming exhausted.” Neville explained, he knew that neither Hermione or Ginny took phys-ed and that they both were barely average in magical strength, if that.

“That’s not true.” Ginny huffed.

“Yes, it is.” Neville looked over to his brother and saw that he was ignoring everyone in favour of eating his ice cream like anyone smart would, Demeter was sitting in his lap so she could get a bit of his ice cream too. But, he could also see that he was getting tired since it was almost his nap time, thankfully they would be able to use that as an excuse to escape once he was finished. “They give us a test at the beginning and end of year if we want so we can see any change in our core size and strength.

While our cores naturally grow as we age, the cores of the students that take phys-ed grow faster and stronger. Plus, like everyone has said, it also helps to keep us healthy.”

“Back to the other topic, do either of you know how much the inheritance test and background test cost?” Jean really wanted to know. Her grandfather had always been extremely closed lipped about his family and she had always wondered why. His father had told her his mother was much the same, but the woman had died long before she was born.

“Umm.. I’m not exactly sure.” Hadrian said as he thought. “I think I heard it was 5 galleons for the basic test, 10 for the in-depth, and an additional 2 galleons for each generation you want to go back. I have no idea about the background search since I’ve never needed it.”

“We should probably get going.” Neville started to get up as soon as he saw Alex take the last bite of his ice cream. “It’s almost time for Alex’s nap.”

“Ok.” Hadrian smiled knowing exactly what Nev was doing. “It was a pleasure to meet you both.” He smiled at the two adult but just nodded in the direction of the two girls as he got up. Nem, who had been sleeping around his neck until that time woke up slightly, but just stayed where she was since they were still in a crowded area and didn’t want to get separated from her human incase he needed her help again.
“It truly was a pleasure.” Jean smiled happily as Howard shook both boys hands. “And thank you so much for the information.

Come on girls, I want to get to the bank for that test.”

Hadrian and Neville quickly moved away. Hadrian had taken Demeter in his arms while Nev picked up Alex so they could move faster.

Ginny wanted to follow the boys, but Hermione pulled her along after her parents. While dragging the other girl Hermione was annoyed since she didn’t want her parents to find out if they really were connected to anyone else magical.

Gringotts

As soon as they arrived at the bank Jean went to one of the tellers and asked for the in-depth inheritance test. In total it ended up costing 20 galleons for Jeans test since she only wanted to go 5 generations back. Howard, who wanted to see if he really was connected to Hector Dagworth-Granger, needed to go back further so his test ended up being 30 galleons.

After the test was complete the goblin doing the testing told them that they both had magical ancestors. Howard and Jean both wanted the background check so ended up having to pay more. The goblin had told them that it would only take a few hours to do the check, so they could come back to the bank later that evening to learn about their magical family.

In the end Howard and Jean wanted to see about the books on River Run rather than the ones in Flourish and Blotts, and since they now both knew they were squibs they decided just to floo over. While muggles couldn’t use the floo, squibs could. It was going to help make their lives much easier since they could get their home connected to the floo network so they could just floo to the platform whenever Hermione needed to get to and from school, it would save them a lot of time and gas since they wouldn’t have to deal with the traffic.

It was just after dinner when Howard and Jean Granger made their way back into Gringotts Bank, their pouting daughter in tow. Ginny had been sent back to her mum before dinner. Hermione had wanted to go home, but her parents had felt that she couldn’t be trusted on her own so they made her stay with them.

Going into the office all three Grangers sat down. Howard greeting the goblin.

“I shall start with Mr. Dr. Howard Granger.” Goblin Fanglock said as he pulled out the file they had gathered. “As you suspected, Hector Dagworth-Granger, is one of your ancestors. As you already know he founded the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneers in 1811. He assisted in multiple potions developments, including the revamping of skel-grow, and shrinking solution.”

“So I inherit the money.” Hermione actually smiled at that. She had been told earlier that squibs couldn’t inherit so anything they found would be hers.

“Unfortunately there was only a 100 year patent on those potions so there is no residual payments.” Fanglock told the girl.

From the records we have found, Hector Dagworth-Granger had a grandson named Eugene Dagworth-Granger. Eugene was an avid drinker and gambler, wasting what money the estate had
built up. At the time of his death he had less than 30 galleons to his name, which was used to pay for his burial.

Eugene had a son, Cecil. After the death of his mother, a muggle-born named Ida Rhodes, if you wish to know her magical ancestry it will require you go further back in your family tree, when he was 19 Cecil fled the magical world. Going so far as to have Gringotts place a bind on his magic so his father couldn’t track him through his magical signature.

That is all that we have been able to locate on you as your family had left the magical world.”

Howard wasn’t really sure how he felt about what happened. While he was proud to have had such an important ancestor he felt sad for Cecil. How bad must things have been for him to flee from everything he had ever known. Fanglock handed over a copy of the information they had gathered. “Thank you for that information Fanglock.”

“And what about me?” Jean asked.

“We were able to locate much more information about your family given it is more recent.”

Fanglock pulled out the second folder and opened it. “Your grandmother was born Aimée Bernard in Dijon, France. She was a squib. While it was common at the time for squibs to be sent to live with muggles, your great grandparents chose to keep her. She, her parents, and elder brother, André, emigrated to Britain in 1927.

Her parents, Anna and Robard, are buried in the local cemetery where they lived in Whitby. Her brother, André, in turn emigrated to Australia shortly after he came of age. He now lives in Sydney. He had three children and now has 4 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren. His information is in the file if you wish to contact him.

Your grandfather was born Earl Umbridge.”

“Umbridge?” Hermione was shocked. “The high inquisitor at school is Madame Umbridge.”

“Indeed.” Fanglock was less than pleased at being interrupted, even more so since there wasn’t a goblin alive that liked that woman. “Deloris Umbridge, former Under Secretary to the Minister, current High Inquisitor, would be your… Second cousin, twice removed.

As I was saying, Earl Umbridge was a wizard, and was a Hufflepuff when he attended Hogwarts. He married Aimée Bernard in 1934, having your mother the next year. Like her mother, your mother was born a squib.

The Umbridge’s have a long history of sending any squib children into the muggle world, and when pressure was applied to your grandparents to do so with your mother they refused. Ultimately your grandparents chose to leave the magical world to raise your mother in the non-magical one. Your Grandparents chose to change their last names to get a fresh start.

On that side of the family you have multiple cousins, again, the contact information is in the file. Now, when they left the magical world your grandparents took most of their money, but they did leave a small amount sealed in their vault for any future magical’s in their family.”

Hermione was glad that at least she was going to be getting some money out of this. “So where’s the key. It’s mine.”

“You are still underage.” Fanglock looked at the greedy child. “You can unseal the vault with your parents permission so that we can begin investing it, but you will not be able to access it until you are 17.”
Hermione was furious. “But Harry got his title when he was 11.”

“A title is a different matter. Each family sets out different rules for when vaults can be accessed, and your great-grandparents left strict instructions that the money is not to be removed until the heir is 17.” Fanglock said matter of factly.

“How much is in the vault?” Jean questioned.

Fanglock looked at the accounting sheet. “490 galleons, 85 sickles, and 145 knuts. The equivalent of 500 galleons total, or 2,500 pounds.”

“But that’s nothing.” Hermione whined.

“That was a veritable fortune at the time the vault was sealed.” Fanglock informed her.

“What kind of returns from investing would the vault receive?” Howard questioned on the practical side of things.

“The average return on investments is 5.38%, but there are no guarantees.” Fanglock saw an opportunity to reopen a vault.

“Well, what do you want to do Hermione? Do you want to reopen the vault and let the goblins invest the money.” Howard looked to his daughter.

“I want the money now!” Hermione glared.

“You can’t have it now, you have to wait until you are 17.” Jean kept her voice even, but she was embarrassed by the whining.

“It’s mine and I want it now.” Hermione turned her glare to her parents next to her. “What right do they have to deny me my money?”

“That is enough young lady.” Howard snapped. “I think we will leave the vault closed for now and discuss it later. Our daughter seems to be too tired to behave properly.

Thank you for everything Fanglock.”

Howard and Jean got a whining Hermione up and all but dragged her out of the bank and home.

Hogwarts, Room of Requirement - January 11, 2006

Hadrian was thrilled as he unsteadily made his way around the ROR. Just a few moments ago he had been successful in changing into his animagus form for the first time. Fred and George were still cheering for him.

The only thing he had to do now was to start to strengthen his muscles. Right now, with the way he was wobbling, it most likely looked like he was drunk.

He couldn’t wait to show his family.

High Inquisitor’s Office - January 14, 2006
Deloris Umbridge was staring down her nose at Hermione Granger who was on the other side of her desk. During the Yule brake her mother had gotten a letter from a distant relative. She, and the rest of her family had been horrified to have been contacted by a squib.

There was a reason they got rid of any squibs, they didn’t want anyone to know they existed. But now they had a problem. The squib had had a magical child, and worse, the child knew of their connection. It would have been much better if the child never knew about their ancestry.

While she didn’t want to acknowledge the child, she didn’t have a choice. She needed to ensure that this girl lived up to their family name and didn’t embarrass them.

At least she had magic on both sides of her family and wasn’t completely contaminated. Deloris had spoken to Minerva to get a little background on her new cousin and had been slightly pleased. It was good to know that the girl wasn’t just intelligent, but planned on working at the ministry. The girl didn’t have the pedigree to reach the same level as she herself had, but she would make a passible employee.

But then she learned the girl had been stripped of her prefect badge. That wasn’t good. Minerva had explained that it was just because Sirius Black didn’t like her, but she needed to check for herself. It was the Umbridge name on the line.

“Hello Ms. Granger. I felt that we should speak given what was discovered this Yule. As you have learned you are descended from the great family of Umbridge. And, as such, you are expected to live up to that honour. And your recent actions are questionable.”

Hermione growled slightly as this woman was looking down on her. “And just what actions are those?”

“It has been brought to my attention that you were stripped of your prefects badge last semester.”

“That wasn’t my fault. Just because I spoke up against the blatant unfairness Professor Black hates me. Professor Prince was right there with him given that his own… son is one of those that are getting special treatment just because he’s rich and famous.”

Deloris sat slightly forward at that. This might be useful, if she could prove bias it would help her to gain more control in the school, also, she was referring to Potter, and anything against him would be good to have. “And just what special treatment is that?”

Hermione caught the light in the other woman’s eye, finally, she might have just found an ally. “It is completely ridiculous. Did you know that they have four students on the school board. I should have been one of them, but I know that Professor Black had to have done something to stop me getting the position even though I deserved it. He made sure it went to one of his favoured students. Not that I think the positions should even really exist. They’re just students, what right do they have to be making the rules?

Then there’s the whole Wizengamot thing. They actually allow students to leave the school whenever they want to attend the Wizengamot just because they are titled. They are just kids, but they are being allowed to sit in the government. It is completely insane.

That’s one of the reasons Professors Black and Prince don’t like me. Because Harry is one of the students that they let do whatever he wants and they just keep protecting him. It’s why they took my badge.

I caught Harry and a few others coming back after skipping an entire day of classes, and tried to
Deloris was outraged. “That is completely outrageous. Those children have no right to sit on the Wizengamot. They are just children.”

“That’s what I said. Look what they did to me.” Hermione pouted.

“What else have you seen?” Deloris grinned down at her young cousin. She might dislike the girl's parentage, but she might just be able to make this girl into something worthwhile.

Ministry of Magic, Department of Education - January 17, 2006

James was frustrated as he made his way into the DOE. He couldn’t believe Dumbledore had been so stupid as to allow Umbridge into the school. The only benefit was that since she wasn’t a teacher she couldn’t limit the students education or assign punishments.

But it seemed the woman had finally reached the point where she was going to start creating problems. The day before the first of the educational decrees had been issued. But this one hadn’t been any of the ones that had been issued last time. Since the school was different, she had started with one of the changes they had made.

“Please come in Lord Peverell.” The head of the DOE, Regina Cole, said.

Regina had been the head of the department for over 20 years and had been hand selected by Dumbledore so James was slightly apprehensive. He wasn’t sure just how strong her loyalties were to the man given that she had often supported Fudge as well.

James strode in with his head held high, looking around he spotted Umbridge sitting there already. “Thank you for agreeing to this meeting Mrs. Cole.”

“And just what is so important that you needed to drag me into this?” Umbridge demanded, she had finally started to make headway at the school just to be made to come here.

“I have been speaking with a number of the school governors and we have concerns about the educational decree that you passed yesterday.” James told the two women.

“It is none of your business. As you well know the DOE outranks the governors so you have no say.” Umbridge said smugly.

“She is correct.” Regina might not have put it in such a manner, but she did question how the school governors had been handling the school in recent years.

“I am aware. We just wished to impress upon you that the DOE will be responsible for any legal fees as the school governors have no intention of approving any funding for any lawsuits. Something that I can guarantee will happen if you attempt to enforce this decree.”

“Legal fees?” That got through to Regina. No one wanted to have to deal with legal fees. “Why would there be legal fees?”

“The decree states that any reason for a student leaving school grounds will need to be evaluated by the High Inquisitor. If she does not feel the reason is valid then she can deny them the right to leave the school and they will be required to stay.” James reminded them.
“There is nothing wrong with that. It is a perfectly valid decree. There have been all kinds of pointless reasons given to pull the students out of school.” Umbridge was more than pleased to be able to stop those like Harry Potter from attending the Wizengamot and meddling in the ministry. “After all, their education comes first.”

“I agree, the students belong at the school.” Regina nodded, she wasn’t fond of Madame Umbridge, but this was one topic where they could work together.

“And what do you think is going to happen when you deny a parent the right to have their child come home or leave the school?” James said like they were being purposely thick. “The school governors suggest that a student not go home more than once a month, and for the most part that is followed, only in emergency’s do the students go home more.

If you deny a parent their right to pull their child out then you are interfering with the rights of the parent, and that is not something anyone will just accept and stay quiet about. You have no legal right to stop a child from leaving the school if they have permission from their families.

It is called kidnapping and false imprisonment. I can tell you right now, my son leaves school one day every other month to attend the Wizengamot as he is a Lord. If you stop him then I will be pressing charges. And, with him it will be worse as you will also be interfering with the Wizengamot. An attempt to detain or deter a Lord or Lady from attending the Wizengamot comes with a minimum of 6 months in Azkaban. And that is before you get to the kidnapping issue.

I have already been contacted by the parents or guardians of other students in the same position as my son. I told them that I would approach the subject with you, but if you do follow through with this then I recommended that they file charges if their child is withheld from them.”

Regina felt her heart start to race as she began to panic. This was not what she had intended to happen. She just didn’t want students missing their education for frivolous reasons.

“You can’t do that.” Umbridge was furious. This man had no right to interfere.

“I can, and I did.” James smiled at her. “While education is important, so is following the law.”

“We will be looking into this. We have no intention of denying anyone their parental rights.” Regina assured him as she started gathering papers. They needed to fix this before anything happened. The last thing she needed was to be drawn into a legal battle with parents.

James smiled, thanking both women for their time. As he left he made sure to send an extra large grin to Umbridge.

**Room of Requirement - February 4, 2006**

Hadrian was laying cuddled up in Fred and George’s arms while Neville was across from them with Luna. Draco was sitting off to the side, even paler than usual. They now had the proof he needed to let him know that Voldemort really was back.

The paper that had been delivered less than an hour ago had had news that made everyone worry. There had been a break out from Azkaban. It was a little later than last time, but given the fact that his resurrection had been delayed it only made sense that the breakout was later.

There was even some slightly good news. Since the unspeakables had been releasing the dementors there was less than a dozen left. Because of that the auror department had started to
assign more guards to patrol the prison. Fudge was trying to cover it up since he had no idea what was happening so no one knew yet.

The way they had it set up the dementors would patrol one floor while the guards patrolled the others, they would rotate floors every hour. In recent years they had also separated the death eaters so they weren’t all in one place.

So, when Voldemort and his death eaters attacked they weren’t nearly as successful as they could have been. Voldemort had had control over the dementors during the last war and was able to regain some level of temporary control. The dementors had simply moved aside and allowed Voldemort access to the cells on the floor he was on.

But, the aurors that were guarding the other floors had put up a fight. None were willing to just allow the prisoners out. And, since Voldemort was busy with the dementors the aurors were only up against regular death eaters.

Hadrian knew in the last timeline 10 top ranked death eaters had managed to escape, but with the aurors presence they had limited that number to only three. Unfortunately one of those three was Bellatrix Lestrange. Both Rodolphus and Rabastan had been on different floors and had been caught. The aurors had also managed to capture five of the attacking death eaters.

Fudge was suppressing any mention of Voldemort, even though the death eaters that had attacked the prison claimed he was behind the attack. The only ones that had seen Voldemort were the other prisoners that were on the floor with the dementors, so the Prophet was saying that it was a scam. They said someone was trying to capitalize off the public’s fear.

The Seer had had a more accurate view of what had happened, like usual. But, Hadrian had seen the look on Umbridge’s face and knew she was going to try to get it banned like she had done with the Quibbler. The woman was still furious that her decree about restricting who could go home and when being rescinded only 2 days after it was passed.

But, overall, Hadrian and his friends were all worried. Bellatrix was free. Neville was afraid for his family since she had been one of those that had previously attacked them. Draco was afraid because she was his mothers sister and he worried she would go after her when she learned she and his dad had turned away from Voldemort.

Hadrian was just worried about what it meant overall. Voldemort really was back. His life was about to get a lot more dangerous and he worried about those he loved.

There was a war coming, and it could just lead to an even worse one.

**Headmasters Office**

Sirius was in a hurry. After Dumbledore had approached him about using Grimmauld as headquarters he and the others had been talking. They thought it would be a good idea to use one of their properties as headquarters since it would allow them to monitor everything that the Order was doing.

Like Hadrian they had had their doubts that Voldemort really had returned. While Mad-Eye had really been killed the man had had more than his fair share of enemies.

But now they had their proof. And that meant they needed to make the arrangements for the Order. Sirius had just had a meeting with the others and they had agreed to offering the Peverell Cabin.
They had specifically chosen that cabin because it was more than adequate to serve its purpose but it wouldn’t cost them anything. The cabin was a two story, two bedroom place. There was also a bathroom, a living room, dining room, and kitchen, but not much else.

There was no large library that was filled with ancient and valuable books. There was no valuable artifacts that Dumbledore or his followers could steal and sell for a profit. And with the low numbers of bedrooms they didn’t have to worry about Molly trying to take over and claim it as her own. The journals from last time had given them all kinds of information about what had been done to Sirius’s home without his permission by that woman.

The cottage had first been built over 100 years ago so it did have old and powerful wards around it. It would keep it hidden from all those who they didn’t want to find it.

When he walked into the office he saw that the Headmaster wasn’t alone. Minerva, Andromeda, Ted, Nymphadora, and Molly were all there. This was clearly an impromptu Order meeting.

Normally Sirius would hate being in a room with this many Dumbledore fools, but this time it worked in his favour. He would be able to inform the ones that were the main Order members all at once so Dumbledore wouldn’t get the chance to make anything up or take credit for making the arrangements.

“Sirius.” Albus was shocked as the man walked into the room, he hadn’t realized the door hadn’t been locked. “What can I do for you my boy?”

“I’m actually here about what I can do for you.” Sirius walked forward and placed a slim silver chain on the desk. “I’ve been speaking with Remus, James, and Severus about the need for a new headquarters for the Order. We’ve been going over the different properties we own and have found one that we feel would be perfect. That chain is a portkey that will bring you there.”

“I still say we use the London townhouse.” Andromeda said, shooting Sirius an angry look.

“And as I told you before, no. There are people currently living there and I have no intention of evicting them.” Sirius kept his voice neutral.

“And just what have you found for us?” Albus was actually pleased with this turn of events. Sirius was finally starting to work with him again. Plus, he figured this must be some grand property, the Black’s and Potter’s were known to have some incredible places.

“We selected the Peverell Cabin. It has some extremely old and powerful wards that will be perfect for protection.” Sirius told them.

Molly smiled, she was pleased. She had plans to move into the Orders headquarters with Ron and Ginny. Since James and Severus were both in the Order Harry was most likely going to spend most of his time there. It would allow Ron and Ginny to spend the summer with him. She had noticed the changes in Rons behaviour lately, and was planning on using this summer to work on getting him back on track.

“Where is this cabin?” Ted questioned, knowing that the others wouldn’t think of the practicals.

“It’s just outside Chapel Hill in Wales. It is bordered by the woods on the west and the River Wye on the east. It is very sheltered even before you take into account the wards.” Sirius explained.

“When can we move in?” Molly asked, looking to Dumbledore rather than Sirius.

“I will have to set the fidelius, but that shouldn’t take to long. You can start moving in by the
middle of next week.” Dumbledore twinkled.

“Move in?” Sirius had known this was coming, but even he was a little surprised by how Albus and Molly were acting.

“Yes my boy.” Dumbledore turned to Sirius giving him a twinkle eyed smile. “Molly will be moving in with Ron and Ginny for the summer. It’s for the best since it will ensure their protection. Nymphadora will also be staying over from time to time when she isn’t working.”

“We are offering a headquarters, not free housing for everyone in the Order.” Sirius said slowly. “Besides, there isn’t enough room for all of them.

While the cabin is large enough to allow everyone to attend meetings there is only two bedrooms on the upper floor. We figured those rooms would be useful in the case of an emergency, not so people could move in just because they feel like it. Besides, you all have your own homes, you don’t need a new one.”

The others were all slightly stunned by that. They had been planning on using the headquarters to house as many order members as they could. Nymphadora was still only a junior auror since she had been passed over for promotion and didn’t make enough to get her own place in London, and she didn’t want to live somewhere more affordable. Molly had seen this as a chance to get away from her small little flat. She had figured since it was a Peverell place it would be more of a manor or palace.

“Surely there is a larger place.” Albus twinkled, he wanted access to one of the estates, and the libraries most of all. “The Order members are better off living in a secured location like the headquarters will be.”

“Well, there is the Peverell Castle here in Scotland, but we didn’t think you would want to use that.” Sirius smiled.

“I think that might be better.” Albus’s grin returned full force.

While the Headmaster spoke Sirius heard both Molly and Nymphadora squeal ‘castle’ with glee.

“Alright, but I should warn you no one has lived there in over 200 years. There also is the issue of a dam downstream that has caused the lake to rise meaning the entire first floor has about a foot of water, and the basement is flooded.

But, and I think this is the biggest problem, since it is so old and hasn’t been updated there is no indoor plumbing.” Sirius smirked at that as he saw Andromeda cringe at the idea.

“There must be something better.” Andromeda huffed. She knew Sirius was just being difficult.

“Look, this is what we are offering.” Sirius waved towards the portkey. “If you don’t want it then that is fine. You can just find your own place to use. As for the idea that you need it for extra security, the Order is a secret organization. You are not meant to be bragging you are a part of it. So, no one should know about it so you shouldn’t be in any more danger than anyone else.”

When Sirius went to take the portkey Albus quickly grabbed it. “This will do for now my boy. I’m sure we can work things out.”

“Fine, but don’t expect any of us to change our minds.” Sirius started to walk towards the door before turning back for a moment. “The password is Virgo.”
Once Sirius was gone Albus sat back in his seat. He was frustrated. Using a cabin wouldn’t allow him enough access to the Peverell estates. He had hoped he would be able to get his hands on the invisibility cloak.

He had originally gotten it when Lily had taken James from the home in Godric’s hollow, but it had been recalled shortly after. He now knew that the goblins had taken it back once they had gotten their grubby little hands on the Potter brat.

“Honestly, what is wrong with that man?” Molly was still glaring at the door. “What part of the fact that we are opposing He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named doesn’t he understand?”

“I hate to admit it, but he does have a point.” Minerva sighed. “No one should know we are members of the Order, so you aren’t in any more danger. At least we now have a place, it could be worse.”

“I will check the place tomorrow and start setting up the extra wards if it is usable.” Albus folded his fingers together. “It will have to do for now.

Nymphadora, I am going to need you to work harder to find out who is living in Grimmauld Place. We need access to the Black Library. And, since Sirius is being so difficult we will have to use the direct approach.”

“Yes headmaster, I will do what I can.” Nymphadora didn’t even bother correcting her name, she knew the Headmaster would call her what he chose. “It’s just proving to be difficult. Whoever it is living there they have gone to extreme lengths to hide who they are. But I will figure it out, I’m sure.”

“Good, good.” Albus looked back to the others. “Now, back to what Voldemort is up to…”

Peverell Cabin - February 11, 2006

All the old Order members were gathered at Peverell Cabin. Just as Sirius and the others had predicted there was plenty of room. It was a good thing since it allowed those like Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon to ensure that they were sitting as far from Molly as possible. There were even a few empty seats for any new members that wanted to join. Nymphadora was the only new member that hadn’t been a part of the original Order.

To be able to attend the meeting Alice and Frank, James and Severus, as well as Sirius and Remus had had to arrange for the kids to go and stay with Narcissa. Not that she had had a problem with it, she had been thrilled to have the house full of children.

The meeting was set to start two minutes earlier, but as usual, Dumbledore was late.

At exactly three minutes past the time the meeting was supposed to start Dumbledore flooed in. He apologized for being late, saying he had been dealing with important school business. Sirius and the others all remembered that from the last time the Order was active. He always showed up late saying he had gotten caught up doing something important, it was a way for him to remind others just how important he was. But this time all he could say was school business since he had been stripped of any other important positions.

In the end the meeting was completely pointless. They really didn’t have anything. All that
Dumbledore had managed to figure out was that Voldemort was behind the Azkaban break out. Something that anyone with half a brain could figure out.

Unfortunately for him, Dumbledore had lost his most influential of spies, Severus. When the topic was brought up about Severus returning to his spying he had asked if the man had lost his mind.

He then went on to display his mark free arm and point out that Dumbledore had publicly declared him to be a spy. There was no way he would be able to regain his former position with the Death Eaters.

There had been a few who tried to guilt him into at least trying. Severus’s response had been less than kind. He suggested that if they were so fine with him being tortured and murdered then they should try their hand at spying. Most shut up after that, they might be fine with Severus being a spy, but none of them wanted to endanger themselves.

Molly had of course been one of those that didn’t care if he had been hurt and just kept saying it was his duty. When he refused she had brought up how he was endangering Harry with his refusal. James had had to physically restrain Severus at that point.

While James had been working on calming Severus Sirius and Remus had taken the offensive. They pointed out how she had no right to say he didn’t want to protect his son. And that if she wanted someone to spy so bad she could do it herself.

Dumbledore had quickly called an end to the meeting at that point as he could see that Molly was about to lose her temper and that would just push Severus and the others further away. He planned on discussing the topic when they got back to the school when there were fewer people around so that he could properly use his guilt tactics, as well as a few well placed compulsions if needed.

**Headmasters Office**

Severus was growling in the back of his throat as he followed Dumbledore through the floo and into his office. It was the weekend, he was supposed to be at home with his husband and daughter. Instead he was here, about to have to listen to one of the old mans long winded guilt trips.

“Severus my boy. Please take a seat. Lemon drop?” Albus smiled slightly as he held out the bowl of sweets that contained the potion covered drops while he popped one of the drops from the clean bowl in his drawer into his mouth.

“No thank you headmaster.” Severus didn’t bother to sit, instead going to his usual spot on the wall. “What is it you want headmaster? I would like to spend at least a little time with my husband and daughter this weekend.

“Yes, yes.” Albus stroked his hand down his beard as he ordered his thoughts. “I wanted to speak to you about your spying duty.”

“I have already told you, I will not be returning to spying Albus.” Severus couldn’t help but to snap. Taking a deep breath he pulled up his occlumency shields to return his usual calm.

“Now my boy, I know that it might be slightly dangerous, but it really is for the greater good. You can help our side so much by returning.” Albus turned up the twinkle, he needed this. “We need the information. It is the only way to protect Harry.”

“No, Albus.” Severus said, once again denying the man. “As I said earlier, there is no way for me
to return. I would be killed immediately, if I wasn’t tortured first. Do I need to remind you again that you publicly claimed me as a spy at the end of the last war. And that is before you even take into account what happened with the whole philosophers stone debacle.

I was involved in stopping him from getting the stone. That isn’t something that he would forget. Plus, I feel I need to point out that everyone now knows Hadrian is my son. He would have no problem using me to gain access to Hadrian and I have no intention of leading that monster to my children.”

Albus ground his teeth as he was once again reminded that Severus was the father of the brat. “I’m sure you will be able to make an appropriate excuse my boy.”

“There is nothing that can be said. I stood against him, therefor I am his enemy. I have no intention of willingly walking to my death for you.”

“I’m sure…”

“No!” Severus interrupted what was no doubt going to be a complete waste of time and oxygen. “My position as a spy is gone. I will do what I can to aid the Order, but it will not be by spying.”

“Maybe you could reach out to Lucius, or some of the other death eaters you know?” Albus tried as his eyes stopped twinkling.

“Lucius is in the same position as I am.” Severus pushed off the wall. “He has had his mark removed and has gone out of his way to go against the other former death eaters. I’m sure you are well aware of the fact that he has been voting with the neutral party in the Wizengamot for years now.

He would be as welcome in that circle as I would. I will speak to a few of my old contacts, but don’t hold your breath. None of the contacts that I had that are still alive were ever that high up. The higher-ups I used now know my true loyalties or are dead so I can guarantee nothing. Now, I am going home, goodbye.”

Albus glared at the door after the other man left the office. He was Albus Dumbledore, some lowly nobody like Severus Snape had no right to deny him anything.

While he did want to use Severus as his spy, he really wouldn’t have cared if he had been killed. Severus was one of those standing in his way to getting control over the Potter brat back.

He had spent years building up the boys reputation and power base just to have his control taken away. It had made a mess of all his plans.

Harry was supposed to defeat Tom. Once he did Albus would kill the boy and explain that he was a rising Dark Lord, backed up by the truth of the horcrux. He would have gotten everything he ever wanted. The foolish little people would do whatever he said then.

But no, James just had to escape and mess everything up.

**Hogsmeade - February 18, 2006**

Ginny was slowly making her way around the town lost in her own thoughts. Valentines day had just passed and once again Harry had been absent from the great hall. As much as she hoped he had just skipped the meal she knew better.
Harry was cheating on her. He had some secret girlfriend or something. And that just wasn’t acceptable.

Now she just needed to figure out who it was. Then she would deal with them.

Ginny couldn’t figure out just why this one thing was being so difficult. Everything else had been going her way for the most part. So far her grades were just fine this year, or at least her opinion of fine. While she hadn’t gotten one of the keeper spots on the quidditch team because the captain, Katie Bell, was best friends with the other two girls she had managed to get the position of seeker. She had even been asked out a few times, making sure Harry heard each time.

Everything was going her way, except for Harry.

She was just about to turn back and head to her mum’s when she heard a laugh she recognized as belonging to Harry. Smiling she sped up so she could arrange a surprise meet up. She wanted people to see them walking through town together, she knew his little secret girlfriend would hear about it and break up with him for it.

But just as she was coming around the corner onto one of the side streets she froze.

Harry was there, but he wasn’t alone. And it wasn’t some little girlfriend with him.

It was her brothers.

As she stood there she watched as one of the twins leaned down and kissed him. Right on the lips! Then the other one did the same!

Ginny was so angry she couldn’t even move. Literally couldn’t move. Those stupid mind healer potions kept her still. They were designed so that when she was about to lose her temper they would temporarily restrain her to give her a chance to think things through. The angrier she was, the longer the restraint lasted.

During the Christmas break Ron had ruined one of her favourite dresses and she had ended up frozen in place for over 5 minutes. Of course once she was released she had charged after him and punched him in the face before running to her mum, but it had still been annoying.

As she watched her brothers snuggled her Harry between them and walked away, not even noticing she was there.

In her head Ginny screamed as Harry walked away from her like she didn’t even exist. She felt the restraints tighten and lock her in place longer.

**Hogwarts, Great Hall**

It had taken over half an hour before the potions had finally allowed Ginny to move. The problem was that while it did give her time to think about her actions, all she had thought about was how she was going to make her brothers suffer. Rather than using the time to calm down Ginny had just become angrier and angrier until there really was no rational thoughts left.

She had gone directly back to the school since it was almost time for dinner. She knew where her brothers would be.
Ginny didn’t speak as she stormed into the great hall. Looking around she saw her two idiot, husband stealing, brothers sitting at their table. But they were turned away from the table and talking to her Harry who was at the next table.

HOW DARE THEY!

Pulling out her wand Ginny screamed, putting all her energy behind the spell.

“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!”

Hadrian was chatting with Fred and George as they waited for dinner to begin. All three of them were still enjoying their residual glow from their date this afternoon.

Over the past few months he and the others had been getting more and more open with their relationship. They were even now walking down the halls holding hands on weekends, and sharing little kisses between classes.

It was kind of funny that only a few people had caught on to their relationship so far. It made Hadrian really question the intelligence of the students, and teachers, in the school.

Just as they were joking about who was going to beat who in the next quidditch game Hadrian heard someone screaming the most powerful of exploding charms.

Hadrian reached forward and pulled the twins forward toward him. Wrapping their arms around each other they ducked down and tried to take shelter instinctively.

When Fred and George heard the all to familiar voice screaming the charm they just knew it was aimed at them. Seeing the fear in Hadrians eyes made them realize just how scared he was he was going to lose them.

Each pulled out their wands and cast over-powered shield charms. They both felt as their power was added too.

Looking up they saw that the shield they had conjured together was now covered in lightning. Nem was wrapped around Hadrians shoulders with her eyes glowing with green fire as she added her power to theirs, making sure they were protected from crazy fan girls.

Up at the staff table Severus and Sirius both felt their hearts stop as they saw Ginny Weasley throw that spell at Hadrian. They couldn’t lose him.

They were up on their feet in an instant, both sending stunning spells at the irate girl. They were not the only ones, every other teacher in the room was doing the same, even McGonagall. In total the girl was hit with 5 stunners plus the one that came from the school itself.

She went stiff as a board and fell forward, everyone hearing the crack as her nose broke when she hit the floor.

As the dust cleared they could see that the Hufflepuff table was completely split and a large chunk had been taken out of the Ravenclaw table. Thankfully dinner hadn’t started yet so there were only
a few students sitting at the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw tables.

And sitting right in the middle of the debris was the twins who were wrapped around Hadrian. The shield around them was a vivid blue with lightning bolts across the surface.

Severus and Sirius let out a breath of relief as they saw that the boys were safe. Running down they found that the few students at the table had managed to get out of the way in time. There were only a few students that were having problems with splinters in their arms as they had thrown them up to cover their faces. All students that were in the immediate vicinity were taken directly to the hospital wing.

Once the teachers had ensured their students were safe Sirius and Severus made their way up to the headmasters office. They were not about to let what just happened pass without punishment.

**Headmasters Office**

The argument had been going on for half an hour. Everyone was frustrated. As usual Dumbledore just kept going back to the idea that it was a slight misunderstanding and sibling rivalry. He had at first been trying to say the girl must have been cursed and forced to do what she did, but the foreign magic test came back negative, the girl had been operating under her own influence.

“It isn’t just a misunderstanding or sibling rivalry Albus. She could have killed someone. If their reflexes were any slower she may have succeeded. As it is she did extensive damage to school property and 32 students had to go to the hospital wing.

If she isn’t suspended I will be filing a formal complaint with the DMLE. Not only about her actions, but yours as well.” Severus threatened.

“I’m sure it wasn’t that bad.” Albus ran his fingers through his beard. He was ready to kill that girl. She just had to attack her brothers in the middle of the great hall, if she had done it somewhere else there would have been fewer witnesses and he might have had a chance of covering it up but not now.

“According to the school rules an attack like the one she just did requires a minimum of a two week suspension. Along with being removed from any teams or clubs.” Sirius told everyone as he looked over the schools rule book. “I think it would be best if we had her out of the school before the stunners wear off. We don’t know what caused this latest outburst so we can’t accurately predict what she will do when she wakes.”

“I agree.” Was voiced by the other heads of house.

Albus looked to Minerva for support. “I feel I have to agree with them Albus. As much as it pains me to say, there is no excuse for what she just did.”

Albus knew he couldn’t win now, not that he had had much of a chance before this. “Fine, if you all insist. Ms. Weasley will be suspended for two weeks. I will make the arrangements with her mother.”

**Lions Den, Upstairs Flat**

Albus and Molly were both standing in Ginny’s room. Albus had brought her home a few minutes
before and they were now getting ready to remove the stunners. They both wanted to know what had happened to make Ginny react the way she did.

Before removing the spells Albus was sure to spell a strong calming draught into the girl as well as put her wand in another room. Ginny had inherited her mothers temper as everyone well knew.

He had already had to listen to Mollies screaming when he had to tell her that Ginny was being suspended. It had gotten worse when he had had to tell her that the girls nose had been broken when she face planted after being hit with so many stunners. It had taken less than a minute for the healers to fix it, but Molly had acted like someone had tried to kill the girl.

Ginny came awake the instant the stunners were removed. Her eyes were still fever bright as she glared around the room.

“Ginny, Gin. My baby girl.” Molly simpered. “Are you ok sweetie?”

Ginny’s eyes snapped to her mother with a glare. “What happened? Where am I?”

“You’re at home sweetie.” Molly smoothed down her daughters hair.

“Ms. Weasley, I need you to tell me what led up to your altercation with your brothers?” Albus said in a grave voice. He needed to find a way to lessen the girls culpability.

“You promised me. You both said he was mine. He is mine! I won’t let them have him. WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE! HE’S MINE!” Ginny started out muttering before her voice got louder and louder until she was screaming. Even with the potions in her system she was furious.

“Ginny, please sweetie. What do you mean?” Molly tried to push the girl back down in her bed.

“Those… Those… Grrr.”

Albus pulled his wand and cast an old mind magics spell that would force the girl into a more peaceful state so he could get some answers. The spell was the precursor to the calming draught, but was much stronger. It had fallen out of use because it could unbalance a person more if it was used repeatedly, but since he was only using it once he was sure it would be fine.

“Headmaster?” Molly was confused when her daughter relaxed, Ginny was known to take hours to calm down.

“A simple calming spell.” Albus assured the woman. “We need to know what is going on.”

“Ginny, honey. Can you tell us who you are talking about?” Molly was quiet, not wanting to agitate her daughter any more.

“Fred and George!” Ginny sobbed quietly. “Those bastards that call themselves my brothers."

“What did they do to you?” Albus questioned, if the twins had started it then he might be able to push the blame onto them.

“I saw them in Hogsmeade.” Ginny’s eyes flashed with her previous fury. ”They were with my Harry.”

“Well, they are friends.” Albus was confused by the fact that that was what had set her off.

“They were KISSING him!” Ginny broke down in shuddering sobs.
“WHAT!” Molly screamed. Fury surging through her body. “HOW DARE THOSE TWO!”

“Are you sure?” Albus questioned in a panic. He couldn’t have this, Harry needed to be with Ginny.

“Y… Y… Yes.” Ginny sobbed out in a shuddering breath.

“But Harry is meant for you.” Molly reassured her daughter. “Just what has gotten into those boys. They know Ginny is the future Lady Potter. How dare they try and steal her husband?

They are just like my brothers. Stealing what doesn’t belong to them. Just wait… Just you wait. When I get my hands on those two they will regret the day they tried to steal my baby girls husband.”

Molly kept muttering threats much to Ginny’s joy. She was so glad that her mum was on her side. At least she knew she wasn’t going to get in too much trouble for losing her temper.

Albus was stuck. He actually didn’t know how to handle this. He had made contingency plans for if Harry had started dating another girl, but he had never considered the boy might be gay. All his plans revolved around girls, not boys.

As they were all caught in their thoughts there was a knocking at the door. It wasn’t a polite knock, but closer to an aggravated repetitive pounding.

Seeing that Molly was still too caught up in reassuring her daughter that they would fix things to get the door, Albus walked to the door. When he opened it he was slightly surprised to see Arthur. He hadn’t seen a point in telling the man what had happened so he was startled to see him. But he figured Sirius or Severus must have let him know what had happened given the fact that not only was Ginny involved, but the twins as well.

Arthur stormed his way into the flat. “Where is she.” He demanded.

“She’s with Molly in her room.” Albus told him as he led the way.

Arthur followed Dumbledore into the room to see his daughter and the woman who had once pretended to be his wife. “Would one of you care to explain to me what happened?”

Molly’s eyes shot up. Arthur was here, he was here for their daughter, maybe he could be made to see things their way, maybe he could be swayed back to the side of the light.

“Daddy!” Ginny whined. “Fred and George are trying to steal my husband!”

“I beg your pardon?” Arthur was shocked by that.

“Oh Arthur, it’s just awful.” Molly got up and started to move towards Arthur, her arms open for a hug but he held his hands up and backed away from her. “Fred and George must have done something to Harry. Ginny actually saw him kissing them. There must be something wrong with the poor boy. We have to do something. We can’t let the twins get away with doing this to our Ginny.”

“That’s what this was about. Ginny almost killed multiple people because she was jealous?” Arthur asked, incredulous at the idea.

“It was just a slight misunderstanding.” Albus twinkled as he secretly slipped his wand out. A few compulsions wouldn’t go amiss.
“It isn’t a misunderstanding.” Ginny screeched at the headmaster. “They were kissing my Harry. They are trying to steal my husband.”

“Ginevra Molly Weasley, you will stop this behaviour right now.” Arthur snapped at his daughter. “Hadrian is not your husband. He is a boy you attend school with, nothing more. Fred and George didn’t steal him, because he isn’t yours to begin with. Other people are not property. And you can’t just demand them to do what you want.”

“Harry and Ginny are meant to be Arthur, anyone who has ever seen them together can see that.” Molly huffed, her hands on her hips.

“As I have been telling you for years Molly, you can not just force someone into a relationship with Ginny just because you want them to be.” Arthur had been horrified at what Ginny had done, even more so now that he knew why.

“Now Arthur, I must agree with Molly. Ginny and Harry are perfect for each other.” Albus twinkled as he sent a compulsion at Arthur, but it didn’t seem to stick for some reason.

Arthur thanked Merlin for the Prewett Consort ring he wore as he felt it heat up as it deflected a spell. “Well clearly he doesn’t agree with you. If Hadrian wants to be with Fred and George then it is his choice, not yours.”

“They must have just dosed him with a love potion today.” Ginny said as she started to rewrite what she had seen. Harry hadn’t been ignoring her on purpose, he just couldn’t thing clearly because of the potion.

“No they didn’t.” Arthur sighed in annoyance.

“And just how can you know that?” Molly demanded.

“Come now Arthur my boy. You must see that this isn’t normal.” Albus twinkled as he tried again with a spell. “The boys have never been anything more than friends, and even that has been questionable. Harry and Ginny really are better together, it really is for the greater good.”

“I don’t know which three boys you have been watching, but it clearly hasn’t been Fred, George, and Hadrian. Just so you understand, the three of them have been going out for over a year now. This wasn’t just some one time thing.

Ginny is going to have to get over her obsession with Hadrian one day, because it just isn’t going to happen. I have tried being nice, I have tried to go slow and explain things to her. But now I am just coming out and saying it. Hadrian and Ginny will never be together. Hadrian is gay, and is with Fred and George.”

“NOOOOOOOO!” Ginny screamed. “I won’t let them take him from me. He’s mine, mummy said so.”

“Your mother can not order someone to be with you Ginny.” Arthur looked at his daughter critically. “Ginny, sweetheart, you need to find someone who can love you for you. You deserve that, it just won’t be with Hadrian. But, there are plenty of other boys out there that would be lucky to have an amazing girl like you, you just need to grow up a bit.”

“How can you say that Arthur. Ginny and Harry were always meant to be. Ginny will be a perfect Lady Potter.’ Molly argued.

“What do you mean they have been together for over a year?” Albus questioned in shock.
“I meant exactly what I said headmaster. Hadrian, Fred, and George have been dating for over a year. They were very private about their relationship in the beginning, but they have been taking it public for months now. I’m surprised you didn’t notice.

They are very happy with each other. It really is quite adorable. They are just so perfect for each other.” Arthur smiled as he remembered the twins antics at Hadrians birthday that year.

“But that can’t be.” Molly felt herself fall into her seat. Harry was meant to be with Ginny, and instead he had been seeing the twins for months in secret.

“It is. They are happy together.” Arthur assured before he turned back to his daughter. “Ginevra Molly Weasley, I can not tell you just how ashamed I was when I was informed of your behaviour. You are better than this. And I expect better from you young lady. I do not want to have to hear about you behaving in such a manner again.”

“But daddy…” Ginny whined.

“No buts about it young lady. This is not the sort of behaviour of the young woman you are.” Arthur’s tone held a warning in it.

“Don’t you speak to my baby like that Arthur.” Molly snapped. “She just lost her temper, that’s all. It happens to everyone.”

“She fired a lethal spell directly at her brothers.” Arthur looked at Molly like she was insane. “Would you take this same approach if it had been the other way around? If Fred and George had been the ones to attack? I think we both know you wouldn’t. So don’t try it now. Ginny is not the victim in any of this. She was the attacker, plain and simple.”

“They started it.” Ginny pouted.

“No, they didn’t. All they did was go on a date with their boyfriend, there is absolutely nothing wrong with that. They had every right to spend time together.” Arthur tried to explain.

“Get out of my house.” Molly snarled in a low voice as she reached the end of her rope. “Fred and George started this. It isn’t Ginny’s fault that they are trying to steal her husband.”

“Fine, I’m leaving.” Arthur started to head towards the door. “I just hope that Ginny learns the error of her ways before she ends up like you. Trying to claim something that was never, and will never, be hers.”

As Arthur closed the door behind him Molly glared. How dare Arthur say that to her? Things might not be working out for her right now, but she was sure they would in the end. She was a good light witch, and as such she deserved everything she wanted. And her Ginny was the same. They were going to have to show Harry the error of his ways the same way she had shown Arthur all those years ago.

Molly turned to the Headmaster like he had all the answers in the world. “What are we going to do now Headmaster?”

“We are going to have to work around this.” Albus sighed as he thought. “We need Harry to break up with the twins, it is just finding a plausible reason.

If we were to try compulsions or potions right now Arthur would undoubtedly suggest having him checked and purged, so we need something else. It would be much better if no one knew, but undoubtedly by now the gossip mill has spread the story around and the students will start to guess
why Ginny did what she did.

I will have to go back to the school and try and do some damage control.”

“What will you say?” Molly was slightly worried, she didn’t want any of this to affect her daughter any more than it already had.

“I think I will say that there was a poor interaction between potions she was taking. It would convince people that it was just an honest mistake.” Albus contemplated that idea, it just might work, so long as the people he was telling really didn’t know how mind healer potions worked.

“I bet that’s what it was.” Molly fumed. “It’s those disgusting potions Arthur and those idiot mind healers keep forcing on my baby girl. They must have made her react the way she did. There is no way my baby girl would ever be so violent on her own.”

Ginny just watched the two adults as they planned how they were going to make her look like a victim in all this. It pleased her to know that everyone was going to know she wasn’t to blame, it was all the twins fault after all. Snuggling down in her bed she started to relax as she imagined all the ways she was going to make her brothers suffer when she got back to school.

Hogwarts - March 5, 2006

By the time Ginny was able to return to the school the story of a poor potions interaction had been spread. There were many who believed it, but there was just as many who didn’t.

Everyone knew how Ginny felt about Hadrian, and the result of the attack was that everyone now knew that Hadrian was dating Fred and George. Those who didn’t blindly follow everything the Headmaster said were more than a little convinced that Ginny had attacked because she was jealous.

The benefit for Hadrian and the twins was now that everyone knew about them was they no longer needed to take things slow. Now they could walk down the halls holding hands or with their arms wrapped around each other whenever they wanted.

The school rules forbid anything too graphic, but they could still ensure people knew they were together. Full blown make-out sessions were against the rules, but kissing in general wasn’t, a fact they used to their advantage.

The day after Ginny had finally been able to return she had seen Hadrian relaxing in Freds arms while they waited for George outside the library. Hermione had had to use the full body-bind to keep her from attacking them again. She had been told by the Headmaster that it was her job to keep control over Ginny’s temper. Hermione could tell it was going to be an extremely difficult task.

During the past few weeks Umbridge had been doing more and more work in an effort to take control of the school, and unfortunately she was having some success.

She had been successful in making it so that she could alter or change any punishment she felt was to harsh or too soft. But James and Alice had managed to change it so that any punishment she wanted to change would be reviewed by not only her, but a few members of the school governors as well. It limited the amount of damage she could do.
Another decree that she had managed to get passed was that any student organizations, societies, teams, groups and clubs needed her approval to exist. While it was a bit of an annoyance any group she rejected filed a complaint with the DOE and were then quickly approved by them. The only real benefit from that was that it gave Umbridge the illusion of power.

When she had tried to have The Seer banned from the school the Lovegood’s had immediately filed a lawsuit about discrimination and suppression of free speech. The DOE had stood by the rule, but it wouldn’t go into effect until after the lawsuit was settled, meaning The Seer was still being delivered to the school and there was nothing Umbridge could do to stop it.

For most of the school, life just carried on. The little power plays of the ministry and the school was just background noise to the real gossip about their own lives.

**Headmaster’s Office - March 18, 2006**

Albus was slowly walking around his office. He had made a decision. He needed to regain control of his pawns.

Over the past weeks he had been speaking to different staff members to see what issues they were having with Hermione, Ron, and Ginny. Once he had the information he had selected which personality traits he needed to tweak.

He couldn’t just use basic compulsion potions like he normally would because he wanted it to be a long term change. The potions either needed to be constantly administered or they would wear off. He just wanted his pawns to do what he wanted.

To that end, he had called the three of them up to his office. Once there, he gave them tea that had a sleep potion in it.

Now, all three were fast asleep in their chairs.

He started with Ron since he knew the boys mind was the simplest. After Ginny’s attack on the twins Molly had taken blaming the mind healer potions too seriously and had canceled all of Ron and Ginny’s meetings and potions. So Ron had already started to slip back into his old behaviours.

Entering the boys mind he started his work. He encouraged Ron to want what others had. He increased the boys self entitlement. Going deeper he found Ron’s disinterest in the Potter brat and removed it completely, making him want the boy to be his best friend. And to finish up, he made it so that Ron would study when Hermione ordered him too. That was just to get his grades up for their OWLs.

With Ron done he turned to Ginny. The girls mind was completely open, and a complete mess. Here he only made a few changes. The largest one was to limit the girls violent responses. He couldn’t risk her hurting someone. Other then that he really didn’t see any issues in the girls mind. All he needed her for was to marry Harry and spawn a brat off him, and that was what the girl wanted too.

He saved Hermione for last. While the girls mind was more ordered than the other two, it was still a mess. For Hermione he made it so that she would start to follow instructions. They needed her to start doing her assignments properly. Like with Ginny, he weakened her violent responses, stopping her from hitting others as much as possible. The last thing he did was to relax her desire to force things to be her way. This would stop her from going so overboard on creating new laws and trying
to change the rules.

Once he finished making the changes to their personalities he wanted, Albus returned to his desk and waited while they woke up. These changes weren’t as powerful as they could have been, that would have taken an in-depth ritual to strip away what he didn’t want and ingrain what he did. He didn’t have time for that, plus it was far more noticeable.

These changes were more along the lines of encouragement rather than forced personality changes. It would make them think they preferred to do things like that rather than that they had too. He knew Molly would notice if Ron or Ginny suddenly had a personality shift and he didn’t need to deal with one of her tantrums.

As the three teens woke up Albus cast a quick memory charm. As far as the three of them would be concerned they had had some tea and biscuits as they discussed how they were going to work harder to get Harry to be their friend.

The three all smiled as they came too, thanked him for the tea and went to head back to their dorm. Albus treated himself to a lemon drop for a job well done. That would hopefully help get his plans back on track.

Things were finally starting to go his way. Just a few days before he had managed to alter the wards of the school enough to allow him to bring a few of his more questionable artifacts into the school. He needed to replace what had been destroyed because of those disgusting goblins.

Making their way down the steps to the headmasters office Ron and Ginny were talking about going to find Harry and see if he wanted to do a bit of flying with them. Ginny may have had to quit the teams because of what had happened, but that didn’t stop her from flying with friends.

Hermione put a stop to that idea, for Ron at least, when she insisted that the two of them had to go and do some studying, they only had a few months until their OWLs after all.

Ginny just shrugged as she skipped off and left a whining Ron with Hermione. She was going to go and find her Harry. She needed to show him that the two of them belong together.

Hogwarts - March 28, 2006

Luna was skipping down the hall, a copy of the latest Seer clutched tightly in her hands while she was on her way to class a few minutes late. She knew what was coming, but it needed to happen.

The voices in her head had been warning her for a few days now what was to come. According to them Umbridge had seen the Headmaster bringing dangerous items into the school.

At the beginning of the year she had tried to bring her own blood quills into the school, but the wards had stopped it. But when she had seen the headmaster she had tried again.

The blood quills were now in the school. And she had been watching Hadrian for any slight infraction she could use to get him into detention with her. So far, she hadn’t been successful, but it was only a matter of time.

Luna knew what had happened last time and she didn’t want to subject her first real friend to something like that again, so she was going to take the punishment herself.
“Hem, hem.” Came the sickly sweet voice. “And just why aren’t you in class miss…”

“Lovegood, Luna Lovegood.” Luna turned to smile at the woman, making sure she could see what she was holding. “I’m on my way, I just got caught up reading the latest news.”

Deloris glared at the paper in the girls hand and made the connection. “Lovegood, as in Pandora Lovegood?”

“Yes, she’s my mum.” Luna smiled proudly, she was very proud of her mum.

“Well Ms. Lovegood, it would seem you need to be reminded of the rules. Detention, with me tonight at 7 for being late to class.” Deloris was so happy that she had been the one to catch the girl.

“Yes ma’am.” Luna turned away and smiled as she carried on to class.

Right after dinner Luna made her way to the room Umbridge had claimed as her own. She was ready for this.

Going in she was told to take a seat. The quill and parchments were already waiting for her.

“What am I writing?” Luna questioned innocently, like she had no idea what the quill was.

“You are to write ‘I will learn my place’.” Umbridge gave her a sickening smile from where she sat at her own desk.

“How many times?”

“Until the message sinks in. I will let you know when I feel you have learned your lesson.”

Luna nodded and picked up the quill. As quickly as she could she wrote out the words three times in a row. The pain kicked in only a few seconds after she started writing as she felt the words carved into the back of her hand. It was just too bad that she couldn’t use a numbing potion, but that might have been detected when scans were run on her hand after.

Hissing out in pain, Luna looked up. Umbridge was gleefully smiling as she saw the blood. Once all three lines were done, Luna moved fast.

Grabbing her wand from where she had it tucked behind her ear she cast an over powered stunner at the woman followed by a binding spell. Once the woman was motionless on the ground Luna quickly left the room.

Running down the hall, Luna allowed her occlumency shields to drop, allowing her to feel the full force of the pain. The closest teachers office was Professor Sprouts so that was where she went.

With tears streaming down her face she ran into the kind teachers office.

Pomona Sprout was sitting discussing the latest school gossip with Filius Flitwick when a crying student came into her office. Both were on their feet instantly rushing over to the girl.

“Ms. Lovegood, what has happened?” Filius asked as he moved towards his student.
“I had detention with Madame Umbridge for being late to class. She made me write lines, but the quill hurt me.” Luna held up her hand allowing both professors to see the still healing words.

“She made you write lines with a blood quill.” Filius gasped, horrified at anyone doing that to a child.

“Oh honey, it’s going to be ok.” Pomona hushed the girl.

“Where is she now?” Filius was ready to kill.

“When I realized what she was doing I stunned and bound her and came right here. She should still be in her office.” Luna told them softly.

“Well done.” Filius was proud his student had reacted so quickly. “Pomona, can you take Ms. Lovegood to the hospital wing. I will call the DMLE and get that… woman, out of this school.”

“Of course. Come along dear, let’s get you checked over.”

Filius waited until his student was on her way to the hospital wing before flooing the DMLE. He had never been more grateful that all staff had a direct line to the head of the DMLE for emergencies, it ensured they would get an immediate response.

Less than two minutes later Amelia, Kingsley and Dawlish were stepping through. Once Filius had explained what had happened the four set off to the toad’s office.

Peverell Manor - March 29, 2006

James was sitting in one of the sitting rooms. He had called a few of his political allies to come to a meeting. Kensington Shacklebolt, Gerald Greengrass, Xeno Lovegood, Frank and Alice Longbottom, Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, and Edgar Bones were all sitting with him.

“What is this about?” Gerald questioned.

“I called you all here because we have plans to make. Fudge needs to go. His poor judgement has gone to far and done too much damage.” James told the room.

“What has the idiot done now?” Lucius sighed.

“He personally arranged for Umbridge to be placed at Hogwarts.” James glared just saying the woman’s name.

“While I personally see no use for the woman, I actually think she is better there. She can do less damage at the school.” Lucius said, he had seen some of the atrocious rules the woman had tried to force through at the ministry and had been glad when she was moved.

“Apparently she is capable of awful things no matter where she is.” James glanced at a furious Xeno. “Xeno, why don’t you explain what that woman has done now. I think you have the best information since it was your daughter.”

Xeno had come to this meeting in place of his wife who was the one who held the families title. The Lovegood family was one of the families that were matriarchal. Pandora had been the one invited to this meeting, but she had taken Apollo and gone to the school to check on their daughter.

He nodded and drew in a deep breath, trying to force some measure of calm so the others would be
able to understand what he was saying. “That… That woman gave my Luna detention for being late to class. The detention was supposed to last two hours minimum.

She wanted my little girl to write lines… with a blood quill.”

“What!” Narcissa gasped in horror. “Is she ok?”

“Yes. Luna had only finished the third line when she realized what was happening. She stunned and bound the woman and went directly to a teacher.” Xeno was proud his little girl had reacted so quickly.

“That is the woman that Fudge hand selected to oversee the children of our world.” James looked around the room. “He has done nothing but sing her praises for months, and this is what she does. We can not have someone with such poor judgement leading our country.”

“Agreed.” Was heard from all in the room.

“So what do you want from us?” Lucius questioned. “Once a vote is called everyone will vote for it given what has happened.”

“True, but we will have to nominate a temporary Minister while elections are prepared.” James reminded them. “I figured it would be better if we had already selected who we want to nominate so we can present a united front.”

“And who do you think we should nominate?” Lucius questioned.

“I was hoping someone would step forward.” James looked at the others, but none looked like they had even considered running for minister.

“You aren’t putting your own name forward?” Lucius asked, slightly surprised. He thought this might be James’s way of getting them to support him.

“Good Merlin no.” James was horrified by the very idea. “I might be involved in politics, but I generally don’t like it. What about you, Lucius?”

Lucius thought for a moment. “I would… Rather not. I have young kids. Being minister would take too much time away from them and my lovely wife.”

Narcissa laughed and rolled her eyes. “What about you Gerald, you’re already Chief Warlock, it would be the next step up.”

“I would prefer to stay where I am.” Gerald said. “Being Chief Warlock already takes up so much time, I don’t think I would want a job with even more responsibility. I always have to keep control of my schedule during summers so I can get some time with my girls when their home from school. More work just wouldn’t give me enough time with them.”

“Then I think we should nominate Kensington.” James said matter of factly.

“Me!” Kensington was slightly shocked.

“Yes, you. You don’t have young children. You have a reputation that is above reproach. You have a stable marriage and home life. And we all know that you really do like politics. Plus, you actually have intelligence, unlike our current minister.” James went over the important details.

“And it isn’t like it will be forever if you don’t like it.” Frank reminded him. “It usually takes no
more than two months to arrange a new election. If you find you don’t like the job then you don’t have to run for election, but if you do, then you can.”

“What do you say… Will you be our nominee?” Edgar asked.

“I guess.” Kensington said in slight shock.

**Wizengamot Chambers - April 3, 2006**

As soon as the formalities of opening the new Wizengamot session were complete Pandora Lovegood stood up and made the formal motion to remove the minister.

“W…What?” Fudge was stunned by this, he hadn’t done anything wrong.

“It is simple minister, as we all have become aware of, your hand selected choice to oversee the school that educates a majority of the children of our world was caught planning to torture them. It shows a serious lack of judgment on your part.” Pandora stared at the man like he was a bug.

“I second the motion.” James, Frank, Narcissa, and Edgar all said at the same time.

“B… B… But that isn’t my fault.” Fudge all but whined.

“You have been praising the woman non-stop for months. It does show flawed judgement. Plus, there has been a breakout from Azkaban, and you have not ordered any increase in security, in fact the latest budget actually decreases security spending. Just as every budget for the last 5 years has.” Frank pointed out. “You have weakened the security of our country while lining your own pockets, and we have had enough.”

Fudge couldn’t say anything to that. He had been using the extra money that he took from departments like the DMLE to give no-bid contracts to his friends and family for years. The last thing he needed was somebody mentioning that publicly.

When the vote was held it was a landslide. All three sections wanted the man gone. Only those that were close to the man, and benefited financially from him, plus his own brother, voted to keep him.

Cornelius Fudge was horrified as he was stripped of his position. How could it have come to this? Deloris had always been the perfect under-secretary and now she had cost him his job.

Fudge despondently left his seat as Minister and left the chambers. His brother held their family seat so he no longer held a seat. He went to his office to try and think through what he was going to do next.

Once the door shut behind Fudge the noise level picked up.

Slamming his gavel a few times Gerald drew everyone’s attention. “A new election will need to be arranged. Until such a time we will need an interim minister. I open the floor for nominations.”

Albus had to think quickly. He had assumed Fudge was on his way out after what happened, but he hadn’t thought it would be so soon. He had figured they would call a new election but allow Fudge to finish serving out his term. Looking around his side he tried to find someone that they could nominate. He needed to make sure they could not only win, but would be completely loyal to him.
In the end he decided on Griselda Marchbank’s daughter, Gertrude. Gertrude was one of those that was fanatical about him. She would do whatever he said no matter what. She was also a decently well respected woman. Before she had taken up her mothers seat she had spent over 2 decades working in the transportation department regulating the floo network. It wasn’t glamorous, but it was perfectly respectable.

It was quick work to nominate her and get one of his people to second his nomination.

After two people had been nominated James stood up. “I nominate Kensington Shacklebolt.”

“I second the nomination.” Pandora had been the one they chose to second the nomination. Everyone knew that it had been her daughter that was hurt so it would show her families support.

“I accept the nomination.” Kensington nodded to both James and Pandora.

Seeing the byplay Albus froze. They had planned this. James and his little group of followers had planned this. They were up to something. He needed to find a way to get ahead of them. He knew his side was probably going to lose this vote since he knew James would have already arranged support for his candidate, but he needed to make sure his choice won the election.

Once all nominations were done the five candidates went down on the floor and gave impromptu speeches. They gave a basic rundown of what they felt made them qualified to hold the office, what they would do while in office, and a few basic things they supported and were against.

When the vote was called it wasn’t even close. Kensington Shacklebolt was easily confirmed as the interim minister.

**Hogwarts**

Hadrian and his fellow Lords and Ladies that still attended the school made their way back to school in a state of shock.

Most of the time political change was slow in coming, but others it moved like lightning. None of them had been expecting to witness such a massive change in their world when they got up that day.

While everyone was angry over what had happened to Luna, they had figured that Fudge would have ensured that he was protected. But, apparently not.

When Hadrian had heard what had happened to Luna he had been so angry. He had gone directly to the hospital wing. His anger had not abated when Luna had admitted to him that she had known what was going to happen. He had scolded her severely for being so reckless with her own safety before dragging her into a tight hug and thanking her for protecting him from having to endure that womans cruelty again.

That had been something he had worried about. He still had flashbacks and moments of panic when things happened that were too close to what had happened before. He had worried that when Umbridge tried to use a blood quill on him he would have a flashback and lose control.

Now, the toad was gone, and hopefully they would never have to see her face again.
Albus walked into his office after the Wizengamot ended lost in thought. He needed to ensure the next minister was loyal to him.

They had set the date of the next election as the end of June, so the students would have already gone home since anyone 17 and older was eligible to vote.

Gertrude was still his choice for minister, but he was going to have to start arranging things for her. She was going to need to have an extremely good campaign. She was still new to public life and didn’t have any real name recognition. He was going to need to make sure the public associated her with him, it would make them trust her more.

Kensington was much better known. And, since James and the others had already planned and had support for him in place, they were already going to be the first off the mark in campaigning.

He was going to have to arrange a meeting with James and Frank under the guise of Order business to get them to change their support to Gertrude. Hopefully they wouldn’t be as stubborn as they had been in the past. They needed to be united with Voldemort back.

Kensington sighed and let his head fall forward onto his new desk as he finished his first official day as minister. Although, he really wasn’t finished. It was just the end of the work day, but he still had so much to do he wasn’t going to be able to leave for at least another few hours.

Fudge really had screwed things up. He had loaded his office with family members, sycophants, or pretty airheads. The end result was that everything was a mess. Nothing was filed correctly, the laws weren’t properly recorded, and no one really had any clear job definitions.

He was going to have to fire pretty much everyone in the office. His family members were actually the ones that had done the least damage as they just drew pay checks and didn’t actually even come into the office. He was also thinking about giving their information to the DMLE and the accounting offices. He didn’t like the blatant embezzlement of funds.

The pretty air heads were really just there for eye candy. They just showed up and walked around the office in short skirts. It wasn’t that they were doing anything wrong, one had even told him that they weren’t allowed to do anything else. She had actually wanted to go into interior design, but this job had paid a lot better and had better benefits. Most of them were just there for the money but had their own hobbies and even side jobs that were their real passions.

The worst was the sycophants. While none were at the level of Umbridge, they were all generally annoying. Each had their own pet projects and had been using Fudge to advance them. One had been using Fudge to get restrictions added to any business that competed with his own families business. Another had been arranging tax laws to favour certain areas and families.

They were all going to need to go.

But the most shocking part of his day had been the different meetings.

It had started when none other than Regulus Black and Percy Weasley had come to inform him about some different things the Unspeakables were doing. They explained about them being the reason the dementors were disappearing, and why. It was a relief because the few people in the
know were starting to wonder if someone else was taking control of them and planning to use them for nefarious reasons.

They also explained about horcruxes. That had been a truly horrifying discussion. They had explained that Voldemort really was back. The benefit was that they had located all previously known horcruxes and had them destroyed. But the also warned that they had a suspicion that a new one had been created.

Augustus Rookwood had returned to his position as a spy. He had been feeding them information about how Voldemort was reacting to things and the level of sanity he displayed, which was extremely low. But he was obsessively protective of his snake familiar, Nagini.

After they had left he had had a meeting with Frank Longbottom, as head of the Auror Office, and Amelia Bones, as head of the DMLE. They had explained the mess Fudge’s budgets had made of their office.

When the last war had ended Bagnold had ordered a 5 year hiring freeze since they had so many aurors already. But, by the time the freeze had ended Fudge had been in charge. He had point blank refused to expand the hiring and training budgets even though they had been almost nothing since they hadn’t been hiring. Because of that they had only been able to hire one or two new aurors each year, but there were usually 7-8 who retired from active duty. They were getting to the point where they would no longer have enough to manage to patrol where they needed.

Over ½ of the auror office were within 10 years of retirement from active duty. The way the auror division was set up they were only allowed to remain on active duty until the age of 60 because after that, while they may still be healthy, it was at that time where their physical stamina would start to drop and they wouldn’t be able to handle chases if needs be. They would instead be moved to desk duty and only go out when called too. Retirement age in the wizarding world was 70.

With the increased need for guards at Azkaban they were running critically low on the amount of people. If anything major happened they didn’t have confidence they would be able to deal with it.

After they had left Kensington had had a mini panic attack. He had just been told that Voldemort was back, and then he was told that the auror office was critically low on aurors. That was the combination for a perfect storm. If Voldemort attacked they wouldn’t stand a chance.

Hogwarts - April 7, 2006

The staff and students were furious as they sat down to breakfast that morning. Sitting at the high table was one Deloris Jane Umbridge.

As much as Amelia, and everyone else in the DMLE, had loathed it, they had had to release her. Fudge, the complete moron, had given her a special dispensation to use a blood quill as she saw fit. That meant that she was completely immune from any prosecution for having used the quill.

Kensington had immediately canceled the dispensation, but he couldn’t revoke it retroactively. While he may have wished he could, there was nothing he could do that would allow the woman to be charged. But at least she wouldn’t be able to do it again, and that was the only bright side anyone could find because there was absolutely nothing else positive about it.

There were more than a few students that were getting ready to take their own form of revenge. If
there was nothing the adults of their world could do, then they would deal with the matter in their own way.

Hadrian looked directly to Fred and George, and knew that this meant war. That woman was going to regret the day she ever heard the word Hogwarts.

At the high table, even though she had a smile plastered on her face, Deloris Umbridge was furious. How had everything gone so wrong?

Not only had she been arrested for simply doing her job, but Cornelius was no longer the minister. When she had been released from the holding cells she had gone directly to the ministers office. She had been planning on having Cornelius fire those fools that had thought they could get away with treating her like a common criminal.

But he hadn’t been there. Sitting behind the desk was Kensington Shacklebolt. He had taken far too much joy in informing her that Cornelius had been fired. Then he held up the dispensation she had gotten for the use of the blood quill and ripped it up right in front of her. He had told her that if she used it again he was personally going to make sure she spent the rest of her life in Azkaban. He had even dared to say that was where she belonged.

Now she was going to have to rework her plans again. Without Cornelius there to back her up she was going to have to go back to the slow and cautious approach to getting control of the school. And she wasn’t even going to be able to force those disgusting little children into compliance with the threat of her quills anymore.

Ministry, DOE

James and Pandora entered the department of education in complete fury. While they understood that the DMLE had been forced to let the woman go, they couldn’t believe the DOE had chosen to allow her back in the school.

“Lord Peverell, Lady Lovegood. What a… pleasure… to see you.” Regina Cole said in a brittle voice. She knew this was not going to be a fun meeting.

“What in Merlin and Morgana’s name made you think allowing Deloris Umbridge back in that school was a good idea?” Pandora demanded as James partially shut the office door behind them.

“Madame Umbridge was not charged with any crime. As such it would only be normal for her to return to work.” Regina responded coolly.

“The only reason she wasn’t charged was because that fool of a former minister was stupid enough to give her permission to torture children.” Pandora snapped. “That does not mean she isn’t guilty, it just means she can’t be charged.”

“Madame Umbridge has not violated her contract, as such she has returned to work.” Regina argued.

“So torture isn’t against the rules, I would hate to work in this department.” James said sarcastically.

“Look, I have gone over her contract.” Regina sighed. “We can only fire her for cause, and she
 hasn’t violated any of the terms of her contract. Legally, there is nothing we can do.”

“Then transfer her. She is an employee of the DOE, so transfer her to work here. At least get her away from children.” James said in exasperation.

“Again, it isn’t within her contract for us to do so. The contract specifically lays out the fact that she will be working from Hogwarts.” Regina argued.

“Honestly, who wrote that contract?” Pandora demanded. “Are you honestly saying you see no problem in leaving… that… that monster around children?”

“It is under control.” Regina tried to reassure the furious woman. “The dispensation has been revoked and we have gone over the rules and expectations with her. She knows the limits of her power. I have also already spoken with Headmaster Dumbledore and made sure he is aware of the rules and he has assured me he will monitor her.

We have everything under control.”

“Are you out of your mind?” James questioned in shock. “This is a woman that planned to torture children and you think we are just going to trust your assurance that she won’t do it again because what… You explained to her that torture is bad!”

“I understand your worry, but we are only following the laws.” Regina kept her voice level.

“Oh yes, we know just how important the laws are to people like her.” Pandora muttered under her breath.

“So, just so we are clear. You fully acknowledge that a member of your department tortured a child and your response is to do nothing. You are just going to allow her to return to the school without punishment.” James clarified.

“As I said, there is nothing we can do.” Regina reiterated.

“And this is exactly why the governors will not allow the DOE more control in the school.” James huffed. “Well, if you and this department refuse to protect the children then I guess it will be up to the governors to step in and fix your failures.

Although, I do wish you luck.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean?” Regina glared at the perceived threat.

“While there might be no legal recourse for the actions of both Umbridge and this department, I highly doubt the students will let this go.” James smirked. “When your departments involvement in her return gets out, and it will get out, I have no doubt that the students will seek their revenge on you as well.

There is a reason the teachers let the little things go at the school, it is because they are fully aware they are out numbered by the students. It is the only way they manage to maintain control. With this action you have given practically the entire student body an enemy. And they will not hesitate in my opinion.”

With a flourish, James and Pandora left the office. Neither was pleased, and they made it clear.

“Ma’am?” A hesitant voice came from the still open doorway to Regina’s office.
“Yes.” Regina looked up and saw one of her departments middle tier members. “What is it Kenneth?”

“Are you sure there is nothing we can do to get that horrible woman out of the school? I’m sure if we handed the contract over to legal they could find a way around it.” Kenneth really didn’t like the idea of that woman remaining in the school.

“I’m sure they could, but no, she needs to remain.”

“Ma’am?” Kenneth said in shock and dismay that they weren’t even going to try it.

“Look, I don’t like the woman any more than you do, but she is our best way to gain control of that school.” Regina sighed. “While I have complete trust that Headmaster Dumbledore will always do what is best for the school and his students, we can’t always trust that others will.

The DOE has been trying to get control of the school basically since it started, but the governors have always stood in our way. They have no right to make decisions for that great school, they have no educational background.

Umbridge’s contract was set up to give her incredible amounts of power in the school. I helped her and Cornelius write it. Using the power she has she can strip the governors of their power in time, but that is only if she is in the school. Only she has those powers, if we remove her then we lose our chance.”

“So all of this is to gain control of the school?” Kenneth didn’t like this.

“It might not be perfect, but we need to gain control of that school. It is the only way we can ensure this generation is taught properly.” Regina brushed aside the mans concerns. “It really is for the greater good. We can not risk another war because the students weren’t handled properly.”

Kenneth froze at that. He knew exactly where that line came from. This was going to end very badly, he was sure.

As he walked back to his desk, all Kenneth could think was. ‘If this is what we have to do to gain control, do we really deserve it?’

**Hogwarts - April 14, 2006**

As James had predicted, it was utter chaos. Most of the student body had taken Umbridge’s return as a declaration of open war. There wasn’t a day that went by where classes weren’t disrupted by pranks.

Most of the teachers were left alone since they openly expressed their distaste at the woman’s return. But they were still occasionally hit just because they were there.

The primary target was, of course, Umbridge herself. In the week since she had returned she had been changed every colour of the rainbow, had her hair grown out like a Sasquatch, been charmed bald, had her tongue magically removed, had her office destroyed multiple times, had her entire wardrobe altered, both in colour and size, as well as had her food and drink spiked by every prank potion under the sun. And the students were only beginning.

When word got out that the DOE had decided not to terminate her contract and had in fact agreed for her to return they too were added to the list. No one knew just how the students had managed to
gain access to the department all the way in London, and none of them were willing to tell, but they had.

Every piece of furniture in the office was on the ceiling. They were getting howlers that just shouted swear words in funny voices all day long. When they had moved offices to try and get some peace they ended up in a rain and wind storm. All the employees of that particular department were also dealing with makeovers that made them all look ridiculous.

When they went to the Accidental Magical Reversal Squad for some assistance they didn’t get very far. While there were a few members willing to assist, many weren’t. Something the members of the DOE had forgotten was that there were plenty of others that, while loyal to the ministry, had members of their family at the school and were loyal to them first.

In the end, only the basics could be reversed and the more annoying pranks were left to remain in hopes they would learn from it.

Hogwarts, High Inquisitors Office

Deloris looked around her office with both joy and disgust.

The disgust came from the state of it. Everything was in shades of mud brown and split pea green. The floor was still damp and covered in dead leaves. But worst of all was her precious cat plates that now displayed pictures of toads and other amphibians.

The thing that was giving her joy was the members of her newly formed Inquisitorial Squad. This was her answer to all those nasty students that were making her job difficult.

If the prefects wouldn’t report to her like she wanted, then she would use her own people. She had hand selected each and every member personally. There were students from each house, so she couldn’t be accused of favouritism, and each had had to pass her own questioning.

She had gone through and made sure all of her choices had the right parentage. There was no way she would lower herself to use riff raff. The only member of the group that wasn’t a pure blood was her young cousin, but she would just keep an eye on the girl, although she had been proving herself to be quite useful.

Once she was assured of their parentage she needed to make sure they were the right type. They needed to have the right views. All of the Slytherins, Hufflepuffs, and Ravenclaws and most of the Gryffindors did. They knew how the social hierarchy should be structured.

The only ones that didn’t fully understand was Hermione and her two little friends. Ronald and Ginevra Weasley. While the Weasley family was well known for being blood traitors she thought she might be able to work with the youngest two. While neither of them was overly bright, from what she had seen they could prove useful.

The boy, Ronald, was not afraid to use his physical size to control those around him. He also was extremely gullible and could be moulded how she wanted. The girl, Ginevra, had shown her talent for controlling others. She seemed to have many boys in the school wrapped around her little finger and willing to do her bidding, that would make the girl a great source of information.

This was going to be perfect. She had her own private army in this war. And there was nothing the school board could do as she wasn’t answerable to them.
Peverell Cabin - April 22, 2006

Nymphadora apperated directly outside the Peverell Cabin’s front door and all but ran into the building.

“Headmaster! Mum! Where are you?”

“We’re in here sweetheart.” Her mother’s voice called out from the kitchen.

Andromeda was slightly worried. About an hour ago she had gotten a panicked message from her daughter saying that she had information and to bring only those they could trust. In all she had called the Headmaster, her husband, Minerva, and Molly to the meeting at the cabin.

“I found out who is living at Grimuld Place!” She gasped as she fell into one of the empty seats, thanking Molly as the older woman handed her a cup of tea.

“That’s wonderful my dear.” The Headmaster’s eyes were twinkling with so much joy she felt herself puff up with pride.

“Well, who is it? What took so long? And what has gotten you so worked up darling?” Ted asked his daughter.

“You’re never going to believe this.” Nymphadora huffed before taking a sip of the tea to wet her dry throat. “That Rigel kid that Harry is going to pass the title too is there with his parents, that’s how I found them.

I’ve been trying to figure out who he is so I’ve spent weeks going through the birth record while telling Bones it was something about a missing kid. On March 15, 2004 Rigel Phoenix Black was born to Marlene McKinnon-Black and… Regulus Black.”

Everyone just stared for a moment.

“That isn’t possible. Regulus died a few months before the end of the last war.” Andromeda was confused.

“I know, that’s what I thought.” Nymphadora turned to her mum. “I sent you the message after I found the birth record. I spent the last hour searching the death records for his name, and there isn’t one. He’s alive. Married to Marlene, as in an Order member. And they plan on making his son the future Lord Black.”

“How could Marlene not have told us this?” Molly demanded, horrified. How could the woman she knew have married a disgusting death eater.

“That is… unexpected.” Albus said contemplatively. “We will have to speak with Marlene, see if we can convince Regulus to be our new spy since Severus is still refusing.”

“Traitor.” Molly muttered before going back to the stove to finish the dinner she was preparing, they had an Order meeting scheduled that evening and she wanted everything to be ready.

“What are we going to do Headmaster?” Andromeda looked to her boss.

“And just how did he survive without anyone knowing?” Minerva was thoughtful. She could have sworn that he had died. She remembered some rumour that the man had been labeled a traitor.
“We will speak with Marlene and Sirius during the meeting. We can’t really make any plans until we get the information.” Albus said. He didn’t like this. How could no one have told him that Regulus Black was still alive?

A little while later the meeting began. For once, Albus was on time since he had already been there for an hour and had just been sitting in the same seat trying to work out new plans.

After a few of the basic formalities Albus turned and gave a severely disappointed look to Marlene. “Now, there is something I feel we must discuss. I am wondering why you have been hiding a death eater and haven’t felt comfortable enough to inform me? Are you being threatened? You know we can help and protect you?”

“What?” Marlene was shocked by this turn of events.

“There’s no need to pretend my dear.” Albus gave her a sad and regretful look. “It has come to my attention that you were forced into a marriage with Regulus Black.”

Marlene and Sirius were both on their feet in an instant. “Excuse me?”, “I beg your pardon? What did you just say about my brother?” Was shouted out.

“Don’t bother denying it.” Albus’s look turned hard in an instant. “I know that you are living at Grimmauld Place with him. You need to report his crimes my dear. If you just turn him over to the DMLE then you will be free and your son will be safe. Living with a death eater isn’t good for a young boy, especially one with such a bright future.”

Sirius couldn’t help it, he broke down laughing. The man really was clueless about what was going on.

“Have you completely lost your grip on reality Albus?” Marlene gave the man a pitying look.

“Don’t you speak to the Headmaster like that.” Minerva demanded.

“First off, I’m not a student and haven’t been one for a long time.” Marlene snapped back. “He is questioning my marriage. Trying to convince me to try and send my husband to Azkaban. And suggesting my husband is a bad father all at the same time. I will speak to the man any damn way I please.”

“He’s a death eater and you know it.” Molly shrieked. “He should be in Azkaban, and you're not only letting him walk around free, you are letting him around a child.”

“You know what, I can’t listen to this. If I stay here a moment longer I think I will curse you all, so I’m just going to go home. To my loving, wonderful husband!” Marlene shouted back before turning on her heel and leaving.

“Well you certainly made her mad.” Sirius chuckled as his sister-in-law slammed the door behind her.

“If she won’t do something then it is up to you Sirius.” Albus turned to look at him. “I understand that he is your brother, but you have to do the right thing my boy. Regulus has committed many crimes and he must face the consequences of his actions.

If you won’t then I’m afraid that I will have to inform Amelia.”
“And I will help.” Nymphadora crossed her arms and glared at him.

“Inform them all you like, it’s not going to change anything.” Sirius shrugged.

“How can you say that? He’s a death eater, that is a crime. He will have to face judgment.” Nymphadora carried on.

“If any of you had bothered to ask before you started running your mouths I could have told you that there are those within the ministry who know of Reg’s survival. He won’t be charged for anything as he did nothing wrong.” Sirius smirked.

“He was a death eater my boy. That in itself is a crime.” Albus gave him a sad look.

Sirius just kept up his smirk. “Did you think you were the only one with a spy in the death eaters Albus?”

“What?” Albus and many others asked.

“Reg worked, and still works, at the ministry. So of course they know he’s alive.” Sirius’s smirk became a grin. “Reg was given complete immunity for whatever he had to do to complete his mission.”

“But… That isn’t possible. We would have known.” Ted sputtered out. “I was working in the ministries law office for a few years after the war. I know they had a few spies, I helped to process them through for their immunity.”

“But that wasn’t when he was processed through to end his job. Finishing his job came at a steep cost. Not only was he labeled a traitor and ordered to be killed on sight by Voldy, but he had to apperate through anti-apparition wards to get the information out.

Reg spent years in the hospital recovering. He was in a coma from the time he disappeared until ’96.” Sirius explained.

“I can confirm that. Regulus Black was given blanket immunity and to this day works at the ministry.” Frank confirmed. “We get lunch together every now and then.”

“So, you can report him to Amelia all you want, there’s nothing she will do. She is well aware of his status, she even attended Reg and Marly’s wedding.”

Albus was stunned. Regulus had been a spy and he had never known? He was supposed to know everything that was going on at that time. He had forced Bagnold to give him everything, including all the pertinent files on spies during the war, he should have known.

“His son is the one you plan on making the Black heir?” Ted questioned.

“Yes. Hadrian wants to pass the Black heirship to him, but it will be a few years before Rigel is old enough.” Sirius grinned again. It pleased him to no end that it meant they would never have control over the Black heir.

Albus just looked around. He needed to gain access to the Black Library. And, the only way he was going to be able to do so was to get the likes of Regulus Black on his side. That was going to be difficult. The boy had been a Slytherin so Albus had never bothered to form any kind of mentor bond with him. He actually didn’t think he had spoken to him during his entire 7 years at Hogwarts. But he also didn’t know that much about him, he had never really cared about him as he was the second son.
“Andromeda, Nymphadora, I think it might be a good idea if the three of us went to speak with Regulus.” Albus twinkled as he came up with a new plan. “He is your family after all, and I’m sure he would love to have more family around to help him raise his son.”

“Of course Headmaster.” Both women responded with forced smiles.

“I think… You might want to start by apologizing to Marly for attacking her marriage.” Sirius said in a voice that clearly showed he thought they were being idiots. “Reg isn’t going to care about what you have to say if his wife is unhappy with you.”

“Of course my boy.” Albus twinkled already planning how to get Marlene to stop being angry. It wasn’t like it was their fault, she had been the one who had been keeping information from them.

“Why didn’t she just tell us?” Molly huffed.

“Because it is no ones business.” James said. “I fully understand how she feels. When the man you love has risked their life for years having people who have no understanding what real danger is questioning their actions makes you see red. It takes everything I have not to curse people into oblivion every time they question Sev’s loyalty to our family.”

“It’s just a slight misunderstanding.” Albus ran his fingers through his beard.

“I’m sure.” Sirius muttered.

Hogwarts - May 1, 2006

Nothing at the school had calmed down. If anything, things had gotten worse.

From the moment the Inquisitorial Squad was announced they became one of the favoured targets of the pranksters working out there anger about Umbridge being in the school. Dumbledore and McGonagall had tried to get the students back under control, but since they didn’t know who was doing what there was little they could do.

Many of the students had started to cover for each other when one was accused of being behind any of the pranks. It was creating a unity between the houses. Nothing had confused Albus Dumbledore more than when three 7th year Slytherins gave two 4th year Gryffindors an alibi when he had accused them of setting off stink bombs in the transfiguration hall. The man had been so confused he had just ended up walking away talking about lemon drops without ever assigning any detentions.

Umbridge was also having a hard time keeping control of her own people.

The Squad were prefects without any form of control. They weren’t even bound to the school rules so they had a tendency to take and give both points and detentions as they saw fit. They took large amounts of points for those of other houses, and gave ridiculous amounts of points to their own house.

This would just make everyone target them more. And, the more they were targeted the more points they took and detentions they added.

No one took the Squad seriously and no one really cared about the house cup anymore. There were
things more important than a stupid cup. Any student that was assigned detention would challenge it with the school board and the DOE. The schools governors just kept putting everything on the DOE while defending the students, making the students like the governors more while their anger at the DOE grew.

Most of the time the DOE ended up caving and reversing any detention or point loss the Inquisitorial Squad or Umbridge had given. On the rare occasion where they had tried to defend their actions the detention would be taken over by one of the nicer teachers. Filius would work with students on different charms they didn’t learn in class. Sev allowed them to brew whatever they wanted. While Sirius had set up games tables. So no one really cared about those detentions.

As for the points, every single house was in the negatives. One of Umbridge’s biggest problem was that none of her people had any real loyalty to her or each other. They were just out for themselves. And, as such, everything they did was to try and make things better for themselves. They would take so many points from others while giving their own house points to try and counter the other Squad members, which just created more of a devision between them.

In the end, the Inquisitorial Squad was at war with itself, while the rest of the school was at war with them.

The school was in chaos.

**Headmasters Office**

Albus was obsessively popping lemon drop after lemon drop in his mouth. This was a complete mess.

He had been planning on using Umbridge to turn the students against the ministry. He had known that the woman would show the ministry in the worst light possible since she had a clear loathing of children.

And, while she had turned the students against the ministry, none of them were turning to him. Worse than that, it was causing the other houses to unite. He didn’t like that, especially now. The last thing they needed was for Slytherins to bond with students in other houses, it would allow them to sway them to the dark.

Deloris Umbridge had destroyed his plans without even trying. He was going to have to be the one to get rid of her.

If he was the one to get rid of the woman that might gain him the support of the students.

It might just be the only thing he could do. He was dreading the school board meeting in June. He knew that they were going to hold this chaos against him.

**High Inquisitor’s Office**

Deloris Umbridge was massaging her temples. Nothing was going right. She couldn’t understand it. She had selected each and every member of her Squad. They all had the right background. Yet it still wasn’t working.

Her Squad members spent more time fighting each other than getting the rest of the students in
line. If anything things had gotten worse.

The pranks and out right attacks were only growing. Even the DOE wasn’t doing their job properly, they kept reversing detentions and point loss that her people assigned. They were supposed to be backup for her since Cornelius was gone. But they just kept caving in to the pressure of the idiot public.

It was disgusting how pathetic the people were. They just didn’t understand. She was just trying to make the world a better place for those like her who deserved it.

**Hogwarts, Great Hall - May 12, 2006**

Ginny skipped into the great hall for dinner that evening. She was pleased, everything had finally fallen in to place.

If her brothers were allowed to use love potions on her Harry, then she would just use stronger potions. She had gotten her mum to get her some amortentia. Once she had the strongest love potion in the world she had called for an elf and ordered it to make sure it was in Harry’s food. She had had to use one of the Headmaster’s private elves.

The school elves would refuse to do whatever she ordered. For some stupid reason whoever it was that was in charge of the school elves had made it so the elves wouldn’t follow the orders of the students. It was something she thought was stupid since they were there to look after them.

When she had first started at the school the Headmaster had informed her that he had his own private elves at the school that would do the less than legal things that needed to be done. Over the past few years she had used them to get her things she needed or wanted.

Hadrian was sitting at the dinner table ready for what was to come. He had been warned that someone had tampered with his food.

There were multiple different groups of elves at the castle, but they were all extremely protective of the students. The groups included the regular Hogwarts elves, the Potter elves, and the Dumbledore elves. While each had their own loyalties, while at Hogwarts they were there to help the staff and students.

The elves that had the hardest time with things was the Dumbledore elves. While they were loyal to the Headmaster, they also cared for the children.

It was because of that the elf that had been ordered to use a love potion on Harry Potter had been sure to let one of the Potter elves hear him muttering about what he had been ordered to do.

Mipsey, who had been the elf who had overheard what was happening had been sure to warn her Master Hadrian as well as Master Severus. Mipsey didn’t know who it was that had ordered the other elf to use the potion, but they all had their suspicions.

When he had spoken with his papa about it he had said that he should react with common sense. He was to take the cup and leave the hall. He was then to find a floo capable fireplace and report the attempted use of a love potion.

Since they only had suspicions on who it was that was trying to drug him, and no real evidence
they couldn’t get her arrested, but they might be able to use the threat of the DMLE and aurors to get the little stalker to back off.

When he went to take a drink he felt his rings heat up and he knew what that meant. Grabbing his cup he got up and left the hall just like he had been told. There were more than a few whispers that followed him out, but no one really understood what was happening.

Hadrian went to the first floo capable fireplace and called for the aurors. Frank and Kingsley were the ones who came through.

Hadrian handed over the cup and told them his rings had warned him of love potions. The two ran a quick test and verified what he said.

By that point Severus, Sirius, and Dumbledore had arrived. Dumbledore tried to stop any formal report from being filed, he had his suspicions of who it had been but didn’t want to risk the girl getting arrested. He knew he was going to have to speak to her and her mother to ensure something like this didn’t happen again. He knew just how strong Lord and heir rings protections were.

In the end Hadrian, backed up by Severus and Sirius filed a formal case. It would open a file so that the aurors would keep apprised of the situation. It would ensure that in the off chance Hadrian was successfully doused they would have a way to find out. That was because part of opening a formal file in regards to love potions was to have the victim randomly tested for love potion over the next year.

Once a sample of the drink had been entered into evidence Frank and Kings called for Amelia. Since she was the sternest, and most intimidating, they left the warning up to her.

Amelia had made sure to keep the most severe look on her face when she had marched up to the front of the hall and informed the entire student body that one of their own had attempted to use love potions on another. She had then got into detail about just what love potions did, making sure to emphasize that it didn’t create real love, and what the punishment was for being caught using potions like that.

More than a few students left the hall worried that night and had dumped out different love potions they had been attempting to brew.

**Gryffindor Common Room, 4th Year Girls Dorm**

That night when Ginny went to bed she was angry. Her potion hadn’t worked.

Not only had it not worked, but she had, in effect, been threatened. She hadn’t liked having that mean lady telling her just how wrong it was, how it didn’t create real love. Ginny was sure it would make Harry realize just how much he really loved her.

How had her brothers managed to get Harry to take the potion?

Laying back in her bed she tried to think of different methods of getting the potion into her future husband.

**Headmaster’s Office**
“I don’t care, you can’t do something like this again.” Albus sighed out as he spoke to Molly.

He had spent the better part of an hour trying to convince Molly she and Ginny needed to stop trying to use love potions on the Potter brat. His rings would warn him instantly if there was anything in his food or drink. The only way the rings wouldn’t alert him to a potion was if he was willingly taking it. Plus, the only way to get the rings off the boy was for him to willingly take them off himself.

“But Headmaster.” Molly whined. “My Ginny was just doing what she needed to do. We all know that they are meant to be and the only reason Harry is with the twins is because they drugged him. If they can do it, so can Ginny.”

“It isn’t possible.” Albus ran his hand down his face. “I don’t know how many times I need to say it. The Lord and heir rings he wears would have warned him of any potions.

Harry isn’t with the twins because they drugged him, he is with them because they seduced him. That is the path we need Ginny to take. They spent years earning his trust and getting close to him while Ginny and Ron have done nothing but push him away. We need them to start working at being his friends.”

“They have been, but that boy just won’t listen.” Molly carried on.

“No Molly, they have made their views clear and just expected him to fall in line.” Albus sighed, he was finally seeing the errors he had made. “As much as I wish it was different, Harry is a strong willed, opinionated boy. Ron and Ginny anger him when they constantly attack his views.

I think it might be better if they just pretend to agree with him until they are friends. Once they are friends we can work together to show him the error of his ways. But they need to be his friend first.”

“They have tried.” Molly assured. “Harry just doesn’t listen. He never does what he is supposed to. We really need to get him away from those dark wizards. They just don’t know how to raise a hero. They are making that poor boy dark. My Ronnie and Ginny have tried, it isn’t their fault.”

“I am aware Molly.” Albus reassured. “But we need to work with the circumstances we have, not the ones we would prefer. Ron and Ginny need to learn how to shut their mouths. While I understand and agree with their views, they need to keep their opinions to themselves.

We need them to start to get closer to the boy, it is the only chance we have. Minerva has Ron and Harry sitting next to each other in her class. You need to write to him to just follow the boys example. If he starts by following he will be able to lead him later. But you are going to make sure he needs to understand that he follows Harry’s example.”

“I will tell him.” Molly assured. Although she didn’t really agree, she would do what the headmaster asked.

**Undisclosed Location - May 17, 2006**

Voldemort sat in his throne as he glared at the wall. He had been staring at the same spot for over an hour. His mind still hadn’t fully returned to him yet. He knew that it had to be because those fools had botched the ritual to return him. A fact that he had ensured they learned. They had claimed over and over they had followed the instructions perfectly, but he knew they had messed it up. Fools!
He needed to figure out where his plans went wrong last time. How could he have been defeated by a baby?

He needed to learn the full prophecy. He needed to know what made the boy so special. But to do that he needed to get into the ministry. And that would be counterproductive to the hole idea of laying low.

With him still being in a weakened state he didn’t need to draw the attention of the ministry. And now that that fool Fudge had gotten himself thrown out of office it was even more important. Fudge wouldn’t have done anything if mysterious things started happening.

But this new minister was different. He had already started to make minor changes and was showing that he wouldn’t just lie down and take what he had to give with a smile on his face like Fudge would have. No, Fudge would have assured everyone everything was fine until the day he died, but this new one would stand his ground and fight. He would die in the process Voldemort assured himself, but it would weaken him and his goals at a time where they couldn’t risk it.

If he couldn’t go to the ministry to get the orb, then he would just have to send someone else to get it… Maybe if he had one of the Unspeakables placed under the imperious. He would have to get one of his followers at the ministry to handle it.

Once he had worked out how to get the prophecy and given his followers their orders, ensuring they fully understood the cost of failure of course, Voldemort turned his thoughts on to other issues.

Traitors.

Voldemort hissed harshly as he thought of those who had betrayed him. Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape.

He had thought Lucius had learned his place when he had agreed to take his mark. The boy had been both the pride and bane of Abraxas’s life. While Abraxas had always been loyal, he had never been overly powerful, so when his son had proved to be so powerful it had brought him great pride. Then the boy had refused the mark. But in the end Abraxas had managed to make the boy bow at his feet and kiss the hem of his robes.

Voldemort had been sure the boy had finally learned. But apparently not. He was going to have to remind the man why it was foolish to betray him.

But he still needed the man. To that end he would simply arrange to kill the wife and younger children. Keep the heir alive as another servant and remind Lucius that if he should ever even think of betraying him again he would lose his last child. It would keep him in line until he was no longer necessary. Once the heir came of age he could take over for his father in the Wizengamot and gain access to the Malfoy fortune, then Lucius would suffer a traitors death.

But the one who would suffer most was Severus. For that traitor he would create entirely new levels of torture and suffering. Severus had betrayed him in so many ways.

He had spied on him during the first war. Not only had he been married to James Potter, he had been the father of his prophesied enemy. Then, he had stood against him years ago when he had went after the philosophers stone, resulting in him being banished to the mirror dimension for a time.
Now that he was fully returned he would show all those that stood against him just why there were those that still feared to speak his name over a decade after his supposed defeat.

As he thought of all the ways he would take his revenge on the magical and muggle world for standing against him Voldemort grabbed his wand to start throwing curses.

The room around him was slowly obliterated as he destroyed all the furniture before turning on the walls, floor, and ceiling themselves. It wasn’t the first room to suffer this treatment and his followers were already planning to move locations as they were running out of rooms.

Only the more magically sensitive felt the twisted sickness that lingered in their Lords magic. And none of them were fool enough to mention it.

**Stirling Lines, British Army Garrison - May 22, 2006**

Private Cedric Diggory made his way back to his barracks in deep thought. So much had changed.

After he had finished school Cedric had chosen to serve his country. He had wanted to help and protect others, but felt that the auror core was just to political nowadays. So, he had applied to the military. He had been quickly accepted and had started basic training that month.

It had been one of the hardest and most rewarding experiences of his life. Every day was as hard as it was possible to be, but he always felt like he had a sense of purpose when he returned to his bed each night.

When he had finished training he had been proud to have managed to be one of the top three in his class. He had been getting ready to make the slow climb up the ladder. Working your way up in the military took hard work and couldn’t just be bought by some rich kids daddy like so many other things.

But then he had gotten that letter from Hadrian Potter warning him that they believed Voldemort had been successful in his attempt to be returned. It had only made sense to warn his superior officers.

Like him, they had been unsure of the information. Then, there had been the breakout from Azkaban. That had driven the idea home and made everyone realize it was more than likely he had returned.

From there the higher ups had had him start to get as much information as possible about what he knew. Hadrian’s response was to get him in contact with an Unspeakable that had given them information, including conformation of the monsters return.

Now, he was assigned as a liaison between Hadrian, the Unspeakables, and his commanding officers. He knew enough that this would put him on a fast track for promotion, something he had been planning on taking years to happen.

Right now, there was nothing they could really do but gather the information. For their unit to operate within Britain they needed a specific invitation from both the muggle Prime Minister, the Minister of Magic, and the Queen.

The General had already had a discussion with the muggle Prime Minister and explained the
situation to him. He was already making arrangements to increase security on important and strategic locations. The Queen had fully backed them up once she had been informed.

But then there was the minister of Magic. When they had approached Fudge he had dismissed them out of hand and refused to allow them to do anything. Even now, with a new minister in office, he couldn’t invite them.

Only a full Minister of Magic, properly inaugurated and everything, would be able to issue the invitation for military intervention within country. And there wasn’t going to be a proper minister until the beginning of July at the earliest since they would need to arrange the inauguration after the elections in June.

Shacklebolt had managed to give them permission to gather information, but that was all he could legally do. They just hoped that he would be the one elected since they had their doubts that the darks candidate, or the one backed by Dumbledore would allow them to handle the issue.

As of this point in time there were only three candidates for the position. Kensington Shacklebolt had decided to run to be the full minister. Humphrey Avery had been nominated by the dark faction, and given that he was a death eater who had bribed his way out of prison the first time there was no doubt the man would never give them permission to target Voldemort. The third, was Gertrude Marchbanks. Since she was being backed by Dumbledore they knew she wouldn’t invite them either.

During the last war they had originally been invited in, and had even been making serious progress, until Dumbledore had convinced Bagnold that they weren’t needed and their invitation had been rescinded. Up until that point they had been winning the war and had believed they were within 6 months of complete victory. After their invitation had been revoked the war had dragged on for another 4 years and had only been ended by the attack on Hadrian Potter-Black.

While he would never admit it, those who had fought in the last war knew that Dumbledore hadn’t wanted them to be involved in winning the war because he had wanted the victory for himself. His Order had been filled with untrained people that really had no business taking part in raids or arrests. It had been one of the reasons so many had managed to buy their way out of trouble. Most of those in the Order had no idea how to gather evidence, so much of it was destroyed or deemed unusable in court. They didn’t want that to happen again.

But for now, all they could do was gather information and get ready.

**Headmaster’s Office - May 25, 2006**

“Hem, hem.” Came the sickly sweet voice as Deloris Umbridge made her way into the Headmaster’s Office, an office that should be hers. “What is it you wished to speak with me about Headmaster?”

“Ah, Deloris. Please have a seat. Lemon drop?” Albus twinkled over his glasses while he really wanted to strangle the woman while she refused his sweets. “Now, I wished to speak with you about your Inquisitorial Squad.”

“They are none of your concern.” Umbridge snapped as her eyes flashed with anger. “I am a representative of the DOE and therefor do not have to answer to you, and neither do my chosen representatives.”
“Of course. I am well aware of that Deloris, but as you just said, they are YOUR representatives.” Albus gave her a small smile. “That means they represent you. And they have not been showing you in a very good light. If anything, they are making you look very bad.”

“They are just doing their jobs.”

“So you ordered them to skip class. You ordered them to physically, verbally, and magically attack other students, and each other. You ordered them to turn the house cup points system into a complete mess. That is very interesting to hear. Because from the outside it looks like you have absolutely no control over the actions of those you claim are representing you.”

Umbridge hated what he was saying. It was all true, and that just angered her more. She had completely lost control of the members of her Squad. The only ones that even bothered to meet with her anymore was Hermione and her friends Ron and Ginny. But even they didn’t really do as she instructed.

The month before when she had called them all together one of the students had even challenged her in front of the others. The girl, Pansy Parkinson, had questioned why they should even pretend to listen to her since they already had all the powers they wanted or needed, and she had gone over the rules and contracts they had signed that clearly stated that once they were members of her Squad they couldn’t be stripped of the position unless she was removed from the school.

And the girl was right. She couldn’t believe that she had missed that when she had written up the contract. There was really nothing she could do to control them, she just didn’t want to have to admit it to anyone.

“They are just experiencing some growing pains as they work to establish themselves as being in a position of authority.” Umbridge defended.

“It is not going to last for much longer.” Albus steepled his fingers in front of him. “James Potter and the other school governors aren’t going to let this stand. Either you get your people under control or you are going to lose it all.”

“There is nothing they can do, the DOE outranks them.” Deloris said imperiously.

“Not for long given how this year has gone.” Albus smiled slightly. “I have already received notification that the school governors are demanding the Wizengamot intervene and force the DOE into compliance. And, given the actions of you and your, ‘representatives’, they will do it.”

Umbridge quickly got up and hurried out of the office. She needed to find a way to fix this. She wasn’t about to give up her position. She was being paid a lot of money to do next to nothing while she worked to get Dumbledore out and made herself the headmistress.

Once Umbridge was gone, Albus let out a breath and relaxed back in his seat. Oh how he had come to hate that woman. She managed to be the most irritating person in the world just by breathing.

At least some things were finally going his way. Ever since Fudge was removed from office Barnabas Cuffe was trying to get back on his good side and he had The Prophet writing glowing stories about him. Albus was taking great joy in making the man pay for his betrayal. So far there hadn’t been a single day in the past month that there hadn’t been a positive story.

He was also using the man to write stories promoting Gertrude’s campaign for minister. It was doing her some good, but she was still behind. He just needed to think of something that would
make her look far better than the others.

The downside was that he had no control over The Seer. That stupid paper was full of stories about the chaos that was happening at the school. They wrote an almost daily column on the different pranks that were being done to Umbridge and her Squad, as well as the still ongoing pranking of the DOE. They were making him look like he didn’t have control of his school.

Albus was trying to make new plans and having little to no success when Ted came into the office.

“What can I do for you Ted? Lemon drop?”

“No, thank you Headmaster.” Ted moved forward to take a seat. “I just thought I should warn you there has been another issue with the Inquisitorial Squad.”

Albus let his head drop for a moment before he looked back at the other man. “What has happened now?”

“Cho Chang, Marietta Edgecombe, and Pansy Parkinson got into an argument with Hermione, Ron, and Ginny about points the others were taking. Chang, Edgecombe, and Parkinson were taking points away from girls for poor fashion sense and targeted Hermione and Ginny.

That set Hermione and Ginny of with Ron going on about Parkinson’s being a Slytherin. I’m not sure who started it but the girls and Ron started throwing hex’s at each other but kept missing and hitting those around them. Which just turned the rest of the school on them… Again.

The six of them are now stuck to the ceiling in the entrance hall, their skin is green, and they have pink and brown spots with tie-dye hair. They are also dressed like muggle clowns and have silencing charms on them.

And when we started questioning the other students about how they got up there we were told that they did it to themselves. That was all anyone would say. There really isn’t anything we will be able to do. Even if Hermione, Ron, Ginny, or the other girls saw who it was, they still started it and would also have to receive punishment for it, and I know you want to try and keep them from any more trouble this year.”

Albus groaned. Why couldn’t his pawns just stop getting into fights? Even with the personality changes he had made they still got in fights.

“Why are we even allowing this to continue?” Ted questioned, it was something he had been wondering for a while now. “Why have you allowed Umbridge to get away with so much? Now that Fudge is gone she really doesn’t have anyone in a real position of power backing her. What can we possibly gain?”

“It was Regina Cole’s idea.” Albus sighed. “Years ago, when I had control of the school board it was easy to get what we wanted done, but now that James and Alice are on the board I have no real control. Any rules I make they challenge me on.

I was speaking about it with Regina and she suggested that we find a way to transfer control of the school from the board to the DOE. It would allow me to once again be the one making the rules since Regina owes her job to me and will do as I say.

We created the position of the High Inquisitor for that reason. It was supposed to be fairly easy. They were just supposed to prove that there were dangerous classes, and that the students didn’t need them. Then we could have started the transfer of power using the Inquisitorial Squad and we had planned that by the end of the year we would be able to oust the school governors.
But when Fudge saw what we were doing he had Umbridge installed in the position. It was a one
time only things so she is the only one that could get rid of the school board, but clearly she is
failing. The woman has lost complete control and Regina and I are working on fixing things or
working around the mess she has made, but it is proving to be difficult.

We still need her, but she just isn’t capable of doing what we need.”

Ted thought it had started out as a decent idea, but it clearly had failed. “If you want, I will look
over things and give you the legal perspective. Depending on what is in the contract we might be
able to salvage this.”

Albus gave a full twinkle eyed smile as he pushed over the contract and legal transfer of authority
papers to the man.

**Wizengamot Chambers - June 7, 2006**

Everyone was settling down for a special session in the Wizengamot Chambers. It had been called
by the school governors in regards to the events at Hogwarts that year.

Under normal circumstances the ministry wouldn't be involved since Hogwarts was a, mostly,
private institution, but since the DOE had been making a mess of things it had been decided to use
the Wizengamot to force the DOE back into line.

“I call this meeting to order.” Alice said as she banged a gavel when the time came. “Now, I’m
sure everyone knows, but I feel we shall just go over it for the official records. This meeting is
being held in the Wizengamot Chambers due to the troubles that the ministry has caused at
Hogwarts this year.

The board is making a formal petition to the Wizengamot to place the DOE under supervision due
to the actions of this year. We are also requesting the removal of Deloris Umbridge from Hogwarts
for her egregious actions this year. And, along with the removal of High Inquisitor Umbridge we
also request the dissolution of her Inquisitorial Squad due to gross misconduct.”

“I have done nothing wrong!” Umbridge shouted from where she was sitting.

“Please wait your turn to speak High Inquisitor Umbridge.” Kensington requested from his seat as
Minister. “Now, I feel that it would be best to get a full explanation as to what has been happening
at the school from someone who knows best. To that end, student representatives, can you give us
a basic overview of the issues that have been happening at the school this year?”

The student reps spoke amongst themselves for a moment before Angelina Johnson took a step
forward to speak for the group.

“I guess the place to begin is of course the use of the blood quill on Luna Lovegood. That sort of
set the entire school off as if a ministry representative is willing to torture one of us, then none of
us were safe. While we understood that the DMLE couldn’t file charges due to former Minister
Fudge giving that… Woman permission to torture students, the Department of Educations decision
to return her to the school just made a bad situation worse.

Almost the entire student body saw this as a direct attack and many chose to respond in kind. If the
adults of our world refused to protect us, then it was up to us to protect ourselves. The students may
have taken it a little over the top, but they are just teenagers, so…
Shortly after the return of Madame Umbridge things just got worse. She and the DOE passed another decree that would allow her to change any punishment she felt like. This meant that those who she liked were let off without punishment, but she also made the punishments worse for those she didn’t like, most of who were muggle-borns. While we are grateful the school governors managed to limit what she did, she still made life hard for anyone who she didn’t like.

Then things got even worse when the Inquisitorial Squad was started. Only Madame Umbridge’s favourites were invited to join.

While prefects have rules that they must follow about what they can and can’t do, the Inquisitorial Squad had no such rules. They did whatever they wanted and completely excused themselves from any form of punishment. They took points for any reason they wanted. I myself was docked 50 points and assigned a month of detentions because Gryffindor won a quidditch game.

While most of the staff and governors tried to stop the blatant bigotry and favouritism being shown by Madame Umbridge and her Squad of goons, the DOE stood in their way as much as possible, even defending many of their actions.

To put it simply, Hogwarts is currently a war zone, and we, the student representatives of Hogwarts, place the blame squarely on the shoulders of the DOE, Madame Umbridge, and her Inquisitorial Squad.”

“How dare you lie about me!” Umbridge screamed. “Detention for a year and 200 points from whatever house you are from!”

Angelina just ignored the woman. She didn’t care. No one cared what she said anymore. If it got that harpy out of the school then it was worth it.

Alice slammed the gavel a few times. “That is enough Madame Umbridge! This is a formal meeting, not a shouting match. It is time to act your age, she was simply answering a question. There will be no point loss or detention simply for expressing her opinion.

Now, shall we carry on?”

“I do agree Lady Hufflepuff.” Gerald Greengrass agreed, he had stood down as Chief Warlock for the day and was instead sitting with the other governors. “We open the floor to questions by the Wizengamot members.”

Lord Bones was the first to stand. “I feel we must question the head of the DOE, Regina Cole.” When the woman took her place in the centre of the floor he continued. “What was the purpose of returning High Inquisitor Umbridge to the school? She had already tortured one student, what made you think putting her around students again was a good idea?”

“As I previously informed Lord Peverell-Gryffindor and Lady Lovegood, High Inquisitor Umbridge had a contract. As she had not violated her contract we had no choice but to allow her to return.” Regina kept her voice calm, but she knew this was going to end badly for her, that woman had more than likely just destroyed her career. “Her contract was still in effect so we had no choice.”

“You should be aware Mrs. Cole, that after it was announced that this meeting was taking place more than a few members of your department came to us, on the understanding of anonymity, to inform us of just what has been going on.” Edgar Bones informed the woman. “According to them you allowed High Inquisitor Umbridge to remain in the school because you had plans to use her to usurp the rights of the governors.
They said the DOE was attempting to take control of the school even though you have no legal right given that Hogwarts is a semi-private institution. It would seem that there were those in your department that don’t feel gaining an unlawful advantage was more important than the students of the school. If anything, that proves to me that the DOE should not have complete authority over the students.”

“We were merely following the mandate of our department.” Regina said in a frigid voice. “It is our job to ensure the proper education of the next generation. That is all we were doing.”

“So torturing children and making a complete mess of the school was about furthering the education of the next generation?” Narcissa questioned.

“Under the influence of those like you the school has started teaching children information that is far too dangerous for those their age.” Regina argued. “The children need to be handled properly to ensure that none of them follow the path of the last Dark Lord. We need to protect our world. The children need to have the chance to be children. All those different classes aren’t necessary.”

“You are aware that a school is meant to educate?” Helen Davis questioned. “A school is meant to have classes to teach the children. That’s the point of the whole thing. And they do get to be children, they just get to learn too. If we do not educate the next generation then we will just be harming them and our society as a whole.”

“But we need to make sure that they are learning the right information.” Regina crossed her arms as she turned away from the other woman.

“It is specifically written in the founding charter of Hogwarts that we are not allowed to limit or slant what the students learn based off our own political ideals.” Alice warned.

“What is the consequence of doing so?” Lord Ogden questioned thoughtfully.

“In the case that the headmaster were to only hire those who agreed with their political ideology or their allies, as has happened in the past, then the school loses access to the vaults set up by the founders. We were only able to regain access to those vaults a decade ago after it happened the last time. If it were to happen again then there would be multiple issues as we would need to cut back on the number of staff, increase tuition substantially, and reduce the number of scholarships meaning many students would be denied an education.” James explained. “But, there actually is a clause that will be activated in the event a government manages to gain control of the school.

What everyone needs to remember is that Hogwarts was founded before this ministry was. At that time there were multiple different groups all vying to gain control of the students and what they were to be taught. In the event that were to happen then Hogwarts will be returned, in full, to the heirs of the founders. and the school itself would become completely separated from any government. It was designed that way because the school was to be neutral territory for the children even in times of conflict.”

“You can’t do that!” Regina, Umbridge, and a few others all screeched.

“We wouldn’t be doing anything.” Alice said primly. “It is an automatic thing. If you had been successful in your attempt at the DOE and Ministry gaining control of Hogwarts and ousting the school board then the school would have automatically reverted to our care.

As Lord Peverell is also Lord Gryffindor, and currently serves as proxy for both Lord Slytherin and Lord Ravenclaw, and I am Lady Hufflepuff that would mean the two of us would have complete
control of every aspect of the school. However, we both feel that it would be better to carry on with the school board model we have been using for the past few centuries, as it allows for debates which have only bettered the school, so we would prefer it if the Ministry would rein in the DOE so that we can avoid that.”

Everyone was slightly stunned by all that information. Albus, for his part was horrified. He could have lost everything if his plan had been successful. He was going to have to find the time to sit and read the entire Hogwarts Charter, but everything had been requiring his attention so much lately that he just hadn’t had the time. And, he hadn’t bothered in the past because he just hadn’t really cared, up until James came around he had had complete control already so it hadn’t mattered.

Many others were surprised that James and Alice were willing to give up that much power. Most knew just how much control being in charge of the children would give them.

Regina was startled enough that she actually took a step back. They couldn’t risk that. While she still felt they needed to take control of the school, having some power was more important to her than risking it all. Unfortunately for her, there was another in her department that wasn’t so thoughtful.

“You have no right.” Regina’s second in command, Toby Podmore, shouted as he stood from his seat. “You know nothing about how to properly educate children. The DOE should be the ones in charge. We are the ones that are responsible for ensuring a proper educational standard.

The school governors are just a group of people that only have power because their children are attending school. The DOE would be able to provide consistency since our members aren’t constantly changing. The ministry needs to give us control of the school since we know what is for the best.”

Albus wanted to sigh. Toby was the son of another one of his more dedicated followers, Stergis Podmore. Unfortunately he didn’t have his fathers calm mannerisms. He knew that this was going to cause some issues.

“No, that isn’t the job of the DOE and it’s employees. The DOE is responsible for the policy side of things. You are meant to ensure that the quality of education is up to par. You are in charge of ensuring the teachers are properly trained on how to teach, not what to teach.

You are also responsible to liaise with the Department of Child Welfare to ensure that the children in their care are receiving a proper education. You also oversee the standardized testing, obviously, since the OWL and NEWT testing departments are among your sub-departments. You are meant to keep track of things, not control them. And your final responsibility is to oversee apprenticeship contracts to ensure their isn’t any funny business between apprentice’s and masters. Although I know the apprenticeship program through Hogwarts was cancelled some time ago for some dunderheaded reason.” The rough voice of Euphemia Gamp echoed through the the chambers. The woman had been the head of the DOE about 20 years before but had retired from old age, she was now closing in on her 139th birthday.

James smiled at the woman. “On that topic, I have good news. When the lack of apprenticeship program was brought to our attention before Yule the school board voted to allow for a return of the program. We sent word to the DOE in hopes that we could have everything set up by the end of this school year, but we are still waiting for a response.”

“Oh for Merlin’s sake.” Euphemia huffed as she shot a disgruntled look to the DOE members present. “You want more responsibility when you can’t even do the job you have now. What a ludicrous idea. Stop acting like petulant children and do your blasted jobs. Or so help me I will
return and deal with you all myself. None of this tomfoolery would have been allowed in my day.”

“I feel I must agree.” Kensington said, poorly trying to hide his grin at seeing the elderly woman chastise the DOE members like misbehaving children. “You have a job to do. It is time to stop ignoring the responsibilities you already have in an attempt to get more control over something you have no right to.

I also find much that the DOE has been doing highly distressing. Allowing a woman you know to have tortured a child to be around children, including the very child she had tortured is simply not acceptable. And that is before you even take into account the chaos that has been caused with the creation of this so called Inquisitorial Squad.

I am backing the school board in their request for the supervision of the Department of Education. I will also be backing them in their request to remove Deloris Umbridge and the disbandment of the Inquisitorial Squad. I would request that those last two things be done immediately. There has already been enough chaos caused by them.”

The vote was called quickly after that, and it was a landslide. The DOE was going to be supervised for the next five years. And, it was none other than Euphemia Gamp that had been selected to oversee them. The Wizengamot even used the power they had as a body to break Umbridge’s contract and order her to be out of Hogwarts by the end of the day. And, the Inquisitorial Squad was gone too.

James was more than pleased with how things had worked out. Especially considering how it could have ended. He hadn’t been sure just how much support they were going to have when he had walked through the doors into the meeting. It had been the first time in years he had actually been worried about losing a vote.

There had been so many things that could have gone wrong. While he knew there was no way the DOE was going to be able to take over the school due to the safety clause in the charter he hadn’t wanted to risk it. If enough of the members of the Wizengamot had backed the DOE they had risked triggering that clause.

And James really didn’t want to have to deal with the responsibility of Hogwarts. It would just put too much pressure on him since everyone would be watching every move he made and every decision he made. He didn’t need that, especially now that Voldemort was back, he had bigger things to deal with.

Attending meetings every month was fine, but he didn’t want it to be his full time job. Even though it might be nice to have full control and be able to force Dumbledore out, it was just too much. As much as he hated having Dumbledore around his son, it wasn’t too bad since they had protections in place.

Walking out of the meeting James was pleased. They had the school back to the way it should be, for the most part at least. More over, they had the apprenticeship program back. The professors were now able to take on apprentices if they wanted. It would help more members of their society work towards getting their masteries.

At least the school might get back to some level of normalcy in time for the end of year exams to begin.

Hogwarts, Gryffindor Girls Dorm - June 11, 2006
Hermione was hiding behind her closed bed curtains up in her dorm room going over her study notes. Headmaster Dumbledore had given her copies of past OWL exams to make sure that she would be ready. She had even arranged for Ron to have a few copies so he could do well, although she may have held a few back since she didn’t want him doing better on the real tests like he had on the practice.

The exams were going to be starting the next day and she still didn’t feel ready for it. Sure, she had memorized everything, but she wasn’t sure if the testers would be as biased as the professors or not. She really hoped they would be better.

Normally, she would be studying in the common room or in the library so she wouldn’t miss anything important, and make Ron study too, but she just couldn’t. When she had first gotten her Inquisitorial Squad badge she had been so pleased, she had thought that there was at least one benefit from having a magical relative. But then Umbridge had proved she wasn’t someone Hermione wanted to be associated with. The woman was a blood supremacist that wouldn’t even listen to her opinion about freeing the house elves.

Having that badge was even better than the prefects badge since there was really no oversight. They could assign any punishment they saw fit. But even then no one would listen, no matter what she did. If anything, the other students had showed her less respect.

Basically from the moment she had put the badge on she had been attacked. It was like everyone in the school had turned against her even more than the pure bloods normally did. No matter how many points she deducted or detentions she assigned, none of them would listen to her and do what she said.

And now, the Squad had been disbanded. She had once again lost a position of power because of the actions of others.

But even losing that badge hadn’t made things better, if anything it was worse. Now that she had no way to threaten the other students they were targeting her more than ever. It was why she was in her room.

Every time she sat and tried to study where other students could get to her she was targeted. Just a few hours ago when she had been working in the library someone had spelled the books she had been using to run away from her and she had been kicked out of the library for running after them. The librarian said that she had been causing a disturbance.

Even her own housemates were being mean. While they had never liked her because she was smarter, now it was worse. They had absolutely zero respect for her and many were going out of their way to be rude, calling her a traitor and a ministry suck up. Didn’t they understand that she had only been doing the right thing, she deserved to be able to punish them when they were being bad.

“HERMIONE!” Came Ginny’s whining voice from outside her curtains.

Sitting up Hermione threw open the hangings to see what was wrong. She was startled to see that Ginny’s long red hair was now neon green snakes that kept hissing at her.

“What happened?”

“I don’t know.” Ginny whined as she threw herself onto the older girls bed. “I was just sitting in the common room trying to talk with Dean Thomas when everyone started laughing and my hair was hissing. Make it better!”
“I will try, but I don’t know how this happened so I can’t guarantee it will work.” Hermione pulled her wand and started trying to determine what kind of spell was used.

“Why is everyone so mean?” Ginny whined, she couldn’t wait for this horrible year to end.

“Everyone’s just upset that we were invited to join the Inquisitorial Squad and they weren’t.” Hermione huffed as she tried another spell that once again failed. “We had power over them, and now that we don’t they want revenge for us holding them to a higher standard. Now, sit still.”

Ginny huffed, but continued to fidget. “What where you doing?”

“I was going over my notes for my OWLs. I have my exams in transfiguration and alchemy starting tomorrow.” Hermione informed her. She ignored the girl as she moved her notes aside so she had more room to sit.

“I figured you’d be studying with Ron.”

“I came up here for a little piece.” Hermione tried another spell. “I told him to go and study in his room.”

“Oh, he didn’t listen.” Ginny tattled on her brother. “He has his notes and everything out, but he is in the common room just staring around watching everyone. Well, that and trying to figure out who it was that made his hair like mine. He was having a screaming fit when I came to get your help.”

Hermione sighed as she tried her final spell and failed once again. “Let’s go. I have no idea what was done to you this time. We will just have to go to the hospital wing and get them to fix it. And we can get Ron along the way.”

The two girls got up and got ready for a fight. They knew that by now Ron would be fighting with everyone and they were going to have to work to drag him away to get him to go with them.

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**Great Hall - June 23, 2006**

Hadrian smiled happily as he laid his quill down. He had just finished his final OWL. Just before lunch he had finished the last practical part and this was the last written. He was so happy as he leaned back and sighed.

While he had known what to expect, and had been confident that he would pass everything, it had still been a lot of work. He wished they would have been able to spread the exams out more. Two weeks might have been fine when there was a limited number of classes like before, but now it was just too much. He had been doing multiple written and practical exams every day for the past two weeks. And, any free time he did have was spent on review.

In total over the last two weeks Hadrian had really only been able to spend meal times with the twins as they, like him, had exams to prepare for. It had been two weeks of constant work. He couldn’t wait until the twins finished their final exam in a few hours so that they could just cuddle up and relax together. They had another day and a half before they were to get on the train to go home.

The only thing that was distracting him from completely relaxing was that this was his history exam. He still remembered having had that horrible vision of Sirius being tortured the last time he had been doing this exam. Tonight was the night that Voldemort and his followers had gone to the ministry to attempt to get the prophecy from the DOM.
At least this time they were ready. Regulus and Percy had already made arrangements. Just a few
weeks ago one of the long time Unspeakables, Broderick Bode, had ended up in St. Mongo’s after
he had attempted, and failed, to take a prophecy. Hadrian and the others all knew that it had been
the result of the imperious curse. Regulus had ensured that there was a guard on him to ensure that
he wasn’t killed by Voldemort or his followers when he started to recover.

Hadrian knew they were prepared for something to happen, well, anything to happen. His fathers
and Uncles had made sure to assure him that he didn’t need to worry about anything, but he still
did. It was just in his nature.

Walking to the front of the hall Hadrian handed in his test and headed out of the great hall. He had
seen the quick glares Ron and Hermione had sent him as he had walked past them where they were
sitting at the front of the hall where Hermione had insisted they sit.

He smiled as he made his way toward the ROR. He knew the twins should be finished their own
exams within the next hour. They would meet him he knew, and they would keep him from
worrying about anything.

Hadrian was in the process of going over the spell work on his latest enchanting project when first
Fred, and then George walked into the room, both grinning.

“Finished?”

“Finished.” Both twins smiled happily as they made their way towards him.

Since Fred was the first into the room he made it to him first. Fred swooped down on him and
pulled him into a soul searing kiss. By the time he pulled away Hadrians head was spinning. Only
for George to take his place and kiss Hadrian until what little sense he had left was gone.

Hadrian couldn’t say anything, so he just chose to smile at the two of them in a goofy manner.

“I do so love that look on you.” Fred grinned.

Taking hold of the two of them he left his project and pulled them to the couch. Pushing the two
down he crawled on top of them and snuggled close. He couldn’t believe that they were done with
Hogwarts. He really didn’t want to have to go through the next two years without them. It just
didn’t seem possible to exist without the two of them.

Seeing that Hadrians mood was nosediving Fred quickly distracted him with a kiss. Pressing him
back into George’s body Fred slipped his hands under Hadrians shirt and let his fingers play across
his stomach before slipping to the top of his trousers.

Fred was in the process of unbuttoning Hadrians pants when the door opened and Sirius walked in.
Freds hands were immediately gone, much to Hadrians frustration.

Sirius grinned as he saw what he had interrupted. He was pleased, he didn’t want to have to have
ratted out his godson, and he would have had too, James would have known he was hiding
something as soon as he saw him.

“I hate you right now. You know that, right?” Hadrian sighed as he sat up and willed his body to
relax as his godfather sat down across from him and his boyfriends.

Sirius just grinned. “I know. But, just be grateful it was me and not your father. I would think
frustration would be better than having your boyfriends turned into potions ingredients.”

Hadrian just harrumphed. Fred and George couldn’t decide if they wanted to grin or shiver at the idea of Severus being the one to catch them with Hadrian, they really needed to remember to seal the room next time.

“I just came to check and make sure you weren’t obsessing over what might happen this evening, but clearly you have found a distraction.” Sirius smirked at the three.

“I’m fine, I know that you guys have taken care of everything, and there’s nothing I can do but wait.” Hadrian sighed. He really hated having to wait and not being able to do anything.

“Hadrian, you do understand why we are keeping you out of this, right?” Sirius made sure to catch the eye of his pouting godson.

Hadrian sighed out a long breath. “I know. You guys are doing it because you love me, not because you want to control me. I’ve had that conversation with papa more than enough over the years.

It’s just hard having to sit back. I’m not a little kid anymore, but I understand that I’m also not an adult, even with the whole time travel thing. As much as I want to be involved, I find I actually am enjoying just being able to sit back and let others deal with things this lifetime. That is… when I’m not worrying about my lack of control.”

“You know that if you want to be more involved you just need to come to us.” Sirius reminded him. While Hadrian was their child, and they wanted to protect him, they also understood that he had the right to be as involved as he wanted.

“I know.” Hadrian shrugged as he snuggled back into the twins, still pouting slightly. “I actually prefer not having to deal with everything like I did last time. I just have those moments where I feel like I have no control over what’s happening.

Everything’s just changed so much I don’t know what to expect anymore. While I know when things might happen, I don’t know if they will anymore. I can’t help but worry that something might happen if I can’t stop it.”

“It’s ok.” George wrapped his arm around Hadrian’s shoulder. “You aren’t responsible for everything.”

“If something bad happens it isn’t your fault.” Fred agreed as he wrapped an arm around Hadrian’s waist. “You can’t be expected to fix everything any more than we can.”

Sirius smiled. “They’re right and you know it. No one expects you to fix everything. You’ve already done more than your fair share. Now it’s time for the rest of us to do ours.

I’ll let you three get back to your… Relaxing.”

Hadrian and the twins all rolled their eyes as Sirius wiggled his eyebrows at them before he left. Once he was gone the three just relaxed together. Being walked in on like that, and then talking about a potential attack had killed the mood.

Instead, the three just carried on cuddling like they normally did until it was time to go down for dinner. Once that was done they were planning to go for a walk around the lake and just talk with each other in a way they hadn’t been able to due to the exams.
Gryffindor Common Room, Boys Dorm

After dinner the night they finished exams Hermione met with Ginny and Ron in his room. This year had been the year they only had to share their rooms with one other person so it was a lot easier to not have to deal with others.

Hermione had ended up sharing her room with Lily Moon, but since the two didn’t get along all that much Lily was only in the room to sleep. Other than that she stayed in one of the other girls rooms.

Ron was with Zacharias Smith. All of the other boys in their year really didn’t like either of them so they had quickly paired off leaving the two no other choice but to room with each other.

While Zacharias wasn’t overly close with any of the Gryffindor boys in his year he did have a few friends in the other houses. Because of that he spent a lot of time out of their room allowing Ron to take over, like he was now.

Ron lay sprawled out on his bed, but his bag, cloak, and shoes were spread across the room, including on the other bed.

“It’s finally over.” Ron grinned as he spread out more fully on his bed. “I never want to have to do something like that again.”

“It can’t have been that bad.” Ginny rolled her eyes at her brothers dramatics.

“It was.” Hermione said as she took a seat at one of the desks in the room while Ginny laid claim to the other bed. “Just wait until next year, you will understand. It is five years of work compressed down into two weeks.

How do you think you did on our history exam this afternoon?”

“It doesn’t really matter, it’s just history.” Ron shrugged, he was sure he had done well enough to pass. “I mean, we’re at a magic school, why would we have stupid classes that aren’t magical.”

“Oh Ronald.” Hermione sighed, the boy just really didn’t have what it took to do well in school. She had been more than a little surprised that he had studied with her when she had asked him too over the past months, but she knew there was no way he would do as well as her this time.

“Try telling that to mum if you fail.” Ginny smirked at her brother.

“Shut up Ginny.” Ron went to throw a pillow at his sister but stopped when he caught Hermione’s glare. “So, what are you doing this summer?”

“I’m not sure.” Hermione was pleased when Ron had backed down, he was finally learning to do what she wanted. “So far my parents haven’t said anything, so I’m hopeful I won’t have to do that stupid job again. Other than that I have no clue, I’m just hoping they will let me visit more with you guys this summer.

Honestly, I don’t know why they made up all those stupid rules. I figure just so long as Professor Black doesn’t speak with them again it should be fine, he just always makes me look bad to them.”

Ron just shrugged. While he wasn’t overly fond of the professor, he still remembered how he had helped him out earlier in the year.

Ginny huffed. “I have absolutely no idea why your parents would take Black’s word over yours.
Everyone knows he comes from a dark family.”

“Professor Black.” Hermione corrected. “I know. But, whatever, it has to be better this summer.”

“Mum wrote to me the other day.” Ginny grinned as she changed the topic to something she wanted. “She said that Dumbledore has reformed his old group that fought against You-Know-Who last time. Harry’s parents are a part of it so she’s going to work it so that he stays with us during any meetings.”

“Headmaster Dumbledore.” Hermione corrected absentmindedly.

“We’re just going to have to make sure Fred and George aren’t invited. We need to get him away from them, it just isn’t right.” Ron sat up.

Ginny growled as she thought about her brothers with her future husband. “I hate them! I warned them years ago to stay away from Harry, but they just wouldn’t listen.

We’re going to have to break them up. I need to get together with Harry, it’s the only way. I deserve to be Lady Potter.”

“What do you think Hermione?” Ron questioned the other girl.

“I think it’s going to take more than just spending time with him to get him away from them. They’ve had years to make him think he likes them. It’s going to take a lot of work to teach him it’s wrong.

It depends on just how often they have meetings, but I don’t think it will be enough. You’re going to need to find a way to be around him more often than just that.” Hermione tried to think. “Do either of you know what he does during the summer. I know he said he was visiting his cousin in France last year, but what about this year?”

“I don’t know?” Ginny tried to think. “It’s not like he could just stay home all summer, it would get so boring.”

“Your forgetting his family is rich. He probably lives in some fancy castle with more rooms than there are days in the summer.” Ron’s jealousy was clear in his voice. “It isn’t fair he gets all that plus the fame and everyone bowing down to him. He gets everything.”

“And it will all be ours once I marry him.” Ginny smiled as she thought of what her life was going to be like once she was Lady Potter. “When we were little I heard mum and Dumbledore talking about a marriage contract. They were saying how they were going to make it so that we had control of everything and Harry would just have to do what he was told.”

“Marriage contract?” Hermione was confused. “That sounds like an arranged marriage.”

“It is.” Ron shrugged.

“But arranged marriages are wrong. No one does that anymore.” Hermione was stunned. First slavery and now this, she couldn’t believe how backwards the magical world was.

Ginny just rolled her eyes. “There are still plenty of families that use marriage contracts. Besides, what does it matter? It’s going to ensure that I get Harry even if we can’t get the twins to leave him alone. I’m just going to have to make sure that there is a clause that says he has to stay faithful to me”
Hermione didn’t know what to say, on one hand she hated the idea of arranged marriages, but on the other it would finally get Harry to behave. “I think I’ll get some books on them. It will let us figure out just what kind of things can be put in them.”

Hermione started to get excited. This could be her summer project. Plus, once she was minister she could make arranged marriages illegal but it would be too late for Harry to get out of it. They needed Harry to be married to Ginny, and if that was how it had to be done than so be it, she just didn’t have to like how it was done.

“Sure, whatever.” Ginny just shrugged, she didn’t really care what was in the contract. Just so long as she got to marry Harry and have access to all his money she would be happy.

Ministry of Magic, DOM

In the evening everything was quiet. In his office Regulus was sitting silently and going over an ancient text on shadow magics. Percy was sitting off to the side reading a scroll on transmogrification techniques that had once been common in Mesopotamia. It had been decided that there always needed to be someone in the DOM so Regulus and Percy had been on the night shift for the past week and worked from 10-4.

It had been the same every evening over the past week, and it would carry on like that for as long as needs be. They were waiting for Voldemort’s attempt to steal the prophecy.

Since there was no connection between Hadrian and Voldemort there was no way for him to trick Hadrian into getting the orb for him. That meant the man would have to be the one to get it.

Augustus Rookwood, who had returned to spying, had warned them Voldemort was planning to get it soon, although he couldn’t give an exact date. When Bode had failed to get the orb Voldemort had summoned him and finally gotten the information that only those who the prophecy was about could get it.

All Augustus had been able to learn was the basics. Evan Rosier and Antonin Dolohov were in charge of leading two groups of Death Eaters into the DOM to clear a path for Voldemort to take. They just hadn’t released the date they would be doing it, the other death eaters had just been told to be ready at all times.

Regulus had arranged for an alarm to be placed on the entrance to the DOM and another on the entrance to the Hall of Prophecies. As soon as anyone entered they would be alerted. They had also arranged viewing spells since Unspeakables weren’t known for keeping regular hours and often came in at night to work on different projects.

When Minister Shacklebolt was informed of what was happening he made arrangements for the aurors to be kept on alert. Once Regulus and Percy verified it was the death eaters they would send out the call. Arrangements had been made for aurors to floo into different offices that were usually secured from outside floos. They didn’t want to move to quickly, they wanted to wait until Voldemort made his entrance.

To ensure that the plan wasn’t leaked only those hand selected by Amelia were told the whole plan. The others were simply told they had had warning of some sort of event taking place and that they were to be ready to be called in at any time. They would floo into the auror office, be given the explanation of what was happening and their jobs, before they flooed into the DOM offices. Each team would be escorted by the leaders Amelia had chosen.
With everything they could do already done, all they had left was to wait.

It was just before midnight when the first of the alarm spells went off. Checking the viewing spell Percy jumped slightly when he saw the robed figures making their way into the DOM.

“It’s them.”

Regulus nodded. Turning, he sent out word that the death eaters were there, but that they hadn’t yet sighted Voldemort.

**Auror Headquarters**

Amelia looked out over the aurors in the room. “I know you are all confused, but we need to do this quickly. We received conformation of Voldemort's return a few months ago.”

Everyone started to whisper. There were a few who had known already, but most hadn’t really believed the mad ramblings of Dumbledore given what the Prophet had written about him before. Although the paper had changed its tone it had done far too much damage to the man’s reputation for it to be fixed quickly.

“Yes, I am aware of just what this means.” Amelia swept her eyes across everyone. “We have also received information that he and his followers have been planning to break into the DOM. Two minutes ago we received notice from 2 Unspeakables that the invasion is happening now.

From what we know there are 2 teams of Death Eaters who are clearing a path and Voldemort himself will follow them. We will move only once he has arrived as he is the primary target.

Now, while we would prefer to take them all prisoner, we do understand that that may not be possible. Minister Shacklebolt has signed off on the use of lethal force if you feel you have no other option. But, I will remind you, it is an option of last resort.

The Unspeakables have temporarily opened the floos in their offices so that we can enter unnoticed. I will be breaking you up into five teams, the team leaders are already aware of which office they are taking you to and the fastest routes to where the Death Eaters are going.

Are there any questions?”

No one had anything to say so Amelia and the team leaders got to work quickly getting their pre-chosen teams in line before heading out.

None noticed as Nymphadora pulled out a small piece of enchanted parchment and wrote out a quick note. But, it wasn’t like she was the only one sending off a message, she just had the most direct way for contact.

**Headmasters Office, Private Quarters**

Albus sighed as an alarm started going off. He had only been able to get to bed an hour ago. There was a lot of paperwork associated with running a school.
Getting up he saw the alarm was coming from one of the pieces of parchment he had handed out to the Order. He swore silently that if this wasn’t important then he was going to make sure this member suffered. It was only a short note but it made Albus’s year.

‘YKW/DE’s going to attack DOM. Aurors called. Tonks.’

Albus was thrilled. Finally Voldemort was going public. This was his chance to show everyone that he was the one standing against Voldemort.

Moving quicker than he had in years Albus got ready. Once he had everything he needed he sent word to the other Order members to floo into the atrium of the ministry as the ministry was being attacked.

He also sent his patronus off to Barnabus Cuffe. He wanted to make sure that a reporter would be available to interview him after the upcoming battle.

DOM

Amelia had been waiting in the office with Regulus and Percy watching the viewing spells they had had set up when multiple silvery animals arrived. Looking around she was a little startled by the number of them. There was a wolf, 4 dogs, an owl, a stag, and a doe.

All spoke in different voices warning that Dumbledore knew about the attack and was planning to be there. They said he would be flooing into the atrium in a few minutes with other members of the Order.

“Who?” Amelia questioned.

“The owl is my wife, the big dog is my brother, the wolf is Remus, the stag is James, and the doe is Severus.” Regulus explained.

“The collie and two labs are my dads.” Percy added.

“I should have known someone would warn him.” Amelia sighed. “Oh well, can’t stop it now. We just need to try and make sure he stays out of the way. He just wants the glory of being the one to fight him, we all know that.”

“I can go and try and slow them down as much as possible if you want?” Percy offered. “It might give you a chance to deal with this without having him interfering.”

“That would be preferable.” Amelia smiled. “You won’t be able to keep him too long, I know that, he is too obsessed with control to let that happen, but every moment counts.”

Percy nodded and flooed out to the atrium.

“If that man screws this up I will have his head, and the hide of whoever told him.” Amelia glared down at the viewing spells.

“You and I both know there were more than a few who alerted him.” Regulus glanced at her.

“I know. And I will make sure everyone knows just how… displeased I am.” Amelia smirked slightly. “There.”

Regulus looked to where Amelia was pointing. They both watched as a single dark cloaked figure
slowly made his way through the entrance of the DOM with a massive snake at his side.

“Everyone needs to get ready. He’s here.” Amelia whispered into her contact mirror, alerting the other aurors.

They waited as he moved. The way they had planned this was that they would wait until Voldemort was in the middle of the DOM before making their move. Two of the offices the aurors had flooed into would be behind him while the other three were in front. It would allow them to surround him and keep him contained slightly. There were also anti-apparation and anti-portkey wards around the entire department. Once they were in, they were going to do their best to keep them there.

**Atrium**

Percy was glad to see the atrium was still empty when he arrived. Going over to the elevators he cast a spell on each elevator which would slow them down. It would only give the aurors a few extra minutes but, like Madame Bones said, every moment counted.

Walking back to stand in the centre of the atrium he set up a few quick wards. He wasn’t sure who exactly would be coming with Dumbledore, but he figured they might be a little jumpy all things considered. The wards were only basic, but it would keep the Order members from doing too much damage to him if they started firing spells.

Once he was done, he stood with his hands clasped loosely in front of him and waited.

**DOM**

The moment Voldemort passed the half way point between the offices the doors were all thrown open. The aurors from the two offices behind him formed a semi-circle behind him blocking the escape route. The aurors from two of the offices in front of him took up a similar stance. Those in the third office moved towards the Hall of Prophecies to capture the Death Eaters.

Amelia took up her place facing Voldemort, her wand held tightly in her hand.

For a single heartbeat everything was still.

Then chaos rained as the spells started to fly.

While Voldemort was a master dualist, he was greatly outnumbered. There were over 2 dozen aurors all sending spells at him. His shields were strong, and he had plenty of protective jewellery and clothing, but spells were still getting through.

When the Death Eaters realized their Lord was under attack they turned back and tried to get to him, but there were two layers of aurors between them and him. The aurors were working on separating the Death Eaters and isolating them from each other so they wouldn’t be able to back each other up or work together.

The aurors fighting Voldemort had started to be pushed back much to their distress. Unfortunately the man had spent decades before his defeat learning arcane magic most didn’t even know existed so they didn’t know how to block it. Since he was so greatly outnumbered he was using group effect spells.
Nagini was also doing her own damage. Thanks to the magical alterations that she had been subjected too she was much faster than a normal snake. She was darting around biting anyone she could reach.

The good thing was that Severus had found the anti-venom recipe in the journals so he had mixed up a large batch for the aurors. But the issue was that while the potion would counter the venom, it wouldn’t close the injury. Because of the type of magic that had been incorporated into Nagini the puncture wounds would only heal with time and would in fact bleed more if magic was applied.

Once on the ground many of the aurors pulled themselves to be propped up against the wall and shot spells from there. They couldn’t do much else without risking major blood loss.

Hall of Prophecies

Within the hall the aurors were fighting hard. They knew they needed to stop as many of the Death Eaters in the room as possible. They couldn’t let them get back to their master.

Working in teams of two they worked to isolate the Death Eaters in the different rows. The Unspeakables had anchored the shelves more and cast multiple stabilizing spells on them so they wouldn’t collapse this time. Too many aurors could get hurt if that happened.

Kingsley was working with one of the newer recruits, Benim Howard. Howard had only finished his training 2 months before which was why he was partnered with him, Kings was one of the stronger aurors so he would be there just in case. But Kings wasn’t really worried, the younger man was holding his own even if he could improve.

Pushing the Death Eater they had targeted further away was difficult, who ever it was, they were a very good dualist. But they managed to get him separated, even if it came at a cost. An extremely powerful slicing hex had managed to break through Kings’s shield and had cut through his protective robes, leaving him with a large gash from his right shoulder down across his chest to his left hip.

Kings knew they needed to get him down soon. He was losing too much blood to be able to keep fighting for much longer.

Throwing a blasting curse at the other man Kings managed to throw him off balance, which was extremely helpful as he was in the process of casting a bone crushing curse at Howard. Rather than hitting him in the middle of the chest where he had been aiming and crushing his ribcage, the spell only nicked his left thigh. It could have been a lot worse, but Howards leg gave out beneath him as his femur was broken in multiple places.

Seeing his partner go down Kings started firing of spells rapid-fire. Anything he could think of he sent. So many spells coming at him just pushed the Death Eater even more off balance. He was able to block many of the spells, but many others got through.

Benim Howard refused to just stay down. Propping himself in the sitting position against the shelf behind him he saw what Kings was doing. He waited for a little, and when he saw his opening he took it.

The Death Eater was so focused on the spells coming from Kings that he completely missed the full body bind coming from the auror he had thought was out of the fight.

Kings sighed in relief as his target hit the ground. Looking back he smiled. Howards face was lined
with pain and was ghostly pale, but there was clear determination in his eyes. This kid was going to go far Kings knew.

Making his way over to the frozen Death Eater he took his wand out of his hand before snapping the power suppressing cuffs on his wrists. Taking his mask off Kings let out a low whistle. Grabbing the special portkey the aurors had been given expressly for this mission.

The portkeys had been made by the Unspeakables and were the only ones that would be able to get through the wards around the department. They had been set to drop their passenger off in one of the warded cells the ministry had.

Activating it both aurors watched as their target disappeared.

“That’s going to look good in your file Howard.” Kings smiled at the other man as he slowly lowered himself to the floor.

“What?”

“Well done kid, you just took down Evan Rosier himself.” Kings smiled at the shocked look on the kids face. “Not many junior aurors will be able to rival that.”

Pulling his robes fully opened Kings cast a sealing charm on his chest to slow his blood loss. Moving over to where the other man was, Kings got to work treating his injuries as best as he could. But there wasn’t much he could do. Only skele-grow and time would fix his leg which was his worst injury.

“Unfortunately, you're down and out. I can’t fix your leg, your gonna need a healer for that. I’m gonna go and see if anyone else needs help, just keep an eye open in case.” Kings started to pull himself up using the shelves.

“Pull me to the end of the row.” Howard said before Kings could leave. “I can keep an eye from there.”

“Are you sure, it will hurt.” Kings looked to the other mans leg.

“I know, but I can deal with it.” Howard gave Kings a determined look. “I might be down, but I’m not out.”

Kings gave him a respectful nod and grabbed hold and started to move him towards the end of the row. Thankfully they weren’t very far down since it caused them both a lot of pain.

Propping him up in a protected position that would still give Howard a view of the other rows, Kings set off in search of others.

Atrium

Ten minutes after arriving in the atrium Percy watched as the floos started to flair green and the members of the Order stepped out. Percy was just glad that it hadn’t been an emergency, if it had been it would already have been too late.

The members started milling around as they waited for Dumbledore. Overhearing the different conversations Percy could tell most didn’t really understand anything more than the fact that there were Death Eaters in the ministry.
He smirked as he saw a few who had known what was coming give him silent looks, most likely guessing who he was. Marlene nodded to him before she pulled on an invisibility cloak and slipped past him. While he had slowed all the elevators on this side of the atrium there was a single elevator just down the hall and to the left that the guards used that he had left alone.

They had arranged in advance that he wouldn’t touch that elevator on the night of the attack so Marlene could use it if she needed. Since she was a healer she would most likely be needed in the DOM. Percy saw no reason to deny the aurors a trained healer just in case.

Percy watched as he was almost completely missed. While a few had noticed him, the vast majority completely missed him. It really wasn’t giving a good image of them. It showed many were just followers and didn’t really have a real talent for what they were planning to do. There was a reason aurors received training, one of the many things it taught them was to be aware of their surroundings.

About a minute after the others arrived Dumbledore himself arrived. He was dressed ridiculously in a purely Gryffindor outfit. His cloak was a vivid red embroidered with golden lions. Percy wondered if the man was trying to bludgeon Voldemort to death with the symbolism.

Albus twinkled his eyes as he looked out at his Order members that had answered his call. “Thank you all for coming.”

“What is going on Headmaster?” Came a frightened voice.

“You said the ministry was under attack, but I don’t see anything.” Another added.

“I received a warning that Voldemort and the Death Eaters are going to attack the DOM tonight. We must ensure that they are stopped. There is something of extreme value within those halls that the dark must never get.” Dumbledore’s voice was grave as he spoke.

Albus felt a little annoyed that he had missed this. He should have expected Voldemort to try and get the full prophecy. But, since Severus refused to go back to spying he had lost his direct line into the dark.

But this might just be what he needed. This would help him to drive home the danger the Potter brat was in to his parents. Looking over he saw James and withheld a smirk. Maybe Severus would remember his place if his beloved husband were to be killed by Death Eaters tonight. It would also help him to get the brat into training with him.

“They must be trying to steal a dangerous weapon that is kept down there.” One of the Order members who worked at the ministry muttered. There were many in the ministry that didn’t like the DOM or the Unspeakables, they just gave them the creeps.

“A weapon more dangerous than you can imagine.” Albus said ominously.

Albus went to go towards the elevators when he came up short seeing the Unspeakable standing silently watching them. He really didn’t like Unspeakables, those robes they wore stopped him from being able to determine who they were. If he didn’t know who they were he couldn’t know how to properly manipulate them.

Pulling his wand, Albus aimed at the cloaked figure. The others saw what he was doing and they too finally noticed they were not alone.

“You were not invited here.” Percy said in a calm voice, he knew it was only a matter of time before his voice was recognized. While his fathers and their allies wouldn’t out him, there were
others that knew him. That include Professor McGonagall, and both Professors Tonks.

“We have received information that the DOM is to be attacked, we have come to protect it, and you.” Albus smiled, trying to figure out who was under those robes.

“That changes nothing. You were not invited here.” Percy said, noticing the thoughtful look on Ted Tonks’s face.

“You’re a Death Eater!” one of the Order members shouted before throwing a spell at him.

Percy didn’t even need to dodge, his attacker had zero aim. “No, I am not. I am merely stating a fact.”

Ted realized why the voice seemed so familiar, the boy had always just said he was stating facts when they had debated in his class. “Percy Weasley.”

Knowing there was no point denying it, Percy lowered his hood, hearing the Order members gasp. “Knowing my name changes nothing. You were not requested to come here tonight.”

“Now my boy, we just want to protect everyone.” Albus twinkled through his shock. Molly had told him the boy was working in the accounting office. “There is going to be an attack here tonight, someone needs to stand against Voldemort.”

“I am aware. That is why aurors were summoned. You are not aurors, you have not been trained to handle situations like this. Leave it to the professionals.” Percy instructed, knowing that he was going to be ignored.

“Don’t you speak to the headmaster like that Mr. Weasley.” McGonagall snapped at him. “We are here to help. You have no right to stand in our way.”

“You, are a teacher. If you want to be involved with situations like this then you should joint the auror core.” Percy said, his voice still completely calm.

“We are here to back up the aurors.” Andromeda argued. “My daughter is down there, and I will not let you stop me from getting to her.”

Percy raised an eyebrow. “Have I made a move to stop you. All I am doing is standing here. Although, your daughter is an auror, she will not keep that job long if she has to have her mummy come running to her defence every time she receives a call.”

Andromeda just glared before she moved past him and hit the button to call for an elevator.

“It really is for the best that you let us deal with this my boy.” Albus gave Percy a sad look hoping to make him feel guilty for holding them up.

“I have my doubts that Amelia Bones will feel the same.” Percy smirked as the man got in an elevator and the doors closed.

Many other Order members started piling into the other elevators. In the end only those Percy knew and trusted remained behind.

“Why didn’t you do anything to try and stop them Perce?” Fabian asked his son.

“Oh, I did.” Percy smiled at his father. “Those elevators have been slowed down. It’s going to take a while for them to get down there. Hopefully they won’t do too much damage to Amelia’s plan.
Wait here for a bit before using the other elevator please. If any of them ask just say you were waiting for the other elevators to come back up. It should only take them 10 minutes to reach the DOM floor. When you do get down there just try and stop any of the Death Eaters from leaving the DOM. We have wards up so if they are in the DOM they won’t be able to apparate or portkey away.”

Percy walked around the corner to the other elevators and left the atrium. Doing as he asked the others waited for a few minutes before they took the other elevator down, knowing they would arrive about the same time as the others so Dumbledore wouldn’t know that they had known what was happening.

Albus was working through his strategy while he stood in the elevator. He wanted to make sure this fight was appropriately dramatic. He just hoped the reporters got there in time to witness his heroic duel.

After what felt like a few minutes he looked around. Normally the elevators were very quick. It only took a few seconds to pass each floor.

Sighing he realized why Percy hadn’t tried to stop them from getting on the elevators. Looking up, he saw that they were only passing level 3.

The DOM was on level 9.

DOM

Marlene got off the elevator and moved silently towards where the sounds of fighting were emanating. Slipping through the door she pulled off the cloak she had gotten from James, she pulled out her medical bag and got to work.

She silently made her way from auror to auror passing out different potions, casting spells that would stabilize any injuries. She also cast diagnostic spells and gave each of them their own reports. If any were too seriously injured to be able to wait for other healers to arrive she would give them portkeys to St. Mungo’s. Like the portkeys to the cells, these had been made by the Unspeakables to get through their wards. She just had to be extremely careful since they couldn’t risk any of the Death Eaters getting their hands on them.

She had alerted some of the other healers at St. Mungo’s that she might be sending injured people just after she had gotten word of the attack. The portkeys would send them directly to the emergency unit.

Frank Longbottom breathed out a sigh as he sent another lower level Death Eater to the cells. So far he had managed to take down 4. His partner for the evening was currently trying to close a gash on his calf.

Moving over, Frank quickly bound his entire calf and wrapped his arm around him to help support him.

“Come on, let’s get you somewhere protected to deal with this.”
Frank was able to get him back into one of the offices they had started in, but couldn’t stay. He had seen many others resting against the wall and he had decided to start moving those that were too badly injured out of the line of fire.

Using his wand Frank started to move others into the office while still keeping an eye on what was going on around him. The last thing they needed was for someone to sneak up on them while they were distracted.

He could see Marlene making the rounds treating everyone she could. Regulus, like him, was moving the injured out of the way. Multiple other aurors were still fighting the few remaining Death Eaters. But most of his attention was caught by Amelia dueling Voldemort in the centre of the room, she was being supported by a few others.

Once he had everyone in the office he could reach, Frank started to make his way towards Voldemort and Amelia. Just before he reached them though he caught movement out of the corner of his eye. Nagini was moving swiftly towards where Marlene was treating an injured Dawlish.

“Marlene!” Frank shouted out in warning.

Marlene looked up when she heard her name shouted and saw the massive snake bearing down on her. Turning from her patient she slashed her wand through the air just as the snake started to lunge.

A large gash appeared down half of Nagini’s body. Throwing her head back the snake let out a terrifying unnatural hissing shriek.

Voldemort hissed in fury as he heard his familiars scream of pain. He tried to move towards her but was held back by a volley of spells that were sent at him when he was distracted.

The only reason he was still standing was due to all the different rituals he had preformed on himself over the decades. Stunners, bindings, and any other restraint spells couldn’t properly get a hold of him. His new body was also protected from those sorts of spells. But they were still starting to slow him down with the number he had been hit with.

“Get to her!” He hissed out to his followers that were near by.

He watched as one of them ran over and grabbed his dear Nagini. But it slowed his follower down greatly as she was such a large snake. It made him more of a target.

Voldemort knew that he needed to get to his familiar and get her out. She was carrying a piece of his soul. She was more important than the prophecy. That he could come back for. That piece of his soul could not be replaced if she was killed.

Taking a moment Voldemort drew on as much power as he could and cast an ancient Phoenician air spell that would extend in a circle out from his body. Any allied with him would not feel the wind, but those who opposed him would be thrown a minimum of twenty feet away.

Voldemort Smirked cruelly as he saw his enemies go flying. Then he noticed one had managed to cast a shield strong enough to protect her.

Amelia Bones had always been one of his more hated enemies. The woman was just too strong. He
had once tried to get her to join his followers, she was after all the eldest child of a Noble pure
blood family, but she had refused. Now he only saw her as a fool. She had sided against him,
abdicated her position as her families heir in favour of her younger brother, and fought him every
chance she got.

The woman needed to die. And he was going to make sure that it was today.

Amelia felt the wind slam into her shield, but managed to hold her ground. She couldn’t let him get
away.

The spell had thrown everyone back. It left the path out of the department open and she didn’t want
him to flee. She knew that he had realized it was a trap and would leave if given the chance.

She could hear movement behind her, but trusted her aurors to have her back if any Death Eaters
tried to attack her from behind. Moving forward, she went back to dueling.

Regulus was trying to reach Nagini, but was having a bit of trouble. As soon as he had moved
towards the Death Eater who was holding the snake Bellatrix had come out of nowhere and got
between the two of them.

While Bella was as mad as they came, she was still incredibly powerful and skilled at dueling. All
those raised in the Black family were. Their parents had had them start training in dueling when
they were only 4. Bella had taken to her training like no other and their family had started teaching
her more and more dangerous spells. Bella had been able to cast all the unforgivables by the age of
5.

But she had still been in Azkaban for over a decade while he hadn’t. Since he knew her as well as
he did he also had the benefit of knowing the different tactics she favoured.

He was finally making head way in separating the two Death Eaters when he heard the scream.
Glancing over he saw as Amelia was thrown to the floor after being hit with a bone breaker in the
shoulder. But this time, unlike many others, Amelia didn’t get back up. Voldemort started to walk
towards her with a cruel smirk, his wand tip glowing green.

That left him with a choice. He could keep fighting Bellatrix and kill Nagini, destroying the last of
the Dark Lords horcruxes, or he could go and fight the man and protect Amelia. In the end it really
wasn’t a choice.

“Tom!” Regulus shouted out as he lowered his hood.

He needed to make sure Voldemort would forget about Amelia, and it was the best way he knew
how. There was no way Voldemort wouldn’t go after him now.

“You!” Voldemort snarled as he saw one of his former followers that he had thought was dead.

This was another betrayer. Another coward that had turned from him. But this one didn’t even have
the defence of believing him to be dead. No, this one had turned traitor months before that night.

“All traitors will die.” He hissed as he advanced on the other man.
Frank saw Regulus draw Voldemort away from Amelia and knew he needed to step in. By turning to Voldemort he had had to turn his back on Bellatrix.

Moving forward he took Regulus’s place in the duel with the mad woman.

He could tell Bellatrix wanted to go after her cousin so he started to taunt her.

“Well well well. If it isn’t the big bad Bellatrix. The woman that can’t even kill her enemies. Let’s see if Azkaban has made you a better fighter, or maybe it made you an even more pathetic follower.”

Bellatrix screamed as she turned on him. “I will kill you this time! Then I’m going to find that wife of yours and play with her.”

“No you won’t. You're too much of a failure. Maybe you're just not as loyal to your master as you pretend to be.”

The taunting seemed to be working. As Bellatrix got angrier the sloppier her spells became, allowing Frank to dodge or block them. And every time he dodged or blocked the angrier she got.

As Bella let her rage take over Frank was becoming more focused. More and more of his spells were hitting, forcing her back enough that he started throwing a few more spells at the Death Eater that was trying to keep hold of the angry and injured Nagini.

Regulus was slowly turning himself and Voldemort. He wanted to get between the man and the door so he wouldn’t have a clear way out. But he also needed to be careful to make sure Voldemort wouldn’t notice what he was doing.

In spite of everything Voldemort was still a brilliant tactician in his own way. If they hadn’t had pre-warning he probably would have been able to get in and out without too much trouble.

The man was insane, but he wasn’t stupid.

Seeing that Regulus had Voldemort distracted, and Frank was dealing with Bellatrix, Kings slipped forward and made his way to where Amelia was laying. After a quick check he was glad to see she was still breathing and had just been knocked out when the spell had caused her to slam into the ground.

Slowly, he moved her over to where Marlene was treating yet another auror.

“Marlene.” Kings whispered to get her attention.

“Is she alive?” Marlene asked in a fearful voice, glancing between her patients and where her husband was fighting one of the most dangerous men in existence.

“Yes, she’s just unconscious.”

“Go back up Reg. I will deal with her. Please, Kings, I can’t lose Reg.” Marlene pleaded.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got his back.” Kings gripped her hands that were stained with the blood of
previous patients before he turned to go help her husband.

After finishing sealing the cuts on the auror she had already been treating, Marlene turned to Amelia. A quick scan showed that she was actually in relatively good shape all things considered.

She had multiple cuts and bruises, but they were all just minor. The most severe injuries were two fractured ribs, her shoulder was broken in four places and the ligament was damaged, and she had a severe concussion from hitting her head.

Pulling out her potions she started pouring them down the womans throat. Knowing Amelia as well as she did she chose to give her skele-grow rather than a pain potion. She knew Amelia would be able to handle the pain, but wouldn’t be able to handle having to go to the hospital rather than remain and help.

Binding her shoulder and ribs, Marlene cast the spell that would wake her up.

“You need to stay calm Amelia.” Marlene soothed the woman as soon as her eyes opened. “You’re going to be fine. You have a few fractured ribs, a broken shoulder and a concussion. You’re probably going to be dizzy or nauseous for a while.”

“Where is he?” Her eyes were slightly glassy, but she was looking around.

“He’s over dueling Reg. Kings has gone to back him up.” Marlene helped her sit up slowly. “I gave you skele-grow to start the healing. Figured you would prefer that to the pain potion. You’re going to need to move slowly, but you should be fine so long as your concussion doesn’t cause any complications.”

Amelia started to nod, but stopped as the room started to spin. Moving slowly, she got to her feet. Her entire body ached, but she needed to make sure her people were ok. While she knew she was in no shape to rejoin the fight, she could at least help her people as much as possible.

Regulus was starting to gain ground. It was with great joy that he started to push Voldemort further and further away from the door while systematically weakening him.

Thanks to his knowledge of ancient magics Regulus was able to do some real damage to the other man while also countering the spells coming at him. That was one of the things that had always made Voldemort so dangerous, he used ancient magics. Since they were so rare most didn’t know how to counter or block the magic.

He knew that Dumbledore did the same and that was why the two had been so evenly matched during the duels they had had during the last war. They both used it to make them look more powerful.

Kings had seen what he was doing and the two ended up being able to work very well as a team. They both were able to naturally play off what the other was doing. They would attack seconds apart. While Voldemort was able to block the first spells, he often missed the second or third.

Just as they were closing in they heard something they really didn’t want to hear.

Level 9, Outside DOM
Albus let out a sigh as the elevator doors finally opened. He had been ready to pull his hair out for the last five minutes. He had been trapped in an elevator with Minerva, Stergis Podmore, Andromeda and Ted Tonks, and Mundungus Fletcher.

Minerva and Andromeda had been complaining about how slow the elevator was. Stergis and Ted had been talking about why the elevator was moving so slow and trying to think of ways to make it speed up. And Dung just stood there smelling like his name.

Albus had a pounding headache as he stepped out and took a breath of clean air. Looking around he saw the other elevators were slowly making their way down. It took everything in him not to start tapping his foot like Minerva was doing as the waited for the others to arrive.

Albus had no intention of going into battle with out his loyal followers there. He needed to make sure there were witnesses to his heroics. Even more importantly, what else would he use as a shield if needs be.

Soon he was joined by James, the Prewett twins, and Remus. They had come from around the corner and explained the other elevators had been full so they had found another.

Minerva looked at the four critically. “Where is Severus, Arthur, and Sirius?”

Remus gave her a confused look. “At home with the kids. You didn’t expect us to just leave our children home alone, did you? The only reason Marlene came was because Rigel was sleeping over with Nicole and Leo.”

Minerva just huffed. They could have used more support, but she knew she couldn’t say anything. Even she knew you weren’t supposed to just leave children home alone.

Once everyone had arrived, more than a few grumbling about how long it had taken. Albus quickly gathered everyone together and started to lead them in the direction of the fighting.

Albus made sure to stop outside the DOM. He knew that there were wards around the place that would limit what could be said. They needed to be able to discuss everything publicly, and that meant they couldn’t go under those wards.

“TOM RIDDLE!” Dumbledore shouted once he was in the open area in front of the department. “COME OUT AND FACE ME! UNLESS YOU ARE TOO COWARDLY!”

DOM

Voldemort was furious. He was losing. How could a pathetic traitor like this be defeating him. No, he refused to lose.

Glancing over he saw that that Longbottom fool was getting too close to his familiar he snarled at the follower holding her. “Get her out of here.”

“I’m trying my Lord.” The man all but whimpered, Voldemort recognizing the whiny voice of Barty Crouch Jr. “The wards won’t let me leave.”

Voldemort hissed in rage as his attention was dragged back to the traitor when he was hit with a Chinese binding curse that actually managed to partially restrict his movement. He needed to get
out. Looking around, he saw that he was blocked from the exit. So that was what the fool had been doing, he had been blocking the exit.

Putting more power behind his curses he started trying to move towards the exit. But he wasn’t having much success. Or, any success much to his eternal rage.

But, then he heard it. He heard the voice of Albus Dumbledore. And he was implying he was a coward.

Of all his enemies none infuriated him like Dumbledore. That man was going to die.

In his rage Voldemort summoned up fiendfyre. It left those standing between him and the exit with no choice but to dive out of the way. There was no shield that could stop the fire, it just wasn’t used often since it took so much power and control to summon.

“With me.” Voldemort snarled to the few Death Eaters that were still standing as he moved towards the exit.

Amelia was ready to scream. She was going to kill that man.

They had been winning. Well over half of the Death Eaters had been captured. Regulus and Kings had been successfully moving Voldemort to where they could corner him and trap him.

As much as she wished they could just destroy the man, she knew they couldn’t. She had seen the way he had reacted to his snake being injured. It was a horcrux she knew. So long as that snake lived he couldn’t be destroyed.

As bad as it was, it was better to keep him in a body and know he was alive then have him returned to a spirit and not know where he was or when he returned. At least with him like this they had a spy in his group that could report to them.

Right now their best hope was just to contain the man in a magic free cell.

Percy saw the look of murder on Amelia’s face as Voldemort moved towards the exit. They needed to keep him trapped.

But if he wouldn’t stay in the trap, then they would just have to bring the trap to him. Running as fast as he could Percy slipped into one of the offices and started to gather the ward stones he would need.

With the stones he left. Looking around he tried to find others he could use. He could see Frank was trying to keep Bellatrix distracted, but the woman was just too focused on following her master.

“Frank!” Percy called out.

“I need to stop her, we can’t let them leave.” Frank snapped at the younger boy as he kept trying to get the woman’s attention again, it wasn’t working.

“I need your help with ward stones. We need to set them up outside to keep them contained.” Percy showed him the stones in his arms.
Frank understood. If they could set up another ward they could keep containing Voldemort, and that was more important. He grabbed a few of the stones and they started to move out. On the way they gathered a few others, including Regulus, to help them create the ward. The more of them there were, the stronger the ward would be.

**Level 9, Outside DOM**

Albus Dumbledore had a little smile on his face as he watched a snake like creature that he knew was Voldemort step out of the DOM. The man looked like he had been trampled by a heard of very angry centaurs. It would make things that much easier for him.

He was just going to have to be careful to hold back. They needed Voldemort to be able to escape. It was for the best that the man was able to flee. The masses would be more fearful then.

After all, it needed to be Harry that faced him in the end. The two would duel, and Harry would have to die to defeat him. If he did survive then Albus would just have to deal with the boy himself. Of course, that would only be after he was married to Ginny and the girl was pregnant. He would need another Potter child to use, and this time he would ensure that he had complete control over it.

Albus and Voldemort just watched each other for a few moments. Each having their supporters circle up around them. Dumbledore was a little surprised to see that there were only a few on Voldemort’s side. He had thought the man would have brought more, but it just worked out better for him.

It was easy to identify Bellatrix, much to Albus’s joy. He sent two quick spells at her. It was a tactic he had learned long ago. The first spell needed to be something strong and bright, while the second was something more subtle. Most never noticed the second spell.

In this instance the first spell he sent was an over powered stunner. It was bright and made a thick red line as it went at the woman. But the second was a pale yellow compulsion spell. As he had known would happen the woman dodged the stunner, but was hit with the compulsion. He forced himself to repress a smile as he saw the flash in her eyes showing the compulsion taking root before she turned and attacked James full force.

As soon as the spells had flown at one of his followers Voldemort had attacked. Throwing a blasting curse he caused many of Dumbledores followers to be thrown away as the floor under them shuddered and cracked.

Voldemort allowed a cruel smirk to grace his face as Barty dissaperated with Nagini as soon as they were out of the DOM. At least his soul was safe. Now, no matter what happened, he would win.

Glancing around Albus saw Percy and others setting up ward stones around them. He couldn’t have that. He needed Voldemort to be able to escape when things got too bad.

Looking over to Mundungus he sent out a legilimens probe. He implanted his need for the destruction of those ward stones. The other man gave a subtle nod and Albus turned back to Voldemort and started to duel the man.
Percy, Regulus, and Frank recruited James, Fabian, Gideon, and Remus to assist in setting the wards. The stones needed to encircle the area where Voldemort was as best they could.

James was just in the process of placing his stone over by one of the elevators when he felt someone coming up behind him. Turning quickly, his wand out, he came face to face with a dementedly smiling Bellatrix.

This wasn’t good.

Bella giggled insanely before she started her attack. She didn’t fully understand why she was attacking James Potter, she had been guarding her Lord’s familiar earlier, but now all she wanted to do was to kill this man.

James was quick to throw up a shield as the spells started to fly. Moving fast, James started to return fire.

Unfortunately for Bellatrix she had been fighting constantly for almost a half hour before this point. She was exhausted. Once, she had been able to fight non-stop for hours, but not anymore. The years and dementors had completely destroyed her stamina. Her muscles were screaming in pain as she waved her arm in exaggerated flourishes. She could also feel her spells growing weaker.

James knew he needed to get back to the ward stone, he hadn’t managed to activate it before he had been attacked. He didn’t have time to waste on the crazy witch and he knew it.

In what James could only consider to be anticlimactic, James threw a banishing charm at the woman. Her shield shattered under the spell and she was thrown back into a wall where he heard a sickening crack as she hit her head before falling in a heap on the floor.

Not taking the time to determine her injuries, James spelled her into the area that would be covered by the ward once it was up just in case she woke up, before turning back to the ward stone. It only took a few more moments for the stone to start to glow. Once the others had activated their stones the ward would be created.

Mundungus Fletcher knew what people thought when they looked at him. They saw nothing but a petty thief who was in desperate need of a bath.

And that was exactly what he wanted them to see. There were only a few people that had ever seen the true him.

The truth was that he was actually a master criminal. He had his fingers in everything from theft to smuggling. He could get anything anyone needed. And he was good at it.

Getting caught for little things had actually been part of his cover. It made people think him incompetent. He had always made sure what he was caught for would only result in a small fine, he had no intention of risking Azkaban. It meant that when something big happened no one even considered his involvement since they didn’t think he had the skills to pull anything off successfully.

Albus was one of the few that knew the real him. He had been one of his most loyal customers for decades. Almost everything illicit that Albus had had came from him.

Like Mad-Eye, Dung knew a great deal of Albus’s plans. While Mad-Eye had followed the plan
because he had agreed with the ideology, Dung followed for the profit. The thing about black-markets was that the products needed to be illegal. If the dark and neutral kept lifting restrictions like they had in recent years he was going to lose even more business. He had already seen a steep decline in his profit margins as the material required for ritual magic that he specialized in smuggling into the country was made legal to sell in regular shops.

He had no intention of letting that continue. And if a few people had to die to secure his bottom line, then he could live with it.

Moving silently, Dung stuck to the shadows as he watched the idiots setting up the wards. Those needed to be destroyed. They needed the Death Eaters to be able to escape.

But he couldn’t let anyone know that he was the one who broke the ward. He was a master of plausible deniability, and that was what he needed.

Standing back he watched as the fighting continued for a few minutes. It wasn’t going well. Despite Albus being a powerful wizard, he was getting old, and he hadn’t properly dueled in years. Dung could see he was struggling, even if the man was trying to play it off like he wasn’t.

He watched as an Unspeakable moved forward. While he knew the red head was Percy Weasley, he didn’t really know who the other was. He recognized him from somewhere, but he couldn’t place him.

Dung didn’t understand what the Unspeakable was doing as he moved forward to grab Voldemort’s wand arm before moving way fast. But he didn’t really care, he had seen his window.

Dung was good at seeing the consequences of different actions. His mum had always said it was because there was seer blood on her side of the family. He watched as one of the few still standing Death Eaters raised his wand to cast the killing curse at Stergis Podmore.

Sending a nasty stinging hex, he watched as the Death Eater’s arm jerked down just as he cast the spell. The killing curse went wide and slammed directly into one of the now active ward stones causing the wards to flare before they fell as the stone shattered.

And that was his job done. Dung smirked slightly as he slipped back into the shadows to wait for the fight to end so he could go home to bed.

Percy had let out a sigh of relief when he saw the wards flicker to life once the last of the stones had been set in place.

“IT’s done?” Amelia questioned from where she stood next to him.

“Yes, the wards are up.” Percy said happily.

But only a few minutes later the wards had flared again, and then fell.

“What happened?” Amelia demanded in a panic.

Percy looked around to see what had gone wrong and then he saw the issue and pointed it out. “There. One of the stones has been destroyed.”

Percy turned on his heels and ran back into the DOM. They needed another ward stone to replace the one they had lost. He ran as fast as he could back into the office, just hoping he wasn’t too late.
Regulus grinned as he dodged away from Voldemort. When he had seen the man was distracted by Dumbledore he had seen a chance.

While he had seen the wards flare to life, he still didn’t fully trust that they would last. There were still too many things that could go wrong now that they had civilians trying to play hero involved.

As soon as he had set his ward stone Regulus went back into the DOM. In one of the deeper departments he grabbed one of the older magic suppression bands. He wished there were two, but they had only had the one to experiment on.

The older bands had been fazed out because of the issues that had developed. The bands stopped all magic moving down the arm. The only way to remove them was to have the removal key, or for them to wear out, and it took a minimum of 3 months to run out of power, or to amputate the arm.

Originally the bands had been used for those on probation to keep them from using any magic. The problem was that they on occasion permanently damaged the wearers core if they were on too long. But, Regulus didn’t see a problem with that. In fact, Voldemort’s core being damaged would actually be a good thing. But there was another issue, one that Regulus knew was going to drive Voldemort even crazier. The reason the band suppressed power for as long as it did was because it fed off the wearers power. The more spells the wearer tried to cast, the longer the band would remain on.

Leaving the DOM Regulus worked his way towards Voldemort. When there was a lull in the fighting he darted forward, wrapping the band around Voldemort’s wrist before getting out of the line of fire. He was surprised at just how easy it was.

Regulus smiled as he saw Voldemort try to fire a spell, but the band glowed and nothing came from his wand. He couldn’t stop the smirk that graced his face as Voldemort’s red eyes sought him out, there was pure rage in that look.

Unfortunately he knew that Voldemort was ambidextrous but he preferred to use his right hand. While he could cast spells with his left his movements weren’t as precise making the spells less powerful, it also weakened his aim.

But he didn’t have much time to celebrate his success as the wards around them fell only a few moments later.

Bellatrix was woozy as she woke up. Her head was pounding.

Pushing herself up slightly she groaned as her body resisted her movements causing her to slump back to the floor. Trying again, she managed to look around to see what was happening around her.

She saw her Lord facing off against Dumbledore. But something was wrong. He was using the wrong wand arm and she knew it, she had made it her business to know everything about her Lord that she could.

When one of Dumbledore’s spells got to close to her Lord for her comfort she pulled her wand and started sending spells at him from where she lay on the floor.
Albus was startled when he saw an Unspeakable get between him and Voldemort. He didn’t understand what he had done.

But, whatever it was, it had weakened Voldemort. The man’s spells were now weaker and he had switched wand arms for some reason.

That made things harder for him. He wanted the man to escape, so having him weakened just made that harder. He needed to make the fight look real, no one could think he was holding back. But now he had too, especially if he didn’t want to win this time.

Rather than weakening his spells, Albus started to aim a little to the left so most would miss. But he didn’t have to pretend for long.

Suddenly he started being hit with all manner of spells. Thankfully his robes were acromantula silk and repelled most spells or he would have been in serious trouble. Even with the robes he felt the pain as cutters and bludgeoning charms hit him.

Trying to block the spells, he kept his attention on Voldemort.

When the wards fell he couldn’t help but let out a little sigh of relief.

Voldemort was absolutely furious. Looking down for a second he saw the band that that traitor Regulus had placed around his wrist. He easily recognized the power suppression runes.

This was bad. He needed to get this band off. There was no way he could win this fight now. He needed to get out, but the wards kept him from apparating.

All he could do was switch his wand to the other hand and keep fighting. He was secretly pleased when another started firing spells at the old man, not that he would ever admit it. Looking around he saw a bruised and bloody Bellatrix laying on the floor firing spells at his enemy for him.

When the wards fell he saw his chance. Moving as fast as he could he went to where Bellatrix was laying and grabbed on before apparating away.

Amelia was ready to scream as she saw the few remaining Death Eaters apparate away after their master. She was going to gut whoever it was that told Dumbledore about the attack when she found them. They had been so close to trapping the man, but no, the old fool just had to interfere.

Rather than focusing on the old fool, Amelia turned away and focused on her people. There were many injuries that were going to need to be tended too. Sending out an emergency signal she called for healers.

All aurors had emergency beacons that would allow healers to apparate directly to them if they had been injured, they just knew better than to use them when they were still under attack.

In less then two minutes there were a dozen healers showing up, ready to get to work. Amelia was pleased to see just how fast they had responded. When she asked why so many had been ready to go she was told that Marlene had sent a warning earlier and had been sending people through since she had arrived. They had been getting ready since the moment they had received the warning.
It was only after her aurors were taken care of that Amelia turned her attention towards Dumbledore. She snarled low in her throat as she saw him off to the side talking with Barnabus Cuffe. Of course he had contacted the press.

“Albus Dumbledore.” Amelia stormed over. “Just what do you think you were doing?”

“Hello Amelia.” Albus twinkled at the woman, but inside he was furious with the tone of voice she was using on him. “What ever do you mean?”

“I mean… What do you think you are doing involving yourself in auror business?” Amelia huffed, momentarily ignoring the reporter.

“I was just offering my assistance. When I learned that the ministry was under attack I saw no other choice but to come and help. It is what any decent person would do. I have, after all, face Voldemort many times before and didn’t want anyone to die because they went up against him unaided.” Albus said, making himself out to sound like a selfless hero for Barnabus.

“You… Are a headmaster, not an auror.” Amelia snapped. “We did not want nor need your interference.

If I ever find out who it was that leaked this too you I will have their job and charge them with corruption and leaking classified information.”

“Now surely there is no reason for that Amelia. There was no corruption.” Albus didn’t like the sound of that.

“Oh, so you just so happened to be passing through the ministry in the middle of the night with you little group.” Sarcasm dripped from Amelia’s tone. “You will go back to the school. I will be there tomorrow at lunch and we will be going over your story. If you leave anything out I will make it my mission to find out every secret you have.

We will be discussing exactly who you called here tonight. And they, like you will be honest, and give me a complete explanation of everything they did this night.

Now, go.

Cuffe, while I might not be able to stop you from reporting this, I am warning you now, it will be honest. The identities of all involved with this are, for right now, classified until the family members are notified about what has happened. You will not, I repeat, NOT, be causing a panic with false information.

The ministry will be releasing a public statement in the morning. Now, you leave too.”

Turning back to the mess, Amelia got ready to finish dealing with this before she too went to the hospital to get her injuries healed.

Great Hall - June 24, 2006

Albus winced slightly as he made his way down to the great hall for breakfast the day after the battle at the ministry. He had had to spend the night in the hospital wing, along with a few others, to heal from their injuries.

The healers had actually tried to stop him from leaving this morning, but he needed to be at
breakfast so he had just ignored them. What happened was going to be in the paper this morning and he needed to make sure the students saw him there. Knowing what he had done and then seeing him at breakfast like nothing was different would make him look even better. He needed the students to see him as the hero.

Rather than using the staff entrance Albus chose to use the main entrance. This would allow the students to get a good look at him as he walked amongst them. It would make them connect with him more.

Glancing around and smiling at the students watching him, he spotted the Potter brat. He had been annoyed to learn that James had managed to survive the attack by Bellatrix unscathed. It would have made getting the boy in line much easier, but Albus was sure he would eventually get through to the boy. He was going to have to get the boy up to his office today to discuss things with him.

Reaching his seat he smiled merrily around at the students as he waited for the arrival of the paper to announce what had happened the night before.

Only a few minutes after sitting down and starting breakfast, Albus smiled as the owls brought the mail and newspapers. He took the two papers that were delivered to him, making sure to unroll the Prophet first as he preferred that paper.

Written across the front of the paper was the confirmation of Voldemort’s return and the attack on the ministry. Quickly skimming the multiple articles Albus was pleased to see how his involvement was being portrayed. It showed him as willingly risking his life to assist the aurors in battling Voldemort. It gave a very dramatic rendition of his personal duel with the man.

There were other articles that detailed other aspects of what had happened. There was a statement from Minister Shacklebolt about how the ministry had been aware of the return and had been preparing in secret so as not to tip their hand. He told everyone that they had had pre-warning about the attack and had planned a trap, which was why the aurors had been there.

Another article went over how 21 aurors had been injured in the attack. Most were minor injuries, only 6 had critical injuries but that all were expected to make a full recovery. In total the aurors had captured 27 Death Eaters and that another 2 had been killed in self defence.

Then Albus opened the Seer. It covered much of the same information. Again, there were articles about the return, the ministers statement, the injured, and another about how it had been a trap. But Albus was less than pleased when he saw that they mentioned how civilians had interfered. Rather than praising them for their selflessness, they gave a recommendation that civilians shouldn’t get involved in auror business as it risked not only their lives, but the lives of aurors.

In all, it was a good news day for him. While it wasn’t perfect, since that stupid Seer still existed, it could have been worse.

Going back to his lemon curd and scone, Albus listened as the whispers grew as students read the paper.

Hadrian looked down at the paper and let out a little sigh of relief. He was glad that the only deaths had been Death Eaters.

He had been so worried lately that he had made Sirius promise that when the attack did happen he
would stay home with the girls. History had repeated itself too many times for him to want to risk Sirius being anywhere near the vail again.

But that wasn’t the only thing that was making him relieved. Looking through the paper he saw that one of the Death Eaters that had been killed was Antonin Dolohov. During the battle of Hogwarts it had been Dolohov that had killed Remus.

While things might be different, it just made him feel better each time they made sure something couldn’t happen again. He smiled happily, this year was ending on a good note.

Hermione was on the other side of the hall having a much different reaction along with Ron and Ginny. She couldn’t believe it, a man had come back from the dead.

Ron and Ginny had spent years explaining to her just what You-Know-Who had done with his supporters. It disgusted her just how many of those supporters had managed to buy their way out of trouble.

And now he was back. And the war was going to restart.

Hermione didn’t want to believe this. She didn’t want to think that that monster was alive again. She was going to see if she could meet with the Headmaster. She was sure he would know what to do.

Both Ron and Ginny, while worried about the news, chose to focus on glaring at the Slytherins. They were sure that the Headmaster would protect them so they really weren’t afraid.

While Ginny glared at the Slytherins she kept glancing over to where her Harry was reading the paper while he ate. She knew that he would be the one to save them all again. After he had saved them they would get married.

Ron, was just busy glaring. Nothing was really crossing his mind other than his hatred for those snakes. He knew they were probably glad He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had escaped. He bet that by the time they came back from the summer they would all be marked.

**Headmasters Office**

Albus let out a sigh of relief as Amelia flooed away. The woman had just spent the better part of an hour yelling at him for going to the ministry the night before.

While it wasn’t pleasant having to listen to the woman berate him, he knew he was safe. He hadn’t technically done anything illegal so there was nothing she could do. Plus, since he was once again in control of the Prophet he knew that they wouldn’t print anything bad about him.

He had already sent word to his contacts in the auror department to ensure that any evidence that may have existed about their contacting him was destroyed. The more aurors he had in his pocket the better, the last thing he needed was any of them being fired.

While he would like to relax and just take a break with his lemon drops, he still had so much to do before the students all went home the next day. Just after breakfast he had gotten a message from Hermione requesting a meeting. He didn’t know what it was about, but he decided to humour the girl this time.
Hopefully the girl would be quick this time as he had a meeting scheduled with Molly in less than half an hour. He wanted to talk to her about Percy. Having an Unspeakable on their side would be of great benefit. But even if they couldn’t get him, then there was always Regulus.

He was also going to need to arrange a meeting with the Potter boy. After thinking about it he knew that he would need to either have Sirius or Severus in the office too, since he knew the brat wouldn’t come up without them much to his annoyance, and he had decided to have Sirius come too. Between the two men he believed that he would be able to sway Sirius to his viewpoint more than Severus.

And, of course, he had to do the last minute paperwork. The school governors had submitted another report on the wards. They were having the goblins checking them every month now because of the whole blood quill issue. They had found the alterations he had been making and ordered the wards be changed back over the summer. He hated them taking another part of his control from him.

It was just after lunch when Hermione walked into the office, Ron and Ginny following behind. Albus invited the three to sit down and offered them lemon drops, both of the girls refused, but Ron grabbed a handful.

“What is it that I can do for you three?” Albus asked in his kind grandfatherly voice.

Hermione fidgeted slightly. “We wanted to… It’s just…”

“You were wondering about what happened last night.” Albus finished for the girl. He was more than happy to tell them, it would get more stories in the rumour mill.

“Yes, sir.” Hermione nodded eagerly.

“Most of it was in the paper.” Popping a lemon drop in his mouth Albus smiled. “I received some information that Voldemort was planning on attacking the Department of Mysteries in the ministry in an attempt to steal a weapon. I reached out to a few old friends and we went to assist the aurors in defending the ministry. My old friends and the aurors dealt with the Death Eaters while I dueled with Voldemort.

Unfortunately the wards set up by the Unspeakables fell and Voldemort was able to escape with a few of his more loyal followers.”

Albus smiled as the children reacted perfectly. They all flinched every time he said Voldemort’s name and gave him stunned looks as he told them about how he had dueled the man. He knew they would spread the word about how the escapes were the fault of others and that he had been the hero while everyone else had just been there. With how the gossip worked in the school he knew it would be twisted and stretched making him look even better.

The kids were all astounded at just how great the man in front of them was. While they had always known that he was great, it hadn’t been like this.

“Is there anything we can do to help sir?” Hermione asked in an awed voice. “Mrs. Diggle wrote to Ron and Ginny telling them about the group you had during the last war restarting.”

“Can we join it?” Ron asked eagerly. He wanted to help get rid of the snakes. Ever since Molly had stopped his potions and mind healer appointments he had fallen back into his old prejudices.
Albus gave a full twinkle eyed smile. “You are still too young to join. You need to be of age and finished with Hogwarts to join.”

“But sir…” Ron whined.

“No but’s Ronald. Besides, I don’t think your mother would let you join early even if we changed the rules.” Albus smiled as he saw the three react to the idea of Molly’s reaction. “But, there is something you can do.

As you know, young Harry has previously defeated Voldemort. But there is more. While I can’t explain everything to you for security reasons, I can tell you that Harry is the only one that will be able to defeat him again. That means we are going to need to get him into training. I have a meeting scheduled with him after dinner.

I am going to request your assistance. Harry is going to need friends like you three to guide him down the right path. He is going to need strong, light, friends.”

“We’ve been trying headmaster.” Hermione said in a whiny voice. “He just won’t listen. He spends all his time with Fred and George,” Ginny growled slightly at that, “or Draco and Neville. No matter what we do, he just won’t fall in line.

I tried to get him to study with us and gave him a study schedule but he didn’t show up. I honestly don’t know how he thinks he is going to pass his OWLs since he refused to let me help him study.”

The girls voice had grown quite pompous by the end making Albus want to sigh. It seemed the girl still hadn’t realized she didn’t know everything.

“I know that the boy can be difficult, he wasn’t raised the way he was supposed to be, but you need to try harder.” Albus told them in a serious voice. “While I know there might be plenty you disagree with him about, you need to keep it to yourselves for now. Make him think you agree with him. Like I told you after Christmas, you need him to trust you before you can start to show him the proper way to behave. It will benefit all four of you to be friends.”

“How?” Ron asked in confusion.

“Well, for Harry it will make him a better wizard.” Albus explained. “Ronald, you will gain the benefit of notoriety. It will make you a public figure and you will be able to use that to show others the proper way to behave as a good light wizard. It will make you famous.

Ginny, it will allow people to see you as a couple. Your mother and I have been working on ways to separate Harry from the twins, and you will need to be there to comfort him when he realizes just how much of a mistake he made dating them. The twins will be graduating this year, so you have the next two years without them being near him. We all know that you would be the perfect Lady Potter.

As for you Hermione, there is not only the fame of being friends with the Boy-Who-Lived but there is also the knowledge. Harry is the heir of some very old families, and many of them have their own private libraries. The Black family in particular is said to have one of the most extensive collection on ancient magics in the world. If you were friends with Harry you would be able to gain access to it.”

Hermione huffed. She still hated that the pure blood families were hoarding knowledge and denying everyone else access based on their blood status. She had at first seen the benefit when she
had learned that she was connected to two old families, but that hope had died quickly. The books that had belonged to the Dagworth-Granger family had been amongst what was lost due to her ancestors gambling addiction.

And the whole Umbridge connection had proven to be a complete disaster. Not only did they not have any private library or grimoire, but they also were not a family that would provide her with any benefit. Ever since Deloris Umbridge had been removed from the school the woman had been labeled a complete disgrace. She had been fired from her position at the ministry, was under investigation for possession of illegal artifacts, and hadn’t been able to get a new job. Her family wasn’t any better. Most just survived off the profit they got from a farm they owned, and it wasn’t even a very successful farm. Hermione didn’t want anyone to connect her with that family.

“Just try and spend time with him.” Albus reiterated. “That means you have to keep your opinions to your self. The more time you spend around him the better.

Ron, Ginny, I am going to be talking with your mother about seeing if Harry can stay with the two of you during any meetings we have. I will see if you will be able to join them Hermione.”

Before any of the children could reply the floo flared and Molly stepped out.

“Ronnie, Ginny.” Molly squealed as she rushed over to hug her children. “Hello Headmaster, Hermione dear.”

Albus waved his wand and summoned up another chair for Molly.

“What brings you three up here. I hope you aren’t causing any problems.” Molly’s voice grew stern as she looked to her children.

“Nothing of the sort Molly.” Albus twinkled at her. “The children had just wished to offer their assistance to the Order, but I explained they were too young.”

Molly smiled at the children. She was proud that they were so willing to assist, even if she was more than pleased with the fact that her babies were too young to join, she didn’t want them involved in the war. Now, if only Harry would follow her babies examples.

“I have however requested their assistance with showing Harry how to behave properly.” Albus carried on.

“Good, that boy really needs to learn how to behave.” Molly huffed. “Honestly, I can’t believe James has allowed his son to be so disrespectful. We need to help that poor boy.”

Albus withheld his sigh as Molly started her usual rant about Harry and how they needed to get him away from his family. As much as Albus wished he could get Harry away, he had finally accepted that it wasn’t going to happen. Eventually, he knew he needed to interrupt.

“I am aware Molly, but there is nothing we can do. James and Severus, aided by Sirius, just have too much power in the Wizengamot for us to be able to remove the boy.

Now, on to what I called you here for Molly. I was wondering how your relationship with Percy is?”

“Percy?” Molly was confused. She didn’t understand why anyone would care about Percy.

“Yes. I learned something very interesting about Percy’s job last night.” Albus informed them all.
“What could be interesting about Percy’s Job?” Ron rolled his eyes at the thought of his older brother. “He works in accounting. You couldn’t find a more boring job if you tried. But then again, it is Percy, so it fits him.”

“That’s just it, Percy doesn’t work in the accounting department. That is apparently just a cover.” Albus cut in.

“What, that isn’t possible.” Molly said. “Percy said that he had gone to work in the accounting department. He wouldn’t have dared lie to me.”

“But he did.” Albus twinkled. “It would seem that Percy works as an Unspeakable. He was there last night.”

Molly just stared.

“What’s an Unspeakable?” Hermione questioned.

“An Unspeakable is what they call those that work in the Department of Mysteries. It is a top secret department in the ministry where they study all different kinds of magic.” Albus explained to the girl. “Almost everything they do in the department is classified and there are extensive secrecy spells, wards, and oaths involved with anything within the department. Even the names of those who work there are usually kept secret and they wear robes with long hoods to cover their faces so no one can see who they are.”

“What do they research?” Hermione was interested, she wanted to know as much as she could, so maybe she would apply to work in that department.

“That’s just it, no one knows.” Albus pretended not to care, but in truth he hated that he had no idea what happened in that department.

“Are you sure it was Percy?” Molly interrupted.

“Very sure. I spoke with him.” Albus turned to the older woman. “I was hoping that you could speak with him about aiding us. Voldemort targeted that department for a reason.

He has access to incredible amounts of information and magic that would help us greatly in this upcoming war. I know it will be difficult for him to give us information due to all the secrecy spells, but I’m sure he is smart enough to get around them at least slightly.”

“Oh, don’t you worry about it headmaster, I will definitely be speaking with him about this.” Molly was furious she had been lied to.

Sure, she knew that she really hadn’t had anything to do with Percy or any of the older children for years, but she was still angry. She had been their mother for years and yet they had absolutely no respect for her.

First Bill had refused to take the job she wanted him to. Charlie had not only refused to take the job she wanted him to take but had also refused to marry Nymphadora who would have made the perfect wife for him. Fred and George had never been respectful, but now they had gone so far as to try and steal her baby girls future husband. And now Percy had been proven to be lying to her about his job.

She was going to have to get him to meet with her. While she knew he wasn’t a child anymore so she couldn’t ground him she was going to make sure he knew just how disappointed in him she was. Once he understood his mistake she would make him tell the Headmaster everything he was
working on.

“That’s wonderful.” Albus grinned as he took another lemon drop. “That will be all.”

Albus was pleased as Molly flooed away and the children left. So long as they did what he said he was sure things would work out.

ROR

Hadrian lay snuggled between the twins just before dinner. He knew they were working on something, but whenever he had asked they had just told him they would tell him soon and then distracted him with kisses. That was how they ended up cuddling in the ROR.

He had already been informed that he and his Uncle Sirius were wanted in a meeting with Dumbledore after dinner. He really wasn’t looking forward to it. The only good thing was that at least he knew he was going to have some support.

While his family always did their best to interrupt any meeting between him and the headmaster, it still put him on edge when he was requested to go up there alone. It was obvious that Dumbledore was finally learning that he wouldn’t willingly spend any time alone with him. Either that, or he was just getting tired of being yelled at every time he was caught attempting to get him alone.

More than likely Dumbledore thought he would be able to get Siri to see things his way. His papa had made no secret about how he felt about Dumbledore’s actions in recent years. Plus, his papa was a Slytherin and Hadrian knew that Dumbledore was already turning against the snake house even more now that Voldemort was back.

Hadrian knew that soon enough Dumbledore was going to be blaming the snakes for everything even more than usual. No doubt as the war started to ramp up those like Weasley would start back on their anti-Slytherin rants, like Death Eaters only came from Slytherin.

Headmasters Office

Hadrian really didn’t want to do it, but just after dinner he found himself walking side by side with Sirius on the way up to the headmasters office. They both knew that this had to do with what had happened the night before. Undoubtedly, Dumbledore was going to try the idea of Hadrian needing training again like he had done the year before.

After entering the office and taking their seats, like always refusing the offer of lemon drops, they looked to the old man and just waited. Neither of them was going to willingly start the conversation.

“Ah my boys.” Albus smiled at the two, annoyed with the blank looks they gave him in return. “I requested you both up here because I feel there are a few things we need to discuss.”

Both just stayed silent, making the headmasters eye twitch slightly. He was really getting sick of their uncooperative behaviour.

 Earlier, Albus had pulled out his pensive and gone over his memory of the night before so that he would have a clear view of who was involved and who had done what and when. One of the things he wanted to know was just who the Unspeakable was that had gotten between him and
Voldemort, and what the man had done.

When he had seen that it had been none other than Regulus Black himself he had been aggravated once again. Marlene had barely spoken to him for months, and now he learns that her husband, a supposedly dead Death Eater, was working in the DOM. There was so much information that she could have been giving him, but she hadn’t. He was planning on having a word with her about her withholding information. For years, Albus had been trying to get information out of the DOM only to learn that the members of his Order were connected to two Unspeakables but never bothered to tell him really made him question the loyalty of his followers. But he would fix it.

“I wanted to speak to the both of you about last night.” Albus carried on when it was clear the others weren’t going to speak first. “As you both know, Voldemort attacked the DOM. He was after information about how you managed to stop him last time Harry.”

“And he failed.” Sirius said blandly.

“Yes, he failed… This time.” Albus made his voice go dramatic. “But that will not be the end of it. We all know that he will go after Harry again in the future, he will not give up. Harry is going to need to be protected and trained for what is to come.”

“I thought we had made ourselves clear last year.” Sirius rolled his eyes. “Hadrian, will not be involved in this war. He is still an underage student, and that is how you will treat him.

As for Voldemort, while we will all fight him if he attacks us, we have no intention of sending any of our children after him. We will leave that to the professionals.”

“Sirius, surely you must see that Harry needs to be trained to defend himself. I just want to ensure that he will be able to protect himself, and others, should the worst happen.” Albus tried. “His protection is of the utmost importance.”

“Why would Voldemort come after me again?” Hadrian questioned innocently.

“I do not wish to overwhelm you my dear boy, but there was a prophecy.” Albus was internally gleeful at the question. “I can not give you all the details, we wouldn’t want it getting out after all, but what I can say is that you are the one that is destined to defeat him. Voldemort is aware of the first part of the prophecy, so he will undoubtedly be coming after you again. I just want to ensure that you are properly prepared. To do that, you are going to need to be trained.

Now, it would have been better if you had agreed to start your training last year, since it would have allowed us to cover more, but I’m sure with enough hard work you will be ready. We will have to make up a schedule for you to learn different defensive spells and also occlumancy. In case you don’t know occlumancy is a way to protect your mind. I have mastered the skill so I will teach it to you. There is a connection that exists between you and Voldemort, and we wouldn’t want him to use it to access your mind.

I will have the schedule delivered to you before you leave on the train tomorrow. I would also recommend that you move into the Order Headquarters as it is more secure. I know it might be hard to leave your family, but it really is for the greater good my boy.”

Hadrian and Sirius just looked at the old man like he had lost his mind for a few moments.

“First off, Hadrian is not moving out. He is 15, he is not old enough to live on his own.” Sirius said, trying to stay calm. “Hadrian is perfectly safe at home.”
“He needs to be protected Sirius.” Albus tried sending out a compulsion. “It would be better if he stayed in a protected safe house.”

“Our manor is perfectly safe. It is un-plotable and is covered in hundreds of years of family wards. The only way to enter is with a personal invitation, and anyone meaning harm to anyone in the manor will be rejected by the wards.” Sirius explained. “There is no way we are going to allow Hadrian to move out of a perfectly safe place just to go to another place that has multiple people going in and out at all times.”

“And there really isn’t any way I can get any extra training.” Hadrian made sure that Dumbledore couldn’t continue the argument. “It’s the summer. We aren’t allowed to use magic without permission from the ministry, or with ministry approved tutors. I currently have neither.

As for the occlumency lessons, those aren’t needed. Papa is a master occlumens and has been teaching me since I was little. I am also a member of the occlumency club here at school. While I will admit I am no master, yet, I can confidently say that my mind is well defended. Even papa has a hard time getting past my shields.”

Albus was annoyed. Once again he was being denied. Also, occlumency club, he hadn’t even heard of an occlumency club being held at his school. He didn’t want the students to learn that skill, he liked being able to wander in and out of peoples mind as he pleased. Even if the students in that club weren’t strong enough to keep him out completely, it would allow them to notice when someone was trying to get into their minds and he didn’t want anyone finding out he used that particular skill on the students.

“Well, I think that covers everything.” Sirius smiled. “As I already stated, Hadrian is well protected. His fathers and I have always done whatever it takes to keep him safe, of course.”

Albus was annoyed but forced himself to smile. This wasn’t what he wanted. He hated this constant denial of what he wanted. And he couldn’t even really argue it to much since he couldn’t deny that a Peverell property would be highly protected.

“I’m just trying to ensure that Harry is ready for whatever may come.” Albus assured them.

“Not to worry Headmaster, we have always gone out of our way to ensure Hadrian is ready for the future. But, like I said, we have no intention of sending him out to fight in a war when he is still in school.” Sirius made sure to emphasize that Hadrian would not be fighting while he was still a student.

“I understand that you might not want Harry to be involved in the war, but that might not matter. Voldemort will come for him, it would be best if he was trained and knew how to handle things so that he can defeat him for good this time.” Albus said.

“Headmaster, I don’t think you understand what I am saying.” Sirius took a deep breath. “Hadrian will not be ‘defeating’ anyone. He is a student, not a soldier. And, his fathers and I will not be acting like he is, it isn’t his responsibility to stop Voldemort, he already did that once, now it’s someone else’s turn.

Come on Hadrian, you still have to pack for going home tomorrow.”

Sirius made sure that Hadrian was out of the office before he turned back to the headmaster. “I really don’t know how many times and ways we can say it to you Albus, Hadrian is not going to be involved in this war in any way until after he is of age, at the very least. He will not be training with you this summer, he will not be living at the Order’s headquarters. He is perfectly safe and
happy at home, so that is where he will stay.”

“No headmaster.” Sirius knew that all of this was about manipulation. “Don’t think I don’t know why you asked for me rather than his father. None of us will be swayed on this matter.”

“There are just so many lives at risk my boy.” Albus made his tone sad. “Harry could save so many people.”

Fire passed through Sirius’s eyes for a moment. “That is not his responsibility. It is not Hadrian’s job to save everyone. He owes no one anything. It is time for the people of this world to stand on their own two feet and take responsibility for themselves.

They now have warning, so they can get ready. I know the aurors and the Ministry are already working on recommendations to improve everyone’s security. It is their jobs to ensure the security of the people, not a 15 year old boys.”

“And what of Regulus?” Albus really wanted information on Sirius’s mysterious brother, enough so that he was willing to let the conversation about Harry and his obligations drop for the moment.

Sirius turned fully and moved back into the office. “Regulus? What does he have to do with anything?”

“I, of course, recognized him last night.” Albus turned up the twinkle now they were onto a different topic. “I was wondering why you never mentioned that he was an Unspeakable?”

Sirius instantly knew where Dumbledore was going at that point. “I never mentioned it because it wasn’t relevant or any of your business.

Regulus has worked for the DOM for many years now. It’s never really been an issue. My brothers job has nothing to do with anything.”

“It’s just that he has access to so much information that we do not. Between the Black Family Library, and what he learns from the Department of Mysteries. He could help us with our Voldemort issue. Who knows the kinds of information that he could assist us in getting?” Albus smiled in his usual grandfatherly way. “I’m sure if you and your brother sat down and talked about it during the next meeting everyone would be overjoyed with the amount of information you would be able to provide. With that we would be able to make all kinds of plans on how to combat Voldemort, it would also allow us to protect Harry better.”

Sirius wanted to laugh. He knew what Dumbledore was trying to do. He was trying to make him think that it was his idea to try and get Reg to give them information while still taking some of the credit. It was how he had gotten so much done during the last war. Dumbledore would get people so spun around so that they would think his ideas had been their own, but he had always found a way to also take the credit. It was what allowed him to have an image of a wise, kind old man that seemed to be able to accomplish anything.

“You know that won’t help as well as I do. The Unspeakables are bound by extensive oaths and vows. Regulus won’t be able to give anyone any information that isn’t already public knowledge without the permission of the head of his department.” Sirius reminded him.

“Don’t you think he would be willing to at least try to help your godson?” Albus sounded concerned.
“Reg has always done everything in his power to protect Hadrian, but protecting him and providing information are two very different things.” Sirius said. “He can’t just start giving information out to anyone, there are procedures in place for the release of any information. You know that already.

I will also mention that Percy Weasley is under the same rules. Don’t try and pretend like you don’t know what I’m talking about.” Sirius had seen the attempted innocent look on the old fool’s face. “I know you saw him last night. He can’t tell you anything, so don’t even bother. You know how much respect Percy has for rules, there is no way he would break them just because you ask.”

“I have no intention of asking young Mr. Weasley for anything.” Albus said in a kind voice.

It took Sirius a few minutes to piece together what the old man was planning. “And sending Molly will just make things worse for you. Molly will only anger the boy.”

“She is his mother, it is for the best they work on reestablishing their bond.” Albus smiled.

“Molly was never a mother to that boy, and we all know it. In case you didn’t notice, Molly never even tried to get custody of any of Arthur’s older boys. None of the boys see her as a mother, and I know that any meeting Molly has with Percy now, after spending so long completely ignoring him, is not going to go the way you would hope. If anything, it will just push him further away from you.” Sirius knew that sending Molly after Percy would not work the way they planned.

“I’m sure it’s just a slight misunderstanding.” Albus twinkled, but he knew it wasn’t going to be easy. Maybe he would need to get Molly to give the boy some potions to make him feel more of an obligation to help them.

“It isn’t a slight misunderstanding. You know what she did to Arthur and those boys, it was nothing short of criminal. If it weren’t for the fact that Arthur wanted to protect Ron and Ginny that woman would be rotting away in Azkaban, where she belongs for what she did.

But Percy is well aware of it. If you think sending Molly after the boy will endear him to you then you may want to lay off the lemon drops. That woman hasn’t paid him one bit of attention for years, and has treated him like trash since he was 11 and got sorted into a house she didn’t like.

I would recommend that you keep her away from him, especially if you ever want him to help you in any way shape or form.”

“I will take that under advisement, but I’m sure it will work out.” Albus refused to accept that it wouldn’t.

“Fine, but on your own head be it when Molly turns him away from you completely.” Sirius got up and made his way out of the office at that point.

He knew it was no use trying to get the old fool to change his mind. Once Dumbledore had decided on a course of action he wouldn’t stray from it, and would never admit that it had failed. The continued attempts to gain control of Hadrian and force him into becoming who Dumbledore wanted was proof of that.

Walking out of the office Sirius made plans for how he was going to warn Percy that Dumbledore had sent Molly after him for information. He thought it was going to be funny how Percy showed just how much he didn’t like the woman.

Hogwarts Express - June 25, 2006
Neville was making his way towards the back of the train to visit a few of his other friends after finishing his prefect rounds when he was waylaid by the annoying trio.

“Neville.” Hermione smiled at the boy like they were old friends.

“What do you want Granger?” Neville kept his tone polite, the last thing he needed was to deal with the three of them throwing fits.

“Where’s Harry?” Ginny asked as she all but bounced on her toes. She was so happy that Fred and George were now officially done with school so they wouldn’t be in her way anymore.

“Last time I saw him he was in the middle of the train on the left hand side.” Neville withheld his smirk.

“Thanks.” Ginny bounded off, followed by a slightly suspicious Granger and Weasley.

Neville felt a little bad for Harry. But, he couldn’t stop himself from grinning as he continued on his way thinking about how the three would react when they found Harry Mellcamp, a second year Hufflepuff, where he had sent them.

It was half an hour later when the annoying trio found Neville once again. By that point Neville was sitting in a compartment with Susan, Blaise, Hannah, and Daphne. He had spent the time stopping in to visit his friends in the different compartments and was on the final group before he went back to his own compartment.

“You lied.” Ginny whined as soon as her brother had thrown the door open.

“I beg your pardon?” Neville’s voice was imperious at the accusation.

“You lied to us.” Hermione stamped her foot. “We searched the entire centre of the train, and Harry wasn’t there.”

“That was where I last saw him.” Neville shrugged.

“You told them where to find Hadrian?” Daphne questioned in shock, she had never thought Neville would betray his friend like that.

“No, I told them where I last saw Harry.” Neville smiled. “The only Harry I know who is on the train is Harry Mellcamp, and I last saw him sitting in a compartment in the middle of the train.”

The girls all giggled and Blaise laughed openly as they realized what he had done.

“You know that isn’t who we were looking for.” Hermione huffed.

“Well, he is the only Harry I know, and you asked where Harry was.” Neville said matter of factly. “If you were looking for someone else, then you would have had to ask me, using their name. You can’t expect me to be able to tell you where someone is if you don’t give me the right name.”

Hermione growled. “His name is Harry.”

“Yes, Harry Mellcamp’s name is Harry.” Blaise agreed.

“You know who I mean.” Hermione’s face started to go red in her anger.
“Yes, like the boys said, Harry Mellcamp is called Harry.” Daphne said, her voice as cold as usual.

Ginny clenched her teeth. “You know that isn’t who we mean.”

“Well, actually, I’m confused.” Susan pretended to actually be seriously interested in the subject. “You say you were looking for Harry, but when directed to him you say it was the wrong Harry, but there is only one Harry that we know of that currently attends Hogwarts. So, if that was the wrong harry, then there really isn’t anything we can do to help you.”

“You call him Hadrian.” Ron huffed, seeing his sister and friend were about to start screaming.

“Oh, you mean we actually call him by his name.” Hannah sighed, she normally tried to be nice to everyone, but these three just annoyed her.

“Look, I don't know what your issue is, but Hadrian’s name is Hadrian. Calling him by any other name is rude. Unless you call him by his name, no one should be expected to know who you mean. Just because the three of you insist on acting like ignorant fools doesn’t mean others will follow in your footsteps.” Neville really hated how they treated his friend.

“And just what would you know?” Ginny demanded.

“I have been friends with Hadrian since we were children. I actually spend time with him, and he likes to spend time with me.” Nevilles tone showed he clearly thought he was dealing with idiots. “The more you insist on calling him that name, the more you prove you know nothing about him.

You do understand that the person that decided to try and change his name to Harry is the woman who kidnapped, and then abandoned him when he was a baby. He hates that name as it is a constant reminder of that.”

“But it’s his name.” Ron said stupidly.

“No, it isn’t. He was named Hadrian when he was born, and that is the name he still has.” Neville pointed out. “Calling him any other name shows that not only do you not know him, but that you have absolutely no respect for him and who he is.

I mean, you yourselves always throw fits when anyone refers to you by a different name. That is exactly what you are doing to him.”

“His name should be Harry. Hadrian is a stupid old name.” Hermione muttered, but the others heard her.

“Well, how’s this, when you have a son, you don’t name him Hadrian. But you can’t force someone to change their name.” Blaise rolled his eyes.

“Really, grow up.” Susan huffed. “His name is his name, you do not get to name him.”

“I honestly don’t understand this problem you have.” Hannah really was confused by their behaviour. “You claim you are his friend, but then do nothing but insult him.

Is that what you think friendship is? Because it isn’t. To be friends with someone, you must first be friendly.”

Ginny glared at the two girls trying to tell her about her future husband. She still preferred the name Harry.
Hermione forced herself not to scream. “Fine, where is Hadrian?”

“He’s in his compartment.” Neville shrugged before turning back to his friends with a slight smile.

“Which compartment?” Hermione was trying to stay calm.

“I can’t tell you that, it’s a secured compartment.” Neville glanced over. “If that is all, kindly leave. We have nothing to discuss with you.”

Before the girls could start yelling Ron pulled them back. He knew that they were supposed to be making friends with Harry, and yelling at Neville wouldn’t help them. Neville would just go running to him and tell him they were being mean.

When the others started to argue with him he told them they would just wait until Neville started to go back to Harry’s compartment and they would follow him.

Neville grinned as he slipped into his compartment. It hadn’t been hard to figure out the annoying trio’s plan. He couldn’t believe they thought they could hide. That red hair was like a flashing beacon, not to mention Ron was one of the tallest kids in their year.

When he had been ready to leave he had had the others create a distraction. Daphne of all people had had a blackout pellet from Fred and Georges joke shop in her pocket and had dropped it at their feet. It had allowed him to get away.

“What has you so happy?” Luna asked.

Neville snickered as he saw that Hadrian, Fred, and George had all transformed into their animigus forms and were wound around each other like a big, fluffy ball. Nem had taken up her position on Luna’s lap, along with Tyche and Demeter, but at least she wasn’t turned away from them so she wasn’t overly angry.

“They invited Nem to join the cuddle pile, but she didn’t want to get her fur all messed up.” Luna smiled as she saw where Neville’s eyes had gone. “The others decided to cuddle with her instead.

Neville smiled as he saw a little black face pop up from the fuzz ball and look at him with big green eyes. “I just had a run in with the annoying trio is all. Nothing important.”

Hadrian snuffled.

“It’s no big deal, they were just being annoying like usual. I think it might get even worse now that he’s back you know.”

Hadrian nodded.

“You just need to keep ignoring them. You know that. Those three are never going to change, Dumbledore has let them get away with too much. Those three really seem to think that they can force things to be the way they want them even though it hasn’t worked for the past five years.”

Hadrian nodded again before he ducked back into his cuddle pile to spend the rest of the train ride being cuddled by his boyfriends. Whatever it was those three were doing just didn’t matter to him anymore.
Chapter Notes

This story is winding down, so from this point on the chapters are going to start getting shorter as I work on wrapping up loose ends. (At least, my version of short.)

June 29, 2006

It was a Thursday, four days after the students had returned home from Hogwarts, when the elections were held. It had been arranged so that the students that were of age would be able to get home and get settled in time to still be able to go out and vote.

By the end of the day all the votes were in and counted. No one was really surprised as Kensington Shacklebolt came out the clear victor.

Well Albus wasn’t really surprised, he was still angry about the outcome. Gertrude just hadn’t had the same name recognition as Kensington. What had happened with the attack on the ministry hadn’t helped.

The attack had allowed Kensington to portray himself as being in control and a stable leader. The past few weeks the papers had been full of all kinds of stories, all of them praising Kensington for his swift and decisive action that had stopped so many Death Eaters.

Even though Albus had control of The Prophet and had them printing positive stories about himself and Gertrude, it just wasn’t enough. They had started from too far behind.

It hadn’t helped that James had refused to listen to him and switch his support to Gertrude. They had had a quick talk just before the school year had ended during an Order meeting. Not only had James refused, but so had all the others. The only ones that had supported the woman were those Albus had known he could count on supporting anything he said.

Unfortunately, even Albus had to admit that they had a point. Kensington had proven to be a capable minister, and Gertrude had not. The woman had struggled to keep her cool just during the election. No one who really looked thought she would be able to handle the pressure. It had seemed that whenever she was placed in a situation with any form of pressure, even just doing an interview with a friendly reporter, the woman had struggled and said all the wrong things.

Now, Albus just needed to get the new minister on his side. He had finally reached the point where he had to admit that it was going to be difficult. He remembered all those years ago when Kensington had served as proxy for James. The man, while willingly listening to what he had to say, had never once agreed with him.

Albus needed to get control. He needed to be in charge with what was to come. Voldemort was back, and he was the only one that could arrange his defeat.

Mischief Managed - July 7, 2006
Fred and George were just closing up the shop when two owls arrived, one going to each of them. They already knew what it was.

The week before, they had received their NEWT results, both had passed everything, and this was the final response to the applications they had sent out.

After receiving their results both of the twins had reached out to masters in their chosen fields of study. Since the apprenticeship program had been returned, they were planning on applying to it. Fred wanted to try for his mastery in spell crafting, while George wanted alchemy.

In the week since they had received their results they had been in near constant contact with their chosen masters. These letters contained the final requirements for them to get the positions. If they could meet these final requirements then they would be starting their work on getting their masteries.

It wasn’t going to immediately get them the mastery, it was only the first step. They would spend two years on their apprenticeship, before they could take their first round of tests. After that they would need to write a peer reviewed article, do more practical and theoretical work in their field, take another round of tests, write their thesis and present it to a review board of masters before taking a final round of tests. If they could complete it all, then, and only then, would they be able to get their mastery.

Each read their letters and were pleased, but also slightly worried. Finishing closing the shop, they went to go and get the last thing they needed.

**Peverell Manor**

Hadrian had been home for a few hours when Fred and George came through the floo and requested to meet with him and his fathers.

“What can we do for you three?” James asked as he and Severus walked into one of the sitting rooms to see the three boys.

“I’m not sure.” Hadrian turned to look at his two boyfriends, confused by their actions.

“We have graduated.” Fred stated.

“But we don’t think we could handle being separated from our Hadrian for a prolonged period of time.” George picked up for his brother.

“Since we have both decided that we want to try for a mastery,”

“And Hogwarts has brought back the apprenticeship program,”

“We decided to apply to work with Professors Fabbri and Zarno as their apprentices.”

“And they know about our relationship with Hadrian, and are willing to make allowances for it.”

“According to the school charter a relationship like ours is allowed,”

“So long as we keep it private and don’t flaunt it in front of everyone,”

“But we would need to have a valid contract.”
“We know that none of you exactly approve of marriage contracts, but if we want to continue to see each other than we will need one.”

“That’s what you two have been working on, you have been trying to find a way that you can stay at the school with me.” Hadrian had a dazzling grin on his face and he snuggled into the both of them where they sat on the couch before looking to his fathers with pleading eyes.

James and Severus glanced at each other. They knew they really couldn’t deny them.

“Well it was true that neither of us are fond of the idea of marriage contracts, we also understand that the three of you will be together regardless.” James smiled at his happy son. “We will agree to signing a contract, but it will only be a basic contract. And you will not be marrying until after Hadrian finishes school at the very earliest.”

“Thank you, thank you, thank you.” Hadrian threw himself at his parents and hugged them. “We need to write up the contract, now.”

“I think we can help with that.” Severus smiled as his son hugged him like he had when he was still little. “The Prince family has a basic contract that is standard, any member of the family just adds the details, like how long the engagement will be, fidelity clauses, and the like.

If you use it, you could just write in the basics and be finished within an hour or so. But, we are going to have to make a slight adjustment to the fidelity clause.”

“They’re mine!” Hadrian snapped slightly at his papa as he reached out and grabbed hold of the twins.

“We know, but we need to take your situation into account.” James said in a placating voice. “The last thing you want is for your contract to break because someone was finally successful in drugging you with a love potion or spell. Your papa just meant that we would need to make sure to add that the fidelity clause wouldn’t be violated if you were drugged or threatened.”

“It makes sense.” Fred rubbed Hadrian’s back comfortingly. “You know they are going to keep trying, we don’t want to take any risks with violating a marriage contract because of something those idiots do.”

Hadrian went back to smiling. “Ok, when can we start writing the contract?”

Severus smiled at his sons excitement. “I will go and get the contract from the Prince Vault. You three just start working on the basic outline. You will be able to add how many dates you will go on per month, and when and what kind of gifts will be expected. It might seem a little silly, but it will give you an excuse to leave the school grounds and just spend time together.”

Severus left the room as the three teens started working on what they wanted in their contract. He decided that he would be stopping by The Burrow to talk with Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon. He knew more than likely Fred and George had been so excited about what was going on that they would have forgotten to inform their own fathers about what they were planning.

It took just over three hours for the newly made marriage contract to be finished and signed. James would be filing it with the ministry and the bank the next day to make it official. Fred and George were also planning on sending a copy to Professors Fabbri and Zarno so they could review it as well since they had needed the contract in place before they could agree to take them on as apprentices.
The contract wasn’t as detailed as it could have been, but it did cover the different aspects of their relationship that needed to be covered. Now, like Severus had mentioned, the fidelity clause in the contract wouldn’t break if any of the three of them had been drugged, spelled, threatened, or forced in any way. It also stated that the three would be required to spend a minimum of six hours of alone time together each week to ensure proper communication in their relationship. They would also be required to go on a minimum of two dates per month.

They had covered everything they thought they could to ensure that Dumbledore and the others wouldn’t be able to interfere. It would keep them from being able to stop the three from seeing each other. They knew that Dumbledore was going to do everything he could, along with his allies, to keep the three of them separated, but the contract would stop them.

By the end of the evening Hadrian was thrilled. He had been so worried about having to spend so much time away from the twins, and now he was going to get to stay with them and there was nothing anyone could do to stop it.

**Granger House - July 13, 2006**

Hermione was nervously pacing back and forth in the kitchen. Today was the day the Headmaster had warned her that her OWL results were supposed to arrive. She was sure she passed everything, but she was still worried. She knew how unfair things were in the magical world.

She knew the grades she needed to carry on in her chosen classes and just hoped she got them. There were just a few classes she wasn’t overly sure of since the exam periods had been too short for her to get all the information in.

Jean and Howard watched as their daughter paced. They really hoped that she had done better this year. Education had always been important in their family, so they really wanted her to do well. They had arranged to have Professor Black send them a few updates throughout the year and had been extremely pleased when he had informed them a few months ago that Hermione had finally started to follow instructions.

When the letter finally arrived Hermione snatched it from the owl, causing it to hoot in agitation. Ripping the letter open she skipped right to her grades.

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<th>Subject</th>
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Going over her grades, Hermione was both pleased, annoyed, and furious. She was happy that she passed everything, but she knew that she deserved to do better.

What was making her furious was the classes that she wouldn’t be able to continue in. She wouldn’t be able to continue in potions, spell crafting, or warding. The one that was making her the most angry was potions. Professor Prince refused to take any student that hadn’t received an O. She deserved an O she knew, she was sure that the only reason she hadn’t gotten the grade was because he wasn’t a good teacher.

Hermione was already planning the letter she was going to write to the headmaster. She wanted to take her NEWT in potions and was sure he could force Professor Prince to let her in the class.
She didn’t even notice that her parents were decently pleased with her grades. instead she just left the room, completely ignoring them, to go and write, first to the Headmaster, and then too Ron to see how he did.

**Lion’s Den, Upstairs Flat**

Molly smiled happily as an owl flew in the window to deliver her Ronnie’s OWL results. Her sweet baby boy was still sleeping. She had spent the past few days working on getting him back on the right path now that he wasn’t going to have to follow his fathers stupid rules.

Once the owl was gone she opened the letter to see just how well her little boy did.

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Molly was less than pleased. Ron hadn’t done nearly as well as she had wanted. Looking through the additional paperwork she read through the grade requirements needed to continue in each subject.

While some professors were willing to accept students that only got an A, like Hagrid, others weren’t. Ron would only be able to continue in astronomy, COMC, charms, DADA, herbology, and transfiguration. He hadn’t scored high enough in any of the others. This put an end to her dream of her Ronnikins becoming an auror.

Molly knew that her baby boy wasn’t stupid, so she didn’t understand how his grades were lower than she wanted. It never crossed her mind that the reason his grades had dropped was because she hadn’t made him review over the summer, taught him good study habits, or even really encouraged him to do well in any way.

Storming off, Molly slammed into her sons room to demand an explanation for his lower grades.

By mid afternoon Ron was less than pleased. His mum was being completely unreasonable. So what if he hadn’t gotten perfect scores in every class. He had done well enough.

Well he was slightly annoyed that he wasn’t going to keep going in spell crafting and warding, it wasn’t a great loss. He had thought the classes were going to be so cool, but they really weren’t. He had thought creating spells was just making things up, but it wasn't. To create spells there was all kinds of math involved to try and balance the spell so it didn’t rupture, what ever that meant.

And then there was warding. He had just wanted to learn to cast a ward, but he wasn’t able to do much of anything. It just wasn’t fun. He was supposed to spend hours working on runic arrays just to end up with the most basic of wards. It had annoyed Ron to no end that when their power levels had been tested he had been told he was going to be limited on the level of wards he would be able to cast. Seeing that Harry had been approved to cast the more advanced wards just made him angrier, he knew it was just because he was famous.

Ron just wanted to have fun, not spend all his time studying. His year had ended horribly because Hermione had forced him to study for hours every day. Now, it was summer, and he didn’t want to have to think about anything to do with school.

River Run Alley - July 21, 2006

Hadrian was happily sitting eating his lunch with Draco and Neville going over a few books. The three ate lunch together every afternoon during the week as they were all working in the alley this summer. Well all three came from wealthy families their parents had encouraged them to get jobs as it would teach them responsibility and the value of money.
What had started out as a great day took a quick nosedive as they all heard a familiar voice call out. None wanted to look up from their food as two red heads, a know it all, and her parents arrived at their table. None of them had anything against the elder Grangers, but they really weren’t happy to see the younger three so soon, they had hoped to not have to see the three of them until school started again in the fall.

“Hi Harry.” Ginny giggled as she batted her eyes at Hadrian once she was close.

The three just ignored her and kept on eating.

Howard and Jean shared a glance as they saw the boys reactions to their daughter and her friends. It was clear they didn’t like them. And Jean thought she understood.

Since learning that she had a magical family Jean had thrown herself into learning everything she could. She wanted to know everything. One thing that she didn’t really realize, was that the more she learned about the magical world and culture, the less stringent her former beliefs became. That wasn’t to say she was no longer devout, because she and her husband were, but they were less fanatical about it now.

This was actually going to be their last trip into the magical alleys until they went for Hermione’s back to school stuff. Jean had gotten into contact with her grandmothers brother in Australia, and they had been invited down to visit. They were planning on leaving in a few days to spend a month in Australia.

Moving forward, Howard properly greeted the three boys. After the re-introductions were done, and the boys had agreed to having the adults use their first names Hermione had had enough. She didn’t like how her parents were reacting. They knew who Harry was, but were acting like all the other idiots and not making Harry behave properly.

“Why are you out here?” Hermione stomped her foot. “You know how dangerous it is right now. Honestly Harry, how can you risk your life so foolishly? I’m going to have to write to the Headmaster to come and get you.”

Hermione started looking around as if expecting to find parchment, ink, quill, and owl just sitting out waiting for her.

“I’m perfectly fine, and it is the summer, I am not answerable to the Headmaster.” Hadrian rolled his eyes.

“But Harry.” Ginny whined. “You know that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is back and wants to kill you. You really shouldn’t be risking your life like this. You can’t leave me like that.”

“What I do has absolutely nothing to do with you.” Hadrian snapped. “I really don’t know how many times I need to say it. You. Are. NOT. My. Girlfriend. You aren’t even my friend.”

“Why would they think you are in danger?” Howard asked in concern. He had heard his daughters young friend daydreaming about the boy in front of him and it was clear to him and his wife the girl was slightly delusional.

“Because He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is back and wants to kill Harry.” Ron announced.

Howard and Jean just kept looking at the dark haired boy. They had read about what had happened during the last war and also knew from the papers that he was back again. But they didn’t think the man would be fool enough to go after the one who defeated him again.
“I’m perfectly safe.” Hadrian shook his head in exasperation, he really didn’t understand why these three thought they could control him.

“But if you were threatened, shouldn’t you have at least some kind of protection?” Jean questioned in concern.

Hadrian could hear the real concern in the woman’s voice so decided to reassure her. “I haven’t even turned 16 yet. But, in the past 15 years I have been kidnapped 3 times. Had multiple attempts on my life. And, all my mail is checked before it is forwarded to me because I usually receive a dozen or so death threats each year along with hexes and curses in letter form. If I hid every time I was threatened I would never leave my house.

My family, well protective, also never wanted me to live my life in fear and always taught me to keep my head up and to just keep going. But, I am also covered in protections. My family rings are covered in all kinds of protective magics. They guard me from basic hexes and jinxes, and also alert me to any potions in my food or drink. All of my clothing has been augmented with protective spells woven into the fabric. I also have a few different emergency portkeys that will take me to different safe locations if I need it.

Like I said, I am perfectly safe. Not to mention I highly doubt anyone is going to do anything in a public place like this.”

Howard had to agree. This wasn’t a good place for staging any form of attack. Plus, the boy was obviously well protected by all the different protections his family had placed on him.

“The headmaster isn’t going to like this.” Hermione muttered, but everyone heard.

“Like he said, this isn’t school, so your headmaster has no control over his actions Hermione.” Jean looked down to her daughter. “I really don’t understand just why it is that the headmaster of a school has so much control in this world?”

“It’s because of the importance of children in our society.” Draco shrugged nonchalantly. “When the school was first started we didn’t have a central government and it was just groups of clans. Clans that had a tendency to go to war with each other. The school was deemed as neutral territory where all the children of our world could get an education, so whoever controlled the school was someone that had a great deal of power over the children. So, when the ministry was formed they included a role for the headmaster of the school.

To most in our society, children are the most important thing. Especially given our recent history.”

“Recent history?” Howard questioned. “I know that there was a Dark Lord, but what does that have to do with the importance of children.”

“We’re actually a society that is recovering from two Dark Lords in less than 100 years. Prior to Voldemort, there was another self styled Dark Lord Gellert Grindelwald. He was a contemporary, and close personal friend of Adolph Hitler.” Neville explained. “Within less than a hundred years our population has been decimated, so every child matters.”

“Unfortunately the groups that were the most effected by the war were the young. The Death Eaters and Voldemort tended to target young families.” Hadrian said. “It’s why our year is the way it is.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hermione demanded.

“We are the children of war.” Neville shrugged, he knew that Draco was trying to stay quiet as
none of them wanted to listen to the Weasley’s Death Eater rants about Slytherins. “Most couples were choosing not to have kids because of what was going on, and many of those that did were killed along with their children if they opposed him.

It’s why there are so few pure bloods and half bloods in comparison to muggle-borns.”

“That makes no sense.” Ron was confused. “They targeted the muggle-borns more than anyone, so wouldn’t they have been the group that lost the most members?”

“From the older generations yes, but not in our age group.” Hadrian answered. “At the time the war was at its peak, we had all just been born. But, while our births were publicly known through things like gossip and birth announcements, the muggle-born children were safely hidden in the muggle world, no one yet knowing of their existence. The muggle-born children can’t be tracked until after they are accepted to Hogwarts, so those in our generation were safe.

Normally, there are a lot more pure and half bloods in each year, but in the few years before ours, and the year after, there is a much higher ratio of muggle borns because they weren’t targets of the war. I mean, can you think of a single magical family that didn’t lose at least one member?”

“My family didn’t. Only mums brothers were targeted, and they clearly survived.” Ginny said smugly.

“Are you joking?” Neville asked the girl like she was crazy. “You really should learn your family history.

Your mum’s mum was one of those killed in the Yule attack on Diagon alley. Plus, your dad lost three cousins, along with their children.”

“How would you know that?” Ron demanded, it was creepy Longbottom knew that about his family.

“Because one of your dads cousins was married to one of my mums cousins. They had two kids. They had been visiting with the others when the house they were at was attacked. Mum still talks about her cousin Lena, they were really close as kids.” Neville explained.

“So, under normal circumstances there are more kids in your school?” Jean questioned. It had never made sense to her that there were so few students given the fact that it was the only magical school.

“Yeah, a lot. Two years below us has almost triple the amount of students in our year. But, that was the result of the post war baby boom.” Draco finally decided it might be safe for him to speak.

“The only group of students who’s numbers aren’t higher are the muggle-borns.” Neville jumped in when he saw Ron focusing in on Draco. “For some reason the rate of births in the muggle-born community is about 20-30 every year consistently.”

“But there wouldn’t be enough room in the dorms for any more students. There aren’t any spare beds or rooms in the common rooms.” Hermione didn’t see how the school could take more students.

“It’s a magic school.” Draco said, allowing no emotion into his voice because he thought sarcasm would just cause her to start yelling. “Things like the dorms and common rooms can grow and shrink as needed. I’m sure you’ve noticed all the classrooms that aren’t in use, that was because there were more students in the past.
I mean, everyone knows the castle can change, just think about the stairs. They’re always changing. The dorms adjust to the new number of incoming students.”

“Like anyone cares what a Death Eater has to say.” Ron sneered at Draco.

“Not this again.” Neville sighed. “You really need to get over this old rant Ronald. Just because Draco is in Slytherin doesn’t mean he is a Death Eater.”

“Yes he…” Ron huffed as Hermione slammed her elbow into his stomach causing her to wince too.

Hadrian just rolled his eyes. Reaching up he tapped his wand that was sitting in the middle of the table to bring up the clock he had set to let them know when lunch was over and that they needed to get back to work. He realized his mistake as soon as he had made it.

“HARRY!” Hermione shrieked as she saw the wand. “You’re not allowed to use magic outside of school and you know it. Honestly, what is wrong with you. Are you trying to get expelled.”

Hadrian growled slightly as he was hit on the back.

“Well… Where is the letter?” Hermione demanded as she looked around for the owl informing Harry he was getting a warning for using magic outside of school. When she saw nothing, she turned her glare on the three boys. “What did you do? Why are you allowed to do magic and the rest of us aren’t. And you have always said you don’t use your fame to get to do whatever you want.”

Draco sighed as Hadrian dropped his head to the table and banged it a few times.

Neville looked to the girl with an eyebrow raised, looking surprisingly like Severus. “Hadrian is not able to use magic because he is famous, it is because he is working. He was just checking the clock so we aren’t late.”

“So what, you pretend to work and you can do magic whenever you want? Cool. I’ll talk to mum, she’ll let us say we’re working at the restaurant.” Ron grinned at his new plan.

“It’s not like that.” Hadrian raised his head off the table. “We aren’t pretending to work, we actually have to work. And there is an entire process you have to go through to get the dispensation to use magic.

First, you have to have a job that would require the use of magic, Neville for instance, is working with the plants in The Bubble. They require different things and can be extremely dangerous, so he needs magic to keep them happy and himself safe.

You also have to have completed your OWLs to even be considered. Once you have the job your boss, not you, needs to apply to the ministry. They will do a review of your grades, as well as conduct multiple interviews with you to ensure that you have the maturity to handle the responsibility.

If you get approved you get a badge like this.” Hadrian pulled the badge that hung on a lanyard around his neck. “It stops your magic from registering, but it also keeps a record of every spell you cast. There are random spot checks every week where we have to have a reason for every single spell we have cast. If we can’t justify anything then we lose the pass and are barred from getting it again.

It isn’t a joke, you have to take it very serious or you get in trouble.”
“But why would you need to work?” Ginny was horrified at the idea. “You’re rich.”

Howard and Jean were startled once again by the girls rudeness, although they knew they really shouldn’t be. It was beyond rude to publicly discuss another’s finances, especially in front of them.

Hadrian shot the girl a glare. “Yes, it is true that I come from a wealthy family, but that does not mean I am going to be lazy. For your information, the reason my family is wealthy, is because they work. Everyone in my family has always worked.

Our parents have always encouraged the three of us to take responsibility for ourselves and earn things on our own. I’m planning on using the money I earn this summer to purchase the new copy of ‘Advancements in Enchanting’ that is set to come out at the end of the summer.”

“You’re working all summer to purchase a single book?” Jean was surprised. “Either you aren’t making a lot, or that book costs a lot.”

“We make a decent wage, it’s the book that’s expensive. All three of us are planning on getting the new books in our favourite subjects. So, Draco’s getting the new potions advancements books, while I’m getting the herbology one.” Neville smiled, already dreaming of his new book.

“Wouldn’t your parents be willing to get them for you since they are involved in your schooling?” Howard had always made sure Hermione had anything she needed for school.

Draco smiled at his dreamy friend. “Our parents offered to buy us the basic copy, but we want the self-updating book which cost five times more.”

“Self-updating?” Hermione and her parents all asked as one.

“Yes.” Hadrian was surprised the book worm didn’t know about them. “The book I want is put out by the Enchantment Guild every five years. The basic book has everything that has previously been developed but then you have to wait another five years for the next one for the new developments. But, the self-updating copy updates itself with each new advancement without having to wait. It also adjusts if there are any changes with previous works.”

“I’ve never seen anything like that in any of the book shops around here.” Hermione was horrified at just how much information she may have missed out on because she had outdated books.

“You can only get them from the specialty shop in Celestial Alley. But, I should warn you, when we say they are expensive, we mean they are expensive. The very cheapest book in the shop cost over 100 galleons.” Neville warned, he knew the girl was going to try and force her parents to start buying those types of books for her. “It’s why we said we are working this summer to buy a single book.”

“Well that does make sense since the book will grow as the field expands.” Howard thought it was a brilliant idea.

“What are you reading?” Ginny asked, finally noticing the texts sitting in front of the three boys that didn’t look like anything she had seen in school. She hadn’t been paying attention to the conversation about stupid books and had just been looking around at things.

“The prep books for the healing OWL.” Neville glanced from the girl, down to the book, and then back up.

“There isn’t a healing OWL.” Hermione rolled her eyes. “Plus, we have already finished our OWLs.”
“You do know that there is more than just what we learn at Hogwarts, right?” Hadrian questioned.

“No there isn’t.” Hermione argued.

“Yes, there is.” Draco drawled. “The Ministry offers more than 200 OWL tests. We take the ones for the classes we learn at school, at school. But, if you are willing to pay, you can take all kinds of other tests.”

“Pay?” Ron questioned. “Why would we have to pay to take school tests.”

“Because they aren’t school tests.” Neville said. “We are self studying healing. So, we are responsible for paying to take the tests. It’s 10 galleons per test. But, if you fail the test then you have to wait 2 years before you can try to retest.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that?” Hermione demanded. She had still been angry about not knowing about self-updating books and now she learns about there being more OWL subjects.

“Because it’s self study.” Hadrian said slowly. “As in, you are responsible for yourself. It is no one else’s responsibility to make you self study.”

“So the three of you decided to study healing together?” Jean jumped in, placing a hand on her daughters shoulder to hold her back.

“Yes.” Draco agreed. “I want to get my mastery in potions after school, and one of the requirements is to also have a basic medi-wizard license and you need a NEWT in healing for that. Neville wants to be a herbologist, and he needs to know basic healing to grow what is used in potions correctly. And Hadrian, well, given his history it’s just better if he knows the basics of healing.”

Hadrian stuck his tongue out at his friend, but laughed as he did so. That was actually true, his parents had thought it was a good idea so if he was injured in an attack he would be able to at least heal the basics.

“So you just go to the ministry and you can take your OWLs?” Hermione started to think of all the different subjects she could do, she thought it would be cool to get the record for highest number of OWLs. That would show everyone just how smart muggle-borns were. Since having wizarding relatives had proven to be useless she had returned to the mindset that she was a muggle-born that was being discriminated against.

“No.” Neville said. “There are certain dates when the tests are conducted. So, you would have to go to the ministry and sign up to take any tests you want. Usually, they only do the tests for a week at the beginning of the summer, a week at the end, and a week during Yule break.

You also need to tell them which subject you want to test for so they can have examiners from that particular subject there. Actually, you really should just go to the Department of Education and get the information. They have paperwork on everything about your education. It would allow you to know everything and not have to worry about someone else not explaining everything to you.”

“I think that might be a good idea.” Howard saw his wife once again pulling their daughter back so she wouldn’t launch herself at the boy like she clearly wanted to. “When you say they offer a week of testing, does that mean you can take multiple tests all together?”

“Yes, although you can only take a maximum of two tests per day, but they recommend that you only take a maximum of four extra subjects at a time so that you don’t overwhelm yourself since we are still doing our school classes alongside our self study.” Hadrian answered for the group.
“Isn’t that a lot of work for students?” Jean loved to learn, but that just seemed like far too much for teenagers.

“Yes and no.” Neville said in a thoughtful voice. “You need to remember that this is the wizarding world. We don’t have things like TV to distract us. We also only have a minimal amount of sports, like quidditch. Well there is plenty of fiction, if you look at the bookshops around you will find that there are far more educational books in comparison.

Plus, we attend a boarding school. For the most part we usually have a few hours every day with nothing to do, so those like us, choose to study other subjects.”

“That, and the three of us are all also in the occlumency club and have been since our first year.” Draco added.

“Occlumency club?” Hermione had never heard of that and didn’t understand what that had to do with studying.

“Yes, the magical theory professor, Professor Wilber, runs it. He announces it at the beginning of each year, and there are always times posted on the clubs notice board in the common rooms.” Neville quickly said so this didn’t become another issue.

“How does doing occlumency, whatever that is, help you study?” Jean was confused. She had come across that word in her research about the magical world, but hadn’t looked into it yet.

“Occlumency is a form of mind magic.” Hadrian said. “There are multiple different branches, but occlumency is an umbrella term that covers them all.

The primary purpose is to protect the mind from a legilimens. Legilimency is basically mind reading. Occlumency helps you build up a shield to protect your mind. But, once you have a basic shield you can start doing other things, like building a mind palace, which is a technique we were taught in the club.

It allows you to effectively learn your way to having a perfect memory. It also allows you to streamline your thought process making it easier to learn and remember things. By storing all information on a specific topic in one place it can allow you to remember everything whenever you need it.

That’s how we cover so much. By focusing using occlumency techniques we can read and retain more information over a much shorter period of time. Usually, it only takes an hour or two to get through a textbook for me, so studying more subjects is easier.”

“Then why isn’t it taught in school?” Hermione whined. Knowing that would have made everything easier.

“It is. Like Draco said, the occlumency club teaches it.” Hadrian said, ignoring the whining. “The reason it isn’t taught as a full subject is because it is extremely difficult and there isn’t a way to test for aptitude or development like OWLs. You can’t really grade something that takes place in your mind.”

“It can’t be that hard.” Hermione rolled her eyes. “I’m sure it will only take me a few weeks once school starts again and I join the club. It won’t take me the years it has clearly taken the three of you.”

“That isn’t going to happen.” Neville wished the alarm would go off soon. “Occlumency is an incredibly complex art. Even studying it for years we are no where near mastering it. Most never
can gain full mastery. Unless you are a natural occlumens, it usually takes a minimum of a decade
to master it if you even can.

You can’t just learn it through reading. You have to literally build your shield piece by piece. Then
create your mind palace. And then, sort through your memories and file each in your chosen
location. It takes years just to manage the basics.”

Hermione huffed. She was sure she could do it much faster than these idiots. She just needed to
have the same opportunities that they did.

“I feel like I learn something new every time I see you.” Jean smiled. “You just have so much
information.”

“You can learn from almost everyone. Did you know for instance, Florean Fortescue from the ice
cream parlour has a mastery in medieval history. A lot of the kids will go and get ice cream while
they work on their summer history homework because he will help by explaining more in-depth
material.” Draco smiled.

“That and he will occasionally give them free ice cream so long as they are working on school
work.” Neville grinned.

“Really?” Jean had always loved that ice cream parlour. “Do you think he would be willing to
explain some things to me?”

“Of course, he absolutely loves to talk about anything history related.” Hadrian told her. He smiled
happily as the alarm he set went off letting him know that they needed to get back to work. “If you
will excuse us, we need to get back to work.”

“Yes, of course.” Howard nodded to each of the boys as they packed up. “Thank you for once
again providing us with some interesting information.”

The boys all nodded in return and headed off towards the bubble, where they were all working.
Hadrian was with the animals, Neville worked with the different types of plants, and Draco was
assisting in gathering the ingredients for potions. The three quickly left, pleased as the adult
Grangers held the morons back from following.

“He can’t do that?” Hermione whined before turning to glare at her parents. “Why did you stop us
from going with them? We need to know where Harry is so the headmaster can deal with it.”

“Hermione, enough.” Jean sighed, she really was getting frustrated with her daughter’s attitude.
“You have no right to try and dictate the life of another person. Hadrian is allowed to do as he
pleases, you are not his mother.

And, as was previously stated, this is the summer, you are not at school. Therefore, your
headmaster has no control over him, or anyone. Lets finish our shopping, and then we can stop by
the ministry and get the information on extra classes the boys mentioned.”

Jean could see all three children were annoyed, but she and Howard wouldn’t let them go in the
direction the boys had. She remembered all those years ago being told about Hadrian Potter. She
had been so pleased at the idea that her daughter would help guide the poor young boy down the
right path. Now she realized her mistake.

Hadrian didn’t need Hermione. In fact, as much as she didn’t want to admit it, she thought he was
better off without her. He was a smart, polite, hard working young man. Hermione, and her friends, were proving to be the exact opposite. Jean actually wished that Hadrian had been guiding Hermione down the right path.

Shaking her head, Jean looked sadly at her daughter, wishing she could just go back in time. There were so many things she would change if she could.

**Peverell Cottage**

Albus flooed into the Order’s headquarters in the late afternoon. Looking around he saw that James and Severus were already there, waiting for him.

“You demanded our presence.” Severus stated in a cold voice as soon as he saw the old man.

Albus withheld a growl, he was already annoyed and knew things weren’t going to get any better during this meeting. “Yes my boys. I received some distressing news this afternoon.”

He had been in his office going over the new plans he was working out when he had been flooed by an irate Molly. It had taken them a bit of time, but Ron and Ginny had eventually managed to get away from Hermione’s parents, who had repeatedly blocked them from going to find Harry again, and went home. Hermione had told them to tell their mother about Harry being in the alley as soon as they saw her and to have her inform the Headmaster for them.

Molly had arrived in his office in a fury. Telling him all about how James and Severus were endangering Harry and forcing him to work. She had gone on and on about it before turning her anger towards the Grangers, telling him all about the complete disregard they had for a child’s safety. She had then started arguing that they should get Hermione away from people like that since they clearly weren’t good enough for her future daughter-in-law.

It had taken over an hour, but eventually Albus had managed to get the woman to leave so that he could arrange this meeting with James and Severus. They needed to keep Harry isolated right now. Didn’t they understand they were endangering the boy, and he was still too useful to risk?

Seeing that the two weren’t going to respond he carried on. “I heard that you are endangering Harry by allowing him to wander around the alley’s without so much as a chaperon.”

“And just who told you that?” Severus questioned.

“That doesn’t matter.” Albus didn’t want to bring Molly into this, he knew the men didn’t like her. “What matters is that we can not allow this to continue. Harry must be protected. He can’t just be allowed to go out unprotected. It would really be for the best for him to move in here so we can ensure that he is protected. It really is for the greater good my boys.”

“Albus, I don’t know where you got the idea that you are in any way involved in the raising of our son, but you aren’t.” James said slowly. “Hadrian is our child, and only we can say what he can and can not do.”

“You would willingly risk his life?” Albus gave the two men a sad look.

“We have not risked his life. Hadrian has a summer job, like many other students.” James said.

“You can’t allow that.” Albus quickly said. “Voldemort is after the boy. If he finds out something like this he will attack and kill him. We can’t allow that. Harry must be kept safe.”
“He is safe.” James rolled his eyes. “Voldy is still recovering from the failed attack at the ministry, in case you haven’t noticed, there hasn’t been a single attack since. Not only was he seriously wounded during his duels with Amelia and Regulus, he lost a rather large amount of his more loyal followers. He isn’t about to do anything until he replaces those he’s lost.”

“We have ensured that Hadrian is well protected, but we are not going to make him a prisoner.” Severus drawled. “Like James said, the chance of an attack on Hadrian at the moment is minimal. We will not try and make our son spend his life in fear.”

“You must see sense.” Albus argued. “It is just too dangerous. You must put a stop to this.

I understand that having Harry staying in a secure location might make him a little lonely, but his friends, I’m sure, would be happy to visit. Hermione, Ron, and Ginny are already aware of the existence of the Order so they can easily come and spend time with him to distract him from the danger he’s in. We might even be able to tell Neville eventually, once we’re sure it’s safe.”

“No. We are not imprisoning our son.” James snapped. “Hadrian is happy and safe, if we thought there was danger we would deal with it, but we are not going to deny him a chance to live his life. Hadrian is happy, and we are not going to stop him from being so.

Besides, Hermione, Ron, and Ginny aren’t his friends. They have bullied him and his friends for years. You constantly trying to force them together isn’t going to do you any good. Sev and I are both well aware that the only ones who could have told you about Hadrian’s job was those three. We will not force him to stay around the kind of people that would spy on him and report every thing he does to you.”

“It wasn’t the children who told me.” Albus twinkled. “It isn’t fair to accuse them of something they didn’t do.”

“Fine, the kids informed Molly and she took the information to you. Just because there was a go between doesn’t change the fact that they effectively spied on him.” James said with a shrug.

“The children really could be great friends, if Harry would just let them be. They would be a great example of inter-house unity.” Albus gave them a sad look.

“We are not going to force Hadrian to be friends with those that stalk and harass him.” Severus sneered at the idea. “As for the whole inter-house unity idea, Hadrian doesn’t need those three for that. You do realize that he is best friends with a Hufflepuff and a Slytherin. The Hufflepuff is dating a Ravenclaw, while the Slytherin is dating a Gryffindor. Inter-house unity isn’t an issue when it comes to our son.”

Albus froze momentarily. A Slytherin was dating one of his Gryffindors. He couldn’t allow that to continue. More than likely it was that Malfoy brat, and he didn’t want him corrupting any of his students.

Unfortunately for Albus, before he could try again to get Harry away from his family and in an isolated place that he controlled, the floo flared green and Molly stepped out. This was not going to go well.

“WELL?” Molly shouted as she rushed towards the two men. “WHAT IN MERLINS NAME ARE YOU THINKING? ENDANGERING HARRY LIKE THAT. HOW COULD YOU BE SO FOOLISH?”

“I beg your pardon?” Severus’s tone was icy.
“Allowing that boy to run wild. Putting him in danger by letting him run around in public.” Molly’s hands were on her hips as she started a long winded rant about just how disrespectful their son was. About how they needed to get him back in line. How they needed to start following the headmaster, and her, advice on how to raise their son. Finishing her rant by going on about how Harry needed to spend more time with her children so he could learn how to be a good person and with Hermione so he could do better in school.

Severus sent James through the floo home as the rant finished, he knew his husband was going to kill the two of them if he remained. He could rely on his occlumency shields to keep his reactions to a minimum. Once his husband was gone he turned on the two Gryffindor idiots.

“That is enough! Neither of you have any right to dictate how we raise our son, you are not involved in his life. Allow me to make this perfectly clear, we will never follow your advice on how to raise our children.

His name is Hadrian. I am sick and tired of having to correct his name for you dunderheads. We will not be changing his name to any you choose. Stop calling him by the wrong name, you are just proving you know nothing about him and are too stupid to learn. What part of the fact that he was called Harry by the woman that kidnapped and then abandoned him do you two not understand. He hates that name, just like he hates anyone who calls him it.

Also, Hadrian isn’t running wild, he has a summer job. We actually want our children to grow up to be functioning members of society. That includes understanding that if they want things they have to be willing to work for it, rather than just demanding things like some spoiled brats that I could mention.

As we already told Albus, we are not going to imprison our son. We have ensured Hadrian has every protection we can give him. We will not allow him to live his life in fear or isolation, it isn’t healthy for a teenager.

And as to the idea of your children and Granger making Hadrian a better person… I can’t even begin to understand where you get that idea. Have you ever met your children. Ronald has absolutely no work ethic and simply demands everything be given to him on a silver platter and bullies anyone he sees as weaker than him. Life is going to hit that boy hard once he finishes Hogwarts. Unless of course you are going to continue to do everything for him and make excuses when things don’t go the way he wants.

Hadrian does not need Granger to guide his studies. He does perfectly well without her. He had been in the top five students of his year every year. Not to mention that he got straight O’s on his OWLs this year.

And don’t even bring up that demented idea of my son marrying your daughter. It will never happen. We raised him to have standards.”

“What is that supposed to mean!” Molly screamed.

“I personally gave your daughter detention three times last year after catching her half naked in closets with boys. And it was never the same boy I should mention. And I know I’m not the only professor to catch her in compromising positions.

You might want to deal with that. She is getting a very bad reputation in the school as a result of her exploits.” Severus sneered. “If that is all, I will be going home to my husband and children.”

“Severus, my boy.” Albus gave him a severely disappointed look.
“Don’t even try and make me feel guilty.” Severus snapped as he reached the fire. “You are both way out of line. Get it through your thick skulls, Hadrian is not yours. You do not own him, and you can not control him.

It would be best if you just stayed away from him. We want what’s best for our son, and you clearly aren’t it.”

Molly let out a high pitched scream like a tea kettle as Severus flooed away before she could tell him off for being so disrespectful towards her and the Headmaster. She was going to make him suffer for those comments about her babies. They were perfect, sure, they weren’t the most responsible or hard working, but they were still just kids.

“What are we going to do about them Headmaster?” Molly whined, turning to the man.

“I’m not entirely sure Molly.” Albus sighed as he rubbed his eyes. He wished the woman had just stayed away. “We don’t have any way to legally get the boy away from them.”

“How dare he imply such things about my baby girl.” Molly muttered.

“That is something we need to speak about. He was telling the truth.” Albus really didn’t want to have this conversation with Molly. “I have done what I can, but Ginny is getting a very bad reputation amongst certain families.

She has been caught with a different boy at least once a month. You need to speak with her about that. She can’t keep getting caught in compromising situations like that. It will be a problem for us making a good match for her. Not to mention the risk of pregnancy which I think we would both agree is a very bad idea for her at the moment. Especially if we ever want her to be Lady Potter, she would never be accepted by the other ladies with the reputation she is earning.”

“It isn’t like they're married yet. She’s just having her fun, she’s entitled to.” Molly brushed away the subject, although she was going to have to make sure her baby girl knew the contraception spell. The only persons child she was allowed to get pregnant with out of wedlock was Harry’s.

Thinking, Molly thought it was a good idea. If Ginny got pregnant with Harry’s child then he would be forced to marry her daughter even without a marriage contract. She was going to have to talk it through with Ginny.

“Another thing, we are going to need to start calling Harry, Hadrian.” Albus sighed. “As much as I wish it were different, we can’t risk alienating the boy right now. We need him too much.

Speak with the children and see about getting them in line. It would be better to avoid any more conflict with the boy. We will need to see about finding out where Harr… Hadrian is working and getting Ron, Ginny, and Hermione to go there during the day. Maybe see about them getting jobs in the same place.”

“But they’re too young to need to work. It’s summer. They deserve to have some fun.” Molly didn’t want her babies to have to miss out on their summer fun, but she also saw the use of having them work, it would give them more money. “I will talk to them about it. But we might need to make arrangements for Hermione. Her parents are planning on taking her to Australia for the rest of the summer.”

“I will speak with them. We can’t lose her right now.” Albus started to make plans on how to deal with the muggles. He needed the girl around, she was the only one that really had any control over the other two.
“Just make sure you speak with the children.” Albus really wanted the woman to get control of those two. “I should go and speak with Minerva and the others before the meeting this evening. We can’t risk anyone else fighting with James or Severus right now.”

Turning quickly, Albus flooed away, not wanting to have to deal with another Molly fit.

**Granger House - July 26, 2006**

Albus smiled happily as he looked across the living room at the adult Grangers. He had come to visit them about allowing Hermione to stay in England rather than going to Australia with them.

“I really feel it would be for the greater good for your daughter to stay here during the summer.” Albus needed the girl.

“We have already planned a family vacation, Hermione will be coming with us.” Howard was annoyed. Who did this man think he was? He had no right to try and tell them they should just leave their daughter for a month.

“But daddy.” Hermione whined.

“No Hermione. You are coming with us. We are going to meet with some distant relatives, we want you to know your family.” Jean argued.

“Tell me Ms. Granger, wouldn’t you rather stay here for the summer?” Albus turned to his student.

“Yes, I don’t want to go. I would much rather stay here Headmaster.” Hermione smiled at the elderly man. She really didn’t want to go half way around the world to meet more family.

“There we go.” Albus twinkled.

“There we go, nothing.” Howard ignored the smiling old man and turned to his daughter. “You are coming with us young lady. We have already made all the arrangements. And, your mother and I do not feel that you are responsible enough to stay home alone.”

“I have already spoken with one of my dear friends daughter. Nymphadora Tonks has offered to allow Hermione to stay with her while you are away.” Albus had made the arrangements as soon as he had left Molly. Although, they wouldn’t be staying at Nymphadora’s place, which was currently her parents basement, instead they would be at the Orders headquarters. “Nymphadora spent time working as an assistant professor so she is already well acquainted with Hermione.”

“We are not just letting our daughter stay with some person we have never met.” Jean was horrified at the idea.

Hermione glared at her parents. “Why must you always be so difficult. I don’t want to go with you. I want to stay. What part of that don’t you get?”

“I must agree with Hermione.” Albus gave the girls parents a sad look, trying to make them feel guilty about denying their daughter. “It really is for the best for her to stay here. It would allow her to continue to study and expand her learning.”

“She can study while on vacation.” Jean didn’t trust this man, something felt off.

“Listen here you demented old man, you have no say in my daughters life.” Howard snapped.
Albus turned to his student. “Hermione, I feel that this isn’t going to work. I think your parents are just to set in their ways to let you live your life the way you choose.

Would you allow me to cast a few memory modifications so they think they agreed to let you stay? There is no need for them to worry about you not being with them if they think it was their idea.”

“That would be perfect Headmaster.” Hermione quickly agreed. “Could you also see about making them more agreeable to my point of view. They just never listen to anything I have to say.”

“HERMIONE JEAN GRANGER!” Jean was horrified at what her daughter had just said. “How dare you even thing about doing something like that?”

“Get out of my house!” Howard started to move forward to force the man out. “Hermione, you are grounded for the rest of the summer for even considering something like this.”

Albus quickly pulled his wand from his robe pocket and stunned both adults. “I really must agree with you my dear, they just don’t listen. I will make the modifications. Why don’t you go and pack your things. I can drop you off with Nymphadora once I finish here.”

Hermione happily made her way upstairs to gather her things. She saw absolutely no problem in altering her parents mind to get what she wanted. They were her parents after all, they should have always been on her side.

**Tonks Residence - August 4, 2006**

Hermione sat in the living room of the Tonks house going over her notes. While she was living at the Order headquarters, she still had to go to the Tonks house most days. The problem with living in a secured location like the headquarters was that no one could reach you.

When she had visited the ministry with her parents and gone to the education department she had learned that she could get tutors in certain subjects that would raise her OWL grades so she could continue in a subject if she wanted. She wanted to continue to study potions, so she had made her parents get her a potions tutor when they had visited the ministry before they left. When she had spoken with the Headmaster he had agreed that if she could complete the certified summer course he would override Professor Prince and allow her in his NEWT class.

But to complete the course she had to meet with the tutor and work on brewing multiple times every week. Which was why she was at the Tonks’s place. She wasn’t going to let a professor deny her the education she wanted just because he didn’t like her. While she didn’t like having to take the course, she would do it just to prove him wrong.

During the past week since her parents left Hermione had finally felt free. She was finally able to do what she wanted, and there was no one that could stop her. It was the best feeling in the world. The only way it could be better was is she was able to use her magic, but she was limited to only the so called magic needed for potions. Hermione thought it was stupid when her instructor had given her the badge that would stop her magic from being traced to brew a potion.

Despite what Professor Prince and this tutor said, she didn’t believe that magic was needed to brew. But, she hadn’t complained as she had gotten the badge, but the tutor had taken it back at the end of her brewing session.

She was actually enjoying her summer. Most days she would floo to the Lion’s Den to spend time with Ron and Ginny. The three of them had finally managed to find out that Harry… Hadrian was
working at The Bubble.

The Headmaster and Molly had tried to get him fired, but the staff there seemed to like having someone famous around so they refused. She and Ron had also tried getting jobs there, but had been told all the positions were filled. Now they just went to visit every day she didn’t have her tutoring sessions.

During the times the Order met Hermione would be sent outside to play with Ron and Ginny, who Molly would always bring with her. The three would spend the time trying to spy in on the meeting, they didn’t like being left out.

The other Order members had been very vocal about the fact that Molly had told the children and that she and the Headmaster had brought the three of them to the cottage. They said that it compromised the security and secrecy.

Hermione didn’t agree. It wasn’t like they were going to tell anyone anything that they learned. Really, they were more mature than that.

Another thing that Hermione was angry about was Percy. A few days before he had arrived with his father. The Headmaster had requested his presence in an attempt to get Percy to do the right thing. But he had refused. Even worse, before he had left he had pulled his wand and cast secrecy spells on all of them.

Molly had been very vocal about Percy lying to her about his job. She Ron and Ginny had been trying to get him to tell them what he did, while she had been trying to research more about his department and had been asking questions from other people. Percy had been furious since he claimed they were endangering his job.

The spells he had cast would stop them from mentioning him and anything to do with the DOM. It infuriated her, she had just been trying to learn more about his department. It wasn’t like they were trying to get him fired. They all just wanted the information he had, and if they had to pressure him to get it, then so be it.

Minister’s Office, Ministry of Magic - August 7, 2006

With all the pomp and circumstance done and out of the way, Kensington had gotten right to work. The very first thing he did as minister was to formally invite the military to assist in dealing with Voldemort and the Death Eaters.

They were now in the process of setting up a joint team, working with a few trusted aurors, along with a few Unspeakables that would pass on the information their spy gathered. They were also going to need to set up monitoring positions in strategic locations that would allow them to respond to any attacks that may be coming up.

Thankfully, from what the Unspeakables spy had gathered, there were no attacks being planned. The failed raid on the ministry had forced them back. They had lost far to many people during the attack.

Not only that, but Regulus’s plan had worked. The suppression cuff was still on the mans wand arm despite everything Voldemort had done to remove it. According to the spy, who had managed to get to examine the cuff, all the magic Voldemort had used to try to remove it had only served to charge it. That cuff wouldn’t be coming off until the end of October, early November, at the
earliest. And Voldemort wasn’t going to risk doing anything until he was back to full power.

Instead, they were focusing on recruitment. They were having a bit of success, but not as much as they may have hoped. With the invention of the potion to cure the madness in werewolves, and the normalization of their rights, along with the loss of Fenrir, none of the wolves were willing to align with him. They felt that it would just set them back as a species to do so, plus they all already knew Voldemort's views on creatures, even if the man had worked with Fenrir last time.

The only witches and wizards they were really having any success in converting was the children of his followers. And it wasn’t like the man could go into battle backed up by teenagers. They were trying to get more adults on their side, but their actions during the previous war had turned so many against them they weren’t making much headway.

He had also had to publicly announce that there were no more dementors in Azkaban, and request that if anyone saw any to report it to the ministry immediately. But, before he had even considered making that announcement he had made sure to explain to the public just what the origin of a dementor was. The public had been horrified to learn the truth about it and, once they were told they had all been released by the Unspeakables, they had been pleased.

Much to the surprise of the ministry officials, they didn’t get a single Howler of complaint. The staffers thought it might be a first. They got at least one howler over everything they did, even if it was as small as changing the font size on signs.

Sitting at his desk Minister Shacklebolt went over the new paperwork. He was pleased with the way things seemed to be going.

There were now protections in place in case of an attack, and since they still had time before Voldemort would risk ordering an attack, they would be improving the security as time went by. Soldiers were stationed within short distances from all major magical areas so they would be able to get to where they were needed.

One thing he wasn’t looking forward to was his next meeting with Albus Dumbledore. The man had shown up in his office the day after the elections and tried to tell him what he was supposed to do. He had actually seemed to think that he had the right to give Kensington orders on what he was to do as minister. Kensington had set him straight before telling him that if he wished for another meeting he would have to schedule it or else face his auror bodyguards and possible arrest.

He was sure that once the involvement of the military got out Dumbledore would once again be back. The man just didn’t like not being in control and Kensington knew he would not respond well once he knew the path he had chosen for their country to take.

Molly’s Flat - August 19, 2006

Molly was happily sipping her tea in the early evening. While she still didn’t fully trust the staff Albus had insisted on hiring to properly manage her restaurant, she had needed a break. And, she was right upstairs for when they realized they couldn’t handle things without her.

She was thinking about what she was going to be doing the next day when Ginny slammed into the flat in a huff.

“What’s wrong my baby?”
“You need to fix my Gringotts card. And Ron’s being mean.” Ginny whined as she stormed to her mum.

“What do you mean?” Molly was confused.

“My stupid Gringotts card isn’t working.” Ginny carried on, tears filling her eyes. “I was at Twilfitt and Tatting’s to order a new dress for my upcoming date with Harr… Hadrian. She makes you pay in advance rather than when you actually get the dress and when I went to pay, she said my card was declined for some reason.

I saw Ron at the quidditch shop and asked him to just put it on his card until you could fix mine, but he refused. He said me getting another new dress was a stupid idea. Mummy, make it better, I want my new dress. Make Ron be nice to me and share with me.”

“I will speak with your brother.” Molly assured her daughter. “What is the problem with your Gringotts card?”

“I don’t know.” Ginny muttered. “She said something about lack of funds or something. I wasn’t really paying attention.”

“Lack of funds?” Molly was shocked. That just couldn’t be.

Getting up she rushed to the drawer where she kept the childrens bank books. Flipping through, she looked at the accounts Arthur had set up. Each account had less than 20 galleons each since he had stopped giving them their allowance once they had moved in with her full time. Then she opened to books for the account she had had Albus set up for them.

She couldn’t believe what she saw. Ginny’s account showed that she had less than 10 galleons left. Ron only had 32 galleons left.

Molly couldn’t understand it as she flipped through the books. There had been almost 6000 galleons in each account only two years before. How could they have gone through so much in such a short amount of time? It had taken over a decade for that money to save up.

Ginny’s books showed almost weekly shopping sprees at clothing shops during each summer. She also bought plenty of treats and things when she was in Hogsmeade during the weekends from school. Ron’s money seemed to have been spent on quidditch supplies, candy, and things from Zonko’s.

“Mummy.” Ginny whined. “You need to go to the bank to fix things. I want that dress. It’s perfect for my date. I don’t want to miss out on having it finished for when school restarts.”

Molly just stared for a moment. What was she supposed to do? All that money gone, wasted on frivolous things. And, she wasn’t making enough from the restaurant to refill the accounts.

“MUMMY!” Ginny shrieked when her mum didn’t respond to her immediately.

“What are you on about now?” Ron questioned as he walked through the door, carrying another bag from Quality Quidditch.

“I was trying to get mummy to fix my account, but she has been ignoring me.” Ginny huffed as she turned to get a snack.

Looking at the bag in her sons hand Molly looked back at the book just in time to see the balance
decrease even further as a new total from the shop appeared.

“What have you two done?” Molly muttered weakly.

“What do you mean?” Ron questioned as he went to start looking through the food for something he wanted.

“Your accounts.” Molly all but whimpered.

“What?” Ginny was getting annoyed.

“They’re almost empty. How could you two have possibly spent that much money in only two years?” Molly looked to her children for answers.

“What are you on about?” Ginny questioned in confusion.

“You have spent almost every galleon you each had.” Molly stuttered out.

“Then just refill it.” Ginny rolled her eyes at her mothers dramatics.

“That isn’t how it works, Ginny.” Molly was still trying to wrap her head around this. “That account was opened when you were a baby. Money was added every month until it reached that much. It can’t just be refilled. 20 galleons is added each month for your allowance, and that’s it.

That money was supposed to last until you were both finished with school and had your own jobs. Instead you’ve wasted it.”

“It wasn’t wasted.” Ginny whined, not liking the turn this conversation was taking.

“According to your book you’ve bought dozens of fancy dresses. Tell me Ginny, when was the last time you wore one of them? You wear your school uniform or a few basic outfits. I doubt you’ve even worn half of them.” Molly demanded, getting angry.

“So what. Once Harr… Hadrian and I are together I’ll need dresses for all the parties we will be going to. I’ll wear them then.” Ginny snapped back.

“And you Ronald.” Molly turned to her son. “What more from the quidditch store could you possibly need?”

“I got a new pair of gloves for next year.” Ron shrugged.

“And just what was wrong with the pair you got during Christmas break? Or the pair you got last summer.” Molly glared.

“These ones are the latest type. They come in so many cool colours and have charms on them that will keep your palms from sweating.” Ron had wanted them as soon as he had seen them. Just like every other pair that was still sitting, unused, in his room.

“So what are you going to do?” Ginny demanded, she wanted her account fixed.

“There is nothing I can do.” Molly glared at her daughter. She just didn’t understand why they were behaving like this. “You have spent your money. That’s it. I can’t just make more appear out of nowhere.”

“But mummy.” Ginny whined, her eyes filling with tears at the idea of not getting to buy everything she wanted. “I want that dress. Get it for me. Get it for me. Get it for…”
“GINNY!” Molly shouted at her daughter. “I can’t just get you what ever dress it is you want. That cost money. Money we don’t have since you have spent it all.”

“I didn’t spend it all.” Ginny stomped her foot.

“Look at this and tell me where it’s wrong.” Molly shoved the girls bank book towards her. It never occurred to her that this was the same argument that Arthur had made so many years before.

Ginny looked at the book and saw the different times she had gone shopping. “So what? I went shopping. That’s why you gave me the bank card, so I could shop.”

“Yes, well, now the money is gone, so no more shopping.” Molly snapped. She was trying to think of ways around this, but couldn’t seem to think of any.

Maybe she needed to speak with Albus. He might be able to do something. He had money after all, he should share it with her and their children.

“That isn’t fair.” Ron finally looked up from his food.

“There’s nothing I can do about it. That money is almost completely gone. It isn’t going to just reappear. I think next summer we might have to see about getting the two of you a job.”

“I don’t want to work.” Both children whined as they gave their mum horrified looks.

“Well it’s the only way you’re going to be able to keep spending money the way you two seem to want to.” Molly knew she was going to have to put her foot down. She hated having to deny her babies anything, but since Arthur wasn’t willing to pay child support, like he should, then she just couldn’t afford it.

“You’re supposed to be looking after us.” Ginny forced tears to start sliding down her cheeks. “Why don’t you love us anymore?”

“Hush, baby girl.” Molly rushed forward, all anger forgotten, to coddle her daughter. “Of course I love you. We’ll figure something out. Don’t you worry.”

Molly never noticed the smirk her two children shared behind her back.

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**Granger House - August 27, 2006**

Hermione was annoyed when her parents demanded her return to their house. But at least they could take her back to school shopping now. With all the free time she had had lately she had been exploring the other alleys and found all kinds of things she wanted.

But most of all, she wanted books. She had gone to the shop that sold those self-updating books and made a list of all the ones she wanted, which was almost every book. Originally she had been planning on using her account to buy a few, but hadn’t had enough to buy even a single book. She was going to have to talk to the Headmaster and Professor McGonagall about getting a raise in the amount she got for putting up with Harr… Hadrian.

“Hermione, please have a seat.” Jean said in a sad voice as she directed her daughter to the chair at the table.

“What’s wrong?” Hermione was confused. “Didn’t you like your so called relatives?”
“Oh, we liked our time in Australia very much, there was only one problem.” Howard couldn’t help but glare at this monster his daughter had become. “You see, when we arrived your second cousin Andrew, your great great Uncle André’s grandson, he was surprised that you weren’t with us since he had been informed you would be.”

“Well, you agreed it would be fine if I stayed here.” Hermione waved it away.

“Did we really?” Jean looked hard at her daughter.

“While we were there, everyone noticed some odd things and took us to their branch of Gringotts to get tested.” Howard saw as Hermione began to tense. “Do you want to guess what the test showed?”

“I still have a few last minute assignments to get done. I’m just going…” Hermione started to get up to leave the room.

“You are going to sit right there young lady. We are not done.” Howard snapped, getting up to block the door so she couldn’t leave.

“Hermione.” Jean Looked to her daughter in disappointment. “I can not tell you how ashamed and embarrassed we were when we discovered what you and your Headmaster had done. We remember you not only agreeing with forcing us to let you stay, but also suggesting that he make us more agreeable to your decisions.

I can not believe that you thought forcing us to do what you wanted was even remotely acceptable. Because it isn’t. After multiple long conversations your father and I have come to a few decisions.

First, we have already arranged for random checks to be done by our local branch of Gringotts to ensure you, or those you have chosen to sully yourself with, do not tamper with our minds again.”

“Understand this young lady, the only reason we are not pressing charges for what you two did is due to the complicated circumstances since the tampering was discovered in another country. We also acknowledge that we share responsibility for this monster you have become.” Howard explained. “But, if anything else is discovered we will be pressing charges against all involved, and that includes you.

Another thing we have decided is that we will pay for requirements, and nothing else. Until you come to your mother and I with a full, and truthful, apology and show true remorse for your actions, along with trying to make up for them in some way, we are family in name only.

We will pay your school tuition. We will pay for required school supplies. But other than that you will get neither penny nor knut from us. You will just have to rely on those disgraceful people you have decided to spend your time with to get you what you want. Or, I guess you will just have to grow up and step into the real world and take care of it yourself, though I have my doubts you are capable of doing so right now.”

“YOU CAN’T DO THAT!” Hermione screamed at her parents. They couldn’t treat her like this, she was their daughter.

“Oh yes we can. What you did was wrong, and we will no longer enable your atrocious behaviour.” Jean stared her daughter in the eye. “Welcome to reality Hermione Jean Granger. People that behave as you have end up with no one to rely on because they alienate everyone. You best start changing your ways now young lady, or that is your fate.”

Hermione glared before storming off to write a letter to the Headmaster. He needed to fix this. She
wanted her parents to buy her those new books.

**Peverell Manor - August 31, 2006**

Hadrian lay curled between Fred and George in his large bed. While the three of them had been getting more and more intimate as their relationship had developed, Fred and George had absolutely refused to sleep with him until he turned 16. In the month since his birthday the three had been making up for lost time.

The three of them were not really looking forward to returning to Hogwarts in the morning. It made Hadrian sad, but the school no longer held the joy it once had for him. He now just had too many bad memories associated with the place that he had seen as his first home.

Not only that, but it kept him separated from the rest of his family for long periods of time and forced him to be around those he didn’t like. He didn’t like having to constantly avoid the annoying trio, along with Dumbledore and his little lackeys.

And now, since the twins were apprentices, they were going to have to go back to keeping their relationship quiet. While they could still be together, they couldn’t openly display it in front of the school while they were at the school. Holding hands was fine, but no major make-out sessions like Hadrian had become so fond of.

The twins had only been able to spend evenings with him and their families. During the days they had to be at Hogwarts with their masters to help them set up for the coming year and learn their basic responsibilities. They were both pleased that Dumbledore was too busy trying to figure out what was going on with the upcoming war, trying to get control of the new minister, and trying to find some way to control their world as a whole.

Hadrian knew that they had made plans to ensure that they would still get to spend time together, but he hated having to hide it. Hadrian was proud of who he was dating. He wanted the world to know about who he loved.

Closing his eyes, Hadrian went to sleep.

**Hogwarts - September 1, 2006**

Severus was annoyed as he made his way up to the Headmasters office. He had received a note just as the welcome feast was finishing requesting his presence, but he had chosen to go and give his welcome speech to his house first. He knew that Dumbledore would most likely be even more annoyed than before.

Arriving at the office he sighed at what he saw. Albus was on one side of the desk. And across from him was Minerva and Hermione Granger.

This was not going to be fun.

“You demanded my presence.” Severus drawled as he leaned against the wall.

“Severus, my boy. Please, come in. Lemon drop?” Albus twinkled happily.

Severus just glared at the idea of taking one of those potion covered things. Didn’t the old fool
realize he was a potions master? He knew what they were just from the smell, not even the lemon and sugar sent covered it.

“I asked you here to discuss Hermione joining your NEWT class.” Albus was annoyed by the mans disrespect.

“The OWL results that I was sent showed that she didn’t get the appropriate grade to get into my NEWT class. And I will not be changing the requirements to get in just because you favour one student over another. If I accept one student that got a grade that was too low then I would be forced to accept them all.” Severus said in a flat tone.

“My grade was just fine.” Hermione was angry by her professors disregard of her. “Maybe if…”

Albus cleared his throat to shut the girl up. “Ms. Granger completed a certified course over the summer that made up the difference.”

Severus wanted to growl as he took the paperwork and saw that the girl had, indeed, completed a course. Flipping through he saw that the course had literally only increased her score enough to get the bare minimum.

“While she did indeed complete the course, I would not recommend she take the class.” Severus returned to his spot.

“And just why is that?” Minerva demanded. “Hermione is a brilliant student. I’m sure she will be top of your class.”

“No, she won’t.” Severus snapped back. “It is not an insult. I am not trying to devalue her intelligence, it is just that, up until this point, she has not displayed the skills needed for her to succeed in the NEWT class.”

“My potions are perfect. I follow the recipe exactly.” Hermione turned her nose up at the idea that she wasn’t capable of doing well in the class.

“That is exactly the issue. You follow the recipes exactly. You have never shown any aptitude to adjust to any problems, that is what would have cost you points on the practical portion of your OWL.” Severus kept his voice calm. “The NEWT class focuses on editing, augmenting, and adapting preexisting potions, as well as creating new ones. The exact thing you have never managed to do.

For most of the next two years, you will not be given recipes to follow, you will need to make them up as you go.”

“But that isn’t how it works. In potions you give us a recipe and we brew it.” Hermione was confused by this idea. How could they not be given the recipe and still expected to brew?

“That is what you needed for your OWL, not your NEWT. OWL classes focus on getting everyone the basic skills needed to brew basic household potions. The NEWTs are meant for those that want to follow a career path that would include brewing, like a potions master or healer.

An example of what will be covered in this years class is the final project. Since mistakes happen, even to the best, I will be giving each of you a potion. The potion will have flaws in the brewing process that have resulted in it becoming toxic.

The project is to break down the toxic potion, figure out what mistakes were made, and create a potion that would counter it. It is complex and difficult even for those that have the skill required.
It will be almost impossible for someone who doesn’t.

We also start working with far more volatile ingredients and potions. A mistake in previous years might result in minor injuries, but a mistake in the next two years can be lethal, not only for you, but everyone in the class.” Severus really didn’t want the girl in his classes.

“I’m sure it will be fine.” Albus assured, Hermione preened. “She has the grade, so she will be taking the class.”

Severus heard the order in the second half of the response and knew he couldn’t say no. “Fine, but I will not be slowing down my teaching just because of one student. She will keep up, or she will be out.”

“Hermione is always well ahead of her classmates.” Minerva glared.

“Maybe in your class Minerva.” Severus turned to her. “But she has always proven to be average in my class. She was perfectly capable of passing her OWL, but I worry about her chances with her NEWTs.

But, since she got the grade she needed, then she will be able to come to my class, since I have no other option but to accept her. I will simply reiterate my previous statement, I do not believe that Ms. Granger has the aptitude to excel in my class. I know her issues with her temper and it makes me worry, so I will say this. If she has one of her fits of temper in my classroom and harms another student as a result she will not set foot in one of my classes again, and I will take it to the board or even the DMLE if I have too. You have let her get away with harming other students far too much, and it will not be happening in my class.”

Albus wanted to curse the dark clad man as he turned and was out the door before anyone could respond. “Hermione, my dear. You are going to need to show him just how wrong he is. Minerva, can you make arrangements to ensure that she is tutored by one of your older students in Severus’s class to ensure that she does well.”

“Of course Headmaster.” Minerva smiled as she started to make plans that would show Severus just how wrong he was about Hermione.

“Ms. Granger, you will need to keep a hold of your temper.” Albus raised an eyebrow at the girl. “I don’t care what happens, whether someone insults you or your grades aren’t what you want, you can’t react. If you feel that Severus is downgrading you then you are to bring it to Professor McGonagall and she will bring it to my attention and then I will deal with it, it is not your responsibility.”

“Yes Headmaster.” Hermione muttered petulantly. She hated people acting like she hurt people.

“Well then, off to bed with you. You have classes bright and early tomorrow.” Albus twinkled happily as the girl got up and left. Once she was gone, he turned to Minerva. “You will need to keep on top of her grades this year. She needs to do better.”

“She couldn’t have done too badly, she passed everything, didn’t she?” Minerva was confused. She knew Hermione was smart, how could she not have done well.

“Yes, she passed, but her grades were still lower than we would’ve liked.” Albus sighed as he rubbed his eyes. “I managed to get a look at her exams to see what the issue was. While she is finally answering the questions asked, she is still writing too much. She didn’t manage to finish a single written exam completely because she ran out of time. The closest she got was her law exam
where she only had three questions left.

Thankfully she managed to get most of the answers correct on the previous questions, or it could have gone very badly for her.”

“Don’t worry Albus, I will watch her.” Minerva planned on checking the girls grades every week just to be sure. “Albus, is there anything new on He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?”

Albus got up and walked to the window to stare out over the grounds. “Not yet. I am really beginning to worry.

He is being too quiet. Something is coming, I can feel it in my bones. And Kensington is refusing to listen to me. I have tried, but nothing. I can barely get a meeting with him anymore. I went to arrange a meeting, and was told he wouldn’t be available to speak with me for another few weeks.”

“Doesn’t he understand that you are only trying to help our side win this war.” Minerva huffed.

“I’m sure he does, it’s just he hasn’t yet realized the full extent of things. In time I’m sure he will see things my way, just like Fudge and Bagnold learned too.” Albus was sure he could eventually get the man in line, it would just take a big enough attack.

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**Hogwarts - September 2, 2006**

Albus was a little startled as he sat down to breakfast the day after the students arrived. The night before he had been so focused on the new students that he hadn’t even looked at the lower table where the assistants, and now apprentices, sat.

There, sitting near the middle was two identical red heads.

He couldn’t understand why the Weasley twins were still at the school. They had graduated last year. He was sure, given their general attitude, that they couldn’t have possibly done well enough to get an apprenticeship. He was going to have to look into this.

At least, since they were now on staff, they couldn’t have any relationship with Harr… Hadrian. It was in the rules that no staff member could be involved with a student. That would make room for Ginny, they were just going to have to keep them apart.

Having them around was something he didn’t want. It would allow Harr… Hadrian to continue to see them as potential spouse material. It would have been better if they had left the school. It would make it harder, but he was sure, given enough time, Ginny would be able to get the foolish boy in line.

Maybe he should arrange for the twins to be caught with others. It would shatter the foolish boys heart and Ginny could be there to clean up the mess. He just needed to figure out who to use. None of his followers were connected to anyone that could play the roll.

That might be the way to go.

Turning to Flitwick, who sat to his left he got his attention. “Filius, I just noticed that the Weasley twins are here. Do you know why that is? Neither of them was ever really academically oriented.”

“That’s simple. They are both apprentices. Fred is working with Iona Fabbri in spell crafting and George is with Lucien Zarno for alchemy.” Filius smiled happily.
“I still don’t understand why?” Albus questioned again.

Filius chuckled. “I know, the two of them have always seemed to be more about having fun than school, but they have both always done exceptionally well in their classes. They were always in the top 20 of their year. They earned those positions with hard work on their NEWTs. I’m sure they will do just fine in the position, don’t worry yourself Albus, it won’t effect you I’m sure.”

Filius turned back to his meal, leaving Albus to contemplate what to do.

Ron, Ginny, and Hermione finally managed to find the twins during what was supposed to be their lunch period. Things were harder for them this year as they had different schedules that they needed to work around.

They had all spotted the twins the night before and had been trying to figure out why they where there. Neither Ron or Hermione had gotten the grades they had needed to continue in spell crafting or alchemy, and Ginny didn’t have either of those classes until next week, so they hadn’t seen the two working in those classes.

Instead of waiting to speak to them after one of the meals, or until after classes ended, the three had been trying to track them down during their spare time. And they had finally done it.

They had found Fred and George gathering things together in the alchemy class and getting ready to head to lunch. They all walked in the room and slammed the door shut, getting there attention.

“What are you two doing here?” Ginny demanded when she saw them.

Fred and George glanced between each other. They had known something like this was coming. How they handled this would set the tone with how they would be dealing with their younger siblings and friends for the next two years.

The professors had understood that it would be a little complicated for them since many of the students had known them as friends and not teachers, so they had left it up to them to deal with things. They had just made sure the twins understood, these were students first, and anything else second. Like the professors, they were barred from marking any assignments from family, and Hadrian, to ensure there wasn’t any bias.

“Watch the tone Ms. Weasley.” George said, deciding to treat them like the students they were.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Ron was confused. “Your our brothers. Stop acting like you're better than us. She just wanted to know why you were here. What, did you fail last year?”

Fred took a deep breath, choosing to ignore the rudeness. “We are not your brothers right now, we are members of the staff, and you will need to treat us as such.”

“You aren’t a teacher, you're too young. You just graduated.” Hermione huffed.

“That is where you are wrong Ms. Granger. My brother and I were accepted to the apprenticeship program. We will be assisting Professors Fabbri and Zarno in teaching their classes.” Fred explained.

Ron laughed meanly. “What, couldn’t get a job in the real world and had to come running back to school?”
“Two points from Gryffindor Mr. Weasley, for disrespect of a member of staff.” George said, keeping all emotion from his voice. “For your information taking an apprenticeship helps to achieve a mastery in a subject, which is why we are here. We are both furthering our education and working towards masteries in our chosen fields.

Now, it is time for lunch. I would recommend you three go and eat before your next classes begin.”

“You can’t do that.” Ron was horrified that his brothers might be able to take points away from him. He knew what they were like.

“Yes, we can.” Fred kept his face blank, he knew that if either of them smirked, like they desperately wanted to, they would end up visiting the old coot. “We are members of staff, with all the same rights and responsibilities as the others. And that includes taking or giving points, along with assigning detentions. Now, it’s time for lunch.”

With that, both twins quickly walked to the door and left.

“I wonder how this effects their relationship with Harr… Hadrian?” Hermione said in a thoughtful voice.

“They can’t have him, he’s mine.” Ginny whined.

“I will look into it.” Hermione rolled her eyes at the girl. “Maybe we can get them kicked out if they do anything.”

Ron smirked at the idea.

“What do you two know about apprenticeships and masteries?” Hermione questioned. “I don’t really understand how they work.”

Ron and Ginny just shrugged, neither having had thought about higher education. Instead of answering, they chose to go to lunch. They knew if it was important Hermione would figure it out and tell them.

**Hospital Wing - September 9, 2006**

Arthur sighed as he entered the hospital wing and saw Molly coddling Ron and Ginny. He had been worried when he had gotten the request to see the children in the hospital wing. He had worried they had some how managed to hurt themselves in less than two weeks.

Once he sat down on the other side of Ron and Ginny, keeping them between him and Molly, Healer Savoy addressed them. “Thank you both for attending. We asked you here to discuss a few concerns we had after running the usual health scans.”

Molly glared over at Arthur. “What did you do to my babies?”

Arthur was a little startled, looking to the healer. “What’s wrong?”

“It was him.” Molly shouted as she stood up and pointed at Arthur. “It’s why I demanded primary custody of my babies, he was just so mean to them. He never let them have anything they wanted, always denying them.”

“So they live with you most of the time?” Healer Savoy knew enough to know the woman was
lying. She had served as mind healer to both children and knew that the problem was their mother.

“Of course.” Molly said imperiously, glaring at Arthur.

“Then I guess you are the one we need to speak to the most.” Healer Savoy said.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Molly was confused.

“The reason we asked you here was due to the diet the children seem to have.” Healer Savoy looked between the two adults. “Both children are showing evidence of problems.”

“What kind of problems?” Arthur knew that Molly never bothered to ensure the children ate properly during the summer.

“To start, Ronald shows evidence of high cholesterol. And his sugar levels are far too high. It’s like he hasn’t eaten anything but desserts since the beginning of summer.” Healer Savoy had been startled by the test results on the boy.

“He stayed with me every other weekend, I always make sure that he eats properly. He isn’t allowed to even see the dessert until he has finished eating a proper meal.” Arthur said.

They both looked to Molly.

“Mrs. Diggle, we are going to need to address what you allow your son to eat during the summer.” Healer Savoy said.

“I just make sure my babies get the food they need. Ronnie is always telling me about how there is never enough when he’s here. It’s disgusting to have this school starving my baby.” Molly glared.

“Mrs. Diggle, there is always plenty of food on the table. It is only junk food that is limited. We also ensure that there is an appropriate amount for each child.” Healer Savoy tried to explain. “We tailor the food to a healthy diet.

Yes, we limit the amount of things like dessert, but that is because students don’t need that much.”

“So you admit to starving my poor babies.” Molly was once again on her feet.

“No, what I said was that we don’t feed them a limitless supply of junk food. If your son ate healthy food he would find there is plenty. He needs to learn to eat a healthy diet.” Healer Savoy snapped back.

“Why don’t you explain things to us?” Arthur looked to the healer.

“Ronald has clearly been eating foods that are far too high in sugars. He isn’t getting enough fruits and vegetables. Most of the calories he is getting are empty calories.” Healer Savoy turned to the boys father. “He is showing deficiencies in many different vitamins as a result along with the cholesterol and sugar level issues.

If he keeps eating the way he has been it will do long term damage to his body. I arranged this meeting in hopes of getting him on the right track now, rather than waiting until it’s too late. While he is unhealthy, it isn’t threatening his life, yet.”

“What?” Molly shrieked as she moved to her son.

“There are already blockages building up in his arteries. Unless he starts eating a healthy diet, his current life expectancy is only around 50 years. If he keeps going the way he is, he will more than
likely suffer a heart attack by then.

For the cholesterol and sugar level issues, given where he is at now… Starting in about 10 years, at the most, he will need to be on daily potions just to keep his system functioning properly.”

“So what can we do?” Arthur was horrified Ron’s health was so bad due to his poor eating habits.

“You need to work out a meal plan with a dietician. That is not my field, but I am going to give you a recommendation to one that works out of St. Mongo’s. If you can get him to stick to that plan, then his health will improve greatly, and so will his life expectancy.

He is also going to need to start to exercise a bit. Quidditch isn’t enough. He needs physical exercise, not just sitting on a broom. I know that he isn’t in phys-ed, but I would recommend that he join one of the sports clubs for fun. There is less pressure, and it will get him out and moving.” Healer Savoy said.

“I think that would work.” Arthur agreed before looking to Molly.

“You can’t be serious, my baby is fine.” Molly looked at the woman, fear showing slightly in her eyes.

“I am very serious. He needs to learn healthy eating habits now, or things will just get worse for him. His current poor eating habits are why he seems so tired all the time. He lacks the energy needed to properly live his life because he has been eating large quantities of food that lack the nutrients he needs as a growing boy.

I understand that you manage a restaurant, but you need to make sure that he gets the right food. It might be easy to just give him whatever he wants, but it isn’t good for him. You need to step up and be his mother.” The healer looked to the woman, hoping this would make her react more in the defence of her child rather than just defensively.

“And what about Ginny?” Arthur questioned.

“Ginny seems to have similar, yet different issues.” The healer once again turned her attention to Arthur. “Just from talking with Ginny about what she eats it is clear that, like her brother, she doesn’t have a healthy diet.

Ginny shows signs of vitamin deficiency. She isn’t eating balance meals, and hasn’t been for at least a year. From what she told me, when she feels she is gaining too much weight she limits what she eats, but not in a healthy manor. She said she just eats salad or nothing at all. Then, once she has lost the amount she wants to, she seems to gorge herself on junk food.

In the muggle world it’s called an eating disorder and is extremely unhealthy. Going from starving herself to eating everything in front of her just causes her to gain more weight quicker. It also puts strain on her body. The way she is going is just making her gain more weight, which makes her starve herself for longer periods of time, which is causing her to not have enough nutrients and resulting in strain on her internal organs.

Again, I think a visit to a proper dietician, who can properly explain things to her, would be best. Simply denying yourself certain foods doesn’t help because the moment you reintroduce them to your diet your body is going to panic and hoard calories. Something most dieticians I know all say the same thing, everything in moderation. So long as you don’t gorge yourself, you can eat small amounts of almost any food with out harming yourself.

And again, I would recommend exercise. If she really is doing all this to lose weight, then exercise
is the best medicine. Combining a healthy diet and exercise will do much more than the crash diets in helping her maintain a healthy body weight.”

“Ginny, honey. Have you been starving yourself?” Molly fearfully looked to her daughter.

“It’s just dieting. You always give us food from the restaurant, and it makes me gain a lot of weight. So, I make sure to eat less until the weight goes away, but it just keeps coming back.” Ginny huffed. “I just want to be in shape for Harr... Hadrian. There is nothing wrong with that.”

“Ginny, we have talked about this before.” Arthur sighed. “You can’t force someone to be with you. But more to the point, you need to keep yourself healthy, that is the most important thing. Don’t spend all your time worrying about how others want you to look, what matters is how you want you to look.”

“That is exactly what you need to do Ms. Weasley, focus on staying healthy rather than another’s opinion of your body. It will make you feel much better in the long run.” Healer Savoy agreed.

“So you’ll be giving us a recommendation so we can take these two to the dietician?” Arthur questioned, pleased that Molly was for once quiet.

“Yes, I will request their first available appointment. I think it would be best to deal with this as soon as possible.” Healer Savoy started writing.

“It can’t be that bad.” Molly muttered, not wanting to think that letting her babies have what they wanted may have ended up hurting them. She had been so sure it was Arthurs fault.

The other two adults just ignored her and carried on making arrangements. Once they had the diet plan they were going to use the house elves to ensure they followed them. Like how Winky could keep Ron from eating too many desserts, the schools house elves could spell the food so that a student wouldn’t be able to see or touch something that was bad for them or that they weren’t allowed. It was what they did with students with allergies to keep them safe.

Both of the children weren’t really paying attention anymore. Ginny was instead mad at her dad for once again saying she couldn’t make Harr... Hadrian hers. Ron, just wanted to take a nap, he had had a big lunch and wanted his bed.

Ministers Office, Ministry of Magic - October 3, 2006

Albus was annoyed as he made his way through the ministry. It had taken a month, but he had finally managed to get a scheduled meeting time with Kensington.

Over the past month he had been to the ministry almost every day attempting to speak with him, but had always been blocked. Albus hated being told no. He had made sure to make the ministers office staff feel incredibly guilty, but it hadn’t been enough. According to the stuttering secretary, who had been close to tears, the minister had a full schedule and this was the earliest appointment she could get him.

Walking into the outer office, making sure to smile winningly at the staff that was working, he went towards the slightly open office door. But he was cut off by the secretary that arranged his meeting. She went first, knocking on the door, something he had no plan of doing, and announced his arrival.

“Please come in Albus.” Kensington looked up from a report he was going over. “What is it that
you needed to speak with me about so badly?"

The meeting hadn’t even properly started yet and Albus was getting angry. “Thank you for seeing me my boy. Lemon drop?”

Kensington just shook his head after giving him a concerned look. With the refusal, Albus put the bag back in his left pocket while pulling a candy out of his right and popping it in his mouth.

“I wanted to speak with you about Voldemort and the Death Eaters.” Albus still didn’t like how fewer and fewer people reacted to Tom’s dark lord name.

Kensington tightened up and got ready to start rejecting the old man’s ideas. “And just what is it you feel we need to discuss?”

Albus ground his teeth, crushing his sweet much to his dismay. “It has come to my attention recently that you have issued a formal invitation to the military to get involved.”

Kensington said nothing, keeping his face blank.

“It really isn’t a good idea to have them involved. They just don’t know how to maintain secrecy. They are far too public with their actions. They won’t even dress to blend in with the public, instead wearing their uniforms everywhere. It will just make the public feel afraid.

It really would be for the greater good to rescind the invitation. I understand that you did it out of hope of stopping this war early, but it really won’t work. Former Minister Bagnold made the same mistake. It really would be for the best. They will just make things worse.”

“Albus, no.” Kensington was confused by the man’s reasoning. “The military has been invited in, and that is how it is going to stay.”

“Really my boy. I know you are just trying to do what you think is best, but there is plenty you don’t fully understand about the situation. We really need to get onto the same page my boy.”

“I don’t care what page you’re on Albus, I am the minister, so the decision is mine. And I have decided to involve the military with this issue.”

Albus withheld a growl. “Now my boy, we need to pull together right now. There is a war coming, and we need to stand united.”

“Albus. You are the headmaster of a school. Your job is to look after your students and ensure they are learning everything they need to be functioning members of society. What the ministry does in regards to this coming conflict is not something you can control. You can voice your opinion, just like every other citizen, but you are not in charge here, I am.

I have decided that the military is the way to go. I have looked over what happened last time and was appalled by what I saw. Up until the military’s invitation was revoked, we were winning the war. After they were forced out we started to lose and more people died. Who knows how many lives could have been spared if the military had been allowed to finish what they had started. I will not make that mistake. I will not put the glory of a few over the safety of our nation.”

“It really would be for the greater good my boy.” Albus was ready to kill, if it weren’t for the magic readers he had seen on the wall, which would alert those in the outer office if any harmful spells were cast, he would have imperiod the man and forced him to do the right thing. “You will also need to set up a liaison between the aurors and a few of my old associates. They have fought this war before, so they are far more equipped to properly manage the Death Eaters.”
“Have you completely lost your marbles?” Kensington was actually shocked the fool was bringing up his Order with him. “I will most definitely not be giving permission for sensitive information being given to civilians who have no right to it.”

“Now my boy, you don’t need to worry. My people know how to keep a secret. It really is for the greater good. Those I work with know what they are doing. They brought in many Death Eaters last time.” Albus twinkled.

“Allow me to make this perfectly clear Albus, this is going to be handled by the professionals. I read the reports from the last war, and we will not be repeating that mess again.

Your friends, as you refer to your Order members as, did far more harm than good. They were not properly trained, so there was barely a single piece of evidence that they didn’t contaminate. It was why so many Death Eaters your group brought in went free, it was because their arrests weren’t legal.

The only ones that managed to handle the situations properly were those that had been trained like James Potter and Sirius Black who were both aurors at the time.

I will remind you that, as a result of the last war, a law was passed making all vigilante groups illegal. You should be grateful you and your… friends, weren’t charged for your interference with the trap in the DOM. Next time it happens, you will be charged.

If your people conduct any attacks, or as you would call them… raids, on houses to collect people you believe to be Death Eaters, you will be charged, regardless if you are correct or not.

If your people forcefully bring anyone into the DMLE to be arrested they will be charged with assault and kidnapping. It doesn’t matter what you believe the person is guilty of, taking them anywhere against their will is kidnapping.

If anything happens. If any of your people witness anything. Then they are to call the aurors and let the professionals deal with it. They are civilians, if they want to be more than that, then they can apply to the aurors, or the military. That is the only way they will be involved in this conflict.”

“You can’t be serious.” Albus was stunned, he couldn’t have his people arrested if they did anything. He needed himself, and his people, to be seen as the peoples protectors.

“I am deadly serious.” Kensington really was enjoying the shocked look on the mans face. “There will be an article laying out what I just told you in tomorrows paper, just to ensure that there aren’t any slight misunderstandings.”

“You can’t do that.” Albus stood up in a fury.

“I can, and have. Now, if you would not mind, I have plenty of paperwork that needs to be done. I’m sure you understand, you probably have plenty of your own waiting for you back at the school. I wouldn’t want to keep you from doing your job and properly caring for the children of our world.”

Albus was ready to start throwing curses at the blatant dismissal. Turning on his heal, Albus stormed from the office, not even bothering with his kind old man act as he left the ministry.

Peverell Cottage - October 4, 2006
Everyone was talking loudly a few minutes after the emergency meeting was scheduled to start. Dumbledore was late, once again.

As Kensington had said, the papers both reported that anyone involved in a vigilante group would be charged if they broke any laws that morning. The reports had covered not just what would be done, but why. The Seer more than The Prophet explained that any civilian involving themselves in the conflict were endangering their lives, as well as the lives of those around them. They said that if anyone saw something they felt was suspicious they were to report it to the authorities and it would be dealt with by them.

That had caused mass chaos amongst the members of the Order. There were those that were angry at the ministry. Those that were afraid. Those that actually agreed. And those that were a combination of the other responses. The only thing that was consistent, was that everyone was worked up.

“Sorry I’m late, I got held up with work.” Albus smiled as he finally arrived.

Settling down at the head of the table he thanked Molly as she gave him a cup of tea. He secretly cast a detection charm just to make sure the obsessive woman didn’t add anything.

Once everyone was settled into their seats, Molly was the first to voice her rather loud opinion. “What are we supposed to do? How could that fool do something like this? We are just trying to help and he is suggesting we be treated like we were some kind of dark wizard criminals. Headmaster, can’t you make that fool see the light?”

“I have tried Molly.” Albus was pleased how many seemed to agree with Molly’s point of view. “Kensington just won’t listen to me. I am slightly worried about his actions. He seems to be acting erratically in regards to dealing with the Death Eaters.”

Molly gasped in horror, falling for the lie hook line and sinker. “You don’t think they have already gotten to him and put him under the imperious or something do you?”

“I am not sure, just concerned.” Albus made his face look contemplative while inside he was dancing. He knew Molly would announce it to every one that entered the restaurant. It would help to make the public more fearful, and would also cause people to question his judgment and actions.

“There is no need for that.” Frank spoke up. “Kensington and Amelia had a new policy implemented. Every higher ranked ministry employee is randomly checked by the Unspeakables for anything every week. I was checked just yesterday, and I know Kensington was scanned two days ago because I was in the office going over some reports when they arrived.”

“Well that’s good to know.” James smiled at his old friend, understanding what both he and Albus were doing.

“So he’s siding with the dark on his own, that actually makes it worse in my opinion.” Nymphadora huffed, her parents and a few others agreeing with her.

“How in Merlin’s ghost do you come up with that idea?” Sirius looked at the girl like she was an idiot. “He hasn’t sided with the Death Eaters. He has merely stated that he will be enforcing the law.”

“We are doing the right thing. We need to stand against them.” Nymphadora argued.

“Yes, standing against them is the right thing. And you are more than allowed to do so in your official role as an auror. But that doesn’t mean you can break the law when you are off duty.”
Remus tried to explain. “Intention doesn’t really matter, breaking the law is breaking the law. Now, you could argue at your trial for a reduction in sentence due to why you broke the law, but it doesn’t change the fact that you will have broken the law.

But, more to the point, it is good that he is applying the law to all. If we were to be given a pass, then the Death Eaters could argue that since we can act without repercussions then they should be able to as well.”

“He is correct. From a legal standpoint. The law applies to everyone, and if some are given exemptions then others can argue for the same treatment.” Ted didn’t like it, but as a barrister he also couldn’t deny it.

“So what are we supposed to do?” Sturgis Podmore asked.

“We gather what information we can legally, and pass it on to the aurors. I think that’s about the extent of what we can legally do.” Edgar Bones said.

“I’m sure we can do more.” Minerva didn’t like the disregard the new minister was showing Albus. She just wished Nymphadora had been successful in her attempt to recruit Kingsley Shacklebolt, she would have loved to give that man a piece of her mind so he could tell his uncle just how disgraceful his actions were.

“We will just have to be secretive about it.” Albus smiled slightly, sure none of his people would get arrested. “It is what secret groups do after all.”

“Yeah, so secret three teenagers were told, one of them even being allowed to live here for a month.” Sirius muttered, but everyone heard him.

Molly glared, but Sirius just raised an eyebrow as if daring her to contradict him.

“I am not going to go to Azkaban for your ego Albus.” James stated. “And neither will my husband. I will do what I can, but I will not be breaking any laws.”

“It will all work out. I’m sure Kensington will see the light soon enough.” Albus was going to ensure that. “Now, we need to address Harr… Hadrian’s training.”

“Don’t even start on that old rant.” Severus spoke up for the first time. “Hadrian has two years left of school. He will not be taking part in this war until he has graduated at the minimum. He is not your attack dog.”

“IT IS HIS DUTY!” Molly shrieked, finally getting a chance to tell him off for what he said about her babies during the summer. “You have raised him to be a selfish brat. It is time that boy is taken in hand and taught his place. He will face He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named for the greater good.”

“I will make you a deal Molly.” Severus gave the woman a cold glare. “We will allow our son to be sent out to face Voldemort, but you will send your children first.”

Turning, Severus muttered a quick apology to Arthur, but the man waved it away. Arthur knew that Molly was never going to agree anyway.

“What?” Molly screamed, jumping to her feet.

“It’s simple, if you're willing to sacrifice children, we will start with yours.” Severus glared. “Or, we could agree that we will not be so despicable as to try and use children as weapons during a war. That is something a Death Eater would do.”
Molly growled in her throat when the man accused her of being like a Death Eater and threatening her babies.

“Please calm down everyone. We won’t be sacrificing any children.” Albus ushered Molly to sit back down, annoyed with the path the argument had taken. “I just wished to address whether or not he is prepared for an attack on him. We all know he will be a target.”

James rolled his eyes. They had all gotten the must protect Hadrian speech multiple times after Albus had learned they were letting him work during the summer. Hadrian had even told them that he had caught multiple Order members watching him at work.

“He is currently at school. So as long as you can maintain the security of the school, then there will be no issue. As for Hogsmeade weekends, we have already made sure that he is well protected, just as we did this summer.” James said.

“How can you put him in such danger?” Andromeda demanded, she didn’t understand how a parent could risk their child like that. “You know there is a threat to his life, but you’re still allowing him to just wander around.”

“As we have also said before, we are not going to teach our son to live his life in fear. We will also not treat him like a prisoner.” Severus said. “As for the threats. Hadrian has been receiving multiple death threats every year. If we made him hide away every time he gets a threat he would never leave the house.

Instead, we just made sure he could protect himself and had ways to escape. And it has worked. He is a happy, healthy, well adjusted young man rather than a stuttering, fearful, boy.”

The meeting devolved quickly after that. Everyone voicing their own opinions. There were those that agreed with Severus and James about how they were raising their son, there was also a vocal group, led by Molly, that disagreed. There were also many that were still trying to figure out how they could operate given how the ministry would deal with them if they were caught.

**McGonagall’s Office - October 7, 2006**

Sirius was actually excited as he entered his old head of house’s office. There had once been a time that he had actually liked the woman back when he was a child, but that was long past.

When they had been assigning prefects this year, Sirius had actually managed to get his way since no one was willing to agree to let Ginny have the badge after her attack the year before. But, Minerva had managed to force him to accept Ron as the quidditch captain. Although, he was pretty sure the other heads of house had agreed since they knew it would give them a better chance of getting the cup.

“What is it that you wanted to speak about with me Sirius?” Minerva demanded in an imperious voice.

“I was approached by Angelina Johnson earlier today.” Sirius took a seat. “She wanted to speak to me about the quidditch team and how Ron is doing as captain.”

“We have already covered this.” Minerva huffed. “Ron is the captain, and there is nothing any of you can do about it. I understand that Ms. Johnson may be jealous that the position went to someone younger than her, but she can’t just expect to be given it by whining to you.”
“Oh, that wasn’t what she wanted to talk about.” Sirius was getting excited to upset the witch. “I have decided, since you were the one to demand that Ron receive the badge, that you are now responsible for dealing with him. Anything that involves quidditch this year is your problem.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean?” Minerva was confused by that.

“Simple, we don’t have a team.”

“What?” Now Minerva was really confused.

“The first match is in a month, and Ron has yet to hold tryouts for the open spots. And since they haven’t even had tryouts, what do you think the chances are they have had a single practice?” Sirius asked sarcastically. “I looked at the schedule for who has booked the pitch, Gryffindor hasn’t booked a single hour on the field at all this year.

So, as I said, we have no team. And it’s your job to deal with it. Good luck, cause you’re going to need it.”

Sirius smirked as he got up and slipped out of the office.

Minerva just stared at the empty chair across from her for a moment. She had been so focused on trying to get Hermione to do better in her classes, that she had completely missed Ron not managing the quidditch team properly. She had figured with how much the boy loved quidditch he would be able to handle the position.

Sighing, she pulled out a piece of parchment and wrote a note requesting the boy to her office. She had to deal with this, if he failed, it would make her look bad.

**Hogsmeade - October 14, 2006**

Hadrian was walking with Fred and George towards the Shrieking Shack. He knew at this time of year most would avoid going away from town since it was too chilly. They just wanted to be alone together.

They had only been at school for six weeks, and they were all already ready to go home. Having to stay apart was less than pleasant. They had gotten so used to being able to just hold each other. But, as much as they hated not being able to be public with their relationship, they figured the twins not being in the school would be worse.

Because of the marriage contract Hadrian was able to go into the twins quarters, a fact that he took advantage of almost every day. Many days, while the twins were working on marking or something else for their apprenticeship, Hadrian would join them just to be around them, doing his homework while they worked. Just spending time together settled their bond.

“We are being followed.” Fred whispered when he saw a flash of colour as they turned a corner.

“I know.” Hadrian sighed. “It’s Tonks. I thought I saw her in town. She must be here on Dumbledore’s orders as my so called guard. You know what this means, don’t you?”

George subtly glanced back and saw pink through the trees. “Yes. We’re going to get called up to his office. He’s going to want to try to break us up.”

Fred held the other two up for a moment, bending down like he was tying his shoes. When he stood back up he left a little present for their spy. It was a trap capsule. When she walked past it it
would trigger and cover her in stink sap that was mixed with a neon orange colouring potion. It would take a minimum of a week to get rid of the smell and colour.

Only a few moments after they went around the next bend they heard the pellet release and the scream as the woman was caught, followed by the pop of her apparition.

“Well that deals with her for the moment.” Fred smirked before leaning down to give Hadrian a quick kiss.

Once at the shack they quickly hopped the fence and went inside. The place had been fixed up a bit over the years and now had some extremely comfortable furniture. Sirius liked to slip away and visit the place when Dumbledore was annoying him.

“I am not looking forward to going back.” Hadrian was, as usual, snuggled between the two older men. “You know he’s going to be impossible about this.”

“We know.” Fred grinned. “It might be fun to rub his crooked nose in the fact he will never be able to force you to get together with our dear sister.”

Hadrian smirked at Fred before turning to George. “What do you think, George?”

“I think it could be worse.” Seeing the look the two were giving him he continued. “It could have been Ginny who caught us. You know she would have a complete meltdown. Then, she would run to Molly and Dumbles. Just imagine a meeting with the three of them. I’m getting a headache just thinking about it.”

Hadrian and Fred shivered in horror at the idea of the two females joining the meeting.

“I don’t think Dumbles will tell them.” Fred said thoughtfully.

“Why?” Hadrian had figured that would be the first move the man made. It would be another way he might try to force him together with the red headed harlot.

“You saw how Gin reacted last time.” Fred hugged Hadrian closer just thinking about it. “She would be even worse if she knew we had a marriage contract. And molly would be just as bad, if not worse. You know she would start sending us howlers every day. And that would just make him look bad because everyone knows he is allied with her.”

Hadrian had to agree with that. Molly and Ginny would be a complete nightmare if they knew. Deciding that was enough of thinking about those two traitors, Hadrian turned back to his boyfriends, or, he guessed the were is fiancé’s now.

**Headmaster’s Office**

Fred and George shared a commiserating look as they slowly made their way up to the headmasters office. They had known it was coming, but they had only been back in the school for less than 5 minutes when an elf arrived with the note.

Arriving at the bottom of the stairs they both let out a breath of relief seeing Hadrian coming their way, with Severus next to him. They had been worried that they were expected to be alone with the man, and they didn’t trust him enough for that, or, at all.

“Worried it was just going to be the two of you and him?” Hadrian smiled at the looks on their
“Yeah.” “Kinda.” They replied at the same time.

“Let’s get this latest torture session over with. Shall we? Kinder Egg.” Severus said, reluctantly stepping on the spiralling stairs.

“Come in, come in.” Albus said in a grave voice when Severus knocked. “Please, take a seat. Lemon drop?”

Hadrian looked at the set up of the office as he ignored the sweet that he was offered. Two seats were off to the side, clearly for the twins, and another one was on the other side of the desk. It was clear Dumbles wanted to keep the three of them separated. It was also annoying that there wasn’t a place for his papa to sit. Even though he knew the man preferred to rest against the wall, making sure no one could sneak up on him from the door, it still would have been polite to have enough chairs.

“What did you want Albus?” Severus already knew, his son had told him about Tonks on the way to the office, but he still wanted to make the old coot say it. “I feel I should also mention that Iona and Lucien should have also been invited to this meeting as it seems to involve their apprentice’s.”

“Yes yes, a slight oversight, I just didn’t want to take them away from doing their jobs.” Albus tried to smile, but he was just too angry. “I will speak to them after this.”

“You still haven’t told us what you wished to speak with us about.” George said, never taking his eyes off the old man, not trusting him for a moment.

“Unfortunately I will have to ask the two of you to leave my school. Your apprenticeship contracts are going to be revoked.” Albus gave the two a very disappointed look. “Mr. Potter, you will be serving detention with me every weekend for the rest of term.”

“On what grounds?” The four others in the office all demanded at the same time.

“It is against the rules for a member of staff to be in a relationship with a student. You three really should have known better. “Albus looked over the top of his glasses at the three young men. “You will be off school grounds by the end of the day, I will also be speaking with the DMLE to ensure that you are kept away from my students.

Mr. Potter, you are getting detention for the rest of term because you knew what you were doing was wrong. Really my boy, you need to spend more time with your fellow students. There are plenty that would love to be in a relationship with you. Being in a relationship with an adult is wrong.”

When the three went to start yelling at the old coot, they were stopped by Severus who spoke for them. “Relax you three, nothing is going to happen. Albus, you really need to read the school charter. While yes, it is forbidden for a professor to have a relationship with a student, the same is not true for an apprentice. So long as the younger partner is over 16, which Hadrian is, and the apprentice(s) are no more than 5 years older, then they can be in a relationship. They have met the qualifications, so it is perfectly acceptable for them to be in a relationship.

Also, just to ensure there was no impropriety Iona and Lucien insisted there be a marriage contract in place to ensure it wasn’t just a fling. The boys are no longer dating, they are now engaged.”
Severus and the boys all smirked at the look of horror on the old man’s face.

“Marriage contract?” Albus whispered.

“Yes. James and I signed off on it, and so did Remus and Sirius since they are also legally his parents. It has been in place for months.” Severus actually smiled.

“But… But that can’t be.” Albus could practically see as his plans fell down around him once again.

“It is. The boys will be getting married when they get older, but that isn’t relevant to what is happening today. Despite what you seem to think, you have no ability to cancel the twins apprenticeship. Since they haven’t done anything wrong, they will not be going anywhere. If you have a problem with their behaviour, then you need to speak with their masters, not them.

And, Hadrian will not be serving any detentions with you. He also hasn’t done anything wrong. It is perfectly acceptable for him to be in a romantic relationship with his fiancee’s.”

Albus tried to think of a new approach to this. “They will still have to be punished for their attack on Nymphadora. Attacking an auror is highly illegal.”

“Did you three attack Nymphadora?” Severus turned to the three in surprise.

“Maybe.”, “It’s possible.” The twins responded at the same time.

Severus looked to his son.

“In a way.” Hadrian smiled at his father’s bland look. “We were walking around and noticed someone was following us. We weren’t exactly sure who it was, and since everyone is always saying I’m in danger, I had the twins deal with the threat. If she’s the one who was stalking us, then yes. But it wasn’t an attack, it was merely self protection.

I didn’t know that the aurors had someone tailing me. I would have thought Madame Bones would have informed you.”

Severus saw the innocent look on his son’s face. “As far as I know, there has been no order for any auror to follow you, but you can bet I will be looking into it. And, I completely agree with what the three of you did. If you have someone stalking you, especially given what’s going on right now, give them all you’ve got.

Now, the three of you should head back to your quarters. Clearly, this meeting was just a waste of time. I will let you know if there is anything worth knowing.”

Hadrian hugged his father before leaving the office, closely followed by the twins. Once they were gone, Severus turned on Albus.

“Would you care to explain to me just what that was all about?”

“Severus, surely you must see how inappropriate it is to allow your son to be involved with those two?”

“I see no such thing. I see my son happy and well protected by people that love him for him, and not his name, his titles, or his vault size. Fred and George are intelligent, kind, and extremely loving.
As I know I have stated before, you need to read the rules of this school, then you might want to go over the apprenticeship contracts the twins are under. Then you might understand they have done nothing wrong.

As for this so called attack on Nymphadora, have you lost your mind. You're the one always going on about how much danger Hadrian is in, going so far as to try and bar him from Hogsmeade weekends, and when something does happen, and the twins protect him, you want them charged. I know James and I already warned you about having members of the Order following our son. They were well within their rights to attack, they could have done a lot worse and I would see no problem with it.

You will not be going to the DMLE about anything in this situation. You do understand this could get Nymphadora fired. If she was doing this on duty then it can be seen as corruption or dereliction of duty since I have no doubt that stalking my son was not her orders. If she was off duty, then it was still stalking and she can be charged for it. We went over this during the summer when you had people following Hadrian to work everyday.

Just leave my son alone.”

“Severus.” Albus said in a placating voice. “Nymphadora was just trying to ensure H… Hadrian stayed safe while he was walking around undefended.

But I really must question this relationship you seem so accepting of. You must see that it isn’t healthy for him. He can do so much better. He has the potential for a great future, and I don’t feel that is possible if he is involved with those two. They just don’t have what it takes to go far. I know that was always Molly’s complaint about them, their lack of work ethic.”

“Albus, I don’t know how many times I have to say it until you finally understand, you have no say in my son’s life. As for the twins, are you kidding. Those two are wonderful for Hadrian. They make him happy, and that is all that matters to us.

And Molly’s opinion of the twins means less than nothing. I have seen what she considers perfect children in the form of her two youngest. I would hate for the twins to sink so low. They are both also extremely well accomplished. They are highly intelligent, were accepted for apprenticeships right out of school based on merit rather than anything else, and, they already have their own business, which is very successful.”

“Own business?” Albus was startled by that.

“Yes. They opened their own shop while they were still attending school here. So, I really don’t know how you can say they lack work ethic given everything they have already done. But, as I said, the most important thing for me, is that they make my son happy.

There is a marriage contract in place, so that is that. They will be marrying after Hadrian finishes school. So that is all that matters. Stay out of my son’s love life.

Is there anything else you wish to discuss with me?”

Albus just stared at the man for a moment. How had he missed so much? The twins had a business, when had that happened? He also really needed to read the charter, and now those stupid apprenticeship contracts. They also had a marriage contract and he couldn’t get them out of his school.

He actually winced as he thought about the reaction Molly and Ginny were going to have. No, he
couldn’t tell them, ever. He needed to think of a way around this, but how? He needed a copy of the marriage contract so he could figure out how to break it.

“Albus?”

Albus looked up when he heard his name called, seeing that Severus was still there, watching him. “Sorry my boy, got lost in thought for a moment. That is all, I will look into what you have mentioned, see you at dinner tonight.”

Severus knew he was dismissed and left the office. The old fool really was losing it. He had been so focused on trying to rebuild his plans that Severus had been able to read everything he was thinking. He was going to discuss it with James and the others. Dumbledore was really going to regret trying to mess with their family again.

Hogwarts - November 4, 2006

On the first Saturday in November Hadrian could be found, once again, hiding in the ROR with Fred and George. Ever since Dumbledore had learned that they were still seeing each other he had been doing everything he could to try and separate them. They had even found wards around the twins rooms that would alert the old meddler if Hadrian entered the room.

Which was why they were back to using the ROR.

All three of them were frustrated with what was happening and once again wishing that they could just be done with the school. Thankfully for the twins their masters had absolutely no problem standing up to Dumbledore.

Iona Fabbri was from Italy, and therefore had no connection with Dumbledore. She was 68 years old, and had a very abrupt demeanour. She was a strong woman that wasn’t about to let herself get pushed around by anyone.

Lucien Zarno, although younger by about 30 years, was much the same. But he was even less likely to side with Dumbledore about anything. The reason for that was a very little known fact, Lucien was the great-great-great-great-grandson of Nicolas and Perenelle Flamel. The two had told him about what had happened with the fake stone they had given the man, and Lucien, like every other member of their family, took it personally.

Then there was how Hermione, Ron, and Ginny were back to following him around, but at least they were finally calling him by his name. Hadrian just did what he could to avoid them. Ginny was really just her usual self, trying her best to flirt before going and snogging some other boy to deal with the rejection.

Lately, Dumbles was going out of his way to separate the three whenever he saw them together. The three of them were more than a little confused by that, since it wouldn’t stop their relationship. He knew they had a contract, they didn’t really understand what they thought he could do to counter it.

They knew that he was hoping that he would be able to break their contract, and then making a new one with Ginny, but it wasn’t going to happen. They had made sure their contract was near impossible to break. The only real way to break the contract was for them to say they wanted to break it.

One thing they were grateful for was that he had, so far, not let Ginny or Molly know about the
engagement and contract. But, they also knew it was only a matter of time before the two learned the truth somehow. With how Ginny was following Hadrian she would see something eventually.

Hermione, Ron, and Ginny were also going out of their way to be annoying. They had even tried to get Fred and George in trouble for doing their jobs. The three of them wanted Fred and George to be out of the school since they thought once they were gone Ginny would stand a chance at being in a relationship with Hadrian.

Choosing to ignore all the annoyances in their life, the three just held on to each other tighter.

Undisclosed Location - November 15, 2006

Augustus Rookwood knelt in front of the creature that called himself his lord as he worked on the band around its wrist. He had known, based on the calculations he had worked up, that the band was set to release within the next few days. He had gotten permission from all those involved too finally ‘find the release’ before it did it on its own. It would help him to secure his place.

With a few final adjustments, he released the band and removed it. “You are free my Lord.”

Voldemort was ready to cackle as he picked up his wand and cast a brief crucio on his follower for how long it took. Although he kept it on for only a second before he released it since the minion had done his job.

“Give me your arm.” Once the minion did as instructed Voldemort pressed his wand to his mark and called his followers. “It is time we plan our next move. You will find me an appropriate target. And then, we shall all have some fun.”

Voldemort sneered as his followers bowed to him as they were pleased. Many started offering different ideas.

Tower of London - November 17, 2006

A few days after Voldemort was released from his binding he and the Death Eaters attacked the Tower of London. They had waited until a Friday evening since many people would be out.

Unfortunately it didn’t really work out the way they had planned. Since it was November there were far fewer tourists in the area. Also, there weren’t many people that randomly hung around the Tower during the evenings. If they had attacked at the hight of tourist season, there would have been hundreds of people around, but as it was, there were only a couple dozen or so people walking past.

But they went ahead with the attack, focusing more on doing damage to the infrastructure since there was a lack of people.

What made it worse for them was that Augustus had tipped off his contacts and there were over 50 soldiers inside the tower just waiting. As soon as the attack started they moved out from behind the battlements and returned fire.

The attack was over in less than 20 minutes when Voldemort called the retreat.
Voldemort was furious when they arrived back at his lair. Somehow they had known.

Oh, he remembered how the military operated during the last war, and he was not looking forward to having to deal with them while his forces were still so small. He needed to gain more followers, but he wasn’t sure where to look. All the changes the ministry had been making since his downfall had created far fewer disenfranchised citizens that he could recruit. He was just going to have to look harder, there were always people that were angry about something, it was just about tapping into that anger.

His small amount of followers was the only thing that stopped him from killing those who had planned this attack. Although he did torture them severely.

Augustus watched from the back and watched everyone around him. He was pleased that the attack had failed, and, although a few had been injured, no one had died.

In truth, he was surprised just how easy things were going this time. He figured it had something to do with the horcruxes. A horcrux didn’t just divide the soul, it divided the mind. With so many having been destroyed, the thing wasn’t even really human anymore. His mind was no longer tethered to reality.

Although he had always been a brilliant tactician, his lack of sanity made him do stupid things. It was actually very useful since he couldn’t focus on things for too long. It had allowed Augustus to get away with a great deal, including walking into places he really had no reason for being. He would just do something to distract the man, and he could pretty much do as he pleased.

Augustus had also gotten reports that when he had been possessing a member of Hogwarts staff he had drank the blood of a unicorn. While it hadn’t been his body, it had still been his soul and magic that had fed from the life force of a pure creature and, as such, his very soul and magic carried the curse even if his body didn’t.

The combination of the curse and the destroyed horcruxes might just help to make this a very short war.

6th Year NEWT Potions Class - November 21, 2006

Severus was making his way around his class, checking on the potions the students had been making in their practical lesson. There had been about 20 students that had managed to get a high enough grade to continue in his class, however only 14 wanted to carry on.

As Severus had tried to explain to Dumbledore, the NEWT classes were for those that wanted to become potions masters or those who wanted to work in jobs that required the brewing of higher level potions, like healing. That meant that only the students that were planning to follow those career paths needed a potions NEWT.

Just by talking to those in his class he knew that of the 14 there, 9 wanted to go into some form of healing or were just studying healing, like Hadrian and Neville, 2, including Draco, wanted to become potions masters, a set of twins from Hufflepuff and Slytherin came from a family that owned apothecaries, and then there was Granger. He really didn’t understand why the girl wanted
to be in his class, he actually just thought it was because she was obstinate.

As he checked the potions he found that many were close, with only Hadrian, Draco, and one of the Ravenclaws being perfect. Grangers was another story.

Todays task had been to make a lung clearing potion, but tailoring it for someone of a certain age and weight. The recipe in the book they were using was intended for someone that was 25 and 11 stone. They would need to adjust it to account for the different measurement they were given. If done correctly, the potion would come out a light blue with vanes of green swirling through it.

Grangers potion was a split pea green and was as thick as tar. He knew that meant that, while she managed to adjust the different amount of each ingredient mostly correctly, she hadn’t adjusted the temperature or stir time to account for the different potion volume.

“If you have completed your potion pleas place it in a vial, attach the age and size card you were given, and place it on my desk.” Severus said as he walked to the front of the class. “Once that is done, you are free to go.”

Severus wanted to sigh as he saw the others hand in their work and leave. Once everyone else was gone, including his two lab assistants, Granger stomped up to his desk.

“You made me fail.” The girl glared.

“And just how did I do that Ms. Granger?” Severus raised his eyebrow at the girl.

“I know you did. You set me up to fail because you don’t want me in your class.” Hermione just couldn’t accept that she couldn’t do something. “I adjusted for the size difference right, I know I did.”

The girl shoved multiple sheets of calculations at him. “Yes, you did. But, as I reminded everyone at the beginning of the lessons when you all started to work on your calculations, you also need to calculate the different stirring methods as well as the temperature of the fire.”

“It’s the same potion, we already know the temperature and stirring from the recipe.” Hermione took back her calculations, not wanting to leave any of her work.

“One of the key steps is that the potion needs to be brought to a boil slowly but consistently. If you had less potion you would need to lower the heat from the recipe, and if you were making a larger potion you would need to raise the heat.

We covered that very topic during the lecture yesterday, were you not paying attention?” Severus knew if he snapped at the girl she would go crying to Dumbledore and Minerva.

“You did it.” Hermione had tears forming in her eyes. “You made me fail because you hate me because I’m a muggleborn you are nothing but a disgusting Death Eater!”

Severus stood up when the girl screeched at him. “5 points from Gryffindor for disrespect of a professor, another 5 points for screaming at a professor, and a week of detention with Filch for accusing me of being a Death Eater. Now, leave my classroom before you get your self in even more trouble.”

The girl turned and stormed out, Severus knew she was going to go running to Minerva. He knew that meant he was going to end up having a meeting with her and the Headmaster this evening, but he wasn’t about to let the girl get away with what she had done.
As Severus had expected, he was called up to a meeting with Albus and Minerva just after his last class of the day.

“You wished to see me?” Severus drawled as he leaned against the wall once he was in the office.

“Yes my boy.” Albus was less than pleased. He had been dealing with Minerva and Hermione’s whining for months now.

“You need to stop failing Hermione.” Minerva turned from her seat in front of the desk to glare at him. “Just because you didn’t want her in your class doesn’t mean you can just fail her.”

Severus knew why they were doing this here. “I have been giving her the grades she has earned. And, since we are doing this here and not in front of the school board you also know that.

Every single grade she has gotten in my class was exactly what she earned. As I said before all this began, Ms. Granger does not have the aptitude for potions that is required to do well in my class.”

“And your taking points and giving her detention for no reason?” Albus asked. He had heard the long winded explanation of why she didn’t deserve the punishment from Hermione right after the class.

“She lost points for claiming that I made her fail when she was unsuccessful in making her potion and then yelling at me. Her detention was because, and I quote here, I failed her because I hate muggle-borns and am ‘nothing but a disgusting Death Eater’. She should be grateful I only gave her a week of detention.” Severus’s lip curled in anger.

Albus sighed, he should have known the girl had lost her temper. He really didn’t understand where he had gone so wrong with her. He had had such high hopes for the girl. She was intelligent, strong willed enough to keep control of Ron and Ginny, and had a complete faith in authority. He had thought she would be the perfect muggle-born friend for Ha… Hadrian. But it just wasn’t working out.

Hadrian wanted nothing to do with his pawns. The girl was proving to be too stubborn for even him to control, and her grades were nowhere near where he wanted them to be because she couldn’t accept someone knew more than her, even when it was her teachers.

“Thank you Severus, that is all.” Albus dismissed the less than pleased potions master.

“I am getting sick of these little meetings every time one of your pet’s doesn’t get there way. I do so hope I am not going to be called up here again when Ms. Weasley comes whining to you about the fact that she failed the quiz her class had today. If this keeps happening I will take it to the board.” Severus turned with a flourish and marched out of the office with his back straight and his robes billowing.

“I thought you had arranged for the girl to get tutored?” Albus looked at Minerva.

“I did, but the two just didn’t get along.” Minerva wasn’t going to mention that Hermione had shoved the girl she had selected out of her chair when she tried to show her what she was doing wrong. The girl was now refusing to tutor Hermione. “I have been trying to do it myself, but between my own classes and having had to spend the last month getting the quidditch team ready, I just haven’t had the time.”
Minerva had finally managed to get Ronald to understand that, as quidditch captain, he needed to be the one to set the schedule and book the pitch. She had done everything she could to get her team time to practice, once they had managed to get a team, but since Ron hadn’t booked any time the only time they could get was early morning, and both Ron and Ginny, who were on the team, hated mornings.

The first match between Gryffindor and Slytherin had been played the week before and had been a complete blowout. Gryffindor had lost by over 300 points.

“I was thinking I might speak with Molly. She has always been good at potions and she’s as stubborn as Hermione.” Minerva told him.

“That might work.” Albus thought it might be a good idea, Molly just might be able to handle the girl. “I will speak with her, but we will need to set up a time for them to meet here rather than just when the students are in Hogsmeade.”

“We might want to get Ginny into those lessons with her too.” Minerva sighed.

“And Ronald, how has he been doing?”

“Struggling.” Minerva rubbed her eyes. “It takes a lot of work to be quidditch captain, and his grades are suffering because of it. So far he’s still passing, but he’s going to need to work harder if we want him to pass his NEWTs.”

“I will see what I can do.” Albus was less than pleased that his children were so stupid. “I thought he was doing well a few years ago, what happened?”

“Molly took custody.” Minerva didn’t want to insult Molly, but she knew the woman was doing the children no favours with how she treated them. “Arthur used to make them study Percy’s old notes for an hour everyday during the summer, but when Molly got custody she stopped making them spend any time at all studying.”

“I will speak with Molly.” Albus was not looking forward to that. “She has asked to speak with me on Friday anyway, so I will just bring it up with her then.”

**Molly’s Flat - November 24, 2006**

Albus stepped out of the floo Friday evening. He had made sure to wait until after dinner before going over as he didn’t want Molly to try and feed him. While Molly was actually a really good cook, he also knew she had a habit of adding potions to peoples food. He knew she had done so to a few of the patrons of her restaurant to get them to do whatever it was she wanted them to do.

“Thank you for coming Albus.” Molly smiled happily as she directed him to the table and served tea and biscuits.

“Happy to be here Molly.” Albus shot a quick detection spell at the food and drink just to be safe. “There was actually something I wished to discuss with you.”

Molly was a little startled by that. “What is it?”

“The first thing I needed to speak with you about was Hermione. Severus is being extremely tough on her in his potions class and I was hoping that you might be willing to come to the school a few evenings a week to help tutor her.” Albus said as he dipped his biscuit in his tea.
“Of course.” Molly grinned. “I’d love to help her. I really don’t know why you still allow Severus to be so mean to the students.”

“I understand, but he has a contract, and nothing he has done violates it.” Albus wished more people still distrusted Severus like Molly did. “Now, to the next thing I needed to speak to you about, Ron and Ginny’s grades.”

“What about their grades.” Molly was instantly defensive.

“They are both not preforming to their full potential. As it is, some of the professors have expressed concerns to me that Ronald may not be able to pass his NEWTs. Ginevra is also falling behind in her classes. Neither of them consistently hand in their homework.

I was hoping that you might use the time you are working with Hermione to ensure that they do their work. I also think it might be prudent for them to return to the habit of studying during the summer, they aren’t little anymore and need to do well in their last few years of school.”

“But they’re still so young.” Molly didn’t want to deny her babies their fun.

“No, they’er not.” Albus really didn’t understand this woman. “Ronald has less than 2 years before he is supposed to graduate. And Ginny only has a year more than him. They aren’t babies anymore, and haven’t been for a long time.

If they do not do well then they may fail, and we can’t allow that. Arthur would use that as an excuse to regain custody.”

Albus knew using Arthur like that would force Molly to act. She wouldn’t want Arthur having custody.

“He wouldn’t dare.” Molly growled.

“He could, and he more than likely would and you know it.” Albus challenged.

“Fine.” Molly pouted like a petulant child.

“So what is it you wished to discuss with me? Did you overhear somebody saying something in the restaurant?” Albus really wanted information. That was one thing he missed about his brothers pub, other than the library, Aberforth always used to have access to the best information through his clientele.

“No, that isn’t what I wanted to talk to you about.” Molly shifted out of her pout and got ready to argue for her babies to get more money. “I think it is time Ronnie and Ginny got a raise. As you just said, they aren’t little babies anymore. They need more money to make sure they can get what they need.”

“Why would they need more money, there should be plenty in their accounts?” Albus questioned suspiciously. He had no intention of wasting anymore than he had to on those two until they started to prove they deserved it. Especially since he was having to pay with his own money.

“They have plenty of needs.” Molly brushed the question away, she was not going to admit that they had spent it all already. “They have worked hard, and they deserve a raise.”

Albus knew it was a trap. If he said they hadn’t worked hard, then Molly would throw a complete fit, that he really didn’t want to have to pretend to care about. The only other option was to agree, and he wasn’t willing to do that either.
“We will allow their grades to determine if they get a raise or not.” Albus smiled happily. “If they can get straight EEs then they will receive a raise, if they don’t, then they will continue to get what they are getting now. But, if they fail anymore classes they will get less.

I was less than pleased to see that Ronald failed 3 OWLs. There is no excuse for that. And I will not accept it from Ginny. She is more than smart enough to pass everything, but she will need to actually do the work.”

“Fine.” Molly readily agreed. She was sure she could get her babies grades up.

Albus quickly left, leaving behind a full cup of tea and multiple soggy biscuits.

**Hogwarts, ROR - December 6, 2006**

Hadrian was sitting with Neville in the ROR as they both tried to get rid of the headaches that they had gotten in transfiguration. After they finished their OWLs, their class size had decreased by a fair amount as not everyone wanted, or was able, to keep going. That meant that all four houses would normally be represented in the class, but that was not the case with them.

There was about 30 students all carrying on in transfiguration, so the class had been divided into two. It was pretty obvious what McGonagall had done. All the Slytherins, the children from Knockturn Alley, and anyone from a dark family was in one class. All the students from light families were in the other.

Both Hadrian and Neville had been less then pleased to find they had been placed in the light oriented class. It got even worse when McGonagall assigned the seating. Hadrian was between Granger and Weasley during the lecture classes, Neville was on Granger’s other side. And, during the practical lessons the two boys were always assigned to work with the two of them.

Today had been one of their practical lessons. Hadrian had been forced to work with Granger and Neville was with Weasley. Unfortunately today was one of the days they were working on human transfiguration.

Granger had spent most of the class lecturing the three boys on everything they were doing wrong, even when the spell was cast correctly. She had even tried to lecture Hadrian on pronunciation of the spells even though they were working on silent casting.

By the end of class they had both had major headaches and Neville had had to make a quick stop at the hospital wing since Weasley had somehow managed to split his eyebrow rather than change its shape. They had both picked up some headache potions, and were now just waiting for them to kick in.

Neither really understood what Weasley and Granger were trying to do. They seemed to be trying to be friends with them, but clearly had no idea how to be friends. Weasley seemed to think being a friend was just to agree with them about what they were saying before completely ignoring them and carrying on doing whatever he wanted. While Hermione’s version of being friends was to ask what they were thinking about or what they thought just to start debating about why they shouldn’t think that and why her thoughts were somehow better.

What made everything worse was that both Weasley and Granger were now always bringing Up Voldemort and the Death Eaters, although they still called him You-Know-Who or He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. It was mainly the typical all Slytherins were evil incarnate rant. They especially
went after Draco.

Hadrian and Nevill had discussed it and both agreed that it was a less than subtle attempt to separate Hadrian from Draco. They figured Ron wanted to take his place in their group of friends just based on how he was practically frothing at the mouth every time he even said the other boy's name.

The more the two tried to be their friends, the more they pushed them away. Hadrian just wished Yule would come so he could get a break from them. Ginny was back to her stalker mode, and had a tendency to pop up and try and sit next to him every chance she got. Even going so far as to try and hold his hand. He had also recently heard a rumour that she was telling people they were secretly dating, something he had made sure everyone knew was false as soon as he had heard it.

Fred had just finished up his last class of the day and was packing up his things so he could head up to the ROR when Albus Dumbledore walked into the classroom and closed the door. Fred couldn’t help but let out a sigh, he was just pleased that Iona was just in the closet putting up a few of the diagrams she had been showing the students.

“Can I help you headmaster?” Fred questioned, loudly enough to be sure that Iona heard.

“Yes my dear boy. I was just checking to make sure everything is going well.” Albus smiled, full grandfather act in effect.

“Yes, everything has been fine.” Fred knew he wanted something.

“Wonderful, wonderful.” Albus quickly glanced around to make sure they were alone, not seeing anyone he dropped his wand from his sleeve as he clasped his hands behind him. “Now, I was hoping you could do something. You see, your younger brother was very sad that he just missed out on being able to take this class and was hoping you would be willing to help him.

It wouldn’t take much work on your part. Just keep him up to date on what you are covering in your classes so he can take the end of year test to prove that he can handle the material. It shouldn’t take more than a few hours a week. I’m sure your sister would also love to take those lessons with you, it would help her to revise for her OWLs and be ready for next year and you would be able to spend some time with them.”

“I can’t do that headmaster.” Fred denied, seeing as Iona stepped out from the closet just behind Dumbledore.

“And why is that my boy?” Albus twitched slightly at being denied.

“Well… First, Ron didn’t qualify for the class, there is nothing I can do about that. Just giving him the material wouldn’t be enough to get him into the class. He can self study if he chooses, but any testing for him to get into the class would be required to be administered by someone with their mastery, which is not me.

I am not licensed to teach anyone anything on my own, and what you are asking me to do is to teach a student the class work. You can call it tutoring all you want, but it is teaching. I am also not allowed to combine my apprenticeship with my family. I am barred from using my apprenticeship to benefit my family in any way. That includes holding private tutoring sessions for my younger siblings.

But, most of all, my contract won’t let me. The apprenticeship contract states that I will be required
to do a certain amount of work that is assigned by my master, and I can not take any outside work without the permission of my master. That includes other jobs, including tutoring.

Everything is up to Madame Fabbri, not me. If you want me to do something, then you would have to address her.”

“There is no need for her to know, it would be our little secret.” Albus smiled, knowing just what the young man in front of him thought about rules. He was ready to cast a quick compulsion to get his way. The benefit was, that if the boy was caught breaking the terms of his contract it would break the apprenticeship contract and give him a way to force at least one of them out of the school. He was going to be going to the alchemy class to do the same thing next.

“Oh, I feel I must contradict you on that Albus.” Iona Fabbri said from behind the man. “As my apprentice just said, it is up to me if he can tutor anyone, and I am not giving him permission.

I especially am not giving him permission to basically teach the entire course to his younger brother. Especially since I know that the boy didn’t ‘just miss out’ on being able to take my class. He failed his OWL, as you well know. If the boy wishes to rewrite the test he can, but only if he attends a course instructed by a master of the field. And, it can’t be me since I already have a full time job.

As for the Weasley girl, if she would just get her head out of the clouds and paid attention in my class she wouldn’t need tutoring. If she does, then she can attend the regular tutoring sessions I hold every Saturday evening, like many other students in the class do when they are struggling with something.”

“Of course.” Albus forced a fake smile on his face and nodded his goodbye before leaving the room. He couldn’t do anything now and he knew it. The woman might not look that tough, she was a small dumpy sort of woman that reminded him of Pomona, but he knew she was incredibly dangerous with the spells she had created.

“That man needs to learn when his big nose is needed.” Iona muttered.

Fred laughed and went back to packing up. Truer words were never spoken.

**Hogwarts, Potion Lab - December 12, 2006**

Molly was sitting in one of the older, unused, potions labs with her children and Hermione. She had been coming to the school twice a week to help get the three children ready for their midterm exams.

Her main priority had first been Hermione’s potions skill. The young girl could do the basics, but was too stiff for Molly’s taste. Molly had learned most of her potions skills from her mums great-aunt.

The woman had taught Molly how to tell when a potion needed a little something extra. Madeline Wilson had been the woman Molly had based her life plan on. The woman had been married four times, all to extremely wealthy men. Her parents had always tried to keep her away from the woman, but Molly had idolized her. Molly just wished that she had been better at saving money since she had left everything to Molly, but it had only ended up being a few hundred galleons since Madeline had lived such an extravagant lifestyle.

It was a skill that she had tried to pass on to her daughter, but Ginny just hadn’t wanted to learn.
Now she was getting the chance to teach the girl she knew was going to be her future daughter-in-law. A little dangerous, but she trusted Hermione.

She really didn’t understand what Severus was teaching the students. He clearly wasn’t a good teacher. So she had set to work to fix his error. It was just difficult to get the girl to take her nose out of the book and brew a potion. Hermione wanted to follow what was in the book, but that wasn’t how Molly worked. She had decades of brewing all manner of potions that she had needed, so she was fine without a recipe.

It had only been two weeks, but Molly was sure she was going to start seeing an improvement soon. She just needed to rebuild the confidence she was sure Severus had destroyed.

While that had been her priority when she had started, it changed the week before. She had decided to start checking her babies work like Albus had said, and she had been horrified.

None of the assignments were complete, they didn’t follow guidelines, their sentence structure and spelling were barely passible and that was all before you got to the handwriting. She knew she had taught all the children how to do that, sure, Ron and Ginny had only done the work in the afternoon when they got up, but she was sure it had been enough. Her babies weren’t stupid like Arthurs were.

Now she made them check every assignment with her. She knew it was upsetting them, but they needed better grades. It was the only way they were going to get any extra money, and she had made sure to privately ensure they knew it.

**Headmaster’s Office - December 16, 2006**

The evening before the train was set to leave to take the students home for the holidays Hadrian found himself once again on his way up to the headmasters office. The midterm exams had finished a few hours before and Hadrian had been in the process of packing when an elf had arrived to give him the note.

He had, like usual, gone and gotten his papa. Severus had been less than pleased since he hadn’t received his own note. He was going to have to remind the man to stay away from his son again.

Over the year they had had a few of these meetings. Most had been extremely short as they had been about Dumbledore attempting to stop Hadrian from attending the Wizengamot. But, since it was illegal to stop a Lord or Lady from attending a session he was limited as to what he could do. Really, all he did was try to get Hadrian to assign him as his proxy, something that was never going to happen.

Once they were in the office, they sat silently and waited for Dumbledore to get to the point.

“Thank you for coming.” Albus had been annoyed to once again see Severus hovering behind the boy.

“What is it that you would like to speak about this time, Headmaster?” Hadrian said, annoyance clear in his voice.

“I was just hoping to speak to you about Christmas break. I really think it is for the best if you stay here for the holidays. It is just too dangerous for you to leave school grounds.”
Hadrian didn’t say a word, choosing to let his papa deal with the man.

“Albus.” Severus growled. “You need to stop doing this. Hadrian is not yours to control. And, as we have covered, multiple times, Hadrian is perfectly safe at home.

No one knows where it even is. The manor has ancient family wards, as I have already told you. You will not be keeping my son.”

“Severus, I am just trying to keep him safe.” Albus tried again.

“No, you are trying to control him.” Severus snapped, he had reached his limit with the man. “I am done with this. If you attempt to try and force my son to stay, or go, somewhere he doesn’t want again I will be speaking with the DMLE about filing charges.

We have put up with your attempts to control Hadrian for years, and I am done. Hadrian will be coming home to spend the holidays with his family, and that is final.

You will stop calling my son up here for these nonsense reasons. You have tried every single month to deny him the right to leave the school, even going so far as to attempt to revoke his Hogsmeade privileges. We will not be putting up with it any more.”

“I have just been trying to protect him.” Albus gave him a sad dejected look. “We have had intel that there will be an attack on the train. I just don’t want him in danger.”

“If you believe there will be an attack on the train, then you should be worried about all students, not just my son.” Severus knew the man was lying, it was just a story that had been made up by the man and Minerva and he knew it since they had been talking about it in the staff room of all places. “If you are that worried then I will just have Hadrian floo home.”

“There is no need for that.” Albus didn’t want the boy to leave like that. If he had to leave it would be on the train, where his pawns could reach him. “He may take the train, if you insist on taking such a risk with his life.”

“Is that all, Headmaster?” Severus asked, not really wanting to, but knowing he had to.

“Hadrian, you haven’t stated your opinion on the danger?” Albus turned to the boy, hoping he wouldn’t want to take the risk.

“Mostly, I’m just thinking that if you feel it is so dangerous for me to do anything while here at school maybe I should look into home schooling.” Hadrian kept his face blank, but inside he was grinning as he saw horror flash across the old man’s face.

“No, no. There really is no need for that. It really is for the greater good for you to continue to attend Hogwarts. It would send the wrong message if you were to leave. Many students might follow your example and that really wouldn’t be good since their homes won’t have the same protections yours does. Not to mention it would make Voldemort more confident.”

“Then I guess we are done here. If the school and the train is safe enough, we won’t have a problem.” Hadrian smiled.

“I must agree.” Severus was proud of his son.

Hadrian was just starting to get up when Dumbledore spoke again.

“There is something else I wished to discuss with you, Hadrian.”
“And what is that?” Hadrian let out a heavy sigh.

“I feel it is time that you were given a clearer picture on what is truly happening. I have gotten hold of some memories that I feel you would benefit from seeing. It will help you to understand the history of this conflict and Voldemort’s origin.” Albus thought these lessons might be his way in. The boy seemed to love to learn, so offering him knowledge might work.

Hadrian already knew everything he needed to know, but he also saw an opportunity. Holding his hand up to stop his papa from snapping at the man, Hadrian spoke.

“I will make you a deal. I will attend these lessons of yours on two conditions. First, my papa or Uncle Sirius will be present as well. After everything that has happened I have no intention of being alone with you for any extended period of time.

And second, you will make Professor McGonagall stop forcing Neville and I to spend time with Weasley and Granger. She forces us to partner with them every week and we are both sick of it. If I am to do this, then Neville and I will be free to partner with each other in her class and our seats in the lecture periods will be moved to the other side of the room.”

“Now my boy.” Albus gave him a disappointed look.

“No.” Hadrian said before he could get any further. “Those are my terms. I know you want me to be friends with those two for some reason, but it isn’t going to happen. Forcing me to spend time with them just makes me dislike them more. I am tired of Weasley’s less than subtle hints that he thinks my friend Draco is a Death Eater and just trying to get close to me so he can hand me over to Voldy. And I don’t need Granger lecturing me on how I’m doing a spell wrong even when I am successful.

I am not going to allow my grades to suffer because both Professor McGonagall, and you, feel you have the right to determine who I have as friends. Draco, Neville, and I have been best friends since we were children, and that isn’t going to change any time soon.”

Albus tried to stare the boy down, but the boy never flinched. “Fine.” He growled out. “I will agree to your terms my boy, even if I do not agree. Ronald and Hermione could be great friends, if you would just give them a chance.”

Hadrian chose to ignore the second part of what the man said since he knew the man’s opinion would never change on the subject. “Then we are done here. I will expect for you to speak with Professor McGonagall before I return from Yule. If the seating arrangement hasn’t changed then I will take that as you deciding that I don’t need these so called lessons.”

Hadrian was up and out of the room before Albus could say anything.

“Severus, you might need to have a conversation with your son about manners.” Albus said, anger clear in his voice as he knew he had lost to a 16 year old kid.

“When I have a problem with his manners, I will.” Severus turned and left the office, smirk and all.

Platform 9 ¾ - December 17, 2006

Hadrian was ready to cry in joy as the Hogwarts Express arrived at the platform to drop the students off for Yule break. He wanted to be at home with his family. He wanted to be able to be around Fred and George without having to hide their relationship.
The train ride had almost ended in disaster. Dumbledore had assigned some professors to take the train with the students since he said he had gotten information that there was the possibility of an attack on the train. McGonagall had been one of those professors. And, she had been assigned to the area where Hadrian’s usual compartment was.

She had searched every one of the secured compartments in her area. Hermione, Ron, and Ginny following behind her. Everyone knew that she was trying to make it so the three could spend the ride with Hadrian.

Thankfully, when Edna heard that McGonagall was going to be on the train she had arranged a different compartment at the very back of the train for Hadrian and his friends. She had heard enough from the children over the years when she had stopped by to give them their food to not trust the woman.

Professor Flitwick was the professor that was assigned to their area and, after checking on them, had left them to their peace. Like Edna, he knew what Minerva and Albus wanted and wasn’t about to let anyone harass his student any more than they already did.

Getting off the train Hadrian saw what Dumbledore was trying to do. He thought he could see every single Order member. Dumbles was trying to get people to associate his group with the protection of the children.

Too bad for him it wasn’t going to work. Since the Order was supposed to be a secret group, they all wore normal, everyday clothes. They looked just like everyone else, so no one who didn’t know about them would have even realized they were there.

Just to make it even better, there were over a dozen soldiers placed around to increase security as well since the platform had been deemed a likely target since all the children going home would be there. The soldiers were dressed in their typical uniforms which made them stand out.

When people thought back about who was on the platform, it wouldn’t be the Order members they remembered, it would be the soldiers.

Since November there had been a few small attacks, and they had all been stopped by the military before there could be any loss of life. All of these attacks had been reported and people were relaxing slightly since they saw how successful the military had been at protecting them.

That fact had been driving Dumbledore mad. He had repeatedly tried to get another meeting with Kensington in the hopes of reversing his decision, but hadn’t managed. Kensington was going out of his way to avoid him. The division between the two was something that Rita was taking great joy in gossiping about.

But as Hadrian was moving towards his parents the Potter luck kicked in. Molly and the annoying trio stepped in-between him and his family.

“Hadrian, darling. So wonderful to see you.” Molly simpered as she moved closer.

“Mrs. Diggle. If you would excuse me, my family is waiting so we can go home.” Hadrian said in a flat voice. He knew they just wanted to be publicly seen with him, and he hated how they were always trying to use him like that.

“There really is no need to hurry my dear. I’m sure you and Ginny want to say a proper goodbye. You know that you’re more than welcome to come and stay with us for a few days if you find you
miss her too much or you want to spend some time with Ron.” Molly was speaking loudly so everyone would hear, not realizing that James had put a silencing and secrecy ward up around them. He had spotted one of Dumbledore’s pet reporters and didn’t want anything showing up in the paper about Molly’s lies.

Hadrian took a deep breath. He was done playing nice with these idiots. He had felt the ward go up, so he knew it was safe for him to speak his mind.

“All allow me to make myself perfectly clear. I am not in a relationship with your daughter, and I never will be. I. Am. Gay.

I want nothing to do with her, and I never will. Pretending we are together, lying to people about some secret relationship, and staging little meet ups like this in the hopes it will end up in the paper just makes your daughter look desperate and pathetic.

As for spending time with your son, no thank you. I have been forced to listen to enough of his Death Eater tirades already. I do not want to ruin my holidays by having to listen to more.

Please, just leave me alone.”

“Harr… Hadrian, how can you say that?” Ginny started to cry. “We have a marriage contract, you know that.”

“No, we don’t.” Hadrian snapped. “If I hear anyone talking about us having a contract I will have no choice but to publicly deny it. It is true there once was a contract, but it was a highly illegal one and was dissolved years ago.”

“You can’t do that.” Ginny said in horror.

“Yes, I can. The so called contract between us should never have existed, and was destroyed as soon as it was discovered.” Hadrian told her.

“Then we will just make a new one.” Ginny glared at him. “You are meant to be mine. You should be grateful I am willing to even put up with you after your disgusting behaviour with my brothers.”

“I’ve been reading up on the subject Ginny, and did you know that you can actually use a marriage contract to bar one member of the couple from ever even seeing certain people. That should stop his disgraceful behaviour.” Hermione added nastily.

“I do agree.” Molly glared at the boy who was being so rude.

Hadrian couldn't help it, he laughed. “If you knew anything about marriage contracts, Granger, you would know that if someone is underage, their parents would need to sign on their behalf. Tell me, what do you think the chances are that any of you would be able to convince my parents to force bond me to the harlot.

But, in the end, none of it matters. Because I already have a valid marriage contract that my parents signed off on. And, news flash, it isn’t with her. Just so you all understand that it will never happen, I have a marriage contract for after I graduate with Fred and George. They are, after all, my soul mates!”

“NO!” Ginny screamed.

“That is enough!” James said in a very stern voice. “Molly, take your children and leave. I don’t want you anywhere near my son, ever.”
“How dare you James Potter?” Molly was furious. “How could you ever sign off on letting your brat marry Fred and George? I won’t allow it.”

“You have no say in the matter. Your opinion means nothing to me.” James walked forward until he stood right next to his son. “Hadrian, come. It’s time to leave these… people.”

“I agree.” Hadrian shot the four a poisonous glare. “Just stay away from me and out of my life.”

Hadrian turned and left with his dad. The privacy bubble dropping only once they were gone.

The people on the platform knew something had happened, but they weren’t sure what. All they really knew was that whatever it was, Hadrian had been furious, and so had his father.

Molly was still cursing James and Hadrian as she took her children and left. Hermione, who went to find her own parents that still hadn’t forgiven her for her actions over the summer.

In all, it was a less than stellar way to begin the holidays.
“ALBUS! ALBUS!” Molly screamed through the floo the moment she got home. The woman was absolutely furious.

Ginny had run to her room screaming and crying. Ron also went to his room, but it was mostly to get away from his mums yelling. He was already planning how he was going to get revenge on Harr… Hadrian for treating his little sister like that, and how to make the twins pay. This might be how they could get the twins out of the school. Ron hated having the twins in the school as staff.

Albus stepped through the floo only after he had downed a headache potion since he knew he was going to need one.

“What has happened Molly?” Albus looked to the woman.

“That… That boy.” Molly was so angry she was actually having trouble forming words, which may have been a first for her. “I invited him to visit us and he was just so…” Molly let out a little scream of rage.

Albus really didn’t want to hear this. He knew Molly must have done something stupid. “What happened?”

“HE SAID HE HAD A MARRIAGE CONTRACT WITH MY BROTHERS!” Ginny screamed, coming back in the room, her face blotchy and tearstained.

“I am aware.” Albus got ready for the yelling.

“WHAT!” Both Molly and Ginny screamed. Ron stepped out of his room to watch the show, but made sure not to draw any attention to himself.

“It was part of their apprenticeship contracts. They needed to have a marriage contract with the boy to work at the school.” Albus wished Molly had just stayed away from the boy.

“They’re still dating!” Ginny screamed.

“Yes, so long as they don’t flaunt their relationship they are allowed to be together since they have the contract. I have been trying to find a way to break it, but it is an extremely well made contract.” Albus was more than a little irritated at just how strong the contract was. He had been going over it line by line for weeks trying to find something he could use.

All of a sudden Ron remembered something Hadrian had said. “He said they were soul mates. What does that mean?”
Both adults turned to him and stared open mouthed for a second. Molly and Ginny had both missed that in their anger.

“NO! HE IS MY SOUL MATE, NOT THEIRS. THEY TRICKED HIM, I KNOW THEY DID!”

Ginny was furious.

Albus started to think of the implications of a soul bond. If it were true it would explain why he was having such a hard time separating them. “If they marry, they will be completely inseparable. This contract needs to be broken.

“They can’t have a marriage contract.” Molly was even angrier now. “I never signed any contract for them, so it’s invalid. That’s what Arthur used when he got rid of Ginny’s.”

“What?” Ginny screamed in pure fury, staring at her mum. “DADDY DESTROYED OUR CONTRACT! He did it for them didn’t he. He just wanted to make it so those husband stealers could take what is mine from me. How could he be so mean. I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!”

Ginny broke down sobbing. Falling to the floor she started flailing her arms and legs like a toddler throwing a tantrum.

“Ginny sweetie.” Molly tried to calm the girl, but she wasn’t listening. “It’s going to be ok. I promise. Mummy will make sure they don’t get married and you get Harry. I will go to Gringotts and cancel the contract since it’s not valid.”

“It won’t work Molly.” Albus chose to completely ignore the 15 year old that was behaving like a toddler. “The twins are of age, so they didn’t need you to sign off on anything.”

“I WON’T ALLOW IT!” Molly screamed.

“You can’t stop it. Molly, you need to stop this.” Albus waved to a still flailing Ginny. “I have had enough of this. You can’t keep having these confrontations with James and Severus. We need them to be willing to work with us, and they aren’t going to if you carry on like this.

You can’t keep letting the children get away with behaving like this. Can you imagine what people would say if they saw you and your daughter behaving like this?

If you will excuse me, I have to go and try and clean up this latest mess.”

Albus turned and flooed away, not wanting to spend a moment more with them. No one could ever know that girl was in any way connected to him. He was going to need to find some way to hide that. Even though he had blocked molly from being able to say he was the father years ago when she had been fighting with Arthur he knew Molly was going to try and find some way around it eventually, and he couldn’t have that.

Molly glared at the floo for a moment before she turned back to her daughter. “Ginny sweetie, you need to stop this.”

Ginny just kept screaming as Ron once again slipped into his room. He didn’t want to be around when Ginny was having a fit, he knew she would somehow try and lay the blame on him.

“Ginny, please baby.” Molly tried to coax the girl up, but it was no use.

Getting frustrated Molly saw no other option and cast a silencing spell on the girl and went to start
working on her plan. She wasn’t going to allow those two ungrateful brats to take her Ginny’s husband.

Ginny carried on for a few more minutes, until she noticed she wasn’t making any sound. Sitting up she was furious to see that no one was around to show her the sympathy she deserved. In a fit of rage she stomped to her room and slammed the door.

In his room, Ron sighed as he heard his sisters door slam. He hated having to deal with Ginny’s fits. But, in this instance he was conflicted.

He thought Ginny was acting like an idiot screaming like that, but he also agreed with her. Harr.. Hadrian couldn’t marry the twins. That wasn’t what a hero was supposed to do. He was supposed to become an auror, marry Ginny, and be his best friend and partner.

But that brought up the issue that Ron didn’t want to be an auror any more. He wanted to make all those snakes pay for being dark, but he didn’t want to have to do the extra work it would require. He wished he could just become an auror without having to do all the extra work, but he didn’t think it was possible.

Despite what people thought, Ron wasn’t an idiot. He had seen enough over the years to see that Dumbledore was no longer the top dog. Ron had grown up hearing about the mans greatness, but he was beginning to think the man was just too old. He needed to find someone better to attach himself to make sure he came out on top.

And the best person for that was Harr… Hadrian. The boy was famous, rich, and powerful. If Ron could just get closer to him he would be set for life. No one would deny any friend of Hadrians anything.

The only problem was that he still really didn’t like the boy. Hadrian was just not the kind of person he wanted to spend time with, he always had his nose in a book. Sure, he played quidditch, but he was on the wrong team.

Then there was the people he hung around with. He spent so much time with a Malfoy. Ron shivered just at the idea of willingly spending any time with the blond ponce. A hero should have better friends, like him, not some dark snake Death Eater.

Then there was the way he had thrown his sister away. He might not always like Ginny, but she was his sister, and no one got to treat his sister like that. Ron couldn’t believe that Fred and George were being so mean to Ginny. They didn’t deserve to be famous, he and Ginny did.

Sitting at the little desk in his room, Ron pulled out quill and parchment and started working on a list of all the things he could do to make Harr… Hadrian leave the twins, get together with Ginny, and become his best friend.

**Peverell Manor**

Hadrian was still angry by the time he arrived home. He couldn’t believe that those idiots had tried something like that. He was just so angry. He hated being treated like that, in both this life and the last.

It just brought up all the memories of what Ginny and the others did. The way they treated him, how they drugged him, how they even tried to kill him, multiple times.
Over the past few years he had managed to not hold that against them, but this just pushed him too far. He would never, ever, marry that girl. And he certainly wasn’t going to let anyone believe that he would.

Seeing the anger on Hadrians face, James sent the girls out to play in the garden and then went to the floo. Since there were still students at the school members of the staff needed to spend a certain amount of time there during the holidays.

Severus and Sirius were planning on coming home in a few hours, but James knew they needed them now, Hadrian needed family. With Hadrian being as powerful as he was there was always a risk that his magic would manifest, and then they would be in real trouble. He was also going to see about getting Fred and George to come as well.

Fred and George were planning on going home in the evenings, but they still had a few hours of lessons with their masters scheduled throughout the holidays. James knew that the soul bond between the three would give Hadrian something to hold onto that might tether his anger and keep his magic from exploding.

When the four arrived a few minutes later, they all went directly to where Hadrian was pacing in one of the sitting rooms. Fred and George immediately went and enveloped Hadrian in their arms. Using their proximity and magic, they soothed him.

“What happened?” The twins demanded as one, looking at James. Their eyes glowing with their power.

“Ginny and Molly, mostly.” James sighed. “They tried to set something up at the platform. I cast a privacy and silencing ward to keep it quiet, so we don’t need to worry about it being in the paper.

Molly tried to get Hadrian to go and visit her over the holidays. He, of course said no and told them just why he wouldn’t be going there, ever. Then, Ginny announced that she and Hadrian had a marriage contract.” Hadrian growled slightly at that point, causing the twins to tighten their hold as they did the same.

“And then Hadrian told them about the destruction of that illegal contract.” Remus carried on telling them since he had also been there with his daughters to meet Hadrian. “Ginny and Granger started talking about how they would just make a new contract. Hadrian laughed it off and explained why they would fail.”

“So I told them about our contract.” Hadrian muttered into Georges chest. “I also may have told them you were my soul mates. And that just set Ginny off. That was when dad interrupted and they got me out of there.

I was just so angry that they would try something like that. Granger even mentioned about trying to use a contract to keep us apart.”

“And I doubt having them all attacking your relationship helped matters.” James smiled as he saw Hadrian calming down, and he felt as the magic that had been building released.

“I was just so angry, I didn’t mean to say that much.” Hadrian was slightly embarrassed by his outburst. Glancing up, he looked to see if the twins were upset by what he had told the others.

Seeing the look George correctly guessed what it was about. “Hadrian, Freddy and I will never be upset by you telling people you are our soul mate. We love you. If you want, we can take a full
front page ad out in both The Prophet and Seer to announce it. Then everyone would know that you are ours and they don’t stand a chance.”

Hadrian laughed. He was happy the twins loved him like they did.

“I just don’t understand.” Hadrian muttered as he calmed.

“What?” All the adults asked as one.

“It’s just… I remember what they were like last time… They were different.” Hadrian moved himself and the twins to one of the couches. “Yes, they were manipulative, and they were using me, but they were different.”

“Can you explain?” Severus thought he might know, but wanted to get a better picture.

“Well… Ron was childish and got jealous easy, but even when he learned I could talk to snakes he stuck by me. I know he was most likely forced to, but this version never would have been able to hide his revulsion. He was also doing better in school and even did pretty good on his OWLs.

Granger, yes, she was a know it all, but not like this. She didn’t argue with the teachers all the time, and pretty much always avoided detention. Ginny was a lot like she is now, but far less pushy. I know she had a massive crush on me for the first few years and would follow me around, but then she started to see others and left me alone for the most part until 6th year.

And then there’s Molly. She never would have let them behave like this. If they had made such a scene Molly would have had them de-gnomeing the garden for the entire summer. She never seemed to waste money on frivolous things either, at least, not until after I learned the truth about them.”

Hadrian really was struggling to reconcile the differences.

“I think they’re different, because of the things we changed. You need to remember, even if Albus was the one who arranged or monitored your yearly tests, they still took risks.” Severus said thoughtfully. “Despite everything, you four all faced near death experiences by the age of 11. Ginny with the diary and the rest of you with that troll and everything else that happened. Something like that would change a child’s perspective on the world. And when you take into account how many times it happened, of course they were more grown up.

For the thing with Ron’s grades, you would have wanted to spend at least some time studying since we know from your journals you didn’t want to fail, so he most likely would have gone with you. Plus the classes would have been fewer and easier since the curriculum wouldn’t have been updated in nearly 50 years.

The same can be said for Ms. Granger. The new rules and grading scheme hadn’t been there, so she would have been able to get away with writing extra long assignments, and Dumbledore probably would have even arranged for her to get extra credit for doing so. Plus, keeping up with you and Ron would have forced her to relax her rule loving, even if only a little.

Ginny… She would have been more standoffish because of what happened in her first year. Also, she would have been confident since there was that marriage contract still in place. She would have believed she would get you in the end. And since you and Ron were friends she was able to spend more time around you without you really noticing.

And Molly. Molly was still with Arthur so she would have had to keep up appearances. She
couldn’t have gotten the two extravagant gifts, because people would question it, so she didn’t spoil them the way she did this time. She also had to stick to a budget which would have forced her to be more realistic in what a child should have. Her life was going to her plan that time, but now it isn’t. Arthur now knows the truth and has other children, and that would make her furious.

A lot of things have changed, mostly in a good way because of what we all have done. But for some, they didn’t have the defining moments that forced them to adapt and work hard to survive.”

“I guess, it’s just hard. They’re different, but they’re not.” Hadrian agreed.

“So am I.” Severus smirked. “I’m still the dungeon bat, but less mean about it. Or, you like that about me this time around.”

“I much prefer you like this. You’re my papa.” Hadrian gave him a grin, his mood completely gone now. Returning to his feeling of embarrassment, Hadrian curled into the twins. “Sorry… For freaking out like that. I was just so sick of them.”

“It’s fine. I was actually expecting it to happen years ago.” James smiled. “You have put up with them for years, no one blames you for having a hard time right now.”

The four who had come home from school just decided to stay. They would finish up what they were working on the next day.

Being together was more important to them right now, so they all went out to the garden to join the girls in making a snowman army.

**Molly’s Flat - January 3, 2007**

As the full moon rose over the town of Hogsmeade, Ginevra Molly Weasley was ready. She was not going to let the man who called himself her father destroy her life anymore.

Her mum had explained to her that her dad had been able to cancel the marriage contract since he was her dad and he hadn’t signed, and that he had said he would never sign another contract for any of his kids. Ginny knew from everything she looked into over the past week and a half, if he wasn’t her father, they wouldn’t need his signature on her contract anymore.

So that was what she was going to do, she was going to stop him from being her father.

Once she had come up with the idea, Ginny had snuck into her mum’s room and stolen a book that her mum kept hidden under the floor boards in her closet. She had seen it once and asked about it, all her mum would tell her was that it had once belonged to her great aunt and that it held magics she was still too young to understand.

She had been sure it would hold what she wanted, and it had. Near the back of the book she found a ritual that would allow her to disavow her father and strip any legal claim he had to her. She didn’t fully understand it all since the book was old and worn, and written in olde english, but it gave her what she wanted so she didn’t care about the rest.

Since finding the ritual Ginny had been secretly gathering things. Including buying some ingredients from the guy called Dung who managed the pub connected to the restaurant. Now she had everything set.

Her mum and Ron were both fast asleep as Ginny started the ritual. Combining the different
ingredients with a few drops of her blood, Ginny called upon magic. The spell was in some old language she didn't understand, but she had sounded everything out and was sure she got it right. Taking the potion, she started drawing the runes in the book on her bare skin. Finishing the ritual she slashed her palm with one of her mums silver potion daggers and cast out the blood of Arthur Septimus Weasley.

Ginny felt the magic build, but then her blood began to boil as she screamed. Finally, a few seconds later, she mercifully passed out.

**The Burrow**

Arthur Weasley suddenly sat up in the middle of the night as he felt a pain in his chest. It was like he had just lost something that he had once had. Silently slipping from his bed he checked the house.

He knew Fred and George were staying over with Hadrian, so their room was empty. Looking around he was a little startled to realize that there was only two bedrooms in use. His room he shared with his husbands, and the room Nicole and Leo were using.

Going over to their door, he peaked in to see the 2 two year olds were still safely tucked in their cots, fast asleep. He just stood and watched them for a few moments waiting for whatever it was that had woken him to pass, but it didn’t.

Deciding there was nothing he could do about it right now, he went back to bed, maybe he would figure it out in the morning.

**Molly’s Flat**

Molly woke up and was out of bed in an instant as she heard her daughter scream. Her fear grew as before she even reached the door the screaming stopped.

Rushing into the room, Molly saw Ginny lying in the middle of a ritual circle. Runes drawn across her arms and one on her forehead.

“Mum?” Turning Molly saw a confused and sleepy Ron in the doorway, fearfully looking at her.

“Sweet heart, I need you to go get me my healing potions from the kitchen cabinet.” Molly said as she summoned a blanket to wrap her daughter in before moving her to her bed.

As she set Ginny down on the bed, her toe hit a book. She froze for a second as she looked down and saw her great aunts ritual book. Quickly marking the page Ginny had had open, she shut the book so Ron wouldn’t see it.

Ron came back in and handed her the potions, but neither of them knew what Ginny needed. Molly had always been able to treat her babies herself, but she had never had to deal with something like this. She needed help.

“Ron, stay here and watch your sister, I’m going to go get help.”

Rushing from the room, Molly ran to the floo and left.
Headmaster’s Private Quarters

“ALBUS! ALBUS!” Molly shrieked as she arrived in the man’s rooms.

In his bed, Albus woke ready to kill. Oh how he hated that woman. Getting up, he pulled on his dressing gown and grabbed his wand, he was going to curse her into the next millennium.

“Albus, there’s something wrong with Ginny. She just started screaming and now I can’t get her to wake up, she needs help.” Molly sobbed as soon as she saw the man.

Albus’s first instinct was to think, ‘so what?’, but he knew he couldn’t say it.

“Then take her to St. Mungo’s Molly.”

“I can’t… She…” Molly started to fidget.

“She what Molly?” Albus did not have the patience for this right now.

“I don’t know. I found her on the floor in a ritual circle. She had my Great Aunt Madeline’s book. I can’t take her to the hospital, what if they try and say she did something bad.” Molly didn’t want anyone to know about that book, or what was in it. She also really didn’t want anyone to know about whatever it was that Ginny had done.

“YOU LET HER HAVE THAT BOOK!” Albus thundered. Molly might like to pretend that her great aunt just had bad luck in love, but Albus knew the woman had been widowed so often because she killed her husbands using ancient rituals. The woman had been killed by her own step daughter after she had killed the girl’s father.

“I didn’t let her.” Molly defended herself. “I had it hidden under the floorboards in my closet. I don’t know how she found it or why she took it.”

“You go back and cover the circle with a rug or something, I will need to be able to examine it to know what the foolish girl did.” Albus couldn’t let any of this get out. “I will get Poppy and be there in a few minutes. We will just say she had some kind of magical outburst.”

Molly didn’t even respond before running back to the floo and going to her baby girl.

Albus was not pleased as he started to make the arrangements to cover this up.

Molly’s Flat

By the time Albus and Poppy arrived Molly had conjured a large fluffy pink rug to cover the circle and was sitting next to her daughter’s bed on one of the kitchen chairs. Ron was standing at the end of the bed trying to figure out what was different about his sister.

“Everyone out.” Poppy ordered as she went to her patient. It had been a long time since she had gotten to properly treat one of her patients since the school board had interfered with her ward, but she was still as strict as ever.

“I’m not leaving her.” Molly refused to move and just glared at her.

“You called me here to help, so you will get out of my way so I can help.” Poppy wasn’t going to
back down. “Don’t you forget that I treated you for years Molly, and I personally delivered this
girl. Now, you will do as I say so I can do my job or so help me I will make you.”

Molly went to argue back, but Albus pulled her away and directed her and Ron out of the room.

“Mum, what’s going on?” Ron was confused.

“Your sister had some sort of magical outburst sweetie, it’s going to be just fine. Why don’t you go
and get some more sleep, we’ll talk about it in the morning.” Molly hugged her son before
ushering him to his room.

Ron knew he was being lied to. He had seen the circle on the floor before his mum had come back
and hid it. He knew Ginny had done something, he just didn’t know what. Deciding it would be
better to think about it after a full nights sleep, he did as told and went to bed.

Twenty minutes later Poppy left Ginny’s room.

“Poppy?” Molly questioned as she finally stopped fiddling with the tea service she had been setting
out since she had been forced out of the room.

“She will be fine in a few days, but things are going to be changing for that girl. This was no
magical outburst and we all know it.” She gave the two adults a stern look. “I recognize the signs
of a ritual just as much as the next healer.”

“Do you know what she did?” Albus questioned, ready to obliviate the woman if need be, it wasn’t
like it would be the first time.

“I don’t know why she did it, but that girl seems to have disowned herself by blood and by magic
from the Weasley family.” Poppy told them.

“What?” Both adults were shocked.

“Yup. Darn near drained her core in the process too. Her body has undergone a complete purge of
all foreign magics. She’s as fresh as a newborn baby. So you’re going to need to watch. Foolish girl
has completely wiped away her magical immune system, which means she’s susceptible to all the
magical illnesses babies are. We’re going to have to give her all of her potions again.

I wouldn’t recommend letting her out of her room for the next few days. Her system won’t be able
to handle the change in magic levels.” Poppy packed up her healer kit. “I will arrange for the
immunization potions, but it’s going to take a few months to redo them all.”

“What about school?” Molly didn’t want Ginny to miss school.

“It should be ok, but I will be needing to see her at least once a week. We will need to set up a
place outside the hospital wing as I’m assuming you don’t want those nosy people I was forced to
allow on my ward to know about this.” Poppy said.

“I will make the arrangements.” Albus assured, trying to figure out why the girl would do
something so foolish.

“Oh.” Poppy stopped for a second and pulled out a sheet of paper and handed it to Molly. “This is
lineage paper. Put three drops of her blood on the page to determine her new name.”
“New name?” Molly was stunned at that.

“Yes, new name.” Poppy huffed. “She is no longer a Weasley, so she can’t keep using that name or she could get in trouble magically. Headmaster, let me know where you set things up for me and I will give you the schedule of when I will need to see Ms… Ginny.”

“Thank you for your assistance Poppy.” Albus waited until the woman was gone before rounding on Molly. “What has that stupid girl done?”

Molly couldn’t think of an answer. Instead, she just took the paper and went into her daughters room. Looking at the girl now, she could see the differences in her.

Her once deep, thick, red hair had lightened and thinned, leaving her with bright, nearly carrot orange, hair. Her skin had paled to a pearly white which allowed her freckles to stand out more. Molly also thought her eyes had tipped down slightly and the edge and her nose had thinned and lengthen slightly to a pointed tip.

Ginny was not going to like these changes, and Molly knew it. The only changes that the girl might like is that her frame had also thinned from the looks of things. Even covered in the blanket, it was obvious that both of her shoulders and hips had narrowed.

With a quick cutting hex to Ginny’s finger, followed by a healing charm, Molly put the blood on the parchment.

Name: Ginevra Molly ‘Ginny’ Prewett

Father: Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

Mother: Margret Lucretia ‘Molly’ Diggle

Albus let out a silent sigh of relief. Since he had never formally recognized Ginny as his daughter the girl wasn’t given his last name. That was something he had been worrying about. He couldn’t let anyone know he was connected to such a foolish girl.

“What do we do?” Molly questioned as she looked at the paper.

“There is nothing we can do.” Albus sighed, he wanted to go back to bed. “She is no longer a Weasley, and we can’t undo that since she did a ritual purge. Her magic will never again accept the Weasley family magics.

We will just say that Ginny has decided to distance herself from Arthur and take your maiden name since she didn’t like how he was treating you. You will need to inform her of that once she get’s up. Now, I must get back to my bed, I have an early morning meeting scheduled.

Albus left the room, but Molly never acknowledged him. Instead, she just kept staring at her daughter trying to understand why she had done this to herself.
Ginny finally woke up just after dawn. She couldn’t remember what had really happened, just that she had been doing a ritual and that there had been pain. Looking around, she saw her mum sleeping in the chair next to her bed.

“Mum.” Ginny poked her.

“Ginny?” Molly felt tears in her eyes to see her daughter awake. “It’s so good to see you awake baby. You had your brother and I so worried.”

Before anything could happen there was a knocking on the door. Getting up to answer the persistent knocker, Molly was surprised to see an agitated Arthur.

“Arthur?” Molly allowed the man in.

“What did you do?” Arthur demanded.

“What do you mean?” Molly didn’t understand.

“Something woke me up last night, but I couldn’t figure out what it was, it just felt like loss. It took me all night to figure it out, but I did. Ginny.” Arthur was close to tears as he could no longer feel his daughters magic.

“You can’t control me anymore,” Ginny smirked nastily at her father from where she stood propped up against the door frame as she was still too weak to stand on her own.

“Ginny, sweetie, you need to go back to bed, you aren’t well enough to be up yet.” Molly rushed to her daughter.

“Ginny?” Arthur was shocked to see the changes in the girl. “Why would you do this?”

“Mum said I couldn’t have a marriage contract with Harry because you wouldn’t sign off on it and we needed your signature since you were my father. Well, now you’re not my father. So mum can make me the contract I deserve and I can get my husband back from those idiots that used to be my brothers.”

Arthur felt his heart shatter at that. “You did this for that. Ginny, that isn’t how marriage contracts work. Your mum still can’t make you any contract you want. Molly what have you been telling the girl?”

Molly was stunned. She didn’t know what to do. She had blamed Arthur for the lack of contract so her baby wouldn’t blame her. And now the girl had done this.

“Arthur, I’m sure we can work this out.” Molly turned to him to see he was crying.

“There’s nothing to work out Molly. Your lies have cost me my daughter. She will never be a Weasley again, just look at her. I… I can’t do this. I… I need…” Arthur turned and left. He couldn’t stand to look at the child he had loved since the moment she had been placed in his arms all those years ago.

She wasn’t his anymore.
The Burrow

Fabian and Gideon were sitting at the kitchen table in confusion. Arthur had gotten up a little while ago and all but run from the house like he was being chased by a dragon. Now they were just trying to figure out what had happened as they watched Nicole and Leo eat their breakfast.

They heard the pop of apparition and Arthur stumbled into the house, tears streaming down his face as he collapsed into his chair and sobbed.

“Love?” “Sweet heart? What happened?” The twins asked at the same time.

Seeing their father so upset both two year olds moved over to him. Nicole trying to wipe away the tears like he often did for her when she was upset. But this just made him cry harder.

Grabbing both children he cuddled them close and let the pain take him.

When Arthur regained focus he still had both kids in his arms. Neither really cared as their dads had moved their food down the table to where they were so they were happily eating as their dad cried on them. Percy, Fred, and George, were also all there with large mugs of tea.

Fabian and Gideon had called for them, knowing that something was seriously wrong. They were all just waiting to know what happened.

“Artie?” Fabian and Gideon questioned as they noticed the lull in the sobs.

“Don’t call me Artie.” Arthur muttered in a rough voice.

“What happened love?” Fabian questioned, moving closer in case he started to cry.

But Arthur was beyond tears now. “Ginny… Last night she…” Taking a deep breath, Arthur plowed forward. “Last night Ginny disowned herself from the Weasley family. She’s not my daughter anymore.”

As one his husbands and three sons converged on him. None bothering to ask questions. That wasn’t important right now. All that mattered was being there for their husband/dad.

Hogwarts, Great Hall - January 8, 2007

The morning after the students returned from break the biggest piece of gossip wasn’t about any attack, no, it was about the change Ginny Prewett, formerly Weasley, had undergone. The girl herself had been saying that she had chosen to use her mums maiden name because of how her former father was treating her mum, but many questioned that.

Between Molly Diggle and Arthur Weasley there wasn’t any competition and pretty much all the students knew it. Arthur was kind and giving, while Molly was a shrew. Most had had to hear all the womans howlers over the years. She even still sent them to the Weasley twins about their apprenticeship and how she felt they were wasting their lives and needed to be nicer to her babies.

Albus was less than pleased. He didn’t want people talking about it, and he was ready to strangle the girl for continuously drawing attention to herself. Didn’t she understand, she had been disowned, whether she did it herself or not, it was seen as a mark of dishonour.
He had seen the looks the children from the old pureblood families had exchanged. The girl was just making it harder for herself to ever be accepted, and he needed her to be accepted.

But that was just one issue. If Ron had heard correctly, and Hadrian and the twins were soul mates, his task of separating them just got that much harder. No soul mate would ever willingly leave their other half.

Albus knew he needed to think of something new. As far as he could tell, he would never be able to get Hadrian to marry Ginny, and that wasn’t good. Without Ginny, he wouldn’t be able to control the boy. Unless…

If he could get either of the twins on his side, then he might be able to gain control. He could use one, or both of them, to control the boy.

He would just need to be careful how he worded things. Soul mates would never willingly endanger one another, so he would have to make it seem like he was controlling the boy for his own good, which he basically was. The greater good was for everyones own good.

Sitting at the Gryffindor table Ginny was watching everyone to see their reactions to different things. Because she had never learned proper pureblood manners, she wasn’t sure about how to ensure she got the right reactions from her classmates.

Something that most people missed was the effect that family magics had on a person. The magics could actually push people in the direction that it wanted. The Weasley family magics had always been focused on family.

That meant that it encouraged Ginny to be loyal to her family. But, since she was closer to her mother, she followed her mum more than her dad. Now that she wasn’t a Weasley, she was no longer being encouraged to be loyal to her family, she had stopped caring the effect her actions had on others.

Despite never being formally recognized by her birth father, she was still effected by the Dumbledore family magics. This was encouraging her to seek positions of power.

Now, Ginny’s mind was focused on how to gain power, and that meant she needed powerful allies. She just needed to figure out how to get them.

Looking back over the last few years Ginny had been forced to realize that she hadn’t done herself any good. She needed to start getting in good with certain people. There were many students that would one day hold their family titles and monies, and those made them useful for her. She just needed to get them on her side.

Originally, Ginny had wanted Hadrian to be her husband because she had loved the idea of having a family with him, now when she saw him she saw him as a path to power. Hadrian Potter was the most influential child of their generation.

Now, rather than wanting to be his wife just to be his wife, she wanted it for the power.

Unused Classroom - January 13, 2007

Hermione was a little confused as she joined Ron in an unused classroom on the ground floor.
There was nothing of interest in the room as far as she could tell.

“Ron, what’s this about?”

“We need to talk.” Ron said in a surprisingly serious voice.

“Ok.” Hermione’s tone showed she was still confused.

“Have you noticed the changes in Ginny?” Ron questioned.

“Well… Yeah. She actually seems less flighty and more focused on the things that actually matter, why?” Hermione had seen the changes in the girl and actually thought they were good.

“I heard my mum and Poppy talking after she did that ritual. According to them she purged her system. And, that got me thinking, could there have been something done to make Ginny act the way she was.

Think about it… We have all been forced to take those mind healer potions. How do we know that they were what we were told?” Ron questioned, seeing the growing horror on Hermione’s face.

“You think we’ve been potioned and spelled?” Hermione didn’t want to think something like that could happen to her. But, as she thought about it, it made more sense. Hermione had always been the best in her school, now she was worried that she was being held back just so she wouldn’t out perform the purebloods in the school. Hermione had managed to get out of her mind healer appointments the year before when she had finally started to follow instructions.

“I think it’s a possibility just from seeing the changes in Ginny.” Ron nodded.

“What do we do?” Hermione questioned, she actually had no idea what to do in this situation.

“I talked to Dung, he runs the pub. I got some potions.” Ron pulled out four potions vials he had traded for. “From what he explained, if we put a drop of blood into the green potion it will let us know if our minds have been altered. It will go red if we have spells on us, and yellow if there are potions, orange if we have both.

The grey potion is a purging potion which will get rid of any foreign magics in our systems. But, he did warn me it would hurt if there is anything. So, we might need to silence the room if we use them.”

“I can do that if we need to. Let’s check it out first.” Hermione held out her hand for the green potion.

The two took turns cutting their fingers and adding the drop of blood in their vials. Ron wasn’t surprised to see his potion turn red. He had assumed that there would be at least something.

Hermione was horrified as her potion went orange. She forgot to take into account the karma potion that she was still taking would also register as being in her system. Her mind was just too worked up about the idea that someone had tried to control her. It never occurred to her that she had done the same to her own parents.

“Can you put up the silencing spells?” Ron asked as he picked up the grey purging potion. “We should do this one at a time just in case. I’ll go first since mine should be shorter since I only have spells and will recover quicker. Then I can watch over you when you do your purge.”

Hermione nodded and put up the spells. Ron laid down on the floor and drank the potion. He had
seen how Ginny had collapsed and didn’t want to fall on a stone floor.

Less than a minute after he drank the potion the pain started. Ron couldn’t help but scream slightly as his brain felt like it was on fire. It took a few minutes, but eventually the pain stopped and Ron was able to regain focus.

“Are you ok?” Hermione questioned fearfully.

“Yeah, I think so.” Ron sat up and looked around. “Your turn.”

Hermione laid down where Ron had been, taking the potion in one big swallow. Like it had been with Ron, the pain started quickly. Hermione started to scream and thrash as the compulsion spells were ripped away and her muscles shook as the potions were forced out of her body.

It took almost 10 minutes before the pain stopped and left Hermione sweating and panting in relief. Both her mind and body felt soft and weak, she just wanted to go lay down in her bed and sleep for a month.

“Hermione, you need to focus for a few minutes.” Ron said as he helped her to sit up.

“Why?” Hermione whined.

“Like I said, we need to talk.”

“What?”

“What we are going to do now.” Ron pulled out a chair and helped her into it before sitting down in one of the others. “We need to think about our own futures and not just what Dumbledore wants.”


“Does he? Face it Hermione, the man isn’t in charge. He lost control a long time ago.

Yes, I agree that he has the best plan for our world, but we can’t keep just following him like we have. He will take us with him if he goes down.

I have heard about how great the Headmaster is since I was small. I have heard all about his grand plans to fix our world, but it just isn’t working. He had made arrangements to make sure Hadrian was the Harry Potter we needed, but that clearly hasn’t worked. He had plans of Ginny marrying him, but again, not happening.

So many of his plans are failing. Maybe he will be able to salvage it, but it is going to be difficult. I’m just suggesting that we make sure we have a back up plan for us in the case things go bad.”

Hermione actually had to agree. Her mind was still functioning too slowly for her to come up with any arguments to counter him. The Headmasters plans weren’t working. “What should we do?”

“We need to secure our own base.” Ron said. “Hadrian said that he and the twins were soul mates, and from just what I know about soul mates, there is no way he will ever willingly marry Ginny. That means we need to find a new way in. I would suggest a strategic alliance with the twins, but I really don’t want to have to deal with them, you know what they’re like.

But we are going to need to do something. I figure, we can follow the Headmasters suggestions,
but we need to be smart about this. Maybe find someone in the ministry we could work with.”

“There’s Tonks.” Hermione suggested.

“I don’t know… I heard her talking with my mum over the summer. She’s been passed over for promotion twice so far. She might not be the most useful contact. We need someone high up, with authority, that we can work with.”

“I can look into it once I’m feeling better.” Hermione suggested.

“That might be a good idea. I mean, you’ve seen how everyone was after the meetings this summer. Everyone was arguing or angry with each other. You’ve read how things have been in the paper. Dumbledore has been arguing with the minister too. Between that and that law about vigilante groups being arrested I don’t think this war’s going to go the way he wants.

None of what he’s doing is making any strategic sense, it seems more based on his ego.”

Hermione was startled by that. She had never really seen this side of Ron, sure, she had known that he was good at strategy for years, but she had never thought he would be able to apply it to real world situations like this.

“What about Ginny?” Hermione questioned. “What will we do with her?”

“For now, we let Ginny do her own thing. Like I said, there is almost no chance she will be able to get together with Hadrian. I figure we just let her stay with mum, she’ll look after her. Ginny can’t keep things quiet, so if we tell her anything about what we’re doing she will go running right to mum to tell on us.

No, we need to keep her out of this, at least for now. Who knows, this might all be for nothing? Dumbledore might be able to regain control, but I have my doubts. Right now, it’s the minister that is the bigger power, but we also need to take into account that that is because of who is backing him.

Dumbledore has been making far too many adversaries and not enough allies in the past few years. The only reason he still has his position here at the school is because of his reputation. If he doesn’t start getting things to go his way soon, he might not be headmaster for much longer. You’ve seen how Black and Prince, along with James Potter and Alice Longbottom have been reacting to him.”

Hermione didn’t want to admit it, but she had too. Headmaster Dumbledore was losing too much power. “We could help him.”

“We could try, but they’ve already said we can’t join the Order because we’re still ‘kids’ in their eyes. They’re never going to listen to us, my mum especially. We might be able to help them later, but for now we need to protect ourselves.”

Hermione had to agree. She wasn’t about to risk her future. She would do everything in her power to work with Headmaster Dumbledore, she did still idolize him, but she wasn’t going to go down with him if he did.

This was actually the first time Hermione was pleased about the idea of one day marrying Ron. If he remained like this then she thought they would make a wonderful couple.
As had become common, Hadrian once again missed the Valentines Day feast. This year, since they had added into the marriage contract that Hadrian could leave school grounds for dates, Hadrian and the twins had gone out.

Fred and George had made arrangements for them to take a portkey to Venice. They had a wonderful dinner out on a balcony overlooking the grand canal before going on a private gondola trip. Thanks to magic the temperature was perfect, and the gondola rowed itself. They spent the entire evening without a care in the world. They were free to be themselves and no one could say a thing.

Neville and Luna, as per usual, were enjoying a picnic in the green house. Neville had even gotten permission from Professor Sprout to use the nursery this time since the baby fairy bushes were in full bloom and he knew how much Luna loved fairies.

Draco had taken Fey up to the ROR. The two spent the evening relaxing next to a waterfall in a forest.

While Autumn and Lily sat together at Gryffindor and commiserated over the fact that both of their boyfriends had graduated and couldn’t be there with them, so the girls decided to be each others date for the evening. Cedric and Viktor had, of course, made sure to send the girls flowers and plenty of their favourite sweets.

But, this year there was another addition to the couples. Ron and Hermione were going on their first official date. They hadn’t planned anything in advance, and since Hermione still refused to use a house elf under those specific conditions, the two just ate together in the great hall. Ron was a little confused by the whole house elf thing since the girl ate the food served in the hall and never saw a problem with her laundry getting done or her bed being made, but showed enough intelligence not to argue with his new girlfriend.

Up at the head table Albus was frustrated. He had seen the changes in his three pawns and he wasn’t sure he liked it.

The children may have thought they were being stealthy in their actions, but they really weren’t. Didn’t they understand that he was able to observe them at almost any time? He had made an art of the practice of studying the students that attended his school and being able to determine when any of them are up to anything.

He had seen the way Ronald and Hermione had changed, it was only slight, but it was there. The two had been slowly trying to work their way in with certain students. They weren’t having much success, but they were having some.

Ron had set his focus on his roommate Zacharias Smith and a few of his friends, including Ernie Macmillan and Micheal Corner. Both Smith and Macmillan were heirs to their family titles, and Corner’s grandfather was the current head of the Accidental Magical Reversal Squad. Then there were his attempts to get close to Cormac McLaggen. The McLaggen family had been very influential in the ministry for years, focusing more on making alliances with those in powerful positions rather than getting the positions themselves.

He had seen Hermione working on getting closer with those like Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, Sue Li, Cho Chang and Marietta Edgecombe. Susan was the heir of the Bones title, along with being...
the niece of the head of the DMLE. Hannah, although not the heir to her families title since she had an older brother, still came from a very influential family. Sue Li’s family was loaded with diplomats and political figures. And Cho and Marietta had family rather high up in the ministry.

Hermione really wasn’t having much luck though. Susan, Hannah, and Sue seemed to do everything in their power to stay away from the girl without being openly rude. Things were a bit better with Cho and Marietta though. After their involvement in the Inquisitorial Squad the two seventh years that had once been extremely popular were learning what it was like to be isolated and mocked, not many in their house were willing to put up with any of the girls old bullying antics. Since the two were isolated they were more willing to talk to Hermione, but they still didn’t really get along that well.

Then there were the changes in Ginny. The girl had actually started to become more like Albus had hoped she would be. Her grades had increased slightly. She, although still making her opinions well known, had started to settle down. So far, she had only been caught in a closet with a boy once since the end of Yule break, and that was the longest she had gone in over a year. The girl, like the other two, seemed to be more focused on building alliances, but she was more focused on the wealthy than those with contacts at the ministry.

Albus could see that his pawns were starting to break away from him, but at this point he really didn’t want to stop them. It would actually work better for him. If they made those contacts and cultivated relationships he would be able to use them later. The three might finally be worth something.

He knew that all he would need to do to regain control over the three was bring up the money that he was paying them. They could either fall back in line or he would cut them off. It still annoyed him that he had had to pay them all this time just to watch them fail miserably at what should have been simple tasks, but he had still needed them.

The only thing that was really concerning him, was trying to figure out what would have caused these changes.

**Hogwarts - February 28, 2007**

Albus was sitting, practically glaring, at Fred and George Weasley. Iona Fabrri and Lucien Zarno sat to either side of their apprentices and the four heads of house were scattered around the office.

“What is this about?” Iona demanded, she had been working on her latest project when she had been demanded up to the office for some unknown reason.

“I feel that we must address the antics of Fred and George.” Albus said in a disappointed voice. “I do not feel that the two of them should remain here given their side venture.”

“Side venture?” Filius questioned.

“Well, would either of you like to admit what you have been doing?”

Fred and George looked at each other in confusion. George was elected to speak for the two. “We have no idea what you're on about.”

“Then I guess it is up to me to inform the staff that these two are responsible for almost every prank played over the past few years.” Albus gave them a grave look.
Fred and George once again shared a confused look. They had absolutely no idea what was going on. Yes, they had played plenty of pranks over the years, but in no way was it even half of them.

“I believe we had this discussion years ago, unless you can show proof that they did anything, I will not punish them.” Pomona crossed her arms and prepared for a fight. Albus and Minerva had tried to get the twins in trouble every year for pranks, and she had never let them target her students without proof, and she wasn’t about to start now.

“I must agree with Pomona.” Severus drawled. “Unless you have proof, you are just wasting our time.”

Albus was irritated that so many had stopped listening to him and doing what he said. Pulling out the business registration form he laid it out on the desk. “Would you two care to explain this?”

Fred picked up the paper, his confusion not abating as he read it. “It’s our business registration form. Sir, I’m still confused. What does this have to do with our apprenticeship? We aren’t students anymore, we can’t be punished for anything you may think we did while we were students here.”

“You two own a business?” Pomona said in shock looking at her former students.

“Yes, Fred and I opened up our own shop a few years ago.” George shrugged. “Am I to assume that that is why we are here? Are you trying to say that because we own a joke shop we are some how responsible for every prank?”

Albus stared the two down for a moment. “You have been causing mayhem with your products.”

“No, others have caused mayhem.” George grinned. “It is written on every receipt that once they leave our shop they, and they alone, are responsible for whatever trouble they cause.”

“Yes, we make it perfectly clear that whatever is done with our product after they leave our shop is not our responsibility.” Fred grinned to match his brother.

“I feel I must agree.” Flitwick smiled happily, already planning on stopping by the shop to see what the devious duo had created. “You can’t blame them for the actions of others just because they own the shop.”

“And Iona and I were informed of the existence of the business as per the requirements of setting up the apprenticeship contracts.” Lucien added quickly so that Albus couldn’t use that to try and dissolve the contracts.

“How can you all be so calm about this?” Minerva demanded. “These two have been giving prank items to the other students. How many times have we had to deal with the consequences of some prank or another? How many times have our classes been disrupted? Just look at the chaos last year.”

“We haven’t given anyone anything, we’ve been selling them.” George smiled at the angry woman.

“Oh come on Minerva, you’ve never been so opposed to pranks before.” Filius still remembered when Minerva had protected Sirius and his friends for pranking others. He knew it was because they had been in her house while the twins weren’t.

“I’m still confused as to what our business has to do with our apprenticeships and why it would be a reason to have us removed from Hogwarts. We haven’t broken any rules.” Fred said, he just
wanted this latest meeting to end.

“You have been using your positions to financially benefit yourselves. It is against the rules to do that as it is a conflict of interest.” Albus huffed, he wanted these two gone and if this was how it got done, then so be it.

“It would only be a conflict if they were advertising their products. And, since up until this moment most of us didn’t even know that they owned the business then they haven’t done anything wrong.” Filius said. “They aren’t the only ones here who have side businesses. I know that Severus sells his potions on occasion. I own shares in a duelling company.”

“My family has a farm where we raise specialty plants.” Pomona added. “Like Filius said, most staff members have other interests outside the school. For Merlins sake, you own a restaurant in town that profits off the students that go there. So, unless you are asking all of us to leave, including yourself, you can’t ask the twins too.”

Albus ground his teeth. “Then I shall just ensure there is no risk of conflict. Until you two finish your apprenticeship all products sold at your store will be banned from these grounds.”

Albus knew they wouldn’t be able to handle that. The students most likely made up the largest amount of their profits. They would have to leave unless they wanted their business to go bankrupt.

“You can’t do that.” Fred said, slightly startled by this new method of attack.

“I can, and I am.” Albus’s voice conveyed just how serious he was.

“No, he means you really can’t do that. You can’t ban items from one shop and not another.” George started to explain. “So, unless you ban all prank products, including those from Zonko’s, then you can’t ban ours.

That’s the same issue Umbridge had when she tried to ban The Seer last year. If you try to just ban our products and no others then we will file a lawsuit for discrimination, like the Lovegoods did.”

“They are correct. While you can do it since you can make rules in the school, you can’t legally do it. If you try the route that you don’t want any member of staff to profit from businesses the students frequent then you would also have to bar all students from having anything to do with the business the other staff are involved in, including barring all students from your restaurant.” Severus added.

“Fine, but I am issuing a formal warning, I do not want to hear anyone advertising those products.” Albus forced himself not to snap. He hated how things never went his way anymore.

Maybe he would have to speak with Molly? He wasn’t overly sure of what she could do since she hadn’t managed to get Percy to help them, but it was all he had left. He really didn’t understand why the other members of staff were protecting those two.

The two were just so…

They had caused so many problems in his plans and Albus wasn’t about to let that go. Molly was the way to go. Even if she wasn’t successful, at least she could make sure to tell them everything she thought they were doing wrong.

If there was one thing Molly was good for, it was making people suffer.
Undisclosed Location - March 17, 2007

Voldemort was once again glaring at the wall that sat opposite his throne. The wall seemed different than it had been in the past, but he couldn’t focus long enough to care.

At this point he was trying to think of what to do next. This war was proving to be much harder than the last one had been. At the start of the last war everyone was too startled or scared to do much of anything. It had taken years for the ministry to form any opposition to him.

But this time they were prepared before he even made his return known. He couldn’t build up his forces the way he had before. He knew that many chose to join him because they wanted to be on the winning side rather than out of loyalty. It was why there had been so many spies and traitors, they had let anyone join.

He wasn’t going to make that same mistake. Only those that were completely loyal would be granted his mark. He was not going to risk another spy joining his ranks.

Although, he had his suspicions that they already had a spy in their ranks. So far every attack they had planned had been interrupted by the military. Since the failed attack on London Tower they had gone after a few more targets, both in the muggle and magical world, and each time the military showed up.

The only thing that was stopping Voldemort from completely losing his temper was that they had finally managed to do some serious damage. During an attack in a muggle town a spell had hit some sort of muggle vehicle that had been carrying fuel and a few people had been killed. It wasn’t much, but it was something.

He was sure that if they just kept moving forward things would eventually turn their way. They were doing the right thing by purging their world of all the filth after all. Magic would aid them for protecting it.

Another thing that he was contemplating was the prophecy and the Potter brat.

So far, he had yet to find a way to get the prophecy. Now that the DOM knew he was after it his follower in that department had said they had increased security. There was no way he would be able to gain access again, at least for a few years, and he didn’t have the patience to wait that long.

That left him with only one other option. The Potter brat had to die.

Dumbledore had turned the child into an icon for his followers, whether the boy followed him or not. When he killed their icon the light would crumble. It would also damage those idiots in the neutral faction. And that would work perfectly for him.

Now he just needed to figure out how to gain access to the boy.

Voldemort knew that he could just send some of his school age followers after the boy, but he wanted to deal with him personally. Since it had been the boy who had defeated him last time, he needed to be the one to kill the boy or else his followers would question if he was weak.

Never to his face of course, but they would whisper it amongst themselves. And he would not tolerate insubordination like that. The tip of Voldemort’s wand started to glow green at that thought.
But how was he supposed to get into the school? He also wanted to make sure that he didn’t end up in another trap. And that meant he was going to need to send his followers first.

He couldn’t do the same thing that he had done last time where he followed his followers immediately after they cleared the way. During their next big attack he was going to follow only after he was assured it wasn’t a trap.

It would be better if he stayed a safe distance away and just observed the first stage of the attack. Just so that he would be able to get a clear view of his followers capabilities. Once he had gotten a clear picture he would go and lead the second stage of the attack, targeting the Potter brat, Severus, and Dumbledore. Their deaths would be excruciating, and public.

**Headmaster’s Office - March 25, 2007**

Hadrian was sitting in his usual chair in the Headmaster’s office. He knew why this particular day had been chosen to hold this first lesson about Voldy’s past. His papa was scheduled to monitor the students and therefore hadn’t been able to attend this meeting.

Which was why his Uncle Sirius was sitting next to him. Although, Hadrian didn’t really understand the logic Dumbledore was using in thinking that his Uncle would be more willing to help him. Hadn’t these past years showed him anything, Sirius was no longer on the old man’s side.

“So what are these lessons about?” Sirius asked, only slight annoyance showing in his voice.

“We will be reviewing the life of Tom Riddle. I have acquired memories from others, as well as my own, so that Hadrian can get a clear view of what is going on.” Albus showed the large collection of silver vials. “It will help Hadrian to better protect himself if he knows the origin of his potential attacker. It will also help if you have the same knowledge Sirius since you and the others are in charge of his security during the summer.”

Hadrian wanted to snort. Dumbledore may have thought he was subtle, but he really wasn't. He really didn’t understand why no one seemed to catch on to what the man was up to, and if they did, why no one called him out on it. The best he could figure was that no one wanted to be the one to call out an old man, despite the fact that he was a manipulative fool.

The good thing was that McGonagall had stopped forcing him to work with Weasley or Granger. It was obvious the woman didn’t like that she was being forced to separate them, but she still followed whatever Dumbledore told her without question. Granger and Weasley weren’t any happier, but they weren’t fighting it, instead they just tried to get closer to him. Hadrian wasn’t sure what was going on with those two, but he was weary. But, at least he and Neville were finally free to learn in peace.

Despite the act of caring for everyone, Dumbledore was singularly selfish and a narcissist of the worst kind. He acted like he was the only one who knew what was right, and that he was the only one that could lead them.

“I’m not quite sure how this will help, but let’s get this over with.” Sirius knew what it was about, but he knew they had to play along. Despite how much power Dumbledore had lost, he still had his fame.

It took over an hour to get through the first collection of memories. It was the same collection that
he had been showed in his last life and just covered the family background of Voldy’s family.

Hadrian was conflicted when he thought of Merope Gaunt. He felt that the girls early life was tragic and unfair, but that didn’t excuse what she did. There were many who suffered in their life, that didn’t mean they got a pass for doing bad things.

When he had first watched the memories he had been more sympathetic to the woman. He knew what it was to be mistreated and abused by family. He had felt a connection to the woman.

But now, not so much. Having been the victim of love potions, having others try and use him and control him, he saw what she did as monstrous. It was rape, plain and simple.

There was never an excuse for raping anyone.

And that was what he told Dumbledore when he questioned him about his thoughts. Dumbles had tried to get him to empathize with her at first, but Hadrian had just said, that while he could pity her for her early life, it was no excuse for what she had done.

Seeing that he wasn’t going to get the response he wanted from this group of memories Dumbledore had dismissed him and Sirius saying that he would let him know when it was time for the next lesson.

Albus wasn’t sure how to react as the door closed behind Hadrian and Sirius. He just couldn’t predict the boys reactions to things.

If the boy had been raised the way he had wanted him to be, then he would have felt the strongest connection to Tom’s mum, instead it was the father he had connected to.

What was going to happen next? When he showed him the memories of Tom and the orphanage was he going to feel pity for that deranged woman that ran the place?

He needed the boy to see himself in the younger Tom. That would make it easier for him to convince the boy how much alike they were. It would make him fearful and start to worry about becoming a monster, just like Tom had.

There needed to be that connection. Albus had planned for the boy to willingly walk to his death. It was the only way to destroy the horcrux. And that was only possible if the boy understood that his life wasn’t important. Making the boy fear what he would become would be perfect to convince him to let himself die.

And, if he some how survived once again, then Albus would also be able to use that. After all, his survival would have had to have been the result of dark magic. Or, that was what he would tell everyone, using the existence of the horcrux as evidence. Once the peoples hero was dead he would be able to step into the roll.

Maybe… Maybe if it happened before he married the Weasley twins he could use that. He could use one of his contacts to hide their contract while planting a new one for the boy and Ginny. Then he could have everything the boy had given to Ginny as she would have been his wife.

It would be slightly more difficult since the boy had surviving family members, but he knew he might be able to convince a few key people. He needed to regain his power, at any cost.
Pansy Parkinson happily slipped into what she had been told was called the come and go room. There was a Ravenclaw to her left, and a Gryffindor on her right. They had work to do.

The weekend before her parents had called her home for family business. It had just been a cover. Once home she was taken to see the Dark Lord.

She had been so proud as she kneeled before him. There were a few students who had had an audience with him, but she was the youngest to be granted the honour. He had only been allowing those who had graduated to take the mark since he had been warned the wards around the school had been upgraded and he didn’t want to risk they would alert anyone who his followers were.

Her instructions had been simple. There was a magical cabinet that was in the school that would connect to its partner that was in Borgin and Burkes. She, along with her two helpers were to fix it so that they could get the Dark Lord and the others into the school without having to cross the wards. Doing it that way would ensure that the wards wouldn’t alert the staff to their presence.

The Dark Lord had promised her an honoured position in his followers once she graduated if she was successful. He had also promised her that he would arrange for her to marry Draco so she could become Lady Malfoy.

Pansy had always wanted to be Lady Malfoy. While the Parkinson family had their wealth and power, they didn’t have the title or the social standing. Pansy wanted all that and more. Plus, Draco was hot. Although, she was going to make him bath for a week before he would be allowed to even lay a finger on her, she knew all about that half-blood he was dating. Once the Dark Lord took over she was going to request that she be given the little whore as a slave, she would make sure Draco regretted embarrassing her by refusing to invite her to the Yule Ball during their forth year, along with everything else he had done to her over the years.

The Ravenclaw and Gryffindor who were assigned to work for her were both seventh years. The best part in Pansy’s opinion was that although she was the youngest she was still in charge. This was because the other two came from lower families and so their full devotion hadn’t been assured. But, the Parkinson family had loyally served the Dark Lord since the beginning and her father was a part of the inner circle so she was more trusted than the other two.

Pansy swore she would not fail.

Headmaster’s Office - April 7, 2007

As expected, when Severus once again had rounds, Hadrian was called up to the headmasters office for another one of his lessons. Again, they just watched more memories.

Hadrian really didn’t see the point. He knew that Dumbledore already knew where the horcruxes had been. Spending hours watching memories when he could have just told him and been done with it was annoying. But it was just so Dumbledore for him to try and convince Hadrian that it was his idea.

This time, the memories were about Tom’s childhood. Hadrian really did feel sorry for the boy Voldy had once been. No child deserved to be treated like that. And he said as much when asked.

Hadrian made sure to spend a great deal of time discussing how no one helped the boy. How it was
wrong that the boy had been sent back to a place like that. How so many people had failed him.

Dumbledore had developed a tick over his left eye but he couldn’t really say anything. Hadrian knew that it had been Dumbledore that had been the one to keep sending the boy back, even intervening a few times to stop the ministry from being contacted. It was what he had done during Hadrian’s first life.

In total, it was over two hours of listening to the old man dance around the fact that he had intentionally sent the boy back in the hopes of creating a dark lord.

Albus huffed out a sigh after the brat and Sirius had left. Merlin how he hated that boy.

While he knew there was no way the boy could know that he had been the one to keep returning Tom to the orphanage, it was still irritating to have to stay quiet as he listened to him bad mouth him. Didn’t the boy understand? Tom was evil, and he always had been? The only reason he hadn’t started a war sooner was because the orphanage had held him back. The boy had been a parselmouth after all.

Taking a deep breath, Albus forced back his anger. Just a little bit longer.

Soon enough he would regain control, he just needed to get a few more things in line he was sure.

**Molly’s Flat - April 17, 2007**

Molly grinned as she finally had everything in place. After taking back her Great Aunt’s book from Ginny, Molly had gotten an idea. There were all kinds of rituals in that book, she had been sure there would be one that could help her.

And, as she had expected, she found one.

Near the back of the book Molly had found a very old ritual that could shatter a soul bond. It had taken her the past few months to gather all the material needed, but she had finally done it. It did help that Dung was able to get most things, it had just been about figuring out how to pay for it since the man wouldn’t just wait to be paid once her Ginny was Lady Potter.

The final ingredient she had needed had actually been the easiest to get. She had needed the blood of the three boys. But Molly had always kept a small vial of blood from each of her children in case she ever needed to find them if they were taken. And Albus had done the same with the Potter boy, he just thought she hadn’t known that he had been storing it in a safe behind one of the paintings.

There was no way that Molly was going to allow Fred and George to marry Hadrian. She was sure they had to have done something to fake a soul bond, the boy was meant for her baby girl after all.

Molly still remembered when she had first seen the twins, while she had loved them, just like she had loved all the other boys, she had been wary of them. She had known that they would be more likely to be like her brothers since they were also twins. Over the years she had tried to get control of the two of them so they didn’t turn out like her brothers, but it seemed it hadn’t worked. They were just like her brothers, husband stealing and all.

But she wouldn’t let that continue. After this ritual, they would no longer be able to stand between her baby girl and the life she deserved.
Things did not go the way Molly had planned. Just before she could start the ritual her home was invaded.

At first Molly had thought she was being attacked by Death Eaters, but it was worse. Her home had been broken into by aurors. And, they had had the audacity to arrest her.

Molly was absolutely horrified as she was taken out of her home in cuffs. The only good thing was that it was the middle of the night so no one saw.

**Headmaster’s Office - April, 18, 2007**

“Headmaster?” Nymphadora Tonks called as she stepped through the floo into the headmasters office.

“What can I do for you this morning?” Albus questioned in slight confusion. He hadn’t even managed to get down to the great hall for breakfast yet.

“It’s bad headmaster.” Tonks sighed. She had been surprised to find what had happened the night before when she had gotten to work half an hour before. “Molly was arrested last night.”

“What?” Albus sank into his seat in shock.

“I only just managed to gain access to the case file this morning. Apparently Dawlish and Proudfoot caught a smuggler a few weeks back and he cut a deal.” Tonks sighed as she took a seat. “He gave up information on those he had sold too recently, and Molly had been on the list.”

Albus rubbed his eyes. This was not what they needed. Dung had come to him a few weeks before just to tip him off that Molly had approached him about some ritual materials that were still on the controlled list. Dung had managed to get her most of what she wanted, but he hadn’t had a few things and had sent her to another smuggler that might have had what she had needed. He had wanted to warn Albus that Molly had been up to something on her own.

When he had first learned, he had mostly brushed it off, but had quickly realized it was foolish and gone to speak to the woman. He had tried to get her to talk, but Molly had just smiled and told him not to worry, that had, of course, just made him worry more. In the end all he had managed to get out of her was that she had found a ritual in her great aunts book that would help them to achieve their goals. Albus had chosen not to stop her. If she was successful in whatever she was doing then it might help him to regain control, and if not, then oh well, it wasn’t like Molly could do too much damage he had thought.

Now he knew just how wrong he had been.

Molly could destroy everything. If she was given even a light truth serum them she would tell everyone everything. She could destroy what little power he had left with just half of what she knew. It had never seemed like much of an issue since the woman was blindly loyal to him, but now everything was different.

Albus needed to stop Molly from talking.

“When will her arrest be announced?” Albus questioned, his voice sounding as old as he was.
“It won’t be.” Tonks assured her old headmaster. “As soon as I saw her there I went to the file and switched out the security level. It is, as of now, a classified case. There will be no public announcement and her arrest will be held under the secrecy wards in the Wizengamot.”

Albus let out a relieved breath. “That is wonderful Nymphadora. You handled the situation perfectly. I’m sure this is just a slight misunderstanding and we will be able to sort this out quickly, there is no need to ruin a good woman reputation over nothing.”

Tonks preened over the praise. “What should I do know Headmaster?”

“Can you tell me what the charges are?” Albus questioned.

“Purchase of illegal goods and suspicion of using a forbidden ritual.” Tonks said. “Molly apparently purchased three blood stones, which, as you know, are still classified as illegal due to the fact that their only purpose is to control people.

They had apparently had her under surveillance for the past week and noticed that she was preparing for a ritual tonight. They felt that it was too dangerous to allow her to do the ritual so arrested her before she could fully start. That’s why she isn’t charged with actually using an illegal ritual, they only have the suspicion of it since they stopped her.”

Albus leaned back. He had his suspicions about who’s blood she had been planning on using with the blood stones, but he couldn’t let that get out. Luckily, he had a contact in the evidence locker that owed him. He was going to have to ensure that the blood evidence was compromised. He unfortunately couldn’t have all the evidence destroyed since it would only draw more attention to the case, but a few blood vials could easily become corrupted without being too surprising.

“Thank you for informing me about what is going on Nymphadora.” Albus gave her a soft smile. “I will make arrangements to visit Molly so she can inform me of her view of things. I will also make arrangements for legal representation if Amelia and the others in charge of the DMLE refuse to see sense.

Now, why don’t you get back to work. We don’t want to risk anyone finding out you came to me. The new minister seems to feel threatened by me and might not like your coming to me with this little issue.”

“Of course Headmaster.” Tonks smiled as she got up and left. Like everyone else she was close to she found the ministers disrespect of the Headmaster is an insult to everything the man had done. But, like the others, she was sure the man would wise up soon enough, only the headmaster would be able to handle He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Once the war picked up the minister would either turn to him for help, or he would lose his position due to an angry public she was sure.

Minister’s Office - April 27, 2007

Kensington Shacklebolt was not looking forward to his next meeting. He was going to have to speak with Albus Dumbledore.

A few days earlier the spy the Unspeakables had, had come forward and warned them that Voldemort was planning on turning his attention for trying to get access to the prophecy and instead go after Hadrian. To that end, he was planning to attack Hogwarts before the end of the school year.

And that meant he needed to inform Dumbledore.
It was not going to be a fun meeting. He knew that Dumbledore was going to try and use this somehow to gain some form of control. And that was the last thing that any of them wanted.

Albus arrived a few minutes late as usual, making an excuse of having been busy dealing with a slight problem at the school. Finally, ten minutes after the meeting was supposed to start, everyone was settled down with their tea and the meeting could begin.

“What is it that you all wished to discuss with me?” Albus asked cheerfully. He had hope that Kensington was finally coming to his senses, but as he saw members of the military there he thought he might be wrong. He really didn’t like having the military involved in this.

Not wanting to waste time General Whitcomb spoke up. “It has come to our attention that Voldemort is planning an attack on the school. The primary target is Hadrian Potter-Black, with you and the rest off the staff and students as secondary targets.

We called you here to assist in making arrangements to increase the security around the school. We also are putting in a formal request to have our people be able to do rounds of the castle.”

“I’m afraid I can’t allow that.” Albus gave the man a sad look.

“I beg your pardon?” Alice said coldly as she looked at the old man. She had been selected to come as the board representative. “You have just been informed that one of the most feared Dark Lords in history is targeting your school specifically to kill one, if not more, of your students and you are unwilling to do anything to protect them.”

“That’s not it at all my dear.” Albus tried to smile, but was annoyed with how the woman was sneering at him. “We would, of course, be pleased for an increase in security, but I can’t allow uniformed military officials to start marching around the school. The exams are coming up and we can not risk unsettling the children. They need to focus right now, and seeing uniformed military members walking the halls will put them on edge and make the students fearful.

My job is to ensure a calm environment, and soldiers will destroy that calm.”

None of the others could even really deny that. Having soldiers in the school would just serve to frighten the students, especially the younger ones. They needed to balance the security of the school with the needs of the students.

“Then we will use my aurors in plain clothes.” Amelia said. “The students are used to them being around since they patrol Hogsmeade during their weekends.

Have the soldiers stationed in Hogsmeade. Then, if anything does happen the aurors will be there and they can hold the attackers off until the soldiers arrive.”

“I can accept that.” General Whitcomb agreed.

“As can the board.” Alice added.

Everyone in the room looked too Albus. He knew he really didn’t have a choice. If he refused and anything happened he would be blamed. During the last war Albus had known Whitcomb and he knew the man would take great pleasure in turning the public against him. And that just wouldn’t do. Despite all the power he had lost in recent years, he was still thought of as a great man and hero by the public, he needed to maintain that reputation since it would stop the ministry from doing anything overt against him. The people would rise up if they saw the ministry go after him, but
only if he could keep them on his side.

“I think that can be arranged.” Albus twinkled, already making plans to ensure that the aurors assigned to the school were those that were loyal to him.

“Wonderful, then I will leave it to Madame Bones and General Whitcomb to deal with the particulars.” Kensington smiled, pleased that things had actually been fairly simple.

Ministry Cells

After leaving the Ministers office Albus quickly made his way down to the holding cells where Molly was being kept until her trial in a few weeks. In the week and a half since Molly was arrested Albus had been working hard to get the woman out, but it was just no use.

The blood evidence had been destroyed, like he had requested, but that still wasn’t enough. Molly was still found with illegal artifacts. If she was taken to trial she would most likely be forced to take truth serum, and he couldn’t risk that, not with what the woman knew.

Arriving at the cells, Albus made his way in. One of his pawns was on guard duty and arranged for him to have access to the cells without it being noticed. No one would know he had been there. There also would be no record of any magic he may have to do.

“Albus.” Molly practically shrieked as she jumped up from the cot she had been sitting on. “It’s so good to see you. Can you believe this? Some fool arrested me. When I get out of here I’m going to…”

“Molly.” Albus held up a hand to silence the woman. “I was only able to arrange a quick visitation, I don’t have much time. I needed to speak with you about how we are going to handle this.”

“When am I getting out?” Molly demanded, she was annoyed that it had taken this long for him to come and see her.

“I have done everything I can Molly, but you are going to have to stand trial.”

“What?” Molly screamed. “I didn’t do anything wrong. I’m a good light witch. How dare they treat me like this?”

“Molly, enough. You had blood stones, you know as well as I do that it is illegal. They also caught you when you were starting a ritual.” Albus sighed. “I think it is now time to tell me what you were trying to do.”

“I found a ritual that would break the supposed soul bond between Hadrian and the twins. Then Ginny could have taken her rightful place.” Molly huffed, still annoyed that she hadn’t gotten the chance to complete the ritual.

Albus had to admit, if that ritual had been successful it would have been extremely beneficial. He had been trying to tempt one or both of the twins to see things his way in the hopes of gaining control of Hadrian, but they weren’t willing to listen to him yet.

“Now we have a problem.” Albus sighed again. “You can not risk going to trial. If they give you truth serum it would destroy everything. I have arranged for Kyle Smith to be your legal representation. You will plead guilty to the possession of banned objects and he will get the other charges dropped.
Thankfully, Nymphadora managed to get this case classified so it will be kept from the public. We will just say you went to visit a distant relative while you are away.”

“I will do no such thing.” Molly glared, she hadn’t done anything wrong. “I wasn’t doing anything that didn’t need to be done. I will not lie and pretend that I did. And I especially will not be going to prison for doing nothing wrong. My babies need me.”

“There is no way out of this Molly. The aurors had you under observation and everything. I’ve done everything I can, but I can’t fix everything. We have no choice. You either go to prison for a few months for the blood stones, or decades for using soul magic with the intent of breaking a soul bond.” Albus tried to stay calm.

“You either fix this, or I will make sure everyone knows Ron and Ginny are yours.” Molly threatened. “After all, if they can’t be with their mum, then they should be with their dad.”

And there went Albus’s calm. Grabbing his wand, he spelled the woman still. Pulling her closer to the bars he stared into her eyes and cast legilimens and accessed the woman’s mind.

Not even bothering to try and limit the pain, Albus went deep. With a few quick spells and tugs on different memories Molly forgot that he was the father of her children. As far as Molly was concerned she had gotten pregnant from one night stands she had with muggles.

Just to make his life easier he also found the woman’s interest in him and removed it. Ensuring that she was still completely devoted to him, Albus removed any romantic interest the woman had in him. He also did what he could to make her more agreeable before he pulled out and cast a memory charm to make her forget what had just happened.

“Now, you will take the plea deal that is arranged. You will not tell anyone any of the secrets you have. You will keep quiet and pay the price for your actions, do you understand me?” Albus kept looking deep into her eyes.

“Yes Headmaster.” Molly’s voice was distant and unfocused.

Stepping back, Albus let the magic fade. Molly came back to herself and shook her head to clear it before she gave him a sad look.

“Can you arrange for me to speak with Kyle Smith, I think I need to go over a plea deal. We can’t risk anyone finding out I’m a member of the order of the Phoenix. We both know the minister would ensure that I was charged for it, and then we would risk me being given truth serum and being asked about who else is a member.”

Albus smiled slightly at how agreeable the woman had suddenly become, he should have done this years ago. “I will speak with him my dear. Don’t worry, I will do everything I can to get you the shortest sentence possible for you. I feel I must agree with you, we can’t risk this going to trial.”

Molly just nodded before calmly returning to her cot.

Macmillan, Smith, and Boot Law Office

Leaving Molly, Albus went right to see the barrister he had arranged for Molly. He didn’t bother to even acknowledge anyone else, he needed to get this done so he could get back to the school, he went directly into Kyle’s office.
“Headmaster.” Kyle jumped up seeing the man suddenly in his office. “I didn’t realize we had a meeting today.”

“Not to worry my boy.” Albus waved the nervous man to sit back down. “I just had a meeting with Molly Diggle. She has decided that she will just plead guilty to the possession of the blood stone and requested that you arrange a plea deal for her. She doesn’t want to make a big deal about this. She realizes her mistake and will admit she was misguided in her actions. She was only trying to do what she thought was right and it seems there was a slight misunderstanding with the aurors, but she is willing to take the high ground.”

Kyle blinked. It took him a few minutes to work through what the man was saying. Looking past all the typical Dumbledore yammering, he was pleased that this time he wouldn’t have to take a losing battle to court because someone was unwilling to admit the truth to him. He was still dealing with the fall out from the trial of Lily Evans with the partners in the firm. At least this time he just had to negotiate the plea deal rather than try and defend a clearly guilty woman.

Knowing better this time, Kyle just agreed to letting the woman plead guilty so he could just get this over with.

**May 6, 2007**

It was just over a week later when the plea deal was finally agreed to.

Albus had used every trick he knew to try and limit the amount of time Molly would be locked up for, she was still too closely associated with him for him to risk a long prison sentence. Unfortunately for him, he was limited in what he could do.

In the end, she had only been given a month for possession of a controlled ritual artifact. But, since she had three, her sentence was multiplied. Molly would be serving three months in Azkaban.

This just caused another problem for Albus. With Molly locked up until August, Ron and Ginny couldn’t stay with her. Ron would be able to just go back to The Burrow, but since Ginny had disowned herself, she couldn’t. That meant he was going to need to figure out what to do with the girl until her mothers release, and there was no way he was going to let her stay with him.

Albus had decided that he was just going to let Arthur deal with the children since he didn’t want to have too. But, rather than going to speak with the man, he knew that would be counterproductive since they weren’t on the best of terms, he just sent a letter so he would know that Molly was in Azkaban and he would need to deal with the children until her release.

**Prewett Estate - May 7, 2007**

Arthur sighed as he stepped through the floo into the Prewett Estate.

“That doesn’t bode well for this meeting.” Muriel smiled at Arthur as she poured the both of them tea.

“It’s a complication.” Arthur said with a deep breath. “Have you heard what Molly has done now?”

“Nothing has come to my attention.” Muriel shrugged.
“Molly has somehow managed to land herself in Azkaban for a few months. She won’t be released until August.” Arthur told her. “I have no idea what she did since it was classified, but the end result is the same. The kids can’t stay with her this summer.

I can easily take Ron, but not Ginny. Since the girl disowned herself over Yule break, she is no longer a Weasley, and that means I no longer qualify for having her custody. That’s why I’m here.”

Muriel nodded her understanding. “She’s a Prewett and not a Weasley now, so I can take custody.

I will happily take the girl. But I highly doubt she will like it. The girl has much to learn, and I have no intention of letting her dishonour my family anymore. After what she did to the Weasley family, she has already done enough damage to her reputation.”

“You can do as you see fit. I think she would benefit from a strong hand to guide her down the right path.” Arthur smiled. “As much as I love the girl, she is no longer classed as my daughter, and as such, I have no standing to intervene with how you educate a family member.”

“I still can’t believe what she did.” Muriel shook her head sadly. “Molly truly did a number on that girl. I just hope I can get her back in line before she completely ruins her life, more than she already has anyway.”

Arthur nodded. “do what you can, but I have my doubt you can do much. Molly has spent years making that girl into a carbon copy of herself. Maybe seeing that it will lead her to prison, like it did her mother, will be enough to get the girl away from that path.”

“We can hope.” Muriel lifted her cup in salute to the man before taking another sip.

**Hogwarts Library - May 12, 2007**

Hadrian was sitting in the library going over his latest enchanting project. He needed to make sure everything balanced before he risked starting to do the casting aspect. Normally he wasn’t so paranoid, but this was more advanced than anything he had ever done before, and used more magic, so if something went wrong it could do a lot of damage to him and everything around him.

“What are you doing?” Hermione asked as she and Ron flop down in two of the seats at the table like they belonged there. “That doesn’t look like anything from any of our classes.”

“I am working on an enchanting project.” Hadrian rolled his eyes, he knew it was far too much to expect any form of manners from these two. Seeing them starting to unpack their bags he knew he needed to stop them. “Don’t bother getting comfortable. I have friends coming and you’ve taken their seats.”

“There’s plenty of room.” Hermione said, completely ignoring what he said as she started to set up her books in the order she wanted.

“No, there isn’t. We booked this table for our spell crafting study group. There are 8 chairs, and 8 people in the study group. If you wanted to use this table, then you should have booked it.” Hadrian said as he went back to his book, the study group wasn’t supposed to start for another 5 minutes.

“Then we will just sit with you till the others get here.” Ron shrugged, he didn’t want to study anyway. All they really needed was to be seen with the other boy.
Hadrian chose to ignore them since he didn’t want to have to deal with the two of them throwing a fit in the library.

“So why are you working on enchanting if you are meeting for a spell crafting study session?” Hermione asked, trying to pretend she cared.

“Because I’m planning on going for my mastery in enchanting once we finish school. I want to already have a good grounding in the subject before I finish school. It will make things easier for me later on.” Hadrian answered on reflex, he wasn’t really even paying any attention to who was there, instead choosing to focus on his work.

Hermione was annoyed by that. She didn’t like that Hadrian was planning on furthering his education. He shouldn’t be able to do that well without her help.

“Why would you want to do more school?” Ron asked in confusion.

“Because I like to learn.” Hadrian rolled his eyes again. “I enjoy enchanting so I want to get my mastery in it. Having a mastery also adds credibility to one’s name, it also allows you to get a higher paying job.

My papa is a potions master. If he hadn’t gotten his mastery he would have been barred from working at Hogwarts. Plus, he would be paid far less for the same work, and he would even be barred from brewing certain potions due to their complexity.

Simply put, having a mastery makes a career much easier and profitable.”

“So what, you just take a few tests and get your mastery?” Hermione questioned. She had been looking into it, but hadn’t found much about the process of getting a mastery.

“No, there is a lot more to it than just taking a few tests. You also need to write academic articles as well as work a certain number of hours in your chosen field. That’s why many try and get apprenticeships. It allows you to work on your hours while also getting help in preparing for the tests and having someone to review your articles and guide you in what it takes.

Usually it takes an average of 5 years of work to get a mastery. My papa actually holds the record for the youngest person to achieve their potions mastery. He got it just before his 20th birthday. He managed it in just over two years. No one had managed to finish any mastery that quickly in over 50 years, and no one has beaten that time since. He also managed his DADA mastery in only 4 years.” Hadrian’s tone held the pride he felt.

Hermione was startled. She had known that Professor Prince was smart, but she didn’t realize he was that smart. It annoyed her that someone like him held such a prestigious honour, being the youngest to achieve a mastery, she wanted that. Then everyone would know that she wasn’t just the smartest witch of her generation, but ever. Hermione knew that it was her right to show everyone just how great muggle-borns could be if they were just given the same chances as everyone else. Thinking over her classes, she felt that she was best in transfiguration, she would have to speak with Professor McGonagall about getting her mastery.

Hermione was sure that she would be able to manage getting her mastery while she worked her way up in the ministry. Professor McGonagall could just say she was her apprentice so that she would get whatever benefits came from that. It probably wouldn’t be that hard to get her mastery. She would do it in less than two years, then everyone would see how much better she was and she would get to show up Professor Prince, who was making potions extremely difficult for her.
When the others started arriving for the study group Hermione didn’t even complain, she had more plans to make. Instead, she just grabbed Ron and dragged him away. He might have matured recently, but not enough that she was going to risk leaving him alone with Hadrian. This had been the first time they had managed to sit with the boy for more than 30 seconds without him being clearly annoyed and she didn’t want Ron to ruin it.

But, it wasn’t like Ron was going to argue. He found the other boy so boring. Ron would hate to have to spend that much time with such a loser. Sure, Hermione was all about school, but she was hot so it was excusable. Besides, they had already been seen with him and that was all they had really needed.

Hadrian let out a sigh of relief once the two were gone as he closed his book to start on spell crafting. He was glad that the two had not started arguing with him, for once.

Pushing any thought of the two of them out of his mind, he turned to focus on his work. It didn’t take much effort to block their existence from his mind.

Minerva’s Office

After leaving Hadrian in the library Hermione ditched Ron, ordering him to start work on their charms essay that was due the next day, and went to see her preferred head of house. Now that she knew Hadrian was going to try and get a mastery she wanted one first.

“What is it that I can do for you Hermione?” Minerva asked, slightly surprised to see one of her favourite students.

“I’ve decided that I want to get a mastery in transfiguration.” Hermione announced with a smile.

Minerva blinked a few times, trying to process this change. “Ok…” Minerva said slowly.

“So when can you take me on as your apprentice?” Hermione questioned, happy that she was going to get her way, plus the professor was on her side so she knew she wouldn’t set her up to fail like others would. “I want to beat Professor Prince’s record.”

“I wouldn’t recommend trying that.” Minerva said instantly. “Professor Prince made himself very sick doing things like he did.”

“If it made him so sick then why did he do it?” Hermione was confused.

“But I want to be the youngest. I can do it, I’m sure.” Hermione folded her arms and got ready to argue. “When can I begin my apprenticeship?”

“You have to finish your NEWTs with an O in your chosen field before you can even be considered for an apprenticeship.” Minerva explained. “Now, you are perfectly capable of getting the grade,
but you don’t take your NEWTs until next year.

If you are serious about getting your mastery then I can give you a list of recommended reading and topics to research. You might also want to start practicing to become an animagus as it will get you bonus points on your NEWTs and help you better understand human transfiguration. I can set up a schedule to meet with you on weekends to start working on it. But… It might not be possible for you to finish before you take your tests. The process to become an animagus usually takes about 2 years and you only have a little over a year.”

Hermione was annoyed by that. “But I want to start now.”

“Like I just said Hermione, you need your NEWTs first.” Minerva said calmly.

“Can’t Headmaster Dumbledore let me start early?” Hermione whined.

“No. While the Headmaster is in charge of the school, he is not in charge of the mastery board. The Transfigurations Guild is currently headquartered in Greece. A majority of the committee is from other countries. I believe… that there isn’t a single witch or wizard from Britain on the review board. So we currently hold no sway with them.”

“But that’s not fair.” Hermione all but cried.

“I understand, but we have no control over the mastery boards.” Minerva knew this was one time she could not make her student feel better about the subject. “A few years ago Headmaster Dumbledore was working with the ICW to gain control of different mastery boards, but after the neutrals gained control any advancements that had been made were negated.

If you really want to work on your mastery, we can discuss an apprenticeship next year.”

“Why does everyone and everything have to be set up to make muggle-borns fail?” Hermione whined.

“Not to worry my dear, if this is what you really want, we will work together to help you achieve it. It’s just going to have to wait until after you finish school.” Minerva was actually not that sympathetic on this issue, she had managed to get her mastery after all. “But I thought you wanted to work in the ministry. Have you changed your mind?”

“No, I’ll just do both.” Hermione shrugged. “It shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Hermione, it takes a lot of work to get a mastery.” Minerva tried to explain to the girl. “If you work at the ministry you really won’t have time to work on a mastery properly. It would take over a decade just to finish your hours. There really aren’t any departments that would qualify towards your mastery.”

“Why would I need to put in hours? I know you need to work in your field, but I’m sure there is away around that.” Hermione didn’t like what she was hearing.

“No, there isn’t. You need to put in a minimum of two thousand hours in your chosen field.” Minerva informed her. “This is one time where there is no way to get around the requirements. There is a reason there are so few people with masteries. Less than 2% of the population can achieve them. Either because they lack the needed grades, the time, or the money. And there is nothing we can do to change it since masteries aren’t given out by the government, but by international guilds.”

Hermione pouted at this. She was getting really sick of being told no. Years ago, when she had
been told of the magical world she had been so excited. She had thought that given who her allies were, it would be easy to force the idiots of this world to give her what she wanted, but apparently her allies weren’t as powerful as they had led her to believe.

At least she and Ron had seen that already and had started to separate themselves. While she still looked up to Professor McGonagall and Headmaster Dumbledore, Hermione knew she needed to prioritize her own needs rather than theirs.

Rather than arguing the point, she would just have to do more research to find away around it, Hermione just requested the suggested reading list. She would just add the books to the list she was already working on since she had been trying to study to take more OWLs at the end of the year.

Minerva pulled out the standard list of recommended reading for anyone looking into becoming a transfiguration master. The list was set up the way it was to show people just how much work they would need to put into their studies and ended up dissuading many. The list covered all the different aspects of transfiguration that would be covered during the mastery work so it held over 200 different books, and none of them were written for the layman, or even someone that was decent, they were written by the best, for the best.

Hermione just stared at the list. She hadn’t realized just how much reading was going to be needed.

There just wasn’t enough time for all of this, Hermione thought, she would have needed to start on that list in first year to get through it all and become the youngest to achieve a mastery.

Secret Passage - May 17, 2007

Hadrian moaned as he was pressed against the wall. He had been on his way to his dorm to drop off his book bag before heading to lunch when he had been dragged into the secret passage.

Before he had been able to do anything he was pressed into the wall and kissed breathless by George. Thankfully, the bond between Hadrian and Fred and George had strengthened to the point where they were able to tell when the others were near. Hadrian was even beginning to be able to send through impressions and basic thoughts, soon enough he would be able to talk to them like they could with each other.

Over the past few weeks he had found himself in this position multiple times. It had all started just before the twins birthday.

Fred had ended up pulling him into one of the unused classrooms and the two started making out. Fred had used the link to let George know where they were while both he and Hadrian sent through the pleasure they were feeling at that moment.

Unfortunately for George the two had forgotten that he was hosting a tutoring session and wouldn’t be able to leave for a while. It had been hell to have to feel his brother and soulmates pleasure while trying to pretend nothing was wrong as he went over different alchemical equations with some of the students.

Just over 20 minutes later he had finally managed to reach the two of them. As soon as he had arrived he had pushed his brother out of the way and taken up his former position.

It had been a few days after that that Hadrian had been pulled into a warded alcove by George. He had known that Fred was in the middle of a class at the time. George had been particularly smug as
he sent the feelings and images of what he was doing to their soul mate to his brother.

After that it had become more like hide and go seek. Two of them would gather in a secluded area of the castle and send a few images to the third. It was a very enjoyable way to bring a little excitement to the monotony that was school.

Given how well they all knew the school it took Fred less than 10 minutes to find the two and join in the fun. Moving his brother out of the way Fred started to kiss Hadrian as George had been doing previously.

George, knowing it was his brothers turn, just moved behind Hadrian as Fred pulled him forward. He took up a new position between Hadrian and the wall, leaning down to start sucking bruises on to Hadrians beautiful throat, making sure they were low enough that he would be able to use his robes to cover them since they still had to keep their relationship semi-quiet.

Hadrian was perfectly pleased with this situation, he did so love being sandwiched between the two of them.

Lake Cottage - May 26, 2007

On one of the final Hogsmeade weekends of the year Hadrian and the twins chose to go directly to the cottage the rest of Hadrian’s family lived in during the school year. His dad had been meeting with the military to help them set up strategic locations in town since their family owned plenty of land and also had many contacts in the local businesses. They had already managed to convince the proprietors of Honeydukes to allow a few soldiers to be placed at the entrance to the secret tunnel that led to the school.

Not that it had taken much convincing. All they had had to say was that the soldiers wanted to be able to secretly access the school in the event of an attack and they had been happy to assist. They were willing to do anything needed to assist in protecting the children.

Today, Hadrian had been requested to come down to meet with Cedric and another member of the military. They knew that he was the main target so they wanted to ensure his protection.

“Hey Ced.” Hadrian waved to his friend as he sat down on one of the couches, the twins to either side of him.

“Hello Hadrian.” Cedric was happy to see that the relationship between his three friends was still as strong as ever. “Allow me to introduce the three of you to General Whitcomb. General Whitcomb this is Lord Hadrian Potter-Black and his fiancée’s Fred and George Weasley.”

The three nodded their greeting to the general as they were introduced.

“It is a pleasure to meet the three of you.” General Whitcomb had no intention of wasting any time with social niceties, they were already being delayed by Dumbledores attempts to take control. “I wished to speak with you today because Voldemort is planning an attack on the school to target you. I wanted to make sure you were aware of what was going on so you could also protect yourself.”

“I figured there would be an attack soon.” Hadrian told him. “I’ve already started taking precautions. I don’t go anywhere alone, and make sure that there is always someone who knows where I’m planning to be. Also, since I’m a Lord my room is secured.”
“That’s good.” The General was pleased the boy wasn’t one of those idiots that followed Dumbledore. “What is it that made you think there would be an attack? Did your parents tell you?”

“It’s just what Voldy does.” Hadrian shrugged. “From everything that has happened, he seems to stick to the same patterns. He always does something on Samhain when he can, and his larger attacks seem to take place at the end of the school year.

When he was here at the school, while he did something on Samhain, he waited until the end of the year before trying to get the stone even though he had known what to expect for months. He even waited until the final task last year even though he had had someone on school grounds all year, all they would have needed to do was give me a portkey since the wards were clearly down, but they waited.

I looked it up, during the first war he always staged his major attacks on Samhain and in the final two weeks of June.

So, I expected that he was going to do something major now that he was back. Plus, you would have to be blind to not notice the aurors that are now all over the school staring at me.”

“Smart.” The General was surprised, he was going to have to get his people to look into the patterns for when there were attacks, it might help them to predict future attacks and not have to rely strictly on their spy.

“Hadrian, I was wondering if we might be able to temporarily borrow your map?” Cedric questioned, remembering the amazing map he had seen years before.

Hadrian pulled the map out from his pocket. “I thought it might be needed.”

Hadrian and the others explained to the General how the map worked and the man was pleased to have something that would give them such a tactical advantage. The only thing that Hadrian asked was that he get the map back once everything was done, and that they kept the map a secret from those like Dumbledore.

“Do you have any recommendations on where we should watch?” Cedric questioned as the General looked over the map.

“Lately we’ve been finding the ROR sealed to us. We know that it can be made into a secret passage, but there’s no way to determine when it’s active and where the passage goes.” Fred said.

They knew that the ROR was the most likely access point for the attack. Over the years they had tried creating secret passages out of the school and found that they could choose where the passages would come out. That would give them an excuse for why that area should be watched without risking their secrets.

“ROR?” The General questioned.

The three, along with James and Severus went on to explain what they knew about the ROR. Originally, they had been planning to remove the vanishing cabinet that had been used last time, but had left it as a way to gain a slight bit of control. If the cabinet wasn’t there, then the Death Eaters would have found another way in. At least they knew the most likely entry point so they would be able to prepare.

“Now our only issue is keeping the Death Eaters away from the students until we can arrive.” The General got up and started to pace as he thought. “Sure, the aurors are there, but they are all Dumbledore’s chosen people, so there is no guarantee with them.”
The others in the room just watched as the General muttered. Making and throwing away multiple different plans every minute. Hadrian had to agree with him about the risk of the aurors. Dumbledore had selected all those that were loyal to him to patrol the school. He knew it was a way to try and elevate his people and have the children associate them with safety. Dumbledore really didn’t like how the people were turning to the military and the ministry and not him.

“Why not use the house elves?” George suggested.

“House elves?” Both the General and Cedric looked at him like he was crazy.

“I know what people think, but house elves are much more powerful than they are given credit for.” George said.

“Have you ever had to deal with a truly angry house elf, they are vindictive.” Fred added.

“But what could they do?” Cedric asked.

“Take their wands. Restrict their magic. Stick them to the ceiling or the floor.” George said.

“Make them do the dishes.” Fred muttered grumpily under his breath.

“Do the dishes?” Cedric questioned with a smirk.

“They started experimenting over the summer while they were visiting their dads. Their elf, Winky, did not appreciate them using her good pots. So she made them scrub everything they got so much as a smudge on.” Hadrian grinned, Winky really could be entertaining when angered. “It took them over 4 hours to get things clean to a standard she would approve of. And they couldn’t run since she stuck their feet to the floor. And took their wands so they had to do it all by hand.”

Cedric just laughed at his old friends. He could just imagine what it would be like to see the two being scolded by a tiny little house elf.

“But if we wanted to use the elves then we would need to tell Dumbledore as he would need to be the one to give the order.” The General sighed, he didn’t want that man any more involved than he already was.

“Not necessarily.” Severus said in a thoughtful voice. “After the attack in Godric’s Hollow, all the Potter elves were sent to work at Hogwarts. Since we live in a Peverell property we never saw a need to call the elves home.

There’s 37 elves at the school that will answer to us and not the Headmaster. So long as Voldemort doesn’t send everyone he has, that should be more than enough to restrain them until your men can arrive.”

“This might actually work.” The General was pleased, he had never thought this meeting would actually give him a tactical advantage over their enemy. He had to admit, he never would have thought to use house elves, but it just might work.

After that Severus called for Mipsey and Dobby and discussed the latest idea with them. The elves were more than happy to help protect their masters and the school. Between all of them they had a plan set fairly quickly.

Cedric and a few others would keep the map open and watch it, and the house elves would monitor the school. The house elves would alert them when the Death Eaters arrived if they weren’t already aware. The elves would then restrain them and keep them away from the students as best they
Lake Cottage - June 4, 2007

When Severus and Sirius came home for the night they were both slightly surprised to see James and Remus dancing around the living room like crazy people with the girls joining in. They were even letting them jump on the couch, which is something Remus always stopped.

“What have you done now?” Severus questioned in slight fear. He loved his husband and daughter, but he also knew some of what they got up too while he was away and it frightened him.

“We had a very good board meeting today.” James smiled before skipping over to kiss his husband.

All the girls covered their eyes and faked gagging.

“Monsters, why don’t you three go and get your homework so we can check it over.” Remus gave the girls an excuse to get away from the mushy stuff before going over to welcome his own husband.

The girls didn’t bother to argue, they knew when it came to their school work they wouldn’t win. Their parents never let them get away with handing in substandard work. The price of having teachers for parents.

“So… What happened that has gotten you both so excited?” Sirius questioned as they all went out onto the back deck to sit.

The girls quickly returned and handed over their work before going to grab their brooms. They always got to fly or play while their parents checked over their work, and since they were outside they would be able to properly fly. Whenever they tried to fly while their parents were inside the house elves kept them low to the ground. They couldn’t go above 5 feet unless they had adult supervision.

“Well?” Severus grabbed the girls potions work to review as he looked to his husband.

“Molly wasn’t at the school governors meeting.” James grinned.

“Yeah, isn’t she visiting some distant relative or something?” Sirius questioned as he took the defence and astronomy work.

“Nope.” Remus grinned as he grabbed his stack of work to go over. “I was talking with Arthur last week and he mentioned it.

Apparently, Molly got caught with some restricted ritual material. He didn’t know what she was trying to do, but knowing her, it could have been anything, and none of it good. One of Dumbledores people managed to classify the arrest, but they had to inform him because of the kids.

Molly will be enjoying the hospitality of Azkaban until August.”

“Wow.” Everyone was slightly shocked. They knew Molly was capable of doing illegal things, but
they never thought Albus would actually let her go down for it. It worried them about just what she had been trying, if it had been something little then Albus would have found some way to get her out of it.

“That just makes it all the better.” James grinned.

“Why is it so good that she wasn’t there?” Sirius questioned.

“Because it allowed us to have her removed.” James smiled so big his cheeks hurt.

“Still not seeing what has you so happy, besides the obvious of not having to deal with her.” Sirius said.

“If you would let me finish then you would understand.” James stuck his tongue out at his oldest friend. “Molly was the last Dumbledore hold out. Dodge is dead, and Jones’s niece is graduating this year. We’ve already selected their replacements and, while they do support Dumbledore, they are not his blind followers.

Starting next year, if that man puts one toe out of line we can have him removed as headmaster. Since he’s been there for over 50 years he will still be able to reside in the school, but he won’t have any control.”

Severus just grinned. It wasn’t perfect, but it would allow them to get the man out of his final position of power.

Headmaster’s Office - June 9, 2007

Hadrian repressed a sigh of relief. It was the first time he ever felt such an emotion while around the headmaster.

They had just finished the final collection of memories. This time he hadn’t even been asked to try and get Slughorns memories. He figured it was because the old man was finally learning that Hadrian had no intention of making things easier for him and would have just pretended he couldn’t get the memory.

“How you understand now Hadrian?” Albus gave the boy a sad look.

“Voldy did dark rituals.” Hadrian stated. “I already knew that. I think everyone knows that.”

Albus ground his teeth. “He created horcruxes. Until we destroy them, he will never be truly gone. I have made up a list of possible locations where he may have hid them, but it will need to be investigated.

It would be for the best if you took a few close friends, like Ms. Granger and the youngest Mr. Weasley, and Ms. Prewett to investigate the different locations. They would be of great assistance.”

“No.” Hadrian looked at the man like he was crazy, because he was. “I’m not running all over the country, with people I don’t like, searching for things that you only believe to exist.

This needs to be taken to the ministry or the military. If there is any truth to what you believe, then they can deal with it much quicker than a few teenagers could.”

Albus really hated this kid. “It really is for the greater good if you four were to do it my boy. We
can not risk this becoming public knowledge. It would risk others being swayed to the dark side if they thought it would let them live forever. We really must protect our world from the dark side, surely you must understand that.”

“I agree that we shouldn’t let the information about horcruxes to be made public knowledge, but the ministry or military would be able to keep the information quiet much better than three loud mouth teenagers that don’t seem capable of keeping their mouths shut.” Hadrian said tiredly, he just wanted this over. He knew that these were the last memories, so hoped that this was the last of these meetings.

Sirius couldn’t help but snort at Hadrians description of the annoying trio. Those three really had no talent with stealth.

“Now my boy…” Albus took one of his unaltered lemon drops to soothe himself. “It really is for the best if we keep this amongst ourselves.”

“Yet you want to inform Granger, Weasley and Prewett?” Hadrian questioned.

“It’s for the greater good. Between the four of you it shouldn’t take too long. Only a few months at the most.” Albus gave a slight smile.

“I will not spend months tramping all over the country looking for things that might not even exist.” Hadrian rolled his eyes. “I still have another year of school left.”

“You can just put things off for a bit. Winning this war is more important, after all. It won’t be a problem my boy. You will be able to catch right back up once you return I’m sure. You are a clever boy after all.”

“Are you out of your mind?” Sirius was actually shocked by what the old man had just said. “He is not skipping out on his final year of school just because you have a theory.

I agree with Hadrian. Turn this over to the appropriate authorities. You are in charge of a school, maybe it is time you start focusing on that rather than things going on in the outside world. The children should be your main focus, not the war.”

“Why don’t you give us your opinion Hadrian?” Albus ignored Sirius and turned back to the boy. "I'm sure you understand the importance of making sure Voldemort can never return, it is, after all, the only way to ensure the children of our world, like your younger sisters, can grow up without fear.”

Hadrian wanted to snarl when the goat tried to use his sisters to guilt him into doing what he wanted. “I think I already stated my opinion. I will not be leaving school to go running around the country. I have one year left after this. Once I graduate, then I will look into getting involved in the war. But I will not be doing anything like going up against the madman before I even graduate. It would be like willingly walking to my death, which I have no intention of doing.

I still think you need to pass this information to those who’s job it is to deal with this. Surely you could just pass it off to the aurors, there are enough of them around here after all.”

Albus twitched ever so slightly when the boy mentioned walking to his death. That was what he wanted the boy to do, it was the only way to destroy the horcrux in him after all.

“Come my boy.” Albus needed this. Something had to go his way. “It really is for the greater good to…”
“He has given you his answer Albus.” Sirius interrupted. “Hadrian is not going to drop out of school at your whim. He has his NEWTs next year, he actually needs to attend the school for that.

For Merlins sake man, you run a school, you should not be encouraging students to drop out. Hadrian has told you no, accept it.”

Albus was ready to scream as he was denied once again. How could these people be so selfish? Didn’t they understand it was for the greater good? They needed to help him to regain his former positions so that he could fix their world. He was the only one who could save their world after all.

Knowing that he wouldn’t be able to win since the boy wasn’t alone he decided to wait to try again next year, by then the boy would be of age and Albus wouldn’t have to invite one of his guardians up with him. “If you insist my boy. We can just hope that more people don’t die in the interim.

You may go.”

Hadrian and Sirius left without looking back. Both were furious with the man trying to make Hadrian feel like anyone dying would be his fault.

Once the two fools were out of his office Albus grabbed one of his glass paperweights and threw it across the room where it shattered against the wall. The boy was everything he never wanted him to be. He was supposed to be weak, complacent, and unloved, instead he was strong, defiant, and adored by his family.

Over the years he had wished he had kept a closer eye on the brat, but it had just never occurred to him the boy might escape until it was already too late. Nothing he did was allowing him to gain control over the boy, everything he had tried had failed.

Getting up, Albus went over to his bookcase and skimmed the titles. None of his ancient ritual texts could even be brought in to the school anymore much to his anger. This point was emphasized by all the empty spaces. Many that had previously been there had been destroyed, to his eternal rage.

Maybe it was time to stop playing the roll of kind old grandfather with the boy and go the path of rituals. Sure, Molly had failed, but Albus was smart enough to make sure he wasn’t caught, he hadn’t been yet, and he had been using old rituals, that were technically illegal, for over half a century, it was fine for him to do so since he was only doing it for the greater good.

He could remember once reading about a ritual that would allow the caster to strip away the subjects natural personality and apply one of their own choosing. But it had been so long that he just couldn’t remember what was involved. And as far as he knew that book was still in Nurmengard, so he was going to have to pay a visit to his old lover, it had been a few years since they had seen each other.

And that brought him to another issue. What was he supposed to do about the upcoming attack on the school?

They needed a big attack that was successful to get the public to return to being afraid. But, at the same time, he couldn’t let any of the students die. If any of the students died then he would be held, at least, partially responsible. He would be able to deflect most of the blame onto the military, he would still get some because he was in charge of the school.

The only really good thing was that if the attack was stopped, he would get some of the credit.
And, he would be able to use The Prophet to make sure it was a majority of the credit.

It would be like the year before. After the ministry attack he had once again been lauded by the public and people were falling all over themselves to thank him whenever he was out in public, which was why he made sure to be out in public almost every day during the summer.

He needed that again. With the trust of the public it would be easier to gain control of the boy. No one would be willing to accept any accusations from the boys family if they thought Albus was the hero he really was. They would just assume that the boy had wanted to follow in his footsteps. Then he might even be able to break that ridiculous marriage contract and get the boy together with Ginny.

But, it all depended on the people trusting him.

**Azkaban - June, 2007**

Molly was furious as she sat in her cell in Azkaban. She only got angrier each day she was forced to sit there.

Those idiots had no right to treat her like this. They wouldn’t even tell her what day it was. She needed to know, her babies needed her. What right did they have to deny her access to her children.

Earlier, she had tried to get them to let her go early. She needed to be there to get her babies off the train. She was a mother. But no one was willing to listen. What was going to happen to her babies if she wasn’t there to meet them?

Molly hated this. While she knew that things could be much worse, the dementors could still be around, she still wasn’t happy. And she was going to make sure Albus knew it once she got out of this. She had only agreed to plead guilty to protect him and The Order after all. Once she got out she was going to make sure they gave her the respect she deserved. She was done letting those like the Potter brat get away with not showing her the proper respect. She just wanted him to have a happy marriage, and he had done worse than ignore her, he had gotten together with her brothers disgusting spawn.

Any love she had once had for Arthur’s older children was now long gone. Bill was dating a creature, Ron had been sure to tell her all about how he was dating a veela girl. Charlie was dating a man and still worked with those dratted dragons. Percy had absolutely no respect for her, going so far as to cast secrecy spells on her without her permission. And Fred and George were Fred and George. Molly no longer accepted them as her children and was going to make sure they learned that her babies were much better than them.

And that started with her getting out of here and making the Potter brat marry her Ginny. Molly was going to make sure that the twins were sitting, silenced, in the front row during the wedding just to make sure they understood that the boy was Ginnys and would never be theirs.

**ROR - June 24, 2007**

Pansy was as smug as could be as she watched the first of the Death Eaters step through the vanishing cabinet. It had taken months, but they had finally managed to get it fixed and ready to use. She already knew that if the Dark Lord questioned why it took so long she would make sure
he knew it was because of the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw idiots that he had assigned to her. She hadn’t even bothered to learn their names, they were just the lackeys after all.

“You did well my future niece-in-law.” Bellatrix giggled as she stood next to the younger girl.

Bella knew just what the girl had been promised to encourage her and was pleased by it. She was still furious that her pathetic little sister and her spineless husband had turned their backs on their Lord. She would work with the young girl to ensure that her nephew didn’t follow his parents in their betrayal of the proper way of being a wizard. He was the last member of her family that hadn’t turned traitor, and she wasn’t going to admit that her family was such a disgrace to the Dark Order.

“I only did as our Lord ordered.” Pansy stood up a little straighter at the way she was addressed by one of the Dark Lords most trusted followers. “I could have had it completed faster, but I had the misfortune to be held back by a few fools that were trying to show off for our Lord.”

Bellatrix followed the girls eyes to the two that had been assigned to work with her. “Not to worry my dear.” Giggling manically she thought of having fun playing with the unsuspecting little kiddies. “They are simply here for the grunt work. After all, not everyone can come from a noble pureblood house.”

With that, she skipped off towards the door. She was going to have fun. All the students should just be sitting down to dinner. When she got to the great hall she was going to enjoy lining all the mudbloods up at the front of the hall so their classmates could see what to do with scum.

Once the first wave had gathered up and gotten their bearings, they headed towards the door that would bring them into the school. All had a maniacal glee as they went. It had been so long since many had been able to properly torture anyone. The few raids they had been on had been interrupted before they could have any real amount of fun.

Now they had a school full of practically defenceless children.

Over the past few weeks their people, the kids, inside the school had been keeping track of the aurors and the timing on their rounds. As of now they should be able to make it all the way to the main hall without meeting a single person. Not that any of them had a problem with killing a few aurors, it would just be more fun to surprise the kids.

The group of thirty Death Eaters entered the halls of Hogwarts and split up. While a majority of them were to go to the great hall to corral the students a few had been given other tasks.

Two were meant to go and block access to the Ravenclaw common room in case any of the students managed to escape. They didn’t care about most of them, but they couldn’t let Potter reach his rooms since they had been informed his rooms were warded against entry. And another team of two was meant to go up to the astronomy tower and give the signal that it was safe for the others to follow.

There was a team that was waiting just outside Hogsmeade to see the signal. Once they saw it they would apperate to the Dark Lords current manor to let the others know that the path was clear for them to follow. They only had 15 minutes to give the signal.

They had arranged for the second cabinet to be moved to a secure location just so no one would see them coming and going from the shop over the past few months. Ever since the school had opened
its doors to more students Knockturn had slowly started to become less dangerous and more and more people would report them if they saw them.

But this year there wasn’t going to be any big battle. As the Death Eaters made their way down the hall it started getting harder to move. It was like they were moving through molasses.

With a slight pop, Mipsey appeared at the end of the hall. The little elf wore a colander on her head and was holding her wooden spoon like it was the sharpest of sabres, she even had war paint on her face, although, it was glittery. The other elves had selected Mipsey to be their general in this war.

To her left was her second in command, Dobby. Dobby wore a mixing bowl on his head and a baking sheet covered his chest, only his multi-coloured socks could be seen peaking out from between the sheet and the floor. Like Mipsey, he had his war paint on, but rather than the glittery red and gold stripes Mipsey had chosen he went with fearsome designs. But what Dobby feared was a little different than anyone else so he had what was supposed to be a menacingly growling unicorn on one cheek, and a butterfly on the other. Most of the elves thought Dobby was more than slightly crazy, and that was why they had made him second in command. Sometimes crazy was just what was needed.

“Elf. You will get out of our way or I will show you your insides.” Bellatrix snarled as she tried to move further down the hall.

“Yous is not welcome here.” Mipsey didn’t even flinch at the crazy womans threat. “Yous will not be able to move further down the hall. Turn round and go back. Yous will not hurt students.”

Bellatrix smirked as she sent an intestine expelling curse at the elf.

Dobby stepped in front of General Mipsey. The baking sheet, which had been spelled with house elf magic, absorbed the curse without any damage being caused.

“Yous is a bad crazy munchy. Yous try to hurt General Mipsy. Now yous be punished.” Dobby clicked his fingers and Bellatrix had her nose stuck to the nearest corner and her wand was at Dobby’s feet.

All the Death Eaters started trying to cast at the two elves, but it wasn’t working. They struggled just to get their wands up, and as they spoke they found their mouths full of soap. Glancing from side to side they found themselves surrounded by angry house elves.

As soon as the Death Eaters had stepped into the hall on the seventh floor one of the younger elves had been sent down to alert the soldiers that had been watching. When he arrived he found everyone already getting ready to go.

The marauders map was held tightly in Cedric’s hand. He had been one of those that was watching it and had called out as soon as he saw the name Bellatrix Lestrange show up.

The General handed over a short, pre-prepared, note for the elf to give to the headmaster. It basically just told him to send the great hall into lockdown and secure the children inside. He also made sure to let him know he was not to panic the students in any way since they were in no danger.

The last thing they wanted was to scare the students. He knew more than likely Dumbledore was
going to do something stupid, but they still had to try and keep the students out of danger. To that end, they had the elf, Kato, seal the large doors when he dropped off the note.

Great Hall

Albus was slightly annoyed as a note appeared next to where he was sitting at the high table. Didn’t those elves understand that it was dinner and he was relaxing.

His annoyance both increased and decreased as he read the note. It infuriated him that General Whitcomb was threatening him about not scaring the students. But he was also pleased to learn that the attack had begun.

He had made sure the military was stationed outside the school grounds, so it would take them longer to get there. The aurors that he had personally selected were there and they would be able to deal with it long before the military members arrived. He figured Voldemort would bring his followers in through the forest or that dreaded chamber of secrets so as not to draw too much attention to themselves so he had the aurors stationed closer to the forest since he still hadn’t found where that blast chamber was.

Getting up, Albus called the attention of the school. “Students, if I may have your attention. I have just received a warning that Voldemort and his followers are attacking the school. Do not panic, I have already made preparations for an event like this.

I am putting the hall into lockdown. You all are to stay here and enjoy the rest of your meals and allow me to address the situation.”

Albus waited to smirk until his back was to the students. As soon as he had told them not to panic they had panicked, it was a natural reaction to a perceived threat. He made sure to flare his bright purple robe with golden suns as he made his way to the staff exit. His loyal followers on staff following in his wake. The rest of the staff chose to attend to the students rather than follow him, much to his rage.

Hadrian rolled his eyes as he watch Dumbledore head for the exit. The man really didn’t understand how to be stealthy in his actions. Although, he did have to admit, the main reason he could pick up on so many of the man’s schemes was because of everything he had lived through in his last life.

He sent a small smile up to where Fred and George were sitting. He knew they weren’t going to take their eyes off him until the threat was over, then they would be watching him for other reasons.

“How are you so calm?” Theo questioned his friend fearfully.

Hadrian looked at his friend who was sitting next to him. “Because I knew something like this was going to happen. The military has been setting up strategic areas for months, we also have a near constant rotation of aurors walking around. They knew this was coming, and have spent the past months getting ready.

“I’m not afraid because I’m sure it’s all already handled. There’s no way any of them are going to make it here.”
“You’re sure?” Nox questioned, he was just as uneasy as Theo.

“Yeah, I figure, since they knew this was coming they would have plenty of plans in place to keep us all safe, I’m just trusting that.”

The other two nodded, and so did a few others around him. Luna smiled at her friend before sending a smile to Neville, she knew it would all be fine.

Albus was ready to kill as he reached the staff entrance only to find the door was sealed shut. He needed to go and be seen fighting, instead he was stuck in the hall.

There was no way out and he knew it. He had felt the attack wards trigger letting him, as head master, know that there were hostiles in the school. The school wards would lock all children in whatever room they were in to keep them away from the danger. And since the kids were all in the great hall, they were sealed in with no way out until the invaders were dealt with. But he should have been able to override it.

Casting a quick spell that would make it so the students couldn’t see or hear them, Albus summoned one of his personal house elves. “Otto.”

“Master Headmaster calls Otto?” The thin, nervous, little elf appeared.

“Open this door.” Albus snapped.

Otto reached out his magic for a moment before pulling back. “Is sorry master, but I’s can’t.”

“Why not?” Albus demanded.

“The door is sealed with strong house elf magics. Only elf who cast can remove.” Otto knew what was going on, and, although the Headmaster was his master, he would not let him endanger the children if he could help it.

“Why not? You’re an elf, just remove the magic.” Minerva huffed.

“Elf who cast is stronger than Otto.” The little elf squeaked. Because the Potter family was stronger and took better care of the bond the Potter elves were much stronger than any of the other elves at Hogwarts. Since Dumbledore wasn’t willing to share any magic with his own elves they were the weakest.

“Which elf cast it?” Ted questioned.

Otto felt the magic. “Kato.”

“Kato.” Albus called, but nothing happened. “Why didn’t he come?”

Otto looked up at his angry master before hanging his head slightly. “Kato is not a Hoggywarts or Dumbledore elf.”

“Then why is he here?” Albus was only getting angrier.

“All Potter’s elves was sent to Hoggywarts by Master Headmaster. They has been here since.” Otto explained.

Albus glared. Swiping his hat off his head he thrust it into the hands of the elf at his feet. “You are
free. Now get out of my school and never return you utter failure.”

Otto’s eyes filled with tears as he felt the bond break. With a soft pop, he was gone. He was going to wait until everything was done, and then he would go to General Mipsey and see if she could help him find a better master.

Albus wanted to go and yell at Severus or the boy to make their blasted elves let him out, but he couldn’t do that. If he did, then the children would see he and his people hadn’t really left. He needed them to believe that he was off fighting to protect them.

**Seventh Floor**

By the time the soldiers, and few aurors they had come across on their way, reached the seventh floor everything was still and calm. There was a large pile of wands sitting at the feet of Mipsey and every Death Eater had their mask removed and their nose stuck to a wall. Their robes were also multicoloured and a few even looked like they were covered in pudding.

“What happened?” Tonks questioned as she looked around. She had been ready for some major battle, but not this.

“The idiots thought it was a good idea to cross house elves.” Cedric couldn’t help but smirk. He wished they had thought of using house elves to assist sooner. House elves were surprisingly powerful.

“What do we do?” One of the other aurors asked.

“We bind them, and then we will take them to the cells we already have prepared.” The General announced as the soldiers started pulling out suppression bracelets that they used to start binding the Death Eaters.

“Honestly, we’ve known about this for over a month, how could you not have thought about what to do once it happened?” One of the soldiers muttered.

When it came time for Bellatrix to be bound she started screaming at them, although she had been just screaming in general before then. When she started going on and on about who she was Dobby snapped his fingers and everything became very funny.

“DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I AM BE’w’ATRIX w’ESTRANGE. I…”

Bellatrix froze as everyone giggled at her toddler like speech.

“What did you do?” The General asked the angry elf.

“She’s is being a bad witchy. She loose right to the letter L till sunrise.” Dobby glared at the woman. This woman had been planning on hurting his Master Hadrian.

Everyone just kept laughing as Bellatrix started yelling about how she was going to inform the Dark Lord, but since she couldn’t use L’s it just sounded funny.

Less than half an hour after the Death Eater’s first made their way into the school they were being escorted out. A platoon of soldiers was sent back through the cabinet to see if they could find
anything but the area had been abandoned after there was no signal.

It was only after the prisoners were all gone that General Whitcomb called the elf that had sealed
the great hall and had him release the spell, also sending him with a note for Dumbledore, before
making his own way down. He wanted to reassure the children that they were perfectly safe since
he knew that Dumbledore would have scared them in spite of what he had said.

**Great Hall**

Albus was still trying to break down the wards on the door, with the magical support of his
followers, when an elf with the Potter emblem on his toga appeared and handed him a note,
snapping his fingers to unseal the door, before popping away.

They could only assume that had been the elf, Kato. Andromeda had gone and gotten Severus a
few minutes before so they could try and get him to summon the elf to let them out, but the man
had refused and gone back to his food. Albus was going to get that man in his office and make him
suffer for denying him, but he would have to wait.

Glancing at the note Albus read that everything was dealt with and the Death Eaters had been
removed from the school. It was safe for the children to leave.

Turning with a flourish, Albus walked back into the view of the students. “Students, I have good
news, everything is safe once again.

Although we were successful in protecting the school this time, let this be a reminder to everyone,
Voldemort is back. We must all be on guard as we never know where danger lies.

I wish to remind all of you that you can come to the staff with any issues or concerns that you may
have. We are here to listen and will always do our best to help.”

Hadrian wanted to snort. Translation, the man wanted more spies. He would help any Gryffindors,
but if they were a Slytherin he would guilt them into thinking whatever was going on was their
fault and that they needed to give him any information on anyone dark that they might have.

Before Dumbledore could say any more, the main doors opened and General Whitcomb entered,
followed by a few soldiers, Cedric amongst them.

Reaching the front of the hall, the General gave the headmaster a nod before turning to survey the
students. “As I’m sure your headmaster has informed you, less than an hour ago thirty Death Eaters
managed to gain access to the school. They have all been captured and removed from the school
grounds. Their path of entry has also been located and closed so you need not worry about any
others following.”

“How did you capture them? We didn’t hear anything that sounded like a battle.” One of the braver
voices called from the Gryffindor table. It sounded like Seamus Finnigan to Hadrian.

“One of the greatest failings of wizards and witches is that we continuously underestimate those
around us. Just because they aren’t like us, many think they aren’t strong. But there are all different
kinds of strength.

In this instance, what was overlooked was the devotion and loyalty of the house elves. As soon as
the Death Eaters set foot on school grounds the elves mobilized. As long as you are in this school,
you are their responsibility, and they take a threat to your safety seriously.
When we arrived all thirty had been stripped of their wands and were standing in the corner like naughty children just waiting for us to collect them. So I would recommend that you thank the schools elves and remember, just because they are different than you, doesn’t mean that they are weaker.”

“How did they get in?” Another voice shouted out.

“I regret to inform you that a few of your school mates assisted. They have also been taken into custody and a full investigation will be conducted. We are going to attempt to determine whether it was by choice that they assisted, or if they were being threatened or forced. We have no intention of type casting everyone. Everyones sentence will be reliant on their actions, and not just the type of core they have or their political ideology.” The general announced.

This calmed many students. Many in Slytherin were worried that things would go back to how they were when they were considered evil just because of the house they were sorted into.

With one final nod, the General and the soldiers made their way out of the hall.

All the students instantly started gossiping. Looking around, they tried to figure out who was missing so they could figure out just who had been arrested for assisting the Death Eaters.

That evening, when the soldiers left the school, they had one extra members. Mipsey had met with Otto and then gone to the General and explained what had happened to the elf. The General had been happy to take Otto on as his personal elf.

He thought it would be helpful to have an advisor that thought differently than he did. After all, house elves were clearly very powerful, and when treated correctly they could make a very intimidating force.

Hogwarts - June 29, 2007

Only a few days after the failed attack the school year finally came to an end. There really hadn’t been that much that had happened that year, but it had still dragged on.

Hadrian in particular couldn’t wait to get home. This year he was turning 17. He would be a legal adult. It wouldn’t really change all that much for him, but it was the principle of the thing.

It also meant that he would be able to take his apparition test. While apparition could be uncomfortable, it was still preferable to floo or portkey travel for Hadrian. He had learned in his last life it was because he had higher than average magic levels. Both floo and portkeys used the magic of the traveller to power itself and since he had so much of it his trips were always over powered which caused him to spin much faster.

Even better, he had managed to get a summer internship with one of the top enchanting masters in the UK. Master Icarus Hobb was the man who had invented the contact mirrors that Hadrian used to stay in contact with his family during the school year, for the most part. He knew better than to not send any letters, Hedwig had a tendency to get huffy if he didn’t use her at least a few times a month.

An internship was nothing like an apprenticeship, but it would allow him to start working on his hours. It was more about just getting his foot in the door and letting those in the Enchanting Guild
know that he was interested. Summer internships weren’t very common since there weren’t many masters that had the time and inclination to only take on an intern for a few weeks. Most preferred to make multi-year contracts that were apart of apprenticeships since it also assisted them in their own work.

But the best part of all… It meant that he only had one year left before he was officially done with school and could get on with his life.

Fred and George’s Quarters

Fred and George were sitting in the little sitting room that was attached to the quarters they were given at the school when Ron and Ginny arrived. They had had to be marched up there by Sirius. Over the past week Fred and George had been trying to meet with the two almost every day, but the two never bothered to show up.

“What do you two want?” Ginny glared at her hated brothers.

“I need to finish packing,” Ron whined.

“If you had come to see us the first time we asked…” Fred said in annoyance.

“Then we wouldn’t have had to have you escorted here now.” George had zero sympathy.

“What we wanted to tell you…”

“Is that you won’t be taking the train.”

“What? Then how are we getting home?” The two questioned.

“We will be shrinking your trunks…” George started this time.

“And George and I will be side along apperating you both.” Fred finished.

“But why?” Ginny was suspicious.

“Because it will save time.” Fred said.

“Look, that is what is happening. Plain and simple.” George didn’t want to argue with these two right now.

“So, finish packing and we will meet you back here once you’re done.”

“We will have one of the elves bring your trunks to us.”

“Fine.” Ginny didn’t like the twins, but at least this would make it so she didn’t need to spend hours on a hot train.

“Whatever.” Ron just thought it would be nice to get to start his summer early, but he was going to miss not getting to spend the train ride locked in a small compartment with his girlfriend.

Prewett Estate
Ron and Ginny were confused as they were taken to their Great Aunt Muriel's. They had figured they would be going to the restaurant, or to The Burrow. Their mum had written a few months earlier saying that she was going on a mission for The Order and would be out of contact for a bit, but they figured she would make sure she was back in time to get them off the train.

Before they could say or ask anything they were taken into the main sitting room and saw Muriel and their dad. Even though she had disowned herself, Ginny still thought of Arthur as her dad.

“What is going on?” Ginny questioned as she sat down across from the two adults.

“We wanted to speak about what was going to happen this summer.” Arthur was not looking forward to this talk.

“The same thing that we do every summer.” Ginny said like she thought they were being stupid. “We stay with mum, and visit you every other week.”

Arthur was confused. Didn’t Ginny understand he wasn’t her father and therefore had no right to have custody of her. Plus Ron was of age, he could stay where he wanted.

“What did your mum tell you was going on?” Muriel questioned, assuming Molly had lied to the kids.

“She’s on a mission for The Order.” Ron puffed up with pride.

Arthur glanced at Muriel, he didn’t want to have to tell the kids this. “I’m sorry Ron, but that isn’t the truth.”

“What’s that supposed to mean.” Ginny was angry at being told her mum had lied to them. “Mum wouldn’t lie to us. Stop trying to make her look bad. I’m going to tell her once she gets back that your lying about her.”

“Then where is she?” Ron demanded. He had seen the look the two shared and wasn’t so sure.

“I hate to tell you this, but your mum was arrested.” Arthur sighed.

“That is enough young lady.” Muriel interrupted what was undoubtedly going to be a massive tantrum. “Your mother was caught with multiple illegal objects and is currently residing in Azkaban. She will be there until the middle of August.”

Ron and Ginny just stared.

“That is what we needed to go over with the both of you.” Arthur would have tried to tell them a little nicer, but Muriel’s way got it done faster. “Ginny. You will be staying here with your Aunt.”

“No. I’m coming home.” Ginny didn’t like this. If she couldn’t be with her mum, then she wanted to be at The Burrow. She didn’t want to have to stay with Muriel, she didn’t like her dad, but she hated Muriel.

“No, you won’t.” Arthur realized Ginny really didn’t fully understand what she had done. “Ginny, you disowned yourself. You are no longer a Weasley. And, as such, I can not have custody. You either stay with your Aunt or you will have to go to the orphanage.”

Ginny stared, horrified. That couldn’t be right. “But…”
“No buts.” Muriel said. “Actions have consequences, as your mother is now learning. You disowned yourself, now you deal with it.

I have set up a room for you. We will be going over your summer schedule after lunch.”

“Summer schedule.” This was just getting worse and worse from Ginny’s point of view.

“Yes. I will not accept a layabout in this house.” Muriel gave the girl an imperious look. “I will not allow you to go down the same path as your mother. To that end, I will be taking responsibility for teaching you what your mother failed to do.”

Ginny just stared, to stunned to say anything. This was going to be the summer from hell and she knew it. Why oh why did her mum have to get herself arrested?

“What about me?” Ron asked in a slightly fearful voice.

“That is another complication.” Arthur looked at the boy. “Legally, you are of age since you are now 17, but you still require a guardian since you haven’t finished school yet.

As such, you have three options. You can come and stay at The Burrow, you can stay here with your sister, or you can possibly stay at your mums flat.”

“I want to live at the flat.” Ron said instantly, a huge grin lighting his face.

“I said possibly.” Arthur reminded the boy. “Ron, do you really think you're old enough to live on your own?”

“Yeah.” Ron shrugged.

“Ron, that would mean that you have to do all your own cooking and cleaning.” Arthur told him. “Also, you are going to need to get an extremely good job since you will have to buy all your own food.”

“I can just eat at the restaurant.” Ron didn’t like how this was sounding.

“No, you can’t. Eating at restaurants costs money.” Arthur tried to explain to the boy. “Your mum always covered any food you and your sister ate, but now you will have to do it yourself. Eating food at the restaurant and not paying is called theft, and that can get you sent to Azkaban. And, since you are now of age, it will not be a slap on the wrist, you will get in real trouble.

So, you can technically live on your own, but I don’t think it’s a good idea for you. Especially if you want to eat at all this summer. A basic summer job just won’t pay you enough, especially with how much you tend to eat.”

“But I don’t want to have to work.” Ron whined.

“That isn’t happening. No matter where you choose to live.” Arthur told him flat out. “The difference is, if you are with me or your Aunt, you get to buy what you want with the money you make. If you live on your own then you are responsible for buying your own food and supplies.

As for not wanting to work, welcome to being an adult. You work or you have no money. It is time for you to grow up young man. Things are not always going to just be handed to you on a silver platter. If you want things, then you are going to have to work for them.”

Ron glanced between his dad and Aunt. It really wasn’t much of a choice. “Fine, I’ll stay with
“Good, that’s settled then.” Arthur smiled. “Now, on to the next thing. We have some good news. Bill is getting married next month.”

“Married?” Both Ron and Ginny were surprised. They didn’t really pay attention to what their siblings were doing. The only ones who’s relationship they had really paid attention to was the twins, for obvious reasons.

“Yes. Bill asked Fleur to marry him. The wedding is going to be held on August 1st at The Burrow. So, we will be getting the both of you formal outfits.” Arthur was happy as he thought about how happy his eldest son was. “I hope I don’t have to tell you both that you will be expected to behave properly. This wedding is about Bill and Fleur, not either of you.”

Both children were angered by that. Ron hated that Bill had gotten the beautiful girl. Ginny, just didn’t like that the attention wasn’t going to be on her.

“With that settled, it’s time we head out Ron. Muriel, it was a pleasure to see you again. Goodbye Ginny.” Arthur addressed the two females before leaving.

Ron just got up and followed his father.

“And you act like I’m rude.” Ginny sneered at the door her dad and brother had just walked through.

“That is because you are, but don’t worry, we will be working on that this summer.” Muriel reminded the girl.

“You saw how he just acted.” Ginny waved her arm in the direction of the door. “He treated me like I was nothing. I am his daughter, what right does he have to treat me like that?”

“You truly are a foolish little girl, aren’t you.” Muriel sighed turning to the angry child. “He isn’t your father. Do I need to remind you you disowned yourself. You no longer have any connection to the man. He is not your father, and you are not his daughter. And nothing can ever change that.

From the moment you did that ritual you only had one parent. He has no responsibility to do anything for you. You should just be grateful he came to me to arrange your summer living or you would have gone directly to the orphanage from the train. And, since your mum clearly lied to you about why she hasn’t been in contact, you would have had no idea what was going on.

Show a little respect for the man young lady, he was kinder than most would be after what you did.

Now, let’s get this summer started. We are going to have lunch, which will consist of a nice house salad with a side of salmon. Then you can go to your room and unpack.

Once you have finished that you will meet me in the sunroom to go over the schedule I have set up for you.”

Muriel smiled at the look on the girls face. Yes, this summer was going to teach the girl just what it meant to be a daughter of the house of Prewett.
Soooo... Yeah, I was planning on doing some epic battle at the school, but just couldn't bring myself to do it.
I've been reading "Like a Red Headed Stepchild" by mugglesftw on FanFiction. Now every time I think about Voldemort I can't help but think of Sleepy the Wonder Turban or Yzma Voldemort and I start to giggle. It is very hard to write about a big bad dark lord while giggling.
Seventh Year

Chapter Notes

Oh My God!
I can't believe it has finally come to this. After over a year of work, it's done...mostly. I will admit it ends rather abruptly, and I'm already making plans to write out a quick epilogue, but that may take a few more weeks or months, my muse for this story has kind of been wrung dry. She needs a bit of a vacation herself, but I have no doubt she will return soon.

To all those who have stuck with me through all this I thank you for your dedication and many kind words. I know I don't often respond to your comments but be sure I do read them, they have encouraged me when I wasn't sure if I should continue. This was my first ever attempt at fan fiction and I still can't believe what a simple little idea ended up becoming. And I am happy to say this will not be my last, I already have another few stories in the planning phases and will be posting their beginnings soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peverell Manor - July 7, 2007

When the first full week of summer came to an end Hadrian was once again wishing that he could just be done with school so he could get on with his life. He had started working at the beginning of the week, and loved it. It was a lot like what he had been doing when he had been an Unspeakable in his last life.

So far, all he had really been doing was reading and going over the information Master Hobb had given him. Despite Master Hobb agreeing to take him on as an intern, he still wanted to ensure that Hadrian was skilled enough in the subject before he was going to let him cast anything. So, even though he had once again gotten the dispensation to use magic, until his birthday at least, he still hadn’t been able to cast anything. But not even that bothered him.

Master Hobb had given him a copy of his own personal notes to go over and Hadrian found it incredible. Even with everything he had studied in his past life, enchanting hadn’t been his main focus so he still felt like he had a lot to learn.

Just thinking that he would have to go back to school, where Dumbledore was, in less than two months could make him depressed. Well he understood that once he was finished school he wouldn’t be able to spend all of his time working on whatever enchanting project had caught his interest since he had so many other things that would need his attention, he would still have more free time to do as he pleased.

Hadrian was just so over being a kid.

Prewett Estate

As Hadrian was wishing that summer would never end, Ginny was wishing that it was time to go
back to school.

She had been right when she thought this was going to be the summer from hell. Her Aunt was always going on about how to behave properly.

While Ginny did want to learn more about etiquette, she didn’t want to learn it like this. Just the day before Muriel had had her sitting at the dining room table for 6 hours just going over proper table manners.

Ginny felt that she needed to learn more about how to behave in proper society since she was going to find a way to ensure that she married into a noble family. She had already seen how some of the titled students reacted to certain things and she wanted to understand why. It was the only way she was going to be able to properly insinuate herself into the proper social sphere since she hadn’t been born into it like the others.

But Muriel was a nightmare when she was teaching her. The woman just didn’t listen. Whenever Ginny argued that something sounded stupid, Muriel would just keep going. The day before Ginny had tried to explain that there really wasn’t a need to separate meals into different courses, just let people pick and choose what they wanted, but Muriel had just kept going on about something, Ginny really hadn’t been listening by that point.

Even though it had only been a week, there had been multiple things Ginny had been told that she just didn’t agree with. She really didn’t understand why those in the upper class went out of their way to make things needlessly complicated. Really, who needed so many forks, one fork was just as good as another.

Ginny knew she needed to learn it, she just didn’t like the learning it part. She wished her mum had taught her all this when she had been younger, then she wouldn’t have to be struggling with it now.

And her summer had just begun. Muriel had given her over a dozen books to read about the different major families in the country. She had also set down a rather strict schedule about what she was to be learning. In total Ginny was going to be forced to spend a minimum of 4 hours a day studying, either for school or the etiquette lessons.

She wanted to be rich and titled, but she really didn’t want to have to deal with the social niceties that came with it.

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The Burrow - July 13, 2007

Ron was exhausted as he flopped down in his bed after another long day. Much like his sister, he wanted the summer to be over.

This week had been his first week of work. Ron hadn’t known what type of job he wanted, really he didn’t want any job, but… So his dad had given him a list of places that he knew were looking for summer employees. Ron had chosen The Bubble since he figured that would be where Hadrian would be working again.

But he had been wrong. When he had first got to work on Monday he had looked around for the other boy, only to be told that he wasn’t working there that summer.

Not only was Hadrian not there, but they also expected him to do so much. He had been given his choice of assignment, he could help care for a pack of nifflers or a zouwu. He had chosen the zouwu since he felt the nifflers were just too boring to spend the summer with.
A zouwu was a cat like creature that was the size of an elephant. The one he was looking after was elderly so at least he didn’t have to spend all his time chasing after it. What he did have to do was brush its fur every other day, although he at least didn’t have to brush its mane since the mane hair could be used in potions so the professionals gathered it, they also dealt with the claws. He also had to help brush its teeth, feed it, and clean what had to be the worlds largest litter box.

In truth, most of the work was done by the handlers, but this was the first time Ron had ever had to do any work so he felt overwhelmed. To him, it was like they were trying to work him to death. While he could use magic for doing things like moving the food around, he still had to walk all the way to the warehouse to get it, and then walk all the way back.

He was only working 5 hour shifts, or 25 hours a week, but it was more than he had ever done. And when Ron had been told that he was going to have to wait for his pay check every other week he had been confused, he figured they could just pay him at the end of each day so that he could buy his sweets and stuff on the way home.

Then his dad had sat him down and broke down just how much he would be making. Ron had really not appreciated that. He only made a galleon an hour, that meant he only got 25 galleons a week. That wasn’t near enough to get everything he wanted.

In past years he had gotten used to having large amounts of money, and what he was going to be getting was no where near what he had been expecting. Even though he had had to curb his spending habits after running out of money during the last summer, he had been excited to have money again and had thought he would have as much money as he did before.

Ron really didn’t understand how money worked. He had no real ability to put a value on the things he had and didn’t understand what a decent wage was.

But his dad was making him do more than just work over the summer. He kept making him, once again, spend an hour going over Percy’s old notes to start prep work for his NEWTs.

Arthur knew that Ron was frustrated, but he really didn’t see any other way to handle the situation. Ron needed to learn how to survive in the real world. He only had one year left of school before he was finished.

He wished Ron could have learned everything he needed to become an adult as he grew up, but Molly had put a stop to it, so he was going to have to learn now. The only other choice he had was to spend the rest of his life living with Molly, because he had no intention of allowing Ron to stay with him. It wasn’t that he didn’t love his son, the exact opposite really. He wanted Ron to be able to rely on himself.

And staying with Molly really wasn’t a good idea, after everything she had done, Arthur knew that Molly would just make his life worse. Molly would most likely just continue to let him behave the way he had in the past. He would never grow up. And Molly would more than likely lead him right to Azkaban.

Arthur had already noticed that Nicole and Leo had started trying to copy everything their older siblings did, and he was hoping that Ron would want to set a good example for the two year olds. He remembered just how the older boys had always looked after Ron when they were little, even if they did prank him a fair bit, they all always tried to make sure he was safe and sound at the end of the day.
Hopefully he could help Ron grow up enough in the next few weeks that he would be able to see the truth when Molly was released.

**The Burrow - August 1, 2007**

The wedding of Bill and Fleur was much better this time around. There were no attacks, and the ministry did not fall to a Death Eater attack. It was a perfectly beautiful day.

Even Ron and Ginny were on their best behaviour. Ron, because he knew his dad, and older brothers, would make him suffer if he did anything. And Ginny because Muriel was using this as a learning experience so she stayed at her side the entire time.

Hermione, who was once again Ron's date was much happier with this wedding. At least Bill knew better than to marry a member of his own gender or date his own brother in her opinion. She just hoped that Bill might be able to set a better example for his younger brothers that were clearly confused.

But none of that mattered to the bride and groom who only had eyes for each other.

**Nurmengard Castle - August 14, 2007**

“Gellert.” Albus said as he made his way into the sitting room of Nurmengard Castle.

Most thought that Gellert spent his days in a tiny bare cell, but they were wrong. He only returned to that cell when he was alerted to someone unknown entering the castle wards. The rest of the time he had the run of the castle.

It was one thing that always confused and annoyed Albus. Gellert had once had so many plans and so much ambition, now he was content playing prisoner. Most of the time he was there alone, guards only came to check every other week. And the guards that did check on him were all followers.

Surely he could use his followers and all the time unobserved to escape, but he never tried. So much potential wasted. Albus would be more than happy to help Gellert escape, it would make everyone turn to him since he had defeated him once before.

“I wondered when I’d be seeing you again Albus. What has it been, 4 years since you last visited?” Gellert lowered the ancient Chinese books one of his followers had brought him last time they had visited. “What is it that is on your mind?”

They may no longer be allies, but Gellert was one of the only people that had ever managed to understand him and the way his mind worked. Albus also felt comfortable using him as a sounding board for his future plans since he was so isolated and couldn’t betray him, and even if he managed to tell anyone, no one would believe him.

“Just stopping by for a visit Gellert.” Albus took a seat opposite his old lover.

Gellert chuckled softly as he sipped his tea. “Don’t lie to me Albus. We both know that isn’t what this’s about. You’ve lost control of your little ‘Boy-Who-Lived’.

I warned you years ago, placing all that power in the hands of a child was foolish. And now, I have
been proven right. You made everyone believe that the boy would be their saviour, so that is what they now believe. No one will look to you so long as he is there, and you have no one but yourself to blame.”

Albus growled looking much fiercer than usual, his glamour of the kind twinkly eyed grandfather had been removed. “You know nothing.”

Gellert waved to the stack of papers from Britain. “I have been reading all about your downfall, it has been highly entertaining. You see, you did the one thing you never should have, you started to believe in your own reputation.

The moment you did that, you were doomed to fail. You may act like you’re some great hero, but we both know you have caused just as many deaths as I have, or, I guess, more, since you started two wars while I only started one. You act like you’re all powerful, and while you are strong, you are getting old, and your power is fading.

You believed in the legend of Albus Dumbledore, and because of that thought you knew what was best and could do no wrong, now you are learning otherwise.”

“Everything I have ever done was for the greater good.” Albus said imperiously.

“Tell that to your sister.” Gellert snarked. He knew he was safe since the wards of the castle would block most spells. Only a killing curse could get past them, and if that spell was cast it would alert the ICW.

“Don’t pretend you understand anything. You are just a failed Lord.” Albus wanted to make him suffer for that comment, but knowing that he would get to walk out a free man while Gellert was a prisoner would have to be enough.

“And soon enough you will be one as well.” Gellert smiled a true smile. “You have almost lost it all. It has been great fun for me to sit back and watch as your little fiefdom is torn down, brick by brick.”

Albus narrowed his eyes. “You helped me build that fiefdom. If I lose it then it just means you failed, again.”

“I helped you build it for us, but you couldn’t share so had me locked up here. Sharing, it’s a lesson that even most muggle children can figure out, but you apparently can’t measure up. I have been waiting to watch you fall from the moment you betrayed me and our plan.

I just think it’s poetic to see you falling to a mess of your own creation.” Gellert was grinning. “I remember warning you to be careful years ago when you came and told me about your plans for that Tom Riddle boy. I warned you he would be something that even you couldn’t control. I warned you when you told me about what you were going to do with that prophecy and the Potter boy. I warned you when you came here again, bragging about the boys survival and how you had abandoned him with muggles that you knew hated magic.

I warned you so many times, but you were Albus Dumbledore, you knew better than me. I guess you were wrong.

So tell me, what is the real reason you are here? Because we both know this isn’t just a social visit. Those visits stopped when I started pointing out all the flaws in your plans.”

Albus felt it could be really easy to both hate and love the man in front of him. At one time Albus had thought Gellert was the love of his life, then he realized he preferred to rule without anyone
trying to tell him what to do.

“I need a few of your books.”

“Ah yes, I heard you lost your little library. My condolences on that, and the loss of your brother also, but we both know which one you actually miss.” Albus knew the look in the other man’s eyes, Gellert thought he knew something Albus didn’t. “And just which of my books do you think you need?”

“I’m not completely sure.” Albus hated having to admit that fact. “I just remember that one was on Ancient Babylonian or possibly Sumerian mind magics and rituals. The other is that Atlantian ritual book.”

Gellert sat back in his seat and thought, trying to figure out what Albus was planning. When he figured it out he shook his head. “You really don’t want those.”

Albus hated being denied, but being denied by Gellert was always the worst. “Yes, I do. It really is for the best, it will help us get closer to the world we were trying to build.”

“Albus, you never could lie to me, so do stop trying.” Gellert would have rolled his eyes if he didn’t have as much dignity as he did.

“And just what do you think I’m going to do that you don’t think will work?”

“It’s the Sumerian book you want. And, my guess is that you are planning on using the personalitatem voluntatem ritual. You want to strip the Potter boy of his own identity and remake him as you desire.

But, since he has a loving family, despite your best efforts, they would notice any major changes. To that end you plan to use the arcane temporal commutatio ritual to rewrite history. It’s similar to what you did for that former Prewett woman when she wanted to be married and have kids, not quite the same, but similar, just far more powerful.”

There had been a time where he had greatly enjoyed Gellert's ability to predict his plan and actions. It had made their fake fights seem that much more real. But now it was annoying.

“Do you have the books or not?” Albus demanded.

Gellert quickly let his mind run things through. Most would think that Albus was the smarter of the two of them, but in truth, Gellert had always been better at adapting any situation to his needs.

“I do, but it will come at a price.” Gellert smiled.

“What do you want?” Albus knew not to just agree, Gellert would use that to make him suffer.

“You will use the commutatio ritual to free me and ensure that no one goes looking for me.”

Albus felt that, for once, giving Gellert what he wanted would work into his plans. Once he had control of the brat and used him to destroy Tom, he was going to need another Dark Lord. And who better then Gellert.

“Fine.” Albus agreed. “So, where are the books?”

“That is going to take some time. Those ICW idiot former friends of yours recently did their bi-decade visit to make sure I’m being a good little Dark Lord. I had to send my more… valuable
materials away. As you can no doubt see.” Gellert waved his arms around the mostly bare room. “My people have been bringing things back in, but it takes time since they can only visit every now and then.

They aren’t you, they can’t just waltz in here as they please. People would take notice. So it’s going to take a few months before I can arrange for the books to be here. You will just have to come visit me again later.”

Albus didn’t want to wait. “Just tell me who has them and I will get them.”

Gellert laughed hysterically. “Albus… When did you develop that sense of humour? What makes you think any of my people would ever allow you access to my books. After your betrayal, they would be more likely to kill you then help you. I may have come to terms with the fact you were only following your nature when you betrayed us, but many still hold a grudge against you for it. Especially this younger generation that never knew you personally.

No, you will just have to wait.”

Albus didn’t like the answer, but he didn’t have any other choice. He couldn’t get the books himself. If there was any type of fight, and there would be a fight, it would risk people learning about it, and he couldn’t have anyone questioning why he was trying to gain access to the library of a Dark Lord. He would have to wait.

“Then I will see you later than Gellert.” Albus got up to leave. “Do enjoy your castle.”

Gellert set down his book once Albus was gone.

“My Lord?” The voice came from behind him.

Gellert turned to see one of his eldest followers. The man had stood by him since the beginning. And his family had gone on to do the same. His grandson had even gotten himself placed as one of the guards so he could bring him to visit.

“Please, take a seat.” Gellert indicated the chair Albus had just left. “I am going to need your assistance.”

“Anything my Lord.”

Gellert went on to lay out his plans. It was time Albus learned the cost of betraying Gellert Grindelwald. He had waited half a century to see if the man would apologize. It never happened, so now that the man had a false sense of security, it was time to strike.

Molly’s Flat - August 20, 2007

Molly groaned as she walked into her flat and went directly to the bathroom and drew a hot bath. She hadn’t had a proper wash in months. In Azkaban they had only allowed her 10 minutes in the shower every three days. And it had always been cold in the prison so whenever she got wet she would freeze for hours until her hair dried.

While the bath filled she slipped into the restaurant kitchen and grabbed a large amount of hot food. Making sure to be cautious that no one saw her in the state she was in. She hadn’t had a
proper meal since her arrest.

Back upstairs she went directly to the bath. She ate as she soaked. Once she was full to bursting, she got to work scrubbing months of grime and cold from her body.

With all that done she went to her bed and fell asleep.

It was mid-evening when Molly woke once again. She was starting to feel a bit more human as she made her way into the flats kitchen to make herself a cup of strong tea.

After her cup was half empty she really looked around and noticed a few things. The flat was empty. There was a layer of dust over everything. It didn’t look like anyone had been there since she was taken. There was even a broken cup that she remembered shattering when one of the aurors who arrested her bumped into the table.

Where were her babies?

She had figured since her Ronnie was now of age he would be able to have custody of her Ginny. The two of them should have been here waiting for her.

Maybe they were out visiting friends or something. She would just see them in the morning. At that point, her exhaustion took hold again and she went to bed.

The Burrow - August 21, 2007

Fabian was sitting on the front lawn watching as his two youngest played. Arthur and Gideon had had to make a run into the alleys to gather a few things. The twins would be celebrating their third birthday in less than a week and they still needed to get everything set for their birthdays.

Hearing the crack of apparition, he looked up to see the recognizable form of his younger former sister making her way up the drive. They had all assumed this visit was coming since they knew Molly was being released, but he had hoped he wouldn’t have to deal with it on his own.

“Winky.” Fabian called.

“Master Fabian called for Winky.” The happy little elf looked adoringly up at him.

“Can you take the twins in and get them a snack? I don’t want them around for this.” Fabian asked.

Winky followed her masters line of sight and saw the mean lady that had taken her masters away from each other. She wasn’t going to let that lady hurt her masters again, she also wasn’t going to let her scare the little ones. “Winky can.”

Winky took the twins inside and set them up in their room with some snacks and their favourite toys. She took up a position sitting in the kitchen windowsill. From her position she could see through the open door into the twins room, but she could also see into the front yard. She wanted to keep all of her charges in sight to make sure she could protect them.

“Molly.” Fabian stayed where he was and waited until Molly reached him.
“Gideon.” Molly snarled.

“I’m Fabian.” He automatically corrected.

“Who cares.” Molly hated having her brothers correct her. “Where are my babies, they didn’t come home last night? It doesn’t look like they’ve been home in ages.”

“Molly, you’ve been in prison. You didn’t think they would be living there waiting for you to return, did you?” Fabian was surprised.

“Ron’s of age. He could take custody of Ginny and where else would they live?” Molly snapped.

“Ron might be of age, but he is in no way mature enough to take custody of his sister. He would never have been approved since he doesn’t have the finances to properly care for her. Plus, he still needs a guardian since he is still in school.”

“Well… Then where are they?”

“Currently. Ron’s at work, and I figure Ginny’s with Aunt Muriel.”

“What?” Molly was horrified at the idea. “What is going on? Ron doesn’t need some stupid job, he’s just a child. And why in Merlins name would Ginny be with Muriel?”

“Ron isn’t a child, like you just said, Ron is of age now. Like most his age, Ron has a summer job so he can earn his own spending money while also learning what his life is going to be like next year. He is set to graduate in less than a year, and then he’s going to need to get a job to earn a living.

As for Ginny, she lives with Muriel.”

Molly didn’t like it, but she couldn’t really argue the point about Ron’s graduating even if she didn’t like it. Instead, she chose to focus on the other part of the answer. “And just why is Ginny living with Muriel?”

“Because she disowned herself. Arthur can’t have custody of her. Since Gideon and I live with Arthur, she can’t live with us, not that we would let her after what she did, hurting Arthur like that. That means, the only other person that could take custody was Muriel, unless you would have preferred her to go to the orphanage since she is still under age.”

Molly froze at that statement. There was no way her baby could have been sent to an orphanage. Arthur should have stepped up to protect Ginny even if he wasn’t her father anymore, he still owed her that much.

Turning Molly left immediately. She needed to get Ginny away from that woman.

**Prewett Estate**

Muriel was proud of herself as she watched Ginny practice on the piano. The girl was only working on basic tunes, but getting her there had taken a great deal of work.

It had been a long hard summer so far, but Muriel felt she was making progress. Ginny had the basics of table manners, understood how to do a proper introduction and how to hold a basic conversation without coming across as rude. She had also taught the girl the basics of the important
overall, Ginny had learned a great deal. The only thing that worried Muriel was what would happen with Molly. Muriel knew that Molly had been released the day before, and was just hoping the woman would focus on herself rather than messing up all the progress Ginny had made.

But that was not to be.

At that moment the elf she knew served her nephews and Arthur popped in and handed her a note before disappearing. The note was from Fabian warning her that Molly had just left him and was more than likely on her way there.

Getting up, Muriel went to the front of the house and could see a clearly angry Molly stomping up the front drive. This was not going to be fun.

“What is it you wanted Molly?” Muriel asked as soon as she opened the door.

“Give me back my daughter.” Molly glared.

“Ginny is perfectly fine here. If anything, she is much better here with me.”

“How dare you?” Molly shrieked.

“Do not take that tone with me young lady.” Muriel used her most severe tone as she stared down the other woman who had once been family. “You just got out of prison for Merlin knows what. How can you think that you are the best choice for the girls care?”

“Where is she?” Molly snarled.

“Practicing piano.” Muriel smiled.

“Ginny doesn’t play piano.”

“She’s learning. I have been teaching her many things that you neglected.”

Molly growled in the back of her throat. “Ginny didn’t need any of that nonsense you forced on me.”

“Yes, because learning manners is such a bad thing.” Muriel said in an imperious tone. “If the girl ever wants to make a good match she needs to learn proper behaviour. No one in the upper echelons of our society would have a relationship with an uncouth little girl who doesn’t have proper manners, you might remember that.”

“GINNY!” Molly screamed.

“Really!” Muriel shook her head trying to get the ringing from her ears. “I can see what little manners your parents and I had managed to instil in you were lost in prison.”

That was when Molly finally registered that Muriel had been talking about her being in prison, and so had Fabian. She had told everyone she was visiting a distant family member or on a mission for The Order, so how had Muriel known.

“Something wrong dear?” Muriel had seen the shocked look.
“You said prison. That wasn’t where I was. I was on a mission to help stop You-Know-Who.” Molly knew she couldn’t go the family route with Muriel since she would know it was a lie.

“Lying is unbecoming of a woman your age Margret Lucretia Diggle.” Muriel stared down her former niece. “Just so you are aware, the ministry was required to inform Arthur of your arrest and incarceration due to the children. So it might have been kept from everyone else, but we are well aware that you’ve spent the past few months in Azkaban.”

“MUM!” Ginny shouted as she ran to her mum.

“Come on Ginny, get your things, we’re leaving.” Molly wanted to get the girl out of the house quickly.

Ginny was conflicted. She wanted to be with her mum, it would allow her to just have fun and relax for the rest of the summer. But, she also didn’t really want to leave the estate. At the estate she had a huge room with a private bathroom, and there was an elf that made really good food.

Both places had their benefits and their drawbacks.

“Ginny still has lessons this afternoon.” Muriel informed Molly.

“Lessons? It’s summer, Ginny doesn’t need to do more work.” Molly didn’t like the idea of Muriel teaching Ginny anything.

“Ginny is getting lessons on etiquette, deportment, government, and music.” Muriel said proudly. “She needs a better awareness of the world she was born into.”

Molly glared as she pulled her daughter close, like she could protect her from lessons. “Ginny is my daughter, not yours.”

“It’s fine mum, the lessons aren’t that bad.” Ginny shrugged. She didn’t like the work, but she did know she needed to learn it. “Some of it’s interesting.”

“Get your things.” Molly kept her voice stern. “We are leaving, now.”

Muriel saw the indecision and was pleased, she knew she couldn’t legally stop Molly from taking the girl, but she could still be involved. “It’s fine Ginny. Your mum may not care about your education, but you can always floo here each day to finish your lessons.”

Ginny nodded and went to get her things.

“How dare you?” Molly glared.

“How dare I what? Ensure your child can survive in this world. Teach her proper behaviour. Teach her to respect herself. I really don’t understand what your issue is woman. Ginny isn’t a little child anymore, treating her like she’s just a baby does her no good.

That girl has only 2 years left of school. If she doesn’t learn now, then she might never. You can not force her to remain a little girl forever, you need to accept that she is becoming a young woman. Yes, I do understand that, to you, she will always be your child, but you need to let her grow up. She deserves that much from you.”

Ginny watched as her mum and great aunt argued from the shadows. It surprised her that she found herself agreeing more with Muriel than her mum. At the beginning of the summer she had thought her mum was far better, but now she was questioning that.
She did love how her mum always made sure she was happy, but she couldn’t deny that she didn’t like it when her mum treated her like she was a baby. If she had her way she would be married in the next few years, and she wasn’t going to let her mum stand in her way.

Voldemort’s Headquarters - August 29, 2007

It had taken a long time, but Voldemort had finally found a secure location that he felt was safe enough to use as a permanent headquarters. He had chosen one of the lesser known Slytherin properties.

It was too bad for him that his mind was too scattered for him to remember that Hadrian had claimed the Slytherin Lordship. Hadrian had had the goblins ward the property so he would know if any of them were in use. As soon as the Death Eaters had arrived they had informed Hadrian, who turned the information over to Cedric. The military had been watching the Death Eaters set everything up.

It was also too bad that his Death Eaters were too afraid to speak up and mention it to him. There were a few who saw the flaw in the plan, but they kept their heads down, not wanting to draw their masters attention.

The surveillance team was watching as things started to go wrong. They were supposed to wait until Voldemort made his appearance, but they saw as one of the Death Eaters brought Nagini outside, most likely so she could hunt.

As they watched the snake made her way towards the forest, where they just so happened to be stationed. Suddenly, she stopped. Lifting her head she looked directly where they were and flicked her tongue.

They were hidden under all kinds of spells, but there was just no telling with that snake. She had undergone so many rituals that she might just be able to tell they were there. One of the soldiers alerted the general to what was going on as Nagini looked from their hiding spot, to the building, and then back to them.

When Nagini started moving towards them quickly the general made his decision and gave them their new orders. If Nagini passed by, they were to leave her, but if it looked like she was going to attack they were to kill her even if it exposed their position. They could always track Voldemort down again, but they needed that snake dead.

As they had feared, Nagini went directly towards them and attacked as soon as she was within striking distance. There were only 6 assigned to this surveillance point and Nagini was quick and vicious. Luckily, they had the antidote to her venom.

The struggle only lasted a few minutes, but to the soldiers it felt like hours as they tried to subdue the giant snake that was all teeth and muscle. But, eventually they got the upper hand.

One of the soldiers managed to get a hold of his boot knife and slammed it down through the snakes head and into the ground. Even with that the snake kept fighting. As soon as her head was stuck to the ground they had all moved back, casting fiendfyre.

They all watched as the writhing snake was consumed. A burst of black smoke came out of her with a high pitched scream.
Looking around they could see that all the noise had gotten the attention of the Death Eaters so they left as fast as they could, going directly to the medical wing of their base.

**Undisclosed Location**

More than a few Death Eaters were tortured and killed when they returned to their former hideout to report the death of Nagini.

Voldemort had just been preparing to move to their new location. That had been why Nagini had been released. She was supposed to do one final check of the grounds to ensure complete security. It also served to get her food so she would stop eating random Death Eaters when she got hungry but was confined and couldn’t go hunting for other pray.

He was absolutely furious that Nagini was gone. Not just because she was his familiar and was a convenient way to get rid of bodies, but because she was his horcrux. Those fools had lost him a piece of his soul.

There was no doubt in his mind now, there was a spy. And he was going to find that person and make them suffer for years before he would allow them the mercy of death, if he ever allowed them mercy.

**Platform 9 ¾ - September 1, 2007**

Hermione let out a sigh of relief as she arrived at the platform. Summer with her parents had been terrible. They just couldn’t let go of the past. She had barely had any time to do her summer homework between everything else she had been doing.

Her parents had even refused to pay for the extra OWLs she had wanted to take so she had had to get a job. Much of the money she got from the Headmaster had been spent on getting the books on the extra subjects she was studying, so she had needed more. She had gone to work at one of the bookstores, but it hadn’t been nearly as nice as she had hoped it would be. Hermione had hoped that she would be able to read a lot of books, but the man who owned the shop never gave her any time.

Whenever there weren’t any customers he gave her other jobs like tidying, doing inventory, and even building new shelves. The only good thing was that she could use magic and didn’t have to do it all by hand. The only benefit had been the discount she got on the books, but it had only been 10% which was barely anything.

She really didn’t feel ready for her final year. They had their NEWTs at the end of the year and she had barely managed any review time over the summer, that meant she was going to have to do it during the year. And, if she was busy focusing on her studying then she really wouldn’t have time to try and get control of Hadrian. Maybe she could offer to help him study, but she really didn’t want to have to spend all her time dealing with trying to get him to understand.

They needed him, but she really didn’t like the other boy. He never gave her the respect she deserved. And he acted like one of those arrogant pure bloods. Didn’t he understand that the muggle world was better. Hermione still planned to be the one that brought the barriers down between the two worlds, and that meant they needed the wizarding world to adapt to the muggle world.
Ron was happy as he got on the train. He could finally relax. Summer had been so hard this year.

After his mum had come home Ron had been happy to move back in with her, but he still had to finish out his work contract. At least he had a little spending money, and he did mean little.

Ron wasn’t sure how he felt about graduating at the end of the year. He didn’t want to have to keep doing school work, but he also really didn’t want to have to work. Hopefully the Department of Magical Games and Sports would be more fun than looking after a giant cat had been.

His dream of playing professional quidditch was almost completely dead. He had talked with Oliver Wood at Bill’s wedding. Oliver, who played keeper for Puddlemere United, had told him about all the practice and workouts he, and all professional quidditch players, had to do. Ron didn’t want to have to spend hours working out and practicing every day, he just wanted to play quidditch.

Seeing Hermione already trying to sort through her books Ron knew it was going to be a long year, and there was going to be a lot of work he was sure.

Ginny, like her brother, was excited to return to school. She finally felt like she understood what she had been doing wrong. For years she hadn’t understood just why so many students reacted the way they did to her, now she knew.

The lessons Muriel taught her had showed her her missteps. Now, she was going to fix them.

It might be slightly difficult, but she was sure she could do it. After all, most of the people in the school were raised to be followers of either He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named or Headmaster Dumbledore. They were too simple minded to hold on to what had happened in the past.

Starting this year she was going to start behaving like her aunt had taught her. She needed to get people to see her as someone to look up to. And to do that she was going to need to do a lot of studying so she could get better grades so they would know she was smart. After that she was going to work on making sure people started to come to her with their troubles, she wasn’t really sure how to do that yet, but she was sure she would figure something out.

Ginny needed to find some way to place herself in a position of authority. It was just too bad she had been denied a prefects badge, that would have been useful. But hopefully she would become head girl and quidditch captain. She was going to have to speak with the headmaster to ensure he got her those positions, and talking to Professor McGonagall about it might help as well.

This year was going to be the year of Ginny Prewett.

Hadrian found himself oddly excited as he rode the train towards his final year of school. He had never done this before. During his last seventh year he had been too busy hunting horcruxes.

He was even slightly nervous. Last time he had never had to take his NEWTs and he was slightly worried about taking his tests, but he guessed that was how all students felt. This was the first time he had ever felt that he was like the other students.

Although, he did have to admit that he still had an advantage because of all the time he had had to study and research in his past life. He still occasionally felt guilty about that fact, but he wasn’t
going to hold back. Everyone used every advantage they had to do well on exams, he would be a fool not to use what he had. After all, he did put in the work to know what he knew.

This year was also the year they were going to, hopefully, finally remove Dumbledore from the school, or at least, the headmastership. Due to the stupid by-laws since he had been headmaster for 50 years he could remain living on school grounds, but he at least wouldn’t have any authority. The students would begin to see him as just some doddering old fool that lived on the grounds.

They had spent the last decade getting him out of his other positions of authority, while stripping him of the titles had gone quickly, they needed to make sure he couldn’t use his reputation to serve as an ‘advisor’. They just needed Dumbledore to do something that could allow the board to force his retirement. But, Hadrian had no doubt they would have it by the end of the semester given how unhinged Dumbledore was becoming.

He wished they could have done it sooner, but the man still had the support of the public, for some reason. At the end of the last year Dumbledore had once again managed to gain some positive press. The Prophet had spent weeks writing about how the old man had ensured the protection of the helpless little children and made it out like Dumbledore had single handedly stopped the invasion. The only ones that really knew the truth were those that were involved, and they had more important things to do then worry about making themselves look good.

They still had to do more damage to the mans reputation before they could move against him too hard. Despite who held the positions of power, it was the public that held the real power in their world.

But the very best part was that this was the last year. All he had to do was finish this year and he was free to do as he pleased.

Draco made his way down the train with even more pride than usual in his movements. Despite Dumbledore’s best efforts, Draco had been given the Head Boy position. And according to his godfather, Dumbledore had all but fell to the floor and cried in an effort to stop it.

But, between all the others, he got the badge. The only ones that had really stood against him were Dumbledore and McGonagall. All the other heads of house, along with the deputy headmaster, liked him. Even knowing that he could get into mischief, they still thought well of him.

**Great Hall**

Albus Dumbledore kept his kindly grandfather look on his face as he surveyed the students as they made their way into the hall. The look was good, as he well knew, he had practiced it for years after all.

His main focus was, as usual, the Potter brat. The boy was happily sitting with his friends like usual, and Albus hated it. He hated having to look at the boy, it was a constant reminder of the mistakes that had been made. It was even worse this year since the brat was supposed to be hunting horcruxes with his pawns.

Albus had spent every free moment this summer trying to locate one of the horcruxes so that he could show the brat that they really did exist, but he hadn’t found anything. The one place he had been sure of was the shack where the Gaunts had lived, but he hadn’t found anything.
He had hoped that he would find the Gaunt ring there. After decades of research, as well as multiple examinations of the pensive memories of the ring Tom’s grandfather had worn, Albus was sure that the stone in the ring was the resurrection stone.

Albus still remembered the stories that Gellert had told him when he was younger. He had even managed to confirm them since he now held the Elder Wand. He knew that the brat held the cloak and would be able to get it when need be. All he needed was that stone and he would become the master of death.

Then, he would live forever and have the power to force the world to become what he wanted it to be.

**Gryffindor Common Room**

Both Ron and Hermione were thrilled as they made their way into their house. Finally, they were going to get their own rooms. They finally wouldn't have to share their space with anyone else.

There was also the benefit that Hermione would be able to go into Ron’s room for… personal time. And they wouldn’t have to worry about anyone walking in on them.

**Ravenclaw Common Room**

Hadrian actually had the opposite reaction to Ron and Hermione. While having his own space might be nice, it also made him feel isolated.

He had enjoyed sharing his room with Theo. He and the other boy had formed a strong friendship. It wasn’t the same as his friendship with Draco and Neville, but they both enjoyed hanging out each night as they went over their Wizengamot paperwork. It also gave him someone to debate different bills with. The debates were always interesting and got both boys to pay more attention.

Having someone around that understood the responsibility and pressure that came with being a member of the Wizengamot at such a young age had been nice. He knew they could still meet up to discuss things, but it really wasn’t the same.

**Headmasters Office - September 16, 2007**

Albus was smugly sitting in his office as he looked over the Sunday Prophet. He had spent the first two weeks of school trying to get the boy to listen to him, but the brat was still refusing to go horcrux hunting. He had called the boy up to his office almost every other day to try and convince the boy to do what he wanted, but was continuously refused.

Merlin he couldn’t wait until Gellert managed to get the books he needed.

Albus had had to fall back on his old standby, using the press to pressure people into doing what he wanted. He had anonymously released the prophecy to the press. Now the entire wizarding populace of Britain was going to know that the boy was the only one that could defeat Tom.

He had also made sure to get the reporter to write about how the boy was going to need to be trained to be able to handle such a large responsibility and suggest him to do the training. After all,
the great Albus Dumbledore had defeated the last Dark Lord, so who better to train the boy to get him prepared.

This would force the boy to fall in line.

Hadrian was practically snarling as he entered the Headmaster’s office. He knew it had been the old fool that had released that stupid prophecy. He also knew why he did it, he hoped that Hadrian would bow to public pressure and go into training with the old man.

That was not going to happen.

“You wished to see me, again, Headmaster.” Hadrian said as he took his seat. “What is it this time?”

“Yes my boy, lemon drop?” Like always, he was refused, he needed to get this boy on potions.

“What I wished to discuss with you is your training schedule. We will need to work out the timing of things. Since you have refused to take the year off school we will need to work around your class schedule. I will set up a training schedule for you, we will just say it is advanced training for you for when you become an auror. We will also have to make time to try and determine the locations of the different horcruxes. Then we…”

Hadrian held up his hand. “Headmaster, I have not agreed to anything. My opinion on the subject hasn’t changed. I will not be involving myself in this war until I am finished school. I also have no intention of becoming an auror.”

“But you must my boy.” Albus was horrified that the boy was so selfish that he wouldn’t be willing to stand against Tom, even knowing that he was the only one who could, much to his annoyance. “It is your destiny. You are the only one that can save Britain from the dark. And being an auror would be the best career for you my boy. It will help to ensure the safety of our world.”

“How many times must I say it, YOU are NOT in charge of MY life.” Hadrian spoke slowly to try and get the man to understand. “The military and the ministry are doing a great job in protecting us, I will not be interfering in THEIR job.

I do not like divination. I will not be basing my life of some mumbo jumbo gibberish spoken by some supposed seer. Anyone that has ever studied prophecy’s knows that the only real prophecies that are fulfilled are those that someone starts on and just never stop. And they never make sense until after everything is done. So, it’s more than likely people are making the wrong assumptions.

But, even more, I already defeated him, so therefore, the prophecy has already been fulfilled.”

Albus ground his teeth, he was starting to worry that he was not going to have any teeth left by the time this was done. “I assure you, the prophecy is valid, and has yet to be fulfilled. Our world is relying on you, surely you won’t turn your back on them.

It is your time to shine my boy. You just need to step up.”

Hadrian looked at the old man’s joyous face. “NO! I have said it before, I’m saying it now, and I suspect, I will have to say it again. This constant harassment is really getting too much Headmaster.

This is not my war, and I will not endanger my life while I am still a student. If the war is still going on when I graduate then I will consider it, but not before. If you continue to call me up here every other day I feel I will have no choice but to report it to the school governors.”
With that said, Hadrian got up and marched out of the office without being given leave.

Albus just glared at the door as it closed. How dare that boy threaten him.

When that woman had given that damnable prophecy Albus had been furious. He had so many plans, but it had all been stopped that day. Albus knew that he could not defeat Tom, only the prophesied child could.

All his plans had been placed on hold until he discovered who the child was, then, James had arrived at one of the meetings with a son. When Albus had heard the boys birthdate he had known he was the child so he had arranged to place Lily in the family. He had then encouraged them to use Pettigrew as secret keeper since he knew he was a Death Eater, and then made sure Lily and James were out of the house.

He had wanted the boy to be raised with no love, taught to be submissive and malleable. Then, once the boy came to Hogwarts Albus would be able to portray himself as the kindly grandfather, making himself a hero to the abused boy. The boy would have done anything for him. Then, when the time was right, he would send the boy after Tom.

Win or lose, Albus would win. If the boy survived, then Albus would be known as the one who trained him. The boy would marry Ginny and they would have a child and then the boy would tragically die. Albus would take up regency for the child, giving him access to all the boys vaults, as well as the seats on the Wizengamot. Ginny would play the role of grieving widow, making the public adore them even more.

If the boy lost, then Albus would step in and defeat Tom while he was weak. He would once again be the hero. And, along with heaping praise on him for once again saving them, they would see him as avenging their precious Boy-Who-Lived. As the boys magical guardian he would also gain control of everything the boy had had. And if that didn’t work, then he still had James to use to gain access to the money. But all that had changed, but Albus was sure he could fix it.

All he needed was to get the boy to follow the plan.

**Stirling Lines, British Army Garrison - September 27, 2007**

Unspeakable Augustus Rookwood was sitting in a meeting with the military giving his report on what he had learned in the latest Death Eater meeting.

“You were correct General. The Dark Lord is planning an attack for Samhain. It isn’t going to be good.” Augustus sighed out, making sure not to say Voldemort since it caused his mark to hurt. “He is trying to decide between a major attack on a muggle fair or targeting Diagon Alley itself. Either way there will be plenty of deaths. Both targets are just too open, there is no way to control access without being noticeable.

He is getting more paranoid. He is worried about a spy even more since the death of Nagini. Many of his people have suffered under the cruciatus as he works his way through those he suspects might have betrayed him.”

“Has he noticed you?” General Whitcomb didn’t want to risk their spy.

“Not yet.” Augustus said. “So far he is focused on the outer circle. I was placed over 5 years before the attack on Potter-Black. Since I was there so long he believes me to be loyal. Right now he’s more focused on those that just recently joined, or who joined within the year before the last war
“What is your opinion on this attack?” The General questioned.

“We need to stop it.” Augustus really didn’t want to risk this attack. “His plans are for complete anarchy. He will be letting everyone do as they please. That includes the trolls and giants that he has managed to recruit.

So far, he has only managed to gain a few vampires and werewolves. Thankfully, it won’t be a full moon, but the vampires have been told to turn as many as possible. He wants to use this attack to get the Wizengamot to roll back the protections for magical creatures. He seems to think that will make it easier for him to sway them to his side.

He’s even more unstable since the prophecy was released. He’s trying to find a way to lure the boy out. The sources he has in the school have all been reporting that the boy is still avoiding Dumbledore, so he feels he will be an easy target.”

“This is not good.” The General sighed as he wiped his hand down his face in frustration. “The boy might be 17 and a legal adult now, but he hasn’t even graduated, we can’t send him off like a sacrificial lamb.

At the same time, we can’t risk that attack. We need to find a way to stop him.”

“I had a thought.” Augustus said, and carried on when he got a nod. “We might be over thinking this. We are so focused on defeating him in battle, but maybe we should be focusing on when he is more relaxed.”

“In what manner?” Amelia, who was also in the meeting, questioned.

“The Dark Lord ordered us to allow him the use of our house elves. One of my elves, Ritz, volunteered to work for the thing to protect the others.” Augustus had been collecting house elves from abusive homes for years and had 23 elves in his home. “Ritz got himself assigned to working in the kitchen. It’s not exactly noble, but he is more than willing to poison the food.

As it stands right now, he has no horcruxes, if he dies now, it’s over.”

“So we just poison him.” The General liked how simple that sounded.

“But what about the prophecy?” One of the others asked. “I’m not one who really believes in that sort of stuff, but what if…?”

“We talk to Hadrian.” Cedric said from his seat. “If we talked to him I’m sure he would help brew the poison, he was always good in potions.

If he brews the poison, then, technically he killed him, even if he wasn’t the one to actually do it in person.”

“It would be a way to fulfill the prophecy in the case it is valid, but it won’t include endangering a school student. It could work.” The General liked the idea. When it came to dealing with an enemy like this, you couldn’t always rely on conventional tactics.

It was decided that they would work on poisoning Voldemort as a way to not only get rid of him, but to also stop the planned Samhain attack. From there, they would need to try and limit the fall out as much as possible. The Death Eaters were not very likely to take the death of their Lord well. Thankfully, Augustus had been compiling lists of those who had the mark so that they could be
DOM - October 6, 2007

It was the first Saturday in October when Hadrian signed himself out of the school and met with Regulus and the others in a private room in the DOM. They explained the plan that they had worked out.

This seemed like the perfect compromise to him. It would allow him to stop Voldemort without having to needlessly risk lives. If he tried to go to battle against the man then many others might die since there was no way he could go up against Voldemort and all his Death Eaters alone. The last thing he wanted was another final battle like the last one.

It would shut up all those that felt it was his responsibility to deal with the problem because they were too afraid to deal with it themselves. And, he didn’t have to risk his life, it was the first time someone outside his family had ever managed to come up with a plan that did that.

So, Hadrian got to work under the supervision of Regulus, Cedric, and his papa. The recipe he was given was for an ancient poison that most didn’t know existed. Only a potions master that studied ancient potions would know of its existence.

There was a cure, but it would take a potions master to identify the poison and then brew the cure. And Voldemort currently didn’t have one of those. Once taken, the potion would kill him within 20 minutes. And as an added benefit, modern detection charms didn’t register it.

It took most of the day, but hours after he arrived in the DOM, Hadrian handed a small vial over to Augustus. He had no regret with what that potion was going to be used for.

ROR

“So, what were you up to today?” Neville asked Hadrian. He had noticed his friend had been particularly pensive since returning to the school.

Hadrian was, as usual, snuggled between Fred and George. “Brewing poison.”

Everyone sputtered at that.

“Did we…”

“Do something wrong?” The twins asked in a joking tone.

Hadrian laughed. “No. The spy the Unspeakables have in the Death Eaters has managed to find a way to spike Voldy’s food. The elf he got assigned to making Voldy’s food is more than willing to poison him for us.

But, since Dumbles released that ridiculous prophecy people seem to think it’s my job to save them. So, they had me brew the potion so it is technically me that is ‘defeating’ him.”

“So it’s almost over. That’s good.” Draco said. He was glad it was almost done.
Many in the Slytherin house were having problems. Many had parents that wanted them to join, even if they didn’t. After what had happened to Pansy the year before it had really driven the danger of siding with Voldy home for them.

Pansy had been convicted for treason and conspiracy to commit murder. But, since she was underage she couldn’t be sent to Azkaban. Instead she was sentenced to two years in a muggle juvenile correctional facility. Her magic had been bound and she had been spelled so she couldn’t speak of magic.

At the end of two years she would meet with a parole board. If she was deemed as being rehabilitated she would be released on probation. She would be monitored for 10 years. But, if she was still a blood supremacist and deemed a risk, she would be sent to Azkaban to serve another 10 years.

“It’s still going to be a week or so. They needed to get everything in place.” Hadrian warned. “They figure once he’s dead his supporters are going to flip, so they are getting people in position to monitor them so if they do anything they can pick them up quickly.”

The others agreed that it made sense and went back to chatting about how their week had been.

Undisclosed Location - October 11, 2007

Only 5 days after Hadrian brewed the poison the elderly house elf, Ritz, tipped the vial into the stew he was making for the Dark Lords lunch. Ritz had been serving his Master Augustus since before the beginning of the first war. He had seen what the Dark Lord had done to his master, and an angry house elf never forgave.

It was why he had volunteered to go into the things service. He had hoped that he would be able to help protect his master, like his master had always protected him and the other elves he had saved over the years.

Under normal circumstances no elf would willingly do anything like he was doing, but this was not normal circumstances. That thing was no longer human due to all the rituals it had done. The thing had also done nothing but cause suffering for decades, it needed to be put down like the rabid animal it was. Because of that Ritz had no regrets for what he was doing.

Voldemort sat at his private table. Due to the rituals he only needed to eat once every few days. He had felt having to take time to sit and eat multiple times a day took too much time away from taking over the world so he had used Nagini in a ritual to give himself the metabolism of a snake.

Just thinking of his familiar he once again felt the rage building. Those fools had lost him a piece of his soul. He was going to have to make another, seven was a magical number, so having seven horcruxes had to be a good thing.

An elf popped in and served him his weekly lunch. Seeing a way to get rid of some of his rage Voldemort sent a blasting curse at the little creature, slamming it against the wall where it slid to the floor and lay still.

Not really feeling any better Voldemort sent a detection spell at the food just to check, he would never trust a creature. When the spell came back clear he quickly ate the food.
Only a few moments later he started to sweat and his stomach rolled, but Voldemort ignored it. He was immortal, the creature most likely just didn’t know how to cook food suitable for wizards.

Getting up he started to head towards the creature to punish it for its failure when the agony forced him to double over. It felt like his blood was on fire as it spread through his body. Trying to force back the pain Voldemort tried to get to the door, his followers needed to fix this, or he was going to punish them more severely than ever before.

But he never made it to the door. He didn’t even manage two steps before he crumpled to the floor twitching in agony.

Less than 2 minutes later, the most feared Dark Lord died, a silent scream on his thin lips.

Ten minutes after Ritz popped away with the Dark Lords food Augustus Rookwood made his way through the manor. He sent the Death Eaters he saw away, saying that their lord had ordered it so he could give a private report. Opening the door, he stepped in the room.

The first thing he saw was the creature dead on the floor, but then he noticed Ritz. Moving quickly he went to the elf.

Ritz was alive, but injured. The impact with the wall had broken a few bones and the blasting curse itself had made a jagged circular cut over his sternum. After casting a few quick healing spells Augustus turned back to the Dark Lord.

He cast an invisibility spell on the body before levitating it up. Then, he reached down and gently gathered Ritz in his arms. Moving as fast as he could Augustus made his way out of the room, the invisible body floating behind him.

Luckily, he didn’t run into anyone as he made his way out of the building. Stepping over the ward line he grabbed the body with one hand and activated the portkey he carried.

**Stirling Lines, British Army Garrison, Medical Ward**

Augustus arrived in the medical ward. The portkey had been set to take him directly there in the event he had been injured.

Leaving the body where it fell, Augustus called to the healers and gently lay Ritz down. The healers immediately started to treat the little elf.

Turning back, Augustus removed the invisibility spell, allowing everyone to see the body on the floor.

“Is that…?” One of the healers questioned in horror.

“Yes.” Augustus nodded as he levitated the body up onto one of the beds.

Once again turning his back on the body, something he had never done when the thing had been alive, Augustus started sending off patronus messages. He alerted General Whitcomb, although he knew the man was most likely on his way since he would have been alerted to the portkey activity, Minister Shacklebolt, and Amelia Bones.
Minister’s Office

Minister Kensington Shacklebolt was in the middle of an interview with a few reporters attempting to get them to stop trying to put the responsibility of the war on Hadrian Potter-Black when a patronus zipped into his office. It still made him smile to know that Augustus Rookwoods patronus was an adorable little hummingbird.

The message was simple and to the point. “It’s done.”

Making his excuses Kensington got up and quickly left the office. He let the reporters know that he would have more to tell them when he returned.

He quickly went to the apperation point in the ministry and left.

DMLE

Amelia was just going over some paperwork when a hummingbird patronus arrived in her office giving her the same message as Kensington. She couldn’t believe it. She had known it was coming, but was still surprised that it was done.

Like Kensington she immediately left.

Stirling Lines, British Army Garrison, Medical Ward

When everyone arrived they all just took a moment to stare at the creature that had done so much damage to their world. It was over. While a few people had died, it was no where near the casualties from the last war.

Thousands had died last time this thing had been alive. This time, there were less than a dozen deaths in both the muggle and magical worlds.

“Is this Ritz?” Amelia questioned as she saw the little elf that was now awake and sitting in the bed having bandages wrapped around his chest.

“Yes, I’s bes Ritz.” The elf said with pride.

“What happened?” Kensington hadn’t thought the elf would be in any danger.

“Voldemort threw a blasting curse at him. It was before he had eaten anything, so more than likely it was just his traditional pre-lunch entertainment.” Augustus told them.

“We need to tell the public, and decide what to do with the body.” Amelia spoke up.

“It will be easy to inform the press. I was actually in the middle of an interview with a few reporters when I got the message. They will most likely be waiting for me when I return to the ministry.” Kensington said.

“I think the public will want to see the body. It will give everyone closure.” Amelia said, feeling her own closure now that she knew the rest of her family was safe. Her brother and his wife may have survived, but she still lost over a dozen members of her family to that man, including her own
father.

“How could we arrange that?” Kensington asked.

“I think we should arrange a public viewing in Diagon alley for the weekend.” The General said thoughtfully. “My, and Amelia’s, people could provide security. Allow everyone to see the body, and then use fiendfyre to destroy him so no one worries about any necromancy.”

“I would make a request.” Augustus spoke up. “I would like it announced that I was a spy. I have spent the past 20 years dealing with the suspicions of those around me, it would be nice if people would stop randomly screaming Death Eater at me.

And I think Regulus would like the same thing. He hasn’t even been able to really go out in public since he doesn’t want to draw any attention to his family.”

“We can do that. If everyone’s ready, we can do it right now.” Kensington was excited to tell everyone that they were safe. “We can go to my office and call Regulus up and get his opinion and give a press conference in an hour or so in the main atrium.”

The others all agreed. Both Amelia and General Whitcomb were going to bring a few people with them to provide security since there may be a few followers that might not take the news well. They were also going to have to make arrangements to call in extra support since there was most likely going to be public celebrations for the next few weeks and there was still a risk from those that had chosen to align with Voldemort.

Ministry Atrium

Everyone was milling about as they waited for the minister to explain what was going on. People started shifting uncomfortably when the minister took the stage with two Death Eaters. It just added to their confusion when General Whitcomb, Amelia Bones, and a heavily bandaged house elf joined them.

“Can I have everyone’s attention.” Kensington called over the crowd, he waited until everyone was quiet and paying attention to him before he spoke again. “I can see the concern you have about my guests, so allow me to explain.

We shall start with Regulus Black. Given you reactions, I can only guess that you have heard the stories of him being a Death Eater. And, I can confirm those stories. Regulus Black became a Death Eater, as a spy for the ministry. You may have heard that he was killed for being a traitor, clearly that was not the case. The reason he was believed dead was because he was severely injured completing his mission and was in a coma for years.

This is his house elf, Kreacher. When his master was injured, Kreacher carried on with the mission and destroyed the artifact that Regulus had been after. With their mission complete Kreacher returned to his master to care for him while he recovered.”

The whispers had begun as soon as Kensington had said Regulus was a spy. As the explanation finished the people that had previously been hostile cheered.

“Next, we have Augustus Rookwood. Like Regulus, Augustus took up the role of spy. You may have noticed that the military has been ready and waiting whenever the Death Eaters attacked. That was because they had already known the location of each attack days in advance thanks to him.
And this, is Augustus’s house elf, Ritz. Ritz was given a very dangerous job. Ritz has spent the last months working his way into Voldemort’s staff of elves that he had demanded from his Death Eaters. He finally managed to get himself assigned to be his personal chef.

Less than three hours ago, on the instruction of myself, Head of the DMLE, Amelia Bones, General Whitcomb, and his master, Augustus Rookwood, Ritz slipped a fast acting poison into Voldemort’s lunch. He took a blasting curse to the chest for his efforts, but they paid off.

It is with great joy that I announce to you, thanks to the combined efforts of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement under the guidance of Madame Amelia Bones, the Magical Military under the command of General Whitcomb, spies and informants such as Regulus Black and Augustus Rookwood, and all the loyal house elves like Kreacher and Ritz, Tom Marvolo Riddle, more commonly known as the Dark Lord Voldemort, has been pronounced dead.”

The atrium exploded in cheers as Kensington finished his little speech. Thankfully, since the thing was now dead Augustus would never again feel pain whenever the things moniker was spoken.

Amelia noticed as Kingsley grabbed a man that they had long suspected of being a supporter and dragged him away after Cedric had stepped up and disarmed him before he could attack. Looking around she saw as a few others were silently taken away whenever they made a move to attack any on the stage.

Holding up his hand, Kensington asked for quiet. Realizing that he really wasn’t going to get it, he just spoke over the cheering. “The body is currently being held at an undisclosed location. It has been decided that we will hold a public viewing so those in our community can see he is truly gone for themselves this weekend. At the end of the viewing period the body will be destroyed with fiendfyre so that he can never return again. We shall announce the time and place tomorrow.”

With that, Kensington opened the floor for questions.

The first reporters question had been expected. “How can we be sure that he is truly gone? The prophecy that was made public stated that Hadrian Potter-Black was the only one that could defeat him.”

“That isn’t actually what it said, it just said that he had the power to vanquish him.” Regulus stated. “That is something that he did as a toddler. We have no evidence that that prophecy was still valid.”

“But, just to be sure,” Amelia stood next to Regulus. “We requested that Hadrian come to the ministry last week. We explained the situation to him and he agreed with our plan. Under our guidance and observation, Hadrian brewed the poison that was used from a recipe that was supplied by the DOM.”

That seemed to be enough to satisfy those that believed in the prophecy and they turned their attention to other aspects of what happened.

Hogwarts, Great Hall

Everyone was sitting down to dinner when the special editions of both The Prophet and The Seer were delivered. Both carried the blaring headlines announcing the death of Voldemort. Although The Prophet still referred to him as You-Know-Who.
The hall became a cacophony of noise as the students read the news. Most of the students were thrilled to know that the war, that really wasn’t a war, was over. The danger was gone.

The children of the Death Eaters were conflicted. Those that hadn’t wanted to join but had been being threatened and pressured by others were secretly thrilled, but didn’t want to risk showing it. Those that were true believers were furious, but couldn’t risk showing it.

Hadrian was keeping his head down and focusing on his food. He didn’t want to have to deal with the other students on this subject. Many had, like Dumbledore, wanted him to start training and go off to fight Voldemort.

He had gotten into a few debates about who’s job it was to deal with the security of their country. In all, Hadrian just didn’t want to deal with it anymore. He had lost respect for plenty of the other students, and even a few of the teachers.

Albus just stared at the words on the paper. This couldn’t be possible. No one had run this headline past him.

He needed Voldemort out killing people. How had they managed to do this without him knowing? They hadn’t even given him any credit. Blast them all. They had ruined everything.

He was going to have to get the boy back into his office. Thankfully, the ministry didn’t know about the horcruxes so he still had that angle to use.

If all else failed, he could use one of the horcruxes that the boy collected to bring Voldemort back again. That would make the ministry and military look incompetent since they had stated that he was gone for good.

Once he got the ritual books he could fix all this, and even better, Gellert would be free once again. They could just go back to their original rolls if needs be. It might take a bit of work to get Gellert to trust him again, but Albus was sure he could do it.

Hogsmeade - October 13, 2007

There were people everywhere on the day that the public viewing of Voldemort was scheduled. The original plan of displaying the body in Diagon Alley had been scrapped since there just wouldn’t be enough room. Based off the response the ministry had gotten to the announcement of the viewing, the predictions were that thousands of witches and wizards would come. The alley could only hold a maximum of a few hundred in any one area, and with that there would be almost no ability to move.

The decision had been made to move it to Hogsmeade. The town was larger so could accommodate more people. It also had the benefit that any of the students that wanted to attend could.

The entire town was decorated that day. A vast majority had been celebrating for the past two days and this was just a continuation of that. The townsfolk had covered their houses in elaborate decorations. All the shops and restaurants were open and offering some extremely good deals, and doing a brisk business because of it.
There was a podium set up in the middle of the town square where the body would be placed. It would allow for everyone to view it from all sides.

No one failed to notice what looked like every single auror and at least half the military were also making their way through the town. A few people had already been removed for causing problems. Although everyone was happy and celebrating, there was still an air of caution since there were still Death Eaters around. But, after so many months, they had come to trust in the aurors and soldiers to protect them.

By mid afternoon, the preserved body of Voldemort was portkeyed directly onto the podium. The entire podium was warded so that no one could get on it. They didn’t want to risk anything, especially since the entire podium was going to be burned within a few hours.

There were plenty of screams and yells of terror when people got the first look at the monster that had stalked their nightmares for years. It truly was a disturbing sight. The local green grocer had been selling fruit and vegetables that they had used magic to make spoil. So, after the initial fear had passed, people started pelting the podium with rotten fruit and vegetables. The shield around the podium kept any of it from touching the body, but it made the people feel better to have an outlet.

It was a Hogsmeade weekend, so many of the students were making a game of it. Thanks to a petition that had been signed by over 500 parents or guardians in less than two days even the younger years got to attend. Although, the first and second years were put in groups and assigned a staff member to watch over them just incase there were any issues.

In all, the town had a circus like atmosphere.

It was just as the sun started to go down that two hooded and robed Unspeakable stepped forward. Each taking an end of the podium, they cast fiendfyre.

Despite all the laughing and partying the people had done throughout the afternoon, it was almost completely silent as everyone watched the cursed flames consume the podium, body and all as it reached towards the sky.

As the Unspeakables forced the flames out, an all mighty cheer rose up as the party atmosphere returned.

**Hogwarts - October 31, 2007**

Hadrian was thrilled after he finished the Samhain ritual and returned to his dorm for the night. Not a single thing had gone wrong for him all day. It seemed the curse that had always seemed to exist on this day for him was finally broken.

**Headmaster’s Office - November 3, 2007**

Hadrian should have known that the good times couldn’t last forever. Only a few days after the
burning of Voldemort he was once again called up to the headmaster’s office.

“You wished to see me, again, Headmaster.” Hadrian said as he walked into the office before he froze and had to force back a snarl.

Sitting at the desk was Granger, Weasley, and, now, Prewett. The only free chair sat between Granger and Prewett, and there was no way he was going to sit there, so he took his papa’s place leaning against the wall.

“Please have a seat my boy. Lemon drop?” Albus smiled. He was going to get what he wanted if it was the last thing he did.

“No, thank you. I’m fine where I am.” Hadrian didn’t move at all, he wanted to smirk at the glare he got from Granger, but held back.

Albus’s smile became slightly brittle. “As you wish. Now my boy, I called you up here to discuss the horcruxes. As you know, Voldemort created many of them, and, although he has once again lost his body, he will still return. The only way to stop it is to find and destroy them.

Since you have kept refusing to deal with the problem while you’re still a student, we still have some time. You will be graduating soon and then you can finish the job that was started with the temporary destruction of Voldemort.

I have spoken with Hermione, Ron, and Ginny, and they have all offered to assist you in determining where the horcruxes are hidden.”

With a flick of his wand, Hadrian cast the patronus spell and gave it a quick message before sending it off. This time, his patronus wasn’t Prongs, instead it was a perfect copy of his animagus form that Fred and George had named Chaos. He sent Chaos to his dad, requesting to have Regulus floo to the headmasters office so he could explain about the destruction of the horcruxes.

“Well, are you going to say anything?” Hermione demanded.

She really didn’t like how rude Hadrian was being. When the Headmaster had explained to them about what a horcrux was, and how He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had created many of them she had been horrified. Her horror had turned to anger when he told them that he had told Hadrian about it the year before, but Hadrian was refusing to help destroy them.

“What was that?” Ron questioned, looking to where the silver animal had been.

“What a cute fox.” Ginny giggled.

“Honestly Ron, it’s a patronus. We covered them in DADA just last month.” Hermione glared at the boy, he really needed to pay more attention.

“But it’s a shield. Why summon one now?” Ron tried to distract Hermione.

“A little known fact about patroni is that they can also be used to deliver messages.” Albus explained to the three of them when Hermione also was at a loss. “It is a very advanced spell, well done Hadrian, but I must ask, who are you sending a message to? We can’t have everyone knowing about this. It really is for the greater good to keep those with knowledge of horcruxes to a minimum.”

“The person I sent a message to already knows about them, not to worry Headmaster.” Hadrian said just as the floo flared green and a robed figure stepped out.
“Percy?” Ron and Ginny questioned.

The figure waved his wand casting multiple privacy charms before lowering his hood. “Not quite. Hello Hadrian, headmaster.”

“Your Regulus Black.” Hermione stated, remembering him from his picture in the paper.

“Yes, I am.” Regulus confirmed before turning to Hadrian. “What is it that you needed Hadrian?”

“The Headmaster is concerned about Voldy’s horcruxes. And wanting me to spend the rest of the year trying to figure out where they are before going in search of them once I finish school. I figured you could set him right.”

“Happily.” Regulus smiled at Hadrian, sending a quick wink to the portrait of Phineas Black before turning back to the others. “There is no need to worry Headmaster Dumbledore, the horcruxes have been destroyed.”

“I…I beg your pardon?” Albus was lost. This couldn’t be happening.

“That was my assignment Headmaster. I was assigned to find and destroy any and all horcruxes.” Regulus smiled. “There are no more horcruxes belonging to Tom Riddle.”

“I feel I must disagree with you my boy. I know of one that still exists.” Albus countered. He knew that the boy in front of him was one.

“No Headmaster, there aren’t.” Regulus’s eyes went hard. He knew the old man wanted Hadrian to die for his so called greater good. “You see, most don’t know the real history of horcruxes. Most think Harpo the Fowl created them, but he really didn’t. Horcruxes have been around for thousands of years. But, under the reign of Hatshpsute in 1465 BC, anything involved in the creation of a horcrux was ordered destroyed. She felt that the practice was vial and would not have it in her kingdom. All scrolls or documents that even mentioned them were destroyed.

Harpo the Fowl actually discovered them through reading the scrolls that Hatshepsut’s nephew Thutmose III had saved and hidden. Because of this, curse breakers often find them buried in tombs in Egypt.

Since people often used objects of great value to store a horcrux, since they think it wouldn’t be destroyed, the goblins developed a technique that would allow them to transfer the horcrux from its original vessel to a new one. That is why, after the item was purged, the diadem of Rowena Ravenclaw was placed in the Ravenclaw vaults. All the artifacts of value were returned to their rightful owners of course.

So there is no need to worry Headmaster, we purged the horcruxes and then destroyed them.”

Albus blinked. They knew the boy had been a horcrux, and they had had it removed. It couldn’t be. They couldn’t just do that. Everything he had planned on for decades had been destroyed with that simple act. How dare they destroy everything once again?

All the things he had been working out were once again for not, and it was all because of that brat having a family.

“If that is all, I’m leaving.” Hadrian said and then walked out the door without waiting.

“I know you have been told this many times headmaster, but I feel I must add my voice to the others.” Regulus turned on the man. “You are a headmaster. Your job is to run a school, that is it.
Leave the rest to others, because it is their jobs. And, stop pestering my nephew.”

Turning away, Regulus flooed away. Phineas just laughed in his frame, earning himself a glare from Dumbledore.

“Who does he think he is?” Hermione muttered under her breath in annoyance.

“What are we supposed to do now?” Ron questioned. “If the horcruxes are destroyed then it’s done. How are we supposed to get control of Potter now?”

“You three should go and finish your homework and leave things to me.” Dumbledore suggested in a flat voice.

As soon as the door closed behind the three students Albus let his magic lash out, almost completely obliterating his office in his pure rage.

50 years. He had been working on the plan for over 50 years. And they had just destroyed everything.

No more Dark Lord. No more horcruxes. And he was getting no credit. This was Albus’s worst nightmare.

It took a few hours, but Albus managed to collect himself. And fix his office once again.

The horcruxes may have been destroyed, somehow allowing the brat to live, but the public didn’t know that. There was a chance he might be able to force them to show him all the objects that were used to house the horcruxes.

With a bit of skill he would be able to switch out the Gaunt ring with a fake. That would allow him to get his hands on the resurrection stone. And, since the ring would be a fake, then there could be no way it was the real horcrux. He could claim that the ring was a decoy and the real one was still out there.

He wouldn’t have an actual Dark lord to fight against, but the threat of one would be useful. At least, until Gellert was free and went back to his old ways.

DMLE, Amelia Bones’s Office - November 12, 2007

Amelia Bones was ready to murder senile old coots. Albus had publicly announced the fact that Voldemort had created horcruxes. Going so far as to explain what they were and what they did.

Oh, she fully understood why he did it. The man was trying to put himself in the middle of things like usual. He didn’t want to have to admit that Voldemort was gone ad he hadn’t been involved.

But it did cause fear to re-emerge. People had just started to calm down as they started to feel safe once again. Now their fear levels were rising once again as they worried the threat would return.

The ministry had put out a press release saying that they had known about the existence of the horcruxes and had already tracked them down and destroyed them. But people were still on edge.

The good thing was that people had started bringing in all kinds of things that they felt might have been a horcrux. Most were just everyday things, and the occasional family heirloom that had been
forgotten about, but there were a few extremely dangerous dark artifacts that had been brought in that they promptly confiscated and sent to be destroyed. They made sure to explain what it was and why they were confiscating it. They didn’t want to risk people thinking that there really were more horcruxes out there.

School Board Meeting Room - December 2, 2007

James was sitting in the school board meeting once again. He was pleased that they finally had what they needed, it was just frustrating that it had taken so long.

Once the meeting had officially been opened James called everyones attention. “I am putting forward a motion to request the retirement of Headmaster Dumbledore.”

Everyone was slightly shocked at that, they might not respect him as much as they once had, but many still looked up to the man.

“Can you give us your reason?” Rowan Finnigan asked.

“Of course.” James agreed. “One thing I feel we shouldn’t forget is just how this school was running before the board stepped in. He had been systematically canceling classes and cutting back on the material that was taught. Even now he still puts forward motions to try and remove classes every year. The students deserve to get the best education we can provide them and for some reason he doesn’t want that.

But, that isn’t my main issue. My first main issue is that he has not actually been doing his job. As you will all remember, a few years ago we set up wards that would keep track of how much time professors spend working. It was to keep track of the amount of overtime that is put in on marking. That records the hours for everyone, headmaster included.”

James sent copies of the hours sheet to everyone. “If you look at that you will see that he only worked a total of 9 hours on Hogwarts business in all of November. He has just been passing his work off to the rest of the staff so he can do as he pleases.

And what he seems to want to do is fear monger about Voldemort returning… Again.”

“Well, from what he has said…” Rowan shrugged, letting people draw their own conclusions.

James pulled out more papers and passed them around. “The ministry has known about the horcruxes for years and has tracked them down and destroyed them. This is the magical death certificate. According to lady magic herself, he’s dead. So unless you think Albus Dumbledore knows more than Lady Magic…”

Everyone looked at the death certificate. Dumbledore had been doing everything to block it’s release. “He really is dead!” A few muttered happily.

“And my final issue is the constant harassment of my son.” James growled.

“Harassment?” Helen Davis was surprised by this.

“Yes, ever since his first your Albus has been calling Hadrian up to his office for pointless reasons. He has even tried to stop Hadrian from coming home on holidays. Last year he even tried to convince him to drop out for some reason.
But this year has been the worst. In the first few months of school Hadrian was called up to see Albus almost every other day. According to Hadrian it was always the same thing. Albus wanted him to go horcrux hunting. And, he wanted him to do it with Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, and Ginny Prewett for some reason.

It only finally stopped two weeks ago when Hadrian just started to refuse to go up and see him anymore since the only thing it has to do with his education is to try and stop it.”

“He actually tried to get students to drop out?” Ethan Grove asked in shock, he was the new governor that had replaced Molly.

“Yes. I just think that Hogwarts and her students aren’t Albus’s first priority anymore.” James said. “If we request the retirement now, we can have the rest of the school year as a transition period. The new Headmaster can step into place, and Albus can, hopefully, assist in getting them used to the position.

Since Albus has been Headmaster for over 50 years he is entitled to continue to live on school grounds so he will be around. It will allow Albus to bow out with dignity.”

James really wanted to drive the man out while pelting him with stink bombs, but knew many wouldn’t understand his view point.

“And can we assume that you are recommending your own husband step into that roll?” Gunther Vane questioned.

“No.” James smiled. “That is actually something that is supposed to be addressed later on. Severus’s contract is up at the end of this year and he has already decided that he does not wish to renew. Teaching has never been Severus’s passion. He truly only took the position to help protect the students when he was a spy, but since the war is finally over for good, he feels he can leave and know the students are safe.

He is planning on going back to research. Over the years he has gotten multiple requests to work on developing potions to treat all kinds of illnesses but has had to reject them since he just doesn’t have the time. He doesn’t want to do that anymore.

I spoke with him and he said that he would be happy to come in once or twice a month to work with the NEWT level students if the school wants, but he doesn’t want to teach full time anymore.”

“So we are going to need a new headmaster, deputy headmaster, and potions master.” Helen said in slight shock. “I think we should first vote about whether or not we should request the retirement of the headmaster.”

When the vote was called, it was unanimous, which was exactly what they needed. There was no way around it now.

“What do we do if he refuses to retire?” Gunther asked.

“Since the vote was unanimous he has no choice.” Alice said. “He can either retire with dignity or he will be forced out and everyone will know.”

A few started getting a little nervous, but Rowan put a stop to that. “Don’t you lot start getting twitchy now. It’s too late. It’s done. He’s out.

Honestly. The man isn’t doing his job and is actively encouraging students to drop out. That is in no way acceptable for a headmaster. If anyone else had a full time job and only showed up for 9
hours in a month they would be fired, and he is no different. At least we are giving him the chance to retain his dignity, most employers wouldn’t waste their time with things like that.”

James glanced between Alice and Narcissa with a small smirk. He really was glad that Rowan was willing to be so blunt and didn’t care about how others felt about it.

“Now we just need to determine who should take up the rolls.” Helen said. “Since Severus is planning on leaving we should also select a new deputy so they can transition in as well.

Does anyone have any suggestions?”

“I think, right off the bat, we should state that Minerva McGonagall will not be moved into either position. After what happened last time she was deputy I think it would be better to select someone else.” Narcissa said.

“Agreed.” was heard around the room.

“I would like to nominate Filius Flitwick as headmaster.” Pandora Lovegood said. “He has been teaching here for 30 years. He is well liked and responsible enough to handle the position.”

“What is your opinions?” James looked to the four students on the board.

The students whispered amongst themselves before Padma Patil nodded and cleared her throat. “We agree. Professor Flitwick has always been seen as one of the fairest professors. All the students in his house know that we can come to him with any issue and he will always do his best to help us, that isn’t something we have with the current headmaster.

It will be a little sad to not have him as our charms professor, but it’s only the natural progression of his career. We’re sure the replacement professor will be qualified.

If not him, then we would nominate Professor Sprout. Like Professor Flitwick, she is fair and approachable. She would make the students feel safe.”

“What if we placed Filius Flitwick as Headmaster, and Pomona Sprout as deputy.” Gunther suggested. “They can start to move into the positions over the next few months along side their teaching responsibilities. We could request that the assistant head of house for Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff step into the full position and allow them to select their assistants. That would free up the other two to begin to step into their new positions.

I’m not sure how much help Albus will be, but I’m sure Severus will be there to assist. Between the three of them they should be able to manage.”

“Agreed.” Everyone said.

All that was left to do on this subject was to write up the letter informing Dumbledore, Flitwick, and Sprout of the board decision. Filius and Pomona could still refuse, but they didn’t think they would. The only one that couldn’t refuse was Dumbledore.

James let out a small smile. It had taken over a decade, but Albus Dumbledore was out of his final position of power.

After that the meeting carried on, including looking over the recommendations Severus gave for his own replacement as professor.
Filius Flitwick’s Office

Filius was all smiles as he looked down at the formal letter from the school governors requesting him to transition into the roll of headmaster over the next few months. He had never thought something like this could happen for him.

Although their world was becoming more open and accepting he had never thought it had gone this far. Albus had been the first headmaster that wasn’t a pureblood from an old family. And now, he was going to be the first headmaster that wasn’t completely human. No other with goblin heritage had ever been placed in such a powerful position, he couldn’t wait to tell his family.

But first, he had a class to teach in a few minutes.

Pomona Sprout’s Office

Like Filius, Pomona was pleased with the offer she had just gotten. She knew what many thought of her house, they were the house that took those that just weren’t good enough to get in one of the other houses. But she could change that.

Despite those like Amelia Bones coming from her house, there was still a stigma against those of Hufflepuff. She would show them just what a puff could do.

Glancing at the clock, she saw that she had a class in a few minutes, after that she was going to go speak to Severus. She was worried about why she was being offered his position. She didn’t want to take her colleagues position, but if he was willingly giving it to her then she hoped he would be willing to teach her how to handle the responsibility. She would also need to meet with her assistant head of house, Bathsheba Babbling, to inform her that she was to become the full head of house and would need to select her own assistant.

Headmaster’s Office

The entire office was destroyed. All the former headmasters had been forced to flee their portraits in a bid for safety. The owl that still looked like Fawkes had fled to the owlry.

Albus was sitting at his charred desk, staring down at the remains of the letter the board had sent him. It had informed him that he was being requested to retire. It also stated that his retirement had gotten a unanimous vote, so if he refused he would be publicly fired.

The letter detailed why it was that he was being requested to step down and covered his lack of doing Hogwarts related work, his endangerment of the students, his disregard for maintaining the wards, and his harassment of a student.

Didn’t they understand everything he had done was to save their world? They had no right to do this, and he couldn’t even stop it yet. If he announced what they were doing then everyone would know about him being fired. His reputation was strong, but not strong enough to withstand that right now.

He was going to make each and every one of those fools suffer once he regained his power. They would be public outcasts and no one would ever take them seriously again by the time he was done with them.
The only good thing was that he had gotten a message from Gellert that had been passed through his followers. He had managed to locate the ritual books that Albus wanted.

Everything would be set to hand over in April. The reason for the wait was that it took time for Gellert to move things around since he technically wasn’t supposed to have contact with the outside world so he couldn’t do anything to draw attention to what they were doing.

Once Albus had those books he could fix things. It would probably only take a month or so to get everything he needed for the rituals.

And then, their world would be fixed.

Severus Prince-Peverell’s Office - December 8, 2007

Severus smiled as he thought about the news, and certain peoples reactions to it, that had come out over the past week.

The day after the school board meeting it had been publicly announced that Albus was retiring and that Filius was going to be the new headmaster. In all, the public was actually very supportive of the idea.

He knew that if they knew that Albus was being forced into retiring there would be those that would protest the action, but since they actually thought it was his idea they were supportive. There were also those that had students in the school that had heard for years about the lack of care Albus had for the kids.

Every day there were new articles about the changes the school would be under going over the coming months. The Prophet had tried insinuating that without Albus the school would be in danger, but since Voldemort was gone, they couldn’t really identify any real threat so most just ignored it. Instead, people were excited about a fresh start. Both Filius and Pomona were well liked by pretty much everyone.

Severus had taken great pleasure surreptitiously watching Albus’s face each morning as the papers were delivered. The man was doing a relatively decent job at hiding his real feelings on what was happening, but to anyone who really knew him his fury was obvious.

That fury was only exacerbated by the fact that the only people that had stepped forward to publicly request he not retire was Molly and a few of his other blind followers, and the public was mostly ignoring them. Molly in particular was actually only making things worse.

The womans once pristine public image had been tarnished over the years. Now, most people ignored her or actively went out of their way to disagree with her. That would only make Molly angry and start ranting like a crazy woman.

She had repeatedly argued with the fact that she hadn’t been informed of the board meeting when she was a member. So, since she hadn’t been there they couldn’t claim it was a unanimous vote. The other governors had just pointed out she had missed the summer meeting without due notice and as such she had been stripped of her position so they hadn’t had to inform her of anything. Which just set the woman off once again.

Now, he was meeting with Filius and Pomona. He had already assured Pomona that he didn’t want
the job and told her that he would be leaving the school at the end of the year to go back into research. The board had indeed already decided that he would be invited back to the NEWT level practical classes twice a month to work with the students.

When the next semester started both Filius and Pomona would be starting to step into their new positions. Filius was going to suggest a replacement charms master for his class to help him. The new charms master would begin to take over so Filius could start to focus on the headmaster position, but Filius would still do some of the teaching for the NEWT students since they would be starting their review for the end of year tests.

Today he was going to start teaching them what their new responsibilities were going to be. Albus should have been showing Filius, but the man was, once again, not at the school. He had actually been going out of his way to try and limit what Filius knew about his new position in hopes that he would fail and Albus would have his spot back.

The afternoon was spent giving the two a breakdown of the different paperwork each job required. Since Albus hadn’t been around much Severus had been doing both the headmaster and deputy headmasters work, so they really didn’t even need Albus to show Filius.

They had even gone up to the headmasters office so Filius could see where he would be working and to get him acquainted with the past headmasters. The previous headmasters were thrilled to meet Albus’s replacement. After so many years, they had little to no respect for the man anymore.

Both Filius and Pomona were startled to see just how little Albus actually had to do with the school. He might have been living there and going to have his meals in the great hall to give the impression that he was around, he was almost never there anymore.

**Peverell Manor - December 24, 2007**

Hadrian was sitting nervously in one of the sitting rooms waiting for his family. He had gotten a letter that was more than a little concerning.

“Hadrian, what is it?” James asked as he sat down across from his son.

Fred and George were to either side of Hadrian, Severus was next to James, and Sirius and Remus had taken the two wing backed chairs.

“I got a surprising letter.” Hadrian held out the letter. “It’s from Gellert Grindelwald. He wanted to meet with me next week. He even included how we can gain access to the castle he’s in.”

“You aren’t going.” Severus said instantly. He didn’t want his son anywhere near that man.

“He included this.” Hadrian held out a picture of Abe and Cassiopeia at the winery in France. The picture held last weeks date on it.

Sirius took the picture. This wasn’t good. They couldn’t risk Albus learning that Aberforth was still alive.

“I think I should meet with him.” Hadrian saw his family getting ready to argue the point. “I won’t be going alone of course, I’m not that reckless. But we do know that he knows more about Dumbles than anyone else. And we can’t risk Abe.

I want to know what he wants.”
The others didn’t really like it, but they did need to know to know what the old man knew.

In the end, they agreed that Hadrian would go, but Fred, George, and Severus would be going with him. James, Sirius, and Remus would remain outside the prison. If the others didn’t return within an hour they would get help.

Nurmengard Castle - January 2, 2008

Hadrian was nervous as he and the others were guided into Nurmengard Castle. The man he was going to meet with was a Dark Lord that was on par with Voldemort. But unlike Voldemort, he wasn’t completely insane.

Once they were in the main part of the castle they were led to a sitting room. It wasn’t overly lavish, but it was still decently appointed.

“Please, have a seat gentlemen.” Gellert indicated the seats opposite him as he set down one of his books. “I would offer you tea, but I think we all know none of you will eat or drink anything while you all are here.”

“Thank you.” Severus said as he and the others sat. He knew better than to be openly rude to this man. “We only have an hour, so please, let’s not waste time with pleasantries.”

“To the point then, I like that.” Gellert smiled. “So you are Fredrick and George Weasley-Prewett, I am not surprised to see that you would come with your soul mate. And then we have Severus Prince-Peverell, previously Prince-Potter. I’m glad you chose to attend, I have read all of the different papers you’ve put out, your work is incredible.

And, of course, the man of the hour, Hadrian Potter-Black, I can’t tell you just how pleased I am to finally get to meet you.

It has been delightful to watch you systematically destroy the little world Albus had created for himself over the past decade.”

Gellert was pleased to see the complete lack of shock on the young man’s face, it helped to confirm a part of one of his theories about him.

“It has been fun to do, but I can’t take all the credit. All I have really done is just say no.” Hadrian looked the man dead in the eye.

“So modest. To what I wished to discuss with you. I wish to request your assistance with Albus.”

Gellert sat forward slightly.

“And just what do you have planned?” Hadrian questioned hesitantly, it would be foolish to forget just what this man was capable of.

“I only wish to do to him what he has done to me. As I am sure you are aware of, Albus and I were once partners until he betrayed me. Over the decades he has come to visit me often, always boasting about how his plans have been working out perfectly. That is, until you.

I have waited patiently for a chance to put an end to his machinations, and that time has finally arrived.” Gellert had a far away look in his eyes for a moment.

“And what would you want for Hadrian to do to assist you?” Severus questioned, he wasn’t going
to risk his son.

“Excuses.” Gellert returned to the present. “My people and I will be dealing with Albus in a few months time. All that we require from you is to use your contacts to make an excuse for his disappearance.”

“Why do you want to do that?” Fred questioned.

“He seems to be working from a plan the two of you created, so why stop him now?” George added.

“I am well aware of what people think of me. I earned every bit of fear and disgust. I will admit that when I was first imprisoned here I was ready to kill everyone involved, but as time has passed, I have seen the error of my ways.

The arrogance of youth has given way to the wisdom of old age. I have come to regret my actions. And I have accepted that my imprisonment is the penance I must pay for my crimes.

Looking back, as I often do, I can acknowledge that I was wrong. The only justification that I can offer anymore is that I truly believed that I was doing the right thing. I did not set out to be the villain, I was intent on being the hero.

Given what I was reading at the time I was lead to believe that our world would die if we did not take immediate action. I saw myself as a freedom fighter or a liberator. But, time has shown me that I was wrong. Given that the magical world is still going strong I have no choice but to face the fact that I was wrong.

In truth, I feel my punishment should have been worse than this given what I did. However, we can not change the past, well, most of us can not. But now, it is Albus’s turn to pay what he has done.”

“You didn’t answer why you chose to act now?” Hadrian pointed out. He had heard in his last life that Grindelwald had come to regret his actions, but he actually hadn’t really believed it, but now he was starting to.

“He was just too much of a public figure for his disappearance to go unnoticed or investigated. I had to wait until his little world started to crumble around him. You have taken care of that for me.

But, the most important thing is that he came to visit me over the summer. He was seeking some of my old ritual books. I managed to delay him, but the delays will not last forever. Either I give him what he wants or he will find another way to get it, and none of us can risk that.”

“And just what is so dangerous about these rituals, more than the expected of course?” Severus was getting concerned. When Albus dabbled in ritual magic it was never a good thing.

“The first ritual he wanted would allow him to strip away a persons complete personality and replace it with one of his choosing. I hope I do not have to tell you who he is planning on using it on.” Gellert, and everyone looked to the dark haired young man. “But it is the second ritual that is the real danger. It is the arcane temporal commutatio ritual.

To the general public it is an old Atlantian ritual that would allow an individual to rewrite time. That is not the truth. While it will allow the caster to rewrite time itself, it comes at a terrible cost. Two of the most well known instances of this ritual being used was Atlantis and Pompeii. Powering the ritual takes the lives of thousands.
Albus knows this, but he will never allow that to stand in his way. Albus has always been willing to sacrifice others to get what he wants.”

“What are you going to do?” Hadrian chose to ignore the implications of the rituals for the moment.

“I have already informed him that I will have the books he requires by April. But, when he comes to collect them, he will be joining me in this prison that we created together. Albus Dumbledore will never again leave Nurmengard Castle.

You see, I have come to learn that this is the perfect punishment for him. Albus will be able to watch as the world moves on without him. He will read the paper as you remove his work and fix the world he was in the process of breaking and see he was wrong.” Gellert’s voice once again became distant as he finished his thought.

“But how will you contain him?” Hadrian asked.

“The same way I am contained.” Gellert pulled open his robes slightly to display a deep rune etching on his chest. “This rune reaches right down to the bone of my sternum. It permanently binds my magic and anchored me to these walls. If I ever try to leave these grounds the magic that it contains will turn inward and kill me.

My people are already in the process of getting the ritual to do this ready for him, that is why we must wait to put things into motion. Albus will be bound just as he had done to me.”

“But people will notice he is here.” Fred said.

“All those that guard these grounds are my people and have no problem imprisoning the one that betrayed us. The only time an outsider enters this place is the ICW representatives do a bi-decade review. And when that happened then we can just restrain him in a different part of the castle.”

“I don’t mean to be rude, but, if you have so much control here, why have your people not moved forward with your plans?” George asked. “You might not be able to leave, but you could still lead.”

Gellert smiled at him. “I could, but as I said, I can admit I was wrong. It took over 20 years for my people to get into place, and by then, I had accepted my failings.

I did terrible things. I am man enough to admit that. I do not wish to be responsible for more death and destruction.”

Gellert turned his eyes to Hadrian. “I remember a man with your name. I would apologize for his death, but I would not wish to lessen his sacrifice. I may have killed him, but I never had anything but the greatest respect for the man.

My people have sworn their life and magic to my will, and my will is that they do not repeat the mistakes of the past. They respect my wishes. Our war has ended, as it never should have begun.

Now, you only have a little time left, I would recommend you take your leave now. The last thing any of us need is for anyone to know you were here.”

The others started to get up but Hadrian turned back before he left. “We will help you. When do you need us to start making excuses for his disappearance?”

“Albus will most likely announce he is going on some trip or another around the middle of April. All I need from you is to ensure the story gets around and then make excuses when he doesn’t
return, but most will not take much notice of his lack of return for at least a few weeks. You only need to worry about things when people start to take notice.

I would recommend you speak with my Great Aunt. She has plenty of old photos of the two of us when we were younger. You could hand those over to reporters and use those to work on discrediting him if anyone starts pushing to find his location.”

Hadrian nodded and turned, leaving with the others.

Filius Flitwick’s Office - January 7, 2008

Filius was proud as he started his first day as the headmaster.

He was still in his old office since Albus still hadn’t vacated the headmasters office. Over the holidays the man had made non-stop excuses about why he couldn’t clear his stuff out of, what was now, his old office.

But Filius really didn’t care. It actually worked better for him to still be using the one he had been using for so many years. While he was starting to take over the paperwork involved with being headmaster, he was still doing some teaching. The school governors had already managed to hire a new charms master, but Filius was just helping to get him used to his new position.

For this semester it would just be easier for him to keep his old office down in the main part of the school near his classroom. He was just grateful that he had Pomona and Severus there to help him do all the extra work he now had. The new charms master and the teaching assistants that Filius had previously hired would, from now on, be handling the marking for all the years except for the seventh years, he didn’t want all these changes to effect the students that would be taking their NEWTs in only a few more months.

The school governors had arranged for new quarters for Albus to have since he was allowed to remain at the school, but the man was refusing to move into them meaning Filius would have to wait to move into the headmasters quarters. In truth, Albus was behaving like a toddler throwing a temper tantrum. He was refusing to do anything he was asked and was completely ignoring anyone that said anything he didn’t like. The week before, during a staff meeting, Albus had ended up all but yelling over Filius when some one asked a question for the headmaster.

Filius was slightly concerned about how he was going to handle becoming headmaster when Albus was still living in the school. The older man just wasn’t willing to let go and take a step back.

Headmaster’s Quarters

Albus had sealed himself in his private quarters. He still couldn’t believe that those stupid governors thought they could take his position from him.

He had signed the resignation letter, but that had only been done so the fools wouldn’t try to fire him publicly like was threatened. He was sure that the public backlash would have been enough to force them to reverse the decision, but it hadn’t been. The idiot public actually thought the retirement had been his idea and were supporting it.

Then there was the fact that they were replacing him with Filius Flitwick. Albus had never really liked him, and that had only gotten worse when he had stood between him and forcing the Potter
brat into compliance. Armondo Dippet had been the one to hire him and by the time Albus had
gotten control from the senile man Flitwick had had tenure and he hadn’t been able to find a way to
get him out of the school without causing an incident with the goblin nation.

And that was why Albus hated the fact that Filius was supposedly going to replace him. He was ¼
goblin.

Those idiots had put a part creature in control of Hogwarts.

There was no way Albus Dumbledore was going to allow a creature to take control of his precious
school. And that was why Albus had sealed his quarters and office as best as he could.
Unfortunately Severus, as acting deputy headmaster, could override the seal on his office and
allow limited access.

Once the summer came the wards would be updated and transferred to the creatures control.

All Albus could do now was wait for Gellert to get in contact saying that he had the books. Then
Albus would be able to fix everything.

**Molly’s Flat - January 19, 2008**

Molly was furious as she fixed lunch for the kids. She wasn’t mad at them, she could never be
really mad at them, but she was mad at everything else.

She still couldn’t believe that she had been kicked off the school board. Then to make matters
worse, once she was gone those people had been so stupid as to force Albus to resign. And, they
also didn’t even give the position to Minerva as they should, instead they gave it to a creature and a
woman that did nothing but garden.

Didn’t they understand just how foolish that was. She knew that people were saying that He-Who-
Must-Not-Be-Named was gone for good, but she didn’t believe it. Albus had spoken with her about
it and had assured her that he wasn’t truly gone. She was making sure to tell everyone who came to
her restaurant the truth. The ministry was just hiding the truth because they didn’t want to admit
that they needed Albus’s help.

Turning away from the stove she levitated the food over to the children. Both Ron and Ginny
grabbed their favourites immediately. Ever since the meeting with the healers the year before the
food they could have at the school was limited. Both of them had had to stick to the proper diet
during the summer as well since their mum wasn’t there to make sure they got what they wanted.

Even now, after everything, their mum still limited the amount of junk food they were allowed. It
was annoying, but they both did have to admit that they were starting to feel a bit better. Both had
more energy and Ron didn’t feel like he was going to die every time he had to go up all the stairs
that lead to Gryffindor Tower.

Molly really wasn’t sure if she really liked the changes in the children. She did enjoy that they had
started to behave in a more mature manner, but she didn’t like them pulling away from her and the
path that she and the headmaster had set out for them.

Ginny was still interested in the Potter boy, just like they wanted, but she was also looking at
others. Molly had heard her daughter discussing a few other boys. Thankfully, in Molly’s opinion,
they were all from titled and/or wealthy families. The Potter boy was the best option because of
everything he had coupled with his fame, but if they couldn’t fix him soon then her baby would
Ron was actually finally doing his own school work, mostly. Hermione was still going over everything, thankfully, but the boy was finally doing it without being threatened overly much. But he was also not listening the way he once had. Ron had started trying to make friends with those in other houses and Molly was worried about them corrupting her little boy. Molly still didn’t trust the other Hogwarts houses.

Molly knew what was best for her children she knew, and she didn’t really like the paths they were on at this point. They weren’t following her or the headmaster the way that they should. She was sure it was because of the influence that Arthur and Muriel had had over them during the summer and in time she would be able to fix it.

Glancing over she saw Hermione with her face in a book. So far every time she had seen the girl since the start of school she had had a half dozen books with her. Molly did understand that she wanted to do well on her exams, but she really felt the girl should pay more attention to Ron, they were going to be married after all. It was a wife’s duty to put her husbands needs first after all, or at least, the duty of any woman married to her little boy.

Molly knew she needed to find a way to get back on the school board, and then she will fix things. The school needed Albus, and she was going to make sure he got his rightful job back.

Molly’s Flat - February 16, 2008

“You wanted to see me?” Ginny asked her mum as she was walking into the flat.

“Yes, I heard from your brother that you spent this Valentines day with Zacharias Smith.” Molly said, looking to her daughter in slight disappointment. “You were supposed to be working on getting closer to Hadrian.”

“I’ve tried, but it’s just no use.” There was a petulant whine in Ginny’s voice that had been becoming slightly less common over the summer but had started to make a comeback. “He disappears with the twins every valentines day. Besides, they have a marriage contract, just going out with him a few times won’t be enough.”

“I have found a way around that foolish contract.” Molly smiled as she saw excitement glowing in her daughters eyes. “If you were to get pregnant with his first child then he would have no choice but to marry you.

The public would demand it. And, even if he still refused, you could force him to name your child his heir under the first born clause in the Olde Laws. You would have access to the properties and vaults in order to care for the child. You would also get the fame of being the mother of his first born.”

Ginny took a few minutes to think about it. She really did want the money and the fame, but she didn’t really want to have to have a kid. Not to mention, she would need to have it before Hadrian got married, and that meant she had to be pregnant before he finished school. He would most likely get married within a few months of graduation, the twins weren't stupid enough to risk losing him if they waited she was sure, so she would have to hurry.

“I really don’t want to have to have a kid.” Ginny whined eventually.

“Ginny… You are going to have to have a child.” Molly huffed in annoyance. “You can have a
child now and be the mother of the Potter Heir, or you can have a child later and have it as heir to its fathers title or fortune. A child is how you secure your future.

Having Hadrians child will make you rich and famous. If you wait until after he is married to those horrible twins, then you will get next to nothing. When you marry, you will need to have a child with your husband either way.”

Ginny knew her mum was right. She had always known she was going to have to have a child with whoever she got together with, but she just didn’t want to do it while she was so young. There was still so much she hadn’t gotten to do yet, she didn’t want to have to deal with the responsibility of a child.

“I know mum. Kids are just so much work.” Ginny pouted.

“Honestly Ginny.” Molly looked to the ceiling trying to stay calm. “You just have to have the kid, not raise it. You still have another year of school after this, and I will not be allowing you to drop out.

You will go to school and I will keep the baby with me. After all, it’s only natural for me to look after my first grand baby since you and Hadrian are just too young and irresponsible. We can even arrange for Hadrian to get us a manor and full access to the vaults to ensure that I can buy the child whatever it needs.”

With that Molly was off thinking about being a grandma and being able to buy whatever she wanted. She would make sure that the baby would be raised properly, she didn’t want to risk the poor child becoming like Hadrian.

“And just how am I supposed to get him into bed?” Ginny questioned. “His stupid rings keep letting him know when there’s a potion in his drink.”

“Simple, I looked it up, the rings only let him know if he doesn’t know about the potion. They won’t react if he is willingly taking the potion.” Molly informed her daughter.

“And how am I supposed to get him to take it willingly?”

“You get him drunk.” Molly smiled. “You might not even need to give him a love potion. Just get him drunk, both of you take a fertility potion, and do what needs to be done.

You don’t need his love, just his child.”

Ginny actually thought it might work. She would have to work out some way to get him to have a drink with her, but she would find a way. The good thing was, from what she had learned of marriage contracts there were always fidelity clauses in them. If she could prove that Hadrian cheated on the twins, which her being pregnant would do, then the contract would be broken.

Ginny didn’t even really want Hadrian for herself anymore, she just didn’t want the twins to have him.

**Great Hall - March 20, 2008**

In response to Molly’s demand that he find some way to get Hadrian and Ginny in a situation where Ginny would be able to get the boy drunk, Albus had chosen to arrange a ball. The closest day that would give him time to make the arrangements and still be considered worthy of
celebrating was the vernal equinox. He hadn’t wanted to seem like he was pandering to those blood supremacist and celebrate Ostara, so he said it was for the equinox.

Filius, Pomona, and Severus had really only agreed to allow him to plan the ball because it would keep him distracted for almost a month and a half which would allow them to actually be able to do their jobs in peace. The man had been constantly sticking his nose into things since the new semester had saturated and this had been the perfect way to get rid of him.

They didn’t think there was too much damage he could do by arranging a ball. Plus, it would give the students a chance to relax and have a bit of fun before the end of year exams got too close.

Hadrian stood in the great hall trying to figure out what this ball was about. He knew that there was no way that Dumbledore had just randomly decided to hold a ball, there had to be a plan in all this. He just couldn’t see it at that point.

But what benefit could he gain from a ball like this. Sure, it made the students happy to relax, but no more than they were with a Hogsmeade weekend.

It didn’t seem to serve to gain him any power. Those in positions of power, like being members of the Wizengamot or being wealthy, really wouldn’t care about a party at the school. There weren’t any major bills waiting to be passed so he couldn’t be using this to try and sway any of the titled students.

Looking around he saw that Fred and George were absent, but he had expected that. They had both warned him Dumbledore was up to something when he had made arrangements for them to be doing rounds in the dungeons this evening.

But it wasn’t really like they could do anything even if the twins were there. They were barred from showing their relationship publicly. The three of them had become extremely skilled at disappearing to private places together.

“Good evening Hadrian.”

Hadrian closed his eyes in irritation as he heard the voice behind him. “Prewett.”

It had been a calm year up until this point. Although the girl was still trying to send him seductive looks, she hadn’t actually managed to corner him to speak to him since the return from Yule holidays.

“Surely we are past such formalities?” Ginny simpered as she stepped up next to him. “How are you enjoying the ball?”

Hadrian chose to ignore the first question since he knew no matter what he said the girl wouldn’t listen. “I don’t really see the point in the ball. It is Ostara, and while the celebration of Ostara includes dancing, it is supposed to be outside. Ostara is the celebration of balance and growth.

“Here, why don’t you have some of this, I’m sure it will help make tonight a lot more fun.” Ginny held out two glasses of an amber liquid. “It’s just a little fire whiskey. The best part is that these glasses are charmed so they will just refill when you run out.”

The girl pushed the glass into Hadrians hand giving him no chance to refuse. Hadrian was surprised when his rings didn’t warn him of anything. Discretely Hadrian cast a charm and was surprised when it too came up clean. He knew there was a chance that it just meant an older potion
was used, but he didn’t think so, it seemed to be just plain fire whiskey.

And then Hadrian understood the plan. Since they couldn’t slip him any potions they were just going to try and get him drunk. Hadrian hated to do it, but he had to admit that they were dedicated, too bad that dedication wasn’t directed towards something useful.

“Hey Hadrian, there you are.”

“Hey Nev.” Hadrian was pleased when Neville arrived to save him.

“Come on, the others are waiting.” Neville had seen the red head trying to get close to his friend and wasn’t going to risk her trying anything. “Draco and Susan are debating the most effective way to sway votes in the Wizengamot and we need you to break it up.

Oh, here, I grabbed this for you.”

Neville handed over a glass of wine. Hadrian was happy to take it as he set the glass Ginny had given him down. Having a glass of wine would make the girl think she still had a chance of him getting drunk so she wouldn’t keep trying to drink the fire whiskey.

“Why do you have wine?” Ginny questioned in confusion. “We’re still kids, the teachers will get mad.”

“We aren’t little kids.” Neville was confused, didn’t she realize they weren’t little kids anymore. “The legal drinking age in our world is 17. The seventh years can have a few drinks from time to time if we want. We just aren’t allowed to get drunk around the younger years.”

Ginny was annoyed as Hadrian and Neville turned and walked away from her, but she hadn’t given up hope. Hadrian still had a drink in his hands, she just needed to make sure he had a lot and that she was the one to escort him from the hall and into a private area.

**Fred and George’s Quarters**

Only 20 minutes after walking away from Ginny Hadrian had had his friends cover for him while he slipped from the hall. He chose to just go directly to Fred and George’s rooms. They were supposed to be finished their rounds within an hour or so so he was just going to wait for them. And he could use that time to do a little extra studying.

He didn’t want to have to deal with another run in with Ginny Prewett. He just needed to get through these last few months and he would be free of having to deal with her and the other two.

**Great Hall**

Just as the ball was winding down Ginny was once again doing the rounds of the hall trying to find Hadrian. She had sent multiple elves to refill his wine glass so he should be quite drunk by this point.

Reaching her hand into her pocket she felt the two little vials of fertility potion that her mum had brewed for her. They couldn’t get Hadrian to drink a potion if he wasn’t willing, but what male would refuse to do one little thing if it got him laid.
But as she finished another round she realized that Hadrian wasn’t there. Trying to think back, she couldn’t remember seeing him for a while. She had been busy dancing with a few others and hadn’t noticed his absence before.

What she didn’t know was that Hadrians friends had made arrangements with a few of those that could actually stand the girl to ask her to dance whenever they noticed she was looking around. They thought it would keep her distracted so that she wouldn’t notice that Hadrian was already gone.

Ginny was ready to scream. Another chance, gone.

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**Library - April 12, 2008**

Hadrian was sitting quietly in one of the private study nooks in the library. He would have been in the secret one that he and the others had used during the trip wizard tournament, but Draco was using it with his runes study group. He didn’t need to study runes as much so he was focusing on going over some of the different theories involved in the development of different types of magic for his magical theory class.

Lately, that was all they did, go over what they had already learned. The reason for that was that the final semester of their last year the students weren’t given any new information. Instead, those last months were strictly focused on revising everything they had learned over the last 7 years.

“Hello Hadrian, what are you doing?” Hermione questioned as she walked over to where she saw the boy sitting, Ron following behind her.

Hadrians shoulders slumped, he was just glad the desk he was at was only meant for one meaning they couldn’t sit with him. “I’m reviewing, clearly.”

“What are you reviewing, I don’t remember any of these titles from our classes?” Hermione was confused as she looked at the different books that she had never read before.

“Magical theory.” Hadrian informed her. “Is there a reason you’re here? I’m busy and don’t have time to waste.”

“We just came over to say hi.” Hermione huffed at the rudeness.

“Why are you even taking that class?” Ron questioned. He didn’t see a point in all the extra classes people took, it was just more work.

“Because I’m interested in learning more about magic and how it works.” Hadrian sighed before turning back to his books hoping they would get the hint.

“But it’s foolish. It doesn’t do you any good to know nonsense like that.” Hermione argued.

“Yes, because knowing how magic functions and is produced doesn’t help in knowing the best way to cast and use ones magic.” Hadrian said in a clearly sarcastic voice. “Knowing about magic helps in improving you casting abilities.”

Hermione just rolled her eyes like usual, but didn’t bother to argue. As much as she might want to she knew that starting an argument in the library was a bad idea.

“But it’s so much work.” Ron whined at that.
“Welcome to life.” Hadrian rolled his eyes. “Life is work. Nothing comes for free. If you want something, you have to earn it.”

“What would you know of work? You’re rich. You can have anything you want.” Ron said, jealousy clear in his voice.

“Yet I still study because I have plans for my life.” Hadrian sighed. “I may come from a wealthy family, but I have still always worked for everything I have.”

Just as the other two were getting ready to start going on about their opinions on everything they were interrupted by one of the librarians passing by. She gave the two a sharp look, much to Hadrian’s joy, and made the two quickly shuffle off. Hermione dragging Ron behind her since she wasn’t going to risk getting banned from the library like she had been in previous years when they had argued with Hadrian.

Hadrian was just pleased to get back to his revision. He had plans for a date with his twins. And he already knew they were planning something fun.

That was one of the best parts of being with the twins, they could always get him to have some fun and forget about everything else and just be a teenager in love.

**Headmaster’s Quarters - April 17, 2007**

Hadrian was silent as he slipped into the private quarters of the headmaster. He had something to do. Thankfully he had managed to get Dobby to slip a light sleeping potion into the headmaster’s dessert. It would make sure the man didn’t wake while he was there.

He was also wearing his cloak and had hidden himself from the portraits in the office that was connected to the quarters.

Hadrian knew what he needed to do. He couldn’t allow Dumbledore to continue to have the Elder Wand. It was just too dangerous to risk, the Elder Wand was the most powerful wand in the world.

He couldn’t help but smirk slightly when he saw the old man. Albus Dumbledore was curled up in a Gryffindor red room on a bed that was a bright orange and yellow, honestly, was the man colour blind. In one arm he was snuggling a teddy bear, and in his other hand was the wand.

Silently Hadrian cast a disarming charm.

Dumbledore didn’t even flinch when the wand flew across the room, just to be caught in Hadrian’s free hand.

“Hello Master.”

Hadrian nearly screamed as he heard the rough voice behind him. Turning around he glared at the entity known as death before sending a cautious look back to Dumbledore, not wanting to risk speaking for fear of waking the man, not that he could do anything. Reaching into his back pocket Hadrian pulled out a wand that looked exactly like the Elder Wand and slipped it into the sleeping man’s hand. Regulus had managed to acquire the wand for him, it wouldn’t work in the long term, but Hadrian had gotten a letter from one of Grindelwald’s people letting him know that Dumbledore would be dealt with in the next few days.

“He won’t wake.” Death assured his master.
Hadrian pinched the bridge of his nose like a headache was building. “Hello Death.”

Death chuckled lowly before waving his hand and transporting the two of them to his masters room in Ravenclaw Tower. “Well done at collecting all of my hollows once again.”

Hadrian had known this was coming. He had been given the cloak by his dad before the start of his first year. The stone was given to him after the ring horcrux had been destroyed, he had chosen to just place it in one of his vault since there really was no one he wanted to call back. And now he had the wand.

“I’ve never used the stone or the wand. Don’t I have to use them for me to be considered your master?” Hadrian questioned, relaxed now that he was away from the old man.

“But you did use them, in your past life, and that is enough. You have been my master ever since, even if you went back in time, there is no way for you to lose the title. Even if another acquired all three, they would only become my master after your death.” Death informed him.

“So I will still die?” Hadrian questioned, he really didn’t know much about being Death’s master. He had never really interacted with the entity in his last life.

“You and your soul mates will live a longer life, but you will eventually die. Your kind are not equipped to live forever, you body will still degrade with time, just slower since you are connected to me.

Being my master grants you my assistance, not my fealty. This will inform you of your responsibilities.” Death handed over an ancient tome. “Only you can see or read it.”

“Great.” Hadrian muttered. “More homework, I have exams coming up you know, and I’ve never done these ones before.”

“You don’t have to read it today.” Death would have rolled his eyes if he could, sometimes it was annoying to have such a young master. “There really isn’t much that you are required to do. It is really more of an honorary title given, my siblings and I set up challenges long ago as a way to find those worthy… And for entertainment.”

Hadrian couldn’t help but chuckle when Death had shrugged his shoulder in an offhanded manor when he added the last part.

“Do you know if Dumbledore will notice the change of wands?” Hadrian questioned nervously. “We tried to get it to feel like the right wand, but didn’t really know how.”

“I will ensure that he doesn’t master.” Death assured before disappearing into thin air.

Hadrian just looked at the spot where Death had been for a second before shaking his head and going back to bed. It was well after 3 am and he needed to be up for classes the next day.

Headmaster’s Office - April 18, 2008

Albus grabbed his shrunken trunk as he made his way to the floo. He was going to be flooing to his cottage in Godric’s Hollow and then leaving from there.

The letter had finally arrived letting him know that Gellert had finally managed to get him everything he needed. But this time he couldn’t just openly walk in like he had done in the past, he
needed to be more discreet.

And then meant he couldn’t draw attention to himself.

Instead he had informed the rest of the staff that he was going to be away for a week or two on a research trip and would be back once he found what he needed. It was vague enough that he wouldn’t have to deal with too many questions, but specific enough that they didn’t just think he had left. He wasn’t sure how long it would take to prep the rituals, but he figured that would give him enough time.

He had already arranged to lay a false trail heading towards Cypress. There was plenty on the island that people would believe that he had wanted to study.

Albus smiled as he left, soon he would have everything fixed.

**Austria - April 20, 2008**

In a dark ritual room seven people in hooded cloaks prepared for a ritual.

The day before the traitor, Albus Dumbledore, had arrived at their door step demanding that they bring him directly into the castle that now served as prison to their Lord. After assuring him they just needed to arrange a few things they had lured the man inside. He had been stunned and restrained immediately.

They were going to be doing a few rituals over the next two days before they moved the man into Nurmengard and sealed everything in.

Thankfully the man was silent, but that was mainly because they had been keeping him unconscious the entire time. There was no need for him to be awake for any of what was coming, so they had chosen to leave him stunned. It was mainly because a few of them had known him in the past and didn’t want to have to listen to him complain or order them around.

That had always been one of the main differences between him and their Lord. Dumbledore gave orders and never told his people the full story. Their Lord, at least with his inner circle, had been open and had been willing to talk with them. That was why they had managed to get so close to winning up until the betrayal.

Their Lord would explain the plans he had been making and allow them to debate with him. While he had gotten the final say, they were able to add their opinions which helped to refine their plans. Even now, their Lord listened to his most trusted.

Soon, the traitor would begin to serve his punishment.

**Nurmengard Castle April 22, 2008**

Gellert Grindelwald smiled as his people carried Albus Dumbledore into the room that would now be his and laid him on the bed. The rituals were finally complete and they were just going to finish tying him to the wards and they would be done.

Then all that was left to do was to wait for him to wake.
Nurmengard Castle - April 24, 2008

“Good morning, Albus.”

Albus Dumbledore was slow to wake. His entire body felt like he was trying to move through mud. And he ached, it was a bone deep ache.

Blinking his eyes open he saw the smiling face of Gellert. This wasn’t right. While he had been on his way to see the man he couldn’t remember his arrival. And why had he been asleep, he would never willingly risk being so vulnerable around Gellert.

“W…What?” Albus forced out of his mouth that felt like it was filled with cotton.

“Don’t stress yourself too much, it will take you a bit to feel better, although you will never feel quite like you used to.” Gellert smiled.

Albus was confused. His mind just wasn’t working right. He just couldn’t remember. Slowly, and with a great deal of pain, he pushed himself into a sitting position. His chest felt like it was on fire. Looking down he could just see the edge of some sort of burn over the top of his robe, a robe that just so happened to be a bland grey, something Albus would never have willingly wore.

“Yes, I know, it hurts.” Gellert saw him notice the edge of the brand. “But it will heal, I assure you. Mine did after all.”

“What have you done?” Albus questioned, trying to keep his worry out of his voice.

“I have finally taken my revenge.” Gellert kept his face placid. “Did you think you could betray me, imprison me, and that I would allow it?

No Albus. I have watched and waited for years. I have seen you build yourself up, and now I have watched you fall.”

“I will regain my rightful place, you just have to give me those books and I can fix everything, you can be free.” Albus tried not to get angry, Gellert was difficult to deal with when they argued.

“You really are a fool Albus. Did you really think I was going to give you those books? No, I have done enough damage to this world, I will not do more by allowing you to continue to harm others. Albus Dumbledore will never leave Nurmengard Castle. You helped to build this prison, and now you get to live in it.” Gellert was pleased to see the fear growing in Albus’s eyes. He remembered that fear all too well.

“Gellert.” Albus growled.

Gellert smiled at the sign of anger. “Oh do try and stay calm Albus, anger will get you nowhere.

It’s simple, I had my people subject you to the same rituals your little followers in the ICW subjected me to.

You are forever bound to this castle. You will never leave, if you try it the bindings will use your own magic to kill you. But, you will never be able to access your magic again. You are now equal to a squib in power, you can feel it, but you will never be able to use it again.

Welcome home Albus.”
With that Gellert got out of the chair and left the bland room to go and get his lunch.

That had been one of the things he had taken great joy in arranging, the room was nothing like Albus would like. The room was done in muted tones of grey and white. The best part, every single article of clothing followed the same colour scheme.

Gellert would never have to see those horribly coloured robes the other man favoured. For a time Gellert had wondered if he wore those hideous clothes to make others underestimate him, then he moved on to wondering if the man was colour blind, but didn’t have proof either way.

It took about 15 minutes for Albus to force himself up and follow Gellert. The rune on his chest had given him pause, he knew the runes formed an imprisonment spell.

Moving slowly he moved through the castle, knowing the general direction he needed to go. He had helped to design the place after all.

He found Gellert slowly eating a simple breakfast of eggs and toast.

“Please… Come in Albus, I’m sure you’re hungry by now, you haven’t eaten in a few days.”

“People will come looking for me.”

Gellert chuckled softly. “No, they won’t. You aren’t their hero any more Albus. You were once, but the Potter boy now has their adoration, not you. Yes, there are those that are still loyal to you, but not in the way they once were. They think you are a wise man, but not to the point they will come running.

But even better, you yourself set up the excuse for your disappearance. You even laid the false trail for us. As far as people are concerned you are simply off on a research trip. When you don’t return they will just assume you haven’t found what you were looking for.”

Albus stared for a moment. He was right. Albus had told everyone not to worry while he was away, that he would return when he found what he was looking for.

Even Molly believed him to be working. It would probably take that stupid woman months to start to worry, especially since he had removed her infatuation with him.

Ignoring the food that was placed in front of him, Albus looked down at the runes on his chest. He would have to form a plan. If he could find a way to disrupt the design of the runes they would lose their potency.

“Don’t bother.” Gellert could see the planning look on his former lovers face. “Do you really think I would not have tried disrupting the runes. Honestly man, I am not a complete fool.

The reason the runes have left such a mark is because they were made to go deep. Those runes were etched directly onto your sternum and inlaid with goblin smelted gold. It is impossible to weaken them.”

Albus was furious. He couldn’t remove or weaken the runes. That meant his magic was bound and he was tied to the castle, at least until there was outside intervention. Surely the ritual could be reversed once someone else noticed he was there.

“I will be here only until someone comes here to find me. They will arrange for my removal.”
Albus smirked.

“And just who do you think would come here that would help you? All the guards here are my people, and trust me, my people are more than pleased that you are finally being punished for your betrayal.”

“The ICW representatives monitor you.” Albus announced after a few moments of thought.

Gellert chuckled. “They only check on me once every 5 years. And their last check was during last summer, that means they won’t be returning for just over 4 years. Not that they will see you when they next come to ‘visit’.”

“I will make sure to speak with them.” Albus growled.

Gellert didn’t flinch at the tone. “No, you will not. I will remind you, you are an old man. An old man that will never again wield magic.

When the ICW representatives come to do their check you will simply be silenced and moved to another section of the castle. No one will ever know you are here. I can promise you that.”

Albus glared. He needed to find a way out of this place. Their world was depending on him to purge the dark.

**Hogwarts - May 16, 2008**

It was only a few weeks after Albus Dumbledore had left the school that rumours about his absence started to circulate. People had been contacting the school asking all kinds of questions.

Rita may not have been as popular or influential as she once was, but she was still perfectly capable of stirring people up. She had been going on and on about how Dumbledore had disappeared. She had even implied that Flitwick had arranged it so that he could gain full control over the school.

The goblin nation had not been pleased with that implication and Rita had found her vault under audit, an audit that could last a few months.

The school governors had managed to remove most of the worry. They released the note that Dumbledore had sent them stating that he was going on a research trip and would be back once he found what he needed. James had been so pleased Severus had managed to convince the man he had needed to send that note.

After the announcement of the research trip people once again calmed down. Their old hero wasn’t missing, he was just on a research trip.

James and Remus, who were the main two working outside of the school, had already started to make plans to begin their campaign to discredit the man in the press. They were going to wait a few more weeks before they anonymously sent in the pictures of Dumbledore and Gellert that they had gotten from Aberforth.

A week or so after that they were going to send a reporter the contact information to Gellert’s great aunt, Bathilda Bagshot. They had at first considered Rita Skeeter, but had later decided that was too cruel to the elderly woman.

Remus had had his work cut out for him at trying to restrain James. Despite them both being
former Gryffindors, Remus was much more level headed. James had wanted to release everything immediately so people wouldn’t have time to worry about the old man’s disappearance.

But Remus had managed to make him see sense. They needed to have a strategy and move cautiously. They had been working on this for a decade, they could wait a few more weeks to destroy the man’s reputation.

They were going to release the information slowly. Start to change peoples views of the old man before they even notice their opinions had shifted.

Without Dumbledore around they even managed to clean out his office and quarters so Filius could move in once he was ready. While Filius hadn’t fully moved in, he still spent an hour or so every week in the headmasters office. He wanted to get a better understanding of the position so he was speaking more and more to the portraits of the former headmasters.

McGonagall and a few had protested when the elves had started moving Dumbledore’s stuff to the new quarters he had been given, but no one had listened. They just kept pointing out the man was no longer headmaster so he couldn’t just keep pretending he was and refusing to give up the quarters and office.

The school was finally starting to run smoother. Dumbledore was no longer there trying to undermine Flitwick and the students were more relaxed, especially since Dumbledore was no longer terrifying many students with his continued claims Voldemort would return again. There were still a few students that were following that line of thought, Hermione, Ron, and Ginny, amongst them but no one really listened.

Everyone in the school was mostly relaxed and their excitement grew every day as the end of the school year drew closer.

**Headmaster’s Office - May 24, 2008**

Hadrian was, for once, happy as he made his way up to the headmaster’s office. This time he wasn’t going to have to meet with the ever annoying Albus Dumbledore, instead he was going to meet with Headmaster Filius Flitwick, not that the man knew that.

It had been just a little while before then that Hadrian had been sitting working on some herbology work when none other than Fawkes had flashed into his room. Hadrian hadn’t seen the old fire bird since they had left Greece.

Fawkes had felt the shift in the wards and knew that Dumbledore was officially gone from the school so he had chosen to come home. Fawkes had actually known the founders and had chosen to become a guardian of the school they had created.

Over the centuries he had come and gone from the school as he pleased. That was until he had a run in with Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore had seen him when he had been attending school and had come back for him after he started his campaign with Gellert Grindelwald.

Just after one of his burning days Albus Dumbledore had bound him against his will. For over 50 years he had been a prisoner forced to serve an awful wizard. But now that he was free, he wished to return to his role of protecting the children in times of need.
He wasn’t going to stay at the school all the time, he still wasn’t ready to give up that much of his freedom, but he would stay from time to time.

“What can I do for you Hadrian?” Filius questioned in confusion as one of his students entered the office. Filius had just been having a discussion with some of the former headmasters about how best to integrate new students.

“I came about…” With a flash, Fawkes appeared sitting next to the disguised owl that Dumbledore had left behind. “Him.”

“Why are there two of Fawkes?” Filius questioned in confusion.

“There aren’t.” Hadrian moved forward and swiftly unraveled the illusions on the owl, most wouldn’t be able to, but since Hadrian could see magic it was easier for him to find a weak point in the spells. “There.”

“It was an owl?” Filius was even more confused now than before.

Due to the ritual the owl would never again be what he once was. His feathers were always going to be a burnished red and his call would forever be a trill. But the owl didn’t mind, he was finally free so without a moments hesitation he flew out the window to return to his old nest.

“Dumbledore could never admit that he had never had a phoenix familiar.” Hadrian pet Fawkes. “It would make him look bad.”

“But he had Fawkes.” Filius said.

“No, Fawkes was never his… Willingly.” Hadrian looked to his old head of house and current headmaster. “When my parents were working as curse breakers in Greece they helped work in a temple devoted to phoenixes.

The curse breakers decided to summon a phoenix to see if the temple was still operational and Fawkes was summoned. That was when the bindings were noticed. And, as curse breakers often do, they broke the enchantments on him.

You see… Albus Dumbledore bound Fawkes to himself using an illegal binding ritual so he could tell people that he had a phoenix familiar in order to make himself look like he was a good man.”

“And how would he go about finding a phoenix?” Filius questioned. “They are notoriously difficult to find.”

“He came here.” Hadrian shrugged. “Fawkes was actually friends with the founders and they requested that he help protect the school after they were gone. Fawkes was in fact, a guardian of Hogwarts since its founding. Just ask them.” Hadrian waved towards the portraits.

“Ay, the lad speaks the truth.” Former Headmistress Elizabeth Burke announced grandly. The woman had served in the position of headmistress for 37 years in the late 1600’s. “Fawkes was often by my side during my tenure. We were in the middle of one of those horrible witch hunts during my time and he would help me get to any of the students in times of need. He also spent a great deal of time in the infirmary providing his tears to our healers.

That horrible man barred us from telling anyone about the atrocity he had committed when he stole Fawkes just after one of his burning days. But now that he is gone we are free to inform you. That
man was the worst headmaster to ever set foot in this school. The things he did would make even the worst witch hunter pale in revulsion.”

There were many voices announcing their agreement. Filius looked to Hadrian in confusion.

“What former Headmaster Dumbledore was nothing like what he pretended to be. He was a power hungry monster that encouraged the abuse of children in the hopes they would look to him a saviour when he allowed them to attend the school.

As we all know now, Tom Riddle was subjected to horrible abuse and that helped to create his hatred of the muggle world and enforce his blood supremacy. What most don’t know was that former Headmaster Dippet had tried to have him removed from the orphanage by Yule of his first year. Then Deputy-Headmaster Albus Dumbledore stopped the removal and then informed the head of the orphanage, who was the primary abuser, about the accusations Tom had made. That was why Tom hated him so much.

I would recommend that you have all the staff members subjected to an influence test at Gringotts. Over the years my family and I have found many people that have been subjected to spells and potions by that man.”

“Spells and potions?” Filius was shocked.

“When I was found I was covered in all manner of things. Including having over half of my magic and skills blocked. Both my parents had bindings, memory charms, and compulsions on them.” Hadrian informed the other man gravely.

“You never trusted him, did you?” Filius said finally seeing just how much the boy disliked the former headmaster.

“And I never would.” Hadrian smiled. “Just so you understand, we all know that my dad was kidnapped by Lily Evans shortly before the attack on me. What most don’t know is that the house he was held at didn’t belong to that woman. The house my dad was held captive in belonged to none other than Albus Dumbledore.”

Filius was stunned. Albus had helped to kidnap James Potter. What else could the man have done?

“I will leave you to your discussion with the former headmasters and mistresses. I think you will have many more questions for them now.” Hadrian smiled and headed for the door. “After all, they had to watch him day after day for 50 years. Who would know his plots better?”

Just as Hadrian closed the door he smiled as he heard…

“Tell me everything.”

Molly’s Flat - June 7, 2008

Once again it was a Hogsmeade weekend, and once again Molly had her two children and Hermione sitting in her dining room as she made them something to eat.

Molly was uneasy as she looked over the children.

It had been over a month since she had last heard from Albus. She knew he was on a research trip, but the least he could do was reach out to them and let everyone know that he was fine.
Then there was the papers. A few days before the papers had printed a picture of Albus and a boy they claimed was Gellert Grindelwald. It said they had been friends as teenagers.

Molly didn’t believe it of course. There was no way Albus would have ever associated with someone so dark, even when they were young. She was sure the picture was fraudulent, or that the other boy wasn’t even Grindelwald. Molly would never believe any lies like that about Albus Dumbledore, Albus Dumbledore was a hero.

But she still needed to contact him and none of her owls to him would leave. That meant wherever he was was out of range of where an owl could reach. Molly tried every day, but nothing.

They needed to fix Hadrian soon. In only three weeks the school year would be ending and Hadrian, along with her Ronnie and Hermione, would be graduating. Once he was out of the school it would become that much harder to reach the boy.

While he was at the school they had people that could monitor him, but once he was done they lost what little control they had. They didn’t even know where he was going to be living once he finished school, although Molly figured he would keep living with his parents. And, they had no access to that house.

She wanted to try love potions again, but she knew that just wouldn’t work. Ginny needed to marry that boy. Molly hadn’t gone through everything she had gone through just for her and her Ginny to get nothing.

Ginny deserved to be Lady Potter. Molly herself deserved to be the mother-in-law of the Boy-Who-Lived and grandmother to their children. Her Ronnie deserved to be his brother-in-law, it would help him to get a better position in the ministry.

They needed to find a way in. They needed to break that contract the poor boy had with those two useless lumps that she had so kindly taken in and tried to mother.

Hermione was practically twitching as she sat and picked at the food Mrs. Diggle put in front of her. She really didn’t want to be here.

The exams were starting in only a few days and she had so much revision left to do. There just wasn’t enough time in the day to do everything she needed to do. She found herself wishing she hadn’t returned that time turner multiple times everyday.

She knew that Mrs. Diggle was thinking about Hadrian, but Hermione just didn’t care anymore. The boy might be rich and famous, and she was more than willing to try and benefit from that, but her education needed to come first. The boy no longer served a purpose since He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was gone.

Her entire future was depending on the tests that were to take place over the next two and a half weeks.

Ginny was annoyed as she dipped her roll in the soup her mum had put in front of her.

Nothing was working. She was supposed to be engaged to Hadrian by this point, it was what her mum and the headmaster had promised her since she was a little girl. Instead, the idiot was engaged to her idiot brothers.
When summer came she was going to have to address the issue with them. She couldn't do it while they were at school since they could take points and assign detentions, and she couldn't risk any more of those.

Nothing worked. She needed to get Hadrian into her bed. She needed to be the mother of his child.

While she had been working on other plans, including ingratiating herself with other heirs, nothing would be the equivalent of being Hadrian’s wife.

Ginny was singularly focused on her future, everything else came second, including her school work.

**Ravenclaw Dorms - June 20, 2008**

Hadrian was exhausted as he fell into his bed face first. He just knew he needed to keep going, it was almost done.

He had just finished his alchemy exam and it was finally the weekend. He had two days until he had to start taking the rest of his tests. Although the worst was over. He only had his charms, spell crafting, and law exams left to take, he had already finished everything else.

Then, he could start studying for his other tests. Hadrian had already made arrangements with the ministry to take his NEWTs in his self study subjects the week after the school came to an end.

Soon… Soon he would be done with school and could start to live his life.

It was just about finishing the exams. And those exams were brutal. There was just so much information needed. Every night he returned to his dorms with his brain feeling like a wrung sponge.

But once he finished, it was done.

Both Voldemort and Dumbledore were gone. Hadrian and his family could finally live their lives without either of those threats hanging over their heads.

Everything they had been doing for over a decade had lead up to this. They were finally free to live their lives.

**Hogwarts - June 29, 2008**

The day finally arrived. It was graduation. Hadrian was finally finished with Hogwarts.

It was over. His life could finally begin.

Graduation wasn’t like it was in the muggle world. There wasn’t a big ceremony where diplomas were handed out. The main reason for that was that the exams wouldn’t be finished being marked, that meant there may still be a chance that someone might choose to do another year, which was always an option. Instead, the students would celebrate privately with their families when their results came in a week or so.

Hadrian couldn’t believe that it was finally over. His life was finally his own.
When he had gotten up that morning he had all but skipped down to the great hall that morning for breakfast. The train would be leaving Hogsmeade station at 11 so he had time to relax.

He had packed everything up the night before and was completely ready to go. There was no way he was going to spend a moment longer at the school then he had to. He had considered just flooing or apparating home, but was convinced to take the train one last time. Everyone had told him it was a right of passage to ride the train that one last time.

Fred and George were also finished their apprenticeships too. They would be cleaning out their quarters during the day and would be at the train station to collect him from the train with the rest of his family. The first part of their masteries had been completed. Their hours were complete and they had already done their first round of tests and submitted their articles. All they had left was another round of tests and to do a bit more research and write up a report and submit it. They figured it would only take another two years or so if they kept working hard.

The three already had plans to spend the month after he got his NEWT results on vacation, just the three of them. Once they arrived back they were going to have to get back to work.

Fred and George were planning on returning full time to their shop to work on inventing new products. It was good since working at the shop doubled as research in their chosen fields.

All three of them just couldn’t wait to get to be together without anything standing in their way. It had been so nice during Hadrian’s fifth year, and the twins final year, to be able to even just hold hands in public without having to worry. Fred and George had already made plans to make sure the entire world knew that Hadrian was theirs.

All through breakfast Hadrian kept looking up to the lower staff table and looking at his twins, massive smile plastered on his face. His papa and Uncle had obviously seen it, and both thought it was hysterical to see just how excited he was. But Hadrian really didn’t care, he was in love.

Hadrian was practically bouncing as he sat watching the train pull into the Hogsmeade station. Students were milling around as they waited with him. Many of the seventh years that were finished school seemed to be almost as excited as Hadrian was.

“Hadrian, I feel it’s time we talk.”

Hadrian’s mood instantly fell. Ginevra Prewett had just walked up behind him. “I really don’t see what we could have to speak about.”

Ginny bristled slightly at the tone, but she wasn’t going to let it dissuade her. With Dumbledore off on some sort of research mission her mum had impressed upon her, Ron, and Hermione, that it was up to them to keep track of the boy until Dumbledore returned. And to do that they needed to get Hadrian to fall in line. This was the best chance they had since they didn’t know what he was going to be doing, and where he was going to be living, now.

Choosing to force back her anger, Ginny plastered on a large, clearly fake, grin. “You’re just so
funny.

We wanted to talk to you about what we are going to do this summer. Then there is also next year, I still have another year of school to…”

“I’m going to stop this little moment of insanity right there.” Hadrian interrupted. “WE… Aren’t doing anything this summer. I… Will be enjoying a vacation with MY… FIANCÉS. Then I will be going to work, just like everyone else who is graduating this year.

As for you having another year of school… How is that supposed to affect me? We are not friends, we have never been friends. The only connection that we have is that I am engaged to your elder brothers.

You really have no influence on my life and my future.”

Ginny was ready to start screaming, but chose to laugh fakely once again. “Now isn’t the time for jokes Hadrian. You know how much danger you are in due to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. My mum is supposed to keep an eye on you for Headmaster Dumbledore until his return.”

“FORMER… Headmaster Dumbledore has no control over my life, and no right to information about it. All that man is is my FORMER headmaster. I will not be reporting to your mother about anything, she means less than nothing to me.

You have nothing to do with me or my life, and that isn’t going to change.”

“How dare you speak to Ginny like that?” Hermione snarled.

“Well how do you expect me to speak to her?” Hadrian turned to the girl instantly. “She is just a silly little girl that likes to think she is somehow involved with my life. I might not be able to prove it, but there is no doubt in my mind that she has been one of those that have repeatedly tried to douse me with love potions. And there is really only one thing you can call people that do such disgusting things like that…”

Ron didn’t like what was being implied about his sister. “Don’t talk about my sister like that.”

“If you don’t want people talking about your sister like that then you should have tried to keep her under control while you had the chance. I no longer have to put up with that sort of behaviour to keep the peace with my fellow schoolmates. Love potions, and anyone who uses them, is the definition of criminal.

I’m not going to pretend that people who do things like that are in any way decent. I have no intention of acting differently.” Hadrian huffed out, pleased to see the different people that were eavesdropping on them, for once.

“Ginny just wanted to talk to you about the summer.” Hermione forced out in a calm voice after jabbing Ron in the ribs to keep him quiet.

“Like I said, it really is none of her business, or yours. My life does not involve you in any way.” Hadrian rolled his eyes. “We are not friends, never have been.

As I said, I will enjoy a vacation with my fiancé’s and then start working.”

“I thought you were going to try and get a mastery.” Ron sneered in what was supposed to be a mocking tone. “Finally realize fame won’t get you one?”
“I have never used my supposed fame to achieve anything in my life. I have worked for every grade I have ever received.” Hadrian hated people thinking he only got good grades because he was supposedly famous. “As for my mastery, I will still be working for it, just not immediately. I have other important things in my life which take precedence.

My priority will be the Wizengamot and my mastery will be a side project. I already have a schedule worked out to earn it, it will just take a bit longer since I already have obligations.”

Hermione bristled. This boy had no right to be involved in governing their country. He was just a stupid child. “And what of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?”

“What about him?” Hadrian questioned. “He’s dead. That’s the end of it, as you well know. I will not waste my life worrying about a dead man.”

“Headmaster Dumbledore said that he will return.” Ron said.

“And he is wrong. There is a magical death certificate. That means, he is dead, there is literally no magic of his left in this world. He’s gone, it’s over. Accept it. Move on.” Hadrian said in an exasperated voice. “It’s time you lot learn to live your own lives and stop worrying about mine.”

Ginny and the other two just glared. They couldn’t believe that even now Hadrian was being so dismissive of them. After all these years they should have been used to it, but they still didn’t like it.

This was their last chance, and they weren’t going to take no for a ran answer.

“Look, I know we have had our issues in the past, but we really are just trying to do what is best for you.” Hermione said in a snotty voice.

“But you have no right to try and control my life.” Hadrian snapped as soon as she finished. “YOU are NOT involved in MY life. I will live my life as I see fit. And, I have no intention of allowing anyone who has nothing to do with my life to influence my actions.

I will live my life, you live yours.”

With that Hadrian got up and started to move away. He grinned when he heard the others following him only to be stopped by Professor Fabbri.

**Hogwarts Express, Platform 9 ¾**

Hadrian grinned as the train pulled into Platform 9 ¾. It was completely done.

Through the window he could see his family was all there waiting for him. His now 10 year old sisters with a congratulatory banner that held a startling amount on neon glitter, he was going to have to be careful since he was sure once he reached them he would somehow end up wearing that glitter.

Like him Neville and Draco were pleased to see their families waiting. They both, like him, had plans for their lives and were excited, and slightly nervous, to take the next step of their lives.

Once the way was clear enough, Hadrian took a deep breath and stepped from the Hogwarts Express for the final time.
I just feel like I have to add this. I wanted to see how my story compared to the real world in word length.


I know this story covers more, but seeing how much I wrote makes me worry for my sanity slightly, especially in how short a time frame I wrote it all in.

I hope you all have enjoyed this ride with me.
Sorry this has taken such a long time. After all of this I was just burnt out on this story. This chapter isn't overly long because I wanted to keep the future more ambiguous so everyone could just make up their own happily ever after.

Ron and Hermione

With the end of their time in school real life began for the two young lovers. And it was no where near the life they had been promised.

As children both had been promised a life of fame and luxury. Instead, they got a life of work and anonymity.

Ron did end up getting accepted to work in the Department of Magical Games and Sports, and while he was there he had a great deal of fun, but ended up getting little to no work done. Working in that department wasn't just talking about quidditch Ron was forced to learn, they actually were supposed to be doing the work of arranging for games to be held and not just attending them.

After a year and a half of not doing the job properly Ron was let go by the department. Like it had been with school, Ron just didn’t understand that he was supposed to be on time and prepared. Then there was the actual work, amongst the things those in his departments were responsible for was things like security and arranging locations. Both of those were things Ron didn’t care about so he never really bothered, he didn’t seem to understand that a large sporting event might need to have security to intervene between the fans of rival teams.

In the end, he ended up going to his mum for help and she quickly put him to work. But since Ron couldn’t be trusted around food, he was set to work in the pub. And, surprisingly, Ron found his place there.

He only worked a few hours each night and wasn't expected to do more than pour pints and serve liquor. It also helped that Dung had gotten a magical T.V. in the pub and they showed every quidditch match. Ron was always good for talking with the regulars about the match.

Ron had been promised a life of fame and fortune, but ended up finding himself content without it. Despite wanting to be famous, he had never been willing to do anything to earn it, the same with the money. While he couldn’t buy every thing he wanted, he had enough to get by, and that turned out to be enough for him.

A few years after graduation he married Hermione and between the two of them they managed to afford a small place at the edge of Hogsmeade. He even figured they could afford to have children in a few years, something he knew would please his mother.

Ron still stayed in touch with his dad and brothers, but they were never as close as they had once been. They were just too different and too much had happened. His dad did drop by to see him from time to time at the pub, but they were closer to acquaintances then father and son. While he had invited the rest of his family to his wedding, it had really only been for the gifts he and Hermione
had known they would get from the wealthier side of the family, and Molly had thrown a fit about it.

His mum wasn't overly happy with his choices, but Ron had finally learned to just ignore her and do what he preferred. Molly was still overbearing and controlling, but Ron had seen how much damage she had done in his life, and didn’t plan on letting her continue.

Ron had actually made peace with his life.

Hermione wasn't nearly as relaxed as her husband.

After graduating Hermione had applied for all kinds of jobs in the ministry. And she was rejected for every single one. The response was always the same, she needed at least basic experience before she could get the positions she wanted.

The reason for that is that Hermione chose to only apply to positions that were in positions of superiority. She hadn’t applied for a single open lower level position. She didn’t think she should have to start as an intern or anything, she wanted to be an office manager or even a deputy head of department.

In the end one of Dumbledore’s people who was still loyal to him ended up offering her a part time position. But it wasn't a position of power or anything. Rather than the grand position of power she thought she deserved, Hermione worked part time in the accounting department. She spent 20 hours each week going over the budgets of low level departments.

Other than that she also worked on balancing the books for Molly, her mother-in-law. And while she was doing that she was still attempting to get her mastery in transfiguration. It wasn't going overly well, but she was still putting in the work. Her main issue was that Hermione could only accept rules, she wasn't really good at developing anything new or forming opinions outside of what she had been told. Hermione had only ever agreed with authority figures so when she was presented with the challenge of creating her own academic theories or arguments she didn’t know how. She would manage to get her mastery in time, but it would take her well over a decade.

Shortly after her graduation Hermione’s parents ended up selling their dental practice and moving to Australia to be closer to their distant family. After so much time of Hermione disrespecting and ignoring her parents their relationship had been almost completely destroyed. They still sent letters and presents on holidays, but, like with Ron’s relationship with his father, it was more or an acquaintanceship rather than parent and child.

Both her parents might wish that they had a better relationship with their daughter, but they weren’t willing to just pretend like what she had done was fine. They ended up quite happy with their lives with their extended family and it became perfectly normal for them to take their cousins children for weekends. In all, they became welcome members of their family that were always there to lend a hand when needed.

Life did not turn out in any way like Hermione had planned, but the simple fact was, Hermione was happy being unhappy. Rather than finding good things in her life, Hermione had only looked at things she was denied. She was just one of those people that didn’t know how to be happy and seemed to prefer the drama so she would have something to complain about.
Ginny

After her own graduation Ginny had taken her first steps out into the real world, and she hadn’t really liked them. Ginny absolutely refused to get a job and instead focused on finding herself a wealthy husband who would look after her.

Luckily for the beautiful young girl she actually did find someone, at least, for a time. Ginny ended up marrying Barnaby Jones, nephew of Hestia Jones who was a big supporter of the former Headmaster. While the family wasn’t titled, much to Ginny’s aggravation, they were well off.

Unfortunately the marriage wasn’t to last. The reason for that was that only a year after the marriage Ginny had given birth to a son. This had caused a great deal of drama since, unbeknownst to Ginny, Barnaby had been rendered sterile due to an incident with an infestation of chizpurfles when he was a child. After a test was done it turned out the boy was in fact Barnaby’s friends, Virgil Goshawk’s, child. And thus, the marriage ended rather abruptly.

After a rather quick and vicious custody battle Virgil, and his family, got primary custody of the infant boy, later dubbed Bryn Goshawk. Ginny got the boy every other weekend.

With the destruction of her marriage and the loss of her child Ginny did the only thing she knew how to do, she went crying to her mother.

Molly was absolutely incensed that her daughter didn’t have the custody of the child, but had no sway within the government or courts to change anything. Instead she set to work trying to turn the infant against his father and his family every chance she got. She wasn’t about to allow her grandson to turn out the way Arthur’s children had. Not that it worked.

Ginny ended up working at the restaurant. But, she peered to be over on the pub side flirting with anyone she thought might be worth her time. She never really gave up her desire to marry Hadrian, but she never really had a chance to prove that she was better for him.

Over the course of her life Ginny was destined to marry three more times and go through three more divorces. But Bryn would be her only child. After experiencing the sickness that came along with pregnancy and the pain that came with child birth Ginny swore she would never do that again.

And that was one promise she kept.

Molly

Molly never got over the loss of Albus Dumbledore. She was always sure that he would return one day to fix things, but he never did.

With him gone there was no one there to give her what she wanted. Molly no longer had any control over anything and she hated that fact. Oh, she could still browbeat people, and she often did, but she no longer had the influence that came with having Albus’s ear.

Years later, after a magical death certificate for Albus Dumbledore was found, Molly set to work getting her children the Dumbledore estate. She was sure she would be able to use that money and prestige to put her back on top, but it didn’t work out how she planned.

Molly was able to get the estate for on and Ginny, but it wasn’t anything like she wanted. Despite his pretence, at the time of his disappearance Albus was practically broke. Both Ron and Ginny got
a few hundred galleons, and that was it. They couldn’t even use the name Dumbledore. Molly didn’t know it, but it was because Aberforth was still alive. He could have taken the money too, but had decided to leave it since he and his wife were just fine in France and didn’t need any more money.

Life for Molly was nothing like she had planned.

Lyra, Ariadne, Cassiopeia, and Kali

The year after Hadrian and Draco had graduated Hogwarts was taken over by their little sisters. The girls really were the reincarnation of the marauders from the moment they first stepped on the Hogwarts Express. Over their 7 years they would drive more than one teacher to fits.

When they were sorted each girl found her place. Ariadne was sorted first, and she was placed in Ravenclaw. Cassiopeia went to Hufflepuff. Much to Lucius’s horror, not that he loved his daughter any less, Lyra became the first Malfoy ever to be sorted into Gryffindor. And devious little Kali made her home in Slytherin.

When the girls had come home for the holidays and were questioned about how they were dealing with being separated into different houses they laughed it off. They explained it had been their plan from the beginning. By being in different houses they had access to each one. That meant they could prank anyone regardless of house.

No one was safe as there was no where to hide.

James and Severus

With Hadrian out of the house and Kali at school, James and Severus felt they could finally relax.

James got to work with the ministry. He and Hadrian often went over different bills together and debated the best ways to help move the magical world forward. And Severus spent more time on research but ended up opening his own potions shop. He still did plenty of research, but Severus had always loved to brew.

A few years later they got a surprise. It would seem relaxing came with forgetting certain things like contraceptives, something that got Severus hexed often over a 9 month period.

Julian Prince-Peverell was a much beloved addition to the family regardless of the circumstances of his arrival. Hadrian and Kali took great joy in laughing at their fathers… exuberance.

Sirius and Remus

Like James and Severus, Sirius and Remus relaxed with their girls away at school. For what really was the first time in their lives, no one was trying to kill them or their family members.

Upon learning that James was pregnant again Sirius had laughed himself silly, he had then threatened Remus to within an inch of his life that he was never doing that again. The twins were more than enough for them.
Or, at least, that’s what they said at the time.

It was only two years after the birth of Julian that that changed. Remus had taken to working with other creatures to help improve their living standards. Tragedy struck in the form of a potions accident with one of the families he had been working with. Both parents were killed but the three children survived with minimal injuries as all had been in bed at the time and were on the opposite side of the house.

Upon looking at the three youngsters in their hospital beds after the accident Remus had melted. The same thing happened with Sirius when Remus brought him to visit.

A few weeks after that, when the children were discharged from the hospital they went home with Remus and Sirius and were later adopted. Adam, Michael, and Tabitha were very well loved members of the large group of family and friends.

**Weasley-Prewett Family**

Arthur, Fabian, and Gideon were far more careful than others. Seven children, plus Ron and by extension Ginny, were enough for them. Besides, they now had grand children to look forward to.

The three parents did ultimately get their wish though when Leo and Nicole were both sorted into Slytherin years later when it was finally their turn to go to Hogwarts. They had managed a child in each house.

**Hadrian, Fred and George**

A year after Hadrian graduated Fred and George both managed to achieve their masteries. Hadrian was very proud of his soul mates, something he showed them often.

Hadrian had also started working on his own masters, but it would take him 4 years to get his own. And during that time he would be dividing his time between the Wizengamot, working with his enchanting master, Master Hobb, and also working with Fred and George at the shop. It was a lot of different things, but he enjoyed all of them so he didn’t care. Their work load at the shop only increased as they started to expand internationally, but it was worth it for them.

The three men were perfectly content with their lives. They loved their families and they loved each other.

It was five years after Hadrian graduated that they arranged for their wedding. Rather than dealing with the drama of the public, they were planning on holding the ceremony at the Peverell estate since it would allow them to control who had access. They wanted their wedding to be a family affair, not fodder for gossip journalists.

The three had discussed it and agreed that they would wait a year or two after they were married before they considered children. The three just wanted a chance to get comfortable as husbands before they changed things with the added pressure of children. As much as they wanted kids, they all knew enough from watching their parents that having kids was a lot of work and that children always needed to be put before everything, and they wanted to put each other first for a bit.

Life for Hadrian, Fred, and George was really as good as it could get.
Albus

Albus did not respond well to being imprisoned. He refused to acknowledge he had done anything wrong.

Gellert tried to make him see that the world was able to carry on, and even improved with his removal, but Albus didn’t care. He wanted things to be the way he wanted and that was that. He didn’t care if others were hurt by his plans, just so long as he was in charge.

It was only 6 years after Albus arrived at the prison that Gellert passed. The man went peacefully in his sleep.

The loss of his only consistent company did Albus no favours. No one would have ever said that Albus was exactly stable to begin with, but years with only his own company he really lost it. In the end Albus died 2 years after Gellert when he convinced himself that he could escape if he simply covered the rune on his chest with candle wax.

Unfortunately for him, he was wrong.

Magical Britain

It took a few years after the death of Voldemort, but the magical population of Britain finally relaxed. People finally got to live in peace without anyone constantly fear mongering about the scary ‘other’.

Life wasn't perfect, nothing ever was. But people in general found that their life was better off. If they stopped fearing everyone that might possibly be even the slightest bit different life was much calmer.

Their world was finally able to move on.

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