Leaving For A Family

by Princess101855

Summary

Harry has had enough. Finally cracking when his name comes from the Goblet, he runs to the States to an old friend. Will he get the family he always wanted? Or will the Wizarding World demand their saviour back to save them? T for now unless otherwise.

Notes

Hi! This is another one of my works that was originally a fanfiction that I decided to post on this site as well. I love getting ideas from different people and will credit them if I use them.
Harry swung his legs while sitting on the edge of the Astronomy tower, staring up in the black sky that is peppered with stars. Everyone thought he put his name in the goblet a couple of days ago when the names of the contestants emerged and nobody sided with him when he protested in saying that he hadn't put his name in. What was worse was that none of his friends believed him. 'Some friends' Harry thought bitterly.

It's been a week and it's starting to get to him. The loneliness, the looks...it brought him back to the Chamber of Secrets incident. Only ten times worse. At least he had his friends stand by him at that time so it made it easier. He got out his journal and started writing to help combat some of the stress he was feeling. It was either this or he'd start throwing hexes out left, right and center. This journal was special because it had all his written work that he has ever done. From his first letters to his essays, to his notes, real essays (he always handed in poor job assignments. Something he had to thank the Dursley's for, and the fact Ron would probably get jealous and Hermione hates being out preformed), and a part that is an actual journal. Doing charm work like this takes years to figure out but Harry got it in his first year while looking through the library (it helped that he had a couple of 'cheat sheets' in the form of a scribbled in runes book), and the best part for him was there wasn't any wand magic involved. Just some runes that he looked up so he wouldn't get in trouble. He sighed and picked up his pen and started writing;

It's been a lonely week. Well, lonelier than usual. What can I do? Nobody in this whole school believes me when I say that I didn't put my name in that stupid goblet. No matter. I don't care if I lose my magic because of this. Although, I think that the bloody thing would go off magical signatures, rather then names because an older student can enter a younger student just in spite right? I know I didn't enter so I should be safe with my magic in that sense. Even if I lose it I can still live as a mundane person seeing as I practically was one for ten years and Kelly would kill me if I forgot how to live in that world. I may not like it but it's a lot better sight than the wizarding world now. But where to go? Sirius is still on the run because of the stupid ministry officials (and the idiot Fudge in Malfoy's pocket. Seriously, don't these people ever use the thing in their heads called a brain?), won't take 'he's innocent and you never gave him a trial' and be good with it. No, I'm betting that they would rather give him the Kiss then anything just to save face, so that's a no. The whole ministry is corrupt and with all the Death Eater's running around staying in the UK is a no go. Hmm. What to do, what to do?

Harry pondered at this for a few minutes, trying to think of anyone he could get in contact with that wouldn't just march him back to England and hand him over to the wizards or worse...back to the Dursley's. Dursley's...Harry wanted to smack himself. The answer was so obvious. Kelly is laughing at him, he's sure of it.

Maybe give Gibbs a call, that might work. I mean, after all, he gave me a card saying if I ever need him I just call. Yeah...that works. But, all I know is that he works in the States. Maybe still a Marine? Oh yes, I deffiently need to leave. The last I heard from Gibbs was when I got the letter saying Kelly was killed in a car crash. God I miss her. She was the sister I never had. She always believed me when I did some magic. I remember we both floated a ball and had a contest on who switched the colours the fastest so I guess she was a witch as well now that I think about it. I don't think I'll tell anyone about that but it was good times. I think I will give Gibbs that call. I need to go to Gringotts first then get a passport out of the country. Leave the Boy-who-lived crap, leave the stares, taunting
and maybe the Wizarding world altogether. They need to figure out their own problems for once and not have a bloody scapegoat every time something goes wrong in their lives. Maybe I should jump and get Hedwig to get me out of here. There's a-

"Mr Potter! What are you doing here at this time of night! 30 points from Gryffindor and a weeks detention now." Professor McGonagall and Snape were blocking the door. Harry sighed as he closed his book and stood up staring out in the distance then turned to them. This is it, no going back. Putting the journal in his pocket, he intentionally dropped the letter he was going to personally deliver to Dumbledore at breakfast. Oh well, just speeds everything up now. Turning around, he tilted his head ever so slightly to give him a more innocent appearance. Whispering, but loud enough to be heard, Harry said,"I should go with you but I can't take it anymore."

With that, he jumped.

Chapter End Notes

So this chapter just got edited and a bit more fleshed out than what it was originally. I'll be slowly making my way through the chapters and will be adding an EN to the ones that have been edited.
Harry felt the free fall and would've enjoyed the wind passing through him if he wasn't being screamed at. He put his fingers in his mouth and whistled. Hedwig came souring though the sky at him. Her wing tips glowed as they started catching on fire. Harry put a hand up to touch her and they both disappeared in a ball of flame.

The professors were shocked to the core. They just saw Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived, commit suicide. Running to the edge, they heard a small whistle and saw a bird come flying towards Harry and his hand reached out and disappear in a ball of flames.

They both ran back down the Astronomy Tower into the Great Hall where everyone was still sitting. They only left twenty minutes ago. Was it really that long? Snape burst through the door while Professor McGonagall walked at a slower pace. She looked at the students faces. Some were looking at her while others started looking at Snape whispering in Dumbledore's ear, while the rest were staring at the door seeing if Harry was going to walk through. Dumbledore turned white when Snape handed him the letter.

The Slytherin's were wondering what was going on right now. They knew that their Head of House never got along with the headmaster and was now having a whispered conversation. Dumbledore stood up and the hall went quiet. He took a breath trying to get his emotions under control.

"This evening, one of our numbers are gone." Whispering broke out while the Weasley's and Hermione looked unaffected.

"Harry Potter is not dead-" a few groans were heard from Slytherin, "but has left a letter he dropped. As it addressing the student body I shall read it.

_Hello Headmaster, professors, students, 'friends',_

*If you haven't already guessed, I'm gone. Not dead but has probably left and I have no intentions of coming back either so don't even bother. Now, you're probably wondering why I left. Am I not the Boy-who-lived? The one who saved all your miserable hides? Or as I personally like calling myself The Boy-who-acts-like-everyone's-scapegoat-while-everyone-sits-on-their-ass-and-does-nothing-all-day. Think I'm being a bit harsh? I think not. I'll tell you a little story about why.*

_You see, there was a boy, who was loved by his parents, godfather and his father's friends. Now, one day, they went into hiding for some reason. They preformed the fidelius charm that needs a secret keeper. Now, the godfather and father were brothers in all but blood but, they thought it was the perfect plan. Too perfect. You see ladies and gentlemen, that person would only make sense to be the secret keeper so the godfather switched with a friend who they thought no one would suspect. It was*
perfect. If only the secret keeper wasn’t a spy. He had been spying for Voldemort—"

There were loud gasps and screams of shock.

"Once you people stop freaking out on a fake name, anyway, he betrayed their secret. Voldemort went after the father first, trying to give the mother time to run with the child but there were wards around the house preventing the escape. Voldemort killed off the father first then went after the mother. She barricaded the nursery while trying to calm the baby down. Voldemort then blasted open the door and turned his wand on the mother, giving her a chance to live. She never took the offer. Instead, she pleaded to not kill her child so he killed her. He finally turned to the child and said the unforgivable 'Avada Kedavra.' The spell reflected because of the sacrifice the mother made to protect her child and destroyed his body. The child was now crying for his mother when his godfather found him and got him out of the burning house. Then a half giant came to take him to his last living relatives. The godfather persisted to take the child but the half giant would have none of that. So he settled for the next best thing; Revenge and to bring in the traitor. The half giant took him to the Aunt's house where the headmaster was and put him on the door step in the middle of the night, disappearing for the next ten years.

Sound familiar? It should be, seeing as it's my story. The only thing the 'official ministry', got wrong was that instead of my godfather being the secret keeper, it was that rat Peter Pettigrew who betrayed my parents and no, he's not dead.

Why am I telling you all this? I want you to actually think for once in your life. Not what daddy tells you, or agreeing to whatever the rumour mill says or the newspaper. If you all think Sirius is guilty, then look for the trial records from that November. Or, ask my 'friends.' Although, they probably don't give a damn now what happens. So, on with the story.

You all think I was raised arrogant, spoiled, having the relatives serving me on a bent knee. If you were talking about my whale of a cousin, then you're right. I got the complete opposite treatment. The so-called 'Gryffindor Golden Boy' lived in a cupboard under the stairs for ten years. Hell, that's where my first Hogwarts letter was addressed to!

The Golden boy, for every little thing that goes wrong, gets beaten.

The Boy-who-was-raised-like-a-prince, was sometimes not given food for days on end for doing better than my cousin at school.

Harry Potter, treated worse than a house elf.

I didn't think magic existed until I was eleven. I thought this world would be better than the non-magical. I wouldn't say muggle. But no, between the wizarding and mundane, I choose the mundane world because I would be another faceless person who has people caring about then. Not being hailed as a bloody hero who is a celebrity for something I DON'T REMEMBER.

If anything, it's my parents and everyone else who tried to stop Voldemort the first time around who are the hero's. Not me. So, do you still think I can't get enough of my fame? Or 'doesn't he have enough attention already?' You bloody sheep! Some of you have known me for the past four years and yet you turn your back on me because you would be declared 'the enemy' by acquaintance. I know how this works. When Voldemort returns (no mistake, he WILL return), don't come crying to me. Clean up your own mess for once. I am leaving and probably never coming back unless I feel like it or something drastic happens. Enjoy the rest of your year because if I'm not here, then you don't have to have a temper tantrum about Cedric being the real champion. Oh and one last thing, as I keep telling you, I never entered.
Harry James Potter

The entire hall was still with shock. Some of the girls had tears running down their cheeks in shame. Others were wondering what pushed the Boy-who-Lived over the edge. Before anyone could do something, a phoenix flamed in and dropped two broken pieces of a wand then flamed out. Dumbledore examined it and dropped it in shock. *He's really left. Now how am I going to control him?* The two broken pieces are what remains of one Harry James Potter's wand.

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Harry was at the entrance of Gringotts bank with Hedwig on his shoulder as she nipped at his ear.

"Oh, Hedwig, can you take this to the headmaster please?" He took his wand from his pocket and snapped it. *If I need a new one, I'll get one custom made,* he thought. Hedwig bobbed her head and took the broken wand and flashed out. He only found out about her being part phoenix last year after Uncle Vernon took the belt to him after Ron's phone call.

Flashback

Harry limped upstairs. Uncle Vernon ('why should I even call him Uncle?' Harry thought), was… not happy about the call from Ron. *Jeez, I told him how to work one last year and it didn't go through his head.* He opened his door with the locks going down almost the entire frame. Harry slowly took off his shirt that was littered with scars. The newest ones were from the cane after they arrived home from the station from the 'Weasley' incident. Harry winced at the pain. The belt buckle ended up breaking the skin so there was blood trailing down his back.

Hedwig watched from her perch. She couldn't stand seeing her master in pain. She always tried healing him in the night but unlike pure phoenix tears, hers only left scars. She plucked up her courage and flew over to Harry.

"Hey girl." He said while stroking her feathers. He laid on his stomach while trying to block the pain when he felt something wet on his back. He laid still until it was done then turned his head. Hedwig had her head lowered to his back. Harry blinked seeing of he was imagining things. Hedwig let one last tear fall and hopped to his head. Staring at his owl (or he thinks she's an owl), and went over to his mirror and jumped in shock. Not even five minutes ago, there was blood trailing down his back with open cuts and bruises. Now, there were only scars. He turned to Hedwig.

"What are you?" He asked softly.

Hedwig couldn't really answer. How could she? So, she decided to bond with her master. Not many familiars do but she felt that Harry was special. She hopped over to him and nipped his finger then she nipped herself and pressed the two cuts together. There was a golden glow around them while Harry watched. The glow disappeared and Hedwig stared at him.

"Harry?" a voice said in his head. He jumped.

"I'm on your shoulder," Hedwig said in amusement. Harry thought he was going crazy.

"Hedwig? What happened? Why can I hear you now, no, talk to you?" Hedwig ruffled her feathers.

"I'm part phoenix Harry. Didn't you wonder why after you were eleven, every time you went to bed with fresh wounds and were healed in the morning?"

"I thought that as my magic again."
"No, that was me. I wasn't sure if I should bond with you-"

"Wait, bond?" Hedwig sighed.

"A bond between a familiar and their owner is rare. It means that they have absolute trust in each other and would never harm them. Since I am part phoenix, I can heal you but it still leaves scars and I can flame but I can't carry heavy loads like more then one human." Harry nodded. He did think it was odd in that sort of sense that after a beating when the wounds were bad, they were healed the next morning.

"Ok then, you are part phoenix then and we're bonded. That doesn't change anything."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

Flashback Ends

Harry waited for Hedwig to come back and only had to wait for about a minute when she flamed back. With that, they walked into Gringotts and went up to the nearest teller.

"Excuse me? Can I get some money from my vault?" The goblin looked up.

"Name?"

"Harry Potter."

The goblin looked up sharply.

"Come with me." He hopped off his stool and walked down one of the twisting hallways. They stopped at a door with a plaque that had the name 'Chaintooth.' Knocking on the door, there was a call of, "Enter."

The goblin pushed the door open and saw an older looking goblin at the desk writing and measuring some gems. He put down his quill and looked up.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, I was wondering if I'd ever see you here. Have you been getting your statements?"

Harry gave the goblin a look.

"Statements? I've never gotten anything from Gringotts."

Chaintooth was now pulling out folders with a ticked off look (Harry noted to not get goblins angry).

"Here is all the statements from 1981 when your parents were killed," he handed the folder to Harry. Scanning, he looked up puzzled.

"Sir, I never came here before 1991. It says here that there has been withdrawals since my parents deaths and I've only came here once a year, not every month."

Harry did the mental math. 5,000 galleons were taken each month and 20,000 galleons in a separate payment each year. So, for fourteen years, that's 260,000 and on top of the 5,000 galleons, that's 1,090,000 galleons he's missing. Harry was furious.

"Chaintooth, can you track down all the money and get it returned to my vault. And-" Harry thought for a minute.

"Did my parents have a will?" Chaintooth thought for a minute.
"Yes, there should be a copy here. The one at the ministry got sealed but Gringotts don't go by wizarding laws."

"Who sealed it?"

"Dumbledore."

"WHAT!" Harry fumed. What else had the Headmaster screwed his life over with?

"Chaintooth, can I please see the will?" A nod was all he got.

Chaintooth went over to a cabinet and pulled out a drawer while going through each file trying to find a specific one. Finding it near the back, he pulled it out and brought it back to his desk.

"Now then Mr. Potter, here's your parents will," he handed it over to Harry who took it with his hands shaking slightly. He opened the will.

I, James Charles Potter, and I, Lily Marianna Potter nee Evans, proclaim this as our final will and testament with all others void.

If you are reading this, then we are dead. We are sorry to everyone. If we do die and were still in hiding, then that means Peter Pettigrew betrayed our secret. We really hope that Padfoot doesn't do anything rash. So, onto the beneficiaries;

First, to our dear Moony, we leave you 1 million galleons (and no, you can’t take it back). Buy a new wardrobe, you deserve it.

Second, to Padfoot, we leave the guardian of our son in your hands and control over the Potter vaults until Harry is of age and 1 million galleons for you own usage. You and Moony both have the Marauder's Hideaway so use it well (*wink).

Third, to Wormtail, we leave you also with 1 million galleons unless you betray us, then you get nothing.

Fourth, to our son, we're so sorry that we didn't see you grow up to be the man that you would be. We hope that you have a good life and make lots of friends (and girlfriends. JAMES!). So, to you Harry, we leave everything else to you when you become of age.

We are leaving a list of guardians if Padfoot can't take Harry as he is his godfather. We're sorry Moony but until the ministry gets rid of their ridiculous werewolf laws, you can't be a guardian.

Frank and Alice Longbottom (Harry's godmother)

Peter Pettigrew (Unless he betrayed us)

Amelia Bones (good friend)

Minerva McGonagall

Arthur and Molly Weasley (good friends of the family)

If none are available, then Harry is to go to a good wizarding home. HE IS NOT TO GO TO MY SISTER PETUNIA AND HER HUSBAND. THEY HATE MAGIC WITH A PASSION!

That is our will.
We love you Prongslet,

Lily and James

Witness:

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

Chaintooth

Harry had tears streaming down his face. 'He knew. He knew and still let Sirius get locked up and send me to the Dursley's. The British wizarding world can do with out me.' Harry contemplated on what to do next. He had everything shrunken down in his pocket.

He was thinking of leaving Hogwarts for a while and the Goblet of Fire incident just solidified his case in leaving. So, he tried to stick around and put up with everything but it became too much. The final blow was when all the Weasley's and Hermione turned their back on Harry and nobody talked to him and made those ridiculous badges. Along with the supper incident.

Flashback

Harry sighed as he walked down to the great hall with his trunk and firebolt in his pocket. He's been carrying them around all week just in case it gets looted. All conversations seemed to stop when he walked into the Great Hall, again.

Then the whisperings of "cheater," "attention seeker," "traitor," followed him to an empty seat where he stared eating in silence. He didn't eat very much when the Ron and Hermione started talking.

"...it's not like he gets enough attention or anything. I bet he did this to get in the paper and do a sob story about his life. Now that I look back, I can't help but think that the over large clothes and the bars on the window were suppose to get sympathy..."

Harry was hurt. Did Ron really think like that? He got three cat-o-nine tails over the pudding incident. What was worse, Hermione slowly nodded and the other Weasley's said nothing. His eyes started prickling and suddenly got up and stalked over to their seat. The hall went quiet but Harry didn't notice.

"Oh yeah Ron, I wear over sized clothes for the hell of it and those bars, that's nothing compared to what those Dursley's did to me before hand. Did you ever wonder why no one has ever seen my back. I'll tell you why, do you know what cat-o-nine tails are? I thought not. It's a piece of leather or rope tied into nine knots and soaked in rum and vinegar. One strike against the skin breaks it. Two tares all the muscle and three shows the bone and sometimes cracks it. So yes Ron, I really went for the 'sob story,' as you elegantly put it." He stood up and turned to the rest of the table. He saw some skeptical faces and not caring faces. The only one he didn't see was Neville. Not that he cared. He left the hall for the Astronomy Tower when Neville came in holding a note.

"He's leaving us." All the note said was 'Goodbye.'

Flashback Ends

"Chaintooth, is it possible to get a passport and a muggle credit card for my vault?" Chaintooth raised an eyebrow.

"Are you leaving?" Harry nodded.
"Yes. I've had it with the stares, the slander and that whispers. I'm also thinking of leaving the Wizarding World. The one on Britain anyway." Chaintooth scratched his chin.

"Where would you go?"

"I was thinking America to an old friend's father. He can help." Chaintooth nodded.

"In that case, here's a passport. It's charmed to update your picture and it has all the muggle components of an authentic one and a Gringotts card."

"Can we charm it to look like a mundane company?" Harry got a weird look for saying mundane.

"Yes, every time you use this, it costs 15 sickles although that will look like nothing compared to the rest of your money."

"Thanks Chaintooth. Can we get a plane ticket flying to Washington D.C. please?" Harry just said Washington D.C. because that's one of the American cities he remembers from grade four geography. Hopefully he can call Gibbs by tomorrow. Chaintooth got out a plane schedule for the Gatwick Airport.

"The airport is 27 miles south of London called Gatwick Airport that goes to Dulles International Airport. It's in Chantilly, Virginia, about an hour from Washington. Here's the flight schedule." Chaintooth handed Harry that list of flights. He pondered and took the 3:00 p.m. flight in two days.

"Can I have first class please?" Chaintooth just wrote it down and said something in Gobbledegook. The parchment glowed and turned into a plane ticket.

"Here you are Mr. Potter. The muggles were also sent a notice as well so no need to worry about that. Now, here's your bank card and is that everything?"

"Yes. Well, one more thing. Can I have a file of everything I own please and is there a Gringotts in Washington?"

"Yes, it's on New York Avenue called Potbelly Sandwich Works. Muggle's can go in but the magical folk can go in to back and there's something sort of like a Diagon Alley in behind there. Ask for Jack and he'll show you. He's always in the back. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes, thank you for you time." Chaintooth handed Harry a folder, his passport, plane ticket and his credit card then left the bank.

"Come on Hedwig. I'll meet you in the Leaky Cauldron in a while ok?"

"Alright Harry."

Hedwig took off flying into the night while Harry made his way to the pub. Carefully making sure that no one was watching, he changed his hair colour to brown and his eyes to a more chocolate brown by using a glamour charm. He found out about them last year and tried doing it with a wand and wandless, though without a wand, they don't last very long. He couldn't do anything about his scar so he just hoped that it would be enough. Walking up to Tom, he asked in a gruffy voice, "I need a room for tonight." Tom looked up from wiping his glass.

"That'll be 3 sickles." Harry nodded and handed the money over. He kept a little bit of wizarding money on him. The credit card changes his money into pounds and soon to be dollars so at least that won't be an issue. He followed Tom up to his room where he laid on his bed for a while. Hedwig came back and was now standing by his head.
"Well Hedwig, we're off the America," he whispered and went to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

This won't be a super Harry or anything like that. He'll get a couple abilities but that's it.
Dumbledore sat in his office trying to figure out what to do next. Harry Potter has run from the magical world. 'Blasted child.' he thought. Thinking on where the boy would be, Severus Snape stepped into his office.

"You summoned me Headmaster?"

"Yes, yes my boy. Would you like a lemon drop?"

"No, thank you. Although, how you eat those blasted things, I'll never know." Snape sneered. Ever since Potter ran yesterday, the Headmaster was trying to find that brat. 'As arrogant as his father while trying to get some attention by running.' Of course, he missed hearing the letter as he was stalking to the dungeons to find the fire whiskey for the night as it was Friday night.

"Now, I have called you to help me find Mr. Potter. It's imperative that he's found at all costs. Now, he has most likely left the wizarding world by now, but is probably still in London as no one has seen any boy matching his description. You are familiar with the muggle world, correct? Good," (Dumbledore ignored the heavy scowl), "I need you to find Harry and bring him back here so he's under control. We can't have him wandering and get killed now would we?" Dumbledore peered over his half mooned spectacles to Snape. The twinkle finally getting to him, Snape finally yelled, "Fine! I'll go and find that blasted brat and no, I won't kill him, yet," Snape muttered the last word under his breath. Dumbledore smiled.

"Excellent, you may go now," Snape turned and left Dumbledore's office with his robes bellowing behind him. Dumbledore popped a lemon drop into his mouth.

"Now then, that's settled. When the boy is back, I guess we are going to need some compulsion potions to work on the boy." Fawkes trilled sadly, watching his friend delve deeper into darkness and madness for control.

Harry woke up the next morning wondering why he wasn't at Hogwarts. Then he remembered. Memories came crashing down around him harshly, as he groaned and laid back on his pillow. Hedwig trilled. Another thing he learned about Hedwig was that she could sing the melodies Fawkes could, but doesn't raise any emotions. He turned and smiled at her.

"Well girl, looks like I'll be leaving the British wizarding world after today. That reminds me, I need to get new clothes and throw out Dudley's cast offs into the trash. What do you think?" If anyone saw Harry conversing with an owl, they would be partly tempted to bring him to St. Mungo's to see if he was insane. Hedwig replied with, "Of course I agree with you throwing out those revolting things! Are you going out shopping then today?" Harry switched to talking through the bond.

"Of course, we leave tomorrow on the plane and besides, I need to call Gibbs to see where the heck he lives now. Now, I'll be shopping in the mundane world for clothes as robes would really stand out there." Harry grumbled about "outdated ideas" and "their medieval clothes," Hedwig looked a bit amused.

"I'll be out hunting then. Call me through the link when you're done."

"Sure. Have a nice flight girl." Harry then got out his trunk and enlarged it taking out his only good outfit that wasn't too big. Concentrating on shrinking his clothes, he was happy when they did. That
should last long enough to get a few decent outfits,' he thought. Re-shrinking his trunk, he put it in his pocket and re-did his glamour from the night below. It would only be for a minute so Harry wasn't worried.

He walked down stairs and gave a nod to Tom who was serving a hag he thought and quickly dropped the glams before stepping into the mundane world. Harry smiled with himself. 'Just another nameless person. No stares, no nothing.' He was feeling a little giddy now but sternly reminded himself that he was on a time limit. Wandering down a few streets, he saw a store called 'Bluenotes' and decided to walk in to see what types of clothes they have. When he walked through the door, his eyes widened. There were shelves upon shelves of different jean cuts and different t-shirt styles and sweaters. A girl around nineteen came up to him.

"Hello, can I help you with anything?" Harry nodded, not trusting his voice at the moment.

"Were you looking for anything specific?" Harry shook his head.

"I need a whole new wardrobe right now. Can you help? I don't know my size for anything really and have no fashion sense. Money isn't a problem." The girl grinned.

"Excellent then. Well, first we need your sizes then I can get you some different styles and then we'll go from there." Harry had no idea what he got himself into.

Five hours later, he walked out with 12 new pairs of jeans, 15 t-shirts, 8 hoodies, 6 long sleeve shirts and 3 new belts. All in all, it cost him a pretty penny to get everything, although he was relieved he did. 'Next stop, shoe store.' He was really hoping it wouldn't take as long as the clothes. He ended up wandering a few blocks down Oxford street before he found a shoe store called 'Shuh'. Harry grinned and went inside. There was a strong smell of rubber that made him a little dizzy for some reason. Going up to the teller, he asked if he could put all his bags behind the counter.

"Sure looks like you did a lot of shopping this morning."

"You have no idea," Harry muttered.

"I need some new shoes but I don't know the size I need."

"Hm, Cassie! Can you help this person please?" Cassie came walking over.

"Who's the next person I can torture?" Harry quirked an eyebrow. Unsure now (Cassie had a scary grin on her face), he stepped forward.

"That would be me." Cassie looked at him.

"Well come on! I want to get this torture session started now." The person behind the counter rolled his eyes at which Cassie ignored him. Walking towards the running shoe section with shoes displays on little side wall displays, Cassie went and pulled out a foot sizer from under the stool.

"Now Harry, I need you to place your heel at the very back so I can move the sizer to get your shoe size," Harry nodded. He pushed his heel back and Cassie measured to the end of his toe.

"Hmm, size 10. That shouldn't be a problem. Now," Cassie clapped her hands, "what type of shoe were you looking for." Harry was caught by surprise.

"Oh, um. Maybe 2 runners, 1 formal black and 1 pair of black boots." Cassie nodded.

"Colour preference?"
"I was thinking one of the runner could be a dark red and the other can be white with black strips."

"Alright then. Let's go and see if we can find your style then." Cassie said cheerfully. If Harry thought clothes shopping was horrible, then shoe shopping was agonizing. The boots he found quickly, they kind of reminded him of the boot Gibbs would sometime wear with his Marine uniform. The formal took a little longer because Harry couldn't find a style he liked so he and Cassie ended up going to the back where Harry found a simple pair of black shoes that he liked. The runners were the hardest. There were different styles he liked but ended up asking Cassie how long each pair would last.

"Well, the way we price them is how long they last. The higher the price means that they will last much longer then shoes from say…the American brands from Walmart over there," she grinned. Harry guess that Walmart wasn't as good of quality. He decided to get the ones that would last for a while with all the running he enjoys doing. Picking out two that appealed to him, they brought all four pairs of shoes up to the counter.

"Having fun I see," the man said when he saw Harry's tired look.

"Oh yes, loads." Harry said sarcastically. He rang up the shoes.

"That will be 450 pounds please," Harry shrugged and handed over his card. That was mere pocket change that the interest would bring back within two days.

Picking up those bags along with his clothes, Harry went to find an alleyway that had no one watching. Looking around, Harry quickly shrank everything and put them in his pocket. Satisfied with everything, Harry went to find a pay phone. He took out a couple pounds from his pocket and placed them in the change slot. He took out the card and took a deep breath.

He hasn't heard from him since Kelly's death so Harry had no idea how the man was doing. He was about to dial when the hairs on the back of his neck prickled. Someone was watching him and probably following him. Not risking a look, he quickly dialed the number and held his breath as the call was getting connected to America. His heart was pounding as the phone kept ringing. On the last ring it got picked up.

"Yeah, Gibbs." Harry let out a whoop of happiness.

"Hello, Gibbs? It's Harry."

"Harry who?"

"Harry Potter sir, from when you, Shannon and Kelly were in England six years ago. You gave me your card and put your serial number on the back with Kelly's initials and was told to call if I ever needed too." There was a pause.

"Harry? Little Harry who would sneak around the house causing trouble with Kelly and some how always get away with it?"

"Yes sir." Harry smirked. That was fun.

"I need your help."

"Relatives?"

"No, I'm leaving the country"
"What did you do to warrant that?"

"Me, nothing. There's nothing for me here and everyone who I thought they were aren't the people I though they were. Where are you anyway?"

"Washington D.C."

"My good luck must be shining through," Harry muttered. "Cool. I have a flight to the Dulles International Airport leaving tomorrow leaving at 3 in the afternoon. Can you meet me there or should I get a cab?"

"No, I can get you."

"Thanks. On a different note, you know how you always taught me to be wary of my surroundings?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"I think someone's following me."

"Do you know who?"

"No, I can guess but I could be wrong. I think I see them coming. I'll see you at the airport in America tomorrow."

"Harry."

"I have to go." Harry quickly hanged up and started a brisk walk to the nearest hotel and went into a lobby. Going up to the receptionist (who looked very bored), Harry asked, "can I rent a room for the night?" The girl looked up. Putting her magazine away, she looked at her computer.

"Name?"

"Harry Potter."

"Any room preference?"

"None."

"Ok, here's the key for room 310. It's on the third floor. Follow the signs and you'll find it."

"Thanks miss." Harry went to the elevator and pressed up. Contrary to most other muggleborns and muggle raised, Harry kept up his mundane studies in secret at Hogwarts. He got use to sleeping for 6 hours at night. He knew it wasn't healthy but he didn't want to cut himself off from the mundane world that was always changing. He stepped into the elevator and pressed '3' going up. It was the middle of the day so the halls were empty.

Finding the signs directing him to rooms '00-25' he went and looked at the room numbers and found his pretty quickly. Sliding the key in and quickly taking it out, the lock turned green and he heard a click that unlocked his door. The room was simple, but elegant. It had a king size bed and a small t.v in the cabinet along with a small bar fridge. Harry opened the curtains and saw London in all its glory. 'I might return here someday,' he thought.

Harry sat on his bed and got everything he shrank out of his pockets. Enlarging everything, he started cutting the tags off with his knife. The knife was a marine issued one so Harry had no worries about it. It was a going away gift from Gibbs when they left for America again. "Rule #9: Never go
“You never had anyone to care about you before and naturally forgot about him.” Harry jumped when Hedwig's voice appeared in his head.

"Jeez Hedwig! Do you have to do that?" Harry heard Hedwig laughing.

"Of course! It's entertaining to see your reactions sometimes. Anyway, do you want me to take a message to Sirius?"

"Please. Give me a minute to write it.” Harry searched his trunk until he found a pen and a piece of paper.

Dear Padfoot,

You might of heard already that I was chosen as a fourth champion for the Tri-Wizard Tournament. That would've been fine—even when I didn't enter—if everyone didn't turn their backs on me. When I say everyone, I mean, everyone. Even Ron and Hermione, who you met in June, turned their backs on me. I couldn't take it anymore Sirius so I decided to leave, and no, this wasn't on a whim. I have been thinking about it for a while so I decided to go to America to an old friend's place. Please don't tell Dumbledore. I don't trust him with his intentions towards me. It's almost...controlling. If you want to contact me, just call Hedwig's name and she'll come. She can flame so distance isn't a problem. Padfoot, I'm sorry if leaving here will distraught you but I have NO other options in the UK. Everyone either loves me or hates me, and besides, the British Wizarding World is still living in the Dark Ages while everywhere else has moved forward. Don't be fooled by my schooling, I do enjoy reading whatever I get my hands on. Anyway, if you want to tell Moony, make him take an oath. It's not that I don't trust him, I just don't trust Dumbledore not sticking his large nose into everything. At least you'll be safe.

Stay safe,

Harry

Harry folded the paper into quarters and gave it to Hedwig.

"Can you give this to Sirius please?" Hedwig bobbed her head and flamed out. Harry smiled. At least people won't see and owl flying around in the middle of the day. That would raise questions. He turned back to everything that was sprawled on the bed.

He brought the trash bin over and threw out all of Dudley's old clothes and went through his text books. He pitched all the Lockhart books in a heart beat, his first years defense book, divination, Hogwarts; a History, his History text book, A Beginners' Guide to Transfiguration, Magical Theory, and his care of magical creatures book (it wasn't anything against Hagrid, it was just that the book would stand out, and not in a good way).

Harry put all those on the trash and looked at what he had left. He had his standard book of spells grades one to four, the intermediate transfiguration, his potions textbooks along with his herbology, Fantastical Beasts and where to find them (Harry updates it once a year as he seems to run into anywhere without a knife.” Gibbs said. Harry, being eight at the time, took those words to heart so he always had his knife everywhere he went.

Harry threw all the tags in the garbage and started going through his trunk. He just realized he lived in his trunk practically. So, he took out all his books, clothes, photo album, invisibility cloak, Marauder's Map…Marauder's. Crap…Sirius! Harry smacked himself. How could he be so stupid and forget about his Godfather.
different creatures the books says either don't exist or hasn't been seen for hundred's of years), a few extra books he picked up on Ancient Runes, Arithmancy and Curses, his photo album, invisibility cloak, Marauder's Map, Firebolt and his new clothes and shoes.

He looked at the trunk and decided to look up the charm he heard that would expand the space. Taking his journal from his pocket, he flipped to his 'spell' section and looked up charms. He was glad that it puts the charms in alphabetical order or else he would never find any of them, as the charm section is quite big.

"Expand, expand," Harry mumbled under his breath.

"Ah! Here it is! The undetectable expansion charm can make a small purse hold up to one ton of objects and it doesn't feel any heavier then the purse holding a wallet. Harry decided to give it a try.

"Dilata et levare." Harry put his spell books in first. He was surprised that it did work without a wand. Harry thought that he would have trouble but apparently not. He shrugged and shrunk his firebolt and put it into a side pocket along with his invisibility cloak, photo album and the map. He then placed his mundane books like 'Lord of the Rings,' all his Charles Dickens collection, 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'How to Kill a Mockingbird,' and his favourite, 'The Three Musketeers.' Smiling at the titles, Harry placed them with care, as his aunt and uncle thought it would please Dudley getting him either first editions or collectible. Harry didn't care. He loved getting lost in the adventures of Frodo and the personal suffering he went through to save the world, Aragorn, trying to save man kind while trying to prove his worth to himself, Scout and Jem trying to understand the world around them, Sherlock Holmes trying to solve the latest mystery, Oliver Twist, the orphan pickpocket, Miss Manette's adventure trying to get her father out of prison and d'Artagnan trying to be a Musketeer and the trials and struggles he goes through to become one. Harry touched the spine of 'Oliver Twist.' He can relate to Oliver and is now hoping, like him, he finds a family he's happy with. Placing the book with the others, he then moved onto clothing.

He placed his formal shoes, boots and his black and red shoes and placed them into his trunk while leaving his black and white ones out while throwing out his old ones. They were falling apart anyway. He took out a black t-shirt and a pair of dark wash jeans for tomorrow long with a dark blue hoodie. Harry then promptly remembered some other necessities he needed. No more cleaning charms. 'Damn. Well, I guess I better go back out.' He grimaced. He quickly pulled out a map of London looking for the nearest Tesco store and found it two streets over from Great Marlborough street on Dean street. But...what of that person was out by the hotel. He scanned the map again. Maybe Hedwig could flame him... "Hedwig. Can you come here please?"

"I'm here Harry. What do you need?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Did you take the note to Sirius?"

"Yes. He was very upset that you're leaving but could kind of see why. He'll call me when he wants to write a note."

"Thanks. Now, can you flame me near Dean street please? I think someone's following me."

"Of course. Grab my tail." With that, Hedwig and Harry flamed to Ramilles street at the dead end behind a car.

"Thanks Girl." Hedwig bobbed her head as Harry pulled out his map. If asked, he could easily plead ignorance as the Dursley's never took him to London. Following it to Dean street, Harry found the store he wanted.
He went in and immediately went to the toiletry section. He had to get everything. Toothbrush, tooth paste, hairbrush, deodorant and he picked up some Advil. Going to the clothes section, Harry went a little red as he got some new boxers that would fit and some new socks as his old ones had quite a few holes in them and picked up two pairs of pajamas. He decided to also find the nearest music store as he always loved playing the guitar but had to stop after Hogwarts. Bringing up his purchases, he paid for them and felt his cheeks go red as the girl rang up his clothes. Quickly paying, Harry asked the girl where the closest music store was.

"There's Rose Morris on Denmark street if you want an instrument and Foyles on Charing Cross for sheet music."

"Thanks miss." Harry then left to find Denmark street. He'd get the music later. Actually, he was hungry and decided to go to go and wander for somewhere to eat. He didn't notice that he actually walked to Greek street. He stopped in front of a restaurant called 'Pizza Express.' Harry went in. He didn't realize that pizza could have so many toppings. He ordered a small pizza with extra cheese, pepperoni, onions, pepper, ham and diced tomatoes.

"Coming up." Harry waited to the side for about 20 minutes until his pizza was ready. Taking it to a table, Harry almost devoured it as he realized he missed lunch with all his shopping. He ate for about 10 minutes and then sat around. He took out his map and searched for the music store. He found out it wasn't far so Harry threw out the pizza box, taking his purchases, and started walking again. He looked at the sign when he got to the store. 'Yup. This is the spot.'

He then went in and went straight to the guitars. There were rows upon rows of guitars. He wasn't into bass guitars so he looked at the acoustic and electric. The acoustics were for country mostly. After Harry strummed a few, he decided to go for the electric ones. He found one after playing a few that he thought sounded perfect. He never played with a Gibson les Paul before but he loved the one he was holding. It was a deep blood red while the red looks rippled with black. He scoffed at the price but saw that it included everything, including new strings and the tools and casing. He picked up the guitar and went to the counter and waited for the person to come up. He waited about five minutes before someone came out.

"Sorry bout that. Working on a problem on an acoustic. Is this what you'll be getting?" Harry nodded.

"Aye, she's a beauty. That'll cost 700 pounds."

"Will that include the casing, extra strings and tools?"

"Yes."

"Perfect." Harry grinned as the man got out the case for the guitar and put the strings and tools in separate pine boxes.

"Here you are lad. Hope you'll enjoy."

"I will, thanks." Harry was grinning as a mad person now that he's left. 'Next stop, Foyles. Funny, that almost sounds like Goyle. Oh well. Lets see if they have any good sheet music.' Harry walked down the street starting to be bogged down with everything. He was thankful when he saw the store a few feet in front of him.

Harry walked in and saw that the music was divided into sections. He saw the guitar section and went over to it. The music was sub-categorized into the different guitars. Harry looked for electric and was ecstatic to find some of his favourites there. He decided to get one of each of his favourites
and a few extras. He had fun choosing them. He almost bought one of each electric guitar music. He paid for them and went into an alley. It was getting dark so Harry had to be quick. Hedwig’s flame could cause attention that he didn't need right now.

"Hedwig."

"Yes Harry?"

"Can you flame me back to my room please?"

"Alright. But no flaming for two weeks after this. It's making me tired."

"I know and I am sorry for it." Hedwig didn't reply and instead flamed to Harry. He ended up putting some of his bags on his wrist so he could grab Hedwig to get them out. They flamed back to Harry's room and Harry dropped some of his bags in exhaustion.

"Oh yes, I'm done shopping for the next ten years." Hedwig laughed in his head. Harry glared and went to his bags from Tesco first and used his knife to open the bags of sock and took the tags off the boxers and his night wear. He put one pair of his pajamas in his trunk and all his boxers and socks except for one pair each for tomorrow. He changed out of Dudley's cast offs and chuck those in the ever growing pile of trash. 

"Incendio." Harry said while pointing his hand at the trash can being careful that he burned the books and put the ashes in one of his old shoes.

He then slipped on his new pajama pants and shirt while opening the packages on his toothbrush, hair brush and toothpaste. He then went to the bathroom to brush his teeth and re packed them in his trunk, thankful he still had a toiletries travel bag. He them put in the sheet music and didn't bother taking it out of the bag yet, along with the pine boxes and the actual guitar. Harry them closed his trunk and them transfigured the outside to resemble a back pack. He put his journal in there along with the pad of paper and the pen that was on the dresser in the side pocket. He was thanking every lucky star there was that his transfiguration's actually lasts. He then frowned. How will he explain everything to Gibbs? About magic and the real reason his parents are gone and Sirius?

"Harry, go to sleep. You'll need it for tomorrow. You can think about it on the plane tomorrow." Harry smiled.

"Alright Hedwig, I guess you're right. Goodnight." He put the back pack beside his bed and drifted off to sleep.
Meeting the Team and a New Case

Chapter Notes

First NCIS sighting and an original case.

"Tony. Stop that!"

"What?"

"Throwing balls of paper at me,"

"Why would I do that?"

"Tony, remember I can kill with a credit card."

McGee rolled his eyes and went back to his computer. Tony and Ziva kept bickering.

"You two! Quite flirting! It's too early in the morning for that. We need to finish the paper work before Gibbs gets h-"

"Too late McGee."

Gibbs said. He sat at his desk with his coffee still steaming. He turned to his computer. He just came back from retirement and since the team now knew about Kelly, he put a picture of her and little Harry running through the house. It was one of the few times Gibbs saw Harry so care free. The team didn't know about his almost adoptive son. No one did really, not even Ziva.

The neighborhood of Little Whinging was a snobbish "Stuck up, prissies" is how Shannon called it. Kelly went to school and ended up bringing a friend home. Harry was small and had on clothes that looked like rags. His green eyes are something Gibbs could recognize anywhere. It didn't take long to figure out something was wrong with his home life but there wasn't anything Gibbs could do and it almost broke Shannon's heart. So Kelly said that Harry could have a sleep over here every other day during the week and always on the weekend. Shannon thought it was a wonderful idea. When they suggested the idea to the Dursley's, they weren't happy about it but they let Harry go anyway. If Harry could say it, it would have been the best four years of his life. Until Gibbs got a call saying he had to come back to America. Kelly cried for a week when Gibbs told her that they were leaving. So Kelly and Harry spent as much time together as possible, trying to make up until they meet next time. Right before they left, Gibbs gave Harry his "lucky knife," he called it, along with his number and he wrote on the back his Marine serial with KG at the end, for Kelly. "If you ever need me, I'm only a call away," Four months after they moved back to the States was when Shannon and Kelly were killed. Gibbs sent a letter over and asked that it would be delivered in person. The mail person later said that it broke his heart seeing the young boy being told his friend died.

Gibbs would be by his phone to see if Harry would call. But the call never came so he thought that the Dursley's took away the number. His phone rang and startled him out of his musing. Checking the caller id, it was an unknown number from over seas. Gibbs flipped it open.

"Yeah. Gibbs."
"Hello, Gibbs? It's Harry," Harry? The only Harry he knew was Harry Potter and he hasn't heard from him in years.

"Harry who?"

"Harry Potter sir, from when you, Shannon and Kelly where in England six years ago. You gave me your card and put your serial number on the back with Kelly's initials and was told to call if I ever needed too." Gibbs paused. Why was he calling after all these years? Is he in trouble now?

"Harry? Little Harry who would sneak around the house causing trouble with Kelly and some how always get away with it?"

"Yes sir." Gibbs could almost hear the smirk. Those two knew that they could get away with it so they always made the most of it.

"I need your help."

"Relatives?" Gibbs loathed those Dursleys with a passion. How any one could think child abuse was fine wasn't a person in his books. That's part of the reason why he always wants to make sure that he can get the maximum prison sentence to the ones he can catch.

"No, I'm leaving the country," What did the kid do?'

"What did you do to warrant that?"

"Me, nothing." That's good

"There's nothing for me here and everyone who I thought they were aren't the people I thought they were. Where are you anyway?"

"Washington D.C"

"Cool. I have a flight to the Dulles International Airport leaving tomorrow leaving at 3 in the afternoon. Can you meet me there or should I get a cab?" Gibbs was surprised that Harry had thought all this through. It sounded like he's been planning this for a while. Gibbs looked at his calendar. With no cases now, he was free.

"No, I can get you."

"Thanks. On a different note, you know how you always taught me to be wary of my surroundings?"

"Yeah. Why?" Gibbs asked slowly. This can't be good.

"I think someone's following me. " Rule 40. 'Gibbs always said that the rules in the 40's were only for emergencies. He gave Harry the only paper copy for him so it must have been serious.

"Do you know who?"

"No, I can guess but I could be wrong. I think I see them coming. I'll see you at the airport in America tomorrow."

"Harry-"

"I have to go."
"Harry!" Gibbs yelled through the phone, but he already hanged up.

"Damn." He muttered. He looked at his phone and flipped it shut.

"Who was that boss?" Tony asked. He never got an answer as Gibbs' phone went off.

"Yeah. Gibbs. Ok, team, grab your gear, we got a dead marine in an alley way,"

"I'll get Ducky," Ziva said as she flipped her phone on. They all went in the elevator when Gibbs head slapped Tony.

"Ow! What was that for?"

"Tony, you of all people should know to never try and piss off a woman."

"Thanks boss," Tony said as he rubbed his head.

"Jeez, and it's only 8:30.'

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The got out of the van by an abandoned alley way. People were crowding around the police tap. A police man came up when Gibbs flashed his badge.

"Special Agent Gibbs. NCIS. Can you tell me what happened?"

"Not much. The only thing that we have is a dead Corporal who was founded by a fifteen year old running after a phone number. She's over there in the blue dress." The officer pointed to a young girl who was pressed against the wall staring at the body. She was trembling at the site of the Corporal's slashed chest and vacant eyes wearing full uniform. Gibbs stepped in front of her, blocking the view.

"Hey there, what's your name?" He inquired softly.


"Well Thalia, can you tell me when you found the body and what you were doing?"

"Around 7 I think. I was chasing my boyfriends number. I was trying to put into my phone and someone bumped me and lost my grip on it and ran after it. It landed near the trash so I bent to pick it up and saw a hand sticking out of it. I looked over it and saw the body." Thalia was almost hyperventilating after saying that.

"Alright. Lets get you out of here. You have anyone to call?"

"My father." Gibbs nodded while Thalia dialed the number. He went back over to his dead corporal.

"What do you have Duck?"

"Not much here Jethro. The only cause of death I can find are these slashes on his chest and neck. Poor bugger." Ducky sighed.

"Mr. Palmer, have you got a time of death yet?"

"The thermometer says around six hours ago."

"Who would want to be wandering around two in the morning other then getting home from being drunk?" Tony asked.
"DiNozzo, got everything?"

"Yes boss. Everything's bagged and tagged. McGee and Ziva are looking for surveillance cameras."

"Good work. Duck, can we move the body now?"

"Yes. Mr. Palmer, can you get the body bag from the truck?"

"Right away doctor." Ducky looked at the body concentrating.

"Something bothering you Duck?" Gibbs asked.

"No, not really. Although, this reminds me from about twenty years ago in England when there were all these mysterious deaths for about twenty years, almost like this then 13 years ago, it all stopped." Gibbs nodded and noted this for later. McGee came jogging over.

"Hey boss. Ziva is getting the last of the surveillance cameras then we're done."

"Alright McGee."

"Um, boss?" McGee asked nervously.

"Yes McGee?"

"Wh-who were you talking to this morning?"

"A boy I use to know." Gibbs left for the truck. McGee thought for a minute to the conversation. He'll asked Tony and Ziva to help him later. Ziva had her hands full with eight cameras from all around the alley.

"McGee, I would be helpful if you didn't act like a log on a bump."

"It's bump on a log Ziva." Tony corrected.

"Yes, yes. Can you help or I'm going to drop one." Ziva asked. Tony rolled his eyes and took three of them while ignoring her look.

"Come on. Gibbs wants us back at the truck so we can get some of this to Abby." Tony said over his shoulder.

They arrived back and Tony got stuck with Abby processing the evidence.

"Jeez Abbs, it looks like a Gibbs memorial in here." Tony commented. Gibbs' picture was on all of Abby's screens.

"Well Tony, until Gibbs stays, these stay. You have a problem?"

"Uh, no,"

"Good," Abby said happily and turned to the evidence.

"Now, where did you get all this?"

"From a back alley where a corporal's body was found. Ducky should be bringing up finger prints in a minute from the body."
"No need Anthony, I'm already here." Ducky came in wearing his autopsy clothing while giving Abby a piece of paper with all the finger prints.

"Thanks Ducky. Do we have a murder weapon?"

"Sadly not my dear. Mr. Palmer and I don't have an idea on how those slashes were made."

"That was fast."

"Well my dear Abigail, this murder looks clean cut. Mr. Palmer will bring up blood samples in a while when we have the x-rays done."

"Alright. Thanks Duck." Abby looked at Tony who had a raised eyebrow.

"What?"

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"Have I already said how much I hate low pixel videos?"

"About 20 times in the last half hour McGee." Ziva looked over McGee's shoulder at the video.

"Well, there's our corporal walking into a store across the street at about 2200…wait McGee, rewind about 20 minutes. There," Ziva pointed to a figure entering a convenience store looking around.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say he's being paranoid." The elevator dinged and Gibbs stepped out with a fresh cup of coffee.

"What do we have McGee?"

"Not much boss. Other then the person who went into the convenience store before the corporal looking around like he's being followed, then not much."

"Do we have an ID yet?"

"Corporal Frederick Johnson. Age 27, single and was getting ready to deploy to Iraq in two days. He had today on leave before having to stay on the base to leave." Tony said coming from the elevator. He finally found the Corporal's wallet in the trash and he didn't want to do that again.

"Aaanndd, we got some partial prints from the wallet although Abby's now mad because it's not enough to get a good match." Abby was about to pull her hair out when there wasn't enough for a match. Tony held the Corporal's file in his hand.

"The file also states that he's from England, immigrated here when he was 17 and got his citizenship four years later. Not too much on his past, other then his parents and sister were killed in a fire when he was 16 and that he went to a private boarding school some where in Scotland since he was eleven. The only person who could tell us more is a Private Bradley Stone who was also getting ready to deploy. Same unit and lives near him as well."

"Nice job Tony. McGee, Ziva, I want an ID from that surveillance camera. Tony, go find this Bradley Stone."

"What are you going to do boss?" Gibbs was already going up the stairs towards the directors office. The secretary looked up and saw Gibbs.

"Agent Gibbs is here to see you Director."
"Send him in." She pressed a button that opened the door with Gibbs striding through. Director Jenny Shepard looked up from her paperwork.

"Agent Gibbs. I wasn't expecting you for another-" She looked at her watch, "four hours. What can I help you with?"

"I need the day off tomorrow."

"Oh?" Jenny said raising an eyebrow.

"I need to go to the airport and pick up someone."

"And who would that someone be?"

"A boy I knew six years ago who was almost family. I left him my number in case something happened at his relatives and only got the call this morning."

"Why would he call you about his relatives?"

"Let's just say he's the reason why I want child abusers in for a maximum prison sentence." Jenny was now surprised.

"When does his plane leave?"

"Three in the afternoon England time."

"So all this happened when you were posted in England." She looked thoughtful.

"Is that why you wanted to go back there when we were coming back from our mission?" Gibbs nodded. Jenny sighed.

"Alright Jethro. I will let you have that one day off only instead of three days because of your case. Did you get an update on your dead Corporal?"

"His name is Corporal Frederick Johanson. Age 27 with no family. Came over to America from England when he was 17 when his family died in a fire at age 16. Got his citizenship four years later and joined the military. Was to deploy for his first tour in Iraq tomorrow. We don't know anything about his past other than what happened to his family and went to a boarding school in Scotland."

"Alright. Keep me updated. And Jethro-" Gibbs had his hand on the doorknob.

"Good luck finding the kid." She got a nod in response and he left.

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"Anything McGee?"

"Nothing boss. Abby cleaned it up and only got a partial facial picture and is running through AFIS as we speak."

"Ziva, anything new on our dead Corporal?"

"Nothing Gibbs. His record is clean. Also can't find anything on his boarding school."

"Keep trying Ziva. McGee, have you worked on his credit card records yet?"
"Not yet boss. I'm still going through the surveillance." Gibbs sat down and drank his coffee. His phone rang.

"Yeah. Gibbs."

"Gibbs! Come down here. You need to see this."

"On my way Abbs." Gibbs left his coffee and made a side trip to get Abby a Caf-Pow. Gibbs went in the side elevator when Tony came out the main one.

"Hey. Where's the boss?"

"He went to see Abby," Ziva said while not looking up from her computer. Tony just sat down at his desk writing some notes.

"What did the Private say?" Ziva asked.

"Not much. Other then the usual 'We've been buddies since we joined and was a really great guy…' Though he did say that he wouldn't talk about his past with him, other them what we already know and that he never did drugs."

"That puts us back to where we started almost!" Ziva said in frustration. She felt like banging her head on the table. The elevator went off and the team craned their necks to see who it was.

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Gibbs was now frustrated. Abby couldn't find any residue on the skin of rust or any particles to identify a weapon, other then the slash width. Abby said it was about an inch wide so they were looking for just about anything. Butcher knives, hunter knives, army issued knives. Ducky wasn't any help either and that was what stumped Gibbs. Ducky said that the only cause of death he could see were from the slashes but there wasn't enough blood gone to conclude it was blood loss.

"We're just going to have to wait until the toxin screening comes back from Abby," Ducky said. Gibbs looked at the clock in the elevator. Harry's plane is coming in at 5 in the evening tomorrow. Gibbs decided to set up his room. If he remembered right, Harry enjoyed more earthy colours and nothing too flashy. It was now…3 so he had about 26 hours before Harry got here. Gibbs stepped out of the elevator.

"Don't you people have a case to work on?" He asked his team. They all turned back to their computers. Gibbs' computer was still looking for leads on Sharif who got away from them when a hole at a golf course exploded. Army Lieutenant Colonel Mann is still leading the case, hoping for any new leads that hasn't turned dry. Gibbs sighed in frustration.

"McGee, anything new on the tapes?"

"Nothing yet. Sorry boss. I'm running footage from a week ago hoping for something."

"DiNozzo, anything from you?"

"Nothing that we didn't already know boss."

"Ziva?"

"Credit cards are clean. It seems, that our corporal might've been in the wrong place at the wrong time it almost seems."
"Or the right place, wrong time." Tony countered.

"You never know." They continued their searches for another four hours and McGee could still only get partials from the paranoid guy they got from earlier. Tony already left with 'a doctors appointment' and Ziva left to get some sleep while filing out the remaining paper work from their last case. Gibbs looked at the clock.

"McGee. Go home and get some rest. It's been a long day." McGee looked at his computer.

"Sure boss." He shut it down and Gibbs leaned back in his chair. Something tells him tomorrow will be a long day.

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Leaving the building, Gibbs went and got his truck to get to Sears for Harry's new bed. Looking around for a while, he decided on a soft maple with the wood having a red tinge to it and the mattress on it. Telling the sales lady to hold it, Gibbs went to the bedding section and got some camouflage sheets and a deep green blanket. 'Harry could choose the paint.' He thought. Getting everything paid for and put on his truck, Gibbs drove home where a message from Mike Franks was on his machine. Shaking his head and grinning at what his old boss said to his 'Probie,' Gibbs starting setting up the bed in one of the spare rooms.

It was a decent size and the bed frame fit in alright. 'Maybe a desk,' he thought. Gibbs shook his head. Harry could decide it all tomorrow. He decided to work a bit on his boat 'Kelly.' It always helped clear his head. Who would have been after Harry? He was always normal. Well, whenever he and Kelly got together, the two terrors would run around the house, hide stuff, rearrange and hide things in plain sight. They always were laughing at him and Shannon whenever they couldn't find whatever they needed and would freak out. Kelly would keep a journal and he thinks that Harry did too. Those two shared everything together and would also keep secrets they had between them. Shannon thought it was adorable and took lots of pictures without them knowing and would snicker whenever they fell asleep together on the couch. Gibbs double checked the grain and looked at the clock. It read 11 so he may as well go to bed for a busy day.

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When Tony, Ziva and McGee stepped into the office the next day at 9, they saw the director sitting in Gibbs' chair. It was almost an unwritten rule that no one sat in Gibbs' chair.

"Good morning director. What brings you down here?" Tony asked cheerfully.

"Just to tell you that Gibbs won't be in today and called to tell you that you need to find the unknown person and check with Abby to see if she got a match yet." The director relayed. Ziva quirked an eyebrow.

"Gibbs never takes a day off, especially during a case."

"He came to me yesterday saying that he had to pick up someone from the Dulles Airport today."

"Was it whoever called yesterday?"

"Why don't you ask when he arrives?" Jenny said. "Good day. Oh, and see if Lieutenant Colonel Mann found any leads with Sharif yet."

"Will do Director." Said McGee starting up his computer.
"I'm going to see Abby if she found any hits yet," said Tony as he went to the elevator. Ziva turned on her computer.

"McGee, did you find anything on that boarding school that Johanson went to?"

"No. There's nothing here that says anything. The only education I could find was that he went to a public school on London before he was eleven. After that he seems to have disappeared from the grid until he turned 17 and came here."

"Uh! This is getting us no where. Credit cards are clean, vehicle is within the price range of a corporal, same with the housing unit. Did I miss anything?"

"Nope,"

"This almost looks like a random killing except that the person didn't try very hard in disposing the body. They must think they're untraceable."

"Well, lets go and see Tony and Abby." Ziva decided. They left for Abby's lab. When they got there, they say Abby and Tony crouching over her computer almost putting together a puzzle.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"Probie, what does it look like we're doing?"

"Um, puzzles?"

"Right in one Ziva. I gave Abby here the idea of putting together all the images and angles of the paranoid guy and try to construct a face to-"

"get enough points to run through the facial recognition database." Abby finished. She was concentrating trying to get the angle to match up with the rest of the face.

"Done. I can only get eight points but that should be enough."

"Nice job Abbs!" She and Tony gave each other a hi-five.

"Now, all we have to do is w-"

"No way,"

"It's never come back this fast."

"I guess we got lucky."

"I should say." Abbey typed in the computer to get the information.

"Ok, Arnold Prewitt. Says he came from England about 30 years ago and lived on the streets with different gangs. Never got caught. It also says here that he's a suspect in the mall bombings from two months ago."

"We're going to need that case too."

"Does anyone get the feeling that our case is going to be a big one?"

"Not just you Ziva, I think so too."
"Here, I finally got the address. It's in Maryland."

"Well let's go then!" Ziva grabbed her gun and sheathed her knife in her boot.

"I call driving."

"No, last time you drove, we almost all died, Ziva. McGee, you drive."

"Thanks Tony. Really appreciate that."

"Any time, Probie, anytime."

They pulled into the house that had a run down look.

"Wow, someone should call in Home Make Over and fix up this place." Tony commented.

"You think, Tony? Who wants to take the back?"

"I will."

"Fine, me and McGee will take the front. Any questions class?"

"Alright, alright Ziva. When I hear the door busted open, I come in right after you. Deal?" Ziva nodded and counted to ten in her head giving Tony enough time to get to the back. 'One... two... three... four... FIVE' Ziva kicked in the door listening for any movement. Tony just busted in the back and shook his head. McGee pointed up wards and they all started moving slowly. Ziva pointed for McGee to stay down stairs in case he got past her and Tony. McGee nodded and the two started going up stairs.

They just got to the top when they heard shots. Ziva dropped to the floor, her Mossad training kicking in. She started crawling and looking under the cracks for foot shadows. She turned her head towards Tony and pointed to the door across from her. Tony got the message and started slowly walking towards the door. Slowly bringing his gun up, he kicked the door open and shot. Arnold was missed but was startled. In that second, Tony was right beside him. Arnold snapped out of his daze and brought up his shot gun but didn't count on Ziva's foot connecting with his head. Arnold grunted and dropped his shot gun. Ziva came up and twisted his arm around his back painfully.

"Tony, a little help here."

"So, Mr. Prewitt, do you know why you're here?" Silence.

"How about starting two months ago with the bombing of two malls, killing at least 100 total and injured about 500 more. Then the murder of Frederick Johanson. Killed by three slashes to the chest and one to the neck. So, I ask again, do you know why you're here?"

More silence filled the air. Ziva stepped out into the observation room where Tony was watching.

"He's not going to crack easily like that. I've been in there for three hours playing good cop. You want to play hard ball this time?" Ziva asked.
"Sure. I just get the feeling that even if he didn't murder anyone, he still helped bomb the malls."

"That was a nightmare according to Fornell. Gibbs enjoyed watching him snapping at people. Said that it was a 'rare sight in itself.'"

"Alright. I'll see if I can't get him to crack. Do we have any files on the victims from the bombing?"

"I'll be right back then." Ten minutes later Ziva returned with a five page file.

"It has the name, age and a small photo of the body. It even has some children on here." Ziva stared at Arnold.

"How could someone think it's alright to kill innocent children who were asking their mothers for the latest toy. They don't deserve this."

"That's why we're sending our guys over to fight Ziva. So innocent children don't die from this madness." Tony left and appeared in the interrogation room.

"Emma Smith, six years old. Found by police after the first bomb went off. Zach White, fourteen. Found buried under rubble trying to protect his younger sister who also died. 98 others died in this Arnold. If you don't start talking very soon, I'll be telling the judge to put you away for murder and domestic terrorism. That's life with no chance at parole at the least. Child killers don't last very long in prison you know. They usually last about a month then are found dead in the most painful and slowest way of death possible. These guys in there are professionals so they know how to kill in different ways and some do get creative. Now Arnold, if you want a chance to live, you will tell use what happened to Corporal Johanson." Silence. Tony got up to leave.

"I know of another who did the deed. I never killed a military person and never planted the bombs,"

"You are part of a group that hates American soldiers going over to Iraq and tries sabotaging the flights and missions costing lives. So Arnold, if you didn't do it, then why are you a red alert suspect of the mall bombings? If you don't answer in two minutes, then you will get that nasty jail sentence."

One minute, 90 seconds, 105 seconds.

"Clocks ticking Arnold."

"Alright, I will tell you only if, I get a reduced sentence."

"Depends." Arnold leaned forward.

"The plan was that the bombings were to create fear. Then the second was to create panic. The third was to create suspicion. The fourth was to create chaos and the fifth, was to create mass paranoia and pandemonium."

"What's going down?"

"The first already happened. The second is about to happen in about five minutes." Tony turned to Ziva. She begged him to get the answer from Arnold.

"What's going to create panic?"

"An international flight is coming in, is it not?" Arnold smiled. Tony and Ziva ran out of the rooms yelling for McGee.

"What about my reduced sentence?" called Arnold.
"MCGEE!" McGee jumped.

"What flights are coming in five minutes and hurry."

"Um, the only flight is to Dulles airport and it just landed." Tony turned to Ziva.

"What time is it?"

"5:00"

"Ziva, call G-"

"Dinozzo, David, McGee, which airport was Gibbs at?" The Director called.

"Uh, Dulles I think." "A plane just exploded there."

"We're too late."
Harry woke up to Hedwig's badgering of "Get up, GET UP!"

"Jeez Hedwig! What did I do?"

"Harry, what time is it?"

"10:34…I SLEPT IN!"

"Harry, calm down, I gave you the extra two hours. Although, you turned it into three and a half."

"Sorry Hedwig."

"Apology accepted. Now, When does the plane leave?"

"At around 3 and everyone says to arrive an hour early to board and an extra two hours to get through security and customs."

"So you should be leaving in an hour and a half."

"Right, I'm gonna get ready." Harry pushed back the covers and pulled out his backpack and stuffed his pajamas in there while running to the bathroom where he was going to have a quick shower. Going to, was the key words. He let the water run over himself until his hands started shriveling a bit. He stepped out and quickly brushed his teeth and dried his hair with a towel. Not bothering to brush it, Harry put everything back in his bag and got dressed with the clothes he picked out last night.

Grabbing his passport ad ticket, he looked at the clock that read 12:00. Grinning, he zipped his bag up and started heading out of the room to check out when he remembered Gibbs' rule #40 'If someone's out to get you, they are'.

"Hedwig, can you see if there's anyone outside waiting for me?"

"Alright Harry. There's no one out here. Must've thought you were already gone."

"Perfect. Thanks Hedwig. Go to America and wait til I get there. I should be there in a few hours."

Hedwig bobbed her head and disappeared in a ball of flame. Harry went downstairs to check out and went outside to catch a taxi.

"Gatwick airport please." The driver nodded and Harry leaned back in his seat while watching the traffic go past him. He watched some buildings while the driver went into the Gatwick's parking lot.

"Here you are kid. That'll be 20 pounds." Harry shrugged and paid the taxi driver while staring at the huge building in front of him. It almost looks as big as Hogwarts if you take off the towers. He slung his bag over his shoulder and walked inside. It was almost chaos in his opinion. People were running around, screaming and yelling at the ticket people, Harry couldn't wrap his head around it. Walking up to the nearest person, Harry asked where he could get his ticket scanned in. The person pointed to the left.

"It's about halfway down the hall lad."

"Thanks." Harry did a small jog and looked at the clock. It was now 1:30. He really hoped that security won't take long. Noticing the signs, Harry stood in line to get his ticket confirmed.
"Hello. Can I see your ticket please?"

"Here," Harry handed it over. He scanned it and showed Harry where his seat was. 'Cool, I get a window seat.' Harry thought. Since he was in first class, he would automatically get on first. Harry thanked him and walked down the hall ways while following the signs. 'Washington, Washington... here we go. Section 5. Alright, a bit of a walk.'

Harry would occasionally look up to see if he was following the signs right. He passed different customs for other flights to Canada, Australia, Italy, Morocco and South America. Finding the door he wanted, Harry pushed it open while trying not to get trampled by everyone else pushing their way through. 'Jeez, are we in a rush or something?' Harry thought with irritation. Looking at the line, Harry guessed he'd be here a while. He brought out his notebook, flipped it to the back and started doodling from boredom.

After what felt like hours, Harry finally made it to the security guard. He placed his bag in the bucket and slid off his broken watch. It was just a habit he got into and never really took it off. Walking through the metal detectors, the machine said he was clean. 'Awesome, it didn't get my knife.' Harry placed a notice-me-not charm to last a few minutes to get through security. Grinning madly, Harry took his bag and made his way to the waiting area. Looking at the clock, he had about 45 minutes to do whatever he wanted. 'I think I'll get a late lunch,' he thought. He was getting pretty hungry.

Finding a food place with a short line, he ordered some fries, a burger and a coke. Eating slowly, he heard the first boarding call for his flight. Quickly finishing the rest of his food, Harry made his way to the ticket counter. He saw a second class sign and a first class sign. 'I guess first gets a ten minute early boarding time.' He thought. Handing the lady his ticket, she pointed out his seat number. Thanking her he made his way to the plane through a small hallway that connected to the plane. Looking around, Harry saw a small sign pointing to first class. He made his way there and found it… empty. 'Well, this will be a tad boring then,' Harry thought sourly. Second class wasn't allowed to come up to first. He heard the boarding call for families with small children. Harry looked for his seat and saw it closest to the curtain dividing the two classes. Shrugging, Harry dumped his bag and brought out "The Return of the King," hoping it would last the plane ride.

He didn't know how much time past only that the boarding signs were now off so he guessed that he was the only first class passenger. Placing a bookmark in the book, Harry tuned out the emergency safety procedures and waited for the seat belt notice to come on. After what seemed an eternity, the light went on and Harry smiled. This was it, he was leaving England. Clicking on his seat belt, he waited for the plane to start up. Harry was almost bouncing in his seat when he felt the plane starting to move.

Looking out his window, Harry could see that the plane was starting to move backwards. The plane turned slowly and could see the different turns the plane had to make until they came to the runway. Harry grinned like a mad man. The plane started to speed up. Getting pushed back in his seat, he reminded him self to not move his neck. Harry felt his world tilt and felt the plane getting faster and turning in mid air. Harry thought it was almost as good as a broom. Faster, but he didn't get the wind in his face feeling that he'll miss in America because he didn't think that Gibbs would've seen him and Kelly floating a ball and changing its colours that one day they hid in her room.

Flashback

"Come on Harry! Lets go to my room and play!" Kelly said. They were five and Harry just hid the flashlight in the dishwasher.

"Coming Kell!" Harry ran after her, following her streaming red hair that whipped around a corner into her room. Kelly grabbed a ball and tossed it to Harry.
"Can you show me that trick you promised?"

"Alright," Harry grinned. He only just found out he could float objects and make them move. Harry stared at the ball, trying to make it float. He pictured a ball floating in his head. When he heard Kelly yell, he knew he did it.

"Come on Kelly, lets see if you can turn it different colours!"

"Are you sure I can do it?"

"Yes! Just believe and it can happen."

"Alright." Kelly tried picturing the red ball turning bright blue. Harry watched as the ball slowly turned colours.

"You did it Kell!"

"I did?" Kelly asked. She opened her eyes and saw a blue ball floating in front of her.

"Let's play a game. Do you have another ball?"

"Here," Kelly dug through her toy chest and pulled out another red ball.

"Here, you can have the blue and I can have the red." Harry let the floating blue ball drop. Unknown to either of them, Gibbs was watching them play their new game from the living room.

"Ok, we both have to turn it different colours and try to make our ball the coolest one here, we can even try putting animal pictures on there!"

"Won't that be hard?"

"Not if you believe,"

"Peter Pan said that,"

"He could fly because he believed."

"He also had pixie dust,"

"Well, we can't fly, but we can float out balls. Come on Kell, lets try it." The two five year old kids sat on Kelly's bed for an hour, floating their balls and making it change colours. Harry's ball was turning colours that made it look like a jungle while Kelly's had random colours everywhere. They both put animals on there and accidentally made it so they could move.

"Harry, Harry. Come on sweetie, where'd you hide the flashlight this time?" Shannon called. Kelly and Harry opened their eyes and were shocked when they saw the balls. Harry's had a jungle on it with jaguars, snakes, birds, frogs, crocodiles and a parrot. Kelly's had random colours and unicorns with leprechauns jumping in cauldrons full of gold, care bears sliding on rainbows and red rabbits hopping everywhere. "Cool," They both said. Grinning at each other Harry asked "Kell, can you keep my ball with yours?"

"Sure Harry. Let me hide it and we can give clues to where the flashlight is."

"It's called a torch."

"I'm American and I say flashlight."
"Fine. I say torch, you say flashlight. Deal?"

"Deal." They shook hands on that.

"HARRY! KELLY! Where's the flashlight!"

"It's in the kitchen," Harry called.

"Come on. Lets go play outside," Kelly declared, dragging Harry behind her.

End of Flash back

Harry smiled at the memory. He has no idea what happened to the balls. Kelly took them back to America so he wasn't sure if Gibbs still had the little chest. Kelly hid her diary in there. She said 'It's to hold all out adventures together. When we grow up, we'll be detectives solving mysteries.'

Harry took out his journal. It held the adventures and some drawings he did at her house, along with the birthday pictures in there as well. Kelly loved the colour blue. Almost all her pictures had blue somewhere so as a going away gift, Harry got her blue markers, blue crayons, blue pencil crayons and a blue flower. Shannon and Gibbs laughed when Kelly started squealing at all the blue. He decided to take a nap and hope that it knocked off some time to get there.

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Harry woke up to a baby crying. He looked at the screen. There was still four hours more of flying. Trying to get comfortable, Harry couldn't block out the crying baby. Putting his journal back in his bag, Harry looked around to see where the stewardess was. They were all up front.

Harry slid behind the curtain and looked around. The seats were crowded together and a young mother trying to get the baby to calm down. She must of felt something and looked at him.

"I'm so sorry mister, but Aiden wouldn't calm down."

"It's alright madam. It could be the noise." It was noisy with six year olds squealing and some older people snore loudly as they sleep.

"Maybe."

"I could look after him for a few hours." Harry offered. He didn't think that she would give the baby to a complete stranger. She bit her lip.

"Well, I don't know. I mean, do you know how to look after kids?"

"I've had lots of practice from my neighborhood." The baby wailed louder.

"Alright. Do you think you can keep him up front with you until the ride ends? I need a bit of sleep."

"Of course. I can wait in the tunnel for you."

"Thank you. What's your name?"

"Harry Potter."

"Well Harry, the young boy here is Aiden and just turned 15 months 4 days ago. My name is Emily."
"Nice to meet you. Are you visiting family?"

"No," she said sadly. "My family and my husband and his family are all dead. We're both only children and all our Aunts and Uncles died years ago in that fiasco."

"What fiasco?"

"Oh, you're too young to remember. It was for about 20 years when people were disappearing and dying for some odd reason. Our house caught fire when I was at a friend's house. My mother survived but died last year."

"I'm sorry to hear that" Harry could guess at what the fiasco was. "My parent died years ago so I never knew them. I grew up with my Aunt."

Harry didn't know why he was opening up so much to a stranger. Maybe because she reminds him of Shannon a little.

"That's sad. At least I knew my parents."

"It's alright. I came to terms with it a while ago." Aiden was starting to cry louder so Emily just passed him to Harry who then stopped wailing. Emily looked at Harry in awe.

"He's never done that for me yet." Harry shrugged at that.

"I'll see you in a few hours Emily."

"Take care of him!" She called. Harry smiled at her while cooing at Aiden a bit.

"Come on Aiden, lets go and get a comfy seat and some peace and quiet. How bout that?" He got a smile from the baby. Harry chuckled at that and went to sit down with Aiden in his arms. He shifted him so his one hand was free. Harry brought down a little tray and his journal with a pen and started writing.

"These have been an intense few days. First, I finally got in touch with Gibbs after six years. He must've wondered why I never called. Stupid Dursley's. I wanted to call but I didn't have a death wish! Chaintooth found out that people have been leaching off my accounts and they didn't think I'd find out? These people must've lost common sense or were so high and mighty that 'stupid little inferior goblins would never find out.' Honestly, it's amazing what wizards do to their own kind. I finally have some clothes that fit now, and a guitar. It was on a whim that I got it. I wanted a connection to England that wasn't tainted with magic. Some of the music was from the Beatles and some English folk. I don't know what else is there though. I just picked up random folders from that section. Aiden! Stop moving my pen! I'm looking after a young 15 month old baby from second class. The mother's name is Emily and has no other family except for Aiden. That's almost like me and Sirius in a way. I only have him to trust and is pretty much my father in all but blood. It's weird, I only met him in June and I felt a sort of, connection to him like I can trust him. Not like Dudley and Vernon but Kelly and Gibbs. Kelly. I miss her so much. It sometimes hurts thinking about her. Looking over our 'adventure' with the ball, now I think that she was a witch. I'm not sure if Gibbs knows or not but I'm not sure if e should. Would he react like the Dursley's? No, he wouldn't. I hate all the doubt that the Dursley's gave me. Trying to get over it takes a while. It's better then first year though. That was a nightmare in itself. The plane is getting ready to land in a half hour so I better put this away now. I think Aiden is sleeping now. He's adorable. I wonder what it would be like to have a sibling. I guess I'm getting a little taste with Aiden right now. He is adorable. Brown hair with honey colour eyes with a toothy grin. Alright Aiden! I'll play with you! Then we got to get you back to Emily."
Harry put his journal and pen away and shifted Aiden so he was sitting upwards on his knee. Aiden gave a smile and giggled while waving at him. Harry laughed and started to make his leg bounce up and down while being careful with his neck. Aiden clapped and was laughing at Harry. Aiden then leaned in and gave Harry a sloppy kiss on the cheek. "Aiden!" Harry wiped his cheek and saw the seat belt sign light up.

He buckled his seat belt while holding Aiden with a death grip hold. "Ladies and gentlemen, we're beginning our final decent." The plane tipped forward and Harry closed his eyes waiting for the final touch down. *This part I won't miss,* he thought as they jerked when the planes wheels touched the pavement.

Harry unbuckled himself while slinging his bag on his shoulder and propped Aiden on his hip. "Lets go and find mommy why don't we?" Aiden laughed while saying "Ma, ma, ma!"

"Emily?" Harry called out.

"I'm near the back. Find me in the tunnel!"

"Sure." Harry stepped towards the entrance of the tunnel when bright lights and bangs went off. Then came the screaming.

Gibbs was waiting at the airport. He hated that 'all cell phones are turned off' rule. He was waiting near the exit area and was staring out the window where the plane was coming in. Workers were coming in and started hooking up the tunnel for the plane while others were working on various parts of the plane. *Come on Harry.* Gibbs thought.

It was now 5 so he should be getting off the plane by now. Turning away, he walked back to the waiting area when all the glass blew in. Gibbs dropped to the floor with his gun in hand. He held out his badge to security who was running to him. People were screaming and pointing towards the now broken window. Gibbs saw in horror, the plane was blasted apart and was on fire. Gibbs was tempted to jump but it was too high for him.

Running to the nearest security person, Gibbs yelled. "Someone get me down there!"

"Who are you?"

"Special agent Gibbs, NCIS. Now get me down there so I can help!" The security person ran with Gibbs in hot pursuit. They ran to the exit area and climbed down the ladder where some of the workers were about to hook up the tunnel.

Gibbs looked up and saw the plane engulfed in flames with part of it blown apart. "HARRY!"

Harry couldn't think straight. There were flames everywhere. Clutching Aiden, he made his way to the edge of the plane when it exploded. Harry flew with part of the plane and lost all sense of direction. He couldn't think at all except with one thought *Protect Aiden, protect Aiden,* he chanted in his head over and over again when they hit the pavement. Harry flipped Aiden on his side when he took the brute of the impact. His magic softened part of the blow so it wouldn't kill him, but it was still hard enough to break his arm and he felt two ribs break and many cracks. His ankle bent the wrong way when he felt his leg snap against some bent metal. Harry cried out in pain when Aiden started crying. He was getting dizzy and couldn't move. He felt blood running down his arms and some blood trailing down his face.
He could hear screaming and a second explosion. Then there was nothing. He couldn't hear anything but pops and engines. Harry tried moving but could feel his vision fading. He heard someone call his name. “That sounds like Gibbs.” With that, he blacked out.

Gibbs yelled Harry's name when he heard crying. A baby crying. He turned his head until he could hear it better. It sounded like it was coming from near the tip of the plane by a large pile of rubble. He ran over to the rubble where the crying got more pronounced.

"Someone get over here and help me!" Gibbs yelled. A young fire fighter came over and followed Gibbs to where there was a large pile of rubble. They started removing some of the bigger pieces where the fire fighter could make out a bag.

"Here!" He pulled out the bag and Gibbs started moving some more pieces when he saw the back of a baby. Gibbs swore under his breath.

"Here, hold these up while I get the baby out." The fire fighter nodded and yelled for back up and an ambulance. Medics came running with a police officer coming over while helping out lifting the door off the baby. Gibbs got the baby out (who was covered in bruises and small scraps), when he saw someone he thought he wouldn't see again before the phone call; Harry.

"Help me get him out! He could still be alive." Gibbs hoped and prayed (something he hasn't done since Shannon and Kelly died), that Harry would somehow pull through.

"Sir, the only survivor is the one you're holding that's not in a coma."

"Well lets make it two." Gibbs snapped. The police officer and fire fighter flipped the door over and started shifting through some more rubble while being careful trying not to move Harry. A paramedic came forward.

"Ok, we can take it from here,"

"Where are you taking them?"

"The Children's National Medical Center. We should be there in twenty minutes, maybe less."

"Alright. Here's my number. Call me when either of them gets out first."

"Alright. Who'd I be calling?"

"Special Agent Gibbs, NCIS."

"Alright sir. Lets go!" The medic called out while carrying a fussing Aiden and an unconscious Harry. Gibbs noticed the bag and grabbed it.

He turned on his cell phone. There were some missed calls. He called Tony who picked up on the first ring.

"DiNozzo."

"Hey Tony, how's the case?"

"We got the guy but he wasn't the murderer although he knew about the mall explosions and the plane explosion. We got the information too late."
"Alright. Can you get everyone down here? I think our case is just about to get messy."
Getting a Baby Settled and a Statement

Gibbs sat by Harry when he got the call from the paediatrics three hours later. According to the doctors, Harry was in surgery for about two and a half hours with one hour stabilizing him. Gibbs looked at Harry's face. It was paper white with stitches in his cheek with bandages around his ribs keeping them from moving; his arm was in a cast while his ankle was wrapped as well. Aiden was in his arms sleeping. Firefighter found his mother under some rubble and was now in a coma. Doctors didn't think that she would ever wake up so Gibbs took it upon himself to place the boys in NCIS care until the whole terrorist business was done, then he can get on with his life with Harry (and possibly Aiden).

"Agent Gibbs? I'm Doctor Noelle Terrence, Harry's doctor here." Gibbs looked up at her.

"Do we know when he'll wake up?"

"He should be fine in a couple of days. All the scans we did say that he will recover but is exhausted right now since the crash probably took a lot out of him."

"I'll say, I was there and Harry probably flew about thirty feet. It's probably a miracle that he's alive right now."

"Well, miracles can happen Agent Gibbs. Now, visiting hours are almost done. If there's any changes, we'll call you immediately."

"Thank you." Gibbs stood up with Aiden. He already had the bag in his car. He placed Aiden on his hip while they walked out of the hospital. Aiden's grin was turning into a frown as soon as Harry was out of sight. He started whimpering and leaned back towards Harry's room with his arms stretched out.

"I know little buddy, I know," Gibbs muttered. As soon as they were in the parking lot, Gibbs got out his cell phone. He dialled in the number and pressed call.

"Director Sheppard."

"Jenny, its Gibbs."

"Agent Gibbs, how are the boys?"

"Aiden is fine except for some bruises and scratches while Harry had a broken arm, twisted ankle, cracked and broken ribs with a slight concussion. He got out of surgery an hour ago and the doctors think that he'll wake up in a few days."

"That's good, what about the mother?"

"The doctor's don't think she'll ever wake up. I got a bag that I think is Harry's although I'm not sure yet."

"Good. Keep me posted on everything on your end. Now, what do you want to do about Aiden?"

"He can stay at my house since I have him."

"Do you need any baby stuff?"

"Just a couple of things like diapers and food but I still have Kelly's crib in the basement and I guess
some clothes would be a good idea."

"Alright. Now, do we know anything related to the explosion?"

"According to DiNozzo, the only thing they got out of Prewitt was that there were going to be about five terrorist attacks with two already gone and that they were calm."

"Do you think they have anything related to Sharif?"

"I'm not sure Jenny. Maybe but we need some names and this guy isn't talking unless he gets a reduced sentence."

"Hmm, lets see, he was going to get life in jail, no parole for the mall bombing because he knew about it and probably helped plan it, he will get a transfer to Quantico Bay in Cuba because of the international flight bombs."

"So, maybe we could bribe him with getting out of Quantico and only getting a maximum jail sentence?"

"I'll leave that up to you Jethro. Now, I have a lot of paper work and you have jurisdiction because you were there and you have the only survivor that's not unconscious or in a coma."

"Thanks Jen. I'll see you tomorrow. You don't mind babysitting do you?"

"Come on Tony, lets just grab the security footage and leave."

"Come on Ziva, what fun is that?"

"I don't know? Gibbs calling us asking where the heck are we?" Ziva replied sarcastically. Tony's phone rang and he looked at the caller ID.

"Now that's creepy. DiNozzo."

"Tony, you on your way back yet?"

"Not yet boss. Ziva and I were just getting the security footage then we'd be leaving. The FBI isn't happy that we get the lead."

"Well good for them but I want you back here in an hour. Got it?"

"Got it boss." Tony pressed 'end' with Ziva looking at him.

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing Tony. I got the last of the footage by the way."

"Well come on then and no, you're not driving."

"Abby?"

"In here." McGee went into Abby's ballistics lab and heard her talking, "Aren't you just the cutest little thing?"
"Um, Abby?"

"Yeah, don't worry, we'll get Harry out of the hospital then you can go back to your bubbly self."

"ABBY!"

"What! Don't do that McGee, you scared Aiden!"

"Uh Abby, who's Aiden?"

"Oh, Gibbs didn't tell you yet? Well, when Gibbs went to get Harry-"

"Who?"

"Honestly McGee, the boy Gibbs was getting from the airport. Anyway, when Gibbs found Harry after the explosion, he found this little bucket of smiles-" she gestured to Aiden who was looking at the two of the with a large smile, "-was with him so Gibbs decided to look after Aiden until Harry woke up."

"How do we know his name is Aiden?"

"Really McGee? His name was stitched into his shirt. Granted, he's not wearing it but according to Gibbs, that's what the shirt said; 'Aiden' so then, Gibbs decided to make both boys wards of NCIS until the case was solved."

"Ok then. But wasn't Gibbs going to get Harry anyways?"

"Yep, and if Gibbs can get his way, he'll track down any other relatives Aiden's got."

"Can't Abbey. His only living relative right now is his mother who's in a coma right now."

"How did you-"

"Called the airport in England and asked if there was a passenger that brought along a baby." Gibbs said walking in with a coffee.

"Hey Gibbs." Gibbs handed her another caf-pow.

"I looked through the bag that was near the boys and it turned out to be Harry's."

"Cool, did you find anything?"

"Not really. Only a knife, his journal, some books and some clothes." Harry had a secret compartment for all his magical things, except his journal. He didn't think that anyone would go through it but didn't want to accidentally expose anything magical.

"I read the last entry which was minutes before they landed and Harry was talking to the mother-Emily-and she said that there was no one else." Gibbs couldn't help but give Aiden a sad look. He didn't tell them of the weird language Harry wrote in with talking about goblins and witches. He'll ask later.

"Now, Abbs, what do you have?"

"Nothing Gibbs, nothing." Abby said, frustrated.

"I couldn't find any residue what so ever, not even the smallest of particles! Ducky said that
something killed him. I ran the tox screens and nothing came up, he was clean, nothing in the wounds, that was clean too. It's almost like he was killed by a laser or something!" Abby was waving her hands by this time in frustration.

"Come on Abbs, you haven't failed me before, you'll come up with something. McGee, is there any other footage from that convenience store where our corporal was found?"

"Not yet boss. I have footage from other stores looking towards the store but I still have a lot to go through."

"Fine, get DiNozzo to help." Gibbs went to pick up Aiden, who had his hands stretched towards him.

"Come on little man, let's go and see Uncle Ducky." Aiden giggled at that and Gibbs picked him up then left. McGee opened his mouth, "Don't even McGee."

"What?"

"Ok, let's go over this again, what did Prewitt say right before the plane exploded?"

"He wanted a reduced sentence."

"Alright, did he say anything else on that conspiracy?"

"The first two has already happened which did created some panic and some fear. The next thing he said was that it would create, what was it Ziva?"

"Suspicion."

"Right, suspicion. Although, I don't know how they'll manage that to be honest."

"They've been targeting densely populated areas like the airport and malls."

"So, we can almost assume that the next could be another public?"

"I'm not so sure. I mean, if they are aiming for mass chaos and fear, they're on the right track unfortunately."

"Alright then DiNozzo. Go back over the interrogation and see if you missed something he said. Ziva, go over ALL his records and see if we missed something with the corporal's. Phone records, credit cards, e-mails, hell, do snail mail if you can track it! McGee, help Abby, she's sure that she missed something. A fresh pair of eyes might help her."

"What are you going to do boss?"

"Go baby shopping." That wasn't the answer his team was expecting at all. Tony and Ziva had a stunned expression on their faces that McGee was snickering at.

"Hey, Duck? You there with Aiden?"

"Right here Jethro and the little guy is fine. Have you heard from the hospital yet?"
"No, The doctors said not to expect him to wake for a few days yet. Do we have anything that we missed on the body?"

"No, and that's the frustrating part here. There are no defensive wounds or bruising except where the corporal's body fell and hit the ground. Mr. Palmer and I have both ran extensive tests and found the corporal in perfect health. The only thing that was wrong was that he's dead."

"Thanks Duck. Can you wait here with Aiden for a while? I need to pick up some supplies."

"Of course. Out of curiosity, how did you manage all the red tape within hours?"

"I didn't. The director is doing it right now." Ducky shook his head at his old friend.

"Oh Aiden, Jethro would be a good father to you. In the meantime, how about a story. Yes, I remember a time when we were in Scotland…"

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Gibbs went down to Abby's lab where he found her and McGee huddling over a screen.

"Hey, what are you two doing?"

"Gibbs! I was just about to call you! McGee and I were looking through the old footage and found about four other guys with him all exiting at different times,"

"If we back up even further, they were all there again, but also staggered their entrances."

"So maybe the corporal was suspicious of something there," Gibbs mused.

"Did you get and facial recognition yet?"

"No, we are having to do what we did last time so it might take about a day of reconstruction to get one face to pass through AFIS."

"I don't think that this was a hate crime, it was an opportunity. Johanson must've found out what they were doing and followed them but got caught. The question now is; where's the base of operation?"

"You could give Prewitt a try." McGee suggested. Gibbs looked thoughtful and looked at the clock.

"You two can do this for another hour and if I don't see you two gone by the time I get back…"

"Got it boss."

"Aww! Gibbs! That's not fun!" Abby pouted. Gibbs grinned at her. He walked out of the lab and the two went back to work.

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Gibbs walked back to Abby's lab and was pleased to see that the two had went home. His gut was telling him that this case is going to be big. Really big and he had a bad feeling about it. He left the lab and went down to the morgue where Ducky was talking to Aiden.

"…and then, Mr. Shoeman said 'Laddie, what do you think you're doing?' I replied back, 'Nothing at all sir, just retrieving my cricket ball.' As you can well imagine, he was not happy with that-"

"Ducky, are you entertaining Aiden with those stories of yours?"
"Ah, Jethro. I was just telling Aiden here about the time I was caught in Mr. Shoeman's garden with a cricket ball."

"Interesting. Come on Aiden, lets get you home now." He lifted Aiden whose was giggling at Ducky's antics.

"Lets go home now and see if we don't get a call for Harry, now shall we?" Aiden giggled and nodded at Harry's name.

"Aiden is very smart for a 15 month old baby here Jethro."

"Yes, he reminds me of Kelly a little. She was always so cheerful and happy."

"Well Jethro, I'd best be off. A little sleep would help the old brain recharge."

"Alright Ducky, goodnight." Ducky walked from the morgue and heard the *ding* from the elevator.

"Come on, lets go home."

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Gibbs woke up to the sound of crying. He looked at the alarm clock that read *3:30 a.m.* Gibbs staggered out of bed. *'Haven't done this in years. He must still be in the English time zone.'* He went into the guest bedroom where there was a wooden bed with hand made rails, keeping Aiden from rolling on the ground with him sitting in the middle and bawling.

"Hush, hush. You're fine. Nothing ad's going to happen." Gibbs picked up Aiden and went to the kitchen for a bottle of milk. Gibbs sighed. He's going to need to get all of Aiden's medical records. Come to think of it, he should also get Harry's, if they're not at the hospital already. Director Sheppard already gave him the morning off-from the message on his machine-so he decided to go and get some clothing and some more food for Aiden, along with a couple of toys. Gibbs sighed and looked at his phone, almost willing it to have the hospital call. He grabbed Aiden, the backpack and a baby bag to take to the NCIS building. Jenny said that she would be fine with babysitting Aiden for a while. With that in mind, Gibbs put Aiden in his car seat and sped off to the nearest 'Toys R Us' along the way. Looking at the building, he unbuckled Aiden and went inside the store.

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Gibbs came out two hours later with a cart full of clothes, food, diapers and some small toys.

"Come on little man, lets go see the team." They drove to NCIS where Gibbs put a few spare clothes, some diapers and a couple toys. They left for the elevator and went to the top floor. Gibbs went in and the secutary raised an eyebrow at Gibbs.

"Director, Agent Gibbs is here to see you."

"Send him in." The door unclicked and Gibbs pushed it open. The director looked up from her paper work.

"Agent Gibbs. This is Aiden I presume?" Gibbs gave Aiden to Jenny.

"Yes, I have a small bag of things he needs. Now, I'll be back in a few hours to get him. Are you sure you can do this?"

"Yes Jethro, I'm pretty sure I can look after a child."
"Just checking."

"Don't you have a case to work on?" Gibbs smiled and left the room. Aiden stared at Jenny with wide eyes.

"Now then, let's see what toys you have."
"Gibbs! Why were you with the director?"

"Does it matter Ziva?"

"No, not really but-"

"McGee, did you and Abby get anywhere last night?"

"We had about three points on one guys face. Can, can I go back and help her?"

"Fine,"

"Thank you boss."

"DiNozzo, gone through the rest of the footage yet?"

"Still have another week to cover. It seems, there were three, maybe four involved. There may be more that meet in a different place."

"So we need to find this hide out."

"Did they all walk on foot?" Ziva asked.

"Yeah…"

"Well, maybe if we can find some cameras coming from where they came from, might give use a car."

"Ziva, I think I love you."

"Tony, you have a girlfriend."

Yeah well,"

"Are you two done yet? Ziva, you can see if you can find those security cameras. We might get lucky. Tony, you get on with the footage."

"On it boss."

"Going."

"Don't kill anyone with your driving!" Tony called. Ziva shot a glare at Tony and stepped into the elevator. Laughing, Tony went back to the footage he was watching.

'Another long day. Joy.'

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Abby was blasting her music in frustration. This case was starting to get to her. There was next to no forensic evidence, no bullet, no nothing.

Sipping her caf-pow, she turned back to her computer that had AFIS running through the database, hoping to find a match somewhere of two of the faces she and McGee worked on last night. By the
looks of it, one had long blond hair and a haunting aura around him with a walking stick while the other had short brown hair and a professional air around him of something. Abby wasn't sure what, but it probably wasn't good.

"Abby!"

"Oh, hey McGee. Coming down for more puzzle time?"

"Yeah, I thought I'd come back and help. How many more are there?"

"Well, with Prewitt and these two, I would say…about five I think. There could be more though because I don't think that this was their headquarters."

"Yeah, well, we get to have some fun with putting together more faces."

"Well, I have nothing else on the go so why not?"

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"Hey Ziva? How was your five hour hike?"

"Very funny Tony and to answer your question…not fun at all. I spent hours just getting the footage then trying to back track from the crime scene to the store while trying to find blood splatter without any luck."

"Yeah, that's bad. Anyway, you want to know what I saw?"

"What Tony?"

"Sharif,"

"Where?" Ziva walked over to Tony's desk. He rewound the tape so it started from three weeks ago.

"This was days before the mall bombing. What else?"

"There were a few more guys gathering that either went through the back or waited til the store opened."

"You want to tell Gibbs?"

"Fine."

"Alright then. Here's some more footage for you by the way."

"Ziva…you're evil."

"Thank you Tony. That has to be the nicest thing you ever said to me. Do you have Prewitt's address?"

"Yes…"

"Can I have a copy?"

"Fine. Can I come with you Ziva, please?"

"Only if you behave and I get to drive."
"Hmm, watching twenty six hours worth of footage, bored out of my mind, or raid a house, get out of office, yet try to not die. Decisions, decisions. Fine but if I die, I'm haunting you."

Gibbs was on his way up to the Director's office when his cell went off. "Yeah. Gibbs. Alright, keep searching until I get there." Gibbs turned around back down the stairs. He'd have his chat with the director later.

Gibbs pulled up to the house where Tony and Ziva's car was parked. Stepping out, he couldn't help but notice the building crumbling around. Stepping inside, he found Tony going through dome drawers in the kitchen.

"Having fun there DiNozzo?" Tony yelped and bashed his head on the cupboards above his head. Rubbing his head, Tony turned to Gibbs.

"No boss. Ziva found some drugs and lists down in the basement an something else you should go and take a look at."

"Will do. And Tony, do try and not let anyone sneak up behind you."

"Got it boss." Smirking, Gibbs found the stairs to the basement where Ziva was. He put on some gloves and saw all the walls plastered with maps, lists, pictures and newspapers.

"Ziva?"

"Here Gibbs!" Ziva came out from behind the desk holding a laptop in her hands.

"What do you have?"

"Not much. Mostly whatever's on the walls, this laptop, and I'm finding drugs everywhere in this house. Something I noticed here-" Ziva pointed to a small map with some lists. "It's a map of the UK, especially up in Scotland and downtown London while here-" Pointing to another map, "Is Washington and some of the bases. There isn't anything else. No bomb workshop, no dates, times or locations really, other then the ones that were already hit."

"Good job Ziva." Gibbs said distracted. The UK, that doesn't make any sense. Why would these terrorists start targeting outside the US and on the other side of the ocean as well? Something wasn't adding up. "Ziva, have DiNozzo help you take these down when you have all the evidence pictures done."

"Will do Gibbs." He went upstairs to the second floor and into the first bedroom. This was where Tony, Ziva and Prewitt had their struggle, with bullet holes as proof. He would love to strangle the man right now but reminded himself that he couldn't.

Taking a look around, he noticed it was very sparse, low key and had only a bed and dresser. Looking under the bed and for loose floor boards, Gibbs decided to look in the dresser. Looking inside the dresser, he found bags upon bags of drugs. "Jackpot." Taking his camera out and photographing everything, Gibbs took out the evidence bags and put all the drugs he found in the bags while lookin for anything he might of missed. Satisfied, Gibbs looked around the room one last time before leaving. Tony said that all the other rooms were checked so he went downstairs when Ziva came up from the basement with bags upon bags of papers, maps, lists and the laptop.
"Got everything DiNozzo?"

"Yeah boss. I take it we're leaving then?"

"Yeah. McGee can look at the laptop when we get back and we'll go from there."

"Special delivery!"

"Oh, thanks Tony, what a lovely present, now I can't wait for my birthday now!" Tony snorted.

"Here, we found majority of this in the basement and Gibbs found some drugs as well."

"Excellent." Abby looked at Tony.

"Shoo!"

"Alright," Tony put his hands in the air for surrendering, "I'm leaving now. Don't shoot." Abby smirked and looked at all the evidence.

"Oh, I'm gonna be busy for a while. I better get paid for overtime."

"McGee, have anything?" Gibbs, Ziva and Tony arrived back four hours ago, with Tony and Ziva going through all the papers that Abby gave a copy of.

"Not yet boss. This guy is either a genius for security or this has military codes all over it."

"I'd go with the latter to be honest."

"Why is that Ziva?"

"Well, if this guy killed our marine—"

"Even though Prewitt said he didn't,"

"Thanks Tony, if he killed the marine, then there might be someone that knows him and wanted to get rid of him."

"So, what you saying is that we have an inside guy doing dirty work to try and create pandemonium in the US."

"Essentially, yes."

"If there is an inside guy, then who?"

"I would like to know that too DiNozzo, do you know who?"

"No, but I'm on it!" Ziva rolled her eyes at Tony as he went to the elevator. Honestly, does he take anything seriously? Gibbs turned his attention to Ziva.

"Got anything yet?"

"Not quite. I'm going through the plans from the mall bombings and the plane explosion first, to see if I can't get a hint, on where they'll strike next."
"Keep going, McGee, got anything?"

"E-mails going to a 'Beta Rate,' about their 'plans proceeding on time.' It's dated from three weeks ago so I'm going out and saying it was for the plane explosion."

"Good job. Ok, we have over 100 dead civilians, one dead marine, and three survivors from said plane. Ziva, how were the bombs planted on the plane?"

"Three were underneath, two for second class and one for the cockpit. None for first class."

"So our bombers didn't know about our first class passenger, go on."

"The one that was in the center was made with military standard equipment while the other two were home made bombs that pack a lot of punch."

"Keep at that paper work. McGee, I want a name for that person the e-mail was sent to." Gibbs called as he was walking away.

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"Hi Abbs."

"Gibbs! Don't do that! It's rude to sneak up on someone, and I was just about to call you."

"Good timing?" Gibbs suggested.

"What do have for me Abbs?"

"A lot of crack cocaine. Like, this is Cartel worthy stuff, not your average pot head 'lets get high' stuff. I mean, the stuff you can make thousands and millions off of, and, we have another two identities except, one has no name."

"We have two faces, but no name for one?"

"Yeah, it's weird, I expanded the search to Canada and Europe, hoping for a match but there is no record of him ever entering the country. AFIS came up with nothing here so, we are back on the waiting game for this one. I haven't ran the other one yet."

"Good try Abbs, what about the other faces?"

"I was working on that before you came down. Now, I'm hoping to get this one done bby tomorrow at the earliest, then there's only four more faces to reconstruct, although, I think two of them are going to be harder then the others, even with the enhancements."

"Keep going then. Hopefully we have more names because we're all on desk duity until a break comes our way."

"Will do Gibbs," Abby said with a salute. Chuckling, Gibbs left her lab to the elevator. Pressing the up button, Gibbs rested his head against the back of the elevator.

'This case just keeps getting more and more complicated.' Closing his eyes for a minute, he heard the ding and stepped out. Striding over to the director's office, Gibbs pushed the door open and let himself in without acknowledging the fact the secretary was trying to stop him. He opened the door and smiled at the sight. Aiden was resting on Jenny's lap while she was writing out some files. Knocking on the door, she looked up.
"Looks like you already invited yourself in."

"Came in to check on Aiden."

"He's fine Jethro, he's been sleeping for the past two hours straight."

"Probably the time change so he'll sleep for a while yet."

"Any news from the hospital yet?"

"None, although Harry should be waking up soon so that'll be good."

"Yes, do you have plans for the boy?"

"Not quite. The case has become complicated with suspicions of the Cartels being paid off."

"Oh?"

"I found about 20 pounds worth of drugs in Prewitt's dresser that Abby said was worth thousands or millions of dollars."

"Wow, someone is planning something."

"Ziva is going through what we found today and we found maps of different places on top of that."

"Like where?"

"Washington and London are the two that I saw but there are probably more."

"Sometimes wish that the world was peaceful."

"Wishful thinking isn't going to help anyone."

"Still, it's nice to know that we would have a world that has no terrorists in it for our children to fight."

"Don't we all w-" Gibbs' cell phone went off.

"Yeah, Gibbs. Got it, be there in 15 minutes."

"Who was that?"

"The hospital. It appears that Harry is a quicker at healing then we thought. He just woke up."

"Go then, besides, you can introduce Aiden to him as well." She held out Aiden to Gibbs who smiled as he took the baby.

"Besides, he'd be worried about him anyways."

"Alright." As he was walking out the door with a sleeping Aiden, Jenny called "You can have the morning tomorrow to get him settled." Gibbs nodded in acknowledgement of that. He walked down the stairs where Tony just got back.

"Hey boss, why do you have a baby?"

"Taking him to go see Harry, he just woke up."
"Alright then, will we see you soon then?"

"Tomorrow. I have to sign the release papers from the hospital and I want him settled in a bit before I come back. Besides, he might come with me."

"Alright then." Ziva turned back to the two foot stack of papers by her chair of evidence she was going through.

"DiNozzo, you can tell me what happened tomorrow, got it?"

"Sure thing boss."

"And help Ziva with the papers." Gibbs called. Tony stared at the papers Ziva dropped on his desk. Bug eyed, he stared at Ziva.

"Don't even complain Tony. I've been at this all afternoon. It's your turn now." Tony banged his head on his desk.

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Gibbs pulled up to the hospital with Aiden strapped in the back seat still sleeping. Getting out, he noticed that there was hardly anyone here. Looking at his watch, he saw the time was 6:00 so visiting hours would end soon. Shaking his head, he brought Aiden out who yawned and stretched his arms while Gibbs walked to the receptionist.

"I got a call earlier saying that Harry Potter was awake?"

"Name?"

"Jethro Gibbs."

"Gibbs, Gibbs... here you are, yes, room 409, up four floors, make a right and follow the signs."

"Thank you madame." Gibbs waited for an elevator to show up and took to having a staring contest with Aiden. Aiden would stare at him curiously until he blinked. Gibbs would blink. Aiden smiled, Gibbs smiled. On and on they did this until the elevator came.

Aiden poked his tongue out when the elevator dinged. Stepping inside, Gibbs pressed the 4 then proceeded to wait. He must've spaced out because the next thing he knew, was he was on the fourth floor. He looked for a sign telling him where 409 was. Walking down the hallway, he found his sign so after following it, they came up to room 409. Taking a deep breath, Gibbs knocked and heard a faint "Come in." He turned the knob and stepped inside.
"Are you sure you didn't see him leave the hotel?"

"Yes, you've been asking me this for the past two days. No, I did not see the boy leave, no, I don't know his destination and no, you are not making me go on a world hunt on this."

"I wasn't going to. Now, how's the Tournament going?"

"It's going fine. It may seem that Ms. Delacour and Mr. Krum are going to be told what the tasks will be when the dragons get here, if I know Karkroff the way I do and Maxine will tell her student the moment she knows."

"Does Mr. Diggory seem concerned at all?"

"Not that I've seen. He still hangs out with his friends and doesn't seem worried around them."

"Good. Now, I have to go to Gringotts for a withdrawal I have to make. Good day Severus."

"You too headmaster."

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Harry stared around his room and looked for his glasses. Frowning when he couldn't find them, a nurse came in.

"Hello Mr. Potter. I see you're finally awake. Now, how are you feeling?"

"Like a truck ran me over." Him and Kelly would get into arguments on which way was right; truck or lorry. Deciding to humour her, Harry would say truck, until that's what he said, instead of lorry.

"Well, that's normal, seeing as you survived a plane explosion." Harry was puzzled for a moment, then something clicked. The bright light and being buried under metal. He heard Aiden's screaming, but he must've blacked out after that.

"How long have I been out?"

"A couple of days. The doctors didn't think you'd wake up until at least tomorrow. Now, I'll get you something to eat. Try and not stress yourself out too much."

"Alright." Harry shrugged. He looked around the room. It was a plain white room with a vase of flowers that look fresh.

"You've had a couple of visitors, including an agent Gibbs and some of his team members. Speaking of, he's been informed and is on his way over. Eat this, then you can meet him."

"Thanks miss…"

"People call me Jean. Now, eat your soup while it's hot." She left the tray on Harry's bedside and walked out. Harry looked at the soup and slowly picked up the spoon. Looking suspicious, Harry slowly swallowed the soup, surprised that it tasted pretty good. His stomach growled, making him realize the he hasn't eaten for almost three days. He started eating pretty quickly, mostly out of hunger, but also with he promise of seeing Gibbs. He hasn't seen the man in years. Harry wondered if he still had the Marine hair cut or grew it out a bit.
Jean came back ten minutes later to an impatient Harry and an empty bowl.

"I'm guessing you want to see Gibbs now?" Harry gave her a 'what-do-you-think,' look. Laughing, Jean said, "I already made the call and the receptionist knows he's coming within twenty minutes."

"What can I do then. Other then be bored."

"Well, is there anything you like reading?"

"Do you have 'Return of the King' here?"

"We might have a copy somewhere. Let me look." Jean left again while Harry sighed and leaned back on his pillow. He shot up a minute later, realizing that he didn't have any of his stuff. His journal, spell books, clothes, guitar, Hedwig... "Oh jeez, Hedwig! Can you hear me?"

"Harry! What were you thinking?"

"Um, trying to stay alive?"

"Yes well, you scared me to death."

"I thought phoenixes don't die?"

"Very funny. Now, what's going to happen?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you going to tell him about magic?"

"Um, yes, no, I don't know. I was a secret me and Kelly had and I don't know if I can tell him."

"Harry, you respect him, right?"

"Yes."

"And you think of him like a father?"

"Yes. What does that have to do with anything?"

"Everything. If you respect and love the man like a father, then something as big as magic shouldn't be used to destroy that. It's better to just come out with it soon. Don't forget about Aiden."

"I wouldn't forget about him."

"Then-"

"Someone's coming." Harry cut off the connection when he heard knocking at the door.

"Come in," he called. When the door opened, he was staring at a pair of blue eyes he hasn't seen in six years.

When Gibbs entered the room, he didn't know what to expect. He saw a boy, with black, scruffy hair that stuck out everywhere, bright green eyes with a lingering sense of curiosity. Looking up, the boy was staring at him also.
"Gibbs?" he whispered.

Harry was openly staring, not noticing Aiden trying to get out of Gibbs' arms and onto Harry. Gibbs had more white hair than he remembered. His eyes seemed to hold more pain as well.

"Gibbs?" he whispered. That almost seemed to snap Gibbs out of his daze and realized that someone was struggling to get out of his arms.

"Alright big guy, you can see Harry." Aiden started clapping and reached out for Harry. With only one good arm, Harry sat up so Aiden could curl into his side. He thought it was a little cute when Aiden went to sleep.

"So," Harry said, not knowing what to say.

"How are you feeling?"

"I've been better," Harry shrugged.

"I can see that," Gibbs said dryly. Smirking, Harry leaned back.

"Still in the cops?"

"Retired six years ago and became a NCIS agent." At seeing Harry's puzzled expression, Gibbs explained, "We investigate crimes in the Navy and Marine Corps."

"Oh, any interesting ones?"

"A few. The one we're working on especially."

"How so?"

"No physical evidence at all. This marine shows up dead in an alley without a scratch, no poison or overdose."

"Wow. So...how's life?" Gibbs laughed. Such a Harry response if he couldn't think of a way to respond.

"Life's good. Working on another boat in the basement."

"How do you get it out?"

"Break the bottle." Harry raised an eyebrow at that response.

"Let me think on that one." He then yawned and felt tired.

"I was warned that you'd tire easily. I can come back tomorrow and bring my team."

"Cool. What are they like?"

"There's the forensic scientist, Abby who is always cheerful, our medical examiner Ducky who's from Scotland, Tony is the senior field agent on my team and loves movies, Tim is our probie (probation officer), and computer hacker,"

"Sweet."
"And Ziva David, our liaison from Israel. She can be a handful sometimes and is the youngest."

"How old is she?"

"Just turned 21."

"Oh." Harry looked at Aiden who was wiggling a bit. His eyes started drooping and didn't register the fact that Gibbs was leaving with Aiden. He fell asleep and was completely dead to the world. He never heard the door click shut.

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Gibbs stepped out when the nurse came back.

"Agent Gibbs? I'm nurse Playter, Harry's personal nurse."

"Nice to meet you. When can Harry be released?"

"Not for a few days, tomorrow evening at the earliest and we want him off that ankle of his for a week. No ifs, ands, or buts. Has he fallen asleep again?" Gibbs nodded.

"He'll be back at full strength soon, we just don't want him tired out too quickly. Now, is there anything you want me to do?"

"Just letting you know that my agents are planning a visit for tomorrow as a warning."

"Thanks." Gibbs turned and left the hospital.

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"How is he boss?"

"He's fine DiNozzo, just really weak right now and needs to stay off his ankle for a while."

"That's good to hear," Ziva commented. She was curious about Harry, as he wasn't an American like her. After working on the papers all day, she could use a walk. Getting up, she left when Tony called, "Where you going?"

"To get something to eat. It's my turn anyway." She left the building and went to her car. Looking at the time, she saw it was still visiting hours so making a quick decision, she went for a small visit since the Chinese restaurant was just down the street.

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Harry was enjoying his book. Jean found 'Return of the King' after Gibbs had a visit. Grinning at the part where Legolas and Gimli were bickering, he heard a small tap.

"Come in."

"Mr. Potter, you have a visitor."

"Who is it?"

"Officer Ziva David." 'One of Gibbs' co workers.,'

"It's fine." The door widened and he saw a young woman walk in. She had dark brown hair and
dark eyes that Harry could get lost in that hides secrets and loss. 'Almost like mine,' he realized. She had an olive complexion and was a good height, just a little taller than he was. He hated his height which was 5'5, it always made him feel short. He heard her clear her throat.

"Sorry. I'm Harry Potter." He held out his and which she shook.

"Ziva David," she spoke with an accent that sounded eastern.

"Egypt?" Ziva smiled.

"Close, Israel. My father is the director of Mossad," she said with a grimace.

"Oh, guessing he doesn't have time then?"

"For what?"

"Spending with you." Harry explained. "Even when Gibbs worked all the time he always made time for Kelly and I." Ziva smiled again. 'She has a pretty smile.'

"I'm guessing you were close?"

"Gibbs was like the father I never knew. My parents were killed in the 90's by a madman and tried to kill me as well. I got sent to my Aunt and Uncle. Kelly met me when we were four and were inseparable. I often spent weekends and most of the week there. We would hide everything around the house." Harry smiled at the memory. Laughing Ziva said, "So you're the reason why Gibbs gets annoyed at misplaced things!"

"Yep. Especially flashlights and staplers. We'd hide those under the sink, in the washer, dish washer, dryer. We were little devils. Then Kelly would sometimes beg Gibbs to take us to theme parks. Good times, good times."

"That sounds amazing. My father never had time for me and my siblings?"

"You have siblings?"

"Did, my sister was killed years ago in a bombing and my half-brother was killed a few years ago."

"I'm sorry. I know people say that but I kinda know that feeling when Kelly and Shannon were killed. I was a mess for months."

"Tell me about school." She noticed Harry faltered at the question.

"It's alright. It's in Scotland and I've been going since I was eleven. My parent put me on the roster when I was born."

"Tell me about it."

"There's the lessons like chemistry and history. There's a creature's class where we learn about different animals, math, language classes where we get to learn a different language and gym." There, not the whole truth, but no matter how kind she was, Harry couldn't tell her about magic. Ziva could see that Harry was hiding something. Knowing not to press on, she was curious about one thing.

"Why did you decide to come here after all these years?"

"I just found my parents will and got a large inheritance and found out I was never suppose to go to
the Dursley's and it was technically illegal. I decided I would have better luck here then in England so I left. I just didn't know I would be on an exploding plane."

"We found out but we were too late. The explosion was deliberate, sending out a message. You survived because there wasn't a bomb under the first class section of the plane. That's the only explanation I could come up with." Harry thought about this. Wizards wouldn't of known about him fleeing to America so it had to have been terrorists. Ziva looked at the time. She's been here longer then she thought.

"I have to go Harry," the name felt interesting on her tongue.

"We might be coming tomorrow. Just a word of warning, Tony is a bit of a prankster and out movie geek."

"Thanks Ziva." When she left, Harry sank on his pillows.

'She's seven years older you idiot! You like Cho.'

"Or do you?"

"Jesus Hedwig! Don't do that! Give a guy a little warning."

"After that plane ride, you'll never leave my sight and when you are, I'll be in your head."

"Someone's getting paranoid."

"I almost lost you Harry. You're like my own hatchling. Now go and get some rest. You might get released early if your good."

"Fine, goodnight Hedwig."

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Ziva was confused. She was waiting for the Chinese order and was trying to sort out her thoughts. He did have very nice eyes and ruffled hair that looked wind swept. 'You fool! He's much too young for you.' Ziva was trying to figure out where these sort of warm, soft feelings came from. She doesn't remember them with her father. Or her mother. No, maybe her grandparents? She shook out her thoughts as she paid for the food. Heading back to NCIS, Ziva decided to keep the encounter quiet. She didn't think that she could take Tony's teasing to a whole new level. That's just torture on the purest form.

Stepping out of the car, she had an idea. A far fetch one, but an idea. Running to the elevator with the food, Ziva waited impatiently for the elevator to arrive. Pressing the up button, she put the bags down by her feet and took a deep breath and thought over her theory.

Hearing the ding, Ziva stepped out with an annoyed Tony.

"It took you two hours to get Chinese?"

"Long line," she lied. There were some people in front of her, but not almost two hours worth. Silently placing the bags on her desk, Tony lunged at the food.

"Tony, it's not going to magically grow legs."

"It'll be awesome if they did!"
"McGee, we're talking to a five year old right now. He's not going to understand what you're saying."

"Hey! That's mean Ziva, very mean."

"Mean about what?"

"Gibbs! I was just telling Ziva here that telling me that I'm five is not very nice."

"Then don't act like one." Ziva gave a look of triumph.

"This isn't over Ziva."

"In your dreams DiNozzo." They all sat around eating Chinese.

"Where's the baby?"

"He's with Ducky at the moment. Now, anything on this case?"

"I finally got passed the security codes. Took a good part of the afternoon to do it, but there were Easter Eggs galore."

"What are Easter Eggs?"

"An Easter Egg is a hidden file found throughout the computer on irrelevant files and often contain top secret files. There were Easter Eggs on the plane models and where the weakest points were, mall blue prints, and there were some aeral shots of military bases."

"McGee, were there any messages?"

"Haven't gotten there boss. Abby has been helping me with picking out the eggs from files. There were about five in a file we found about his old job of being an accountant."

"Why wasn't this in his file?"

"Who knows. Continue McGee."

"Thank you boss. I found one e-mail that had different co-ordinates which I found were different military bases."

"Just the military buildings, or the houses as well?"

"Everything. Houses, public buildings, the offices, there were blueprints in some of the buildings that I printed."

"I swear this is going to be another 9/11."

"Then lets try and prevent it. Keep at the files. Maybe you'll come across some names. Tony?"

"The pictures are of public offices of corporate heads and banks. The blue prints might be in the Easter Eggs."

"Good. Ziva?"

"Nothing much. Mine were talking about England and a train station that 'holds all of Great Britain's greatest hope' whatever that means. Gibbs, can I say something?"
"You're already talking."

"The mall bombings just made national news. This plane bombing made international news, especially in the UK. The next seems to be military bases. Why not the airfields?"

"Terrorists strike more fear if they target civilians. Well, I better get Aiden and get him to sleep. Oh, we're off in the morning."

"Why's that?"

"Harry wants to meet you all."

"I feel so special now. We're going to be meeting the Harry Potter! Are you not excited McGee?"

"Sure Tony," McGee said as he scooted away from Tony.

"Ducky and Abby are coming with us. Now, lets go home and get some rest."
Meeting the Team, News and a Discovery

Harry woke up excited. He gets to meet Gibbs' team today. Quickly grabbing his glasses, Harry sat up and looked at the clock, 7:35. He scowled. Visiting hours didn't start until 9 so reading it is. Harry grabbed his book and started reading again.

Time flew when his imagination was running away with him. 'If Tony's such a movie buff, maybe we can see the Lord of the Rings. I hear it was good,' he thought. Deciding to check in with Hedwig, Harry opened their connection.

"Good morning Hedwig."

"Good morning Harry, how was your sleep?"

"Slept through supper and Gibbs' co worker Ziva David had a visit last night."

"Really?" Harry could've swore that if Hedwig had eyebrows, they would've been raised.

"Well, I hope I wasn't disturbing anything."

"Oh no Hedwig, I'm fine. I just want to get out of this hospital."

"I'll tell you about today later."

"Goodbye Harry." Shutting off their connection, Harry looked at the clock, 9:05. Starting to bounce, Harry was waiting impatiently for Jean to bring him his breakfast. He hates being dependent on others, but right now he couldn't help it.

Jean came in and was seeing Harry bounce in his bed.

"Impatient are we?"

"I've been up for a few hours, waiting for visiting hours to start."

"Well, let me see your ankle for a minute." Harry held out his leg while Jean carefully unwrapped it. What she saw made her blink. There was very little bruising left and started turning it to the left.

"Tell me when it hurts." She got a shrug in reply and she started slowly turning his foot and went until his bone prevented him. She watched his face and saw no discomfort. Frowning, she started turning it the other way. Again, there was no discomfort. She bent it forward and backwards, finding that it was only bruised.

"Well Mr. Potter, it seems that your ankle is all healed."

"That's weird," Harry commented. He knew he heals faster then normal, just not that fast.

"Well, I'll go and get your breakfast, seeing as your up." With that, Jean left the room. Harry was almost done the book so he had nothing to do. Wishing he had his journal, Harry started making up stories in his head and grabbed a piece of paper to write them down. Shannon did say he had a large imagination. Scribbling down some ideas, Jean re entered his room with breakfast. Harry stopped writing and was looking at the food. He couldn't care less if it was dirt, he was hungry.

"I have word that agent Gibbs is coming again today with some guests."
"Awesome." Harry replied. He was concentrating on eating and wasn't paying attention to what Jean was saying.

"Boys," she said as she closed to door. Harry wolfed down his breakfast in five minutes and was wanting seconds. Jean scowled and said, "we're not a buffet Harry." And she left it at that.

Throwing himself against his pillow, Harry was bored. Dead bored. He started watching the clock on the wall tick away bored. Wanting to get up, Harry listened for anyone outside his door. Hearing nothing, Harry slowly swung his legs over and slipped off his bed. His one arm was still in a cast and his rib cage was wrapped pretty tightly. Getting both feet on the ground, Harry tested his weight on his ankle. Deciding to take a few steps, he slowly put pressure on his ankle. Grimacing, Harry put more weight. If there's one thing he's learned, it's that the muscles need to be worked again to the accustomed weight of walking, let alone running. Slowly taking steps, Harry opened his door and didn't notice Gibbs and his party heading from the other direction.

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"What's that kid doing?" Tony asked. He was use to early hours, but the past few days have almost drained him.

"I think I know who it is and what he's doing." Gibbs whispered. In a louder voice he called, "Don't think about it. I still remember the last time you did that, and bedridden too." Harry jumped.

"Jeez Gibbs! I said I was sorry about that. It was Kelly's idea and Shannon fell for her every time!" Gibbs chuckled.

"Those devils," he muttered, shifting Aiden's weight. Aiden's face light up when he saw Harry and started leaning out for him.

"You mister, are going back on your bed or no Aiden." Harry pouted but slowly made his way back to his bed.

"I thought you wouldn't be walking for another week practically?"

"What can I say? I heal fast."

"Don't remind me how I found out," Gibbs said. Everyone else looked in confusion.

"Oh, I'm Harry Potter. I'm guessing your Gibbs' team?"

"Well, I am. Antony DiNozzo at your service," he said with a small bow.

"Ignore Tony. He gets carried away sometimes. I'm Abby Shuto, forensic scientist."

"Nice to meet you."

"I'm Tom McGee, computer expert,"

"and hacker;"

"Thanks Tony."

"Anytime Probie."

"I'm Ziva David." Harry saw that she didn't want the others to know of her visit yesterday.
"An assassin."

"Are you going to do that to everyone Tony?"

"No boss."

"I'm Dr. Mallard but everyone calls me Ducky."

"I hear you're from Scotland."

"Ah yes, where the grass is green and the rolling hills of the Scottish highlands."

"And very cold."

"You two can compare notes later." Gibbs said. He passed Aiden to Harry since he was losing his grip on the baby. Aiden fell on Harry's bed and started crawling over. Tony was snickering while Abby was cooing.

"That's so cute!" Ziva would just look on watching Harry's eyes light up when Aiden came to him. The baby finally got comfortable and curled up on Harry's good arm and went to sleep.

"If only he'd do that at the house."

"What does he do?"

"Just lay there and not sleep. If he's really tired, then he'll fall asleep." Harry nodded and looked at Aiden who was starting to drool a bit.

"So, how's the case?"

"It's just getting bigger and bigger." Tony supplied.

"We think that these guys are going to hit the military bases next. We just don't have a time range." Harry thought for a minute. If there's no time range and the last two bombings happened a certain time apart, then maybe it will continue in that pattern?

"How long was between the bombings?"

"A month, why?"

"Maybe these people are going on a pattern." Harry suggested. The team looked at each other. They did not think of that.

"Common sense, common sense, where did you go?" Abby said shaking her head. Everyone looked at her.

"What? We've been looking for specifics. Maybe if we did something a little more broad then we'd get our answers."

"I love kids sometimes. They give the best answers."

"I'm not a kid!"

"Sorry, teenagers."

"DiNozzo, this teen could easily make your live hell."
"How?"

"You didn't see him run around the house hiding everything and booby trapping certain rooms."

"Like the door to the basement. And before you say anything, that was Kelly's idea!" Harry threw up a hand. The team were trying not to gap. If they did that…they don't want to think about it.

Ducky was looking at Harry. More like examining. There was something different about the boy. Not just being a survivor, but with something. He could talk to his mother, seeing as she was in England during that huge fiasco in the 80's. Deciding to not ruin the visit, he listened into the conversation.

"…and the Abby bitch slapped Ziva! I never knew Abby could slap someone."

"Why should I? Gibbs does it all the time."

"Plus you can't afford to lose any more brain cells."

"Low blow Ziva! I'm hurt." Tony clutched his heart. McGee rolled his eyes.

"Ignore them. They're worse then him and Kate."

"Who's Kate?" Harry asked.

"The agent that was killed two years ago that Ziva replaced. I can tell you later about that."

"I'd like that." They watched Ziva and Tony bicker.

"Do they always do this?"

"Yeah, Tony loves her like a sister and she loves him like a brother."

"Ah." *Like Ron and Hermione,* he thought sadly, thinking back to their betrayal. It hurts to think about it so he tries not to but the thoughts and the looks would always come to the front of his mind.

"DiNozzo, David, you're not five anymore so stop acting like it."

"Sorry boss," Tony said. Ziva was smirking and Harry didn't want to be at the end of what she was thinking of. Gibbs looked at his watch.

"We have to go back to work. Abby, did you get Johanson's laptop?"

"Yeah, I'll go through that after I get through Prewitt's."

"Who's Prewitt?"

"The guy we caught that was one of the ones responsible for the mall bombings and planning the plane explosion."

"Did he come from England?"

"Maybe, why?"

"Just curious. What did he do?"

"He was an accountant for a while but quit." Harry would've tripped at that. *What are the odds?*'
"A friend of mine said that he had a relative as an accountant over in England who was bitter against his family for something and his last name was Prewitt."

"Can you talk to this friend?" Harry shook his head.

"He doesn't have e-mail and he transferred to somewhere so I lost touch."

"Ok then. Thanks." Tony said. The kid could be hiding something though, he could tell by his eyes. They are so expressive.

"Come on, we have to go. Nice seeing you Harry."

"Bye, and thanks for killing some time." Gibbs took a sleeping Aiden and they walked out of the room. Harry slumped on his bed.

"Hedwig, I should tell Gibbs and his team shouldn't I?"

"It's not my decision Harry."

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The team returned to headquarters in deep thought. Abby went down to her lab to start going through Johanson's computer.

"I'll never get to it so I may as well start." Ducky took Aiden with him since he was still napping and everyone else went to look up Prewitt in England.

"Nothing." McGee said after searching for two hours. No birth certificate, no school records, nothing.

"There has to be something. Something we're missing." Gibbs muttered.

Ziva was thinking about Harry's school. He's been there since he was eleven, and Johanson went to school in Scotland when he was eleven, it can't be a coincidence that both he and Harry would disappear off the grid when they turn eleven and pop back up with no records. Deciding to write herself a note for later, she turned her attention to the bulletin board that had all the maps and area photos. She stepped forward and was looking at the ones for England. It was targeting Kings Cross but, that's all there was. No times, no plans, it was just there in the stack. She felt it was important somehow though. And the coordinates for some where in the highlands, just gave her a bad vibe.

"Ziva?"

"Yeah Tony?"

"What do you think of Harry?"

"A very lonely child clinging to anything that loves."

"What makes you say that?" She beckoned Tony to come with her to "Gibbs' office" in the elevator. They both entered and waited a few second before Ziva shut it down with the cameras.

"I saw Harry yesterday. I was curious about the boy what could make Gibbs laughed. I told you yesterday that I was getting the food, but I also made a visit. We talked, but he's hiding something about that school. I'm almost positive that it's the same one that Johanson went to. All of Harry's records went dry after 2001 with only purchases being made recently with an unknown bank."
"So your saying that he's a spy or something?"

"No, but he's hiding something big. How else would he know about Prewitt and our searches come up with nothing. It doesn't even show us a school diploma or anything."

"We'll let him bring it up first or he'll know we snooped."

"Alright Tony. Maybe he could give us some insight on why Kings Cross is a potential target." Ziva flipped the switch back up when Tony said, "Don't let Gibbs know you know this. Besides, he could be quite a ladies man when he's older." Ziva raised her eyebrow.

"Sure Tony."

Harry hates being restless. It made him want to get up and move around and run. Deciding that he had nothing to do and Hedwig out hunting, he decided to bring out a scrap piece of paper and doodle. Deciding to draw a scene from his memory, Kelly came to the front of his mind with the floating ball. He grabbed his book and used it as a hard backing and started sketching.

He was just finishing Kelly when the Doctor came in. He's never met her consciously so he tilted his head to the side and went back to sketching.

"Mr. Potter? I'm doctor Terrence. Now lets go and get some x-rays done on your arm and ribs. Alright?"

"Fine by me." Harry had nothing else to do so he was all for it. Getting wheeled around in a bed was very new to Harry and was enjoying the ride. He was grinning himself silly and was wide eyed at all the x-ray equipment in the room.

"Now, I need you to stay very still so we can take the x-rays, alright?"

"Alright." Harry laid on the table and was covered in a heavy vest thing.

"It's lined with lead so the rays don't touch your skin and get cancer," he was told.

"Ok," he shrugged. It didn't matter to him. He was pretty sure that wizards didn't get cancer or any other mundane genetic diseases. He thinks that it has something to do with magic, but Harry wasn't sure.

"Lie on your back now Mr. Potter and let's get these done. Try not to move." The doctor left the room and Harry laid still, hoping that he didn't have to be here any longer then needed. Five long minutes later, Doctor Terrence came back.

"All done, now, let's get you back to your room and I'll take a look at your x-rays." Another nurse came in and wheeled Harry back to his room. Getting back to his room, Harry felt boredom wash over him again. Taking out his sketch, he decided to try and finish it before he got out. Sticking his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, Harry had a determined face on him. He didn't notice that a good few hours passed and the nurse was bringing his meal up. His head shot up when he saw Jean.

"Relax Harry, I was only bringing food." She placed the tray on Harry's bedside while Harry continued sketching.

"That's really good."
"Thanks. I'm hoping to finish it by tomorrow."

"Good luck. The doctor was saying that she would be coming around soon with your x-rays and then we'll see when you get out."

"Good." Harry sighed in relief.

"I hate hospitals." Jean laughed.

"Not many teenagers do. Now, I'll be back in a couple hours to see if you've finished your meal. Alright?"

"Sure." Harry shrugged. He would eat when he had the sketch finished.

"Ok," Jean raised an eyebrow as she left. Harry stopped sketching for a minute. 'Oh Merlin, what have I gotten into?'

"What have you gotten into now?"

"Hedwig! What have I told you not to do?"

"I haven't heard anything from you in hours and I can't flash in there anyways."

"Fine. Hopefully, I'm getting out of here soon."

"Mr. Potter?"

"Yes?" Harry's head shot up.

"I have your tests back and you can go home tomorrow if you want."

"All right!" Harry pumped a fist in the air. He didn't care if it was childish, he just wanted out of the damn place. Doctor Terrence chuckled.

"Your guardian Mr. Gibbs knows so he'll be picking you up tomorrow morning." Harry's smile lit up his whole face.

"Does he know?"

"Yes Mr. Potter. Mr. Gibbs will be coming by nine tomorrow morning." Harry nodded and decided to go to bed after she left.

"Hedwig?"

"Yes Harry?"

"I'm going home with Gibbs tomorrow." Harry was practically bouncing when he said that.

"That's great Harry. Now, go to sleep because tomorrow will be tiring."

"Alright. Goodnight Hedwig."

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Ziva was getting frustrated by this case. She looked at her notebook over her notes

-Found Johanson's body.
-No obvious signs of death
-Found Prewitt later.
-Weak link in group?
-No birth certificates or any records
-Plane explosion.
-Three survivors
-Five part operation.
-First two done
-Third part-bases?
-fourth part-public?
-fifth part-another 9/11?
-Group of terrorists-Sharp involved?
-Harry and Johanson's records disappear after age eleven-same school?
-No suspects

Ziva hated that last part. Hopefully Abby will pull some information off of Johanson's laptop. Ziva was thinking about Johanson. He had a clean record so perhaps...a grudge? She wasn't sure. What she was sure was that whatever was happening with the two different bombings, they were connected and whatever is about to happen, it was going to be bigger then both of them.

Looking at her list, she was looking at her third point. Only three survivors. Explosions like the one that happened shouldn't have survivors. Ziva frowned. One was in a coma, one was a baby and one was...about to be released. Ziva's head shot up. 'Oh no. No, no, no, no. Please tell me I'm wrong.' Ziva looked at her clock. It read 11:30 so she couldn't call any one to see if her theory would be true. Biting her lip, Ziva decided that it could wait a couple hours until she gets up in the morning, hoping that nothing happens.
Release and Clean Up

Harry was bouncing in excitement. He was going home with Gibbs today. He was looking at his sketch that he finished last night. It was Kelly and Harry sitting and smiling while a ball was in the air between them. Harry smiled at the sketch. Kelly would always ask him to draw her in her princess costume during Halloween. Harry smiled as he would sometimes take out the sketches whenever he was feeling upset or lonely.

Harry was getting impatient. He never was patient. Kelly would sometimes call him Speedy Gonzales. Harry would retort and call her cousin Slowpoke. Kelly would then wrestle him whenever he said that. Smiling now, Harry put his hands behind his head. Wondering where Jean was (it was after 8), Harry got out of bed and got dressed in clothes that Gibbs gave him for today, and started towards the door when he heard shots. Harry froze and was hoping that he was just hearing things again.

Deciding to take a peak, Harry slowly opened the door until he could see. Immediately, he closed the door and leaned against the wall taking deep breaths. Looking around the room, Harry didn't see a way out of his situation. Groaning quietly, Harry decided that magic was his only option. 'Hedwig is going to kill me,' he thought.

Taking his sketch and stuffing it in his pocket, Harry decided to cast a disillusionment spell that would hold for two minutes. Deciding to take his chance, Harry was about to step forward when shadows appeared by his door. 'Shit.' Harry bit his lip and lifted the spell. It wouldn't do if he appeared from mid air.

Looking around for anything to help him with, the door burst open and two men wearing ski masks came into the middle of the room. Taking that as his cue to run, Harry ran into the halls looking for the exit. When another one came from the stairs, Harry ran in the opposite direction. Two shots rang out, barely missing Harry. Running faster (and thanking his good luck that his ankle healed), Harry ran to the nearest stairwell while jumping over the railing. He landed but had to take a breather from the long fall (and thankful for no broken bones).

Harry ran through the door and found he was on the second floor. Running down the hallways, Harry found himself face to face with another one of the mad men. Backing up, Harry kicked the man's gun that skidded away. Harry took the man's temporary shock to give him some time to run to the ground floor. Running into another stairwell, Harry went for the exit door when he skidded to a stop when he saw a trip wire. 'Bloody hell? Are all the doors wired?'' Deciding not to take a chance to see if these were fake or not, Harry ran to the door that leads into the cafeteria, not watching where he was going. He almost tripped when he saw another person coming from the way he was running. Turning around, Harry saw someone else. Looking for an exit, Harry knew he was trapped. 'Oh yes, Hedwig is going to kill me.'

Ziva woke up at around 7 and jumped out of bed. Quickly dressing and getting her weapons, she dashed out of her apartment and into her car. Almost breaking the speed limit, Ziva was trying to call Gibbs. "Figlio di una cagna!" she swore. Deciding to go faster, Ziva made it to NCIS in almost record timing.

Hoping that someone would be there, she quickly got in the elevator while tapping her foot in
impatience. When the elevator finally went off, Ziva almost ran out and was relieved that Tony was there.

"Tony!" she yelled. Tony looked up with a puzzled expression.

"Yes Ziva?" Ziva took a breath.

"You know how I said the bombs were arranged so that there wouldn't be any survivors on board?"

"Yeah."

"There are three. One is in the care of a federal agent and the other two are at a public hospital."

"Meaning?"

"Tony!" Ziva said in frustration.

"If the bombs were planted with such care so that no one survived, and you were the one who planted them. Wouldn't you want a clean job."

"Oh. Oh," Tony said.

"Tell me you've called Gibbs."

"I couldn't reach him."

"Try again. I'll get McGee." The two were quickly dialing on the phones. Tony got McGee on first.

"McGee."

"McGee, we might have a situation at the hospitals."

"What kind...one minute."

"McGee!" Tim didn't answer.

"Um, Tony, you may want to turn on the news." Tony turned on the T.V that had a reporter in front of the Children's National Medical Center.

"Oh shit, this isn't good. Ziva, we need to leave. Now." Ziva looked up from her phone where it was ringing.

"I'll explain on the way." Tony picked up the phone again.

"McGee, are there any LEO's there yet?"

"Not sure yet. I'm ten minutes away."

"We'll meet you there in 15." Tony quickly hung up while Ziva grabbed her coat. They both ran to the elevator while Tony was explaining what McGee was telling him.

"What about the other hospital? With Emily? She would be an easy target because of her coma."

"Great, I'll call and hope that they'll pick up." Tony was back on the phone with the front desk.

"A nurse just went in to check on her so she'll be fine."
"I hope so Tony. I really do." Getting off the elevator, Ziva threw Tony the keys and quickly got in one of the cars. Tony started it up and had the sirens going on it. With the sirens and the speed Tony was going (‘and he thought my driving was bad?’ Ziva thought), they made it to the Medical Center in ten minutes.

McGee was already talking with some of the saw them coming and ran over to them.

"What do we have?" Tony asked while checking his gun.

"Unknown number of assailants in the building and unknown number of hostages. The LEO's that are following on the camera's before they were down showed them going to the fourth floor."

"Isn't that where Harry's room is?"

"Then I guess these people are going after the three of them." Ziva said.

"Ziva thinks that there were suppose to be no survivors and the terrorists want a clean job."

"Makes sense." McGee said. One of the LEO's came over.

"The doors have trip wires everywhere."

"Did they do the windows?" Ziva asked.

"Only the first floor ones that we can see."

"We need a way in. If I can get in, I can try and disable one of the doors."

"Or, all three of us go in while McGee can disable them cause we need you with those skills you have."

"Thanks for the complement Tony." He shrugged.

"Where's the nearest window?"

"Second floor."

"Damn." Ziva said.

"Anyone have a ladder?"

"The fire trucks are on their way."

"How long?"

"5 minutes."

"Ziva, try calling Gibbs again. There's no way he should have his phone off."

"Or I'm right here." Gibbs came jogging up behind them. Getting held up by the director made him in a foul mood then getting a message saying to get down to the Medical Center.

"What do we have?"

"Not much intel yet. Doors are wired from the inside but we don't think the windows are so we're waiting for the trucks to come with a ladder so we can get in. McGee would then get to the doors and start disabling the wires while me and Ziva were going to look for hostages."
"Do we know why they're here."

"Harry." Ziva said simply.

"The bombs were arranged so there would be no survivors and send out a message. So because there were three survivors, I'm guessing they wanted a clean job but-

"One was in my care while the other two are out in the open." They heard a shot coming in from the bottom floor when the fire truck came. Gibbs went up to the driver and directed her to the window they want. It took ten minutes for the ladder to be ready. Ziva climbed on first and used her knife to open the window while making sure that there were no wires. Satisfied, Ziva and Tony lifted the windows.

"Feel like they're made of lead." Tony said when the window finally opened.

"Come on," she whispered. Landing on her feet, Ziva took a quick look around before pulling her gun out. Tony did the same while Gibbs and McGee came through. They both looked around before Gibbs gestured to McGee to start cutting the wires by any door. McGee nodded and left. Gesturing to Tony, the two left Ziva to her own devices.

Deciding to go to Harry's room, Ziva quietly ran to the nearest door when a bullet almost grazed her. Turning around, she let out a couple before the man was on the ground. Quickly pushing the door open, Ziva found three men pointing their weapons at her. Getting away from the door, Ziva had her back against the wall while peaking through the window. After hearing some muffled words exchanged, silence fell on her. Deciding to try again, Ziva found one man guarding the stair way and the other two heading up one more flight. Pulling out her silencer gun, Ziva quickly shot the man before he knew what was going on.

Grimacing, Ziva ran up the stairs and heard shots and a door bursting open. Ziva quickened her step but found a boy running away and heard another shot aimed at him. Ziva shot the man in the back but quickly went for cover when two more showed up. She let off another shot but missed. Finding that she was out, Ziva put her silencer gun away and brought out her regular. Firing off a shot, the two men started shooting back at her. Taking cover behind a corner, Ziva reloaded her gun. When she aimed again, they were gone.

"Dammit!" she swore. Running into the direction they took off in, Ziva found the stairwell and went after them. She saw them go to the ground floor, Ziva jumped over the railing onto the second floor and ran down the rest of the way. She saw them heading to the cafeteria where she saw Harry cornered and had four guns trailing on him. Deciding that desperate times were calling for desperate measures, Ziva pointed her gun to the ceiling and let off a shot.

Harry dropped to the ground and swept one man's legs from under him and had enough momentum to get up again and took off running. Ziva quickly let off another few rounds. She saw that she got a couple of them but the others were taking off after Harry. She pressed her ear bud in.

"McGee, when can we get reinforcements?"

"Another minute. That's all I need."

"Well hurry. I found Harry but he has a couple guys after him. Heard anything from Gibbs or DiNozzo?"

"Nothing yet. Got it!" Ziva grinned while taking off after Harry. She saw Harry run towards the door and turned at the last minute and ran for another minute. The next thing she saw, made Ziva blink.
Harry lifted his hand and a spark came from the door, blasting it. Ziva went behind a desk from the intensive heat. When the heat cooled down, she saw all the door burst open and the glass was completely shattered. 'Guess they were all connected.' Ziva went forward, weary of the small fires and found both bodies of the shooters. She couldn't find Harry though.

"Ziva. Ziva?"

"Yeah?"

"Found Harry yet?"

"Found him then lost him. One of the doors were tripped and all of them exploded. I have two more bodies but Harry disappeared."

"Find him Ziva."

"Yes Gibbs." Ziva was walking though the wreckage, hoping to find him.

"Harry!" she called. She walked slowly until she found a shadow.

"Harry, you can come out now," she said softly. Ziva saw the black hair sticking out before his face. It was all red from the heat with some minor cuts and a deep one in his forearm. Harry was shaking pretty badly.

"Harry," she called again, offering her hand. Harry took it slowly and came out. She wrapped her arm around his shoulder.

"Gibbs? Found him." She could almost hear the sigh of relief.

"Bring him out through the door McGee was cutting."

"Got it. Come on Harry."

"I hate hospitals," Harry muttered. Ziva laughed.

"That makes two of us."

Gibbs was walking around with the doctors that weren't in shock, start patching up different people.

"Gibbs!" Gibbs turned around and Ziva had a shaking Harry beside her. He looked up at him and ran towards Gibbs. Harry wrapped his arms around him and was still shaking pretty badly.

"It's fine Harry. You're alright." Gibbs ran a hand through Harry's hair while the poor child was still shaking. Gibbs looked over at Ziva.

"How's Emily?"

"Before you got here Tony called the hospital and they sent a nurse to check on her."

"That's good." Gibbs led Harry towards one of the ambulances. The paramedics were fussing over Harry, who was scowling at it. He winced when they pulled the glass from his arm. Gibbs saw that Harry was about to fall asleep when they were doing up the stitches. When Harry was released with a couple other stitches, Gibbs led him to his car.
"We're going to headquarters."

"Alright." Gibbs was about to say something when his phone went off.

"Yeah, Gibbs. When? Alright. We're coming over now." Gibbs frowned.

"Ziva, can you take Harry back to headquarters? And tell Ducky we need him at Emily's hospital." Ziva's eyes widened when Gibbs said the last part in a whisper.

"Alright. How long ago?"

"About an hour ago."

"But that was when Tony called."

"Ziva, just do it." Gibbs said in a tired voice. Ziva nodded and gestured to Harry.

"Come on, we're going to headquarters. Maybe you can hang out with Abby."

"In her lab?"

"If you ask, I'm sure she won't mind." Harry gave a small smile as she led him to the car. Gibbs sighed as he went over to the LEO.

"Any of the suspects survive?"

"One."

"Bring him over to NCIS when you've finished here."

"Yes sir."

Ziva kept glancing sideways to her passenger. Harry has been very quiet during the ride and was trying to say something. Every time she's about to comment, it would seem better if she kept quiet. The silence was finally bothering her when she said the first thing that came to mind.

"Aiden's with the director." Harry looked over at her.

"Really? That's cool. Can I see him?"

"I'm pretty sure Director Sheppard would love someone else looking after Aiden then her. She's almost behind her paper work as it is. Cases upon cases are being piled on her desk and with a toddler it's hard to handle such a load."

"Would she mind if I take him for a while? I would stay inside the building." Ziva looked over.

"If you ask." They pulled into the parking lot and the two of them got out. Harry's arm had a small fracture so the cast could come off and get it wrapped instead.

"Entrance is this way." Ziva guided Harry towards the entrance where she got him a visitors pass.

"Don't take it off," she whispered to him. Harry just clipped the badge on while Ziva led him to the elevator. After being scanned, they got in the elevator. Harry never really liked small places after being in a cupboard for years. Harry closed his eyes and started taking slow, deep breaths trying to
calm himself.

"Harry?"

"I hate small spaces," was his reply. Ziva just looked at him. The elevator went off and Harry almost ran out. Ziva calmly walked out and gestured to Harry.

"We'll go and see the director. She's been wanting to meet the boy who Gibbs lets get away with anything."

"Really? That's news to me because I recall Kelly and I being grounded for a week after we dyed one of Gibbs' shirt purple. Then another time we were in trouble because Kelly punched a couple boys at school for throwing rocks at a dog and I, ah," Harry raised his hand and nervously ran his fingers through his hair. "I knocked out one of the boys who were going to punch Kelly for disturbing them and calling her a Yankee." Ziva raised an eyebrow.

"But there were things that Gibbs never found out and I intend to keep it that way."

"Not tell Jethro about what?"

"Director. Harry, this is Director Jenny Sheppard of NCIS."

"Nice to meet you." Harry shook Jenny's hand.

"Nice to meet you finally Harry. You gave us a bit of a scare a few days ago and this morning." Harry gave an apologetic smile.

"What can I say? I live for action." A small cry interrupted what Jenny was about to say. A small head peeked around her legs.

"Up! Up!" Aiden held his arms in the air towards Harry. He chuckled and picked up the toddler who squealed in delight of being spun in the air. Harry decided to just tune out the conversation. He didn't think he needed to know so Harry just concentrated on not dropping Aiden who likes being upside down. Harry got tapped on the shoulder and almost lost his grip on Aiden.

"Yes?"

"The Director said that as long as you stay in the building, you can go wherever you want as long as you ask before opening the door. The bottom level is Ducky's autopsy room. He's not here so it'll probably be closed. Abby's lab is one level above Ducky's so you can go there. Just don't bother the agents."

"What am I? Five?" Harry didn't get an answer as Ziva already left.

"I can see now why Jethro liked you so much." Harry spun around.

"Who? Me? I'm just a boy who gets into trouble."

"Not just that. I've noticed that since you announced you were coming to America, Jethro has lightened up a bit and smiles more."

"Director-"

"Please, call me Jenny. Director makes me feel like the higher ups are getting me into trouble."

"Ok, Jenny," Harry tested, "were, were you here when Kelly and Shannon were killed?"
"No. No one knew but Jethro's mentor, Mike Franks we only found out a few months ago. A Mexican drug cartel killed the driver that was protecting Shannon and Kelly while Jethro was in Desert Storm. Shannon wanted to testify and was put into witness protection."

"They both died in the car crash. That's all I was told."

"Gibbs was in a coma right after and when he came back to America, he joined NCIS, although it was called NIS at the time."

"Well, I don't know what to say. I mean, all I knew was that they died in a car crash and that's it. 'Almost like my parents.'"

"Thank you, Jenny." Harry went to leave when he heard Jenny call his name.

"What happened to your parents?"

"They were murdered." Harry turned and left.

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"...and this is my baby that took Bertha's place when she was fried a few years ago, and this, is my ballistics lab." Abby was showing Harry around with Aiden clapping his hands. Abby was surprised that Harry came down, but enjoyed it anyways. So, he was getting the 'Grand Abby Tour,' as she calls it. They were just finishing up when McGee came back in. He was startled when he saw Harry there.

"Hey McGee. I was just giving Harry the tour. Have anything for me?"

"Sorry Abby, not yet." Abby looked like someone just kicked her puppy.

"But, everything's coming in an hour." Abby's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. Harry raised an eyebrow at this.

"Any hits on the pictures yet?"

"No," Abby sighed as she pulled them up.

"It's getting frustrating although they're all done." She pulled up multiple pictures and Harry almost yelled. One of the pictures was Lucius Malfoy. Harry felt some colour drain from his face.

"'ry,'ry!" Harry felt a small hand against his cheek.

"Sorry Aiden." He started bouncing his knee while Aiden was giggling all the way. McGee was looking at him.

"Harry? Are you alright?" Harry wasn't sure if he should tell them or not. Gibbs trusted them. After a minute of debating, Harry said, "I know that man."
"Harry? How do you know him?" McGee pointed to the picture of the blond man.

"I've run into him a few times, not nice. I've gone to school with his son and his father has connections in high places." Harry didn't really know the man that well. But from his letters with Sirius, Malfoy was one of the Death Eaters that bribed his way from Azkaban.

"How is it that you know people we can't find on our databases?" Harry shrugged.

"Maybe they never got caught so they're not in the system." Harry suggested. That excuse will work only for so long. Hopefully long enough for Harry to figure out how to tell them about magic.

"Aiden!" Aiden once again, tried flipping out of Harry's arms.

"Jeez, how do you not have a head rush?" McGee chuckled while Abby went, "aww!"

"McGee, where's the team?"

"Oh, they're out still. Gibbs got a call and had to go investigate."

"And they're back."

"I came ahead to warn Abby that we have more evidence coming for her."

"Good! The lack of evidence was frustrating for me! It'll be nice to solve this one and not worry about freaky deaths." Freaky deaths. Harry frowned. Killing curse? Why would a wizard, want to kill a marine? McGee was watching Harry as he was thinking.

"Hey Abby," McGee beckoned her over.

"Do you get the feeling that Harry knows more then he lets on?"

"Probably. If what Gibbs said was true, then Harry learned how to hide his intelligence at a young age."

"But why would he do that?"

"I don't know. Why don't we wait until he wants to tell us?" Abby's machine started beeping.

"A breakthrough, finally!" McGee watched as Abby started bringing up the picture to the big screen. Harry walked up to it.

"Sergeant James Hartley. Minor case of drug abuse two years ago. Been to Iraq and was about to be shipped out for the second time with Johanson."

"There's no record of any contact between the two officially."

"Abby, why would Hartley want Johanson dead if he didn't know who it was?" McGee had an idea.

"What if,-" he went over to Abby's computer, "Johanson got some dirt on this guy. Abby, have you looked through his computer yet?"

"Just started. I'll go get it." Abby left for a minute. McGee was typing a mile a minute.
"How do you type so fast?"

"Practice and I took a computer course at University." Abby came back with a black laptop that was huge.

"Gamers computer." Abby said.

"They are much larger then your average and have a bigger hard drive and the bigger screen makes gaming easier."

"Ok then," Harry said. He went back to entertaining Aiden who was getting fussy.

"Alright. Let's get you to spill your secrets to your Auntie Abby." Harry gave Abby a strange look.

"She's in her zone so let's give her some space." McGee lead Harry up to the offices.

"So, this is where we do all the paperwork and searches. That's Gibbs' desk, Ziva's is beside his, Tony is across and mine is across from Gibbs."

"Small space."

"You get use to it."

"I'm partly claustrophobic. My relatives enjoyed making me stay in small spaces. So, anything new on this case?"

"Other then Hartley, nothing. This Johanson guy had nothing in his name and that was irritating everyone. Prewitt was our only connection but hopefully we can get more information now."

"Where was Johanson from?"

"England. His family was murdered when he was 16. Came over when he was 17 and joined the marines."

"Did he disappear off the grid for six years?"

"Yes…"

"Ok." McGee raised an eyebrow at that.

"Just wondering, where's all my stuff?"

"Gibbs has it all. He thought that you might like it." Harry let out a breath of relief. Everything he owned was in that bag. Which reminds him…

"Hey McGee, when will Gibbs be back?"

"Right here."

"Gibbs! I was just wondering, if it's not too much trouble…"

"Harry, what did I say?"

"That nothing too much trouble as long as it's reasonable."

"So you do remember! I was wondering when you devils wanted to go to Spain for the summer."
"It was worth a try! Anyway, can we go walking around and see the sites, please?"

"As long as it's not too late for someone's bed time."

"Gibbs!"

"I was talking about Aiden. If you want to go to bed by seven as well go right ahead."

"That's cruel." Harry mumbled.

"What do we have boss?"

"Another body. Ducky has it now and is bringing it to autopsy."

"Who was it?"

"We'll tell you after I go talk to the director." If Harry was the way he was years ago, then he'll be badgering everyone to tell him, and it's not pretty.

"Why are you staring at me!"

"I know you too well," was his reply. Harry pouted and would've crossed his arms is he wasn't holding someone. Tony was snickering that someone other then him was getting told to. He got a slap on the back of the head.

"Sorry boss."

Gibbs saw the door open.

"I was just about to call you."

"What can I say? Good timing."

"I suppose you want to tell me about this morning?"

"We believe that the terrorists from the plane explosion wanted a clean job and kill the remaining survivors. Eight went to Harry's hospital, fully knowing he would be released today. One person was shot while seven of the assailants were killed. The last one should be on his way."

"What about the other victim."

"Dead. Ducky is with the body downstairs and Abby will be running a tox screen soon."

"Do the boys know?"

"I was going to tell them after this meeting."

"Both boys are under your care for the duration of this case so no one from child service will be coming."

"Thank you Jenny."

"Oh, and Jethro, catch the bastards."
Harry was pretty much swinging his legs in boredom. Everyone was typing away at their computers and were in deep concentration. Aiden was having fun playing with his hair. A little too much fun.

He heard the elevator ding and out walked some agents with a man Harry would guess, to be a wealthy business man. He sneered in Harry direction. Harry gave a confused look and went back to playing with Aiden. Gibbs came down and was coming towards him.

"Tony, Ziva, interrogation room." Tony rubbed his hands in glee.

"This should be fun to watch. What do you think Gibbs will do?"

"I don't know! How am I suppose to know?"

"It's Tony Ziva, remember?"

"I figured that much out." The two kept bickering as they walked down the hall. McGee rolled his eyes and went back to his computer. Harry leaned back on the chair being bored. What he would give to have is bag back?

"ry, lip!"

"No Aiden, you'll get a head rush."

"ry, lip!" Harry scowled.

"No, later." Aiden frowned but Harry did say later. Harry yawned and felt his eyes closing while Aiden snuggled with him. Harry bit his lip from his ribs that were still sore. McGee saw the two of them sleeping and smiled. Shaking his head, he went back to his computer.

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"Why is everyone after Harry? I mean, he's just a scrawny little kid!"

"Maybe it has something to do with his parents. He was told they were killed in a car crash."

"They were murdered. That's what he told the Director."

"Idiotic Dursley's." Gibbs said.

"Of course they would lie to him. What else have they lied about?"

"By saying my parents were penniless freaks while I had a whole fortune they were stealing off me that I didn't know about." Harry's eyes were still closed but showed he was partially awake by answering.

"Harry, have you ever heard of James Knightly?"

"No, why?"

"He seems to have the same problem as our Prewitt man."

"Did he ever come to England?"

"No, but, what's this about 'Getting revenge for a master that was wronged'?"

"Might be about my parents murderer. He was never caught." 'More like never dead.'
"Is there something you're not telling me Harry?" Harry bit his lip.

"Can I tell you later? Please?" Harry looked up pleading.

"Only if you tell me everything. I don't think you told me everything about the Dursley's either." Harry hung his head in shame. Gibbs' phone went off.

"Yeah, Gibbs. On my way. Abby has the results from the tox screen."

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"Hey Gibbs! Where's Harry?"

"Upstairs. What do you have Abbs?"

"I have the results back. It was Morphine that killed her. Someone, put a vile big enough to kill, but small enough so the dosage wouldn't be noticed missing."

"Good job Abbs. Anything else?"

"I have the security footage and it matched, Sgt. Hartley's facial recognition."

"So we got the last of them?"

"Sorry Tony. There's one more that we don't have. But, we do have a name to go with a face for blondie. Harry said his name was Lucius Malfoy and has friends in high places and his son is a rich snob, same age as Harry. Other then that, we don't know anything."

"This is frustrating. Right when we get answers, with get twice as many questions!" Ziva exclaimed.

"Emily was murdered because she survived. Johanson was murdered because he must have learned of all this. Where does Knightly fit in?"

"He wants Harry dead."

"But, he's only a kid!"

"A kid who survived the mass murdering in England and the only survivor in the house when it was destroyed." Ducky came in.

"Ah, Jethro, I just came to tell you that the autopsy is done and that the-"

"Morphine?"

"Yes, thank your Abigail. The morphine was the only foreign substance that was suspicious. No allergies according to her medical record so we can rule that out."

"Thanks Duck. How do you know what happened in England?"

"I visited there for a couple years in the 80's with mother and we heard about strange disappearances and killings. People who were perfectly healthy were dead the next day. It happened until 1991 with the last on Halloween with the last victim's being the Potter's."

"We need to talk with Harry. He knows what's going on."

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Harry jerked awake when he heard footsteps coming. Looking around, he saw the team coming to him.

"We need to talk, now."

"About what?" Harry asked nervously.

"About your parents murders."

"I hardly remember anything from that night, I was one. All I remember is my father telling my mum to run and my mum pleading for my life and her being killed."

"It says in your mother's file that she was going to University in Oxford when she dropped out a year before being murdered."

"My parents were targets and went into hiding. I don't know why, I don't know when. No one has ever told me why they went into hiding or what they did." Harry said. It's true, he didn't really know anything about what his parents did before they went into hiding, hell, he didn't even know his own mother went to university! Or why they did. Harry has speculated, but was probably wrong on his guesses.

Gibbs stared hard at him. Harry was trying to not recoil at the look. It was one that Gibbs pretty much reserved for the Dursley's.

"Um, Gibbs?" McGee said timidly. Gibbs turned away. Harry relaxed slightly. He's never gotten over being extremely jumpy over adult scrutiny. He played with his fingers and waited for Gibbs to speak. Sneaking a peak at Ziva, he saw her frown at her boss. Biting her lip, she gave Harry a small smile. Returning it, Harry looked down at Aiden, who was content with playing with Harry's shirt.

Deciding to ignore the adults, Harry played with the toddler, who was now bending backwards again.

"Later Aiden, remember?" Aiden frowned and started whimpering.

"Aiden," Harry said sternly, "No." Aiden started crying. Harry looked for his water that was on the floor. Rolling his eyes, he undid the cap. Aiden went to grab it but Harry kept a firm hold on it. Tipping it very slowly, water started coming which Aiden drank greedily. Smacking his lips loudly, Aiden had a silly grin all over his face. Snorting, Harry put his water away.

Bored out of his mind, he started tapping his finger on the desk. Rolling his neck back he let out a long sigh. Harry must've closed his eyes because he didn't feel the tap on his shoulder. He shot up with Tony looking at him.

"Come on kid, Gibbs taking us to his house."

"I'm so screwed." Harry muttered. Tony didn't hear him. Taking Aiden and carrying him out, Harry bit his lip in nervousness. What if Gibbs didn't want him when he finds out about magic? Then what's he suppose to do? Scenarios played in Harry's head. Harry was getting more worried as they got closer to the house. The house itself was modest f Harry was truthful with himself. Not bothering to look around, he was almost dragging his feet in after Tony with a small Aiden clinging to his neck like a monkey. Rolling his eyes, Harry pushed the door open to follow Tony in. Looking around, there was a table, a couch and a fireplace.

"Come on Harry."
"Coming," Harry replied duly. Tony opened a door that led to a basement. Being curious, Harry poked his head in and saw a boat that was getting built in his basement.

"How will Gibbs get this out?"

"We have no idea."

"Break the bottle." Gibbs emerged from the shadows with Ducky, McGee, Abby and Ziva. Almost shaking, Harry climbed down the stairs and into the sawdust filled basement. Gibbs cracked open a drink.

"Now, what is it that your not telling us Harry?" Harry’s mind went blank with the scenarios again. Rejection was the one thing Harry didn't want. He liked the quirky team and the director, from what he saw.

"I, um..."

"Well?"

"I should just say it then explain. First, do any of you believe in...non existent things? Like dragons and magic?" Not getting a response, Harry took a deep breath, holding Aiden, he just blurted it out.

"I'm a wizard."
"You're a what?" Tony said in disbelief. Harry quirked a small smile.

"That was my first reaction when I was told." Gibbs just stared. The kind of stare that was reserved for the Dursley's when they took Harry back. Ziva was doing a small jig in her head. 'I was right, I was right!' Tim just gave a look of disbelief while Abby looked ecstatic. Ducky was in deep thought.

"Um, Gibbs?" Harry asked timidly. 'Here comes the rejection…'

"That explains some things."

"Wait, you're…you're not mad?"

"Why would I be?"

"It's just…my, relatives…hated my because of my magic."

"That's why they didn't want you near the house."

"They didn't want me to infect their 'precious Diddykins' with magic." Harry said with a snort.

"Wait, so, you're saying, that the magic that the magicians from school, like pulling a rabbit out of a hat, is real?" Harry laughed at Abby's face.

"I'm sure that it was a mundane performer, but yes, magic exists."

"Like what you did at the hospital." Harry's eyes looked owlish.

"You…you saw that?"

"It's fine Harry, I've always believe in the supernatural things."

"Does this mean that dragons are real?" Abby asked.

"Oh yes, and vicious." Harry winced at the memory of Norbert. He was cute, but a little much.

"I think merpeople exist too, and all sorts of creatures."


"Let's see it then."

"Tim!"

"It's fine Abby, really. That reminds me, Gibbs where's my stuff?"

"I'll go get it." When Gibbs left, there was an uncomfortable silence.

"I was going to tell you, but I just wanted to settle in a bit."

"It's fine Harry, I don't mind." Ziva said.

"I would've thought Abby wouldn't believe me for believing in science and not in the imagination?"
"Trust me when I say, that Abby is not your usual tech lab person." Tony said.

"I've noticed. Aiden, stop!"

"Here." Ziva offered. Harry passed Aiden to Ziva, who was squirming and being a little annoying in Harry's opinion. Gibbs came back down with Harry's bag. Harry snatched it and ignored Gibbs' stare.

"I've never seen anyone ignore Gibbs' stare before," Tony whispered to McGee. He just shrugged. Harry tore open the bag and got out his photo album, cloak, map and was now looking for his journal. He found it and held it close. He didn't realize how much he missed it, even for a week.

"Technically I'm not allowed to use magic in front of you, but, that doesn't mean magical items. Sorry McGee." Not waiting for his reaction, Harry took out his photo album.

"Gibbs, remember how I always wanted to know what my parents looked like?"

"Yeah."

"Here." Harry turned to the first picture where his parents were holding him and waving at the camera. Ziva was staring at Tony.

"What?"

"Nothing." She turned away. Gibbs was still looking at the picture.

"One question, are you sure your mother's not adopted?"

"Not sure."

"Petunia looks nothing like her sister," Gibbs gestured to the picture. "My father James Potter, and my mother, Lily Evans," Harry pointed to the people. Abby studied the picture and Harry.

"You know, you have your mum's nose and cheek bones."

"Really? I've only ever heard that I look like my father but with my mum's eyes."

"That's true, but you have to look closer."

"And not at the bloody scar." Harry said in irritation.

"I'll explain in a minute. Anyway, this is how wizards take pictures. Many have never heard of the movies or anything like that. They still think we use swords and muskets. At least in Britain. Now, I solemnly swear that I am up to no good." Harry had his finger on the parchment.

"Parchment?"

"Like I said, old fashion." Ink started spreading across revealing: Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs, hereby present the Marauders Map.

"Awesome." Abby said.

"Just wait," Harry grinned. He unfolded the parchment and everyone looked in shock as they watched the dots float all over the parchment and into different areas.

"This is my school. Now, to really prove that magic exists, here. This was my father's." Harry put on
his cloak and everyone yelled in shock as he disappeared. Harry's head popped back.

"Whatcha think?"

"I think, we need an explanation."

"I know. Now, the boy-who-lived crap, or the whole thing cause it doesn't matter to me."

"Wait, wait, can we please start at the beginning. Like, why didn't we know about magic before?"

"There's something called the Stature of Secrecy. It forbids telling people who don't have magic from knowing about us. Although, I'm breaking that rule. Oh well, just adds it to the list."

"What list?" Harry ignored Gibbs' question for the moment.

"Ok, who here know about what happened in England during the 70's and 80's? Ok, it all started with a mad man named Voldemort, although his real name is Tom Riddle. He went to my school which was called Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry in the 40's. He became obsessed with blood status. I'll explain. There are four different statuses in the Wizardry world. The first one is pure blood, where you must have a witch and wizard ancestry going back ten generations or more, no mundanes. The second is mundane born, or muggle born. These people come from ordinary families with no magic and just happens to have it. The third is half blood, which I am. It's where you have a mundane born or mundane and a pure blood as parents. The last is squib. Squibs are the opposite of mundane born. They are born into magical families and they don't have magic themselves. Now, Voldemort wanted to kill all mundanes and mundane born, only claiming that there should only be pure bloods that are allowed to use magic and everyone else is beneath him. In the 70's and 80', he had enough forces to start a killing spree on everyone. Hundreds of magicals were killed and thousands of mundanes were also killed."

"That's the fiasco some people refer to in England, they all thought it was terrorists or the gangs running up and down the country side," Ducky said. Harry jumped. He forgot the older man was there.

"Yeah, that was a problem. There was a resistance group called the Order of the Phoenix that were trying every counter measure against Voldemort. It had some success but not much. My parents were part of that group and went into hiding for some reason. I don't know why but apparently Voldemort was fixated on killing my family. There's a charm, that can hide a place and the only way you know where it is, is to be told the secret. It's called the fieldeis charm. To know the secret of the location, a 'secret keeper' is appointed and if they tell the secret, then the person knows where the building is, any everyone inside. My parents went under the charm. They first chose one of my dad's best friends, Sirius Black. After a week, my parents and Sirius decided that he would be the decoy and use Peter Pettigrew, another friend, as the real keeper. There was a spy in the Order for some time. Nobody suspected Pettigrew on being the spy." Harry took a breath.

"On Halloween, 1990, Voldemort came to the house after we were betrayed. My dad told my mum to run. He was killed with a curse that leaves no mark, and is unblockable with shields. He then went after mum. She begged him to spare me and he offered my mum a chance to live but let me die. She refused and he killed her. Voldemort then pointed his wand at me, ready to kill. I don't know how his powers broke although I've heard the theory that my mother's sacrifice had enough magic to let me live."

"But, that doesn't make sense," McGee said.

"Lily isn't the only mother who sacrificed their lives for their kids."
"Yep, and that's the only theory I've ever heard. Well, little old me was then shipped off to prison, oh, I mean the Dursley's." Tony sniggered. Harry wasn't sure if he should tell them but Gibbs gave him the look.

"I lived in a cupboard under the stairs for ten years, was beaten, forced to cook, clean, mow, and weed everyday or once a week. If Vernon was in a bad mood, he'd take the belt to me. He did the nine cat tails on me twice. Once was for the pudding incident, which I'll get to later, and the other was last summer when I accidentally blew up my Aunt Marge."

"That was a bitch if I ever saw one," Gibbs said. Everyone stared at Gibbs. Harry just continued, already knowing Gibbs' opinion on his 'aunt'.

"I didn't know my name until primary school, or my birthday either. Things were better when Gibbs, Kelly and Shannon were over. The Dursley's wanted to impress them because it would make them look good. Those were the best years of my life. I practically lived there and..." Harry didn't know if he wanted to say this or not.

"Harry?"

"Here." Harry flipped through his journal to where he kept all his letters.

"Read this. It'll explain better." Gibbs took the brown book and started reading.

Dear Harry,

Thank you for the letter. I know I only saw you a week ago but I do miss you. I've been doing the trick you showed me. You know, the one where you float the ball and make it different colours and funny animals run around on it? Mummy and daddy don't know I can do it. Maybe we can surprise them next time we see each other! Before you ask, yes, the tacks are still on dad's chair. He doesn't know that it was us yet. He still thinks it's a loose staple-"I thought it was you"-I think mum knows because I saw her laughing when she saw daddy sit down and kept muttering about a staple. I better stop, if I keep going on, we won't have anything to talk about tomorrow.

Your Friend,

Kelly

Gibbs re-read the letter twice. Harry was looking at his feet.

"We were going to tell you, but you moved before we had all the plans done. I didn't realize at the time that Kelly was a witch."

"Harry, what happened after we left?"

"The Dursley's stepped up the punishments just a tad. It went back to the way it was before with more beatings on top of it."

"Just wondering, why did you drop off the grid?"

"When a witch or wizard turns eleven, they are given a letter from Hogwarts and because there's no technology or anything or any records, they simply disappear from the system. Some have come back to the mundane world, but most decide to stay in the wizarding world. Any questions so far?"

"About a million but I'll ask later."
"Thanks Tony. Now, When I got my letter, I passed it off as a joke but the Dursley's were scared of it. A week and hundreds of letters later, a half giant named Hagrid came to get me. Apparently, because I survived the killing curse, I'm known as the Boy-Who-Lived because I survived the killing curse. A curse that has no counter curse and can't be blocked. Thousands had died because of it but I survived it, hence, the name. We went to London to pick up my supplies. Everywhere I went, people were staring at me. It's rather unnerving if I think about it. So, picked everything up, got dropped off back at the Dursley's and spent the rest of my summer there. They didn't do anything to me, so I was fine in that respect." Harry broke off with a yawn. Rubbing his eyes, he noticed that he was getting looks from everyone.

"Yes?"

"Harry, does this mean you're a celebrity?"

"Yes…" he said uncomfortably.

"Can I have your autograph?" Tony's answer was a smack to the head.

"Harry, go to bed. I'm sure you're drained now."

"Alright. Night." Harry called. He left upstairs with a sleeping baby in his arms. The agents were silent for a while.

"I would never of guessed that magic existed." Tony said.

"It kind of makes sense with the case now." Abby commented.

"Johanson and Harry both drop of the grid when their eleven, Prewitt is never mentioned until America, no cause of death for Johanson either."

"What I don't get, is why the terrorists wanted a clean job of the explosion."

"Possibly to prove that they can kill civilians and not get caught, and to prove a point."

"What point?"

"That they are a threat and to be taken seriously and that they not amateurs." Gibbs looked at his watch.

"It's late, let's all get some rest. I've made arrangements for Aiden to be at a day-care and Harry will come in with us. He can help with the case."

"Got it boss." Ziva, McGee, Tony and Abby all left the basement. Gibbs turned to Ducky.

"Something you'd like to add Duck?"

"Yes, something that's been troubling me. Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived. It's the middle of the school year. Something must've pushed the poor boy over the edge to run away from the magical world. If I'm not mistaken, that world in Britain will be looking for its hero and might make a connection across the pond here."

"Then let's not make that happen."

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Harry looked around his room. It was very nice and had potential. He was pretty sure Gibbs left it
enough so that Harry could decorate it himself. He sat on his bed and let his fingers trail across the fabric. He looked up and saw pictures all over the wall.

Walking up to them, he noticed that most were of him and Kelly, taken when they weren't looking. They were at the beach, on roller coasters, playing in the back yard, with Shannon...Harry felt tears well up in his eyes.

He touched the one where him and Kelly were laughing over the drawings in the sand. He remembered that day. They both drew different pictures in the ground. But they both drew a massive heart with the words 'Friends for life'. Harry never forgot that day. He took the picture down and cradled it in his arms. Not bothering to undress, Harry curled up on the bed and went to sleep, holding the picture that reminded him he did have a family, and he wasn't alone in the world. (Ok, I couldn't help it, I was listening to the Band of Brothers Main Theme and this little scene just came to me. If you listen to it while you read it, you'll get the feeling.)

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Gibbs came up a couple hours later from working on the boat. He first went into Aiden's room, where he saw him sucking on his thumb and curled around a stuff wolf. Smiling, Gibbs quietly shut the door. He then went to Harry's room. He saw the teen sleeping on the bed curled up. With the curiosity getting the better of him, Gibbs went in to see what Harry was holding. He was holding the picture that Shannon took of the two of them for Harry's birthday. He took a blanket from the closet and draped it over the boy, who shifted.

"Good night Harry."

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Harry woke up oddly refreshed. Looking around, he saw that he was in a bedroom, that wasn't his. Going back over the events of yesterday, everything crashed down on him. He decided to stay still as his head was still spinning. Groaning, Harry put his head in his hands and waited until the headache was gone. Slowly looking up, he noticed a blanket covering him. 'There wasn't one last night,' he thought. He shifted his body and felt a corner of a frame. Looking down, he picked up the picture that he slept with. Smiling softly, Harry placed it on the table beside his bed. Looking for his bag, he saw some clothes on the chair.

Harry went red when he realized that Gibbs went through his bag looking for clothes. After doing that a few times at Gibbs' house in the past, Harry had a habit of leaving clothes out for the next day. The habit never broke. Getting changed, Harry went down stairs where Gibbs was feeding a baby Aiden. Harry watched with amusement.

"Harry, I know you're there."

"How do you do that?"

"Secret."

"Fine."

"Pancakes are on the stove. You're coming in with me after we drop Aiden off at the Day-care center on the way in."

"Fun." Gibbs finished feeding Aiden while Harry went over to the stove and got some pancakes. Harry savoured the taste of maple syrup. One that he hasn't had in years.
"Enjoying it?" Gibbs asked in amusement. Harry nodded with a small smile.

"Haven't had these in years. I forgot how good they were. So, when are we going?"

"As soon as you're done." Harry inhaled the rest.

"In a hurry there Harry?"

"Uh, no. Just, wanted to…see the team." Harry said. Harry just wanted to see all of Abby's toys again, and Ziva. But Gibbs didn't need to know that.

"Come on then." All three left for Gibbs' car and headed for the day-care center first, where a young blond woman came out while Gibbs was unbuckling Aiden.

"You must be Gibbs and this must be young Aiden. Anything I need to know about?"

"He likes sleeping with the stuffed wolf in the bag though. His nap time is usually around one and he sleep for a few hours normally."

"Thanks. Well, enjoy your day then." Gibbs gave Aiden to the woman who immediately started fussing over him. Harry found it a bit funny and was snickering while Gibbs got back in the car.

"Something funny there?"

"No," Harry said with a straight face.

"Teenagers," Gibbs muttered, as they headed to NCIS.
Harry was staring out the window, bored. The two men didn't really talk on the car ride to headquarters. Harry was just content by watching the different buildings go by. Staring out, he watched the buildings fly by without a second thought. Would things be different if he wasn't a wizard? Would people still be looking for him? Were they? The questions whirled around in Harry's head. He didn't notice Gibbs pulling up the building. When the car stopped, Harry jolted with realization that he blanked out for a while. Not sure if Gibbs noticed or didn't care, Harry got out.

The building was modest on the outside, but all the technology made Harry drool. Don't get him wrong, he loved magic, but this technology made sense. Plus, it was funny to watch Abby talk to the machines. Harry sniggered, wondering if 'Auntie Abby' was going to be jumping for joy when she gets some answers and try to kiss the monitor. When the image came to his head, he was now having a hard time not laughing. Gibbs looked sideways at him and Harry got a weird look. Harry just grinned. Gibbs shook his head and went to get Harry a visitor's pass. They left for the elevator and Gibbs had his eye scanned.

"Extra security precautions," Gibbs said as they stepped in the elevator.

"You can sit. Close your eyes and focus on breathing." Harry nodded weakly. Shannon was the first one who noticed Harry had trouble in small spaces, especially enclosed. Gibbs ended up prying the story out of the small boy as to why Harry hated small spaces. After an hour of swearing and yelling, Gibbs and Shannon went to the police station to press charges. The officer said it would be done, but his file got 'lost' in the system. Now that Gibbs looked back, it was obvious someone was going through great lengths to keep Harry living with the Dursley’s. If he ever meets them…well, it won't be pretty.

He looked over to the boy who had his eyes closed and was sitting on the floor. The elevator was about to ding.

"Harry, Harry," Gibbs said softly. He rubbed Harry's temples and saw the eyes flutter.

"Come on, we're getting out. Harry opened his eyes slowly.

"Sorry," He muttered.

"I know, I know." He ruffled Harry's hair a bit and got a small smile in return. The elevator opened and Gibbs waited until Harry got out first, knowing he was about to run out.

"Come on, we need to see the team first and you can tell us about Malfoy, alright?"

"Ok, I don't know much about him, although Sirius might." Harry almost smacked himself. 'Stupid! Mention a criminal in front of a federal agent.'

"Who's Sirius?"

"Can I tell you with everyone else please?" Gibbs didn't say anything so Harry took that as a yes. They went over to where the team was sitting. Ziva was staring at her screen while Tony looked bored and McGee was typing away furiously.

"Got something McGee?"

"I think so boss. I got a lead on Hartley here. Says that he got a dishonorable discharge when he got
caught with selling illegal firearms overseas on a tour in Iraq. Still looking for a current address."

"Who's Hartley?" Gibbs didn't answer. He didn't want to break the news to him yet.

"Follow me." Harry followed silently while the team had an idea on where Gibbs was taking him.

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They got out of the elevator on the bottom floor.

"This is Ducky's office and autopsy lab. Harry, I didn't want to show you this until tomorrow."

"Show me what?"

"This. I know of your little hero's complex. You've had it for years so you might feel partly responsible. But, this is not your fault."

"Who's dead?" Gibb led Harry inside where Ducky was cleaning one of the slabs.

"Ah, Jethro. A little early today aren't you?"

"Yeah, well this isn't a social visit. Where's the latest victim?"

"Ah, right here." Ducky walked over to a wall with a bunch of little doors and pulled one out near the bottom. Harry recoiled. He was staring at Emily's face.

"Harry?"

"H-how-how did she die?"

"Morphine overdose. She was killed when the people were coming after you."

"So, if you weren't trying to find me, she wouldn't have been killed!"

"Harry, listen to me. Emily was killed and we can't change it. When she was checked on, the 'nurse' slipped morphine into her IV. There was nothing we could've done and you couldn't have known either."

"But-"

"But nothing. Aiden needs a brother there for him."

"Brother?"

"Right now you're both under our protection and after that, I don't know what will happen."

"Funny. Aiden's almost the same age as me when I lost my parents." Harry looked sadly at her.

"Was Hartley the one who did this?"

"We don't know. It's possible though."

"Alright. Can I go hang out with Abby?"

"Go ahead."
"Thanks," Harry started towards the door.

"Where's the stairs?"

"AHA!"

"McGee, is there a reason why you disturbed my peace?"

"Yes, and a good one. I found Hartley's address. It's in Maryland. I'll send the address to your phone."

"Thanks McGee. Coming Ziva?"

"Yes." The two of them grabbed their things and ran to the elevator. McGee shook his head at their antics. Returning to his computer, he put out bolo's for Malfoy.

"Hi Abby."

"Harry, what are you doing here?"

"Just wanted to see what you lab techy people do."

"Tech. Lab tech."

"I know."

"Jeez, you sound like Tony."

"Is that a compliment or an insult?" Abby was silent.

"I thought so. So, what are you doing?"

"Not much. No bullets, got all forensic evidence processed, now we just have to catch the bad guys."

"Hartley, Malfoy and the others."

"Yeah."

"I wish I could help more," Harry frowned. After a minute of thinking, he smacked himself. He's such an idiot.

"I'll be right back," Harry called, after stealing some paper and a pen from Abby.

"Harry!" Harry walked until he looked around for cameras. He whistled softly for Hedwig while quickly writing to Sirius. A small flame from the air appeared and Hedwig was flapping her wings at him.

"Harry, you remembered me."

"Hedwig, please, not now. Can you take this to Sirius and see if he's got a reply or a letter for me please?" Hedwig looked annoyed but took the piece of paper and disappeared in flames. Harry whistled a cheerful tune back to Abby's lab.
"What was that?" Abby asked.

"Stuff from school." Harry said, hoping she'll get the hint. It took a minute but realization dawned in Abby's eyes.

"Gotcha. Now, since we don't have anything else, want to do something fun?"

"Like what?"

"I don't know, how about reappearing on the grid and putting elementary records in."

"Won't be hard since I've been keeping mine."

"That's good. Do you even want to go back to school?"

"Soon. After everyone is caught. Malfoy won't be I guarantee that. He bribed his way out of prison last time. Plus, won't he have diplomatic immunity?"

"Depends."

"On what?" Abby was about to answer when the phone rang.


"McGee wants you to help him go through the phone records and finances since it'll take forever." Finances…

"Abby, if we were to take the morning off, would Gibbs come after us with pitch forks?"

"Maybe, why?"

"I think I know who the one person is and get their finances."

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"I can't believe you talked me into this!" Abby said. Harry just smirked at her. They snuck out of the building and Harry told her about the hidden world.

"This is awesome and all, but when we get caught-"

"If we get caught," Harry corrected.

"As long as McGee doesn't say anything, we're fine. Still have this picture?"

"Yes little brother. Anyway, where's this place again?"

"New York Ave." Abby just parked in a parking lot and they got out. They walked a few blocks until they came upon New York Ave. Harry was amazed by the amount of people here at this time of day. Deciding not to think about it, Harry led Abby towards Potbelly Sandwiches. They went in and saw booths and tables, as well as a back room. Thinking that's where the entrance is, Harry started walking towards it. He saw a man with a name tag that had the name Jack. *This must be the person Chaintooth was talking about.* Harry thought. He took Abby's hand and they went into the back room towards Jack.

"Excuse me," he said. The man turned his head.
"Not lost are you?"

"Not really, but maybe you can help. We're looking for the nearest alley. Would you know where the entrance is?" 'Jack' must've understood Harry's question because Abby was a little lost. 'Jack' led them to behind the back room's bar and took out his wand. Abby always wanted to see one and thought it was just a polished stick. The man pressed his hand into the wall and tapped three bricks. The wall seemed to of melted away.

"Go through the door and you'll be in the alley."

"Thank you." Harry said. The two of them stepped through. They turned around and saw the wall back.

"Must be a one way." Harry commented. He shrugged and opened the door. The sunlight burst through and momentarily blinded them. They staggered and waited for their eyes to adjust. When they did, their jaws dropped. Hundreds of witches and wizards were here. Books stores, potions, wands, brooms, almost anything Harry could think of. They were staring at the bright and cheery alley.

"Well, looks like we found it," he commented. Abby was still in shock.

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The two of them walked down the alley, admiring all the sights.

"Ok, Britain is defiantly still stuck in the Dark ages."

"I would've thought that wizards were much more advanced then us."

"Depends. I'm using everything in England since I know nothing on the wizards here. Britain still uses candles, quills (which are very annoying), and cloaks where you have electricity, computers and real coats. Other areas we are still ahead of you. Like transportation. We use several different methods of travel. At least in Britain. I know of a couple that are illegal there but I'm not sure about here. The most classic is the broom. Yes, they do fly and yes, I have one. You can see it later if you want." Harry now had a wishful look on his face.

"You enjoy flying I take it then?"

"It just feels…natural and it's the one thing I don't have to downplay, along with defense."

"What do you mean by downplay?"

"Dursley's and fame," was Harry's only answer.

"The next is the floo which is the uses of fireplaces. You throw special powder in the fireplace and shout your destination. The other end is another fireplace that has to be connected to the floo system. I have no idea how that works though. The next is port key which is an object that can be activated by three ways. One is by just touching it, another is password activated and the last is time activated. A port key can be anything. From a thrown out pop can, to a mangy old boot. You spin in the air and can go through walls I think. Not pleasant. The last is apparition. You have to be seventeen in Britain to get your license to apparate. It's basically teleporting. You disappear from one spot, envision the next and pop there."

"That's…awesome! Way faster then a plane. Why did you travel by plane then?"
"Hiding in plain sight. The Britain wizards are so ignorant of the mundane that they wouldn't of thought that I would use such a 'primitive' use of transportation. I will explain to everyone so I don’t have to repeat."

"Do we get to hear about your school years?"

"Yep." Abby was about to ask another question when they saw Gringotts.

"Don't look shocked, but goblins run this place," Harry whispered.

"Goblins?" Abby squeaked. Harry sniggered.

"Yep." They walked into the tall imposing white building. It as much smaller then the British one, Harry saw. But there must be more then one alley throughout the country then, he figured. Walking into the building, Harry could feel a much more friendly environment then back in Britain. Actually, Harry preferred America to Britain already. No one was gawking at him or staring which was kind of nice for a change. A small smile could be seen from here. Abby looked at him.

"Why are you happy all of a sudden?"

"Just thinking. It would be nice to live here and never go back to Britain."

"Why is t-" A small flame burst from thin air and Harry could see Hedwig.

"What is it with you and dramatic entrances? Actually, don't answer that."

"Um, Harry? You're talking to a bird." Hedwig glared at Abby.

"Her name's Hedwig and is part owl, part phoenix. And it looks like she has a letter for me." Harry took the letter and put it in his pocket.

"I'll open it later," Harry explained. They walked up to the nearest teller who was staring at them.

"Excuse me?" Abby said.

"Yes?"

"We were wandering if this man has an account here." Harry got out the small folder and got out the picture. The goblin looked at the picture and got his head sharply at them.

"Why do you want to know?"

"He was involved in a plane explosion from last week that killed nearly everyone on a plane and possibly conspirating with British Death Eater's." Harry threw the last point in on a whim. If the goblins didn't care about normal people, then he was hoping that the chaos in the magical world might.

"Hmm, who wants to know?"

"The mundane government agencies and Harry Potter as he was on that plane." Harry lifted his bangs and showed the goblin his famous scar. The goblin went wide eyed.

"My apologies Mr. Potter, but you must understand costumer confidentiality. His name is William Robert and the only thing I'll tell you about his finances is that he gives money to a Lucius Malfoy. Now, unless you have business here, could you kindly leave?"
"Thank you master goblin," Harry said. He gave a small but noticeable bow for the goblin, who just nodded. The two of them turned to leave when Harry turned around to the goblin again.

"Sir, just how famous am I here?"

"Just knowledge and gratitude."

"Thanks." Abby and Harry left Gringotts.

"So, what did we get out of that?"

"We can't pin anything on his guy and I don't know the American's ministry's attitude towards you guys. If it's like Britain, we may as well leave I then. They're ridiculously prejudice against anyone who isn't a witch or wizards. Even then, your best bet to have a good life is to be a pure blood."

"And I thought we had problems." Harry snorted.

"Let's head back before Gibbs sends out the team to find us."

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It turns out that the exit was through the same building they came out of, just the side entrance.

"Handy," Harry commented. They walked to Abby's car and drove back to the Navy Yard. Harry was scribbling away on a piece of paper.

"Writing down what we have on the guy. If he's giving money to Malfoy then that's a very bad thing for us."

"Isn't there any way to arrest this guy?"

"Only through magical involvement and I don't think they'll appreciate it if you guys already knew about magic." Harry explained. Abby stayed silent for the rest of the trip. Pulling up to the parking lot, Harry and Abby shared a grin and started racing to the building.

"Ha! I win."

"You're younger then me."

"Are you admitting that you're old?"

"No, just…older then you." Harry laughed. When he looked at his watch, his eyes widened.

"Um, Abby, does Gibbs like you?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Because it's almost 4 in the afternoon so we've been gone for hours."

"Ah."

"That's all you have to say?"

"For now." The two went in the elevator where Harry sat down.

"Claustrophobic." Harry said. Abby got an understanding look and started wishing the elevator to go faster. When that didn't work, Abby sat down beside Harry and rubbed his back.
"Sorry." He said.

"For what?"

"Being claustrophobic."

"Harry, we can't help sometimes. My parents are deaf so I had to learn sign language. Sure, it made me uncomfortable when my friends came over but it's nothing to be ashamed of." Harry gave Abby a small smile. The elevator went off and they got up and walked out. Gibbs was staring at them.

"Where were you two?"

"Shit." Harry whispered.

"We found the last guy's name but we can't touch him."

"Why not?"

"He's like me."
"Are the dragons here yet Serverus?"

"Yes headmaster, all three. They decided to keep the Horntail and not bring the Short Snout instead."

"Good, good. And how is our champion doing?"

"Brushing it off like the dunderhead he is. Aren't you going to tell him about the task?"

"I'll do it in a more subtle way since Harry isn't here. Speaking of him, have you gotten any leads on his where about?"

"He's not in Britain, that much is certain."

"We need to find the boy and soon or our plans will go to waste."

"Then why don't I suggest using some of our foreign contacts?"

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said. If we go somewhere private I can tell you."

"I hate all this secrecy." Gibbs muttered, very annoyed.

"Seeing as it's four, we'll go to my house at six." The team all agreed and Gibbs left. Harry went to McGee.

"I heard you needed my help?"

"Yeah, can you go through some bank records for me?"

"Sure, not like I have anything else to do," Harry shrugged. McGee had Harry going through the different transactions between Hartley and crew. Harry was still pissed that they couldn't touch Malfoy or Robert but, Hartley will do.

"Does this guy have buddies south of the boarder?"

"We believe so, why?"

"Huge transactions between him and these guys. Do we have a laptop?"

"It's downstairs with Abby, why?" Harry leaned back and looked at Tony.

"Because why would you give these guys all this money and get nothing in return. It doesn't make sense." The team decided to think on this. Harry took this opportunity to read Sirius' letter.

Dear Harry,

You can imagine my shock of a phoenix that wasn't Fawkes showing up in my cave. Instead of answering your last letter, There's a mirror that the phoenix should've brought back with the letter. It's shrunk and looks like a small mirror attached to the letter. Just say my name and I'll appear.
Sirius

'That was short,' Harry thought. He looked at the bottom of the note and saw the small circular glass sticking to the bottom. Deciding to leave it, Harry put the letter back in his pocket. Harry looked around and saw no one paying any attention to him.

What he didn't realize was that Ziva was keeping a small eye on him out of the corner of her eye. She saw him open a letter and smile softly at it. She wondered who it was from. Harry didn't talk about England if he could help it, unless it was stories with Kelly. She saw Ducky coming from the rear elevator towards them.

"Ah, Harry! Could I possibly borrow you for a moment?"

"Sure," he shrugged. Harry went down to follow Ducky to the stairs. Ziva turned back to the other two.

"Anything?"

"Possible Sharif but we can't tie anything into this guy and he's disappeared, remember?"

"Yes I remember!" Ziva snapped.

"Is there anything missing from any of the military bases McGee?"

"Checking...checking...about 20 M16's are missing."

"Why weren't they reported to us?"

"Maybe they didn't want to make a big deal over these."

"True, but what else?"

"Else?"

"There's something bigger, almost 9/11 big."

"Well, what about the maps? The ones from the UK."

"It's over a forest in the Highlands over in Scotland and King's Cross in London. Any hits on the bolo's yet?"

"No," McGee sighed.

"This case has got to be the longest active case we've ever gotten." The three agent's heard Harry coming towards them and was smiling.

"We might have something to take down Robert but Malfoy is still a no go unless we can get our version of the United Nations to take up the case, which I doubt. Johanson was killed the same way my parents were."

"That's why we couldn't find anything then."

"Very good McGee!"

"Tony," Ziva sighed.
"What, just complementing that McGee understood what was being said."

"DiNozzo, why don't you take Harry to my house and wait there for us?"

"Why me?"

"Because, I know you won't kill him by driving."

"Why is everyone still worried about my driving?"

"Because we have a good reason to be afraid."

"Thanks Tony."

"Come on shorty."

"I'm not that short!"

"Sorry, midget."

"Tony..." Gibbs warned.

"Got it boss."

"And Tony," Gibbs looked over.

"Take the stairs."

"So, seen any good movies lately?"

"Nope." Tony looked scandalized.

"No, no! We'll have to fix that."

"The last time I was allowed at the movies was when I was eight and that was with Gibbs. My relatives never even let me watch T.V. so you'll have to catch me up."

"Well then, do you have any movies you want to see?"

"I kinda want to see Lord of the Rings," Harry confessed.

"They're really good although they have the old fashion way of fighting."

"You're a cop, of course you like action, and guns." Harry said.

"So is McGee but I think he prefers the hacking."

"Hacking?"

"Yeah. You know, the CIA, FBI, those guys since they don't like us. We don't like them much either."

"Cool." Tony laughed.

"Every kid's dream. Being able to hack into high security files."
"Yes, that's what I want to do with my lot in life," said Harry as he rolled his eyes. They pulled into Gibbs' house and got out. Harry was starving so he decided to make some toast for himself. Popping it in the toaster, Tony gave him a weird look.

"What? I know my limits with Gibbs. I just like toeing the line a bit." Tony snorted at that.

"I'm surprised he didn't slap the back of your head for some of the stunts I heard you pull at his house."

"Nah, I'm special." Said a cheeky Harry. The toaster popped and Harry went to find some peanut butter.

"Kelly got me addicted to this stuff. The poor elves at Hogwarts didn't even know what it was so…” Harry went looking for a black marker. He wrote on the label 'Harry's peanut butter. DO NOT TOUCH!' Tony sniggered at this as Harry put the peanut butter back in the cupboard.

"So, what's a house elf?"

"A house elf is like a servant that looks like a big ugly doll and needs to be bound to a family in order for their magic to work. If their free for too long then they'll die. They're magical creatures so if they loose their magic they die." Harry answered. He added the last part because Tony opened his mouth.

Harry went back to being content with eating his toast while Tony looked around. Nothings changed, other than there was a highchair now.

"I'll be back." Harry stuffed the rest of his toast in his mouth and left the room for upstairs. Making sure Tony was still down there, Harry took out his letter and picked at the glass. When the glass got unstuck, it grew and was the size of Harry's hand. Turning it over, it looked like a piece of mirror that's meant for your pocket. Deciding to try it out, he called out for Sirius.

"Sirius Black." The glass got distorted for a few minutes. Harry was disappointed that it didn't work until he saw a blurry eyed version of his godfather.

"Sirius!"

"Harry, do you have any idea on what time it is?"

"Um, 5:45?"

"Nope, try 12:45."

"Sorry. Forgot about the time change."

"Anyway, since I'm up, what's up kiddo?"

"Though I'd try out the mirror you gave me with Hedwig."

"That's Hedwig? I thought she was an owl. Oh well, you're just full of surprises aren't you?"

"Yep. I'm in Washington D.C."

"What are you doing on the other side of the pond?" Harry told Sirius everything. From where his name came from the Goblet, to the taunts and isolation, to escaping to Gringotts, finding his parent's will, shopping, the explosion and his history with Gibbs. Sirius was silent after that.
"I've got nothing to say."

"Wow, the great Sirius Black has nothing to say! The world must be coming to an end!"

"Haha. So Dumbledore knew about the will but still placed you with your Aunt. Then he steals your money and then gives some to spoil your cousin with."

"About right. Are, are you mad that I left?"

"Me, no. I probably would've done the same. They did this to you during second year and the only thing that made it bearable was that your friends stuck by you. This time they didn't."

"That hurt a lot. I don't even know if they really were my friends in the first place."

"I don't think we'll know though. So, onto a happier subject, you wrote about some information about Lucius?"

"Yeah, I was wondering if he has connections over here."

"Why do you need to know?"

"He's tied into a murder of a muggle born marine and tied to the plane explosion I was on." Sirius sighed.

"I don't know what all I can tell you. He was a couple years older then me and a Slytherin so I didn't associate with him."

"We found out that a guy named William Robert and him were dealing under the table. Along with a guy named James Knightly."

"That must be how they still had money to be able to bribe their way out of prison. I don't know any pure bloods in America. My mother frowned upon them for abandoning Britain for some reason."

"Thanks Sirius. Oh, I have a question."

"Shoot." Harry gave him a weird look.

"Hey! I do know some muggle-normal," He amended after seeing Harry's look, "sayings because of Lily. She made sure none of us stuck out in London."

"Alright then. Gibbs and his team. Would it be alright if I tell them about you?"

"I don't see why not. I mean, it's not like they can offer me protection or anything." Harry thought for a minute.

"I'll get back to you on that point."

"Harry!"

"Gotta go. Gibbs is calling." Harry deactivated his mirror and put it back in his pocket. He made his way to the basement where everyone else was.

"So Harry, want to tell us where you ran off to with Abby?"

"The American version of Diagon Alley. It's basically a strip mall with shops where you buy anything you needed in the wizarding world. What me and Abby were doing was going to the bank
on a hunch, that the guy was an American wizard. This guy is of the higher step of the ladder in society but it's not as intense as it is in Britain. Plus the people didn't stick out like sore thumbs. I talked to the banker.

"Goblin."

"Goblin, and it turns out that you're not suppose to ask about that kind of stuff."

"So we can't touch him."

"Unfortunately. I would love to get the American Ministry of Magic involved but I don't want them to know I'm here."

"That's another thing, why did you run now and not years ago after all the Dursley's did to you?"

"Where could I've gone Gibbs? I didn't have anywhere to live, my only friend moved back to America then was killed, no money and I probably would've been snatched off the streets."

"What's so special about you?" Tony asked. Harry sighed.

"As the boy-who-lived, I have enemies because I killed their master and wanted to avenge him."

"Ok then. Running is out and the local authorities didn't notice. Why not get someone from that school of your to help?"

"I thought they knew already. My acceptance letter was to 'the cupboard under the stairs' so I thought that they were alright with it going on. Plus, I told the headmaster but he still sent me back there anyways."

"That bastard!"

"Calm down Ziva. Out of curiosity, why did you not freak out when Harry did his thing?"

"When I did my thing? Tony, is your mind always in the gutter?" McGee and Abby howled in laughter. Tony just screwed up his face at him. Harry gave Tony a smirk.

"I know what you're asking and yes, I did use magic. Wandless actually. I can do a little but if I use too much then I would probably black out for a while."

"Nice to know," Gibbs said.

"Hey Ziva, I'm curious, why didn't you freak out when I used magic?"

"In the Mossad, part of the training is to be open to things you cannot see, or even understand, which includes magic."

"Ah. So, what are we going to do then?" Gibbs thought for a few minutes.

"We have no murder weapon or a plausible way Johanson died. It might turn into a cold case."

"But what if we have no cause of death, but he found a conspiracy group. Wouldn't that count for anything?"

"I don't know Harry. Oh, can you check something for us?"

"Yeah, shoot."
"We found these maps in Prewitt's house and wanted to know if it connected to the Wizarding world in some way," Ziva explain. She pulled out copies of the two maps and handed them to Harry.

"That's King's Cross. That's where the train to Hogwarts arrives and departs from. What about the forest?"

"It's by Dufftown, North thirty miles of it." Abby explained.

"Dufftown? That's where Hog…" Harry trailed off.

"Harry?" Tony asked.

"This is not good. You can't take the school down by magic but it has not defenses against your technology." Ducky spoke up.

"But why would Prewitt want to go after the school?"

"It's the largest in the UK and Prewitt is a squib and very bitter about it. Ron Weasley said that he hated his wizarding relatives because they had the magic while not understanding why he didn't."

"So this is a grudge against wizarding kind then?"

"I don't know. I mean, if they target the school, then they're targeting their own children…" Harry trailed off. The Tri-Wizard tournament had the officials and ministers from the other countries. The Death Eaters were working without their master unless…the dream he saw was real. That would mean Voldemort's coming back to power!

"Harry?" McGee snapped his fingers at him.

"What? Sorry, just thinking. About the guy, Knightly, is he convicted?"

"Yes, and will be going to jail for a while." Harry breathed a sigh in relief. Even if he was a wizard, he'll be convicted with this world. He leaned back.

"So, this case, did Prewitt ever say anything in the interrogation room?" Tony looked over at Ziva.

"We'll go over the video if we missed something."

"What about the next few bombings?"

"Unless we catch all the people involved, we'll be on high alert." Gibbs replied. Harry shook his head.

"If their targeting the bases then why not investigate all persona there and do thorough gate checks?" The team looked at each other.

"I'll suggest it to the director. Now, what did you mean about Sirius?" Harry sighed.

"Sirius Black was convicted to killing thirteen people with a single curse the day after my parents were killed. In addition, he never got a trial so he went to prison for twelve years for something he didn't do. He broke out of prison last year to make his way to Hogwarts where the real traitor was. It was Ronald Weasley’s rat. Before you say anything, some wizards can change into animals. My father turned into a stag, Sirius was a large black dog, and Peter Pettigrew," Harry spat his name.

"Was a rat. There was another friend, Remus Lupin, he was bitten by a werewolf when he was a child so the three friends thought that the transformations would be less painful if they were there.
Werewolf bites were only toxic to humans and not animals so they were safe. Anyway, Pettigrew was my parents secret keeper while Sirius was the 'widely accepted' one that people knew about. Pettigrew sold out my parents to Voldemort and Sirius went after him after making sure I was safe. I think he assumed I was going to my godmother's place. She's now in a long term mental ward. Going after him, Sirius confronted Pettigrew where he shouted at Sirius 'why did you betray James and Lily?' and cut off his finger and blew up the street.

"Isn't there anyway to set Sirius free?" Abby asked. Harry shrugged.

"The only way is for the idiotic ministry to even let him have a trial is to bring in Pettigrew and I don't see that happening."

"What about him being a refugee?" Ziva asked.

"We would have to talk to the director about this. In the mean time, we should enroll you in school here. It's still early and there's lots of base kids that move around as well so you should fit in." Harry smiled.

"I'd like that."

"So Prewitt says he knows the guy who did it. Why not bargain with him then to get out of Quantico?" Ziva and Tony just finished reviewing the footage of their interview of Prewitt.

"Why not call Gibbs and ask him?"

"He's at the school getting Harry registered." McGee replied.

"So the Johanson case is mostly done. Next case: how to stop these bombings."

"Ziva, as long as this group is out there, it won't stop. The best we can do is catch them."

"I know Tony, but the thing that worries me is this five part plot. The last one is pandemonium. The only thing that I can see causing that is the president assassination."

"Alright. Director Sheppard gave the ok for the gate and personal checks on the base so that's taken care of."

"That's good. Now, the paper work." The three agents started on their dreaded paper work when Gibbs came in.

"Harry's in school now. He's borrowing some supplies until we can get some tonight."

"What school is he going to?" Tony asked.

"Eastern Senior High."

"Do you think he'll be alright?" Ziva asked.

"Harry's tougher then he looks. I'll go and see what our friend Prewitt has to say." Gibbs got out of his chair and headed to the interrogation room.

"So you're saying that if I tell you who did it, then you'll talk to the judge about keeping me out of"
Guantanamo, Cuba." Gibbs merely looked at him.

"That's the idea." Prewitt leaned back.

"I'll give more then that if I'm allowed parole."

"Depends on the names."

"Give me the deal or no go." Gibbs just stared.

"It doesn't matter to me. I hear you have family in England."

"Does it matter?"

"We saw ariel shots of King's Cross train station and you family happens to use it for their kids to get to school."

"Yes, I hate my family. Big deal, I'm not the only one."

"Names Prewitt, or it's Gitmo in Cuba."

"Lucius Malfoy, Robert Williams, James Knightly, Mamoun Sharif, James Hartley and myself are the ring leaders."

"What about the person who murdered Corporal Johanson?" Prewitt sighed.

"Robert Williams." Gibbs left with Prewitt calling after him.

"What about our deal?"

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Harry walked around trying to find his classes since Gibbs dropped him off this morning having to fend for himself after getting registered. Thankful that he got a map, and made his way to find the English classroom when another boy caught up to him.

"Hey, you're the new kid right?"

"Yeah…" He stuck out his hand.

"I'm Richard White." The boy was a dirty blond with sea blue eyes that made the girls chase after him with a wind swept hair style.

"Harry Potter, pleasure to meet you." Harry smiled as they shook hands.

"What class do you have?"

"English."

"Cool! I have that class also. Hey, wanna compare timetables?"

"Sure."

"Oh, you have to meet my friends, they're awesome!" Harry grinned. His life was looking up.
Harry and Richard had two of their four classes together: English and geography. While Richard had gym and math, Harry had art and science. Harry had English, which was the first class of the day in which Harry groaned.

"What's wrong, don't like English or reading?"

"It's not the reading I have a problem with. It's the teachers who pick it apart sentence by sentence that grates on my nerves." Harry had to do that last year while studying at Hogwarts. The book was 'The Great Gatsby,' which Harry swore he'd never read again. It was too confusing for his liking and almost all the characters were hypocrites. A little too much for his taste. The boys made their way to the classroom where Richard was telling him about the class.

"The teacher's name is Ms. Camielle and she's alright. Not too strict but keeps us in line and is pretty good with essays and lets us hand it in before hand to see if we got the structure right. Kate Thorn is also in our class. She's alright, just a little bossy."

"Ah. I knew a girl who had a know-it-all attitude and it was very annoying the way she'd harp on everyone by the time exams came."

"I feel your pain. Hey, do you like Macbeth?"

"Not really, why?"

"Oh, that's what we're doing right now. Shakespeare, then a novel and short stories at the end if we have time."

"What book are we doing?"

"Moonfleet."

"It's alright. I read it when I was eight escaping from my cousin."

"Why were you escaping?"

"Let's just say my relatives hate me and I them." Richard saw that Harry wasn't going to say anything more.

"There's lots of after school things here to do." Richard started.

"Like what?"

"Well, there's band, different teams, art, choir, academics and a couple others that I forget."

"I think I'll go for art. What teams are there?"

"Football, cheerleading-" Harry gave him a dirty look.

"Baseball, basketball, soccer-which was your football-, track, cross country and softball." Harry had a thoughtful look as they walked.

"I think track and soccer. I'm a pretty good runner." The two boys stepped inside the class where most of the seats were already taken. Harry slid in beside Richard who started talking to a couple of
other people around him.

"Guys, this is that Brit, Harry. Harry, these are Jake, Kienna, Michelle, Mike and Nick." After a brief round of "hi's," they turned around and saw Ms. Camielle enter.

"Good morning class. Now, I was told we have a new student with us." Richard pushed Harry out of his seat.

"Thanks." He said dryly. Ms. Camielle beckoned him up.

"This is Harry Potter from England is it?"

"Yeah…"

"Now, here's your books that you need for the semester." Harry got a play, a book and a textbook of short stories. 'Joy,' he thought. Harry quickly retreated to his desk and stuffed the textbook and novel in his bag.

They got out their copies of Macbeth and started on Act II, Scene III with Macbeth and MacDuff finding the king dead by Macbeth's hand (although everyone doesn't know Macbeth did it yet), and him getting suspicious. Some kid named Mason played MacDuff while Richard played Lennox and Harry played Macbeth. Since he spent so much time in Scotland, he can sometimes talk with a small burr when he's upset. When they finished, Ms. Camielle handed out a small package.

"Now, this is for this scene and I'm also handing out the rest of act II as well now. Do the questions for tonight's homework." The bell went and everyone ran for the door.

"Mr. Potter, a moment." Harry turned around slowly.

"I'll wait out here." Richard said.

"Thanks." Harry went towards the desk where Ms. Camielle was sitting.

"Now Mr. Potter, you'll need to catch up on some work for here so here's the beginning of the play and I want you to do these questions in your spare time since I'll be checking and we have a test net week on them." She handed Harry a small stack of paper that he assumed was for Macbeth.

"Thanks Miss." Harry turned and walked out where Richard was waiting for him.

"Well, what'd she want?"

"Giving me extra homework," Harry grumbled. Richard just laughed.

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Harry left for his last class of the day: science. He didn't mind it, but he could never remember all the terms for biology. He stepped inside the class and saw that most of the seats were taken but one. Harry sat down beside the girl who gave him a small smile.

"You're that new kid, right?"

"Yeah, I'm Harry Potter."

"Sabrina Grant. Pleasure to meet you."

"Same. Hey, what classes do you have?"
"Music, politics, English and science."

"I guess we only have this together then."

"Shame," she smiled. Harry was about to ask why when the teacher came in.

"That's Mr. Obilious." Sabrina whispered. Just like in all his other classes, Harry got called up to the front to get his textbook and the extra work that he needed to catch up on. The class itself ran smoothly. They were starting to cover the finer aspects of chemistry with the make-up of the atoms and their different charges.

Harry and Sabrina were quietly working on their homework when the bell went. Walking out, Sabrina turned to him.

"It was nice meeting you Harry. Maybe we can hang out some time."

"Sure."

"Great! I'll tell you tomorrow." Sabrina gave a little wave and walked off. Harry was staring at her blond hair that swung when she walked.

"Harry? Earth to Harry!" Richard snapped his fingers at him. Harry got startled out of his day dreaming.

"Sorry, what were you saying?"

"Who has you wrapped around their finger already?"

"Sabrina."

"Sabrina. Sabrina Grant?" Harry gave a small nod as they walked.

"Dude! How did you manage that! She's one of the hottest girls in our year!"

"Really? She was wondering if we could meet up sometime outside of class." Richard whistled.

"Your so lucky man, either way." Harry just laughed.

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Harry stayed at the school after saying bye to his new friends, and promising to give them his e-mail (after he got one set up), and wait for the bus. Harry had a huge grin plastered on his face. He made real, genuine friends that didn't know about his fame or celebrity status. Looking at his watch and waiting for the bus, Harry sat down while getting bored from waiting. He didn't notice Sabrina saunter up to him.

"Hey!" Harry jumped.

"Hey."

"Waiting for the bus too?"

"Yeah. Where do you live?"

"Lower Fairfax." At Harry's blank look, she laughed.
"By Fort Dupont Park."

"Oh! Hillcrest Heights for me."

"We don't live that far away then."

"In Europe, Bavaria and Austria aren't that far apart."

"What's it like in Europe?"

"Different. Defiantly smaller countries, old castles and I swear some people still think we're in the middle ages." Well, in the wizarding world, the last part is true.

"Hmm, I've never left the states before. Who are you living with?"

"An old friend's father's place. England wasn't working out and he offered me a place so I said yes."

Sabrina didn't reply as her bus pulled in.

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow Harry." She winked at him as she got on the bus. Harry didn't realize he was staring when another bus pulled up. Checking the number, he got on for the long and tedious ride.

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Gibbs came home with Aiden to Harry with homework spread across the whole table ad him snacking on crackers.

"Having fun there?" Harry jumped.

"Gibbs! Does it look like I'm having fun with this?" He scowled. Harry always hated English homework. Found it tedious and unnecessary and boring.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Covering the first act of Macbeth and catching up on the second."

"Ah, have fun with that."

"Gibbs!"

"Hey, I'm done school. You can now have the pleasure of high school now." Gibbs left upstairs and smirked when he heard Harry's head bang against the table.

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Harry yawned and looked at the clock. Five hours of intense homework. Harry looked at the clock and read 10 p.m. He took an hour off to stretch and relax from the homework regime. Looking around, he noticed that the house was completely silent. Shrugging, Harry decided to quickly pack everything away and went to bed, not noticing Gibbs watching him from the staircase.

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Harry stretched and winced at the loud crack his back gave.

"Note to self, always do homework when given." Tip toeing out, Harry made a quick piece of toast, grabbed his bag and ran out the door for the bus, forgetting about Gibbs. Scrambling onto the bus,
Harry saw Gibbs peer out the window. Giving a small wave, Harry sat back in his seat and had a small nap.

Gibbs shook his head at Harry when he got on the bus. He was happy that Harry made some friends so quickly after what happened with his other 'friends' from what he heard. Going to Aiden's room, Gibbs got the toddler ready for the day.

"Come on big man."

"Harry!"

"No, Harry's not here right now."

"Harry!" Aiden pouted.

"Aiden," Gibbs said sternly. Aiden stopped and pouted. Gibbs smirked. It worked for Kelly and Harry and it still works all these years later.

Harry got off the bus and saw Richard waiting for him.

"What? Think I'd ditch you or something?"

"No, I would've thought you would sleep in or something."

"Nope, not with winter around the corner. I'll do that in May." Harry cracked a smile at that. Walking towards their lockers to drop their stuff off, Harry saw Sabrina.

"Harry!"

"Hey Sabrina. How was your night?"

"Boring with no homework. You?"

"Didn't get much sleep because of all the catch up work I had to do. Thank god I don't have history until next semester."

"Yeah," Sabrina laughed.

"You would be begging for help."

"Or wishing you could drop it," Richard added. Harry looked at the two.

"You two are crazy, you know that?"

"Nope, my mother had me tested." Richard said. Sabrina and Harry laughed as the bell went.

"Have fun in English Harry, Richard." Sabrina walked off.

"You know, I didn't think she even knew my name."

When the bell for lunch went, Harry left the geography room and went to wait at Richard's locker.
where he saw Michelle.

"Hey Harry, waiting for Richard too?"

"Yeah, I don't know that many people."

"Well, you can sit with us and Richard usually does his own thing at lunch anyway but sits with us occasionally."

"Thanks." Harry said. They waited in silence for another five minutes when Richard finally showed up.

"Ah, decided to grace us with your presence?" Michelle asked. Richard flushed.

"Ms. McKay asked me to help with a couple things."

"Riiiiight," she drawled.

"Let's get to lunch. I'm pretty sure Harry's hungry right now."

"Yeah, let's go before all the foods gone." The three friends walked down to lunch chatting about English class.

"...I mean, what's the point of studying Shakespeare? I mean, the guys been dead for what? Almost 400 years now."

"But just think, it gives us an excuse not to use our brains that much."

"Are you kidding me? We have to be able to remember different 'important' sections of the play and say why it's important and crap." Harry countered. Richard just shrugged.

"Believe what you want but Shakespeare is cool." Michelle and Harry just shook their heads at Richard as they made their way to the cafeteria. Deciding to get their food first, the three went into the long line that felt like forever and waited to get food. Richard and Harry were almost drooling at the sight of food, feeling that they've been deprived of it for too long. Michelle thought this was funny.

"Yeah, yeah. If you were a guy you'd understand."

"I have three brothers and I still don't understand." The same thought ran through the two boy's heads. 'women.' Getting their food, they left for the table that had three open seats.

"Hey Richard, Michelle, Brit." Harry raised an eyebrow at this.

"Ignore him. He loves giving everyone nicknames at first. We learn to ignore them." Michelle whispered as she pointed to Nick. Everyone else just shook their heads, being used to Nick's antics. Sitting down and taking a bite, Harry's mind wandered to Sabrina. Scanning the crowds, he was disappointed to not find her. Thinking he'll see her in science class, Harry listened to the conversations and ate the rest of his lunch, also wondering what Gibbs is doing.

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"So, Harry, why'd you come to littl' ol' America?" Mike asked a while later. Harry gave an answer as close to the truth as he could.

"One was my relatives. My parents died when I was a baby so I got sentenced to thirteen years of
prison hell. The second was school. There's a competition going on the only seventeen and over can compete in and somehow I got roped into it so the school hated me for that."

"No one stood by you? Not even your friends?" Michelle asked.

"Friends? I doubt it. One was a know-it-all and the other was a jealous git all the time because my family is rich."

"How rich?" Richard asked curiously.

"Oh, a couple million." Mike and Michelle's jaws dropped. Richard and Nick just sat back.

"What? No rich kid snobby comments?"

"No, I was just curious. My father's head of a big drill business while my mother has a small law firm here in D.C." Richard said.

"My parents are both high paid lawyers."

"Don't invite them to my house then." Harry snickered.

"Why not?"

"My guardian hates lawyers. Says it interferes with his job."

"Cop?"

"Pretty much. What about you Michelle? Mike?"

"Mom works retail while dad is in the infantry army." Michelle said.

"Mine are the same as Michelle's only my moms the one in the army.""

"That must be fun, moving every couple months or years."

"It's hard, but you get use to it. My dad's hoping that he has one more tour then he's done." Mike was about to answer when the bell went. Everyone left the cafeteria and headed for their lockers.

"Remember, it's period D then C today."

"Thanks." Harry told Michelle. Running to his locker, Harry almost smashed into Sabrina.

"Sorry bout that! I'll see you in class?"

"Sure," Harry grinned. Sabrina grinned back. As she walked away, Harry was just content with watching her walk. As the second bell went off, Harry then remembered that he had science now. Getting his books, Harry left for science class, hoping that there's no homework for tonight.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

"Here's my house number, just ask for Sabrina."

"Thanks. I'll give you mine tomorrow if I have permission."

"Sure Harry. Oh, me and some friends were going shopping next week. I was wondering if you wanted to come?" Harry was surprised by the question.
"Sure! Hopefully my guardian will let me. He's a little...protective of me."

"Oh, have fun convincing him then."

"Thanks." Harry said dryly. Sabrina got on her bus. She ran to the back and yanked open her window.

"Harry!" Harry looked up.

"Remember, you can call me and remember, I'm holding you to the e-mail promise!"

"Sure! I'll set one up tonight!"

"See ya!" Sabrina blew him a kiss that made him smile. Waiting for his bus, he pulled out *Oliver Twist* and started reading. By the time he got to chapter 3, Harry's bus finally showed up. Putting it away, Harry got on and was on his way back home.

Harry got in the house and immediately pulled out his mirror.

"Sirius Black." Harry waited for a few minutes until Sirius showed up.

"Hey pup! How's the last few day's treating you!"

"Awesome! Lots of new friends, classes are fine and Sabrina." Harry said with a dreamy expression. Sirius laughed.

"Harry. Earth to Harry! HARRY!"

"What?" "Merlin, you're just like your father. Whenever he said Lily's name he'd get this dreamy expression and stare into nothing until we yell at him. You looked just liked him. Anyway, who's Sabrina?" Sirius wiggled his eyebrows.

"A girl from school and that's all you're gonna know."

"Fine, take all the fun away. By the way, Remus contacted me about Dumbledore wanting some words about you. He was wondering if I contacted you or not."

"What did you say?" Harry asked worriedly.

"Don't worry. I didn't say anything other then chewing him out about the tournament. It helps the the Black's are trained almost from birth to have good occlumancy shields." At Harry's confused expression, Sirius sighed.

"The art of protecting your mind. Dead useful against Dumbles and Snape."

"So that's what I always feel whenever I'm in his class."

"Feel what?"

"Gibb! I wasn't expecting you this early!"

"I brought company. Who are you talking to?"

"Sirius."
"Good. Maybe while you're filling us in on your school years, he can listen in as well because you probably didn't tell him anything." Harry hung his head.

"Harry, you can trust us."

"I'm sorry."

"I know, the Dursley's will pay when I get my hands on them without interference."

"With who?" Sirius asked.

"We think it's Dumbledore."
"Dumbledore? I guess that makes sense. But what about the Du-"

"Brought Chinese food!"

"Tony! No need to yell! There's a baby here!"

"Sorry Abby."

"Now apologize to Aiden."

"Sorry Aiden." Tony mumbled. Harry snickered at Tony's look. McGee, Ziva and Ducky were just looking like this was an everyday occurrence.

"Happens often?" Harry asked Gibbs.

"You have no idea." Gibbs replied.

"Alright, on the table. We can have our talk then."

"Why?"

"Well, Harry happens to be talking with his godfather. Right Harry?"

"Right." Harry suddenly felt small. Sirius piped up.

"Pup, I want to see them!"

"Oh, right. Sorry Sirius." Harry said sheepishly. Harry pointed the mirror to everyone on he team.

"Sirius, this is Gibbs, who you were talking to. Tony, the crazy one-

"Hey!"

"Abby, the awesome lab tech. Ducky, who does autopsy and is from Scotland. Ziva, the team assassin from Israel and McGee, the computer hacker."

"Who's the baby?"

"Oh, that Aiden. He's under Gibbs' protection right now. So, whatcha want to talk about?"

"Your first year would be nice. We covered my childhood already." Harry gave Gibbs a glare to dare him to contradict him.

"Gutsy kid." Tony whispered to McGee.

"So I guess we can cover my first year. Ok, you already know I was dropped back off with the Dursley's after my shopping was done. The left me alone, I swear," Harry said with the look Gibbs was giving him.

"They acted like I wasn't there and got a ride to King's Cross because they had to remove Dudley's pig tail."

"Hold it pup. Who gave your whale of a cousin a tail?"
"Hagrid." Sirius howled with laughter as he could imagine Hagrid giving someone a tail.

"Anyway, they literally dropped me off at the station alone with 15 minutes before the train left. I was almost panicking before I saw the Weasley's." Harry scowled there when he mentioned the family.

"Pup…"

"Yeah, sorry. Mrs. Weasley was yelling out the platform 9 ¾ for all to hear. So, I decided to take it and got on the platform and onto the train."

"How do you get on there?" Ziva asked.

"Sirius?" Harry asked.

"You run at the wall which is really and illusion for normal people," Sirius shot Harry a look.

"So they wouldn't know the difference."

"Thanks. So, I got on the train and met the Weasley's. Ron, who gaped at me and had the nerve to ask me if I had the scar that took away my family. He always forgot about that." Harry mused.

"Anyway, I got the pleasure of meeting Neville Longbottom who is a shy boy but a good person. Just not always good with judgement."

"Longbottom? Frank and Alice's kid?"

"I guess. Anyway, I also met Hermione Granger who acted like she knows everything. Still does. Oh, and I also met Draco Malfoy, my enemy. Well, more like rival. He was always jealous of my fame. Anyway, we got off the train and were taken to the boats, a first year tradition with the games keeper. It also gave us our first look of Hogwarts." Harry stopped for a minute and placed the mirror down and raced upstairs for a minute and brought down a small sketch book.

"I did this my first week." Harry flipped to the page of Hogwarts from the view of the boats. Everyone looked at it in awe.

"It's beautiful." Abby said. Harry smiled.

"Yeah. We were taken up to the castle and were introduced to Professor McGonagall, the Deputy Headmistress and transfiguration teacher."

"Ah Minnie, I miss her." Harry stared at his godfather.

"How are you still alive?"

"My charming good looks."

"Keep telling yourself that and it might be true." Tony laughed as Sirius had a mock raged look on his face.

"Thanks pup. I can still tell embarrassing baby stories about you, remember."

"You wouldn't! I'm your only godson. You would embarrass me to someone who loves blackmail." Harry gestured to Tony.

"Hey!"
"Harry, can we get back to the story please? We haven't hit your first day yet."

"Yeah. Alright. There are four houses. Hufflepuff, Slytherin, Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. You get sorted by a hat into one of the houses which are your dorms. Hufflepuff's are mostly known as loyal and hard working."

"People call them duffers and their known as the 'leftover' house." Sirius added.

"Ravenclaw's were people who thirst for knowledge-"

"Bookworms."

"Slytherin's and no input Sirius! They were known for their cunning and ambition. Because of this, this is where most Dark Lords and witches and wizards come from. Gryffindor is where the brave and the people who value chivalry go."

"That was the house Harry's parents, mine and another presdo uncle were in. Including that rat." Gibbs seemed to be thinking.

"You could've gone into any house then." At the teams look, Gibbs explained.

"Harry is very intelligent and is always looking for new material. He's loyal and hardworking but only to those who he thinks deserves it. Very cunning because of what he and Kelly use to do. My daughter." Gibbs added for Sirius.

"And is very brave because of what he had to put up with at the Dursley's."

"Well, the hat did think that Slytherin would be the best house. But because that's where almost all the dark people come from, I opted to be Gryffindor's Golden Boy. So, I went into Gryffindor. The feast that followed was amazing. Not like Shannon's cooking though. And no peanut butter." Harry pouted while Tony snorted, remember what Harry did to the peanut butter container.

"We also got a warning to avoid the third floor because there's something dangerous there that will cause a 'slow and painful death' in his words." Everyone stared at him in disbelief.

"Tell me you're kidding Harry," Sirius begged.

"If I did, I'd be lying and I'd rather not with Gibbs beside me." Gibbs smirked. Harry remembered what happened last time.

"Let me guess, you checked it out."

"Give me a couple months and that one was by accident." Harry said innocently. Gibbs just groaned.

"He did this before?"

"Don't remind me."

"Well, want to know about my subjects and teachers?" Gibbs perked up.

"There was transfiguration the first day with McGonagall. She had us start with changing matches into needles. I was able to get it the first shot but ended up changing it back to a match so I could downplay."

"That sounds like James but he would start trying to charm Minnie to get more points." Harry snorted.
"Hermione got the points for us. Lets see, we then had history of magic and I fell asleep. Trust me
Gibbs, you would too. He drones on and on and on and on about the Goblin rebellions and nothing
else. The only way I passed that class was by a dicto quill! Then Herbology which is plants. I'm half
decent at it and stuff but not my forte. Professor Sprout is a good teacher. Flitwick is amazing at
 charms and really cool. He would let us talk during class as long as we're doing the spell work. Um,
then there's Quirrell-" Harry scowled at the name.

"He was suppose to teach defense against the dark arts. There was a small problem with his
ridiculous st-t-t-u-t-t-t-ter. He didn't really teach us anything. Then there's astronomy at
Wednesday's."

"That throws off your sleep cycle." Sirius said solemnly.

"Thanks Sirius. Then there's potions. Now, I like the subject, hate the teacher. Sirius, you wanna
explain the history behind Snape? I don't know it all."

"Sure. Severus Snape was a Slytherin and the same year as us Gryffindor's. Now, Slytherin's hated
Gryffindor's so we would torment Snape and he would retaliate. We do pranks. Now I admit, some
were really bad and harsh, but Snape would retaliate with older Slytherin's and violence. Now, part
of the reason why James always went after Snape was because of Lily. Lily and Snape were
childhood friends."

"What! How?"

"I don't know. All I know was that she would always defend him even though their in separate
houses. All that stopped in fifth year. Before I tell you what broke the friendship, I need to tell you
what happened that morning. It was our defense OWLs, which was our big exams. Now, Snape
knew Remus was a werewolf and was insulting him and subtly trying to get people to realize it.
Now, James had the bright idea of humiliating him after the exam. He did that alright. When Lily
got to defend him, he called her a mudblood."

"That bastard!" Harry yelled. Everyone else was confused. Sirius explained.

"Mudblood is an insult. Like the N word for blacks but it was for muggleborns."

"Ah."

"Harry…"

"Sorry." Harry was trying to calm down and came back and snatched Aiden to keep him busy.

"Lily was furious, James was furious, hell, we were all furious. James defended Lily but she flipped
out at both of them. Later, we learned that Snape slept outside our common room and Lily refused to
see him. She never forgave him about that. Now, something else and I'm not proud of this. Actually,
its one of the worst things I ever did, right below going after Wormtail. I told Snape where to find a
werewolf on a full moon." Harry looked at him in horror.

"I never expected him to take that seriously. When James found out, he was furious and went after
Snape. When he stopped him, Snape thought that James was in on it. Dumbledore blackmailed
Snape into being quiet about this."

"Didn't stop him from doing that last year." Harry said bitterly.

"He was the best defense teacher we've had."
"Snape carried that grudge for the rest of school. It only got worse when James married Lily. Of course, you were born-"

"And I look exactly like my father but with mum's eyes." Harry finished.

"So, you now know why Snape hates me. I didn't even know the guy and he immediately singled me out for being a celebrity and for having James as my father. He's a horrible teacher. Instructions on the board, 'you have one hour,' and that's it."

"But that's no way to teach it! If it's anything like chemistry, you need to know how things react to each other, patience and a basic understanding of why you do things the way you do!" Abby cried. Harry just nodded.

"Yeah. There's always at least one melted cauldron or an explosion. Oh! Then there's the flying lesson with Madam Hooch." Harry was smirking now.

"Sirius, you were wondering how I became seeker, right? Here's how." Sirius rubbed his hands.

"Earlier, Neville got a remembrall. It's a useless ball that says you forgot something but doesn't say what. Now, Malfoy decided to steal it but McGonagall was on the scene quickly."

"Our fault." Sirius said sheepishly.

"So, Neville was on a cursed broom and fell off at twenty feet and broke his wrist. Hooch brought him to the hospital wing and told everyone that if anyone was flying, then they would get expelled. Malfoy stole the remembrall and decided to put it on the roof so I followed him up. It felt wonderful." Harry got a wistful look on his face.

"You're always calm in the air and forget your troubles. Right?"

"How…"

"James was the same. As well as Lily. They loved flying and it helped clear their heads."

"Oh, Malfoy thought that it would be smart to throw it. Me being me, I decided to catch it. A thirty foot dive and caught it in one hand with that being the first time on a broom that I remember." Sirius was staring at him.

"Of course, McGonagall came out and I thought I was expelled when we went to see Oliver Wood, the captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team. I was the youngest seeker in a century." Harry said proudly.

"A few days later Malfoy thought it would be a good idea to have a wizards duel with me. Ronald ended up accepting it for me." Harry scowled again at this.

"I didn't even know what it was at that point. So, we decided to sneak out because I promised that I would be there when Hermione tried stopping us. Now, she is one of those people who loves the rules and worships authority figures. Neville was released from the hospital wing and couldn’t remember the password so we brought him along. Turns out Malfoy tipped off the caretaker Filch. Now, Filch hates students so we ended up running back to the common room, when Peeves showed up/ Ron took a swipe and Peeves ratted us out."

"Why Peeves, why?" Sirius asked to the sky.

"Sirius, we didn't get caught. We were on the third floor and was hiding in the forbidden corridor
and in the room. There was a Cerberus in there." As predicted, there was an uproar, waking up
Aiden. He looked up with blurry eyes and went back to sleep. Harry tuned it all out until the adults
were done yelling.

"Can I continue? Thanks. Now, we ran back to the common room and figured out where the
package from Gringotts went when we picked it up on my birthday. Classes continued, got a broom,
cursed during my first game and almost swallowed the snitch,"

"Whoa, whoa, did you just say, almost swallow the snitch?"

"Yes Sirius."

"That, has GOT to be one of the weirdest catches ever."

"Going on, oh! There was a troll on Halloween in the castle."

"What the HELL was a troll doing in the castle? I thought that there were wards against this?"

"Not sure, but it made me and Hermione friends at the time by knocking it out with its club." Gibbs
stared at Harry.

"If you do anything like that here, I will ground you until you're 18."

"Sir, yes sir!"

"Cheeky."

"I'm not even half way through my year yet!"

"And my hair is already going greyer."

"Christmas was fine. I got my fathers cloak and presents. That's when I found out what my parents
looked like. Sirius, have you ever heard of the Mirror of Erised?"

"I've heard of it, why?"

"I found it in an abandoned classroom. The mirror shows what your heart desires. In my case, my
family and you, Shannon and Kelly all well again," Harry said to Gibbs.

"I went back a couple times so I could just get myself lost in the image. Ronald saw being the best
out of all his brothers. Pig headed. Anyway, Dumbledore moved the mirror afterwards and the
holidays ended and classes were back on. Norbert. Hagrid won a dragon egg in a card game at a
pub. Now, that is illegal because of the nature of dragons I think. Hagrid ended up hatching it and
we ended up smuggling out the Astronomy tower but, got caught on the way down. McGonagall
flipped and took 150 points from Gryffindor."

"What! When we were out it was only ever 20!"

"Yeah. The best part was that we got detention on top of that but Malfoy also got caught then too.
The whole house hated us because we lost them their chance of winning the house cup after over
seven years and my scar started hurting around then. Now, the detention was at midnight in the
forbidden forest-"

"What the hell was Minnie thinking! That forest is dangerous with the spiders, snakes, centaurs, hell,
we had a werewolf!"
"Thank you Sirius. We had to go and find an injured unicorn because there was a creature out there
hunting them." Sirius was muttering under his breath about this whole thing and how 'irresponsible'
and 'what were they thinking?' when Harry said the last part.

"Please tell me they weren't going after the blood." He begged.

"Sorry Sirius we were."

"What so bad about unicorn blood? I thought they were pure creatures?" Tony asked.

"Killing a unicorn is unspeakable because of its purity. The blood makes it so that if anyone drinks it
they have a cursed life or a half life and would need another means of…oh dear Merlin, tell me
Dumbles didn't do what I think he did?"

"Probable, what?"

"The Philosophers stone! It keeps the drinker immortal and turns any metal into gold. It was made by
Nicholas Flamel and Pernelle Flamel, two famous alchemists."

"I thought they were dead though?" McGee said in confusion.

"They might be now or gave a fake stone to Dumbles. After that lovely detention, I ended up putting
the pieces together and learned that Dumbles left that afternoon by broom to the ministry. I'll just say
the challenges. The dog was Hagrid's, Devil's Snare, Flying keys, live wizards chessboard, knocked
out troll, logic puzzle and the mirror. Sirius, do you smell anything going on here?"

"Devil's Snare is taught first year, you're the youngest seeker in a century, Ron was an amazing
chess player, Hermione was smart and you knew how to work the mirror. Hagrid told you how to
pass the dog didn't he," Sirius said.

"Yep. Ron got knocked out with the chess and I had to go alone after the puzzle because there
wasn't enough of the potion for two. Quirrell was there. Apparently he tried cursing me off my
broom m first match and he was the one drinking the unicorn blood. We talked and it turns out
Voldemort was sticking to the back of his head the whole year. Imagine a snake with a human face
and red eyes."

"Eww!" Abby squealed.

"By that point somehow got the stone in my pocket and tried running when I got tackled. I found out
that if Quirrell touched me he would start turning to ash so I took my hands and brought it to his face
and killed him. I was knocked out for three days in a coma by this time. Dumbledore fed me some
crap about my mother's love saving me."

"We think that Harry saved himself because Lily wouldn't be the only mother out there to sacrifice
herself for her children." McGee said.

"The end of the year feast happened and Dumbles thought it was a good idea to embarrass the
Slytherin's by doing last minute points in public and awarding them to Gryffindor. We lost the
Quidditch cup because I was unconscious for the finals. We got back on the train and headed back to
prison." Everyone was staring at him by the time Harry finished.

"Please tell me that your second year wasn't like this." Harry shifted uncomfortably.

"Sorry then. It's actually worst then that." Gibbs groaned and looked at the clock.
"Harry, go and do your homework and you can talk to Sirius as long as you get it done."

"Yes sir." Harry handed Aiden over to Gibbs and left.

"Well, that was enlightening." Tony said after a few minutes.
Harry raced upstairs with the mirror in his hand.

"Whoa, whoa pup, slow down! We're not having a race."

"Sorry Sirius. It's just…"

"Talking about Ron, Hermione and Neville?"

"Yeah! Ron, I can understand getting jealous. Hermione, probably because I broke the rules but everyone else? Especially my old dorm mates!" Harry sat down by his desk.

"I know it's hard but you'll get through it. Now, what about this homework?"

"Covering the U.S geography make up and need to show where the different landforms are. English, we did another scene today and in art we were given the outline of our final project. We hand that in instead of an exam and I'm not sure what to do mine on yet. The homework seems easy although I'm screwed for history next semester."

"Why's that pup?"

"I only know bits of it up until the revolution that happened about 300 years ago and after that I know almost nothing."

"Why don't you just start doing your homework and we can talk."

"Sure. What do you want to talk about?"

"The Dursley's. I know you hate it but I need to know. Legally I'm your guardian and if I ever get a trial then technically I have automatic custody of you." Harry put his pen down from his English.

"I don't remember much before I was five. I remember being called 'freak' or 'boy' all the time. I lived under the stairs in a cupboard." Sirius stared at Harry in shock.

"When I started school, Dudley made it so I was isolated and friendless. A week later an American family moved in a few streets down and the girl was my age and in my class. Her name was Kelly Gibbs." Sirius started getting a look of understanding.

"She was determined to sit by me and we talked during our colouring time. At recess Dudley tried scaring her off but wouldn't have it. Instead, she ran to a teacher saying Dudley was bullying her. I think that was the first time Dudley ever had something bad said to him about himself." Harry said smiling.

"Kelly wouldn't leave me alone so she took me home with her. That's where I met Shannon and Gibbs. Gibbs was a Marine posted to England at the time and was just coming home when we got there. Of course, why I was wearing almost rags was a question that made me want to run but Kelly wouldn't let go of my hand so I told them they were my cousins. When they asked, I told them that they were the Dursley's. Shannon just sniffed and said 'Of course it was them.' I never understood why she said that. Anyway, the adults left us alone after that and we went to go play. I turned into a frequent house guest there. Actually, I pretty much lived there until I was eight."

"What happened?"
"Gibbs got called back to the States. Of course, Kelly was crying. I was too and we had a surprise for Gibbs and Shannon that they never saw."

"What was it anyway?"

"Us floating two balls and making the pictures move." Harry smiled.

"I wonder if Gibbs still has the toy box then…that's where Kelly hid them anyway." Sirius sat back.

"So the in between time, what did you guys do?"

"You would never believe me unless Gibbs backed me up but we were little devils to them. We would prank the house, hid stuff, thumb tacks and doing outrageous stuff. We even asked if we could go to Spain one year. About two days after meeting them, Gibbs figured out what was going on at the Dursley's. He wanted to march on over there and kill them with his bare hands. Shannon did too but ended up restraining Gibbs so he wouldn't get into trouble." Sirius growled at that.

"We also learned that I had a claustrophobic problem. Especially in small enclosed places. It took about five months to pry it out of me why I would be claustrophobic."

"That's why you wanted to get out of the shack so quick last year and almost panicked in the tunnel." Sirius said with realization. Harry nodded while going back to his homework.

"We did lots of things. Going to the beach, amusement parks, museums, old castles, it was fun. Of course, the Dursley's hated that they couldn't do anything without Gibbs blackmailing them with the child abuse evidence."

"I like him."

"Of course you would. They moved when I was eight. Me and Kelly were heart broken. She was like the sister I never had. We promised to write to each other often and I got Gibbs knife and phone number. That's how I was able to leave Britain so quickly." Harry sighed as old memories were coming back.

"Four months after they moved, Kelly and Shannon were killed in a ca accident when their driver was shot and killed. I got the message a few days after from Gibbs who was on tour at the time with Desert Storm. I lost contact with him until recently."

"What about the Dursley's pup before you got your letter."

"Punishments were stepped up, I had to hide everything that I was given and brave enough to take back with me. I left almost everything with Kelly in her toy box. You'll hear about one punishment whenever I do my second year. Trust me, you'll want to kill them but I hope you don't."

"Fine. Have you told the Ministry there that you're even there?"

"No. I don't know if they'll send me back to Britain then back to Hogwarts or not and I don't want that!"

"ICW?"

"The what?"

"International Committee of Wizards. It's where all the big issues world wide are discussed."

"That won't work with Dumbles. I thought he was the head of that and not to mention he chucked
you in prison and had the power to get you out of prison but didn't. I doubt the muggles here are looking for you. You can try coming here."

"I don't have a passport or any of the paperwork." Harry thought for a few minutes.

"Hedwig!" A small ball of flames came from the center of the room.

"Hello Harry."

"Hi Hedwig. I have a quick question. Can you flame a person across the ocean?"

"Hm, probably but that'll induce a burning day for me."

"I thought you didn't have burning days?"

"I haven't since I'm too young and only part phoenix."

"Does that mean you'll die?"

"Probably but I'll have a much longer life span than an ordinary owl."

"Ok, I was just asking. I was thinking of bringing Sirius over."

"Be careful young one."

"I always am." Hedwig rolled her eyes at that and took off.

"Now I know what it means by silent talking." Sirius said.

"Sorry bout that. It's the only way to talk to Hedwig. She said she can bring you but it'll induce a burning day on her part."

"It's fine I can wait," Sirius waved it off.

"Ok," Harry said.

"Sirius,"

"Yeah pup?"

"Why would Malfoy associate with a squib Prewitt? I mean, I would've thought that anyone beneath a pure blood was mud on his shoes?" Sirius thought about that as Harry went back to finishing his English.

"I would think, that Malfoy would only do it if it benefited him in some way. I mean, he gets to kill muggles this way as well, which is sickening and won't get caught for it because of Fudge being in his pocket."

"I think that they'll try and blow up the school during the third task."

"Why then and what?"

"All the officials will be there for the last task since it's suppose to bring international co operation or some crap. The team found plans for a bombing sight near Dufftown but doesn't have any visuals other than a forest. We think it's Hogwarts."

"Hell we're screwed. I never liked dealing with that stuff anyway. Are you done your homework
"No Sirius. I still have to finish outlining the different landforms since the US is a hell of a lot bigger then England."

"You got me there. So...Sabrina?"

"Just a girl from school." Harry said quickly.

"Just a girl. Harry, you can't lie to me to save your life."

"Why not?"

"a) I'm a Maurader, I invented lying. b) I grew up with your father as teenagers. c) You look like him so that's a bonus for me."

"I hate you." Harry grumbled.

"Fine. She's a cute girl from my science class and apparently the hottest girl in my year and she talks to me."

"Going after the popular ones already Harry? I'm impressed."

"Remind me to never go to you for advice."

"I'm hurt by that!" Harry snorted. He put his pen down and massaged his hand.

"Done and I'm going to find Gibbs' computer. Hopefully he has one still." Harry took the mirror and made his way downstairs where the team was talking. Harry knocked on the frame and everyone looked at him.

"Um Gibbs? Do you still have that computer?"

"Upgraded it to a 2000 model and it's in the guest room."

"Thanks." Harry dashed up so they wouldn't ask any questions.

"Any reason why you're on this thing?"

"This 'thing' happens to be one of the best inventions in years." Harry waited while the computer booted up by counting the squares on the screen. When it finally loaded, Harry immediately went to the internet explorer and decided to use a G-mail account. He typed in all the information the site needed and waited for it all to load. Sirius was very quiet as Harry did this.

"So when are we getting to your second year?"

"Probably tomorrow. That year was the worst one at Hogwarts with the whole Heir of Slytherin deal." The screen started blinking and diverted Harry's attention to the screen. Writing down his username and password, Harry sat back satisfied.

"What are you going to do about your magical education?"

"I didn't think about that. I know of the wizard alley though."

"That's a start. Did you bring anything with you?"
"A few text books but I'll need a new wand."

"What happened to it?"

"I snapped it."

"You did WHAT!"

"It was being tracked with the ministry trace and Dumbledore's own tracker charm that tell him where that wand is! And by default, me. Plus it didn't fit that well but the best fit at Ollivander's without going custom made and those are illegal for some idiotic reason in Britain."

"You need a new wand though. Even if you can do some wandless, you still need a wand for the more taxing spell work."

"Alright, I'll get one soon. Just not yet. I'll go in December when things have calmed down somewhat. But then we need to fix the problem of actually using magic without going to school. Anyway, have you heard about the first task yet?"

"There was an interview that had no mention of you."

"That's a first."

"And everything and everyone is acting like you were never there."

"Typical. Why am I not surprised."

"Hey pup, I gotta go. I need a few more hours of shut eye before going hunting for the day."

"Alright. Please don't get caught."

"Wouldn't dream of it," he winked. Harry just raised an eyebrow and cut the connection. Gibbs knocked on the door.

"Busy?"

"No, shutting down." Harry pushed the power button and turned the screen off when Gibbs came in.

"Sirius had to go."

"I bet he did." Gibbs sat down.

"Gibbs? Can I go to the mall with some friends on the weekend?"

"Why?"

"Just to hang out and Sabrina's taking me to a couple of the sights around here."

"That's all?"

"Yep."

"Is it just the two of you?"

"No! A small group of us are going and yes, I'll be back before dark." Gibbs leaned against his chair.

"It's too late now but tomorrow we'll go and get you a cell phone."
"Cool!"

"I don't want you raking up a $100.00 phone bill though." Gibbs warned.

"I won't, I promise. Oh, can I give Sabrina the home phone and a couple other friends?"

"As long as you're not on there 24/7…"

"Cool!" Harry looked at the time.

"I guess I better go to bed shouldn't I?"

"Yes you should."

"Night. Oh, and Gibbs? I was wondering, where's Kelly's toy box?"

"Down in the basement."

"Alright. Goodnight."

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Harry groaned as he hit the alarm clock and rolled over. Getting dressed and on automatic right now, Harry stumbled around finding everything then grabbing his bag and made sure that everything was in there. Dashing downstairs, he cursed when there wasn't enough time to grab breakfast. Running out the door and thinking of picking something up at school, Harry ran out to the bus. Hopping on, Harry started studying for the English test for tomorrow.

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"Hey Harry."

"Hey Sabrina."

"So, did you get that e-mail set up last night?"

"Yeah. Here and I got permission for the phone and the mall on Sunday."

"Sweet! Ok, I'll pick you up at your house then."

"Here's the address then as well. I'll add a cell when I get it."

"Ok. Here's all my stuff then." The two swapped and Harry saw Michelle and Richard come up to them.

"Hey Harry!"

"Hey. I got permission for phone usage and I got my e-mail set up finally."

"Cool! Can I have a copy?"

"Sure, as long as I get one in return," Harry grinned at Michelle.

"Oh fine, if I must," she sighed with a smile.

"Drama queen." Richard muttered. Michelle smacked him.
"I heard that!" Harry rolled his eyes.

"Come on, I'm getting cold." The four teens went inside the school where they immediately went to the cafeteria for breakfast. When they all picked something up, Sabrina went ahead to save a table. Harry still couldn't help but stare. Michelle raised an eyebrow at Richard.

"He's been doing that since the first day."

"Ah." When Sabrina waved them over, Harry sat down beside her with Richard snickering at the two of them. Harry ignored him for his breakfast.

"So, you all good for the mall on Sunday?"

"Yep. I was actually worried that I wouldn't be allowed out of the house." Harry said.

"Why?" Michelle asked.

"Let's just say I'm a magnet for trouble."

"Well, there hasn't been any trouble so far here." Richard said.

"True. But it's still early." The four of them chatted until the bell went and Richard, Michelle and Harry went to English while Sabrina went to politics.

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Gibbs walked into the office when he got the phone call that he loathed and it wasn't even 9:30 yet.

"Yeah, Gibbs. Got it. Still there then? Ok." He hung up and got into the NCIS headquarters. He sighed as he got in the building and saw Tony, Ziva and McGee already there with Ziva and Tony arguing again.

"Are we sure it's in this area because I can't find it!" Ziva said.

"Well maybe you're not looking hard enough." Tony replied. Rolling his eyes, Gibbs went to see Capt. Rick Thorn, the commanding officer to 1stLt. Rihama Shaheen who was murdered and found in a motel this morning from what Gibbs knows. Rick stood up.

"Agent Gibbs."

"Captain." The two sat down.

"Can you tell me about Lt. Shaheen?"

"Well, she was smart, bilingual, good with intelligence, and a good officer. She just returned from Iraq six months ago from an 18 month tour."

"Anything about her personal life?"

"She didn't mention any really. Her parents died a few years back and wasn't married or anything." Gibbs wrote down a couple more things.

"Thanks captain." They shook hands as Gibbs left the room to the squad room.

"Come on McGoogle! Can't you find this town!"
"Tony, I've told you for the past five minutes that I can't find it." McGee continued typing away as Gibbs entered. Tony looked at Gibbs with a mournful expression.

"It's the boondocks boss."

"Pack a toothbrush." Gibbs left for the director's office. Tony groaned at this.

"Think he's passing the kids off for the day?"

"Tony, if Harry heard you, he'd try and kill you for that." Ziva said.

"Please, I could still take him."

"Right," McGee drawled.

"And what happens when he can do his thing legally?" Tony suddenly looked scared.

"He doesn't hold grudges that long, does he?" The other two didn't have an answer.

"What's the boondocks?" Ziva asked. McGee and Tony gave each other a look and started their own version of *Duelling Banjos*.

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Gibbs went up to Jenny's office and just went in, ignoring the secretaries protests.

"Hello Jethro, what can I do for you today?"

"Can you take the boys for a while?"

"Harry's at school and Aiden's in the daycare."

"Yes but, I have an out of town case that may take a couple days."


"You can call the day-care and call the school office to let Harry know that I'll be at the house." Gibbs just took the phone and did the calls. After ten minutes of talking, Gibbs hung up the phone for a second time.

"Happy?"

"Very. Oh and Jethro, have fun."

"You too Jen." Gibbs left the office to the team who were still in the squad room.

"Pack your gear. Did you already call Ducky and Palmer?"

"Yes, they're getting the van ready."

"Good. I'm driving." Tony was now thanking all the gods he knew that Ziva wasn't the one driving.
Harry grumbled as he was called to the office. He didn't do anything wrong, he thinks. He was thankful that it was break and already grabbed his books. Going in, he saw the secretary, Mrs. Greig, talking on the phone. She saw him and pointed one finger up, telling him to give her a minute. Harry waited until she hung up the phone.

"Um, you called me down?"

"Yes, Harry Potter?"

"Yes."

"I just got a call from Mr. Gibbs…" Harry couldn't help but snicker. Mrs. Greig continued.

"Saying that a Jenny Shepard will be waiting for you at the house tonight, saying he had a case out of town."

"Um, thanks? I guess." Harry left the office for geography class. Frowning that Gibbs wouldn't be home, Harry sat down when he bell went off. He sat between Richard and Kienna. Harry hasn't really spoken to the girl but she was nice enough when you get to know her.

"Hey, what'd the office want?"

"To let me know I'm going to Gibbs' boss' house until he comes back to town."

"Cop thing then?"

"More like investigator type deal."

"Mr. Potter, Mr. White, I would appreciate it that you would pay attention." Mrs. Atherton said. "Yes ma'am." Both boys said. The class went on as before with Harry starting to fall asleep. Geography has always been easy to him. Same with history (as long as it's a good teacher), and chemistry.

Turning back to his teacher, he watched as she went on about some statistics about the area. Harry just zoned out until they got their work. Going to it right away, Harry started answering the tedious questions about the climate in the Great Plains region and the climagraphs.

Well, that was fun." Richard stated.

"Fun? I had it done in 30 minutes and stil had 20 to kill! I really should get an ipod and sneak it in class." Harry said grumpily. Kienna giggled.

"Lighten up Harry! At least you don't have homework."

"True, but that means I get to watch my annoying brother."

"Aw, you poor baby! You'll live." Michelle said as she came up from behind.

"Jesus woman! Don't do that!" Richard cried and clutched his heart. Michelle shrugged.
"I aim to please. So, what's on the agenda for tonight?"

"I have to go home since I'm being babysat and study for that English thing tomorrow." Harry said. Richard and Michelle smacked themselves.

"I knew there was something I was forgetting!"

"Well, now you know." Harry and Kienna said. They looked at each other and smiled.

"Come on, let's get some food." Kienna suggested. They waltzed to the cafeteria where their other friends were waiting. Harry smiled at the scene. *This is where I belong.*

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"Hey Sabrina."

"Hey Harry. How'd everything go last night?"

"Pretty good. I was going to get a cell phone tonight but my guardian has out of town business to attend to."

"Cop?"

"Investigator cop of sorts."

"Well, do you know how long?"

"Nope, sorry. I'll probably ask my babysitter," Harry scrunched up his nose. Sabrina laughed at this.

"To drop me off at your house if it takes that long. Can I call you tonight to get everything straightened out? If I don't, it'll probably be because I can't use the phone."

"Sure. Did you understand the stuff from science yesterday?"

"Was is the different isotopes or was it the drawing of them?"

"The drawing. It's confusing me!"

"Which part?"

"This." Sabrina pulled out some paper from her bag. Harry looked over the question and saw where she was running into trouble. Pointing it out, Sabrina smacked her head on the table.

"I'm. An. Idiot."

"Not you're not. I was stumped there too so don't feel bad." Sabrina glared at Harry.

"You?"

"Yes me. Trust me, I'm better at this then biology. I suck at it and will probably fail."

"Well, lucky for you, I happen to be quite good at biology."

"Dear fair maiden, I beseech you to help this unworthy soul of your time to help with the complicated aspect of the torture known as biology." Harry was on his knees with all his friends cracking up behind him. Michelle was laughing in Richard's shoulder so they wouldn't see her laughing. Sabrina thought for a minute.
"I don't see why not young sir. As long as you return the deed with the chemistry aspect."

"I will do that m'lady." Harry bowed. Michelle just burst out laughing and ended up on the floor laughing so hard. Richard whistled.

"I would've thought Sabrina would kill you when you said that part about her not being as good at chemistry and you were." Harry shrugged and grinned.

"What can I say young friend, I'm a charmer." Harry flashed a smile at him. Richard just punched him in the shoulder.

"Ass." Harry just shrugged.

"Comes with the territory." Kienna was about to say something when the bell went off. Everyone went their separate ways. Harry was the only one who had art so he went to pick up everything and was wondering what Gibbs was doing out of town.

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"See ya Harry!"

"Bye Sabrina." They waved at each other and Harry waited for his bus to come, wondering what Gibbs would be doing out of town. 'Probably another murder.' Harry thought as he got on the bus.

Grabbing his English homework, Harry started making jot notes on what to remember and what's important to remember for the test tomorrow. The bus ride was long as usual but Harry shrugged it off and made more notes. As he looked up and saw the house come up, Harry put all his things back in his bag and waited to get off the bus.

As he got off, he saw a fancy car in the drive way. Puzzled by this, Harry unlocked the house and went inside. He saw the Director in the middle of the room holding Aiden. Jenny turned to Harry.

"Hello Harry."

"Hi." Harry didn't really know what to say. On one hand, this was Gibbs' boss. On the other, she's his babysitter for the night. Jenny saw his discomfort.

"Harry why don't you pack a bag for the night? We'll be staying at my house. Goodness knows I have the room." Harry just frowned and left to grab some clothes and his mirror. Stuffing them all in his bag, Harry left for downstairs where Jenny was waiting for him.

"Ready to go?"

"Yeah," Harry nodded. He swung his bag over his shoulder and took the toddler from Jenny. They all walked out towards the car while Harry put Aiden in the car seat (being surprised that there even was one). Harry got into the passenger seat while Jenny started up the car. Aiden started clapping as the car started going.

Harry and Jenny didn't say anything for a while. Harry stared out the window while Jenny drove them. He didn't know how much time had past, but they soon pulled up to a mansion that made Harry's jaw almost drop. It was the type you would see the old and very rich have, not someone like Director Shepard in Harry's mind.

"We're here," she said after turning off the ignition. Harry just nodded and got out. Grabbing his bag from the back, Harry went and unbuckled Aiden and carried him inside. Harry just stopped at the
entrance. The entrance had a ten foot ceiling and a crystal chandelier hanging from the middle. There was a staircase to Harry's right and led to a hallway upstairs. Jenny looked back and smiled at Harry.

"Come on. I'll show you the kitchen." Harry just followed and didn't say anything.

"So, anything interesting at school?" Jenny asked as they finished supper.

"Not really, other than finding out that I suck at biology." Jenny grinned.

"Yes, I always found all the memorization work particularly unbearable, especially for exam time and trying to remember the different systems." Harry made a face at that. 

So, when will Gibbs be back?" Jenny frowned.

"I'm not completely sure. We can call at around eight tonight."

"Oh, alright."

"So, Harry, tell me about yourself. I've only ever gotten Jethro's version." Harry squirmed slightly.

"Um, I was born in Godric's Hollow and my parents were James and Lily Potter who were murdered on Halloween night in 1991 when I was 15 months old. I was illegally put with my Aunt and Uncle and my cousin who, safe to say, didn't like me." Harry paused at this. Should he tell her about magic? Would he get into trouble?

"Um, director-"

"Jenny please, the 'director' thing makes me feel like I'm being scolded."

"Alright, um, I really don't know how to put this or if you'll think I'm crazy or not..."

"Harry, I don't think you're crazy."

"Can I go put Aiden down? This will take a while."

"Alright." Harry disappeared with Aiden who was fussing and not wanting to go to bed. Harry just put Aiden down and gave him a stuffed toy, hoping that he'll wear himself out while walking back to the kitchen.

"If I told you something that contradicts almost everything you were ever taught, would you believe me?" Jenny had a bit of a skeptical look.

"Where is this going?"

"Well," Harry scratched the back of his head.

"Gibbs and the team knows about this and it is real, so, what do you know about magic?" Jenny just looked at him.

"Magic?"

"Um, wands, brooms, pointy hats, cauldrons?" Jenny still had an uncertain look. Harry just decided to screw it and pulled out his cloak. He put it on and heard Jenny gasp in surprise. He uncovered his head and saw the director still in shock.
"Um, Jenny?" Her head snapped up. Harry took a deep breath.

"Magic is real and has been for thousands of years. We live in an isolated world where people like you don't even know of its existence. It has many wonderful things, along with some of the worst things imaginable."

"Does this have anything to do with what happened 20 years ago in Britain?" Harry nodded sadly.

"There was a boy named Tom Riddle, who thought that by ridding the world of people like you would make the wizarding race superior. Not only that, he was trying to...cleanse...the wizarding world so to speak. There are three main types of blood status in the wizarding world and one other but that's not important right now. The first is muggleborn. They are what's called first generation magic, where they are the first in their family to have it. The second is half blood, which is what I am. A half blood is from a muggleborn or normal person, with a pureblood so to speak. Now, pureblood are on top. They basically rule the society, at least in Britain they do. These people are from pure magical families where they have no 'tainted' blood. Now, Riddle wanted only purebloods but the problem was that there were so few of them but he didn't care. My parents went into hiding for some reason and they were targeted by him. Riddle had followers called 'Death Eaters' who would kill and torture for fun because people like you were scum to them." Harry stopped for a moment and took a breath.

"Riddle came after us and found us when we were hiding what was called a Fieldius Charm. Now, this charm has what's called a secret keeper. A secret keeper would keep a secret. For example, if we were to hide a house, we would need a caster, the keeper, and the binder. The keeper was the only one who could give the secret away, and that would be the only way that someone could find the house. Even if you lived in that house for years, you would forget about it until the secret keeper told you about it. That's what my parents did but they also had another plan. Sirius Black was to be the keeper, the public one that everyone knew about while the real keeper was Peter Pettigrew. Pettigrew betrayed my parents to Riddle and they were killed. My father died first, trying to give mum and me a chance to run," Harry's throat started to get choked up.

"While Riddle laughed as he killed him. My mother was given the chance to live while I died but she didn't move and was killed instead. Riddle turned to me and somehow broke." Harry stopped for a moment.

"I don't know how, but I survived a curse that's called the killing curse. I was known as the boy-who-lived. I was sent to my relative and hated because I was magical." Harry trembled slightly as he remembered all the 'reminders' of him not being normal.

"Harry," Jenny said softly. She was stunned for sure. Her father always told her to not believe that everything in the world is as it is, but this is mind blowing. Her mind then wandered to what Jethro said the day before he went to pick up Harry. "He's the reason why I want child abusers in for a maximum prison sentence." Trying to remember how to approach this right, she started talking.

"Harry, did you relatives ever...hurt you?" Harry went wide eyed.

"Why?"

"I can help and I have friends in high places. and even though I've only just met you, I care about you." Harry looked down at his foot.

"I don't want to be trouble."

"Harry," Jenny said sharply.
"You are not trouble. You *are* worth the trouble, Gibbs would agree with me." Harry's eyes were oddly shiny.

"So, you don't think I'm a freak then?"

"Oh Harry," Jenny sighed. She got up and gave him a hug. Harry stood still for a minute before returning it. He breathed heavily into her shoulder from the raging emotions that was going through his body. He didn't break down in front of Gibbs like this! A small part of his brain was telling him that it was because Gibbs spent two years trying to convince him that he wasn't a freak and that he loved him regardless. Jenny pulled back.

With an encouraging look, Harry slowly started telling her about his life before Hogwarts, before and after Gibbs. Jenny got some laughs at what Harry and Kelly did to Gibbs and could now figure out why he was paranoid about certain things.

"After they left, the Dursley's got worse. I guess they figured that, now the only adults that believed me were gone, they could do whatever they wanted." Harry then went onto explaining about his entrance to the wizarding world and his first year as he hasn't even told Gibbs or anyone of his second year yet.

"How could your headmaster get away with everything that he pulled off?" Jenny asked outraged. Harry shrugged.

"He holds so much power it's ridiculous. No one in Britain seems to question him, or just aren't obvious about it." Harry said. Jenny was about to retort when she remembered something.

"You said Sirius Black was the public secret keeper right? Wouldn't he have gotten blamed for your parent's murders then?" Harry nodded sadly.

"Sirius was put in the wizard prison called Azkaban and if you saw him after he broke out, you would've thought that you just walked into a horror movie. You could see almost all his bones and he had a haunted look to him. Pettigrew escaped justice by faking his own death the day after my parents were killed and shouted out to the world that Sirius killed my parents. The wizard police took Sirius away, chucked him in prison and essentially forgot about him. When he broke out of prison last year, Sirius made his way to Hogwarts where the real killer was. Unfortunately, Pettigrew escaped and Sirius is still on the run. He was suppose to have taken me as he was my godfather but that will never happen." Harry abruptly stood up and went to leave the room.

"Harry," Jenny called. Harry stopped and turned slightly.

"Here's Gibbs' number."

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Harry heard the phone ringing for the past 20 seconds. He was worried that it wouldn't be picked up when he heard the phone click on.

"Yeah, Gibbs."

"Hey Gibbs."

"Hi Harry, what are you still doing up?"

"Talking to you, then going to bed seeing as it's past 10 and I have school. So how's the case?"
"Annoyed at it I'll admit. We have to go off of reports since the crime scene was already cleared away and the body already had an autopsy on it, and everyone here is convinced that an Iraqi did it since he's new here."

"That's...nice of them. When are you coming home?"

"Soon Harry, soon. The case should be solved within the next two days so I'll be back. Have you talked to Jenny at all?"

"Yeah, um...I kinda told her I was a wizard." Harry almost squeaked at the last part. There was silence at the other end.

"Gibbs?"

"Did you at least tell her about Sirius?"

"You're not mad at me?"

"No, I know you can't tell people but she can be trusted with this and I'm glad you told her as we can now start trying to figure out how to get your godfather here as she does have some influence."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. Harry looked at his watch.

"I better go as it's almost 11. Good night."

"Good night Harry." The phone clicked off.

"I miss you." He whispered.

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Jenny sat at her desk while thinking about last night. She knew that she didn't have the full story so she decided to go and see Tony, who she knew was back from the 'Boondocks', as the agents call it. Making up her mind, she left her office.

"Agent Dinozzo."

"Director."

"Come with me, I need to talk to you in my office." Tony started for the stairs.

"Dinozzo, we're taking the elevator."

"Alright?" Tony said with a questioning tone. They walked in and Jenny pressed the top floor button and pulled the power on the elevator.

"You knew about Harry having magic right?" Whatever Tony was expecting, it was not that.

"How do you know?"

"He told me last night, along with his godfather's fugitive status. I can work on him getting a citizenship for here but he will have to live with Mike Franks in Mexico while I try and clear his name."

"And if that doesn't work?"

"Then Sirius Black will disappear."
Case and School

By the time the team got to Eatonville, Tony was already wishing that he could be back in Washington, even if it was with boring paperwork.

"Who's taking Harry and Aiden?" Ziva asked.

"The director." Tony raised an eyebrow at this. He could never see the director with kids, no matter how hard he tries. Pulling up to the parking lot, Tony was about to start moaning about small towns and how there weren't any Blockbusters or Starbucks. Ziva was about to snap at him when one of the local officers came up to the team.

"You guys must be from Washington right?"

"Yes." Gibbs said.

"We don't get a lot of murders out here in Eatonville. Got the whole town talking."

"I bet." Tony said dryly while begging silently to anyone who would listen, to send him back to Washington.

"I'm Tom Barrett. Y'all want to come inside?" Tom asked. Ziva just looked at him.

"After we check out the crime scene." Gibbs said.

"That would be the Eatonville motel. Not much to see."

"Except the crime scene." Ducky said. The whole conversation went downhill from there.

The crime scene was already cleaned up and the body already had an autopsy done and Ducky explained that you can't do a second autopsy when one was already done and the evidence was done by the forensic scientist, a woman named Ruby that McGee felt some sympathy for when Gibbs ignored her, even when she said that there were two bullets but one shell casing.

Going inside the office, the team went to the conference room when Tom finally said, "We do have a suspect though." Gibbs looked at him in annoyance.

"When were you going to tell us that?"

"Just did. Tyler! Can I have that file?" Tyler brought over the file.

"The name is Masoud Tariq and is an Iraqi, same as the victim."

"She's from Kuwait." Ziva said.

"And where are you from?" Tyler asked.

"The city." Tyler just looked at her.

"He's been out of town for a couple days but we do have a search warrant and a bolo out." Tom said, ignoring Tyler.

"If you need anything else, just holler." The two then left. Gibbs shut the door with McGee smirking slightly.
"See their name plates? Both Barrett's."

"Cousins?"

"Brothers?"

"Boondocks." Tony said. The team started discussing possibilities of who would have a grudge against the Lieutenant.

"Tony, ride back with Ducky," Tony's face looked like you told him you won the lottery.

"Talk to Lieutenant Shaheen's Commanding officer."

"Back to the big city and normal civilization, got it boss." Tony scrambled out of his chair.

"Oh, and Tony," Tony slowly turned around with a pained look on his face.

"If I'm not back by tomorrow evening, check up on Harry."

"Got it boss." Tony said and shut the door. Gibbs gave out the rest of his instructions to McGee and Ziva.

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Tom gave Ziva and Gibbs some more information about the neighbors while he took them to the house. Ziva started photographing the garage when Tyler tried flirting with him. Ziva was just getting annoyed by him.

Ziva made a startling discovery that Masoud Tariq's garage is being used as a bomb factory. Gibbs went to talk to the neighbor who gave Gibbs some photo's saying he's convinced that it was a sleeper cell.

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Tony was relishing being back in the big city and called Jeanne, asking if she was available tonight, before going to see Abby. Abby was comparing the two bullets when Tony came down.

"Hey Abby!"

"Hey Tony. Back from the Boondocks I see."

"Yeah, so glad too."

"I bet. I don't see you as a small town kind of guy."

"Well, it doesn't help that there isn't a Starbucks or Blockbuster's anywhere." Abby had a mock sympathy look.

"I can see now why you would die in a small town."

"So, I brought you evidence." Abby's face lit up.

"Well then, gimme!" Abby went to reach for it when Tony put it out of ran. She pouted.

"Please?" Tony had a thoughtful look on his face before conceding.

"So, anything I should know about the case?" Tony told her what they knew so far and what Ruby
"What's your biggest secret?" Tony asked Abby after she stared at the two bullets for a few minutes. Abby smirked.

"I had a paper route when I was eleven and I got sick of it, so I hid all the papers and gave the complaining people wet ones."

"That was you?" Tony asked with a shocked face. Abby just looked at Tony while he smirked.

"No, I mean like when a certain Probie wrote a not so secret best seller."

"Oh, you mean a MOAS."

"MOAS?"

"Mother of all secrets. Everyone has one...I won't tell you mine. What's yours?" Tony laughed.

"Not telling. I'm sitting on it." It was kind of true, as Tony sat with his two cell phones.

"One for each ear," he told Ziva when she asked.

"I thought there was only one shooter?" Abby said as she was looking at both bullets.

"So did the boondock probie."

"They look markedly different."

"So we're looking at two different shooters then?" Tony asked.

"So how do you live with the mother of all secrets?"

"You don't." Abby said.

"It consumes you, it eats you like a cancer, from the inside. First there's the guilt, and then there's the excruciating urge to blab your secret even though you know it's gonna spell your doom. Have you gotten to that stage yet?" She turned to him.

"No! It's a hypothetical situation we're talkin' about!" Tony laughed. Abby smirked.

"Still in the guilt stage huh?" She went on.

"And then you know, you can't take it anymore, it drives you insane, so you blab your secret to your best friend, or your mother, or your lover and it sets you free!"

"It does?" Tony asked, secretly hoping yes.

"Yeah!" She paused.

"Of course you lose all your friends, and your family and maybe even your job depending on what the secret is but yeah!" Tony just looked at her.

"... Great." Abby's machine beeped.

"Ok, Masoud Tariq has another name. Wasim Al Fulani. Oh," she said after scanning the document.

"This is bad. He was part of the Republican guard."
"Yeah, It's a long was from Bagdad to Eatonville." Tony flipped his cell phone open.

"Gibbs won't be happy. I hate giving him bad news."

Tony was enjoying the evening with Jeanne. He and Jeanne were having supper in the hospital parking lot on Jeanne's break. Tony of course, stole the idea from an old movie, but it was fun in any case.

He wondered how Harry was handling this. Aiden would probably not understand and Harry was probably trying to deal with this, seeing as he only just got his father figure back after years of separation. Of course, Tony didn't know the kid that well so it really wasn't his place to say. Instead, he just concentrated on having a good time with Jeanne before heading back to work in the morning.

Gibbs was back at the hotel when his cell phone went off. Puzzled, he answered.

"Yeah, Gibbs."

"Hey Gibbs." Gibbs smiled.

"Hi Harry, what are you still doing up?" He knew Jenny wouldn't let Harry stay up very late unless something happened.

"Talking to you, then going to bed seeing as it's past 10 and I have school. So how's the case?" Still cheeky.

"Annoyed at it I'll admit." Gibbs never really liked over night cases.

"We have to go off of reports since the crime scene was already cleared away and the body already had an autopsy on it, and everyone here is convinced that an Iraqi did it since he's new here."

"That's…nice of them. When are you coming home?" Gibbs could hear some desperation in his voice.

"Soon Harry, soon." Gibbs reassured him. Harry never really took separation from his family well.

"The case should be solved within the next two days so I'll be back. Have you talked to Jenny at all?"

"Yeah, um…I kinda told her I was a wizard." Gibbs heard Harry squeak. He wondered if Harry would tell her or not. It's a good thing he did. Gibbs didn't really like keeping secrets from Jen, mostly because she was his boss but also because of their past.

"Gibbs?" Gibbs shook his head. He must've blanked out for a minute.

"Did you at least tell her about Sirius?"

"You're not mad at me?" Gibbs breathed a sigh of relief, even though it wasn't a straight answer.

"No, I know you can't tell people but she can be trusted with this and I'm glad you told her as we can now start trying to figure out how to get your godfather here as she does have some influence."

"I better go as it's almost 11. Good night."
"Good night Harry." The phone clicked off. Gibbs looked at the phone before shutting it then getting ready for a long day tomorrow.

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"You drink your own coffee?"

"Nope, home brew." Gibbs hated the taste of motel coffee.

Gibbs and Ziva were finishing bagging all the evidence when a truck pulled up. Tyler pulled his gun.

"There's Tariq!" Both Barrett's started shooting.

"Stop!" Gibbs shouted. One of Tyler's bullets went through the wind shield and blood splattered.

"Cease fire! Cease fire!" Gibbs yelled. The two officers lowered their weapons while Gibbs and Ziva rushed forward to see of Tariq was still alive.

"He's still alive." Ziva said. Gibbs stared at the Barrett's while Ziva called an ambulance.

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McGee barged into Tariq's hospital room where Ziva was watching him.

"It's like a zoo out there!"

"Everyone loves a shooting. Except the shootee…is that a word?"

"Don't think so. You wanna spell?"

"S-H-O-O-T-E-E."

"No, I meant…" Gibbs interrupted them. McGee left leaving Gibbs and Ziva with Tariq. They found out that Tariq left Bagdad to America in exchange for information. Gibbs left and called Abby.

"Give me some good news Abby."

"I'm not pregnant."

"Too much information Abby."

"I'm just kidding. Doesn't mean that there's anything wrong with being pregnant, I love kids and not meaning that I'm not trying I mean, and even if I am trying there isn't anyone that I want to be trying with. Am I being too trying Gibbs?" she babbled.

"Affirmative." Gibbs felt a bit amused. After finding out that Abby couldn't get a good match from the ¾ profile, and the evidence not turning up anything and the possibility of a second shooter, Gibbs left for the sheriff office.

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Harry blinked and was confused for a moment. This wasn't his room. Then he remembered. Getting dressed quickly, his tip toed down towards the kitchen. Peering in, he was surprised to see the director already there with Aiden.

"Ah, Harry, you're up."
"Um, yeah, I have school today." Jenny smiled.

"I know. You'll be getting a ride in." Harry's eyes went owlish.

"In the limo?"

"If you want."

"No, no! It's fine." They ended up taking a small black car that was still very stylish.

"Go home tonight. I'll be there if Gibbs has to stay away another night."

"Alright. Thank you Director. Jenny." He amended quickly. Harry grabbed his bag and went into the school. He went around to his locker to drop his bag off and grabbed his English before looking for his friends. He found Michelle after a few minutes with Richard.

"Hey Harry! You're early."

"Got a ride in. You walk?"

"Not often. It's a half hour walk but it beats the city buses big time." Harry snorted.

"I bet. Ready for the English test?" Michelle moaned.

"Don't remind me!"

"It's just a test Michelle. It could be worse." Michelle turned to Richard.

"How the hell could it be worse?"

"It could be an exam." Michelle stopped for a minute.

"Yeah, your right. Exams are worse. So Harry, how was last night?"

"Pretty good. Bit boring to be honest. Other then doing homework for science and thinking about my art project."

"What do you have to do?" Richard asked as the three of them walked.

"We get a huge canvas and we do our project on it. I'm just not sure what to do mine on just yet."

"You'll think of something." Michelle said sympathetically.

"Hey Harry!" Harry turned around and saw Sabrina coming towards them.

"Hey, how was your night?" She shrugged.

"Alright. Went to get new headphones for my ipod."

"I'm hoping I can get an ipod on Saturday. That'll help pass geography faster."

"I bet." Sabrina laughed as the group grabbed a table. Harry took out his English to study while listening to the conversation.

"I don't have that problem in music class. Politics though, uh." She shivered at the thought.

"Not a politician then?" Richard asked.
"You don't say." Sabrina said dryly.

"Some of the laws are so damn confusing though! Some even contradict some of the amendments of the constitution from what I've seen." Harry looked lost when Sabrina mentioned the constitution. Sabrina looked over at Harry and saw his confused look.

"You'll study that in history, along with the 13 original colonies and up to the early 1800's. Next year will cover the rest of the 1800's and up to now."

"Yeah, I'm screwed." Harry said cheerfully and banged his head against the table.

"It's fine Harry, you'll live. Now, I meant to ask yesterday if you two wanted to come with us to the mall and show Harry the different sights." Michelle and Richard looked at each other.

"Sure." Sabrina smiled as the bell went off.

"Time for the English test." Harry said. Richard and Michelle groaned.

"...it wasn't that bad!"

"Just because you're a studyholic, doesn't mean I have better things to do during the night."

"Guys!" Michelle yelled. Some people's heads turned to their direction.

"Test. Over and done with, got it?"

"Yes Michelle." Harry and Richard said.

"Good," she said happily.

"Now, quit arguing, and Harry, you can borrow my ipod for geography but I want it back afterwards."

"I was going to anyway!" Harry called after her. Harry looked at her ipod and put it in his pocket.

"Any assemblies coming up?" Harry asked. Richard shrugged.

"Not that I heard of. There should be one around Christmas and we get Thanksgiving off."

"That'll be nice. The only holidays where we actually had no school was Christmas and Easter. Shame I always have to go to the Haloween feast."

"Why's that?" Richard asked curiously.

"It was the day my parents were murdered."

"Sorry to hear that." Harry shrugged.

"It's over and done with. Besides, I prefer being here then in the UK anytime."

"Glad you like us." Richard said grinning.

"I aim to please."
Gibbs, Ziva and McGee packed up after finding out that Tariq was set up by Tyler by finding out that the bomb residue was actually Ruby's red florescence dust that she uses to dust for prints. They found out about Operation Cauldron, a relocation operation of high classed informants to help with the Iraq war and Lt. Shaheen was Tariq's case officer. McGee promised Ruby that he would read her evidence report, and got a skeptical look from her as he left.

"McGee, you're driving." The three drove back to D.C while Gibbs called Jen, telling her that he was back in town so she wouldn't have to worry about the boys. The three agents walked into the building and saw Tony hang up his 'other,' cell phone.

"Taking calls again DiNozzo?"

"I never stopped boss!" Tony looked at his computer and was trying to figure out a way to get Sirius Black into the country without alerting anyone or being here illegally. Tony looked up and saw Ziva itching to interrogate him. He kept missing her calls and was worried about him. After she left to the interrogation room with Gibbs, Tony looked over at McGee who was reading something.

"Research for the new book McGee?"

"No, it's Ruby's evidence report."

"A work of fiction then."

"If she is, then she's a hell of a lot better writer then me," McGee retorted as he reached for his phone.

"McGee, I have a pimple on my left buttocks that's a better writer then you." McGee didn't answer him. Instead, he said, "Ruby, it's McGee. You need to get to Washington. Now." Tony looked at McGee in disbelief.

Harry and Sabrina walked outside to the buses.

"You will get a cell phone tonight, right?"

"Hopefully if my guardians back then I'll bug him until I do get one." Sabrina giggled.

"We actually agreed a few days ago. I'll give you the new number tomorrow and we can work out the plan."

"Sounds good. I'll see you later Harry." Sabrina gave him a hug that surprised Harry. He stared dumbfounded as she got on the bus. One look at his expression made Sabrina laugh.

"Um, Harry, your bus is here." Richard shook Harry to get his attention. Harry walked but kept looking at Sabrina's window as he left.

As Harry got off the bus, he smiled and ran to the house as he realized that Gibbs was back. He dashed up to the door, quickly unlocking it and almost ran inside.

"Gibbs!" He didn't get an answer. Frowning, Harry dropped off his bag and went to the basement. Opening the door, Harry was shocked when he saw a boat. A real size boat. Wondering how the hell Gibbs will get it out, Harry didn't see Gibbs so he tried the rest of the house. When he got back to the
kitchen, Harry saw a note on the table.

_Gone out for a while. Be back soon._

_Gibbs_

Wondering what Gibbs was doing, Harry decided to study for the science test he had coming up. Taking out his schedule, he groaned when he saw that he had math. Now Harry didn't mind it, he just saw no practical usage for it in real life.

If you wanted to be a math teacher, then sure but other then that…Harry shook his head. He still had a few months to go before worrying about it. Grabbing his chemistry, Harry decided to focus on the different charges and the isotopes. Harry was so deeply into his work, he didn't notice Gibbs come through the door with a fussing toddler.

When Harry heard Aiden, he scowled before turning. A smile lit up his face as he launched himself into Gibbs.

"How was the case?" Harry asked. Gibbs held up Chinese, knowing Harry loved it when they rarely got it.

"It got solved if that's what you mean." Harry pouted, wanting more information. Gibbs just looked at Harry as he got out the plates.

"So how was school?"

"Good, and I'm just wondering if I'm getting that cell phone yet."

"You mean this one?" Gibbs held one out to Harry. It was a simple black flip phone.

"Here's your number and you have about 1,000 minutes on there per month so don't use them up unless you have to."

"I won't. So can I still go with Sabrina? Richard and Michelle are coming with us."

"New friends?" Harry nodded happily.

"I guess if you stay out of trouble then fine."

"Thanks Gibbs."
Harry woke up the next morning with a groan. He hated and loved Fridays. Hated because he still had to go to school but loved them because it's almost the weekend.

Getting up, he winced when he heard a crack in his neck. Grabbing everything he needed, Harry ran to the kitchen and wolfed down some cereal before leaving for school. He fiddled with his cell phone and wondered if he would use up all his minutes. Hoping that he wouldn't, Harry got on the bus and headed for school.

Harry wondered round the school for a while looking around. He never really just wandered so Harry went down some hallways that he hasn't gone down before. The halls look the same, as does the classrooms at first glance. Wandering, he found the gym, music rooms and the hospitality class. Grinning at the huge ovens and stoves, Harry walked out and started heading for the cafeteria area. He saw Sabrina and went over to her.

"Hey."

"Hey! Didn't see you there." Harry shrugged as he sat down.

"I'm pretty good at that but what are you doing?"

"Nothing really. Did you get your phone?"

"Oh, yeah. Here." Harry wrote down the new number.

"Nice! So, how will this work?"

"Well, I could see if Gibbs can drive me over to your place tomorrow and figure it out from there."

"Sure. I would say call him but…"

"He's doing paperwork."

"And doesn't everyone love paperwork?"

"Only people with no lives." Richard said. Sabrina turned to him.

"Including lawyers then as well?" She asked sweetly. Richard swallowed.

"No, just pointing out that the majority of people.""

"I'm kidding Richard. Now," she looked at her watch.

"Class is in a few minutes, we better go."

Classes flew by for Harry as he got on the bus for home. Home.

Harry smiled at the thought. For so long he never thought that he'd have a home but now he found one. One that loved him for being Harry and not the boy-who-lived. Setting everything down on his
seat, Harry stared out the window and pulled his jacket around him and freezing cold air hit him in
the face. He shivered at it, never liking cold weather in the first place.

He dozed off and woke up when the bus hit a nasty pothole. Rubbing his head from it being
smacked against the glass, Harry looked around and saw that they were almost at his house. Standing
and walking towards the front of the bus, Harry sat in the front seat while the driver raised and
eyebrow at him while opening the door. Harry gave him a sheepish look as he got off. The first thing
he noticed was that Gibbs was back early.

Either that could be a really good thing, or a really bad thing. Hoping on the former, Harry unlocked
the door and went inside.

"Gibbs?"

"Kitchen." Harry dropped his bag and took off his shoes before going to the kitchen (he remembered
the mud from before. Harry shivered at the punishment he and Kelly got for that). He turned the
corner and saw the whole team there with Jenny. Harry was very nervous suddenly.

"Um, hi?"

"Hello Harry, had a good day?" Jenny asked. Harry nodded.

"It was alright. Not to be rude or anything, but why is everyone here and staring at me?"

"We need to talk about your second year."

"Oh." Was all Harry had to say.

"Could I call Sirius please? I mean,"

"No, I know what you mean." Harry ran up to his room and grabbed his mirror.

"Sirius Black." Harry waited patiently until a distorted image came up.

"Why in the name of the nine realms of Morgan's hell do you keep calling me at this ungodly hour?"

"I just got back from school Sirius, a normal school. One that you can't have magic items floating
around."

"Fine," Sirius grumbled.

"We're doing my second year," Harry started nervously. Oh, all the adults are going to kill him.

"Well then, let's get going!" Harry sighed and carried the mirror downstairs.

"Hi?" McGee jumped at the sound of Harry's voice. Tony snickered at him when Gibbs slapped him
on the back of the head.

"Behave," he muttered. Harry nervously sat down as everyone stared at him.

"So, Harry says that you're doing his second year," Sirius said. Gibbs nodded. Harry groaned and
buried his head in his arms.

"You couldn't of been that bad. I mean, you were in a coma first year, what could go wrong?" Tony
asked. Harry gave Tony a disbelief look.
"Um, the fact that you will want to kill my relatives and be ticked off at me?" Gibbs rolled his eyes.

"Why not start during the summer before?"

"Alright," Harry said.

"Well, it was the middle of summer I think, that everything happened. None of my friends," Harry spat, "wrote to me. It was my birthday and no one remembered it and Uncle Vernon had a business dinner." Harry wrinkled his nose.

"I was sent upstairs to my room when I saw this creature jumping on my bed, saying that he had to warn me about 'the terrible things that are soon to happen.' I later found out it was a house elf."

"Whoa, whoa, back up pup. Who owned him?"

"The Malfoy's." Sirius had a look of disbelief.

"The Malfoy's didn't know what he was doing and tried to get me into a contract by not going back to Hogwarts. That didn't happen," Harry shivered. No, he got a worse deal he figured.

"So, Dobby the house elf got me into trouble by floating the pudding that my Aunt made and smashed it on the one guests head." Gibbs groaned.

"Oh, god, what did they do?"

"Um, Hedwig-my owl- made lots of noise and scared the guests away before sealing the deal." Harry suddenly wanted to be very small.

"I got the cat-o-nine tails." He pretty much whispered. Ziva jumped up and stormed out of the room and the door to the basement was heard being slammed.

"I'll go talk to her," Tony volunteered. Tony went down to the basement where he saw Ziva sitting on the floor. Tony sat down beside her and sat in silence.

"No child should go through that. Back in Moussad, I saw different people from different backgrounds. Some were abused as children." Ziva shook her head.

"I've seen the damage it does to a person. Some die, some can't walk anymore while some…" Ziva trailed off.

"I just can't believe that someone from England could do that and get away with it." Ziva has seen what it does. It tries to break the person, kill them in a slow way, or just makes the person embrace the pain and try to give it to other people.

"Well, they can't touch Harry here," Tony said.

"And they sure as hell won't get away with it how?" Ziva asked while looking at him.

"They've ignored his case before, why would they believe him now?"

"They have an NCIS team and the director of said agency backing him up." Ziva gave Tony a sad smile.

"I guess. We better go back upstairs."

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"Why didn't you tell me?" Sirius asked.

"Sirius, you couldn't do anything in the first place. You're still on the run, remember?" Harry trembled and left the room. Gibbs sighed and went after him. He found Harry curled up on his bed.

"I'm not a bad person if I said that I hate them, am I?"

"No Harry. You have every right to be mad at them."

"Then why am I so scared of them?" Harry looked up at Gibbs.

"It's from your childhood Harry, you can't help it since it been forced into your head since you were there." Harry slowly sat up and took off his shirt. When Gibbs hissed at the state of Harry's back. To Harry's shame, tears started forming in his eyes and hung his head in shame. Gibbs sat down on Harry's bed.

"You're alright Harry, there's nothing to be ashamed about those scars."

"But-" "Harry," Gibbs said sternly.

"Remember what I said when you were four, You have nothing to be ashamed of. These scars and your love prove how much of a better person you are then your relatives. Family's more than just blood. It's about people who care and take care of each other and love them. They are not your family." Harry just looked at him. Gibbs opened his arms and Harry gave him a shaky hug.

"Come on, we need to get back downstairs." Harry gave a shaky laugh.

"Sirius is probably muttering about killing the Dursley's and going to prison for crimes he actually committed."

"Let's not think about that." Gibbs waited until Harry got his shirt back on and lead the two of them downstairs again. Ziva and Tony were back and everyone was quiet.

"Pup?" Sirius asked.

"Yeah Sirius?"

"Tell me that was the only time," he all but begged. Harry shook his head.

"It happened a few months ago as well. Those are the only two times I've ever gotten it." Harry wouldn't comment on the other scars he's got so Gibbs decided to wait until Harry brought it up but knowing Harry, he'll never bring it up.

"So, after that, they locked me in my room for three days on a prison diet. The Weasley's broke me out and I lived with them for the rest of summer. I did have a mishap with the floo."

"Floo?" Abby piped up.

"Isn't that where you travel by fire place?" Harry nodded and was happy that Abby remembered.

"I um, ended up in Knocturn Alley instead of Diagon Alley," he said sheepishly. Only Sirius understood why Harry was like this.

"This was your first time?"

"Yes."
"And the Weasley’s didn't think on telling you how to travel?" Sirius asked outraged.

"Well, kinda but they were all talking at the same time and the dust was horrible so I couldn't say the place right!" Harry defended himself. Getting overwhelmed like that was not fun.

"Although," Harry mused.

"They did have some good shops down there."

"Harry James Potter, tell me you did NOT go back down there."

"Well…"

"Harry," Sirius said in warning.

"It was last year and I wanted to see what was down there! Can I please move on?"

"Fine, but we're not finished with that." Sirius said sternly.

"Fine, I found my way back to the Weasley’s and we did school shopping and met my new Defense teacher. I'll tell you who he is later. So, when we were going back to Hogwarts, the barrier closed on me and Ron. Ron had the bright idea of taking Mr. Weasley's flying car." Harry said sarcastically.

Sirius groaned.

"That sounds exactly like what James would do and Lily berating him for doing it."

"Yeah well, I don't think his head's screwed on right. So we flew to Hogwarts, nothing out of the ordinary there when lo and behold, we crashed into the whomping willow. The only tree in the world where if you hit it, it hits you back." Sirius winced at this.

"Tell me about it."

"Why was that tree even on school property?" Jenny asked, questioning what little sanity the headmaster had left.

"I'll tell you that in third year. So we got caught and were given detentions for it. Ron did get a howler the next morning." Harry had a dreamy smile on his face. Sirius took over.

"It's a big red envelope that acts as your parent yelling at you times 100. Getting them almost every other day, I know what they look like and hear." Sirius shivered.

"I was the black sheep of the family, pardon the pun."

"Anyways, we had defense class. Sirius, do you know a Gilderoy Lockhart?"

"That blond Hufflepuff pounce that wouldn't stop harassing Lily until she cursed him? Yeah, why… he didn't!"

"He did. Professor Lockhart, set loose pixies on us."

"Idiot," Sirius muttered.

"While he was hiding in his office, we had to clean them up. So after learning that lesson, Lockhart only re-enacted from his books." Harry shivered at that.

"Guess who was the main victim."
"You?" Ziva said.

"Yeah, let's skip to Halloween since nothing really happened. We found Mrs. Norris petrified in the hall with the message the chamber has been open. Enemies of the heir beware."

"Hold it! Are you telling me that the myth is real?"

"Yes Sirius, and the monster is too," Harry added.

"But, after that, Hermione decided to make polyjuice potion that is for masters only and takes a month."

"Wait, not that there's anything against Hermione at this point, but your telling me that a second year tried making polyjuice potion? Even me and James would never try because of the risks." Harry snorted.

"Didn't try, did. After a month we had it. Along with the dueling club that revealed I can talk to snakes and I don't think that anything else important happen other then quidditch and a bludger trying to kill me. Turns out Dobby was trying to get me to leave." Sirius frowned.

"James' family wasn't related to the founders in anyway that I can remember. Not too sure about Lily though."

"We can talk about that later. The school turned on me because of that 'dark' ability because if Voldemort has it, then it must be evil. Stupid wizards probably forgot that he was using magic as well." Harry grumbled the last bit.

"So, me and Ron snuck into the Slytherin common room with Hermione coughing up furballs because she grabbed cat hair instead of human hair." Tony snickered at the though of a girl and cat hybrid.

"We didn't learn anything though and a few more people were petrified by the end of the year. Hagrid -before he was arrested- advised us to follow the spiders. Me being me, was curious and did that with Ron. Hermione was petrified the week before. Hagrid, like I said, was arrested because the minister had to be seen doing something. Dumbledore was kicked out of the school at the same time by the governors."

"The board and Fudge always had the worst timing. If anyone could've stopped the school from being made a feast, I'm sad to say it's Dumbledore." Sirius said.

"That must've been sad, seeing one of your friends petrified," Ducky said.

"It was at the time." The team were puzzled by that. Did that mean there was a falling out after that?

"We followed the little spiders to an Acromantula colony where the leader said that the chamber was open before 50 years ago and a girl died in a bathroom. We did our polyjuice potion on Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. It turns out that she was the one who died."

"So you're telling me that Moaning Myrtle was the person who died?" Sirius asked. Harry nodded. Sirius was now thinking.

"We went to the teacher's lounge and waited for them." Harry said that last bit to Gibbs.

"We were told to go to our common rooms when Ginny Weasley was taken into the chamber. Lockhart was going to 'try' and get into the chamber. Ron was all for it so I just tagged along, hoping
that he wouldn't get himself killed. Turns out Lockhart's a fraud, surprise, surprise. If anyone read those things called textbooks, you could see it clear as day. Lockhart was taken to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom where one of the sinks had to be open with parlato tongue to open the chamber. Lockhart tried to chicken out but got shoved down the pipe. It almost made my patronus memory." Sirius snickered at this.

"We jumped in after and there was an accident down there with Lockhart trying to erase our memories with Ron's broken wand. Lockhart erased his own memories and created a cave in with me trapped on the inner chamber. So, I went ahead."

"Of course you did," Gibbs said.

"I couldn't leave Gin there! Plus, I didn't take into account of the diary. It was the same diary that I found earlier that year and our room was trashed and it was stolen."

"Only Gryffindors have the password! In theory anyway." Sirius muttered.

"The diary was holding a memory of Tom Riddle who I later found out was Voldemort."

"Riddle? That's not any wizarding name I've heard of."

"Because I don't think it is. Back on track. We talked a bit and then he thought that it would be fun to summon a basilisk."

"WHAT!" Sirius roared.

"Tell me you left!"

"How Sirius? The snake was huge! It was also a hell of a lot faster and my only escape route was cut off from me so I was stuck. Fawkes came with the sorting hat." Sirius and everyone had a confused look on their faces.

"After Fawkes blinded it, I was running everywhere and trying to get it to back off. It worked, although it came back but not before the sorting hat had a sword in it."

"How does that work?" Tony asked.

"Magic," Abby said in a 'duh' voice.

"I grabbed the sword and ran to the top of a statue and the basilisk followed me and lunged. So guess what my reflex was."

"I'm not going to like it will I?" Gibbs nearly groaned.

"Shove the sword through the roof of its mouth and killing it that way. There was a slight problem though," Harry said meekly.

"I was stabbed with a fang." Sirius jumped up and looked like he would give anything to be there right now to see if his godson was still alive.

"Basilisk venom is one of the worst ways to die because there's only one cure for it." Sirius informed the other adults as Harry wasn't going to say anything. Abby jumped up and gave Harry an 'Abby hug.' Harry was slightly startled but returned it.

"I'm fine now Sirius. Voldemort was taunting me as I was dying until I finally figured out that Voldemort would be destroyed if I destroyed the diary. So I stabbed it. Voldemort was destroyed and
Ginny woke up. Fawkes came and cried on the stab wound and healed it." Harry rolled up his sleeve to show everyone the small scar.

"We got carried out and were interrogated by Dumbledore, freed Dobby from Malfoy with a sock, almost getting blasted by Malfoy with Dobby defending me, no exams and was on the train ride home after all the petrified people were revived." Harry ended.

"Gibbs, is tomorrow still ok?" Gibbs didn't say anything for a while until he snapped his eyes at Harry.

"If you do anything like that again, I'll ground you until your twenty."

"Yes sir." Harry said.

"But, could you drive me tomorrow to Sabrina's?"

"Fine. I flipped Cassidy for the weekend shift so we have the weekend off."

"Before I forget, I need to get to Gringotts on Sunday to sort some things out. Night everyone." Everyone just looked at Harry as he left.

"And this is only his second year?" Tony said in disbelief.

"Yeah," Gibbs tiredly rubbed his face.

"He better not pull any stunts like that next year."

"He doesn't." Everyone turned to the mirror.

"We'll tell you when you get to third year, but the guards of Azkaban effect Harry badly so he tried to stay out of trouble. Well, saving the world trouble that is." Sirius yawned.

"I better go and get some sleep." The connection broke with everyone else looking at each other around the table.

"Harry's going to be the death of us isn't he?" Tony stated.

"Oh probably." Gibbs said.
Harry didn't bother undressing and flopped on his bed. He first made sure his phone was charging though, or else Gibbs, Sabrina or both would kill him. He was trying to sort through everything and decided to leave it and went to sleep.

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Harry woke up to buzzing. Reaching for his glasses, Harry put them on and all the fuzziness faded and left him staring at his cell phone. Reaching over, he flipped it open.

"Hello?"

"Hey Harry!"

"Hey Sabrina."

"You still coming over today?"

"Yeah, I got a ride. I should be there in an hour."

"Remember where I live?" Harry could almost hear the smirk in her tone.

"Um…"

"Thought so." Sabrina told Harry the address while he wrote it on his hand quickly.

"Kay, I'll be there soon."

"See ya." Harry flipped his phone shut and quickly changed into fresh clothes. Nearly running downstairs, Harry saw Gibbs already waiting there.

"Are we going to eat or just leave?"

"No, we can eat." Harry sat down while Gibbs made some eggs.

"Where's the little devil?" Harry asked.

"Still sleeping. We had the hotline shift switched to next week from Cassidy's team. I'll drop you off at Sabrina's house." Harry nodded and stared at the plate full of eggs.

"They won't walk off."

"I know, just thinking."

"About what?"

"Stuff." Gibbs shook his head at Harry. Harry decided to start eating and was done within ten minutes. Putting the plates in the sink, Gibbs went to see if the toddler was up yet. Harry decided to text Sabrina to let her know that he would be at her house within 20 minutes.

Lounging around, Harry got out his wallet that had his Gringotts card and some American dollars. He stared at his card, wondering at what he could buy. Sure, he could buy whatever he wanted, but his money has to last until he can get a job, whenever that'll happen. But…Harry didn't want Gibbs
to think that he would spend his money all at once and act like a spoiled brat. No, he'd have to be
careful on what he buys and hope he won't get yelled at for buying expensive things.

Sighing, Harry waited by the front door for Gibbs to come. Waiting—what felt like forever—Gibbs
came down with Aiden dressed.

"He'll eat when we get back," Gibbs informed Harry who had an annoyed look on his face. Harry
just wanted to go.

"Have the address?" Gibbs asked Harry as they went to the car.

"Yep." Harry handed it over to Gibbs who looked at it.

"Not that far then," he muttered. Gibbs got Aiden in his car seat while Harry was waiting in the front
seat. Harry didn't acknowledge Gibbs in the front as he had his forehead against the window and
was staring out of it. He must've fallen asleep at some point because he felt the glass shake slightly
and the sounds of slapping. Harry opened his eyes and saw Sabrina smacking the window. Getting
out, Sabrina gave him a hug.

"Hey! What took so long?"

"Not sure, I was sleeping."

"That must've been the reason then," Sabrina laughed.

"Is Richard and Michelle here yet?"

"No, they'll be meeting us at the mall and we'll be wandering around quite a bit."

"Fun."

"Come on!" Sabrina took Harry's hand and started dragging him towards the house.

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"Bye you two!"

"Bye mum!" Sabrina's mom, Ashley (who insisted that Harry call her that), called out to them.

"What time do you want to be picked up at?" Sabrina cocked her head.

"How about around five?"

"Sure, will you be having supper with your friends?"

"Maybe, I'll call you to let you know."

"Alright, have fun and stay out of trouble!"

"I could try, no promises," Harry muttered as Sabrina laughed. As Ashley drove away, Harry looked
around.

"So, where exactly are we?"

"Georgetown Park mall as I call it. It's really the shops of the Georgetown Park or something like
that. I never paid any attention to that. It's a bit smaller, but it's still pretty good, plus I didn't think that
you would like the walk from the other huge mall."

"Doesn't matter to me."

"We'll save it for another time." Sabrina got out her phone and ignored Harry for a minute.

"Richard is by the South entrance so he's around here somewhere and Michelle will be here in a few minutes."

"That's good. Wanna try and find Richard then?"

"Sure." Sabrina shrugged. They ended up holding hands or else they would get separated while they looked for Richard. After five minutes of looking, they finally found him sitting on a bench. Sabrina looked like she was about to strangle him while Harry spotted Michelle.

"Um, Sabrina, Michelle's here." Sabrina's head whipped around and a grin broke out on her face.

"Michelle!"

"Hey, ready for some shopping?"

"Yep," Sabrina said happily. The two girls looked at the boys who were talking about something.

"Harry, Richard, are you coming or not?" Harry had a sheepish look to him while Richard just shrugged. The two girls each grabbed a boy and dragged them into the mall. Harry had a look of wonder to his face at the size of the place.

"Come on, we don't have all day," Michelle said as she released Richard's sweater.

"So, where to first?" Sabrina looked at him.

"Why don't we just wander here for a while and see if there's any stores that we want to go into?"

"Sure." The four started walking around the mall as Richard led them to the video store.

"I want to see if there's any good movies out," Richard said as an explanation. The others just shook their heads and followed in after him.

"Any good ones come out yet?" Harry asked.

"There's Pirates of the Caribbean: Curse of the Black Pearl that came out last year. That was pretty good. We can watch it sometime if you like." Richard said.

"Johnny Depp and Orlando Bloom," Michelle said in a dreamy voice.

"Alright Mrs. Future Depp, come on." Sabrina dragged Michelle over towards some boy band music. Harry shook his head and picked one up.

"Saving Private Ryan?" Richard looked over.

"It's good, unless you get squeamish about blood and guts, and I'm not kidding about the guts thing. It was restricted in theaters when it came out. I think we watch it next year in history class. At least the first half hour anyway." Harry put the movie back and started looking for any others.

"I bet Tony has all these," Harry muttered as he wandered over to the CD's. After Harry realized that he had nothing to play the CD's on, he just waited for the others to finish.
"Getting anything?" Michelle asked. Harry shook his head.

"Don't have anything to play the CD's on and I bet Gibbs' co-worker has most of the movies here."

"Ah," Michelle said sympathetically.

"Plus being new here and having almost nothing didn't help matters, along with Christmas in a month."

"Well, we all have to suck it up. Come on, let's go to the bookstore then we leave or else Sabrina will stay here all day in the clothes store." Harry shivered at the thought. When Richard bought his CD, they all left with Michelle taking the shortest route to the book store. When they got in, Harry's eyes went large as he dashed into one of the rows of books.

"We better start looking cause I have a feeling we'll be here a while." Sabrina commented as Michelle also dashed to the mystery section after Harry.

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"That was fun." It took Richard and Sabrina two hours to dragged Harry and Michelle from the book store. Sabrina got her revenge by taking them to some clothes stores and made them all stay.

They were now walking towards the Lincoln memorial with Harry, Richard and Michelle all carrying bags.

"How long of a walk again?"

"About a half hour." Sabrina shrugged.

"We have time to kill plus you can see the different memorials and get a late lunch too." They continued walking as Harry kept looking around and was taking in all the sights. He wondered what Gibbs was doing right now but pushed the thought to the back of his mind. It wasn't his business anyway.

Shrugging that off, the group made their way towards the memorial. When Harry saw the building, he had to rub his eyes at the statue. It was huge! Harry knew it was big, but not that big! Sabrina was trying not to laugh at Harry's stare.

"Come on, let's go wander about and see if we can't find somewhere to eat." Everyone nodded as their feet were getting sore from all the walking. They found a small spot outside the park that was like a diner. They sat down and pulled out the menus and chatted about nothing.

"When are we suppose to start the novel?"

"Middle of December I should think because the play is a bit long."

"Alright then." They talked a bit longer until their orders came. Harry, Richard and Michelle all ordered cheeseburgers while Sabrina got chicken with fries.

"What I'm not a fan of burgers," was the explanation. They all accepted it and ate their food, or devoured it according to Michelle. When the bill finally came, they all looked at each other trying to figure out how to pay it.

"I'll pay."

"No Harry, you are NOT paying for the whole thing! This is 40 bucks right here!"
"It's fine."

"No, we'll all pay $10.00 how about that." Michelle stated. Richard sighed as he pulled out his money to put in the pile and left, not bothering with the change. Walking out, Sabrina took Harry straight to the Washington monument.

"If you turn, the White House is over there," Sabrina pointed. Harry looked over and saw the building.

"White House?"

"Yeah, you know, where the president lives…"

"I know that! But why is it called the White House?"

"Oh, the British burnt the original one in the War of 1812." Sabrina said while waving her hand. Harry racked his brain around, trying to remember it.

"I think my class talked about it. Was that the one where Americans tried invading Canada or something?"

"Yeah, didn't work out too well. It was also during the Napoleonic wars."

"That's why we pretty much skipped it then. So, we burnt the White House down."

"Yep. It was apparently scorched enough that it had to be painted so they painted it white and it became the White House."

"Ok then." The two walked in silence while Richard and Michelle chatted about different things. Harry looked around and saw different memorials everywhere.

"What are those?" He pointed to the blocks of granite.

"War memorials. The large one by the start of the reflecting pool is the world war two memorial, the granite one by the Lincoln memorial is the Vietnam one and there's a few other ones around here somewhere from all the wars of the last hundred years." Harry just looked around in wonder. Harry looked at his watch and saw that it was now around three in the afternoon.

Richard tapped Harry on the shoulder. He didn't even get to talk when there was a distance boom. Everyone's head snapped up towards the noise.

"Want to go see it?" Michelle asked. Harry shook his head.

"I don't think we should." They all looked towards the direction one last time and turned the other time with a weary look. About two minutes later, Harry's phone went off. Harry quickly grabbed it and flipped it up.

"Hello?"

"Harry, where are you?"

"By the Lincoln memorial why?"

"Stay at Sabrina's tonight."

"Why, what happened?"
"I'll tell you later."

"Gibbs!" The phone was dead.

"Damn!" Harry slammed the case shut.

"Apparently something happened and Gibbs is now involved and he won't tell me!" Sabrina frowned.

"He's probably investigating it right now Harry."

"Fine." The other three looked at each other in silence.

"Come on." Sabrina said. She grabbed Harry's hand and dragged him behind her as the other two trailed behind them.

"Mom!"

"Over here!" Ashley waved until the two teenagers spotted her. They four teenagers spent the other few hours just wandering around with the three Americans occasionally pointing things out to Harry, while Sabrina gave a quick text her mother to tell her that they haven't eaten yet.

"Hey honey, had a good day?"

"Good and very interesting. Can Harry have supper with us?" Ashley looked slightly surprised.

"Sure, I mean, if it's alright with his guardian."

"No, it's fine." Harry quickly said.

"Alright then." Ashley said while giving them both a searching look.

"That was delicious Mrs. Grant." Ashley waved him off.

"Harry, I told you to call me Ashley."

"Sorry." Harry ducked his head. The habit was so ingrained him that it will take a very long time to stop saying it automatically.

"When is Gibbs coming?" She asked. Harry shrugged.

"Don't know. I'll probably get a call or something." Right when he said that, his cell phone went off.

"Sorry," he muttered as he flipped the phone open.

"Hello?"

"Hi Harry." Harry was suddenly worried at the weary tone.

"What's going on? Was it that explosion we heard?"

"Yes it was. You'll have to wait a while so stay there. I'll get there when I can."
"Ok," Harry whispered.

"Bye."

"Bye." Harry looked at the phone sadly then shut it. Sabrina and Ashley looked at him with worried looks.

"What happened?"

"Something happened that involves NCIS."

"Was it with the explosion we heard?"

"Explosion!" Ashley yelled. Harry and Sabrina jumped.

"It was after lunch and we were in Memorial Park when we heard a boom." Sabrina quickly explained. Ashley sighed.

"I hope everyone's alright."

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Harry looked over at Gibbs' tired face. He finally came at 11 and looked exhausted. Aiden was sleeping in the back seat. Harry made a note to ask Gibbs if they can't find a babysitter for him.

"What happened today?" Harry asked quietly. Gibbs didn't answer right away.

"Two NCIS agents were killed today and Cassidy survived."

"Who's Cassidy?"

"They team leader. Tony and I have worked a few cases with her and Tony trained with her sometimes."

"Is she ok?"

"Taking it hard and blaming herself for it." 'I know how that feels,' Harry thought. They arrived at the house and Gibbs got the sleeping toddler out.

"Can I come tomorrow?"

"No."

"But why?"

"Because I said so and I don't want you there."

"Fine then. Can I at least come to the building? I want to go back to the alley. I need to check on some things." Harry gave Gibbs' back a very pointed stare. Gibbs sighed.

"Fine. But have your cell phone on you."

"Thanks." Harry smiled. Now, he just needs a couple other things…

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Harry and Gibbs made their way to the office at around six. Aiden was being very cranky about it.
Harry groaned and tried to shut out the toddlers cries.

"Shut up," he moaned. Harry walked up with Gibbs and Aiden to the Directors office.

"We really should get a babysitter you know." Harry said.

"I'll see you later."

"Let me know when you're back. If I'm not here, call me."

"Fine, fine." Harry left Gibbs who was at his computer and was staring at the monitor. Harry went to the elevator with great reluctance and was about to push the button when it dinged and Tony came out with a blond woman. 'Probably Cassidy,' Harry thought as he saw the bandages and the grazes everywhere.

Tony didn't even glance at Harry as they walked by. Harry gave Cassidy a sad look before getting in the elevator.

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Harry looked over to the river and saw that the water was almost black from the reflection of the very dark clouds. 'Great, snow,' he thought sarcastically. He shrugged as he made his way to the entrance of the wizarding alley. He made a note to figure out what it was called.

After getting in the alley, Harry spent more time admiring the sights. It was a more modern looking place, with signs that looked electric, hair products store, a salon, a huge bookstore, a tourist spot it looked like and so many others that Harry's neck was killing him from all the looking around.

Making a mental note to look around later, Harry went up the steps to the local Gringotts branch. Seeing a teller open, Harry went up to the goblin and bit his lip.

"Could I see a financial adviser please?" The goblin looked up and had the slightest of sneer on his face. The goblin looked down on his notes then back at Harry.

"Sure, I'll get you Narnok." Harry frowned at this when the Goblin had a faint smirk on his face. The goblin pressed a small button under the desk and called out, "Narnok!" A small, younger looking goblin came running out.

"Yes?"

"This boy is in need of a financial adviser." If Harry could tell, the goblin was laughing on the inside, not knowing how rich he was making the one goblin he hated most and not himself.

"Of course, right this way sir." Harry followed the goblin through the building towards a small office. Narnok opened one of the smaller doors and led Harry inside.

"What can I do for Mr.?"

"Potter, Harry Potter." Narnok's jaw dropped. Harry didn't blame him. After going over his finances last night, Harry pinched himself to see if the figures were true. He hasn't even looked at the folder Chaintooth gave him back in England. He had a hell of a lot of money, even with the money Chaintooth was recovering for him. Turns out that his mother invested nearly half of the family fortune in different mundane companies. Harry never even heard of some of them! Shrugging, Harry turned back to the goblin who seemed to be trying to snap out of his shock.

"Can you transfer your gold between branches?" Harry asked. That seemed to have snapped Narnok
out of his blank stare.

"Of course sir. We have special magic that can bring the gold and heirlooms over between the different Gringotts banks. Why?" Harry thought for a minute.

"I want to transfer 80% of the Potter fortune over here and bring all heirlooms over as well."

"Of course, will that include the Perverell vaults as well?"

"Who?" Narnok looked in shock.

"I would've thought that you knew about the Peverall vaults."

"No, it was never brought up." Narnok went over to his desk and got out a piece of parchment and a small bowl.

"Have you ever had an inheritance test done?"

"No, sorry."

"No need, it was merely an over sight by Gringotts. Now, I need some blood so we can find out which vaults over in England you have."

"Alright," Harry looked weary at the knife.

"Just a small prick."

"Right, ok." Narnok cut Harry's palm and let a couple drops of blood fall. Harry waited for the black spidery writing to stop. Narnok handed the parchment over to Harry who looked over it. He had access to the Potter, Perverell, Black and surprisingly, a family called Creagh from Ireland.

"Narnok, who are they?"

"The Creagh family was an ancient family, one that had connections to the druids. They could see aura's of magic and could speak Parcelftongue."

"Wait, I thought that the Slytherin family was the only one who could speak that?" Narnok shook his head.

"Very few families could but the Slytherin family was originally a beast speaker family but the line became so inbred that they could only speak to snakes after 300 years of inbreeding. Unlike the Creagh family, the Slytherin line can only speak it and not access the special parcelmagic that comes along with the gift."

"Parcelmagic?"

"A special magic that only parcelmouths can do. It's much more powerful then those Latin spells that wizards today used." Harry shook his head.

"At least it wasn't the founders and Merlin. At least it wasn't the founders and Merlin," he kept muttering under his breath. Narnok just snorted at the young wizard.

"So Mr. Potter, what do you want to do with the vaults?" Harry thought for a few minutes.

"Leave the Black vaults but transfer the 80% and heirlooms of the Potter vault and the Perverell and Creagh vaults over fully and keep everything else the same for now. Could I have the financial papers
"Right away." Harry sat back in his chair. He knew the Potter's were wealthy but add in these families…Harry just groaned. He'd have to talk to Sirius about it. Narnok came back with the folders when Harry thought of something.

"Narnok, is it possible to get a cell phone from the magical world?"

"Only in America, why?"

"Just wondering. Do you have to be a certain age to buy one and can it work with ordinary cell phone numbers? Oh, would everything be charged automatically to my vaults?"

"You must be at least 13 and yes, it works with normal cell phones as well and everything will be charged to one vault and the fee be taken out at the end of every month."

"Thanks Narnok, where can I get one?"

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Harry whistled as he came out of the bank with a new cell phone and the folders for his new vaults. Because he was such a high priority client, he was given a high security vault for each of the family names. Harry looked at his cell phone. It was exactly like his other one except that there was an engraving of a phoenix on the back so Harry could tell the difference. Now he had to get his hands on Gibbs' computer…

Placing the phone in his pocket and heading back to NCIS, Harry wondered on how to get Sirius over to the States. It would help if he was only a fugitive in the United Kingdom and Europe and was hoping that it would stay that way and especially not be on the FBI watch list anymore, or any watch list if Harry was honest with himself. Shaking his head at that, Harry wondered about anything and everything. Like about Dumbledore and what he was planning, deciding to get a move on his homework, and when he should tell everyone about his third year. That was an interesting year to say the least with a few surprises that no one knew about.

Walking up to the building, Harry smiled at the guard who saw him pinning on his visitors badge and was escorted to the elevator. Harry was trying not to fidget. He did a brisk walk to get away from the infernal thing and saw Gibbs and his team at the desks with someone who he thinks was Cassidy. Walking over to them, Harry saw different pictures up on a plasma screen.

Cassidy looked over and saw a small teenager staring at the screen.

"Excuse me." She said, not caring if it was in an annoyed tone. The teen jumped back, mumbling a "sorry." Gibbs and the team looked slightly surprised.

"What are you doing here Harry?"

"Um, well, I, I was just wondering if, I could go see the director? You said I could when I come back and I'm just letting you know so there won't be a search party." Harry stammered out. Cassidy rolled her eyes while Ziva glared at her. Gibbs just sighed.

"Alright. She's at MTAC right now so just wait in her office. Aiden should be with the secretary."

"Thanks Gibbs," Harry smiled. Harry left and frowned when his back was turned and ran up the stairs. Cassidy's eyes followed him.
"Who's the kid?"

"Harry."

"Who?"

"My ward," Gibbs said. Cassidy looked up at the second floor where Harry was already gone.

"What happened to his parents?" She asked Tony.

"Dead. They were murdered when he was a baby."

"Oh." Cassidy didn't say anything as everyone left for Abby's lab.
While everything was happening downstairs, Jenny was up talking in MTAC about something that neither Gibbs, the team or Harry would ever expect.

"What is Sirius Black's status here?"

"Innocent but if reported to the Brits, then they have the right to have him arrested." Already knew that.

"Even if he's an American citizen?" Jenny asked. Charlie Monroe, the Director of the FBI, sat back.

"Why are you all of a sudden so interested in him?"

"Personal curiosity?" Jenny suggested dryly. Monroe just gave her a look.

"What I want to know is where those case files are! His godson is in the country and is demanding to know why his godfather is a fugitive! I have no jurisdiction in this area which is why I'm asking you to look for that file."

"Do we have any proof of Black's innocence?"

"The boy is adamant that Black is innocent and I have a reason why, but I want to see that evidence backs it up." Jenny knew she was slightly fudging the truth but what they don't know won't hurt them. Monroe sat back.

"And what will happen after you get those files?" Jenny smiled. There basically were no files.

"Research."

Harry ran up the stair to the director's office. When Harry opened the door, he started snickering at the toddler on the floor who was sleeping and drooling.

"The custodians won't be happy about this." Harry commented. The secretary rolled her eyes. "What can I do about it?" She said while rolling her eyes.

"Nothing, unless you know a really good babysitter."

"Sorry but no. I don't have children so I don't need one."

"Damn, um, could you tell the director that I would like to talk to her please?" Harry asked. The secretary just nodded and went back to her computer. Harry just shrugged and decided to go for a small walk. When he noticed that Gibbs and the team weren't at their desks, Harry decided to look up what he's been wanting to for a while.

Harry has been trying to figure out why Gibbs has said nothing about his father-or Gramps as Harry and Kelly would call him-or Kelly's grandmother (Grams) with Shannon. Hoping that they both are still alive, Harry decided to do a search on them. Deciding to do Gramps first, Harry went into Google first and looked up his name.

Jackson Gibbs came up with a few hits and Harry desperately tried to remember where he lived when Harry smacked himself. Gibbs said that Gramps would never move away from the one place
he called home and the shop that he owned. Deciding to try the online phone book for Stillwater, Harry grinned in triumph. There was only one J. Gibbs in the area, along with the General Store information. Harry quickly wrote down the name and put it in his pocket and erased his history, just to be on the safe side.

Harry quickly turned the chair around and tried to look bored. Harry made a note to call Gramps when he gets a chance to when Gibbs isn't around. He didn't want to take any chance of upsetting the man.

"What are you doing Harry?" Harry practically jumped.

"Nothing." Jenny just raised an eyebrow.

"Nothing illegal," Harry amended. Shaking her head and smiling, Jenny watched as Harry stood. He was still a few inches shorter then her (nothing that potions can probably help fix hopefully), she noted.

"What did you want to speak to me about?" Harry asked.

"Sirius."

"Ah."

"So..." Jenny sighed.

"He's still a wanted fugitive and a person of interest here for now so the best suggestion I have for now is just wait and we'll think of something." Harry just sighed and nodded in dejection. 'So close,' he thought. Jenny saw the look and vowed to talk to the team the earliest chance she got.

She knew that the easiest thing was to get Mike Franks on board with all this but she would need to talk to Gibbs first about it all. Jenny just gave Harry a small smile and walked up to her office, filling out more lovely paperwork. Harry was just confused by the mysterious smile.

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Everyone came up and Cassidy saw the boy again. 'Harry, his name is Harry,' she thought. Harry pretended not to notice them and was swinging his legs out in boredom.

"Having fun there?" Gibbs asked.

"Not really." Harry was going to go over the folders when they got home and decided that he could wait a couple hours seeing as he doesn't feel like having to walk for at least an hour. Gibbs looked over at Harry who was staring at some folders that he didn't have before.

"Ziva, drive Harry home. Harry, make sure you stay there." Harry frowned.

"But-" Gibbs' stare stopped any protests Harry had and just nodded. Ziva looked between the two and took Harry to the elevator. Cassidy looked at the two and wondered what was going on.

Harry was very close to the team it seems and they seem protective of him. Deciding to pester Tony about it later, Cassidy looked towards the elevator and saw that the two were gone.

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"What's up with Agent Cassidy?" Harry asked Ziva as she drove Harry back to the house.
"She's grieving for her team." Ziva replied.

"It's easier to get angry at someone then to break down crying."

"There's something more to that isn't there." Harry stated.

"It didn't look like just lashing out, it seems like she genuinely hates you." Ziva sighed after a while.

"She was close to Kate before she got killed and was probably not happy that the officer of the man who murdered Kate was now taking her place."

"Who was it I never was told about Kate, even though McGee said he'd explain about two weeks ago it seems."

"I don't know anything about her but I was Ari's control officer when he went rogue." Harry could detect the sadness in her voice and didn't press the matter.

"Why would Gibbs not want me at the office anyway?" Harry asked.

"Not sure," Ziva shrugged. The two sat in silence while Ziva drove them to Gibbs' house. Harry looked at the folders in his hands and marveled at how thick it was. Granted, it had four families but he couldn't possibly have that much stuff...right?

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After Ziva left to go back to NCIS, Harry went upstairs and called Sirius. Harry reckoned that he would be less grumpy this time (hopefully).

"Sirius Black." Harry waited for Sirius' image to come up on the mirror. After waiting for five minutes, Sirius came into view.

"What took so long?" Harry asked.

"Nothing important. Why'd you call? I mean, not that I don't like you calling but-"

"Gringotts." Harry said. Sirius just raised an eyebrow.

"I'll tell you later about that and um," Harry started saying and trying to phrase the question. This has been bugging him.

"What's the difference between a parcelmouth and a beast speaker, other then the obvious name." Sirius sat back.

"A beast speaker is just that, someone who can understand and talk to animals. Beast speakers can talk to animals in the air medium, unless you really want to get nitty gritty about whales and frogs and the possibility of using underwater-"

"Alright Sirius. So if a beast speaker can talk to snakes, what makes parceltongue so special?"

"Parceltongue is a beast speaker, but only to snakes although there is the possibility of dragons with a different dialect-"

"Sirius!"

"Right, it comes with the ancient magic of snake language magic. It's the much more powerful then Latin and only parceltongues can command it along with parceltongue only magic. It's very powerful
from what I've read in the Black library along with some lost potions that are in parcel text. That's what I call the writing of it. Now, no one knows why but some of the old families have different, gifts, so to speak from the ancient druids.

"So the druids are more powerful then us?"

"Much more," Sirius grimaced.

"If there's about ten of them, and about a thousands witches and wizards, the druids would win hands down." At Harry's questioning look, Sirius sighed.

"Didn't know I'd be teaching a history lesson," he muttered.

"This is more Remus' forte but what I know, is that the druids used the magic from the earth. The earth is magic. There's a few documents that Merlin saved from Morgan Le Fay's wars and the Great Magic Purge of Uther PenDragon, the father of King Arthur. Now, the documents have said that if you can eradicate the magic from the land, the earth will die along with everything else. Now, back to the fight. Modern magic users need wands right? Druids only need their mouth and a hand and the damage is done."

"How come we need wands now?" Harry asked curiously. This was more interesting then Parceltongue vs. beast speaker.

"Mundane people have poisoned the earth too badly and witches and wizards became inbred. Those are my two reasons. As the earth keeps dying, it gets harder for the magic to be pulled from it and the magic that is pulled from it is much weaker. It's why some people say that the Founder's age and Merlin's age were the Golden years of magic. Now, here's that blood issue. Because the purebloods are so paranoid with keeping their blood pure, the inbreeding takes a huge toll on their magic. That's why purebloods can only manage about one or two children now. Anymore and the magic could kill the mother and the child because of the strain of magic from inbreeding. Now, I could talk all day about this and go in circles but that's the main point."

"Then how are the Weasley family able o have seven kids then?" Harry stopped short.

"Is that why Ron has so little magic compared to Percy and different potions?" Sirius looked surprise.

"How can you tell?" Harry shrugged.

"I just can. Alright then, back to the parceltongue/beast speaker thing, is parcelmagic the only thing that comes from being a parcelmouth?" Sirius frowned.

"I believe so. You'll have to check with Remus on that since he knows the creatures much better then me. So," Sirius clapped his hands.

"You're telling me, that old Snake Face is an inbred beast speaker?"

"Pretty much. I mean, that's what the goblin at Gringotts said."

"Why were you there again?"

"I had a couple questions and I wanted to do some transferring to keep the gold out of reach."

"So who's vaults do you have?"
"Potter, Perverell, Black and Creagh."

"Ok, Potter and Perverell I get, that's from your father. The Black is from me because you're my godson and with that, it would give you a much better claim over the fortune then say... Malfoy."

"Why would Malfoy have anything to do with this?"

"He's my cousin because of Narcissa. She was originally a Black but I'll tell you about that later. Now who's the Creagh?"

"The Creagh family is from Ireland and has connections from the druids and that's the reason why I asked about the parceltongue thing and what are aura's?"

"Aura? It's the representation of your magical core in colours and shows the magic around an object. There's classifications of certain colours that people who can see aura's figured out."

"How come I've never heard of this?"

"It's a rare talent and the books are banned for some reason."

"Stupid ministry," Harry muttered.

"So what did you do today, other then that?"

"Nothing really. Gibbs is working a case on his day off."

"That must be annoying."

"It is," Harry admitted.

"Murders don't happen Monday to Friday pup, you know that."

"I realize that," Harry snapped.

"Sorry," he muttered. Harry laid on his bed as he played with the mirror.

"I need to go pup."

"Alright," Harry sighed.

"Do you have any idea on how you're getting to America?" Sirius shrugged.

"Working on it. Don't worry. I'll be there soon."

"I'll hold you to that." Harry smiled. Sirius cut the connection so the mirror looked normal again. Harry still had his smile on until he frowned in thought. Quickly getting up and rushing over to the calendar, Harry looked at the date (November 21st), and then his eyes traveled to the 26th. Five days.

Five days until the Tri-Wizard Tournaments first task. This was the first time Harry honestly thought about the tournament since he left. He wondered what he would have to do if he was still at Hogwarts and participating. Frowning, Harry thought back to the Chamber of Secrets incident. Surely they aren't that stupid? Harry thought as he remembered all the apologies he got after it was announced that the person who was causing all the havoc was caught and Harry was still there and he was the hero. Shaking his head, Harry knew as soon as the first task was over, there would be lots of people who would've tried to make him forgive him.
Harry snorted. It could seem like he forgives them but they would never be close again. Hermione should've noticed that after Christmas Harry started hanging around her less than normal. She did have it coming. From trying to pry in his business to having his broom taken away...Harry already knew the broom was fine.

The magic was fine as it was humming in the wood and felt inviting. Harry just shook his head from those thoughts. It's over and done with so there's no point on dwelling on it. Deciding to go through the folders, Harry looked over the Potter family heirlooms. There was a lot of jewels it seems, armour, books, a pensive (whatever that was), and the Lord's ring. Shrugging at that, Harry went to the Perverell section and almost dropped the folder after reading the first dozen items.

Harry only remembered the Tales of Beedle and Bard because it's still his favourite wizarding fairytale. But apparently, it's not just a tale. Looking at the items, Harry saw the cloak, the stone and the wand. Apparently, Dumbledore had the wand, the stone was in a small town called Hangleton and he had the cloak. Harry often wondered how the cloak was still in such condition.

After getting the cloak, Harry tried finding out as much information about it as he could. Most cloaks would last only for about ten years but what puzzled him at the time was that the cloak was much older, so how was it in such good condition? He finally got his answer. Breaking out of his musings, Harry went back to the list. There was a fair amount of money in the vaults and lots of old books as well. Turning to the Black, there was a huge amount of money and tons of books, jewels, dark objects and again, another pensive.

Then there was the Craegh family. It wasn't a rich family per say, but it had lots of books and different objects that Harry had no clue on what they were or what they did. He decided to wait and ask Sirius or Remus about it. Putting the folders away, Harry went downstairs and decided to try and find some information on Gramps and possibly Grams.

Harry and Kelly already knew that Gibbs' mother died when he was a teenager but never talked about it so the two kids never knew what happened. Going down to the kitchen, Harry went through the top shelf and found nothing. Frowning, he tried to figure out why there weren't any pictures of them all. In England, there were pictures everywhere of Gramps, Grams, Kelly, Gibbs and Shannon and Harry after a few months. Now, there was hardly anything on the walls.

Deciding not to push Gibbs whenever he got back, Harry closed all the doors and went back up to his room and fiddled around with his art project which was still being drafted on normal paper. Harry looked at it with a frustrated sigh. He wasn't quite sure what he wanted to do just yet but was leaning towards one idea that was almost a combination of a memory and a wish. Deciding to start drafting it, Harry started making the grid on the paper to transfer it on a bigger piece of canvas.

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Harry must've fallen asleep because he heard people's voices coming from downstairs. Silently, Harry made his way to the stairs.

"...plane."

"But wouldn't that...need someone else...suspicious." Curious now, Harry went downstairs and saw the team and Jenny talking around the table. Tony stopped talking and looked at Harry, which made everyone else look at Harry.

"Um, am I interrupting something?"

"No, no. Nothing we can't talk about later. Come on and sit." Harry sat down on the only chair left.
"Out of curiosity, are we ever going to get a babysitter?" Harry asked Gibbs.

"Daycare works."

"I meant for weekends." Harry scowled.

"We'll get one once you get someone." Harry just slumped on his chair. No one said anything for a minute.

"Did you find what you were looking for today?" Gibbs asked Harry. Harry nodded.

"Yeah. I got the paperwork and everything up stairs. Turns out I have a lot more then I thought."

"Lot more what?" Abby asked.

"Inheritance." Harry said.

"What happened last year at your school Harry?" Ziva asked.


"Sirius told you didn't he." Harry stated. Gibbs just nodded while the teen sighed.

"I guess Sirius could be told and the blanks filled in for him." Harry got out the mirror and called for his godfather again.

"What now Harry?" Harry just rolled his eyes.

"Do you want to know about my third year or not?"

"I'm listening."

"Ok…give me a minute to figure out where to start." Harry was silent for a minute until he started speaking.

"Let's do summer or else nothing will make sense."
Harry sat back.

"I guess summer was a bit better then last year but not by much. Vernon kept me locked in my room after the car stunt from the year before but thankfully it never went farther then that that year." Harry almost shivered when he remembered the 'welcome home' present he got a few months ago.

"Did you get punished in anyway that year?" Gibbs asked. Harry shook his head.

"Just getting locked up and missing meals but I was fine over all. I took quite a lot of candy off the Express so I was better off then the year before."

"Thank god." Jenny muttered.

"About a week before my birthday, I was informed that Vernon's sister was coming to visit." Harry did shiver at that. He hated her with a passion.

"She's basically the exact same as Vernon but with the opposite gender."

"So, a female walrus then?" Tony asked. Gibbs didn't do anything which surprised the team. Harry looked at Gibbs.

"Do I have to tell them about the other visits?"

"Maybe just an overview," Gibbs said after a minute. Harry nodded.

"Ok, she hates me, I hate her, so we're even. She breeds bulldogs and always takes a particularly vicious one with her everywhere. That little thing is called Ripper and with good reason. She once let him loose when I was seven and was about to leave for Kelly's in an hour I think, when I touched it. Ripper took immediate offense and bit my leg and scratched it. It then started chasing me around the yard trying to eat my leg when I scrambled into a tree. I would've stayed there all night if it wasn't for Shannon finding me up there before getting to the front door." Harry still had the scars from what that dog did all along his right leg.

"Marge just laughed and said it was my fault in the first place." Harry shook his head.

"She gave me dog biscuits one year and would whack my legs with a cane if I ever beat Dudley at something. So, this visit. Marge decided to stay a week." Gibbs almost groaned. This won't end well.

"Last year was the year I could start going to Hogsmeade which is the local wizarding village."

"You could sneak out of the school by one of the passageways located in the school didn't you." Sirius said. Harry just nodded.

"It really is quite amazing there. Of course, the Marauders also made the Shrieking Shack into some sort of haunted building that became famous."

"That was mostly Moony's doing, remember." Harry said to Sirius. Sirius just waved Harry off while everyone else was lost.

"I needed my guardian's permission to go there." Gibbs almost put his head in his hands . This really won't turn out well.
"Did you get permission?" Tony asked. Ziva gave him a look.

"These are the same relatives that would lock said nephew in a cupboard and deny him anything and everything. I think you just answered your own question there."

"Oh."

"Continuing," Harry said.

"To even get it considered, I had to blackmail Vernon."

"Nice!"

"Tony…"

"Right, sorry boss."

"Do I want to know how?"

"Probably not," Harry replied while looking at Gibbs.

"Basically, I said that I could slip up and tell Marge about my school when the Dursley's told her that I went to a school where criminal boys went."

"That's unbelievable." Jenny said. Harry shrugged.

"You get use to it."

"You're not suppose to." Gibbs muttered.

"Well, Vernon got Marge and I became her personal servant somehow. Thank god that dog wouldn't leave her side. Now, the kicker came during the last day of the visit, which also happened to be my birthday. You see, I'm usually not around for meals, which is fine by me but Marge (for some odd reason), wanted me there." Gibbs did groan this time, knowing how defensive Harry got about certain things and his temper was something not to be taken lightly.

"This isn't going to end well is it?"

"Nope," Harry almost smiled.

"Do I want to know?" Sirius asked.

"Best not," Gibbs replied.

"After going through two wine bottles between the three adults-"

"Two?" McGee asked.

"You've never seen how big the brother and sister are." Harry stated.

"So, near the end of the very long meal, Marge was very drunk and started going on my parents."

"Oh god, this won't be good," Sirius muttered.

"Especially if he's anything like his parents."

"What happened?" Ziva asked.
"She basically said I should be drowned and mum was a whore and a bitch and dad was a no good drunk living off of everyone else's pay." There was dead silence around the table. It broke when it sounded like Sirius place the mirror down and walked off. Three seconds later, all you could hear were crashes of things being demolished. Ten minutes later, a red faced Sirius was back and was panting slightly.

"Sorry."

"No need," Jenny waved him off.

"I would've done the same if someone insulted my close friends."

"Okay…” Harry said.

"Um, I don't know how it happened, but the lock on the cupboard that had all my things in it, suddenly sprang open, like the lock was ripped off." Harry directed his gaze to Sirius, hoping that he'll pick up on the hidden question. It took a minute for Sirius to clue in.

"Was I suppose to answer that?"

"No Shit Shirlock," Harry muttered under his breath. Luckily, Gibbs didn't hear him.

"Yes," he said in a louder voice.

"I think a combination of accidental magic and wandless magic did the trick for that."

"Wandless?" Abby asked.

"The name is self explanatory Abby." Tony said. Gibbs reached over and smacked Tony on the back of the head.

"Right. Sorry boss."

"Well, that is wandless but it's very difficult."

"How come? I would've thought that a wand was just a tool and not a…what's the word McGee?"

"Crutch?"


"It's a bit hard to explain. The wand is a focus, where all the magic is sent, to perform the spell that's needed. Wandless, I believe, you need more focus because the wand had an extra 'core' so the magic is easier to access. With me?" There were nods all around the table.

"Now, I know accidental magic is really just uncontrolled wandless and the wand is suppose to help control it. Getting the wand at first is good because it helps focus the magic but after a while you become dependent on it and it gets harder to access your magic like when you were a child. Or, it just depends on how powerful you are as well." Harry just frowned.

"So are we limiting ourselves with wands then?"

"In some areas no. In others, major yes. With rituals, you need precise movements that a wand can give and it makes the magic easier to control."

"Control! Witches and wizards have become so dependent on their wands for centuries that they've
forgotten how to do wandless magic!" Sirius nodded and smiled at Harry.

"That's the problem with today's society. They've gotten lazy and comfortable in the Middle Ages."

"Does this go back to the talk earlier?" Harry asked.

"Yep." Harry looked up and saw everyone lost.

"How about going on with the story then."

"That would be good, unless you want us here for a few days," Gibbs said. Harry's cheeks went slightly red.

"Sorry. So, I just blew up Marge, grabbed my trunk, and ran. The farthest I got was to the edge of the park on Mongolia Crescent when I started panicking. So I sat there for a while and then this big dog came out of the bushes." Harry gave a pointed look at Sirius. Sirius smiled sheepishly.

"My wand was out but I tripped and fell backwards, thank god." Harry said while mumbling the last bit.

"This triple decker bus then came out of no where, calling itself the knight bus." Sirius groaned.

"I hate that bus with a passion."

"And this is coming from the same kid who thinks 50 foot dives are fun along with the Gringotts carts."

"Yeah, yeah Sirius. Got on, and went to Diagon Alley to hide where the Minister found me."

"Fudge? Why would…never mind, I know why."

"Thank you Sirius, he gave me a lecture of running away 'with a killer on the loose is very, very irresponsible,' he said. I didn't care at that point." Harry paused or a minute.

"Sirius, quick question. When do you get inheritances and what are they? I heard some people talking about them and I'll tell you why I asked in a minute."

"Well, an inheritance is where you get a small power boost, creature inheritance, or any extra abilities and it comes when your 16. Why?"

"Is it possible to get it early?"

"Only certain families can get their family abilities at 13…what happened pup?"

"I guess the Craegh family gets their family inheritance at 13 so I found out. When I got up, all I could see were colours everywhere and it gave me a headache."

"That sounds like auras."

"Thank you Sirius, I didn't realize that after a year."

"Harry," Gibbs warned.

"Sorry. But I found that if I concentrated hard enough, the colours would dim down but not go away." Harry looked at Gibbs.
"It's one of the more grateful aspects of living here as well. I was actually about ready to go to Madame Pomphrey for a large case of headache potions. So, I went to Gringotts, got some money, and went shopping for my school supplies." Harry scowled.

"And in order to keep up the whole boy-who-lived image of being just above average and not being smart because of my relatives and being supposedly ignorant, I took Divination and Care of Magical Creatures to keep the old coot off my back." Sirius sighed and rubbed his face.

"What the hell is Dumbledore's game here? Other then making your life hell and watching over your shoulder?" Harry shrugged.

"Not sure but it was irritating. I wanted Ancient Runes, Arithmancy and Care of Magical Creatures but I got to take the most irritating classes there." Harry scowled.

"Turns out, me and Ron had the exact same schedule and it was so irritating! I mean, I shouldn't have to do this!" Tony was completely lost on the subjects mentioned.

"What subjects are these? I got the creatures one but what are the rest?"

"Well, Divination is for seers or fortune tellers, arithmancy is dealing with spell creations, numbers and equations while Ancient Runes deal with symbols before the creation of spells. Is that right Sirius?"

"Mostly. It's also used in rituals and it's used on objects to enhance their purposes I suppose. Remus could explain it better."

"Why weren't you allowed those subjects?" Ducky asked. It troubled him that someone was trying to sabotage Harry's education. Harry shrugged.

"Image, remember? The whole boy-who-lived thing was just a mask I have and it's great for people underestimating me. Anyway, Sirius, this was when I went back to Knocturn Alley." Sirius grumbled about the Ally but Harry ignored him.

"It had some things that were interesting and a book on parsetongue. Plus, it had a couple books on aura reading and how to control it. Which was good, because my magic would've gone wild from being in Diagon Alley for so long." Harry stopped at that.

He only got to read it that summer as if it was found at school, then there would be hell to pay. Then the Dursley-Weasley summer and back to school. It didn't have very much information and Harry was hoping that one of the books from the Craegh vault would have some things on it. Shaking his head, Harry went back to the story.

"I heard about the official version of Sirius Black's escape and imprisonment and didn't really think too much on it. I'll skip to the train since nothing interesting happened. So, my 'friends'-" Ducky filed the way that Harry said friends away, "came and there was only one compartment left that we could find that only had one person. Take a guess Sirius."

"Hmm. Minnie?" Harry gave him a flat look that said 'are you an idiot?'

"Remus?" Harry nodded.

"The full moon was the day before and he came by train and mostly slept. Nothing happened other then talking and Malfoy visiting. Then they came." Harry shivered at the thought of dementors. They really are foul things.
"The train stopped when we were half way there and all the lights turned out and everything got cold and was frosting. We didn't know what to think when this big black cloaked thing came into our compartment. I started hearing screaming in my head and it went after me. Remus shot a patronus at it to make it flee. At least, that's what I was told after I passed out." Harry took a breath.

"We were given chocolate afterwards and were told that it was a dementor, a guard for Azkaban prison that made some of the concentration camps look like a spa." There were looks of outrage around the table from that comment.

"So, school starts. Divination was with the glittery fly named Trelawney and Care was with Hagrid. Now, I like the big guy, but some of his animals are much to be desired. He started out ok with Hippogriffs but after it attacked Malfoy after he insulted it, the lessons went downhill from there. Divination was in an old tower that made it look like a China shop with so much perfume that you could pretty much see it. Um, Remus taught us defense and it was the best year for that. He used bogarts as a first lesson." Sirius rubbed his hands.

"This should be good." He let off an evil cackle. Harry and everyone looked at him weirdly.

"Neville was first. Now, a boggart takes on what you fear the most and you need a spell that turns it into something funny. Neville's biggest fear was Snape." Harry now had an evil grin. 'If only I had a pensive or something,' he thought. Everyone, especially Sirius, would get a kick out of it. Sirius howled in laughter, imagining what Remus would have Neville do.

"Now, Neville lives with his Grandmother and was asked to picture her clothes." That sent Sirius into another round of hysterics since he knew Augusta's style. Everyone else was just smirking.

"When it was my turn, Remus took my turn, explaining later that he didn't want Voldemort showing up in the room."

"What is your biggest fear?" Sirius asked.

"Dementors. Fear itself. That's what they are essentially. After getting back to school, I raided he library for anything to help with dementors. The only thing I could find was the patronus charm, which is what Remus used. Um, It's basically a spell that feeds off with only powerfully positive emotions. Mine was more of an idea then anything else." Harry won't tell anyone what it was. It was his parents, alive and well, along with Gibbs and Shannon like family with Kelly playing with him, alive and happy.

"I'm hoping that the books in the vaults that are getting transferred over will help with finding something to defeat those things. Now, everyone kept going on and on about Sirius so I did some research and found out about his connection to dad. Along with him being my godfather. Now, I did some digging on what it meant to be a godfather. It appears that everyone conveniently forgot about the magic not allowing him to harm me so there was no way he could've been secret keeper. Of course, I found that little bit and the godfather bit at Christmas when I snuck into Hogsmeade after my sheet wasn't signed. Of course, Fred and George Weasley gave me your map by then Sirius." Sirius smiled.

"The map you showed us?" Abby remembered.

"Yep, Sirius is Padfoot, Remus is Moony, my dad was Prongs while Pettigrew," Harry spat, "was Wormtail. School was fine, Snape was still a git," Ducky made a small noise but didn't comment while Gibbs just internally rolled his eyes.

"So nothing new, other then going through my secret text book-" everyone frowned at that. No one
should be forced to resort to learning in secret.

"And pestering Moony with some extra lessons." Sirius chuckled at this. Knowing Remus, he wouldn't be able to resist Harry. None of them were able to if he was honest with himself.

"My broom got destroyed in the first Quidditch match after the dementors showed up and I fell off at a few hundred feet." Sirius shivered, remembering seeing his godson falling rapidly to the ground.

"Then Christmas came with a new broom, the Firebolt." Here, Harry frowned.

"I know Hermione thought she knew well, but that was an invasion of privacy. The only reason why it was taken away was because there was no name on the package. I mean, I knew it wasn't harmful since I could see the magic and could tell which auras are harmful magic and which are not and it had none so McGonagall took it away. I tried reasoning but it didn't work." Harry just scowled at this.

"I did get it back, but not before Ron and Hermione got into a spat about her new cat eating his rat and didn't talk. I didn't get in the middle of it so I left both of them alone. After a few days, I noticed on the map that they were going to Dumbledore and hanging out alone together. I thought it was about the whole pet thing so I let it go for a while. I was working with Remus to get my patronus to work and it did after a while when working with the boggart. Those things can imitate a dementor well." Harry rubbed his arms.

"I kept hearing my parents dying every time I was near them." Everyone was shocked, except for Sirius who already knew.

"After being able to hold a shield, the semi-final Quidditch match showed up and Malfoy thought it would be funny to act like dementors with some buddies of his. I shot the patronus at him. I now know what it is, but I swore I saw a second blur of something." Harry said with confusion in his voice. Sirius said nothing while pondering this.

"Spring came and snuck back to Hogsmeade and wandered around then went back to the castle." Harry looked at Sirius.

"I knew you were innocent before the Shack because I saw Wormtail's name on the map. That's why Moony had it. Snape caught me and Moony bailed me out but I had to hand over the map before I left. Uh, we finally won the Quidditch cup that year and Buckbeak's -the Hippogriff- trial was a farce and was sentenced to be executed. Ron and Hermione were 'finally' talking back to each other, me included, and we were going to sneak down to Hagrid's to see him after exams were done." Harry had a thoughtful look on his face. "In the Divination exam, it was individual and when I was about to leave, Trelawney started talking in a weird voice, saying that the Dark Lord's servant was going to rise again that night to bring back the Dark Lord. Of course, I had no idea what she was saying and left it at that. We went to see Hagrid who had Ron's rat with him and we got out before the officials came to do the execution. After getting out, this big dog came running and tackled Ron and broke his leg." Harry gave Sirius a pointed look, who looked back sheepishly.

"You know the story of Wormtail's betrayal so I won't say it again. Moony arrived right after and pieced the story together and before forcing Wormtail back into a human, Snape came in." Harry had a disgusted look.

"He wouldn't listen to reason so I knocked him out with a disarming spell. We got the story then and left the Shack before realizing that it was full moon." Abby looked at Harry in horror, the thought of him getting attacked by a werewolf was unbearable.
"After Padfoot and Moony fought, Moony disappeared into the woods and Padfoot was by the lake where the dementors were coming for him. I tried the patronus but I was too mentally exhausted by that point. Before passing out, I saw another patronus across the lake. After waking up, I got news that Sirius was to be given the Dementors Kiss where his soul would be sucked out." Everyone went white at the thought of losing your soul.

"Dumbledore told Hermione an encrypted message that I didn't understand before seeing a small hourglass on a chain." Sirius stood up, furious.

"That old fool! Doesn't he know that time turners are dangerous to anyone under 17? They turn back time by a couple hours." Sirius added on to some of the looks.

"Well, we went down to save Buckbeak and went to the lake to save you. I cast my patronus a second time and again, saw a second blur but I have no idea on what it is."

"It's rare that you can do a patronus but two is unheard of. I think, if I remember my legends right, Merlin could get three while the founders could do two."

"Goodie," Harry said dryly.

"So we had to wait for Sirius to be taken away and then bust him out of the tower. He then flew away on Buckbeak and was never seen again."

"Hey!" Harry smirked.

"Couldn't resist. Anyway, the story flew around he school that you escaped again and Remus resigned from his teaching job." Harry looked sad.

"He was a good teacher and we all missed him after Snape let it loose that he was a werewolf." The looks of outrage didn't surprise Harry.

"We all left for home the next day and I'm not saying a word more." Harry crossed his arms and looked at the time, definitely not wanting to get into a few months ago.

"I should go, school in the morning," he mumbled. He left while everyone was simmering in their thoughts.

"He's had a rough time," Jenny said while looking to the stairs.

"You could say that. I need to talk to you in office tomorrow." Gibbs said. He looked to his team.

"The peace conference is on Thursday so you need to work fast at whoever is suicide bombing." The team took that as their permission to leave. Ducky was the last to leave.

"Keep an eye on him, will you? There's something he's not telling us." He then put on his bowler's hat and left. Gibbs just sighed.
Harry left the mirror downstairs because he was pretty sure that Sirius wanted to go back to sleep. Deciding to finish his English homework in the morning, Harry went to bed, trying not to think of what happened last year.

Sabrina found Harry sitting at a table with his English homework spread out.

"Having fun there?"

"Oh yeah, loads." Came the dry response. Sabrina just rolled her eyes.

"Did you get any more news from what happened on Saturday?"

"Two NCIS agents were killed by a suicide bomber," Harry said in a low voice.

"Gibbs and his team are trying to figure out who did it cause I heard that the forensics and the autopsy report say two completely different things." Sabrina had a thoughtful look on her face.

"That sounds interesting. The two sat in silence when 'Gone For So Long' started blasting in the cafeteria. Harry and Sabrina looked at each other and shrugged. They didn't think of anything before they saw lots of heads turning to the stage and saw two people dancing on it. When Sabrina saw who they were, she rolled her eyes.

"Who are they?" Harry asked.

"Jessica and Riley. Jessica is known as the slut of the school." They watched the dance and as they watched the dance, Harry could almost see Sabrina's point. Between what little clothes and the 'dance' Jessica was doing, Harry just shook his head and turned back to his homework, trying to ignore the dance that went on for another 30 seconds. Harry gathered up his stuff and beckoned Sabrina with him. They walked in silence until they ended up at Sabrina's locker.

"So, what are you doing for Thanksgiving?" Sabrina asked. Harry shrugged.

"Not sure yet. I mean, I've never had a Thanksgiving really. The closest was a small dinner at Gibb's house when I was younger. We've always had Guy Fawkes day with fireworks."

"What's Guy Fawkes day?" Sabrina asked. Harry smiled and started to explain about the one person who almost blew up parliament in the 1600's on their way to class. They never once brought up the weekend explosions after that.

Gibbs stepped into Jenny's office. What he wanted to talk to her about was something not to be taken lightly. He bypassed the secretary, who only shook her head, and went inside the office.

"You wanted to see me Jethro?" Gibbs looked up.


"I was waiting to see if you would ask me about that."
"It's the fastest way for Harry and Aiden to become American citizens and it'll legally let Harry stay here since he is still technically under NCIS protection and he won't have the risk of deportation or get dragged back to Britain under the assumption of him being still British." Jenny smiled.

"You're taking both boys?"

"It'll do them both some good since Aiden is completely attached to Harry and Harry always wanted a sibling, even with him acting crabby a few times. He's probably just remembering Kelly with everything they did." Jenny shook her head.

"When do you want it signed?"

"I want it done by Christmas." Jenny smiled at the thought of it being so cliché from the movies and moved towards her desk.

"Alright. I'll pull some strings so it'll be done in time." She paused for a minute.

"How's the case going?" Gibb sighed.

"Slow. Abby is still running prints we found at the crime scene." Gibbs went to leave when Jenny called back, "Good luck." Gibbs left for downstairs when Abby and Cassidy came barging in.

"Gibbs, Gibbs, Gibbs! We found him!"

"Found who?" McGee asked.

"The bastard who took my team into that slaughterhouse." Cassidy said with lots of venom in her voice. Abby pulled up the picture of Salaman Ulmar. Ziva recognized him immediately.

"We interviewed him yesterday at the company." Gibbs and everyone grabbed their weapons and left, leaving Abby chattering on to no one.

Sabrina gave Harry a hug before she got on her bus. Harry smiled as she left him.

"Remember, don't leave everything until morning!" She called out. Harry just laughed.

"You too!" They both got tons of homework in science and a test was coming on Friday. After the test, the class will be starting on their last unit of the year: biology. Physics wasn't exactly covered, but you could say it was with the astronomy unit that the class did at the beginning of the year.

Harry was still working his way through the two and a bit months worth of missed work and was getting frustrated with it. Maybe he should asked Kienna about the geography and Richard about the short stories they did because they make absolutely no sense. Not to mention of the essay that they just got in English class concerning Macbeth's motivations and such that's due next week.

Getting on his bus, Harry mused on Thanksgiving. Will the case be done by then? He hopes so because the whole thing was giving him a very bad feeling and Harry has learned to trust his instincts on these matters. Shaking his head, Harry stared out the window until he got home.

Hopping off the bus, Harry kicked off his shoes and took his coat off then hauled his bag to the kitchen for an apple before heading upstairs. Dumping his bag on the floor and flopping on his bed, Harry just stared up at the ceiling. He didn't know for how long but he must've fallen asleep when he heard the door open. Feeling groggily and rubbing his eyes, Harry swung his legs over the bed and
got up, wincing at his bag and the forgotten homework. Going downstairs, Harry saw Gibbs and decided to go back up, not wanting to see if he'll get angry.

Harry felt that it was a childish move but he didn't care right about now. Grabbing his homework, Harry went to work tackling it, and hopefully finish off the astronomy unit in science so he could start the environmental sciences section which made Harry want to slam his head against the desk. That was not his forte.

Deciding to put off studying, Harry decided to go to bed early since he was just exhausted. He looked up and sighed. No one knew of his darkest secrets and there was no way he would willingly tell anyone. Sure, he had a couple other secrets he doesn't want anyone to know but his worst was something he hoped that'll stay with him forever and that Gibbs will never find out.

Dumbledore looked at the parchment. The dragons seem to be in no danger of causing any damage. After all, who wants to spoil the surprise? The one thing that still troubled the old man was Harry Potter. He was very unsettled at the thought of him being able to escape Britain so easily. He must've had some help from the goblins.

Of course, being Albus Dumbledore, he would have his answers in almost an instance! But alas, the little creature bastards would never give away any secrets, even if he was the boys magical guardian.

Albeit, not completely legally as Sirius Black was still proven innocent so he was never stripped of that title by being the boy's godfather but, what the wizarding world doesn't know won't hurt them. Chuckling at this, Dumbledore's thoughts turned back to his beloved Hogwarts where more followers were being turned out.

The Weasley's were very easy to convince, because of the boy’s tendencies of the past to disappear and his 'dark' abilities. Granger was a bit harder but he got through in the end to her with facts and inconsistencies and a bit of persuasion magic that can't be traced by anything, just to help her along with her doubts.

Now he just needed work from Australia to see if they've found any traces of the boy. Australia, New Zealand and (maybe a bit harder), Canada are easy enough English speaking countries to get into as they are part of the commonwealth. Alas, the colonies will be the hardest to get into as they are so suspicious of any of Dumbledore's doings.

Sighing at the thought of not being able to get there before March, Dumbledore plopped a lemon drop into his mouth and contemplated on what to do with the boy after they found him.

As Harry left for school the next day, Gibbs left for the office after dropping Aiden off at the daycare. There was almost nothing they can do until Thursday except plan and hope that Abby will figure out if Salman Umar was working alone or not. The prints will take a couple days to process as Abby is having to retrace them all off of a key board, something that Gibbs felt sorry for her to do.

Going to the office, Gibbs looked at the team and Cassidy, who was just standing.

"McGee, get me all the delegates that will be attending this thing."

"On it boss." As McGee typed away, Tony was looking at Cassidy with some concern. He knew she was blaming herself for her teams deaths. He felt like that too after Kate was killed on the rooftop and he has forced himself to think that there was nothing he could've done to stop Ari from pulling
the trigger. He wanted to talk to Cassidy about it but wasn't sure on how to do it.

Even though he is a proclaimed ladies man, he still didn't know how to approach extremely sensitive subjects. Deciding to leave it for now, Tony decided to go back to his computer and worked on the plan that he and the director originally came up with, with the additives from the other night.

Ziva was just sitting at her desk and was trying to contemplate on the whole case. If everything went well in this, and the coalition worked and the war miraculously stopped, she was worried that her father would recall her back to Israel.

It wasn't that she didn't love her father or anything, it was just that she could almost feel like it wasn't really her home anymore, not after the fact that nearly her whole family was killed. She sighed.

If there was a choice between going back to her father, Israel and Mossad vs. staying here in America with her friends, NCIS and the peaceful feeling, she would choose America. Harry was also in that choice. She felt something for the poor boy and felt sympathy with him since his parents were dead.

She knew the feeling of that. She just hopes that he doesn't loose any more because she didn't think that his spirit would take it.

Gibbs sat back and hated the inactive feeling these two days will give him. It made him feel antsy that there is at least one terrorist walking around unchecked because they didn't know who it was. This was going to be a long two days.

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Harry sat in his room while playing his guitar. He decided to just play little random tunes that he used to know. Looking through the music, he smirked when he found a small folder full of just guns n' roses. Looking through it, he found 'Sweet Child O' Mine.'

Looking at the lyrics, he thought *this is perfect for Sabrina.* He's heard the original a few times and liked it but his voice could never do that. Thinking of toning it back slightly, Harry started experimenting with it, all the while of thinking of the blond girl that has somehow made her way into his heart and hoped that maybe, one day, they could be more then just friends.

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Harry was walking with Richard and Michelle as they left English class.

"What are your plans tomorrow?" Michelle asked, looking at Richard. Richard shrugged.

"Same old, same old. Have turkey with the family and be stuck with the grandparents while using the excuse of homework to be anti-social." Michelle and Harry laughed at this. Only Richard would do that.

"What about you Michelle?" Harry asked. She shrugged.

"Same as Richard I suppose. I mean, it hardly changes every year but unlike someone," she nudged him, "I actually socialize with people."

"Yes, aren't you just a little social butterfly then?" Richard asked dryly. Harry coughed to cover up his laughter as Michelle glared at Richard and pulled her arm up, aiming to punch him again.

"Remember, I have two older brothers." Richard gulped as Harry just laughed at his friends face.
"What about you Harry, any plans?" Richard asked. Harry smiled sadly.

"Not sure. I mean, Gibbs' case won't be done until tomorrow at least so I'm not sure. Besides, I'll be the one taking care of Aiden tomorrow. Plus, there's still the huge terrorist threat there and I'll be probably out of my mind with worry." The two friends smiled sympathetically.

"Trust me when I say this Harry, I know how you feel. My dad was in Afghanistan two years ago for an 18 month tour and he missed my birthday, two Christmases', two thanksgivings and two New Years. We hardly heard from him and if you asked Richard, he would say I was a mess if we didn't hear from him for more then a week." Harry suddenly felt that his problem wasn't as bad as Michelle's. Michelle saw his look.

"It's over and done with now and I'm glad dad won't have another tour for at least one more year. I hope." Michelle nearly whispered the last bit.

"Enough with the depressing talk. We need to get you to Mr. Greig for math and we need to get to geography." Richard said.

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"So I guess no calls tomorrow?"

"Sorry Harry. I'll try and e-mail you though." She paused.

"And don't you have those geography maps to do?"

"You caught me." Harry smiled. Sabrina sighed.

"I'll see you on Friday then." She gave Harry a hug and left for her bus. Harry sighed. Richard and Michelle watched the whole thing.

"When do you think?" Richard asked.

"I'll say either around Christmas or New Years if we can rope him into coming with us." Michelle said.

"Hopefully. I mean, have you seen the looks they've been giving each other?"

"I know. But at least they aren't one of those met this week, break up next week, type people. Right?"

"Yeah, we better go."

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Gibbs went up to Harry's room and saw him bent over something.

"Maps?" Harry jumped.

"Homework." Gibbs just nodded and sat on Harry's bed.

"I know you're not happy about tomorrow." Harry just looked down with a small lump in his throat. Was he really that obvious?

"Hopefully everything will be done and we'll still have thanksgiving. Just the three of us." Harry almost wished that he said, "just like before." But that won't happen. Harry just looked at him and
nodded. Gibbs went over and gave Harry a hug.

"Will you tell me when you're done?" Harry asked in a small voice.

"The minute I'm done." Gibbs promised. He got up and left the room. That somehow didn't help Harry anxiety.

"Hedwig."

"Yes Harry?"

"Could you look after everyone tomorrow? I have a very bad feeling about it."

"Yes Harry, I will."

"Thank you girl."

Harry got up the next day at nine and sighed. Gibbs was already gone and the conference didn't start for hours. Deciding to see if Aiden was up, Harry just stayed in his pajama pants and walked over to Aiden's room and saw two eyes staring at him.

"Hi little man, long time no see." Aiden giggled at this.

"Up! Up!"

"Alright then. How about some breakfast." Aiden clapped his hands at this.

"Cakes! Cakes!" It took Harry a minute to realize that Aiden was saying Pancakes. Deciding just to make them (and because Harry didn't want to think for another hour of two), Harry put Aiden down in the living room and started making them. 20 minutes later, there was a very dirty toddler that had syrup all over his face. Harry just shook his head at the mess.

Finishing his breakfast and putting all the dishes in the sink (and making a note to do them later), Harry cleaned Aiden off and took him back upstairs to change him out of his sticky clothes.

Noting that it was almost ten and remembering about his homework, Harry grabbed Aiden, a few toys and his homework and brought them to the living room where Harry put on some cartoons while Aiden played with his toys.

Harry was in the middle of drafting his essay when he dropped his pen and cried out in pain when he figured out that someone was calling his name.

"Harry, call an ambulance!"

"Hedwig?" Hedwig never answered and there was a bright flash. Harry scrambled over to Aiden and grabbed him when the toddler started crying. When the flash died down, Harry nearly dropped Aiden.

Cassidy was in the living room with blood everywhere. Deciding to ask questions later, Harry summoned a phone and dialed Gibbs first. Then an ambulance. At least Hedwig was still there keeping Aiden occupied for a few minutes.
Gibbs was moving, but out of shock. When Jamal opened the trick door wearing a suicide vest, Cassidy was the first to act by jumping on him. Tony nearly made it after her crying, "PAULA!" when the door closed and an explosion went off.

Gibbs could see Tony trying not to cry. His phone went off.

"Gibbs."

"Gibbs! I need you at the house now!" The phone went dead. Something in Harry's voice nearly made Gibbs freeze in fear. He was panicking about something.

When the phone went dead, Gibbs was running to the car with Ziva right behind him. She jumped into the passenger seat before Gibbs made the car squeal while leaving, knowing that the FBI will be helping Tony.

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By the time Gibbs and Ziva made it to the house, they barged in the door and heard Aiden crying.

"Come on, stay with me," Ziva could hear. When they turned the corner, they froze and Ziva nearly pinched herself. Cassidy was here with Harry. When Harry looked up, Ziva went over to help him out while Gibbs went for Aiden.

"How?" Was Ziva's only question.

"Hedwig." Was Harry's answer. Ziva didn't say or do anything but helped Harry keep Cassidy from dying, knowing that it'll hurt or devastate Tony. She may not like Cassidy much, but she never deserved to die, especially after knowingly sacrificing herself to save everyone else in the room. Harry's head shot up.

"I hear the sirens."

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"How is she?"

"The doctors think she'll pull through though they aren't 100% sure on how much damage there is. Tony is with her now." Jenny shook her head.

"How did she get out?"

"I think Harry have a part in that." Gibbs looked over at the sleeping boys on the couch. Gibbs hoped that they'll get some answers tomorrow.

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Sirius walked around the cave nervously. He was worried about the first task.

He knew that Harry never did enter it but it doesn't mean that he's not concern. The Goblet of Fire is one of those ancient magical objects that he knows that modern wizards don't fully comprehend and is dearly hoping, like Harry, that it goes off the magical signature instead of the name.

Although, Sirius mused, he did suppose that if Harry did compete, then the person who entered him would be safe in that aspect but, he's not putting any bets on that until the end of tomorrow. For now, he'll get in touch with Remus about leaving Britain.
When Harry woke up, something felt wrong, very wrong. Pushing himself up, he could see through his blurriness that he was back in his room when a wave of pain shot through him. Harry cried out from the shock of the intensity.

Gibbs came running when he heard Harry cry out. Running to the room, Gibbs immediately went over to help calm the boy and noticed that it was 5 a.m. and was worried about what brought this on as he watched Harry start to thrash in pain. Gibbs' only hope was that whatever this was, it would be over quickly.

Harry could feel some foreign magic trying to make its way towards his but his magic was pushing it away. The invading magic felt like it was judging him for something. Hissing in pain, Harry decided that it would probably be better if he did this and let the magic in then try and fight it because he had a nasty feeling that he wouldn't win. After letting it in slowly, Harry blacked out.

Across the Atlantic, the first task was commencing with Cedric Diggory going first, facing the Hungarian Horntail that he drew from the draw. The game makers still left all four dragons in there and discounted any skipped number. Dumbledore mentally cursed, seeing as it should have been Potter that got that dragon. Shrugging at that fact and that the boy wasn't here, Dumbledore watched the task while Moody (aka, Barty Crouch Jr.), was fidgeting in pain. He knew that his magic was fighting something, he just didn't know what, which proves his mistake and arrogance.

Most modern wizards believe that magic is non-sentiment and it'll bend to their will whenever they want, forgetting that the magic comes from the earth and needs to be respected as the Druids once did. The ancient magic that the goblet was made from is much more powerful because of how it was created. The druids who helped create it, put in a safe guard that if a chosen one was ever put in there against their will and didn't participate, the ancient magic will do two things. The magic would first go to the participant and see why they weren't participating and if they truly had no knowledge of them entering. If it proved true, then the magic would go after the person who entered the name. Harry was right in a sense, that the goblet goes off magical signatures, but only if the fail safe was needed. Other then that, it goes by the names. Once the magic finds the perpetrator, the goblet magic would start to slowly siphon off their magic, one third at a time so the person hardly notices. It was rather ingenious at the time because if you catch it before the second task, there would be a small chance of saving some of their magic before turning mundane.

So Barty Crouch's small pain was the goblet slowly siphoning off his magic until one third was gone. Then it repeats itself on the second task. On the third task, the last of the remaining magic would be violently ripped from the person and the shock would normally kill people. Now, the participant's magic would be safe and because the goblet knows of the malice intent, it would protect the person in magical form until the end of the third task, then the magic would leave the body. Rather clever of...
Sirius was pacing back and forth with nervousness. He was waiting for Remus to come over to talk about leaving Britain and about the goblet's magic. Remus is one of the few wizards that really appreciates and respects the ancient magic that some of these objects hold. His pet project right now is the goblet from all the worry over Harry. He heard Remus before seeing him enter the cave.

"Moony!" Remus rolled his eyes with a smile.

"Hello Sirius. Not that I'm happy about this but what do you need me for?" Sirius had a mocking hurt look.

"Moony, I'm hurt that you would think I don't need you!" Sirius then dropped the look.

"I do need you though. There's one-no-two things I need to talk to you about."

"I'm listening."

"OK, the first is that I'm leaving Britain." Sirius let that message sink in for a minute before Remus' brain caught up to him.

"I don't think I just heard you right. Did you just say that you, Sirius Black, internationally wanted criminal, is leaving Britain?"

"Yep." Sirius said cheerfully.

"Harry has control over the Black vaults for now as heir to it so long as I'm on the run and a few others, one of which came from Lily's family that we didn't know about. Now, what I'm about to tell you can't repeated to anyone. Not even Dumbledore, no, especially Dumbledore."

"What did you do Sirius?" Remus asked as he looked at Sirius wearily.

"Me? I'm innocent in this." Sirius paused.

"I know where Harry is." Remus just looked at him and started shouting.

"What! How long have you known?"

"Since right before he left Britain. Remus, you should've heard the kid in his letter. I'll show you it later but I finally found out about his home life and if I didn't want to go back to jail, I would kill the Dursley's without a second thought." For the next couple hours, Sirius told Remus all that he knew. By the end, Remus was furious. His eyes were pure amber, showing that Moony was near the surface and barely contained, even though the full moon wasn't for at least another 12 hours yet.

"Sirius," Remus said with barely contained anger.

"Where do they live?"

"I'll tell you later, now, what do you know about the Goblet of Fire?" Sirius' question made Remus calm down slightly so he was somewhat rational.

"From what I gathered, the Goblet is slightly sentient, like Hogwarts."

"I knew about Hogwarts, you, me and James could sometimes feel her magic."
"I'm still trying to figure that out, but the Goblet, if the legends are true, has some sort for fail safe for unwilling participants."

"That's great Moony! But there's a downside isn't there." He stated. Remus sighed.

"From what I could tell, the Goblet's fail safe will only work if the participant doesn't do one of the tasks. If Harry does a task, he'll lose that magical protection and will have to participate in the other tasks if he doesn't want the consequences."

"So we make sure he doesn't do the tasks. How hard is that?" Remus gave his old friend a look.

"Sirius, I sometimes wonder how you graduated."

"With my good looks and charm." Remus just shook his head at him.

"You were saying something about leaving Britain?"

"Yes, I was talking to the team and they had a way to get me to America, but for now, I'll have to stay in Mexico until Jenny can get the FBI off my back and give me diplomatic refugee status."

"How were you going to do this?" Remus wondered.

"Well, we had one idea, but I just came up with a better one." Remus did not like the look in Sirius' eyes.

"What is it?"

"This and that with you coming with me. But first, we have a stop to make."

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Harry groaned in pain as he came to his senses. Rubbing his now sore head, Harry squinted and reached over for his glasses.

"Here." Harry grabbed the glasses and saw Gibbs' face come into view.

"What happened? Don't I have school?"

"I called the school saying you're off sick. Now, what happened this morning?"

"This morning? How long was I out?"

"It's around three in the afternoon." Harry's eyes widened.

"Foreign magic…I think. I don't know what that was though and it hurt." Harry winced as a headache was coming on. Gibbs nodded and saw the wince. He moved over and started rubbing Harry's temples softly to help ease the coming headache like he did years ago.

"You were hissing in pain and thrashing around. No doubt you'll have some friends trying to call you in an hour."

"But, what about work?" Gibbs waved Harry off.

"Paperwork. I'll get caught up tomorrow. You're more important then any old report." Harry smiled at that.
"Now, about this magic, was there anything happening today that would make it react like that?" Harry frowned then remembered the date.

"The 26th! Today was the first task in the tournament!" Harry suddenly felt scared and almost started hyperventilating, remembering Bagman and Crouch's warning of a magical binding contract.

"Harry, breath!" Gibbs grabbed the distressed teenager's shoulders to make Harry look at him.

"…rules…magic…lose…contract…"

"Harry!" Harry's gaze snapped up.

"I need Sirius." Gibbs pointed to the mirror beside the table and Harry basically lunged for it.

"Sirius Black!" Harry was fidgeting around as he waited for his godfather to show up.

"Hey pup. Aren't you suppose to be in school?"

"He was knocked out so he couldn't go." Gibbs said. Sirius suddenly looked grim.

"Moony! Get down here!" Everyone could hear mutterings of hyperactive dogs and impatience when Remus appeared in the mirror.

"Hello Harry."

"There's something wrong with me." Harry said.

"And don't you dare say what you're about to say." Harry warned.

"I wasn't going to. Now, why do you think there's something wrong with you?" Sirius asked. Harry described what happened and Remus was thinking hard.

"You said you felt it around five there, right?" Harry nodded.

"Then, add seven hours and that's when the tournament started!" Remus was muttering.

"Moony!"

"Sorry Padfoot! Harry, I believe you were feeling the Goblet's magic."

"But, I'm not participating! Does that mean I lost my magic?" Harry asked scared. Remus shook his head.

"Cast Lumos."

"Wandlessly?" Harry asked. Sirius rolled his eyes.

"Fine. Lumos." There was a small light that lit up Harry's hand and his panic subsided slightly. Remus smiled.

"See? You still have your magic. I believe that the Goblet's magic is protecting you then." Harry's light went out as he got a confused look. Remus sighed and told him what he knew from the Goblet. Harry's face was slowly relaxing slightly as Remus explained that his magic should be safe from being taken and almost feels sorry for the person who's magic was slowly being siphoned off. Almost. When Remus stopped talking, Harry yawned.
"Have a nap Harry and I'll make supper."

"'Kay." Came the sleepy response. Gibbs took the mirror downstairs with him.

"So, what's going to happen?" Gibbs asked.

"Small change of plans."

"How small?" Gibbs asked suspiciously.

"Just a more convenient way of getting over there. Hopefully, Remus will be taking a dog with him on a one way ticket to Mexico. We'll probably buy a temporary house down there."

"No need." Gibbs waved them off. If Franks agrees to this, Gibbs would be very grateful, not to mention he would have more help with that boat house of his. He propped the mirror up by the stove and turned it on and started supper.

"How was Harry as a kid?" Sirius asked. Gibbs thought about it for a minute.

"Shy, quiet and hates attention at school from what Kelly said. When he was at our house, he was more open but was still slightly reserved for a year after we met him. After that, he was a trouble maker but only with us." Gibbs sighed.

"He has lots of secrets. Secrets that he won't tell us and I don't know if that's a good thing or not. His secrets have an ugly way of showing up." Sirius and Remus shook their heads at that.

They still remember the bubbly and cheerful baby at Godric's Hollow and it was a shock to see this reserved and quiet teenager who rarely smiled. As the adults thought about their past experiences with the small wizard, Harry was staring at his hands and wondered about how he was suppose to explain about the last few months.

He couldn't tell them the truth. Sirius would demand to know why he wasn't told and Gibbs would be disappointed that he didn't call sooner. It wasn't like Harry didn't want to call Gibbs, it was the opposite. The only thing was that he wasn't sure on how the man would react because of Kelly and Shannon's deaths and how volatile his temper would've been. That, and with other childish and teenage logic, Harry couldn't make the call. Rubbing his wrist, Harry leaned back and went to sleep, not seeing a sad looking Hedwig looking over him.

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Seeing that it was the weekend (and noting that none of his friends called last night), Harry lounged around and was idly thinking about his art project and the trouble it was giving him. He jumped when he heard his cell phone go off. Picking it up, he answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hi Harry!"

"Hey Sabrina, how are you?"

"I'm good but how are you? Are you ok? I heard that you were sick. I hope it wasn't from the Thanksgiving dinner. That would've been terrible seeing as it was your first one. I'm sorry I didn't call yesterday but I was busy and by the time I was done himework and such it was 10!" Sabrina rambled. Harry just laughed.
"I'm fine but I think I ate too much on Wednesday and Aiden was sick so I must've caught some of it." Harry lied. Well, it was true that Aiden was slightly sick but he should be fine by Monday from what Gibbs said.

"I know how that feels. I was sick one year and could only have chicken noodle for thanksgiving and went to bed early." Harry winced in sympathy.

"Ouch."

"Yeah. So, did you do the maps and everything?" Harry face palmed.

"I completely forgot about finishing them."

"Then you better do it or I'll kick you're ass on Monday," Sabrina warned. Harry took her threat seriously.

Gibbs looked over at the sleeping teenager. He went to the office yesterday to get the paperwork done and trusted Harry with Aiden for the day and was pleased that all his homework was done as well. Smiling softly, he closed the door, not noticing emerald eyes peaking out to take a look at him.

Harry got off the bus with a small smile. He couldn't wait to see his friends and Sabrina. Nearly skipping (Harry would never admit that to anyone), Harry looked everywhere for his friends and rolled his eyes at Jessie Monroe and Sam Whetstone who had a small group of people around them.

Harry won't pretend to like them as he never did, especially with their snobbish attitude and superior looks. Walking past them, he saw some of them give him a glare, which he just ignored, not wanting to get into any trouble. He's had enough for one life time and didn't need any more if he had a say about it.

"Harry!" A blond missile came running towards him and gave him a hug. Harry stumbled back a bit from the weight but gave Sabrina a hug in return. Sabrina didn't say anything other then, "Let's go find the others!" Sabrina dragged Harry along without giving him a chance to put his coat away in his locker. Harry shook his head at her antics.

Harry sat down with Richard and the others at lunch, talking about the next big holiday: Christmas.

"Just under a month!" Kienna said happily. Michelle smiled.

"Yes, yes. You can't wait to get that new movie that your parents won't give you." Kienna pouted.

"It's not fair though!" She whined.

"I really want to see Lemony Snicket again!"

"Really? That's a little sad." Nick said.

"Coming from the guy who wants Shrek 2." Kienna said.

"Hey! I'm trying to bribe my brother into letting me borrow Troy for a few days."
"So?" Michelle asked sweetly.

"That still doesn't off set it with your 'manliness.'" Michelle said with air quotes. Harry and Richard snickered at Nick getting a browbeating from Michelle and Kienna.

"Are there any good movies coming out next year?" Harry asked. Everyone looked at him.

"Possibly, why?" Mike asked. Harry shrugged.

"Just wondering."

"Well," Sabrina started.

"I heard about one called Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe."

"Oh yeah!" Michelle brightened.

"I've read the book but the movie looks much more interesting."

"Is that all?" Kienna asked sweetly. Michelle blushed slightly.

"Shut it." Sabrina stifled a laugh.

"There's Pride and Prejudice." Sabrina said.

"What? I like reading some of the classics! It just happens to be my favourite Jane Austin book."

"I heard rumours about one that's a kids film but I'm not sure what it's about." Mike said. Harry grinned.

"I was wondering if we could agree on a movie and go see it. Or, do a movie marathon. One of my guardian's coworkers is a movie fanatic and I think he has almost every movie released." Richard nodded at that.

"That'd be cool actually. We'd have to wait until March break or something to do it." With agreements on this, the bell for lunch to end went off, making Harry go to art and Sabrina off to English class, not envying her at all. All in all, Harry was happy with his life.

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"Hey Harry."

"Yeah?"

"I was thinking, with the idea you gave out at lunch, why don't we have a sleep over or something on the weekend? I mean, I'll ask Michelle and Richard about it of course, but-"

"That's a nice idea. We just gotta clear it, right?" Sabrina blushed.

"Yeah. At least it's Monday which gives us all week to plan this." Harry smiled brightly at this.

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Harry was shifting his weight between his feet as he waited for Gibbs to answer him. Biting his lip, Harry looked up and saw Gibbs looking at him.

"Can I go?" He asked. Gibbs was silent for a minute.
“Fine. But you come home first. Ask Sabrina’s mom if she’ll come and get you. If not, I’ll drop you off.”

“OK,” Harry chirped. Gibbs shook his head as Harry dashed up the stairs to his room. Gibbs looked over at the hyperactive toddler still on the floor and decided that supper would be the best thing to do.

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“What’d he say?” Sabrina asked.

“He said yes. Think your mum could come and get me? I have to come here first.”

“Sure. I'll ask and tell you at school what she says since her shift isn't over for another three hours.”

“Fine. What did Richard and Michelle say?”

“Well, Richard will be bringing his own movies, surprise, surprise and Michelle will probably bring one or two over.”

“Please tell me it’s not romance.” Harry begged. Sabrina laughed.

“Maybe. With Michelle, you never know. I better go now, I hear dad.”

“Alright. See you tomorrow then.”

“Bye.” Harry flipped the phone shut and gave a smile. Hopefully the Director will think of someway to bring Sirius over, and Remus if he wants to. Holding onto that thought, Harry went to bed for school the next day.
Sleepover and Worries

Harry was never one for long periods of patience. Sure, he was patient about some things but others...he could swear the world was out to get him.

The problem? It was only Thursday and tomorrow is Friday and the waiting is killing him! Sabrina got the arrangements sorted out with her mom and Richard would be bringing over some of his movies (after assuring Harry that there will be at least one movie that they won't fall asleep through, aka the chick flicks that Michelle said that she'll be bringing. Harry just snickered), along with Michelle.

"Why are you bouncing on your feet?" Michelle asked. Harry jumped.

"Christ Michelle! Don't do that!" Michelle raised an eyebrow.

"Why not? It's fun getting reactions from people."

"Still." Harry said with his voice cracking. Michelle just smiled and shrugged at him while Harry shook his head as they waited for the classroom to be unlocked.

Harry was one of the first to arrive and noticed that the door was locked and was content for leaning against the wall thinking, before Michelle sneaked up on him.

"You're evil, you know that?"

"I aim to please." She chirped. Harry snorted while they waited for Ms. Camille to come and open the door. Richard finally came as Michelle was spinning in a circle from boredom with everyone else giving her a wide berth, not wanting to get hit.

"How long has she been doing this?" Richard whispered to Harry. Harry shrugged then looked at his watch.

"About three minutes give or take. I'm going to be surprised if she doesn't get sick." Richard just looked at Michelle with a weird look. Michelle stopped spinning when Ms. Camille came and had trouble walking and crashed into Nick.

"Sorry!" She cried with her cheeks going slightly red. Richard just laughed while Michelle made a small noise and walked over to her seat while Harry raised an eyebrow at her. The three guys just looked at each other and shrugged at her mood swing. They all sat down and got their Macbeth plays out.

When the people who would be reading got picked, the small group near the back wasn't really paying any attention. Richard would draw in his binder and Nick was sleeping while everyone else read the play. Michelle just stared at her's and Harry was reading it, but none of it registered at all in his brain so he started staring into space as well.

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Gibbs looked at his team, who were all finishing on catching up with their paperwork. Looking over at Tony, Gibbs couldn't help but see that he still had that small spark of his intact, no doubt thanks to Cassidy's survival. He told the team exactly what happened and told them that Harry already knows how thankful they are that she survived. He said that mostly Harry's sake as he hates it when people crowd him.
Nevertheless, Tony still went over and thanked Harry personally (which Gibbs still doesn’t know about). The entire team had visited her over the week and Cassidy gave Ziva a small apology that she just waved off, probably because she has gone through the same thing herself. Tony has been going to visit her more often then everyone else, probably because he knew her longer and had a history with her.

The doctors informed the director that she might be on desk duty permanently because the bomb did massive nerve damage to her right hand and now has a small limp because of the damage from the bomb. There was also massive scarring all up her arms from seconds after the bomb went off. Jenny told the team that Cassidy might be back to work in six months or a year, depending on how well her therapy goes.

Sighing, he turned back to the computer screen that had Sharif’s face still being ran. He hasn't talked to Mann for a while though, not since the first time they went after Sharif. Turning back, he saw everyone typing away on their computer about something. Deciding to visit Abby, Gibbs left his desk.

"Where do you think Gibbs is going?" Tony asked after a minute. 

"You never know." McGee said.

"Do you even want to know?" Ziva asked. Tony and McGee looked at each other.

"No." Tony's phone went off.

"DiNozzo. Yeah, got it." Tony hung up.

"Ziva, go get Gibbs and Ducky, we have another case down in the sewers." Ziva gave Tony a weird look.

"The sewers," she stated.

"Well, more like the underground wiring for the traffic lights."

"The power nodes." McGee said.

"Thank you probie," Tony said sarcastically.

"Ok then, I'll go get them." Ziva said, not wanting to be in the middle of one of the men's bickering fights.

Harry grinned at Michelle and Richard as they were trying not to look at each other for fear of going red. Michelle said something earlier in English and Richard completely misunderstood it and said something else with implications that made everyone else laugh and made the two of them embarrassed. It's been going on all day with Sabrina making the occasional crack at the two of them along with Nick and Mark who Harry doesn't think will let them live it down for a while.

"See you tonight then?" Michelle asked Sabrina. Sabrina looked up.

"Yeah. We're gonna be getting Harry first though. Will four be fine?" Harry nodded.

"Yeah, that'll give me enough time to get a bag packed and leave a not." 'And to let Sirius know I won't be calling him this weekend.'
"So, we'll get you around 4:30 then."

"Yeah! I'll get some chick flicks ready then!" Harry and Richard looked at each other and you could practically hear them groaning at the prospect at the torture. Sabrina and Michelle grinned evilly.

"Anyone have any homework this weekend?" Richard asked. Michelle groaned.

"Please don't act like a nerd, please!" Richard looked offended.

"Guys, knock it off." Sabrina said. Harry just rolled his eyes while Michelle slapped both lightly.

"Be nice," she scolded.

"Yes ma'am," they mumbled while scowling. Michelle had a happy go lucky look again.

"Good. Now, aren't we suppose to be heading home?" Harry smiled and looked up.

"Yeah, I see my bus. I'll see you in a couple hours. Oh, do we need sleeping bags?"

"Yeah, bring one. We'll camp out in the living room."

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Harry got off the bus and unlocked the house. Getting inside and shutting the door, he froze. Something was off and it felt bad. Slowly climbing the stairs, Harry went into his room and quickly grabbed his bag and tossed in some clothes, locating a sleeping bag. Quickly calling Hedwig, Harry scribbled a note to Sirius that he'll be at a friends house (emphases on friends), than he went running out the door, not seeing a car watching him.

Looking at his watch, Harry started bouncing on his feet and was getting antsy. Hearing a car coming, he looked up and smiled, seeing that it was Ashley with Sabrina in the passenger seat. He ran up to the car while Sabrina rolled the window down.

"We're gonna get Michelle with Richard being on his way." Harry just shrugged and tossed his back in the back and was grinning the whole way. Sabrina turned around in the seat.

"So, whatcha want for supper?" Harry shrugged.

"Not sure. How about pizza or something?" Sabrina nodded.

"I'll ask everyone else. Mom doesn't feel like making supper." Sabrina gave her mum a mock glare while Ashley smiled.

"Well, I do like taking a break every so often thank you." The two teens didn't have anything to say against that. Five minutes later, they arrived outside Michelle's house. Harry could see Michelle glare out the window impatiently. Ashley honked the horn and saw Michelle jump and snickered. Sabrina gave Harry a questioning look while he shook his head. Sabrina rolled her eyes while Michelle got in the car.

"Thank you for taking forever," she said. Harry snorted.

"Please, we were only a minute late. Picky, picky," Sabrina said.

"I'll show you picky," Michelle muttered as she crossed her arms and sulked. Harry didn't say anything as they went to Sabrina's house. They barely got in the driveway when a small, slick car came up with Richard looking impatient.
"Hey!" He called after getting out with his bag. Harry smiled.

"Hey Richard."

"Anyone for pizza?" Sabrina called.

"Hell yeah! Ouch woman!"

Gibbs sighed as he dropped Aiden in his crib after supper and went to the basement to work on his new boat, which is also good for a small stress reliever and to be able to think.

Mamoun Sharif (or the mad bomber as Tony calls him), was back and was now playing with chemical weapons, joys. Colonel Mann was also on the case after an interesting confrontation in an arcade that Abby traced Sharif’s camera to a wireless signal where he watched Major Maguire die. Mann got to the alley by following an old lead when he was an informant to the CIA before turning and followed an alias, which led to an account, then to the alley where everyone met each other in a not so friendly affair of having guns pointed at everyone and shouting out the two agency names.

The chemical weapon in question is what Abby called 3-Quinuclidinyl benzilate or, BZ gas in normal terms that acts as a nerve gas that is airborne which Sharif was testing on Major Maguire, who was originally bringing the BZ gas to a test facility and found that there was 10 kg missing. The amount that made the Major die with was 10 mg.

Sighing, Gibbs started working on one of the boat's side frames. Harry left long before he came home and smiled. Harry deserved to have some fun with his friends, especially with the life he's had. There was a distinct difference between the Harry he knew and the Harry now, and some of the difference is not for the better. He seems to be more secretive and less open. Gibbs just hopes that having true friends will help him in the long run from what the Dursley's have done. He's not solely basing all the damage as being with the Dursley's, no. He's placing some of the blame on that Wizarding world and was going to get his hands on whoever placed him with the Dursley's in the first place. That was the person (or group), that he would love to see locked up for a long time. Gibbs would love them to put up a fight, just so he wouldn't get into any trouble.

Hearing the door and looking at the time (nearly 11 at night), he heard her before seeing her.

"Thought you'd like to know that Sharif made it to the top of every agency's top ten most wanted list. Homeland security is looking into it." Mann looked around. Last time she was here, there was an almost completed boat. Now, there's only the basic frame of one.

"Where's your boat?"

"Had to move it to make some room." Gibbs said without looking up.

"But where-" Gibbs nearly snorted.

"They're covering their asses."

"But-"

"It'll take them days to figure out why and how."

"Yeah well, they want a briefing anyways with the nature of chemical weapons and 10 kg is a large amount. It could be a land base attack."
"Or something else we haven't considered." Gibbs countered.

"Well, that's what I'm here for." Gibbs looked up at Mann.

"Yes?" Mann stared back.

"You say that like you were expecting something else." Mann paused.

"Or hoping."

"What's got in the bag?"

"Dinner." Mann brought it over to the work table with Gibbs following.

"So maybe Sharif is just gonna sell the BZ." Mann said as she was starting to clear a spot.

"He's not."

"Oh? What makes you so sure?"

"His eyes."

"His eyes?" Mann stated while going through the bag.

"He doesn't want the money, he wants to kill."

"Who? Sharif sold himself to the highest bidder his whole life. No matter what side they're on." She said.

"People get older, realize that they want something different" Gibbs said. He didn't want to admit just how much it's true and that it's happened to him before and people he knows, and it's not always for the better.

"And you can tell this just by looking into someone's eyes?" Mann asked, pulling Gibbs from his thoughts.

"Yeah."

"Okay, what do you see in my eyes?" Mann stared at Gibbs. He stared into them for a few moments.

"That you want me to kiss you."

"So are you going to?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"After we catch Sharif." They stared for another moment before turning away from each other.

"That's probably a good idea." They both turned away from each other while Mann was getting the bag of food.

"Really? 'Cause I was hoping you wouldn't think that."

"No, no it's a good idea and I better go before I change my mind. You know we're a distraction to your team. We can't have anything interfering with finding Sharif." She said while walking away.
"Yeah, and we're gonna find him, then what?" Gibbs called after her.

"Interfere." She said with a smile as she walked up the stairs. Gibbs smiled as she walked out of sight. Gibbs' phone started ringing and unscrewed a mason jar hanging from his work bench and dumped all the nails and screws out to get to his phone.

"Yeah, Gibbs."

"Hello Agent Gibbs." Gibbs paused for a moment.

"What do you want Sharif?" He asked while throwing the screws down.

"No pleasantries. That's not very friendly Agent Gibbs."

"You want friendly? The front door's open and make some coffee." Gibbs said.

"I did but you weren't home." Gibbs froze. If Sharif was here and Harry came by earlier…

"Nice place," Sharif continued.

"Got some decorating tips for you but first things first." Right down to business trying to screw NCIS over with the investigation, of course.

"I know you are aware that I have almost 10 kilograms of BZ gas in my possession."

"What do you want?" Gibbs asked while leaning on the boat frame.

"The United States government is holding 6 alleged members of a Chechhyn separatist group in a secret prison in Afghanistan." He paused.

"I want them released within the next 24 hours."

"Not gonna happen." Gibbs said quietly.

"Of course. You people don't make deals with terrorists. But you misunderstand. We are not negotiating. Either you release those men, or I'll release more of the BZ gas."

"More?" Gibbs asked, dreading the answer.

"It's hard to say how many have been exposed. Airborne weaponry is tricky business but I'm sure the 11:00 news would have a better figure by now." Gibbs walked over to the mini T.V. and turned it on in the middle of a broadcast.

"…hospital. Authorities are not certain what's causing the illness. There are no fatalities yet but six people have fallen sick…"

"Actually," Sharif interrupted.

"Counting you Agent Gibbs, make that seven and you better be careful, or your eldest boy will become eight. He's such a handsome boy isn't he?" Sharif hung up the phone. Gibbs stared at the phone before quickly dialing Mann, Ducky and Abby. He didn't want to take a chance if he was infected to touch Aiden but he needed to get him out of that house and was now almost terrified for Harry.

Sharif knows about him and he would admit that the thought of Sharif getting near him terrified him. Hearing cars pulling into the driveway, Gibbs nearly ran upstairs where there was a frantic Abby.
with Ziva, Ducky who looked grave and Mann who was concerned. This is gonna be a long night again.

Harry, Richard, Michelle and Sabrina all laid by the T.V. watching *Lord of the Rings: Return of the King*. They all had a vote on what to watch. When Harry admitted to have not seen *Lord of the Rings*, Richard nearly had a heart attack right there while eating his pizza. So, they all decided to watch all three films and if they were still awake, then they'd watch *Pearl Harbour* since it was the only one that everyone could agree with because of the war and the romance (which Richard claims to have ruined the movie. Michelle thought it was sweet).

They just started the last of the three films and it was almost midnight. Michelle was fighting to stay awake while Harry and Richard were watching the Battle of Helms Deep with fascination because of the way the special effects were used. While watching when Gandalf came charging in at the sunrise, Harry thought that it would be highly offensive to compare Gandalf to Dumbledore but the way they both look and sometimes speak, it a little creepy in his books for that but he still preferred Gandalf as he was genuinely concerned for everyone and…Harry wasn't sure what to call the other thing, but he just preferred the fictional wizard to the real one which was a little pathetic he thought.

Looking over at Sabrina, he had a soft smile on, thinking of the wonderful friends he's made here. It just strengthened his resolve to stay away from Britain for a few years at least. It shouldn't fall onto him to make sure that everyone is safe or being called a glory hound.

The one thing that the wizarding population is good at, is focusing only on the outcome and not the sacrifices made by the real heroes to achieved the outcome. In Harry's case, everyone always talked about how good of people Lily and James were, but they forget that Harry had to pay the price for his fame. Everyone but him seemed to have known his parents and it saddened him a lot.

Dragging his thoughts away from the depression, Harry went back to watching the movie, not being able to shake this feeling that something was wrong.

"Well, at least we lasted through *Lord of the Rings*." Richard said cheerfully. Michelle gave a tired grin.

"Well, at least we all saw the ending."

"Yeah, I always found the ending to be a little sad, don't you think Harry?" Harry nodded.

"You have to feel sorry for Frodo though because of the weight the ring carried with it. I mean, it couldn't have been easy, especially with the ring playing around with his mind."

"I guess you're right. Now, what do you want for breakfast?"

"Food." Sabrina glared at Richard.

"I know that, but what kind?"

"Edible food." Sabrina looked like she was about to rip his head off.

"Fine, fine! Um…pancakes?"

"Fine." Michelle rolled her eyes at the two of them as she sat down at the kitchen table. Harry just
yawned and sat down beside her, trying not to fall asleep. They finished all the Ring movies and got through Pearl Harbour before crashing.

"Next time, can we watch the Last Samurai please?" Richard asked.

"Maybe. It depends when we do this again." Sabrina said.

"The music is amazing in the movie." Michelle admitted. Harry just looked at the steaming pancakes with maple syrup covering them. They were the American type, but Harry wasn't complaining. Maybe he'll show them the European style ones…Everyone jumped when his cell phone went off.

"Jesus Christ Harry! Put that thing on vibrate before noon!" Richard yelled.

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

"Hello?"

"Harry?"

"Abby?" Harry asked in confusion.

"Why are you calling?"

"Gibbs wants you at the Navy Yard."

"Um, that's all fine but, I'm kinda still waking up."

"I'll be there in five minutes if you give me the address." Harry frowned as he gave her the address.

"Thanks." Hearing the phone go dead, Harry stared at it in confusion.

"What was that about?" Harry looked at his friends.

"I have no idea."
Trouble Done, Trouble Start

Harry and his friends just sat at the table staring at each other.

"What do you think happened?" Michelle asked. Harry shrugged.

"Honestly, I have no idea and I don't know if I even want to know."

"Let's just eat." Sabrina said while looking at Harry.

"You and Richard can have the bathroom to change while Michelle and I will take my room."

Everyone looked down at their bed shirts and sweat pants. Quickly eating and putting his plate in the sink, Harry ran to his bag and grabbed everything he needed and went to the bathroom.

"Third door on the right!" Sabrina called.

"Got it!" Harry slipped into it and started changing. Did something happen to Gibbs? One of the team? Another threat? These thought whirled around in his head as he was on automatic for the morning routine. As soon as Harry came out, there was a knock on the door.

"Harry!"

"Yeah, I'm coming." Tossing his night wear in his bag, Harry grabbed it and went into the front room where he saw Abby nervously bouncing on her feet.

"Abby, What's going on?"

"No time to explain! Now come on!" Abby dragged Harry out the door without another word. Harry looked back.

"I'll call!"

"Alright!" Harry grimaced about leaving but was now worried. Did something happen to Gibbs? Harry tried not to be worried, but he couldn't help it. He was one of the only people that kept him grounded when he was at the Dursley's full time. He couldn't think that anything could happen to him.

Harry used to think that he was invincible. Now, he was wanting to believe that same childish wish that he once had.

Abby looked over and saw that Harry was just staring out the window and with a slightly worried expression on his face. Abby wish she didn't have to do this, but it was better for everyone if both kids were at headquarters. That way, they could have an eye kept on them. Although…Abby bit her lip.

Colonel Mann was there and she had no idea how Harry would react to her and Gibbs flirting. Harry saw Shannon as the only mother he knew and would probably think that Gibbs was replacing her. She let a quiet sigh escape as they pulled into the Navy Yard.

"Here we are. We can take the stairs if you want." Abby said. Harry just nodded absently and got out of the car.

"Are you going to tell me what's going on?" Harry asked. Abby shook her head.
"I'll let the team do that."

"So something did happen to Gibbs. Is he in the hospital?" Abby shook her head.

"He wouldn't go there consciously."

"And what does that mean?" Harry asked, but Abby didn't say anything which made Harry give a small growl of annoyance creeping in. Why would Gibbs even be in a hospital in the first place? He hated them even while taking me there.' As Harry mauled over all this while walking towards the security guard for the visitor badge, Abby made a quick call.

"Hey, McGee, where's Colonel Mann?"

"Um…in the squad room." Abby closed her eyes.

"Shit." She took a breath.

"Harry's here."

"Oh, that's not good."

"You think?" Abby hissed. She looked up.

"Warn the team quickly, just in case." She hung up and went over to Harry who was waiting near the elevator.

"Ready?" Abby asked. Harry took a breath.

"Let's get this over with." She scanned her eyes before letting Harry go first. This is going to be another long day,' she thought.

"We'll go and get Aiden first."

"Where is he?" Harry asked.

"With the director. We're going up there first."

Harry and Abby went straight to the director's office right when Gibbs and Mann entered the interrogation room and Jenny was going back to her office for a moment. Jenny smiled when she saw Harry and Abby.

"Abby," She called over.

"Director," Abby said, dragging Harry over.

"Where's Aiden?" Harry asked.

"In my office with Cynthia. Gibbs didn't want to take any risks."

"Risks for what?" Harry asked, dreading the answer.

"There's a terrorist on the loose called Sharif and has a chemical weapon called BZ gas."

"It's delay nerve gas," Abby said helpfully. Harry nodded in appreciation.
"Sharif has already infected seven people, eight if you count Gibbs." Harry felt the blood drain from his face.

"So I wasn't imagining it," he muttered.

"Imagining what?" Jenny asked.

"It felt like someone was watching me at the house when I got my bag to stay at a friends house," Harry explained.

"The house is being checked as we speak. That's why Abby got you this morning and not last night as you weren't there at the time. And Gibbs got checked up on by Ducky." Harry nodded, slightly in a daze.

"So Gibbs isn't infected." He confirmed. Jenny hesitated slightly, giving Harry is answer. Dread crept into him.

"Damn," he said softly. 'Could this day get any worse?' he wondered. He snorted. 'And it's only morning.'

Harry followed Jenny and got Aiden as Gibbs and the team went to the squad room, figuring out what they just heard.

Harry was carrying Aiden down the stairs and wasn't really watching the squad room until he turned the corner and froze when he saw Gibbs with someone else and could hear what was going on.

"...maybe it wasn't modified." Ziva said.

"It was. CID chemical weapons specialists analysed the blood of the victims at the hospital and confirmed that the BZ's been modified. It's harmless unless ingested." Harry cocked his head, wondering about the vibe he was getting. He backed up slightly, wanting to see how this plays out and crouched slightly so he wouldn't be seen but he saw Gibbs rubbing his head like a headache was coming on. But…Gibbs didn't get headaches, as far as he could remember. Kelly was the one who mostly got them from the extreme heat.

"Which is basically harmless," Ziva said before Gibb cut her off.

"It wasn't harmless for Major McGuire and those six people in the hospital."

"Well, if Sharif was in their houses, he could've spiked their O. J. with BZ." Tony sad.

"Or, Sharif figured out how to modify it back." Harry was about to come over when a phone went off. Gibbs noticed it was his and picked it up.

"Yeah, Gibbs."

"Why don't I wait until you start the trace?" Gibbs snapped his fingers, signalling to McGee to trace the call. He ran to the computer and started tracing the call.

"I just called to see how you were feeling. How is your eldest boy by the way?" Sharif asked.

"Leave him out of this," Gibbs said lowly. Harry idly wondered if they were talking about him.

"Of course, all business talk as usual. You still didn't answer my question."
"Better then the people you put in the hospital."

"Well, I would pay my respects, but I’m leaving out of town. I’ll send you a postcard. I’m planning to have quite a bit for my retirement."

“And your Chechnyan buddies?” Gibbs asked, already knowing the answer.

“I’m not even sure where Chechnya is,” Sharif answered.

“We both know your not retiring,” Gibbs said as McGee was getting closer to the location.

“With what I made, I may plan it.”

“Who were they?” Gibbs asked harshly.

“Wife? Family? Come on Sharif, I’ve been there I know.” Harry’s stomach dropped. Gibbs killed to avenge his family then? Who did he kill? All Harry knew was that Kelly and Shannon were killed in a car crash and nothing else. He stopped. Were they murdered? Harry tried shaking his head of those thoughts, but they stuck. He could focus on what was going on right now, but it was hard.

“It’s not the money, its payback,” Gibbs said viciously.

“You won’t stop until you get it, so who were they?” Sharif hung up. Gibbs looked at McGee but he shook his head, not getting the signal locked down.

“So this is about payback?” Tony asked.

“No, this is an attack,” The woman said.

“And I believe I have a clue, as to what that might be." Duck said, coming up. Everyone turned as Ducky beckoned Gibbs and the woman over. Tony followed them. When they left, Harry came out of hiding.

“Harry,” Ziva said in slight surprise. Her eyes narrowed.

“How long were you there?”

“Long enough,” He said shortly.

“Who’s the blond?”

“Colonel Mann, CID, working with us right now.” McGee said. Harry nodded and switched arms for Aiden as his right one was falling asleep.

“Harry, sit down. Trust me or else your arms will not thank you later,” Ziva said remembering her little sister. Harry just sat in Gibbs’ chair as the rest of the remaining team started trying to find out where Sharif went.

Harry was quiet when Tony came back up with new information that he found out from Ducky. Harry pretty much ignored them until Tony cried out in triumph. He quickly called Gibbs and waited for him and the Colonel to come up. When they did, Harry was surprised that he wasn't seen at first, but shrugged at that. Tony got the videos up on the monitor, opposite of Harry, so he just watched.

“Sharif has been a busy little banker.”

“He's spent the last three days going from bank to bank.” Ziva continued.
"Depositing or withdrawing?" Gibbs asked, staring at the screen.

"Withdrawing. And all of them in singles," McGee said.

"Twelve transactions at twelve different banks." Ziva said. Harry had to admit that was smart.

"Which was why it was flagged." McGee said. Mann looked slightly confused.

"Anti laundering laws use to say that no more than a single transaction over ten grand would be reported." Tony took over.

"But those are nine thousand." Mann said, looking at the screen.

"Sharif must've known about the limit," McGee threw in.

"What he didn't know was that the fed's lowered the thresh hold to five grand last month."

"Since when do you know so much about anti laundering laws Dinozzo?" Gibbs asked.

"Well, you should, read your memo's more often boss."

"Or not." Gibbs said, not looking at him.

"How much?" Mann asked.

"One hundred and eight thousand."

"That's a lot of singles." McGee said.

"About one hundred and eight, thousand," Ziva repeated.

"I have an entirely inappropriate joke about strip clubs but I'll save it for a less terrifying moment." Tony said. Ziva just gave him a look while Harry snorted quietly.

"He's putting the BZ gas on the money," Mann realized.

"A lot of it will change hands in 36 hours." Harry wasn't sure what they were talking about right there, but he followed he conversation anyway.

"A lot more then a hundred thousand will be at risk."

"Dinozzo," Gibbs called.

"I'll check out casinos and race tracks and best places to get rid of large amounts of money." Tony said while going to his desk.

"Agent McGee, airports, train stations, anywhere where he can hit large groups of people." Mann said.

"Right boss-Colonel." McGee corrected while shaking his head.

"Ziva, coordinate roadblocks with local LEO's." she nodded and went straight to her desk and started dialing different numbers. Mann went over to Gibbs.

"We're gonna have to issue a warning. It's going to wreak havoc on the economy."

"Economy's not what I'm worried about," Gibbs said.
"He could be anywhere by now." Mann said. Harry was amazed that the two haven't noticed him by now. He perked up at what Gibbs was staring at. Gibbs squinted at the screen, seeing something in Sharif's bag. Mann leaned in.

"You rethinking our deal?" Harry almost sat up at that. 'What deal?' Mann just gave a small laugh. Harry just scowled in disgust.

"McGee."

"Yeah boss." McGee looked up from his computer. Gibbs got closer to the screen.

"What is this?" He pointed to the screen. McGee went over for a close look. He probably didn't see what Gibbs was seeing as he said, "well, it looks like the money." Gibbs almost made an exasperating noise.

"Not that. That, McGee." Gibbs tried zooming in but he was holding it the wrong way.

"Let me see this." McGee took the controller and zoomed in to where Gibbs was pointing. Harry was laughing slightly in his head. Gibbs was never a big fan of technology. McGee knew straight away what it was.

"It looks like a GBP. Game Box Portable."

"Past guy said Sharif was addicted to it," Tony said, while probably being on hold with someone.

"Is that a video game?" Gibbs asked.

"It's a wireless hand held gaming console." McGee said. Gibbs latched onto one word.

"Wireless?" He asked.

"Does that mean it's traceable?" Gibbs was looking at McGee now.

"If it's on and playing it and if we know his gaming I.D. then we can."

"We do," Mann said as the two of them rushed out of the squad room with McGee following him. Harry looked at Aiden.

"I didn't think I brought my invisibility cloak, but apparently I did." Harry said. Tony and Ziva looked at each other, not knowing what to do about this.

"Should we tell the boss Harry's here?" Tony asked Ziva. Ziva shrugged.

"Hey Harry, they're going to Abby's lab." Harry grinned, knowing her train of thought.

"Can Aiden stay here then?" He asked. Ziva turned on her chair.

"I'll take him." Harry took the toddler and put him on Ziva's lap, who kept one arm around him while working with Harry dashing down the hall.

"Really Ziva?" Ziva looked at him.

"What?"

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Gibbs and Mann walked through the door at Abby's lab.

"Abb's."

"I know, Tony called. 'and said that Harry was coming on down.' She added in her head. She went back to typing.

"Looks like while Sharif was waiting for Major McGuire to pop his cork, he spent four hours at the bowling alley playing an online video game called *Killler Kudsuckers.*"

"Got his handle?" McGee asked.

"Almost there," Abby said, typing away furiously at her keyboard. Everyone but Abby jumped when the door opened again and saw Harry walk through the door. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"What? You'd think I was invisible or something because I know I'm not." Harry snorted in his head, 'I just need a cloak to help me.'

"When did you get here?" Gibbs asked. Harry shrugged.

"Whenever Abby got here." Gibbs turned to Abby who shrugged.

"You were busy interrogating and I remember what Rule # 22 is." McGee grinned slightly at that, but grimaced, remembering when he interrupted an interrogation.

"Fine, but you could've told me when I was down here."

"But what fun is that?" Abby asked. Gibbs gave a small smile as Abby hacked into Sharif's user name.

"Oh look, it's Agent Gibbs." Harry stifled a laugh at the way Abby said that and was looking at Gibbs. McGee was typing on the other computer as he hacked into it.

"Accessing the logs of multi-player registry…" He typed in a couple more things.

"He actually online and has been playing for over an hour."

"He's not in any rush," Abby said, slightly confused.

"No, he's waiting for something. A plane-"

"Train," McGee said as he got a fix on the signal.

"He's at the AMTRACK station." Gibbs and Mann started going out the door.

"Gibbs!" Harry called, but he was ignored as Gibbs went inside the elevator. Harry bit his lip at that. McGee and Abby looked at each other. Gibbs must want this guy badly if he wouldn't stop for Harry. McGee went to follow them.

"McGee," Harry called, uncertain if he'd stop. McGee turned.

"Yeah?"

"Could you watch out for Gibbs? Please?" McGee nodded, making a mental note to tell Ziva and Tony too. As he left, Harry looked at Abby.
"Want to go and get Aiden and bring him down?" She asked. Harry just nodded and left. When the door clicked, Abby sighed.

"I hope you know what you're doing Gibbs," she said in the empty lab.

Gibbs was clutching the wall in the bathroom, trying to keep focused on Sharif. His gun shook slightly.

"It's over Sharif." Gibbs tried walking towards him, but he stumbled and couldn't keep his balance.

"Something wrong Agent Gibbs?" Sharif asked, smiling with his hands in the air in a mocking manor. Gibbs' eyes were going out of focus with everything blurring and the voice was echoing in his ears. Sharif was now looking at him seriously. Gibbs smacked into the wall, five feet away from Sharif.

"You really should check your hands tools more often Agent Gibbs," Sharif crowed as Gibbs fell to the floor.

"Undetectable until it reaches your bloodstream." He bent down and took Gibbs' gun.

"Don't worry, your boy is fine." Gibbs glared at Sharif for that comment.

"You are a little early but, I'm not complaining." Sharif went on. Gibbs tried getting, up, but his arms felt like they were made out of lead. He reached into his pocket and took out a switch blade, one he got to replace the one he gave to Harry.

Sharif knew what he was doing and grabbed Gibbs' wrist and took the knife while Gibbs grunted in pain. He was starting to have trouble breathing.

"Their names, were Cassandra and Demitri. They were my family." Sharif said, with his face distorted, almost reliving the memory when he found them dead with the gun near his face.

"But one of your country's men threw a grenade in the house." Sharif bent down closer, twisting Gibbs' wrist enough so he dropped the knife.

"Do you have any idea of the pain there is when you loose your family?" Gibbs would've retorted if he wasn't so focused on breathing.

"They say, every time you kill a man, you just make ten more like me," Sharif raged, getting up. Gibbs tried focusing on Harry, who he brushed aside earlier to get the case done. He wanted to catch Sharif, but didn't take the time to check in on the teen who is probably sick with worry right now.

"But I think, today, just one would be enough." Sharif pointed the gun at Gibbs, who struggled to get up.

Gun shots suddenly rang out and Sharif's body took an automatic step back from the force of the bullets. Gibbs' consciousness went in and out, but he saw Tony saying that the antidote was coming and Mann's eyes…her blue eyes…

Harry paced back and forth in Abby's lab, with Aiden playing with Bert, Abby's stuffed Hippopotamus that Aiden loves to squeeze because of the noise it makes.
"What could be taking so long?" Harry asked in frustration. All Abby could do is watch. To be honest, she's done it a few times too and decided to just leave Harry to pace for now.

"I'm sure everyone's fine Harry. McGee, Tony ad Ziva are all looking out for Gibbs."

"And Mann?" Harry asked, although from his tone, you could tell he already doesn't like her. Abby hesitated.

"I'm sure she's looking out for Gibbs too." Harry just snorted and flopped down on a chair. He put his head in his hands and groaned slightly. Why couldn't things not be complicated?

Abby's phone soon went off with Harry jumping, having had taken a small nap.

"McGee?"

"Hey Abbs, is Harry there?"

"Been here since you pretty much left."

"Gibbs is at the hospital." Abby stepped backwards.

"Why? Is he alright?"

"He should be fine. The doctors just want him for observation and should be released by morning." Abby let out a breath.

"And Sharif?"

"Dead." Abby nodded and rubbed her forehead.

"Ok, how is this gonna work then?"

"We're coming to Gibbs' house to watch over the boys for the night. Director Sheppard will be there later."

"Alright then. Meet you at the house then." Abby hung up with Harry staring at her for answers.

"Well?" Harry demanded.

"Gibbs is in the hospital for observation." Harry went white at that.

"Was it the BZ?" Abby nodded.

"It wasn't detected until it was pretty much in the bloodstream." Abby said. Harry cursed quietly at that and picked up Aiden, who wouldn't let go of Bert.

"What going to happen then?"

"Me, McGee, Tony and Ziva will be at the house. Mostly to make sure that you two are all right, but also because someone has to look after Aiden." Abby explain. Harry raised an eyebrow at this.

"Not that you couldn't, it's just that you can't babysit by yourself unless you have training." Abby babbled.

"Abby, it's fine, really." Harry reassured her, although, he was slightly happy that there would be someone at the house he could talk to. Or just hide in his room. He hasn't quite decided which to do.
Probably the latter, to try and not vent about how screwed up today was.

"Great!" Abby chirped. Harry sighed and just picked up Aiden and left the lab, trailing behind her.
Harry sighed as he trudged upstairs to his room.

The car ride to the house was a very quiet one. Abby was too nervous to talk and Harry wasn't in the mood to talk. He hated how his weekend with his friends was ripped away and wasn't sure when he could do something like that again. Christmas was coming up and then exams at the end of January.

Harry groaned at the thought of that. He missed two months of school which screwed him over but was thankful that the first few units were usually weighed less than the later units. Especially for English. Harry shivered at the thought of doing the short stories on the exam. He was just glad he missed that unit. He twirled his pen through his fingers and sighed. He wanted to call Sabrina, but wasn't sure if she wanted to talk to him right now. He groaned and laid his head on the desk for a small cat nap.

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Abby was fidgeting slightly as Ziva, McGee and Tony were coming through the door.

"Well?" She demanded.

"Gibbs isn't at the hospital." Tony said. Abby's eyes went wide.

"Not like that!" McGee said quickly.

"He checked himself out and hasn't been seen since."

"Anyone want to explain that to Harry?" Ziva asked.

"I'm not suicidal." Tony commented.

"Where do you think he went?" Abby asked.

"Probably a certain Colonel's house," Tony said. Abby groaned.

"This is really not good." She shook her head and they went onto lighter topics, knowing that if they went back onto that topic, then there could be some things that shouldn't be said.

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Harry growled in frustration when Sirius didn't pick up his mirror. He could feel his magic itching to get out, but couldn't do anything in fear of the American Ministry picking it up. The windows and furniture started to shake slightly from the build up of magic and Harry's emotions of fear, anger, confusion and from being upset.

The door was shut, but it locked itself. The more the furniture shook, the more scared Harry got, which fueled even more magic into the shaking. He knew he had to get out of the house, now.

"Hedwig!" Hedwig came into his room in flames.

"I need to get out, now."

"Grab on."

Harry grabbed Hedwig's tail feathers and they both disappeared in a ball of flames.

When Harry opened his eyes, the sun was just setting over the water as Harry let go of his control on
his magic. There was a small shock wave that rippled out onto the water as the raw magic was back into nature.

What most wizards didn't realize was why the Golden Age of magic would never come back. It wasn't only the weakening of the magic, it was also the lower number of people who used magic. As more and more non magical people polluted the earth, the magic that wizards produce couldn't keep up with it, making the earth slowly die. Harry's raw magic was powerful, and if a hundred wizard and witches were to let off that amount of magic every hour, the earth could start to heal, but alas, that probably won't happen unless people knew of it.

At that moment though, Harry was just panting and used his knees for his arms to support him from falling down again.

Hedwig looked upon her master in sadness. She knew why he was acting like this, but it didn't mean that she liked it. His confusion, sadness, anger and just...hopelessness filled the air, making her trill sadly. Harry looked up and Hedwig and gave her an apologetic smile.

"Sorry Hedwig. I just needed to get out. I don't want anyone to know where I am."

"You do know that you have to go back to magic studies unless you want this to happen again. You know what happens when you don't use your magic regularly." Harry scowled.

"Yes, I realize that, but I don't want the American government to know where I am right now because I will *not* get deported."

"Then why don't you get some tutors?"

"Because I don't know any," Harry said in a 'duh,' voice. Hedwig smacked him around the head with her wing.

"Don't take that tone with me young man. What about Sirius and Remus?"

"And when can they do it? They're on the other side of the world right now and I'm here. And..."

Harry looked around.

"Where exactly is here?"

"The Caribbean. We're on one of the newly formed islands."

Harry just nodded absentmindedly and stared off into the sunset.

"Will I ever have a chance to be normal and not hunted down like an animal?" He asked Hedwig.

"I don't know Harry. I wish I did but you are having a chance at being normal with no strings attached. I would enjoy it while I can."

"What does that mean?" Harry asked. Hedwig said nothing, making Harry sigh in frustration. He knew Hedwig knew something but wasn't telling.

"I guess I should get back, shouldn't I."

Harry reached for Hedwig's tail feather and they disappeared in a ball of flame and reappeared in Harry's room. The room has stopped shaking, but the door was still locked from the inside without Harry noticing. Harry didn't even realize just how much magic he used until he collapsed on the bed,
fully clothed.

Abby came up to check on the boys. She found Aiden sleeping soundly but when she went to try
Harry's door, she found it locked. Frowning, she pressed her ear to the door and heard faint snoring
coming from the room. Satisfied, Abby left to go downstairs where the rest of the team was waiting,
where they would discussed about some issues that they had to deal with immediately.

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By the time Gibbs came home, it was very late at night and everyone had already gone home,
trusting that the boys wouldn't be up. Gibbs gently placed the keys on the table and nearly tip toed up
the stairs.

He first checked on Aiden, who was sleeping on his stomach with his mouth wide open, he went to
check on Harry and found the door locked. Frowning, Gibbs jiggled the handle but it was still stuck.
Being too tired to do anything, Gibbs just went down the hall, not knowing that the teen was lying in
bed, very much awake.

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Harry groaned as he got up and stretched out, trying to get the stiffness out. He heard popping and
winced at that. 'I am never doing that again,' he promised himself. Getting dressed, Harry rubbed the
sleep from his eyes and sprinted downstairs, poured a bowl of cereal, and sprinted back upstairs, all
within two minutes. Harry didn't bother with grabbing a drink since he wasn't very thirsty. Harry
trudged through his room and sat by his desk and flipped his phone open.

He had the number, but Gibbs would hear and he didn't want that…as Harry debated on this, he
munched on the cereal, trying to think of all his options. His best time would be when Gibbs wasn't
around and not at school (he didn't want to get in trouble). Deciding to call Sabrina later today, Harry
focused on eating, not caring if Gibbs called him down at all that day. He had homework to do.

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Harry didn't come out of his room for the entire day. He skipped lunch as he wasn't very hungry and
kept his door locked. He didn't care if it annoyed Gibbs right about now in his mood. He didn't try
calling Sirius again either. Harry just brooded.

"Harry, what are you doing?"

"Thinking."

"I can see that."

"Then leave me alone."

"Harry," Hedwig said before flaming into his room.

"What's wrong?"

"Life," was the only answer Hedwig got. Hedwig nipped at Harry's ear.

"Ow! What was that for?!"

"For brooding again. I know how you get when you do that."

"I can't help it! Why is this happening?"
"I don't have all the answers Harry. Why don't you go and ask?"

"No," Harry said sharply.

"I don't want to see him or anyone right now." Hedwig sighed.

"If that's what you want..." Hedwig flamed out of the room, leaving Harry alone with his thoughts again.

Harry stayed locked in his room for the entire day, not once coming out. He wasn't too sure if Gibbs noticed or even cared. Did he care? Harry bit his lip and put down the sketch he was working on. A break from his art project.

Sighing, he put everything down and flopped on his bed, thinking of nothing. He just stared at the ceiling, wasting his time without a care in the world. Harry wished he could do this everyday.

Not care about the world and its problems, worries about the wizarding world coming to drag him back to Britain, and even the war in Iraq. Harry heard that it was still pretty bad. He knew that about half of his classmates had a military family member had them either serving right now, getting ready to ship out, or are coming home now.

Harry rolled over so he was facing the wall and looked at the one picture he pinned up beside his bed. He gave a soft smile as he touched it, remembering everything that happened that day. He had no idea how much time past, but it was getting dark out now. Harry quickly changed and dove under the covers and went to sleep, with his door still locked.

Gibbs wasn't usually one to worry. The only time he worries is when someone of his team is in danger, or someone he cares deeply about. Harry hasn't come out of his room all day that he's seen. He took a sweeping glance at the calendar and wondered if Mike will appreciate the two extra guests that are sleeping off the jet leg.

Aiden started to wail, making Gibbs nearly groan in frustration at that. Aiden is usually a very good toddler, but he did have his moments. Taking a look up the stairs, Gibbs frowned. Maybe he should go up and see what's bothering Harry. Right when he was about to move, the phone rang. Picking it up, he smiled at the caller ID.

"Is there an emergency colonel?" He asked in a light tone.

"Not really, just wanting to see how you were doing."

"Fine." He said. Mann just made a noise that said she disagreed with him.

"So, are you busy next week? One of the nights? We could always catch a movie." Gibbs thought about that for a minute. Harry would have to look after Aiden, but there shouldn't be a problem with that.

"Sure, just name a time and place."

"I was thinking Wednesday, and we can figure out a movie later."

"Sounds like a plan." Gibbs hung up and picked up the fussy toddler.
"Ok, let's get you cleaned up mister."

Harry groaned as his alarm went off. Throwing the covers off with his eyes still shut, he blindly got up and knocked into his dresser, forcing his eyes to open. He didn't get a good sleep and was slightly sore for some reason, but he got changed and grabbed his school bag off his chair and went downstairs quietly. He glanced towards the stairs and curiously looked out the window. His good mood vanished when he didn't see the car. 'Gibbs must've already left,' he thought. Grabbing an apple, Harry left for the bus, trying not to dwell on this change.

As Harry got to school, his mind was being pulled in so many directions, he could feel a headache coming on. It was a light throbbing, so Harry didn't pay any attention to it. He got through his classes, talked to his friends, but by lunch time, his light throbbing turned into a full blown headache bordering on migraine. Harry didn't bother pulling out his lunch and put his head on the table, trying to block out all the noise. His friends looked at each other in concern.

"Harry?" Michelle asked.

"Are you all right?" Harry just groaned in response, not bothering to answer. All the noise and light was making things worse.

"Maybe we should call Mr. Gibbs." Sabrina said in a worried tone.

"He's at work," Harry said.

"Not sure if he's on a case or not." Sabrina looked at everyone.

"What's wrong Harry?"

"Headache."

"Harry, this isn't a headache, it's a migraine," Nick said.

"Considering I get them all the time, I know what one looks like."

"Do you have anything for them?" Sabrina asked. Nick shook his head.

"It's prescribed stuff. Sorry." Sabrina made a frustrated noise.

"Not helpful. Ok, um…maybe I can get mom to bring some over." She said. As she looked at Harry, Sabrina dashed out of the cafeteria and was on her phone in thirty seconds. She dialed her mom's cell phone and waited for it to pick up.

"Hello?"

"Mom?" Sabrina asked.

"Yes Sab?"

"Could you bring some advil or ibuprofen please?"

"Why, what's wrong?"
"Harry's got a really bad migraine. A really, really, really bad one."

"Alright. Just give me ten minutes and I'll be there. I'll call when I'm at the school."

"Thanks mom." Sabrina smiled as she shut the phone and went back inside the school. Sabrina looked around and was slightly alarmed when she couldn't find any of her friends and started down one of the halls to find them. Sabrina smiled.

She moved to Washington back in August after her father was posted up by Norfolk but her mom wanted a house in one of the non cookie cutter suburbs. When school started, she was immediately sot after by all the rich and snobbish kids. They were only grade nine's, but they acted like they owned the place! So Sabrina decided to be a loner.

It wasn't the first time either. Her last school was like this too, but didn't like the fact that she would prefer to be in her own company than any others. She did see a friend in Michelle before and was acquainted with Richard because of that, but until Harry came, she wasn't really looking for anything concrete. When Harry came, she saw someone that could be in her position.

She sighed as she wandered down another hall before going into the stairwell. She wondered what his past was like. She knew it wasn't good, but she was determined to know just how back, even if it too a couple years to find out. Sabrina went down another hall and found everyone in a dark classroom used for the photography class. They were all on the floor and huddled. Kienna was the first to look up.

"So?" She asked.

"Mom will be here in a couple minutes." Sabrina said.

"Anyone got water?" Everyone shook their head.

"Any in their locker." Nick jumped up.

"I do." Sabrina smiled.

"Good. We'll stop by there first and hopefully mom will be here by then."

Harry was really out of it and disoriented. He felt someone put a bottle in one hand and forced the other one open and dropped something small into his palm.

"It's advil Harry, it'll take the edge off until you get home." Harry just nodded wearily and popped the pill down with water before slumping backwards on the side table.

"When's class?" He asked tiredly.

"In five minutes." Michelle said. Richard and Nick helped him up.

"He has three hours of this and it takes time for this to kick in."

"We'll keep an eye on it," Sabrina said.

"Besides, I have science with him now so I can keep an eye on him then."

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By three, Harry's migraine was a bit better, but it was still pounding behind his eyes.
"That's it, I'm calling mom." Harry looked at her in surprise.

"Don't look at me like that, I'm coming over. Besides, we have homework so I have an excuse to be there and mom can deal with the migraine. She get's them sometimes." Sabrina said. Harry just nodded as Sabrina made her phone call to her mother.

"She'll be here in a minute. Now, what about that brother of yours?"

"At day care, Gibbs will pick him up," Harry muttered. Sabrina just nodded and they waited for Ashley to come. When Ashley pulled in, Sabrina dragged Harry towards the car and nearly shoved him in the back seat. Ashley didn't say anything, but both could see Harry put his head in his hands, trying to block out the light. As they drove, Harry was turning slightly white from the pain. Sabrina looked at her mom with a concerned look while Ashley shook he head.

"It's normal to sometimes get sick," she said. When they pulled into the driveway, Sabrina helped Harry into the house while he led the way to his room. Harry couldn't remember anything after that.

Sirius and Remus were dying from the heat. At least, Sirius was. Remus was just watching in amusement as his friend moaned and groaned at the heat until Remus lost it.

"For Merlin's sake Padfoot! If you're really dying, then just do a cooling charm!" Sirius stopped and was about to retort, but didn't say anything when he realized Remus' point.

"Damn you," Sirius muttered. Remus just snorted in amusement as Sirius preformed the charm when he yawned.

"You know we'll have jet leg for another week, right?" Sirius groaned.

"Don't remind me, please." Remus snorted and turned serious.

"Have you heard from Harry?" Sirius shook his head.

"I'm sure he's fine Moony, he's a teenager. He won't want to check in."

"This is Harry Sirius, trouble follows him around everywhere." Sirius shrugged helplessly.

"I can't get into the States just yet. Not until the director get's me clearance, or asylum." They were both quiet for a while, lost in their own thoughts.

"How do you think Britain is?" Sirius asked out of the blue. Remus had a bewildered look.

"Honestly? The entire system needs an overhaul and needs to be rebuilt by every department. We need to throw out nearly all the laws that came after we went into hiding and review the rest because of all the suppression there is. Britain is basically screwed when they get their act together." Sirius gave Remus a look of surprise.

"You swore Moony." He stated.

"I know."

"You never swear! I didn't think you knew how!"

"Only around you I didn't," Remus said easily. Sirius just scowled at that.
"Shut up." He grumbled. They were quiet again.

"Would you ever go back to Britain?" Sirius asked. Remus shook his head.

"Probably not. Mostly bad memories and the only two people I care about are on this side of the pond." Sirius said nothing and stared out into the ocean.

"Harry's back in the system, right?" He asked suddenly. Remus nodded slowly.

"Yes…why?" he asked cautiously.

"What about his magical education?" Remus blinked at that.

"I completely forgot about that."

"My point exactly and Harry probably didn't think of it either. Remember Mrs. Potter's warnings about us not using magic for long periods of time?" Remus nodded.

"It's been a while, hasn't it." Remus groaned.

"I forgot just how powerful he was,"

"Exactly! And I think he has too, which means if his emotions get the better of him, then we'll have a problem."

"He'll need a tutor," Remus warned. Sirius shrugged.

"We'll think of something. Beside," he said with a sly grin.

"Just a couple weeks and we'll be back with pup in time for Christmas."

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Harry moaned as he could feel a cloth on is forehead.

"Hey, how do you feel?" Harry cracked open his eyes and saw a blurry person.

"Sabrina?" he said, inwardly grimacing at how awful he sounded.

"Shh, no talking. You've been sleeping for an hour. I think mom gave you the good stuff that knocks you out." Harry smiled weakly.

"Yeah, no more hammers in my head."

"That's good. Now, can you get up?" Harry shrugged and struggled to get propped up on his elbows.

"Anything happen while I was out?" Sabrina shook her head.

"We better get out homework done. Mom said that you need t get it done for tomorrow."

"I'd rather skip." Harry muttered.

"Yeah well, we'll get our asses handed to us on a silver platter if we did that." Harry got an impish grin on his face.

"What?" Sabrina asked.
"Nothing, nothing."
"Tell me."
"Nope."
"Come on!" Sabrina whined.
"Don't feel like it."
"Why you-"
"Alright, alright!" Harry held up his hands.
"Wanna come over on Wednesday?" Sabrina got a curious look on her face.
"Not like that!" Harry quickly back tracked.
"Just to hang out and relax before the holidays."
"About the holidays…” Sabrina said.
"What are you doing for New Year's?"
"Not sure, why?"
"Nothing, just thinking." She said absentmindedly.
"Ok…” Harry said, not really convinced.
"Don't we have homework to do?"
"Yeah. Mom said that we have to leave by five."
"Why?” Harry asked. Sabrina shrugged, not saying anything. They didn't talk again while doing their homework.

"Sabrina, time to go." Sabrina looked up and closed her books before getting up. Harry looked up from his English essay he was working on and had a slightly confused expression on his face.

"We have to go or else Dave gets fussy about not eating."
"But I'll call later," Sabrina said. Harry shook his head.
"I'll probably be sleeping, but thanks for the thought." Ashley dug through her purse for a small bottle that she fished out and placed it on Harry's desk.

"You can have one more tonight, but that's it." She warned. Harry gave a tired nod and laid back down. Ashley brought the blankets up by his shoulders.

"Sleep," she said.

"It'll take some of the pain away and pass the time." Ashley then turned and left the room. Sabrina was wanting to move towards Harry, but decided not to.

"Bye Harry," she said, closing the door. Sabrina sighed as the door clicked and left with her mom.
Some time after they left, Harry was asleep, and didn't hear the door open.
When Gibbs came in, the house was eerily quiet. Harry would sometimes have the T.V going, or playing something from one of the old CDs that Gibbs had nearly forgotten about while doing homework. Placing Aiden down, Gibbs went upstairs where Harry's door was shut. Turning the handle, he was surprised that the door even opened as Harry's gotten into the habit of locking the door since Saturday.

Looking inside, he could see that the curtains were shut and Harry was facing the wall. Frowning slightly (unless he's changed, Harry's always had problems going to sleep before eleven and it's only four thirty), he looked on the desk and saw a pill. Slightly alarmed, Gibbs took the pill and saw 'Advil' in black lettering on the yellow pill. He sighed at the sight.

Kelly was the one that would get headaches, especially in the heat where she's running around and laughing hard. A couple Tylenol and she was fine. When Harry got them, they needed the strong stuff and a cool, dark room. Harry usually got migraines, but it wasn't often. Gibbs and Shannon could never figure out what triggered them. With Kelly, it was usually a 'give her water and next to no sugar that day. Harry? No idea.

Taking the pill, he put it in his pocket when he heard Harry moan. Harry shifted in his sleep and was facing Gibbs, who could see that Harry still had his glasses on. Taking them off the boy's face and placing them on the desk, Gibbs could see the sweater that Harry was wearing and knew that he didn't change. Perfect. Not wanting to disturb Harry's sleep (Shannon accidentally did the one time when Harry was six and it took two hours for him to stop howling from the pain and to go back to sleep), Gibbs gently shut the door and went back downstairs where Aiden somehow got on the couch and was lying on his stomach, staring at the floor in interest. Trying not to laugh, Gibbs made some soup for him and the toddler, knowing that if Harry wanted any, he'll come down and get it.

When Harry woke up, there was...nothing. Not in the literal sense, but in the sense that he couldn't feel anything in his head, which is a good thing if not feeling a bit weird. He forgot that when there's no pounding in his skull, the day actually looks half decent. Grinning, he threw off the covers and looked down. He groaned. He has got to stop doing this!

Taking off the clothes he wore yesterday and grabbing fresh ones, Harry grabbed his glasses off the desk and looked over. He froze. The Advil was gone. Did Aiden get in here somehow and take it thinking it was candy? On the verge of panicking, Harry went straight to Aiden's room and saw the toddler sleeping peacefully. Harry let out a sigh of relief at that. Making his way back to his room, he flopped on his bed and closed his eyes for a minute before they snapped open and looked at his watch. It was only six, making Harry sag down on his bed in relief. He thought that he slept in and it was only Tuesday. It was worse then Mondays because with Monday, you feel energized from the weekend but by Tuesday, you just start to crash.

Deciding to get ready, Harry went down to the kitchen for a banana and went back upstairs to get changed for school. He was just thankful that he didn't need a uniform or something like that. Harry decided just to lay on his bed and just stared up at the ceiling, waiting for his watch to go off at 7:30 so he could go out and catch the bus. *This is going to be a long day.* He thought.

While Harry was getting up for the day, Ducky was making his way down to the autopsy lab where
a young marine needed an autopsy. The morning was much colder with the snow that fell during the
night. The first snowfall of the year. Everyone knew that winter was now coming and was probably
going to be very cold this year. He grabbed the file on his desk after taking off his winter clothing
and put the kettle on for some tea.

"Corporal Liam Michael O'Neil. Nice Irish name. I'm from Scotland, I just hope you won't hold that
against me," Ducky said with a slight chuckle.

"Only 24." Ducky looked sadly at the file in is hand.

"You young men are dying too young now these days." He went back to reading to file.

"United States Marine Corps. Found face down in a snow bank in Montrose Park." Ducky paused
and looked at the body bag.

"Well how did you end up there at six in the morning? I hope you weren't stumbling home after a
party. That would be a very tragic waste of a young man's life." He put the file down and went to get
his gloves while still talking to the dead marine.

"This is the place," He continued while putting his gloves on, "where death rejoices by teaching the
living."

Ducky started repositioning the light over the table and couldn't help but think that this was a death
that should never happened. Most deaths that come through his autopsy room should never happen,
but that's human nature.

"Liam, what can you teach us?" Ducky started unzipping the bag halfway and saw the young
corporal and started examining his head as his kettle started whistling. He felt a small rise at the back
of Liam's head.

"Hmm…a wee bump. Perhaps I spoke too soon in saying you were the architect of your own
destruction." Ducky was dreading this. He heard his kettle go off and ignored it for the time being.
When he looked down, the blue eyes were open, making Ducky jumped back, nearly having a heart
attack.

Liam took in a gasp of air as his head lifted off the table to get the precious oxygen. Ducky was fully
backed up to the door and saw a phone hanging there and quickly dialed the hospital, knowing that
this man must get treatment, or else he will end up back on the table. Ducky ended up holding the
Corporal down before he did anymore damage to himself while waiting for the paramedics to come.

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Down in Mexico, Sirius and Remus watched as Mike Franks packed to go to Washington, not
saying why.

"You two can come with me, but you'll have to buy your own tickets." Remus and Sirius just looked
at each other in that. Remus knew that Sirius wasn't going to stay behind when Mike was going to be
in the same area as Harry.

"I'll stay here and watch the house." Sirius volunteered. Mike snorted.

"You expect me to fall for that shit?" He asked. Sirius just shrugged.

"Look," Mike said, looking at Sirius.
"Probe told me why you can't come into the country for now, but we'll find a way to get you in." Sirius just gave a small grin.

"No, it's fine. It's just…"

"You want to see your boy." Mike said. Even though Harry wasn't Sirius' biological son, he was as good as. Mike had the story on why Sirius was on the run (leaving out the magic bit), and did (slightly reluctantly at first), let him come with a friend. The two haven't really intruded on his life, even though it was a basic non existent one at that.

"I'll be catching the morning flight to Washington." Remus looked at his watch and saw that it was an hour til eight. Knowing he won't be able to get a ticket, Remus just said lightly, "I'll catch the next flight and call you when I land." It was nearly a five hour flight so Mike will be landing at around two in the States since they're an hour ahead there.

"Fine by me." With that, Mike shut his suitcase and walked out the door to his old truck and drove off to the airport. Sirius just looked at Remus.

"What are you planning?"

"How do you feel about being Padfoot for a while?"

Harry rubbed his eyes tiredly as he got off the bus at school. He's feeling much more tired then he should, but he reckons it's just the leftover meds from last night that were still in his system.

Yawning, Harry made his way to the second floor to his locker and wrinkled his nose when he saw a couple making out on his locker. He cleared his throat, but they ignored him. Harry crossed his arms and huffed on the wall while glaring holes into the back of their skulls. They didn't move, so Harry just pushed his way through, getting nasty looks from the two of them, to which Harry really didn't care at all. His mood didn't really improve when he saw his friends either. Richard and Michelle took one look on his stormy face and didn't say anything Sabrina was more concerned though.

"Harry?" Harry just shook his head, not wanting to deal with this right now. Especially with the Advil still in his system and the two at his locker, he was starting to fray slightly and the day hasn't even started.

Tony was just flipping through the file as McGee was just on his computer after Tony took the file from him.

"At least the Corporal woke up before Ducky got his tools ready." McGee said after a few minutes of silence. Gibbs still wasn't in yet and Ziva was usually here by now, but still hasn't shown up yet. Tony didn't respond and just kept going through the file. When Tony got finished looking through it, he couldn't help but comment, "there's nothing lucky about waking up on your own autopsy Probee."

"At least you know you aren't dead." McGee said, looking up at Tony. Neither could really believe the absurdity of this. Tony just gave him a look.

"Ducky's the one who's lucky."

"Why is Ducky lucky?" Ziva asked as she put her bag under her desk. Tony turned to her.
"And look who finally decided to show up!" Ziva just raised an eyebrow at him for that. He seems to like forgetting how easily she can kill him. She just shook her head at that and decided to ignore Tony…again.

"Like you've never been late before," Ziva snarked as she tossed her bag under her desk.

"Left earlier, gone mysteriously missing-"

"My point exactly." Tony said. Ziva just gave him a look.

"Tardiness is my middle name, it's expected of me. You, on the other hand, are the poster girl for punctuality." Tony took a paused as Ziva took off her hat.

"Late night?"

"Early morning," came the reply.

"Decided to run a new route, took longer then expected. Will run faster tomorrow." She said. Even though she's been living in D.C. for over a year, Ziva still hasn't figured out all the trails around the city and her run unexpectedly took longer then she first expected. She just couldn't get the thought out of her head that something's going to happen soon which helped her lose track of time.

"Now, why is Ducky lucky?" Ziva wanted to know.

"We have a dead man walking." Tony said in a slightly toned down voice. Ziva just stared at him at that, remembering the case from a month ago. Her hat was a reminder of the whole incident of the radiation poisoning.

"I've had enough of dead men walking." She said with a small sigh.

"Haven't we all?" McGee asked. It was much too close with Gibbs and the whole BZ gas incident, especially now that Harry was in the picture. They still haven't gotten the whole story out of him and Ziva had a sneaking suspicion that it's be like prying teeth to get what happened this summer and school year.

"But this one was really dead," McGee continued.

"Ducky was about to start the autopsy, then he came back to life." Ziva just furrowed her eyebrows at that, not really understanding where McGee was going.

"Like Lasserus."

"No, like Liam," Tony said, clicking his small remote to the big screen.

"Liam O'Neil," he said as the picture downloaded onto the screen, "Corporal, was a communications specialist attached to marine supply division combat support hospital in Baghdad." McGee said taking over.

"He had a fifteen day leave from his unit in Iraq. Third tour." He said, gesturing to the screen. Ziva just nodded as she took this all in and was slightly impressed.

"Hard core marine."

"He was due to fly back to Baghdad the day after tomorrow." Ziva couldn't figure something out though.
"How does a man who is not dead, end up on Ducky's table?" The three just looked at each other at that question.

Gibbs came out of the elevator and saw his team already looking at the case and smiled. Tony was the first to notice him.

"Hey boss, made some notes for you." He handed Gibbs a small notepad that had the essential information that he had from the case file. Gibbs just nodded and made his way down to Ducky.

"How do you think Harry is?" McGee asked. The other two just looked at each other, not being really sure. They haven't seen him since the BZ gas episode.

"Maybe we could go over one of these nights?" Ziva suggested. The other two just shrugged.

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"Hey Duck, who was it that gave you the not so dead man?" Gibbs asked as he stepped into the lab.

"It was the Metro police. They reported a dead man, not an unconscious one." Ducky said as his tea kettle went off for the second time that morning. Gibbs got the call not two seconds after Harry left the house so he dropped Aiden off at the day care center and made his way to Ducky's autopsy room after the stop up top.

"There's an old paramedic saying," Ducky continue, "a man is not dead until he is warm and dead." Gibbs was playing with the light used for extra light over the tables so he could read the note.

"Can't really blame them though, seeing that the man was found face down in a snow drift, core temperature 20 degrees below normal, and no distinguished heartbeat either." He finished pouring the water into his teapot.

"He could've been there for hours so it was a reasonable conclusion considering the circumstances." Ducky brought over his tray of tea to the clean autopsy table.

"CPR?" Gibbs asked.

"By their estimation he was long dead before then." Gibbs wanted to groan in frustration at that.

"CPR is for the recent dead. It never crossed their minds. You know, the physiology is very interesting." Ducky started pouring the milk into the cups, "faced with intimate death, the brain begins to switch off the lights to preserve the last flicker of light and hope." Ducky stuck the milk container back in the fridge.

"Prognosis?" That's what Gibbs was really after, whether or not this was foul play. Ducky paused for a minute while closing the door.

"Well, children have been known to make a full recovery after being pulled from freezing rivers a whole two hours after they apparently drowned." Gibbs did not want to think about that, picturing Aiden and Harry in that situation, which didn't help matters. Ducky seemed to have sensed that and stopped talking about that particular strain of thought.

"Adults on the other hand, aren't so lucky. He'll be on a ventilator at the hospital and they'll be constantly checking his condition." Gibbs stopped looking at the note.

"So you've got nothing for us here Duck?"
"On the contrary!" he said while going over to his small moving table.

"He had a lump on his left temporal area and bruising on the back of his neck." Ducky gave the clipboard to Gibbs that had pictures of the corporal’s head and neck. Ducky started to walk away.

"He didn't fall into that snow drift. He was struck on the side of the head." Ducky walked over to the table that had the kettle on it.

"He was pushed into the snow," as he demonstrated with his fingers slightly curled.

"Violently held by his neck and the back of the head." Gibbs just watched him do his re-enactment.

"Probably until he stopped thrashing." Ducky started pouring the finished tea into a cup.

"How's that for starters?" Gibbs just nodded and left for upstairs where everyone heard the familiar, "grab your gear."

The three looked at each other and decided not to question it, figuring that they were going to the crime scene.

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As they made their way to the crime scene, Ziva was taking note of the area. She glanced over at her colleagues and saw that McGee was doing the same thing as well, probably noting that there's no houses anywhere near this area. So why was the corporal way out here this early in the morning?

Getting out, McGee started taking pictures and was commenting on the area when Tony got another phone call. Ziva and McGee started to watch Tony as he was talking and was growing slightly more interested in what he was talking about.

"She sure calls him a lot." McGee noted.

"More often then him." Ziva replied as they walked around the crime scene.

"Meaning?"

"Commitment issues. She is committed while he's not." McGee just took some more pictures while thinking about what Ziva said. She's taking it a lot more personal then she should, considering it's Tony. Tony just hung up when Ziva found a cell phone.

"Glad you could join us." She said. Tony just gave her a look.

"Well there's not much to see, considering we've been here for an hour."

"Corporal O'Neil was wearing only a shirt and no jacket, what does that tell you McGee?" Gibbs asked as he came over.

"Jacket was stolen?" Tony piped up.

"Or he left it close by." Ziva suggested. McGee just lifted his hand slightly before letting it fall, making a small slap. It was his question and Tony just had to say something before he had a chance to.

"Or left behind." Gibbs muttered.

"There's no houses nearby but the service roads close." McGee said when there was a small silence.
"Car!" Tony realized as he was jumping up and down slightly from the cold. Gibbs just slipped on his gloves. McGee took out his notepad.

"Silver '97 Mustang with a license plate Delta, Zulu, 1, 5, Lema, 3, 7." Gibbs just smiled at him, knowing that the police found a car with those matching plates.

"Come on then." McGee just grinned at that and followed Gibbs to where the abandoned car is now. When they got there, McGee started snapping pictures while Tony and Ziva searched the car.

"Bingo on the jacket." Tony just had a slightly smug look on his face as Ziva grabbed it from the car and noticed something.

"The heat's on high and the keys are in the ignition. Must've sat here with the heater running." McGee grabbed the wallet.

"The motive wasn't robbery. There's still $500.00 in here, all newly minted."

"Guess he must've left in a hurry." Tony said after a minute.

"Well he didn't leave fast enough." Gibbs said.

"Have the car towed back to the garage and let's head back."

Harry was just starting to shake off the Advil's affect on him by the time lunch came. He still hadn't told Gibbs about asking Sabrina over tomorrow night, so he decided to tell him tonight sometime, which'll be nice as there won't really be any screaming Aiden for a couple hours. He smiled when he saw most of his friends already at a table with lunches and were chatting away. Nick was the one who spotted him first.

"-you agree don't you Harry?" Harry just blinked.

"What?" Was the intelligent answer he gave. Nick just shook his head at that. Shrugging it off, Harry sat down and started eating his lunch.

Gibbs made his way down to Abby's lab.

"Good afternoon Gibbs!"

"Good afternoon Abbs. How'd you know it was me?" he was curious to know. It could've been McGee with how often he came down. Abby put down her magnifying glass.

"Because, I found something. And whenever I find something, you always know, then you come see me." She justified. Gibbs just gave her a look.

"I do?"

"Well...yeah because if I didn't then you wouldn't be here. Haven't you been listening?" Gibbs just gave a small chuckle at that. Abby reminded him of Kelly a bit with her endless amount of babbling and always justifying herself with the most outrageous reasons.

"So you found what Abbs?" Gibbs asked, wanting to get back to the main topic. Abby went around him and picked up a small bag of powder.
"I found it in his left trouser pocket. It's organic."

"Is it illegal?"

"We can smoke it and find out." At Gibbs' look, she added, "kidding. I'll let the mass spectrometer do the smoking. But I also found this." She made her way to the other side of the table and held a receipt.

"It's a receipt from a restaurant in Baghdad." Gibbs took it while putting on his glasses.

"Corporal's on his third tour Abbs." Gibbs said because it wasn't suspicious, especially this being the third tour.

"It's from three days ago and he's been on leave for three weeks so what was he doing there three days ago? See the date?"

"Good catch Abby." Gibbs said as he took off his glasses and walked out.

"Do you think it's ESP? I mean, when you always know when I find something? Because if it is ESP then are you reading my mind or am I sending you some sort of weird brain thoughts out of my head and into yours?" When she saw the lab empty, she closed her eyes and started saying, "come back Gibbs, come back."

Gibbs and Ziva made their way to the hospital after Ziva got a call about someone being with the corporal at the hospital when they were questioning a manager of the plane company that the corporal used to go to and from Baghdad. When they turned the corner, Gibbs and Ziva couldn't believe who they were seeing.

"Hey there Probe."

"Hello Mike." Gibbs said. Mike just looked back at the corporal.

"You know this marine?" Mike was quiet for a minute.

"He's my son."

"I'll go get some coffee." Ziva muttered as she walked out, knowing the two might want some time alone.

"How's your boy doing?"

"Boys. I have two now because of the plane bombing a few weeks back. Harry and a toddler named Aiden." Mike just nodded and the two didn't say anything else until Ziva came back with the coffee and left again.

"You never told me you had a son." Mike grunted.

"I didn't either until a few years ago when he called me after tracking me down. We met, had a few beers…he was just about to deploy. Didn't hear from him until a couple of days ago. Said he was in trouble." He said while looking at the monitor.

"What kind of trouble?"

"Didn't say," Mike said as he got up.
"You wouldn't know it now, but he's got his mother's hair. It used to always blow into her face and I'd laugh. She'd get so pissed…" Mike gave a small laugh as he remembered and looked down at his son. The smile slowly died off his face.

"She died a few years ago. We were only together six months. I didn't even know she was pregnant when she left."

"What did the doctors say?"

"What doctors always say," Mike scoffed.

"Not much that makes any sense, doing tests, brain waves and reflexes, all that neurological stuff." Mike looked at Gibbs.

"Do you know who did this Probe?"

"Not yet." Gibbs admitted. It was much too early in the investigation to know.

"Guess you wouldn't tell me anyway."

"No," Gibbs said. He knew how rash Mike would get about it and doesn't have the backing of being an NCIS agent to cover up what he did.

"You need a place to stay tonight Mike?"

"No, I'll stay here with my boy." Gibbs nodded at that and turned to leave.

"And Probe, Remus is coming up as well. I'll let you know when he comes." Gibbs nodded and left the room.

"Is there any hope?"

The nurse went on to explain that there's still more testing to be done, but at this point it would be wrong of him to give them any hope and that they'll know by tomorrow.

"He knows?" Ziva asks. Gibbs looked in the room.

"He knows."

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Harry was at home by the time Gibbs pulled up. Harry could hear Aiden's babbling before the footsteps and Harry swore that toddler could talk anyone's ear off.

Gibbs got a call earlier from Mike saying that Remus was in the country and was staying at a hotel for the night and gave him the cell number. Gibbs didn't bother calling Remus just yet, mostly because of the case and partly because he wants Remus to be slightly settled before coming over to the house. Gibbs immediately put Aiden down on the carpet by the T.V. that had a couple toys in the corner that Aiden crawled over to get.

"Harry!" Harry's head snapped towards the door when he heard his name called. Pushing his homework away, Harry left his room and trotted downstairs towards the kitchen.

"Yes?" Harry asked. Gibbs didn't even turn his head.

"I need you to look after Aiden tomorrow night." Harry frowned.
"Okay…" he trailed off.

"How long?"

"Until eleven. I should be back home by then." Harry knew that it had nothing to do with the case, it was personal and it probably had something to do with the blond woman. He tried not to scowl at that.

"Anything else?" he asked, with sarcasm laid in there. There goes a night with Sabrina. Gibbs shook his head, never once looking up from his work. Aiden was watching Tree House. What he was watching, Harry didn't have a clue and frankly, he didn't want to know.

He made a face to Gibbs' back before going back to his room, trying very hard not to stomp all the way. He somehow managed not to slam his door but still had an angry look on his face. If Sirius were there, he would've told you to run, as it was the same face that Lily would have before her temper got the better of her. Harry always needed a way to manage his anger, as the Dursley's would've probably been brutal if he took his temper out on the house or Dudley, Merlin forbid. He wasn't even asked what his plans are! If he even had plans to begin with! He growled as he sat at his desk and fumed for a minute.

Harry just threw himself on his bed and growled as he punched the pillow, too frustrated to do anything else. He just laid there and stared at the ceiling as his thoughts were in turmoil. It was a good thing no one came up, or else Harry would've snapped at them. He just did nothing for the rest of the night, not even going back to his art project that was due at the end of Christmas break. Rolling onto his side, Harry just stared at the wall and did nothing, but traced invisible patterns with his finger and couldn't help but feel lonely right now.

"I wish you were here Kelly," he whispered, "now more then ever."

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Harry felt tired. More tired the he has in a while and knew why. His mood can affect his physical health, which his magic's helps negate, but lately, this has been different, he just couldn't explain it. It felt heavy. Harry groaned as he got off the bed for school.

He rubbed his eyes as he went to put his coat and bag away when Sabrina came bouncing up behind him.

"Hi Harry! What wrong?" She frowned when she saw him rubbing his eyes in tiredness.

"Nothing, just tired. Oh, and I have to watch Aiden tonight. Maybe we can hang out some other time." Sabrina frowned deeper at that.

"No, I can come over and hang out at your place then. I don't mind." Harry just gave her a tired smile before yawning.

"Are you sure you're alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine." Harry said in a slightly snappish way. He rubbed his eyes.

"Sorry. I just don't know what's wrong with me."

"Maybe you're coming down with something." Sabrina suggested. Harry shrugged.

"Maybe."
"Well, come on, let's get a table before they're all taken." Sabrina grabbed Harry's hand and dragged him over to one of the last available tables before Harry put his head in his arms and nearly went to sleep. Sabrina watched him in concern. Harry was fine yesterday. A bit tired, yes, but he perked up pretty quickly after that. Maybe he is coming down with something.

"Hey Sab and zombie dude." Richard said. Sabrina glared at Richard.

"Don't call me Sab." She growled. Richard held up his hands.

"Fine! Just don't kill me." He ended pathetically. Michelle and Nick just gave him a sad look and Nick patted his shoulder in condolences.

"I was glad to know you." He said. Harry snorted between his arms at that.

"Earth to Harry, are you there?"

"Possibly." He said with slightly glazed eyes looking over at his friends.

"Jesus Harry! How strong of meds did you take?"

"Apparently enough to knock him out for hours and still be tired." Michelle muttered.

"What? It's like me with the Benadril. If I take it any later then six then I'd have a hell of a time getting up."

"Joy." Harry said sarcastically.

"But I took that two days ago. I shouldn't be this-" hr yawned, "tired." Everyone shrugged, not really sure on what to say.

"Maybe it's the teen thing." Nick suggested. Everyone gave him a weird look.

"I kinda remember mom telling my older brother when he was a teen that he'll be tired a lot after finding out he couldn't get up like he used to and that there's going to be a few growth spurts coming."

"Lovely," Harry said dryly.

"That just made my day." He dug an apple out that he swiped from the kitchen and bit into it while listening to everyone else. Everyone continued talking while Harry munched on his apple until the bell went, making everyone go to class.

Harry merely listened in class and was zoning out a lot as well. Richard just grabbed his elbow and took him along.

"You do know that there's a test on Friday, right?" Richard asked.

"Hm?" Harry said.

"You were completely zoned out the whole class weren't you."

"Probably." Harry said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck. Richard gave a small sigh at that.

"There's gonna be a test on the first half of the play, considering the second half will be done by Christmas break."

"Lucky us," Harry said dryly.
"And what's the novel again?"

"Moonfleet." Harry merely nodded at that and wasn't looking forward to studying for the play. Sure, it was fun acting it out, but picking it apart…that'll suck.

Harry and Richard made their way to Geography class when they realized that the bell was about to go off again.

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"So, what are we doing tonight?" Sabrina asked at lunch. Harry just shrugged.

"Not sure now that I got dumped with babysitting Aiden."

"At least I'll finally meet him." Sabrina said with a smile.

"Does Gibbs know I'm coming?"

"Nope." Harry smiled.

"I did try telling him, but I don't think it went through." 'Hopefully I won't get in trouble,' he thought. Harry just mentally shrugged at that. He could have friends over, right?

"So, we can make supper, watch movies, do homework, make sure Aiden doesn't destroy the house…"

"That sounds like a date." Michelle said, coming up behind them. Harry went beet red at that.

"It's not a date." He mumbled. Michelle just snorted.

"Keep telling yourself that Harry," She said.

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Gibbs drove up to Mike when he saw the fence dividing them. Getting out, he walked up to the fence where Mike was already waiting.

"Found your prints in his car Mike."

"I figured you would, it was only a matter of time." Mike replied as he lit up a cigarette.

"You should've told me that you've seen him."

"Didn't want you asking too many questions." Mike said.

"About?"

"What my son was involved in."

"Are you going to tell me?" Mike was silent for a few moments.

"I saw him a couple of days ago, needed some money. Nearly cleaned me out, but I got it, all $25,000 of it. He took $500.00 of it and told me to hang onto the rest of it. Told me it was safer this way and he'd call me for the rest of it. He never called."

"What's this about?" Gibbs wanted to know.
"He wouldn't tell me."

"He wouldn't tell you or you just won't tell me?" The two stared at each other.

"We're getting more alike, you and me Probe. Even feeling the same pain. I don't know how you didn't go crazy when you lost you're little girl. You probably did for a while. Maybe you still are. I just know that I gotta do what's right for my boy. I owe him that."

"Let me handle it." Gibbs said, wanting to help, just like when Mike helped him find Kelly and Shannon's killer. Mike just took in another drag.

"You gotta be somewhere?" Gibbs asked, seeing how jumpy Mike was getting.

"I want the body sent down to my place in Mexico when Ducky's done. Can you arrange it for me?" Gibbs stepped closer.

"I don't wanna come after you Mike."

"Then don't." Mike started walking away.

"Mike," Gibbs called back. Mike turned slightly.

"I did go crazy for a while. The only thing that was holding me together by any means was Harry, knowing that the little boy will be needing me to be strong." With that, Mike drove away.

Gibbs couldn't wait until he could go and see Mann. He needed to talk to someone who wasn't attached to the case, especially now that Liam was officially dead. Picking up Aiden, he pulled up to the house and saw the T.V. on through the curtains. Opening the door, Gibbs could hear two teenage voices coming through the house.

"Harry!" He waited a minute before Harry came down.

"Yes?"

"You brough company over?"

"Well, yeah," Harry said, slightly defensively.

"She'll be good company and we have homework to do and we're helping each other in science class and she babysits!"

"Calm down. I wasn't accusing you of anything." Harry just slightly frowned at that. Gibbs just shook his head and let Aiden down who immediately latched to Harry's leg.

"Ry, up!" He demanded, stretching his arms up. Harry cocked an eyebrow but complied.

"So you'll be home around eleven?" Harry wanted to know. Gibbs nodded.

"You better be in bed by then," he warned, even though they both knew that Harry won't be asleep by then unless he was really tired. Harry just nodded.

"You can order out if you want." Gibbs said. Harry shook his head.

"I can find something here, it's not a problem." Gibbs looked at Harry before nodding and left.
Sabrina came sauntering down and saw Aiden in Harry's arms.

"So, this is Aiden, he's adorable."

"Yep." Harry said, trying to put Aiden down, who merely latched onto Harry harder.

"No!"

"Oh good god." Harry moaned.

"He sounds just like Dudley."

"Who's Dudley?" Sabrina asked.

"My spoiled cousin." Harry said flatly.

"You wanna watch some cartoons?" He asked Aiden who just stared blankly at him. Sabrina went over to the T.V and found the Tree House channel and let Aiden watch 'Arthur.'

"So, what are we doing tonight?"

"Well, supper sounds good." Harry smiled. Maybe tonight wasn't going to be such a nightmare after all…
Talks and Thoughts

After Sabrina pried Aiden off of Harry so he could make supper and put the toddler on the floor while keeping an eye out on him, Sabrina was leaning against the table.

"So what's for supper Chef Potter?"

"I was thinking spaghetti since it's simple." Sabrina merely shrugged, not really caring what they were going to eat.

"So, anything big like tests going on?" She asked.

"There's an English test coming up on the first half of Macbeth on Friday."

"Why are you only getting told now?" Sabrina asked curiously. Harry just shrugged.

"It's probably to see if we've actually been paying attention, along with those pop quizzes we've been doing." Harry was thanking his non existent luck that he could actually remember why certain characters and quotes were important. "Plus it seems more like a review test then anything. So it should be fine."

"I'll still quiz you on it," Sabrina warned.

"And I'll quiz you on the fun stuff we're doing in science now," Harry said in a chirpy voice.

Sabrina just laughed because she knew that Harry absolutely hated what they're doing right now. Biology is not his strong suit. They still had environmental to do, but from what they've heard, it's going to be a short unit, which Harry was thanking anyone who would listen about that. The one where the teacher will cram or just teach the essential stuff for because of the inevitable snow storms. Most teachers will normally do that, depending on the subject. For English, it's either the novel or Shakespeare that they are cramming, depending which one the teacher starts first.

"So, how do you think the exams will be?" Sabrina asked out of the blue. Harry was taken aback.

"What do you mean?"

"Have you had to do them over in England?"

"Yeah, haven't you?" Harry asked in confusion. Sabrina shook her head.

"We don't start them until high school. I guess things are different. I mean, we've done the grade three and six assessments which everyone hated but that's the biggest thing we've done and that was three years ago now."

"I've been doing exams since I was eleven. All they are, are big tests. Nothing to really worry about."

"Unless you hate tests." Sabrina said dryly. Harry sighed. Everyone gets stressed out because of exams, even though all they really are just big, long tests.

"Depressing topic. Wanna get Aiden for me?" Harry asked. He pulled out the spaghetti sauce and some cheese before melting it into the sauce and added some meatballs in and mixing in the noodles.

"Hungry little man?" Harry asked.
"'agetti, 'agetti," Aiden chanted. Harry smiled. He found it kind of cute that Aiden would drop the first couple letters of most words. He got the toddler a small plastic bowel full and grabbed two plates for him and Sabrina and knew that Aiden would probably make a mess but didn't really mind at this point.

They didn't really talk, other then Aiden's babbling about something, which neither teenager could figure out while he was eating his spaghetti at the same time.

"So," Sabrina started. "What was that at the door?" Harry frowned at that.

"It was nothing," he decided to say. Sabrina gave him a look of I don't believe you. Harry wasn't sure if he wanted to talk about it just yet.

"Later." When Sabrina stared at him, Harry felt like she was trying to figure out whether he was being truthful or not. Deciding that he was telling the truth, Sabrina went back to eating the spaghetti.

"Can I come over here for spaghetti?" She asked. Harry quirked an eyebrow at her for the comment.

"Mom can make spaghetti, but she has nothing on this!" She exclaimed. Harry merely snorted. Sabrina frowned at that. "I was being serious."

Harry was about to say that he wasn't, he stopped. Sirius wasn't here. He was probably hiding at Remus' house and couldn't really go anywhere as both the Ministry wanted him to get the Kiss (Harry felt like strangling Fudge for the fool he was), and Dumbledore wanted him. The old man probably wanted him so Harry would come running to save the day again, alone. But he wouldn't be alone, Harry realized. He had people he could rely on and they could even help!

Aiden was started to get fed up with the silence, and the fact that he was being ignored, so he did what most toddlers would do; he chucked his fork at Harry's head. Sabrina jumped when Harry felt a small fork smack the side of his head, coating the hair in spaghetti sauce. He flinched when the fork smacked him on the side of the head and turned his glare on the toddler, who was just giggling away.

"You are a little monster," Harry growled, picking up the fork off the floor. Sabrina didn't know whether to laugh or not. Scowling at the fact that he needs a shower now, he quickly ate the rest of his supper and looked at Sabrina with an apologetic look.

"I need a quick shower." Sabrina flashed a smile at him.

"Go then! We don't need you looking like that at school tomorrow. Who knows what everyone would say." Harry just shook his head and ran upstairs for a quick shower. Sabrina turned back to the toddler, who had an angelic look on his face.

"I swear I can see horns coming through that halo of yours," Sabrina commented as she quickly finished her spaghetti, and making sure that Aiden wasn't about to use her as target practice.

It took another few minutes of Aiden's fussing until he was done. Quickly cleaning him up (and mentally reminding herself that he'll need a bath), Sabrina put him on the floor while running upstairs to grab Harry's books for the studying that they were going to do later and went back down with all the books and binders that they needed. Especially for science. They've just moved onto the last part of biology and there's a big unit test coming up next week as well on it, then environmental studies. Hardly anyone was looking forward to that one since it was about the environment and not many teenagers really care about it at this point, especially when you start getting technical about the different cycles. Sabrina grabbed the books when she saw the pictures on the wall of him as a child with another girl. Sabrina wondered why he wasn't as happy now. Sure, Harry smiled and laughed,
but…it also had a slightly haunted tone to it, as if he was missing someone.

Shaking her head, Sabrina almost missed the huge canvas that was partially finished. The background was done, in dark shades of blue and some stars near the top and what looked like a very dark shade of green near the middle. Sabrina was curious about what it was going to be. She quickly left the room and saw Aiden wandering around the kitchen. Rolling her eyes and smiling at the toddler, Sabrina dropped the books on the kitchen table and sat down, opening the binder and started tapping her pen against the paper. She got bored after a couple minutes and started watching Aiden to make sure he wasn't about to do anything stupid when she heard the shower shut off.

Deciding that Aiden already had enough T.V. for the night, Sabrina grabbed the toddler and put him in the play pen until Harry came down and then they could wash the spaghetti sauce off of Aiden. Sabrina opened her binder to a random page and just started absent-mindedly doodling and not paying any attention on what she was doing. She had her head in her hand, looking completely bored until she heard thumping from the stairs and quickly raised her head and took her elbow off the table. Harry's hair looked shiny and was sticking up everywhere. Sabrina had a hard time trying not to giggle at it.

"Um Harry?" Harry just looked in her direction and raised an eyebrow. "I think someone needs a bath." Harry nearly panicked at that. He had no idea what to do with a toddler, seeing as Dudley was a few months older then him and Surrey thought of him as a delinquent and would never entrust their kids in his care. Sabrina just smiled and decided to take pity on him.

"You just go get a towel and meet me in the bathroom." Harry just nodded before racing back upstairs with Sabrina quietly laughing at the spot where Harry bolted from. She merely shook her head while chuckling, going to get the squirming toddler.

"Up you get Aiden. It's time for you to have a bath." Aiden merely looked at her when he heard the word 'bath,' and stared to slightly squirm in her arms.

"No!" He cried, trying to push himself out of her hands with the teenager trying to keep a hold of the squirming child.

"Yes," she said firmly, knowing that even if he starts crying, she can't give in. It's why toddlers start crying sometimes, because they don't want to do something. Especially going to bed. Sabrina made a face at some of the toddlers she's looked after over the years and some were good while others…she never wanted to go back to. Going upstairs, Sabrina kept turning her head to figure out which room was the bathroom. Harry was already in there, leaning against the sink with a mostly wet towel.

"Sorry, hair's still pretty wet." Sabrina just shrugged, knowing that it was a pain in the ass.

"We'll need a couple towels. One for the floor, one for Aiden and another so I don't get completely wet. And a face cloth." Harry nodded and went to the closet at the end of the hall to grab them. "Oh, and a plastic cup! A big one!" She hollered. Sabrina put the struggling toddler down, who immediately tried to leave, only to be apprehended by Harry.

"Where, do you think you're going?" Harry asked. Aiden merely pouted.

"No bath!" He cried. Sabrina merely shook her head while turning the bath faucet on and tried to get the right temperature quickly.

"Do you have any toys for him?" She asked while putting the plug in when the water was warm enough.
"There's a small basket here somewhere," Harry muttered while stripping Aiden. He looked around and nodded towards the sink.

"It should be under the sink." Sabrina went over to it and saw some toys in there with plastic floating ducks, a plastic toy army jeep and some other toys. Sabrina just took a couple of them since she wanted to be quick about this. Harry handed her a squirming naked toddler to her after she dumped the toys in the tub. Grabbing him under the arms, Sabrina tried not to wince as Aiden howled as she put him in the tub. Harry look slightly panicked at this.

"He's trying to get out of this," she muttered under her breath and she placed him in the tub and immediately tried to get out while crying the entire time. "Aiden," she started sternly. "You can play with your toys, ok? We'll get you squeaky clean and you can play with a couple toys after, alright?" Aiden stopped crying as she talked, trying to get some air in after all his crying, with his face all red and blotchy after his tantrum. Sabrina just smirked in triumph at that.

"Where's his stuff?" she asked Harry as she grabbed the face cloth and got it soaked before getting Aiden's body completely wet. Grabbing the cup, Sabrina dipped it in the water and without any hesitation, she dumped the water over Aiden's head. Most of it went on the top part of the head, leaving some of the hair underneath still dry. Dipping the cup a second time, she used her hand to get the dry hair wet. Harry had the shampoo and soap in his hands.

"Here." He said, placing it on the floor beside her. Sabrina just absentmindedly nodded as she grabbed the shampoo and started getting Aiden all soapy. When it came time to wash it all off, Sabrina knew that Aiden will be mad. Holding her hand out flat to cover his forehead, Sabrina quickly poured the water on him, getting most of the soap off.

"Aiden, face back." She said. Aiden looked at her and she gently grabbed his chin and tipped his head back. Aiden shivered in shock as the water poured onto his head. He started to wail again.

"Almost done baby, almost done," Sabrina said. Her fingers massaged the toddlers scalp to make sure all the soap got out. "One more," she sighed. She looked over at Harry. "Wanna cover his eyes?" She asked. Harry just got on his knees and had a slightly awkward expression on him. Sabrina merely rolled her eyes. "It's just a baby Harry He's not going to bite. Hard." She added on as an after thought. Harry looked at her with an unamused look.

"Here," Sabrina took his hand and had it above Aiden's eyebrows. "Push gently so none of the water gets in his eyes." Sabrina instructed. Harry nodded as Sabrina slowly dumped the water and kept her one hand massaging Aiden's hair to get everything out.

"This is the one thing that's annoying about baths," Sabrina said as she put some soap on her hands and started rubbing Aiden's body with soap. "Is that trying to get all the soap out of the hair is… annoying," she settled on as her PG word. Harry was just trying not to go red at seeing Aiden in his birthday suit since he really wasn't looking when he undressed him. Usually Gibbs does all the bathing of Aiden while Harry stays out of the way of things.

Sabrina just snickers when she sees his face. She remembers going slightly red the first time have to bathe a child, but quickly got use to it.

"There! All done," she said happily. Aiden just looked at her with big eyes. Sabrina rolled her eyes and smiled. She grabbed a plastic tractor that was floating and gently pushed it towards him, who merely grabbed it and started playing with it. Sabrina got up and winced as her knees cracked from kneeling for too long and could feel tingling in her legs. 'Damn,' she thought. Knowing what was going to happen, Sabrina closed the toilet seat and hauled herself onto it and waited until the numbness came.
"You ok?" Harry asked. She waved him off.

"I'm fine, just pins and needles in my legs. They're gonna hurt." Harry snorted at the understatement. Aiden entertained himself a little while longer until Sabrina decided it was time for him to go to bed, and waited until her legs were back to normal. She grabbed the towel and hauled Aiden out.

"Can you unplug the tub?" She asked Harry as she wrapped the towel around the shivering toddler from the temperature change. Harry rolled up his sleeve and pulled the plug as Sabrina carried Aiden back to his room. Looking around, she placed him on his tiny bed and went straight for the dresser, pulling out little fire truck pajama's and a diaper for Aiden. Getting him dressed, Sabrina used the towel to try and get the excess water out of his hair so he wouldn't be completely wet. She didn't say anything and just closed the door most of the way and left the hall light on.

"Shall we?" She asked, wanting to get the homework out of the way.

"Sure." Harry smiled. The two teens went back downstairs to get the studying done.

"So," Sabrina started, keeping her voice down. "Notice any girls lately?" She asked, an innocent smirk playing on her lips. There was no denying that Harry wasn't handsome, or, will be, once he stops being so skinny like a stick and got some muscle on him.

"What?" Harry said in alarm. Sabrina smiled at Harry's cluelessness, but then frowned slightly at the tightness of his shoulders, like something was wrong.

"Can I ask you something?" She asked quietly. Harry gave her a bewildered look at why she was asking his permission.

"Sure?"

"Is something bothering you?" Harry's pen froze above the page and was having an internal debate about it.

"I'm fine," He settled on. Looking at Sabrina's face while she was giving him a flat look, he sighed.

"What do you want me to say?"

"The truth would be nice," was the slightly sarcastic answer. Harry debated with himself for a few minutes before giving in. It might help him if he did talk.

"It's Gibbs," he said after a few minutes. There was silence between them between for a few minutes.

"Something going on between the two of you? Like a fight or something?" Sabrina clarified somewhat. Harry debated on whether or not to say anything. On one hand, he would prefer to figure this out himself. But on the other hand, it would be nice to have another opinion.

"Not a fight per say," Harry said slowly. "It's...you wouldn't understand."

"Try me." Harry took a deep breath to steady himself.

"Gibbs had a family who lived in England for four years, in my neighborhood. I was best friends with his daughter Kelly, and looked up to Shannon, Kelly's mum as my own mother." At Sabrina's encouraging look he continued. "When they moved back to the States, Shannon and Kelly were killed in a car crash." Sabrina's eyes went wide at that. "I found out through a letter that they were dead." Harry stood up and was now agitated. "I wasn't even nine and my best friend was killed."
Now, Gibbs is going out with that Colonel." Sabrina was about to speak when Harry kept talking. "- he doesn't even care that they're dead!" Sabrina had to think for a few minutes to work through what Harry said and try not to have him angry at her.

"Maybe...he's just lonely, she said slowly. "It's been years and maybe...he just wants to move on." Harry had a look of betrayal on his face, making Sabrina realize her mistake. Harry thought of Shannon like a mother and thought Gibbs was just replacing her. Sabrina had to scramble for something to say. "Gibbs is probably looking for someone to help dull the pain that Kelly and Shannon's death's left. I mean, it probably tore him apart at first and is now looking for someone who he can start to heal with." Harry still had the dull look on his face.

"It's funny how he probably didn't think of what would happen when the news was broke. I mean, a letter? Not a call or something like that?" His head was a very dark place until the letter from Hogwarts came, which started to heal him extremely slowly, but never completely. He couldn't really connect with Ron and Hermione because they probably never had to experience a death of a friend in a crash. He flexed his wrist and Sabrina frowned when she saw slight flickering. Shaking her head, she just put it down to the light bulb being faulty. "Let's just get back to this." Harry said, flipping his textbook open. Sabrina quickly followed and was worried. If Harry let this just brew, how long will it be until something happens? Sabrina liked Mr. Gibbs and didn't want anything to happen to Harry either.

"Ok," Sabrina started, "what are all the organs included in digestion and in what order?"

This went on for a couple hours until Sabrina's mom came and picked her up at ten. They both quizzed each other back and forth on the biology with Sabrina grilling Harry about his English.

"Bye Harry!" Harry smiled and waved back while shutting the door after the car was gone, shivering slightly from the cold and the snowfall. Going into the kitchen, he cleaned up the dishes and put his books away. He couldn't help but think about the conversation he had with Sabrina.

Was he really being irrational about all this? Was Gibbs really trying to replace Shannon? Harry couldn't help but slide down the wall onto the floor in hopelessness. He didn't know what to think. One part of him was happy that Gibbs was getting past the pain, but another part was mad because he might be forgetting about Shannon and Kelly. He groaned and put his head in his hands and just sat there for a while. Harry tried not to think about the small memories that would flash in front of him of Kelly and him at the beach, the zoo, their first visit to London, her smiling and offering her hand in friendship... Harry finally lost the battle and cried. Cried for the loss of a sister and mother, a life that he never knew with his real parents and family, a father that never was and just knowing that he was safe in life. Harry wasn't an idiot, he knew that there was still a target painted on his back for being the boy-who-lived. Voldemort won't stop until one of them is dead and the other is still standing. He lifted his head so his chin was on the top of his hands, with tears still streaming down his face. He just felt alone in this, like no one really cared. He got up and went to his room and did a little bit of his art project before changing and going to bed. Outside, Hedwig gave a mournful trill, upset that her master was still struggling to heal from what happened five years before. 'Don't lose hope Harry. Without hope, we have nothing.'

Gibbs came in at around eleven to a quiet house. There were dishes in the sink and some pens on the table, knowing that the two teenagers got some work done. He had a nice time with Mann, although he felt slightly guilty about it, remembering the laughs that he and Shannon use to share over the rare dinner that the two of them would go on after Kelly was born. His feelings are conflicted, which is
why he and Mandy ended their relationship a year ago.

After being married two other times, trying to fill the void of his family's deaths, Gibbs gave up on trying to find any happiness in the world. He also became so obsessed with finding Kelly and Shannon's killer, that he worried Mike and would try to re-direct his attention to something else, or would try and drink himself into oblivion on holidays.

It took two years to keep Gibbs from going off the deep end and could start living again after he got his own team with Stan Burley and Vivian Blackadder. Tony later joined a year later, after getting arrested by him while Gibbs was undercover. It's taken years, but Gibbs' life has finally had some stability, save for the odd terror threat or the ship bombing from months ago.

Gibbs never did stop worrying for Harry, but he never had any legal claim over him and his job prevented him from getting him since he and Shannon never figured out why Child Service never caught wind of the Dursley's activities and couldn't legally take him out of the country. Taking off his coat, Gibbs went upstairs and checked on Aiden first, who's hair was sticking up everywhere. Smiling and closing the door, he went and checked on Harry. He could hear small noises coming from the room, making him slowly open the door. Harry was tossing and turning, not able to get comfortable. Gibbs was about to shut the door when he heard a small, "don't leave me." Gibbs froze at that. Opening the door a bit wider, he silently went inside. The street lamp from across the street was shining almost through Harry's window, who must've forgotten to close the curtains. He could make out the frown lines on his forehead and the way he was clenching his jaw.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, don't leave me," Harry pleaded. Gibbs' eyebrows shot up at this. Who was Harry pleading to? A sinking feeling started pooling in his stomach that Harry might've been pleading for them to stay. The day that the family had to leave was one that had Shannon and Kelly in tears. Gibbs didn't cry, even though he felt like he was being torn apart and was leaving some of his family behind. He carded his fingers through Harry's bird's nest of hair and gave a sad smile at how everything has happened. He's not completely blind, he knows that Harry is upset with him about something, he just didn't know about what yet.

"What are we going to do Harry?" Gibbs asked quietly, knowing that he won't get an answer. He knew he had to leave early to get back to finding whoever tried to kill Liam. Although with the way things are looking, it's not good if Mike's anger was anything to go by. Sighing, Gibbs got up and quietly closed the door to Harry's room, hoping that the pieces of his long shattered heart will start to heal some more now that he had his family back.

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Harry got up the next morning feeling odd. Not the I have a weird feeling that something's going to happen weird, but he was still bone tired. He's been feeling like this for over two months now and it still wasn't helping. The pepper up potions he use to sneak from Madame Pomphrey help for a little while, but he didn't want to get too dependent on them. 'Maybe I should tell Gibbs,' Harry thought as he grabbed an apple and started munching on it with his bag by his feet, while keeping an eye on the clock for the school bus to come. When five to eight came, Harry grabbed his coat and went out the door to school again.
When the bus came to the school, Harry struggled to keep his eyes open. He hauled himself up off the plastic seat and pushed himself down the bus isle and off the bus. Yawning as he stepped of the bus, a gust of wind came and blew right in his face. Shivering at that, Harry quickly made his way into the school where there were heaters. Getting up to his locker and putting his stuff away, Harry slowly put his stuff away, wanting to per long from moving anywhere. Shutting the locker, he left the second floor and started to wander around looking for something to do that might help keep him awake. 'Maybe I should talk to Gibbs,' Harry thought as he shook his head to try and stay awake.

He went into the one hallway to see if Sabrina was there since her bus comes about ten minutes after his. Harry shivered slightly as a non existent breeze swept over him, goose bumps rising on his arms. He rubbed his arms, even though his sweater kept most of the cold out. He went to the pit and sat down, trying to warm up. He didn't even realize that he zoned out until someone sat down beside him.

"You're that Brit right?" Harry slowly turned his head towards the stranger. It was a senior girl, who was way too close for Harry's comfort, and slowly scooted away from her slightly.

"Yes," he drawled slightly.

"My names Hannah and me and my friends thought that you were looking lonely over here by yourself. So do you want to come to our table?" Harry barely processed what she said and realized that he's delayed a little too long.

"No thanks. I'm waiting for my friends." Hannah wrinkled her nose at that.

"Well, that offer still stands Brit." She got off and trailed her hand on Harry's shoulder that lingered a little too long for normality. Harry frowned as she left and quickly got up to get a different spot. He saw some of the seniors stare at him but he just ignored it, having too much practice at those staring at him. Looking around, Harry saw Richard slip through the crowds. Harry was hot on his heels trying to catch up.

"Richard!" he called, hoping that he was heard. Richard didn't even turn around. Harry huffed when he finally caught up to him.

"Hey!" he called. Richard turned around.

"What?" Harry frowned, not knowing what he did. "What did I do?" Richard rolled his eyes.

"What the hell do you call that a few minutes ago?" Harry had a look of disbelief on his face.

"Um…a creepy older girl sitting way to close?" Harry said, not knowing what else to say to that. Richard merely raised an eyebrow.
"Riiight," he said with scepticism in his voice. Harry gave him a flat look at that.

"Believe me or not, you have my side of the story." Harry swept past him, looking for his other friends. He didn't understand what was with Richard. Was he jealous like Ron was when he didn't drool like a fool in front of Fleur? Harry is hoping that's it or else they'll probably have to talk it out and Harry has trouble with expressing his emotions without anger clouding him.

With Kelly, it was easy as she was pretty much his sister and Shannon, because he pretended she was his mother but with everyone else...he has trouble opening up to Sirius and Remus still, even though the former is his godfather. Even Gibbs. Harry just can't confess some of the things he's done. Or tried to do. He didn't think that he could bare the disappointed look that he'll get. Of course, everyone will also freak out. The one time his Aunt decided that he was a human was the one time that Harry didn't want anyone to find him in what he was going to do. His Aunt was horrified at what he had done but that still didn't stop her afterwards from treating him like shit. Harry thought that she was hoping that he'd do it again in that 'freak' school of his. Harry stopped his train of thought there since he didn't want to go down that path again. He kept looking until he found Michelle.

"Hey," he said gloomily.

"Hey there." She said with a slight frown in her voice. "What's wrong?"

"Richard being a slight git." Harry muttered. "Nothing," he said louder. Michelle gave him a look that said I don't believe you. "It's just a guy thing." Michelle just shrugged at that.

"Just don't take too long to kiss and make up." Harry made a face at that with Michelle laughing at him for that. Harry shook his head at her and turned his head slightly towards Sabrina who was making her way through the crowd.

"Hey!" Michelle called. Harry jumped slightly at that. Michelle frowned slightly when it was clear that Sabrina didn't hear her.

"One sec." She said. She quickly weaved through the crowd towards her and dragged her towards Harry who didn't move the whole time. "Hey," Sabrina said with a bright smile. Michelle was starting to bounce slightly.

"So spill." She demanded. "What did you two do last night?" Sabrina made a slight face at her.

"Nothing like that. Just did homework and helped Harry give Aiden a bath." Michelle was nearly pouting at there being nothing more interesting going on then that.

"Well," she drawled slightly, "that doesn't sound very interesting." Sabrina rolled her eyes.

"My life isn't suppose to be interesting." Michelle left it at that, having nothing else to say to that.

"Harry's waiting." Michelle said, breaking the silence. Sabrina was surprised at that.

"He's waiting?" Michelle rolled her eyes at that.

"Yes now come on." The two girls made their way through the crowd towards where Harry was. "He was standing right here," Michelle said with confusion in her voice. Sabrina scanned the crowd and saw him on the one bench and leaning against the pillar and was asleep.

"There he is." Sabrina pointed out to Michelle. The two girls went towards the bench and saw Harry dozing on the bench, unaware of what's going on around him. "Harry?" Sabrina said as she got
"Hmm?" Was the small reply she got. Sabrina had a slight furrow in her brow.

"You alright?" Harry (with much effort), took his head off the pillar and it bobbed for a couple seconds before blinking the sleep out of it. "Yeah, I'm just tired."

"How long has this been going on for?" Michelle asked. Harry shrugged.

"Fatigue for a couple months but it's gotten really bad in the past week."

"Maybe you should get that checked out." Sabrina said with concern.

"I'm fine."

"Like hell you are." Michelle burst out. "This ain't normal Harry and you need to get this checked out." Harry's eyes went wide at Michelle's outburst. Normally people would just not care and say to just get more sleep. The problem is that he is getting sleep. It just doesn't feel like he is.

"I'll talk to Gibbs after he's done his case." Harry said tiredly as he rubbed his eyes. He heaved himself off the bench and started to walk with the girls.

"So why's Richard being a 'git' as you put it?" Michelle asked.

"Some older girl tried to get me to come and hang out with her friends." Michelle and Sabrina stopped.

"Was she a red head?" Michelle asked slowly.

"Really curly hair?" Sabrina added. Harry nodded slowly, looking between the two. They looked at each other and gave a small sigh.

"Figures. Richard has the hots for her."

"I thought she was rather snobbish." Harry bit out.

"That doesn't usually matter to boys. They only ever go for looks." Michelle flipped her black hair behind her shoulder. Harry frowned at that. He knew that he never looked at girls that way before but just to go for looks is...he shook his head at that. Sure, looks help but they're not be all end all are they? Having no experience at this (he was not going to ask Sirius after hearing about some of his exploits from school), he merely kept his mouth shut at this line of conversation. Looking at the lockers as they pass, Harry's mind wandered off until someone yanked on his arm, making him flinch at that. Sabrina immediately dropped his arm at that.

"You were somewhere else," she said softly and nodded her head at the door that he was about to walk into.

"Sorry, head was wandering again." Sabrina merely nodded and when the bell went, they looked at each other and sprinted to their lockers to get to class. Harry left for English while Sabrina left for music class. Harry rolled his head and winced when his neck cracked. Getting to class, Harry sat in his usual seat and waited for everyone to come. He fidgeted in his seat, trying to get his nerves under control again. He was contemplating on having a cat nap when a thud made him jump from his seat. Richard moodily sat down with Michelle giving Richard a look, daring him to leave. Nick sat down on the other side of Harry and was slightly confused at Richard's behaviour.
"Do I want to know?" He asked Michelle. She shook her head.

"It's between them both being bull headed." Harry glared at her while she just raised an eyebrow at him, not phased in the slightest. "You know it's true." Harry wouldn't admit or deny it at all. He ignored everyone but the teacher for the remainder of the period and bolted towards his locker, getting his books for geography, the one class he struggles with continuously. He wondered how Gibbs' day was going so far.

Gibbs went straight to the office after dropping off Aiden. He knew that he has to talk to Harry. The boy was starting to get circles under his eyes and Gibbs knew that he's been sleeping. That kid was such a light sleeper (and he doubts that's changed) but he didn't even flinch which Aiden would start babbling for him right outside his door. Then there's the fact of his temper and that he gets defensive over things that he never use to before. It could be a teenager thing (God knows he was a back talker), or there's something wrong.

Gibbs wants to march over to England and start tossing people in prison for the damage they did to Harry's psych. He used to be such a sweet child and had now grown harder, colder and doesn't trust as easily as before. Something happened over there that made him leave or else he wouldn't of stayed there for as long as he had. He fiddled with his coat and saw Ziva sitting at her desk and turned his mind back to the case that's been plaguing them for three days now.

"You talk to your friend yet?" He asked.

"Yes and Shalob Jahlil is a person of interest who doesn't have any ties to known terrorist groups and no concern over his business being a cover." She replied, slightly frustrated at that. Gibbs gave her a piece of paper.

"This is Mike Franks car plate. Put a BOLO out for it."

"He's probably booked into a hotel or motel."


"I'm still trying to track Liam's voicemail and security code." He held up the phone that's been giving him problems for the past two days.

"It's just a matter of time that we don't have." Gibbs knocked McGee's feet off his desk and turned to Tony's desk. "DiNozzo-"

"Boss." Tony replied as he just came in after having an argument with Jeanne because of the stupid bet they made at the rock wall. Gibbs just gave him a look and pointed his finger at him.

"You help Ziva." Ziva just gave Tony a look as Gibbs went and sat down at his desk and Tony came over to hers. Ziva had the paper in her hand and slapped it into his. Tony grabbed it but Ziva wouldn't let go.

"Hey," Tony looked at her. "Not good?" She asked sympathetically. She remembered the arguments that her parents had when her mother was still around.

"Not good," Tony said in a tone that said drop it. Ziva let go and Tony went to his own desk to start the search. Ziva glanced up and had a concerned look on her face. She glanced over and saw Gibbs running a hand over his tired face. This case was a getting more drawn out and affecting everyone. She was wondering how Harry was doing. Maybe she can make a quick stop by tonight before
Gibbs gets there? With a plan in her mind, she set herself to work.

Gibbs left a few minutes later, leaving the three agents to their work.

"Anyone know how Harry is?" McGee asked after a few minutes of silence. Ziva and Tony shook their heads at that.

"Maybe we'll swing by tomorrow if the case is done," Tony said distractedly. He didn't want to think about Jeanne right now.

The Director said to not get emotionally involved in the case, but Tony couldn't help but fall for Jeanne. She's smart, beautiful, can keep up with his antics… but doesn't really know a thing about him. What worries Tony is when the case ends and he has to break everything to her. Would she hate him and tell him to leave? That seems to be the most likely outcome. Tony hopes that everything will end well because hopefully after they catch that bastard of a father of hers, they can still be together with no secrets between them. A small beeping came to the side of him from McGee's desk.

"Finally!" McGee exclaimed and quickly dialed Abby then dialed Ducky since Gibbs wasn't in her lab. He only had to wait a couple minutes for Gibbs to come up. Ziva and Tony quickly crowded McGee's desk, waiting for Gibbs.

"There was only one voicemail on here." McGee explained. He played it with the voice saying that the package was ready for pick up but that the price has doubled. As soon as the message ended, Ziva said "Nick Taylor." He was the guy who she and Gibbs talked to the other day when he admitted to flying Corporal O'Neil to Bagdad and back in a freighter plane. She went over to her desk and quickly got the flight that she needed, tuning out the men's conversation.

"FF flight number 716 that came in from Bagdad." She looked farther down. "It came in an hour and a half ago." Facing Gibbs, she saw him hurry over to his desk and quickly grabbed her gun and badge with Tony and McGee following suit and went to the vehicles to get to the Fast Flight address.

As soon as they busted open the door, they started to carefully checked around each crate, not wanting to get jumped on. They all went around the different freighter with their guns held out in front, and made their way to the front.

"Clear!"

"Clear!"

"Clear," McGee said as he put down the gun at the sight in front of them. Three men were shot to death, including Nick Taylor. Gibbs put his fingers to Taylor's neck, hoping that there might be a pulse. There wasn't.

"Someone beat us to it." Ziva remarked, wondering who else knew about this. He looked over to the open crate and saw pillows, blankets and water bottles flowing out of the crate. Taylor was smuggling people into the States.

"Call Ducky," Gibbs said, standing up. "Ziva, DiNozzo, go and get the cameras."

"On it boss." Tony and Ziva left while Gibbs and McGee surveyed the scene.

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Harry was glad that it was lunch now since he was almost falling asleep in geography class. Kienna had to elbow him a couple times to keep him from being noticed by the teacher. *When will the day
end?' he thought miserably as he grabbed his lunch. He sat down at the end of one of the tables, not really caring if his friends were sitting somewhere else. He just wanted some alone time, something that he craved every so often. He wasn't really a loner, but he hates having to keep an up beat attitude all the time and liked to broad sometimes, even though it annoys the hell out of people. After eating, he decided to wander around by himself for a while and didn't really care if he looked weird by passing the same people twice by walking around. Maybe he really should tell Gibbs about this problem. Maybe he could come up with an explanation about what's causing this. He remembers being able to get up at six in the morning with no problem but now he struggles to get up at even 7:30 in the morning. Harry was grateful when the bell went off and went to art class.

"Multiple victims with multiple wounds." Ducky said when he saw all the men in the room. Tony was still photographing everything while Ziva and McGee looked for anything for evidence.

"Prey and spray." Gibbs said as he circled the bodies.

"Possibly," Ducky said, not taking his eyes off the body he was examining. "But dead within 15 or 20 minutes I would say before you arrived. Jethro, do you think-"

"I don't want speculation, I want evidence."

"Gibbs," Ziva said. Gibbs got up and went over to her. "Blanket, pillows, water bottles." Everything that they already saw.

"Have the comforts of home." McGee commented.

"Human cargo," she said, confirming what Gibbs already thought about this.

"Looks to be three of everything." Gibbs said, crouching down.

"Only two bodies, three with Nicks."

"One got away."

"The shooter?" Ziva asked, an eyebrow going up. She wouldn't be surprised if that was the case.

"Maybe." McGee spotted something.

"Boss," he crouched down and pulled a book from under a blanket, giving it to Gibbs who flipped it open.

"Arabic." He said while getting up. He gave it to Ziva, who said immediately, "it's a Kharan." They looked at each other and went back to work.

They went through and processed everything then went back to the office where Ziva immediately went though the FAA paperwork, looking for flight 716 paperwork and if anything popped up. Nothing out of the ordinary according to the reports. The aircrew was oblivious and still at the airport, making Gibbs frustrated that the answers. While Ziva was doing that, McGee was running the other two men gunned down, looking for names.

"Pvt. Thomas McLean, went missing three weeks ago by the Frankfurt base."

"Frankfurt?" Ziva asked in confusion.

"Deserted." McGee replied. "Was suppose to go back to Iraq in two days. The other victim is Franz..."
Schuler, a German nationalist wanted by Interpol for murder of a cop, trying to flee Europe to the States."

"He made it." Ziva said. "Almost and there's passenger number three. Muslim and missing."

"Terrorist?" McGee asked.

"Might explain all the dead bodies," Ziva pointed out. "So there's no one alive to identify him."

"Or maybe a frightened witness who got away," Tony said, putting his two cents in after getting off the phone.

"Anything?" Gibbs asked.

"Phone company can't get a hold of him and his cell phone is turned off."

"Frank's must know we're trying to get a hold of him," McGee said. His phone went off.

"McGee. Where?" He immediately started writing down what the person on the other end was saying. "Thanks." He put down the phone. Everyone knew what they were discussing as they all went to their desks and were ready to leave as soon as McGee got off the phone. He ripped off the piece of paper as Gibbs, Tony and Ziva all left for the elevator to Frank's car.

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"We could fall back and set up surveillance." Ziva suggested as they circles Mike Frank's car.

"No it's too late." Gibbs said as he past Ziva, trying to get the car lock undone.

"He must be near by. Parked and walked…" Tony started.

"That's what I'd do," Gibbs replied to Tony.

"We'll start checking as soon as we get back," he said as Ziva finally got the door unlocked and quickly unlocked the passenger side for Tony to start looking around the car. They didn't find anything until Tony opened the glove box and pulled out a hand gun. "Oh boy," Tony had a face on that said I hope this isn't the gun we're looking for." Recently fired." Tony said. Frank's knew how to make himself look guilty.

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"Think he did it?" McGee asked Ziva when they came back to the office.

"Mike Franks is a capable man." Ziva said, not really answering the question.

"That extend to murder?"

"Revenge. Taylor killed his son." Tony said.

"Still wonder."

"DiNozzo." Gibbs came in with another coffee in his hand.

"Ah, there's seventeen hotels and motels within a fifteen minute walk of where the car was and…e-mailing a photo of Franks now." Tony finished off with the look his boss gave.
"Gun?"

"Registered to Nick Taylor, was registered to own a gun."

"McGee. Found anything from that ok yet?"

"Still working boss. Jalil has a clean bill of health, pays his taxes, account has a modest turn over…"

"He's gotta hide his money somewhere probie." When the other here left, McGee started taking it from the money loan person angle, seeing if it was probable. Now it's more then likely.

"Any charities?" Ziva questioned.

"No big donations."

"Travels," Gibbs threw out.

"In and out of the country seven times over the past four months which is odd because this guy is meticulous with his tax returns. Non of these have deductions so it wasn't business trips."

"Well someone may of paid for him," Tony said sarcastically.

"Or maybe he wasn't paying at all." Ziva said.

"Check when and where," Gibbs said.

"That's only going to tell us when and where he flew," McGee said in confusion. At Gibbs' look, McGee started searching. "Same airline every time. Fast Flights."

"Go get him." Gibbs said.

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Jalil insisted that he was still innocent and the Glock found in Frank's car was the same weapon that killed the men in the warehouse, although McGee found traces of glass from a company beside the warehouse, making Gibbs go back to interrogation. He brought McGee along and had Jalil take his shoes off. Gibbs bluff that they had a witness, making Jalil confess to killing Taylor. Gibbs figured out the rest when Jalil didn't say anything about the other two.

He went to a hotel and found Mike putting suitcases in the back of a taxi.

"Knew you'd figure it out."

"Is that why you went back, to finished it off?"

"Get the rest of the cash, pick up the package?"

"Then back to the hotel."

"Guess you went back again, didn't you Mike." They kept talking until Gibbs go to the heart of the matter.

"You wouldn't of done this unless you had something to hide." Mike looked towards the cab and Gibbs saw a woman in a burka with her face uncovered.

"She's from Mexico," Mike said quickly. Gibbs didn't believe that and pulled out the Kharan that
McGee found earlier that day and showed it to Mike before giving it to the woman. She had extensive tattoos on her arm and fingers and smiled at Gibbs for the book.

"We have to leave in a bit of a hurry. They were going to be married" Mike said. "Her family in Bagdad said that she shamed them and has been in hiding for six months. He was desperate to get her out." Gibbs knew the feeling the Mike was describing that his son had. Only, Liam succeeded where he didn't. "I don't think any of this is relevant to your case probie." Gibbs smiled.

"I guess not Mike." Gibbs started walking away when they heard a baby cry from the taxi. Mike quickly looked over and Gibbs turned around. A small blond hair baby was on the woman's shoulder. Hair like Liam's. Mike looked over at Gibbs, who had a soft smile on his face. "Why not stay and meet Harry properly?" Gibbs asked.

"I'll do it some other time. The mutts should be here by now and are just waiting for you to call them. I want to get my grandson home."

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When Gibbs got home with Aiden toddling beside him, a gust of wind came flying threw them, making Aiden clutch Gibbs' pants and shuffle much closer to him. Gibbs wordlessly picked him up and made their way into the house.

"Harry?" Gibbs called out. No answer. Gibbs set Aiden down, who immediately went straight for his toys.

"Harry!" He didn't realize that there was a slight panic in his voice calling for the boy. A small moan was his answer. He turned his head towards the couch and saw the teenager lying on the couch with his head buried towards the cushions and curled up, slightly shivering. Gibbs hurried over and crouched down so he would've been eye level with the teenager if he was looking. He brushed his hand against the teen's birds nest of hair, fingers getting tangled in knots. Gibbs was slightly worried about this and decided to try and wake him up. "Harry," Gibbs said a bit quieter. Harry shifted and rolled over and slightly blurry bright green eyes looked up into icy blue eyes. Harry stretch out slightly, reminding Gibbs of a cat.

"What time is it?" He mumbled, rubbing his eye.

"About five."

"Really?" Harry said in surprise. He only laid down for a few minutes and didn't mean to fall asleep. More surprising, he was still exhausted. "Guess I was more tired then I thought," he said quietly.

"Harry, when did you go to bed?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Humour me." Harry sighed.

"Bout ten thirty," he admitted. Gibbs was surprised. Harry wouldn't go to sleep until around eleven if he was lucky and was still up pretty early.

"There's something wrong with me," Harry whispered. Gibbs would never have caught it if he wasn't so close. "I'm just so tired all the time and it doesn't matter how much sleep I get." Gibbs didn't say anything for a minute.

"How long has this been going on for?"

"Over two years now." Harry admitted.
"I would sneak pepper up potions from the infirmary but during the holidays and here, my system just crashes. It's a potion to get your energy back up and helps against a cold," Harry added.

"I'll make a doctors appointment then. It's not normal for this to be going on for this long and being that extreme." Gibbs told Harry. Harry pouted at that. He hates doctors, especially their evil needles. Shannon's hand was slightly bruised from how hard Harry held onto her hand as he howled after getting the necessary boosters that he was behind on.

"Fine." He said, with an air of do I have to? Gibbs merely raised an eyebrow at that.

"It's either check it out now and figure out what the problem is. Or, not go and let this get worse."

"Doesn't mean I'll like the doctor." Harry said. It's his round about way of saying that he'll go, but he won't like it.

"I'm not asking you to. Just be polite." Harry nodded before yawning and snuggling back into the couch and went back to sleep. Gibbs left the teen to sleep and watched as Aiden played with his wood blocks with an expression of extreme concentration.

Looking in the fridge, Gibbs pulled out some chicken that he bets Harry pulled out for sometime this week, some onion, tomato, mayonnaise, margarine and looked in the cupboard for some of the spices he needs. One thing that he remembers from the English food is Kelly coming home one day and demanded her parents to buy some spatzel. Having no idea what that is, the two parent went to the grocery store the next day and asked what the hell it was. It was an egg noodle that you have with gravy. So Shannon made spatzel with gravy and some roast pork with it. Kelly loved it and so did Harry. Shannon also remembers the cheese sauce that her mother always made with broccoli and decided to try it on that. The kids would demand it with cheese after that. He decided to make some spatzel with this, just for old time sake. He would rarely buy the stuff but he was in luck that he had some still. *I should make a list,*' Gibbs thought wearily as he made supper.

Harry was barely conscious when he smelt chicken coming from the kitchen. From what he could smell, it was going to be good. Heaving himself up, he nearly stumbled getting up and rubbed his eyes to get the tiredness out of them. Going into the kitchen, Harry's eyes went large at the food that was there. He hasn't had this stuff in years! He was going giddy at the thought and hurried to the table, trying to get rid of the tiredness that he feels. He was a foot away from the table when Gibbs gave him a pointed look and looked at his hands. Ah. Quickly going to wash his hands, Harry hurried back to the table, trying not to appear too eager at the thought of getting this meal.

"Someone's happy," Gibbs said.

"Haven't had this in years!" Harry moaned in delight. Gibbs had a small grin on his face at Harry's look at the meal. They ate their meal in relative silence, aside from Aiden babbling when he wasn't about to choke on his food.

"Anything interesting happen at school?" Gibbs asked after the silence started to get slightly uncomfortable. Harry shrugged. No harm in telling.

"Not much other then Richard being a git." Gibbs raised an eyebrow at that, wanting Harry to continue. "A girl came up to me today, wanting to hang out but I got the…clingy feeling from her. Apparently Richard has a crush on her and was ticked that I was talking to her." Gibbs didn't say anything to that.

"Are you two still fighting about that?" Harry shrugged.
"If you count ignoring each other right now then yes." Harry had a thought. "How was last night?"
Gibbs was slightly startled by the question.

"Good." Harry had a look that said continue. Gibbs was tempted to ignore it but something told him that he really shouldn't. "Had a nice dinner out was Mann and talked for a bit."

"Oh." Harry said, not knowing what else to say. He really didn't like Mann, no matter what anyone said, but he does want Gibbs to be happy again. "So how was the case?"

"We solved it."
"And?"
"And what?"
"What happened?" Gibbs raised an eyebrow at that.

"My old mentor was caught up in the case and got personal to him." To be honest, it got a bit personal for him too, but not as deeply. "When you're done eating, I want to talk to Sirius."

"Ok, about what?"
"Things that you don't need to worry about, trust me." Harry had a look in his eye, but didn't question it as he finished his meal and quickly went and got his mirror.

"Sirius Black." As soon as he said that, he promptly gave his mirror to Gibbs and went to do dishes.

"Harry, why don't you go with Aiden and play with him." Harry was now very puzzled, but took Aiden from his high chair and quickly cleaned him and took him to the living room. Gibbs went back to the dishes that he started and waited for Sirius to pick up.

"Padfoot here."
"Sirius."
"Gibbs." Sirius said, slightly more serious.

"What's up?"
"Where are you?"
"...in Washington." He said sheepishly. "Remus is with me," he added quickly, "and I've been staying as Padfoot. Franks said that we could come up." 'Of course he did,' Gibbs thought. So that's what Franks meant by mutts.

"Tomorrow is Friday and I know that Harry has been missing you so why don't you and Remus come over tomorrow afternoon at four?" Sirius' eyes lit up at the thought of seeing his godson again in person.

"Of course!" Gibbs looked towards the living room.

"I think that you'll both be happier." Gibbs couldn't help but be saddened by the fact that Harry had missed his godfather so much even though they only got re-acquainted a few months ago and he's known Harry for years. 'But he's changed,' a harsh voice in his head snarled. 'But for better or for worse? That's what scared Gibbs.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long wait but hopefully the length will make up for it.
Meeting the Guardian

Harry was lazily stretched out on the couch and was watching Aiden play with his small blocks that he adores so much. He tilted his head slightly and decided to have a little fun to alienate the boredom which meant playing with the toddler. Harry liked children as they didn't talk down to him or at him. Of course, their whining can become a bit much.

"'ry!" Harry looked up and saw Aiden holding a wooden block towards him. Harry had a small smile on his face and got off the couch to play with him. "What do you want to build Aiden?" Harry asked the toddler. Aiden had a very serious expression on his face at the question. "Castle!" Harry's smile became slightly fixed as castles only brought back bad memories. "Alright then. Castle it is." Harry looked at the amount of blocks and concluded that it might work, but only if they were careful with the design. "So, a castle needs walls." Harry said and started to build a small base where Aiden could start placing the blocks on top of them. Aiden was happily following Harry's lead and was placing blocks on top of his.

Harry helped with moving them around to even out the walls. Aiden decided to have a tower on the walls. Harry just went along with Aiden as the toddler took the lead and Harry was just there to make sure that the blocks didn't topple. Watching Aiden build his 'castle' Harry was taken back to when him and Kelly used to play with her lego. They enjoyed building houses the most, especially the roofs, even though they used the childish curses when the lego pinch their fingers or when the roof collapses in on them and scraps their hands. Harry enjoyed looking back at the times of enjoying what a family felt like. But he tried to not dwell on this too much, knowing that it won't make things change back to where they were. "Here Aiden," Harry said as he pushed the one block in further so it wouldn't tip all the other blocks over. He got a toothy smile in return. "Tanks 'rry!" Harry found it adorable that Aiden couldn't say his 'h' and would have a slight lisp to his words as well. They played with the blocks until Aiden got tired and rubbed his eyes. The teenager decided that it was time for the toddler to go to bed. "Let's clean this up."

"No." The toddler pouted and was now wearing a frown on his face. Harry merely raised an eyebrow at this. He just started to put the blocks away. "No!" Aiden wailed and tried to stop Harry but it wasn't working well. At all. Aiden was now completely red faced and was about to throw a huge temper tantrum when Gibbs came back into the room. Harry was extremely thankful for that uncanny ability that Gibbs has for coming at the right time. "Time for bed mister."

This time, Aiden did start to wail at the fact. Gibbs merely picked him up and took him upstairs with Aiden screaming and wiggling to get back to his blocks. Harry let out a breath of relief that he didn't know he was holding. Happy kids he can deal with. Screaming ones on the other hand…not so much.

Harry cleaned up the rest of the blocks and staid sitting on the floor, just staring at the carpet and was thinking of nothing. He just blankly stared at the floor. Tilting his head slightly he got up and went to his room to do more of his art project that was due in a little over a month so he's been doing it bit by bit. Flipping on his light, he looked at the partially done sky and the pencil sketched canvas before sitting down in front of it. Pushing up his sleeves, Harry thought about what to start next, as he was done the sky, before deciding to do the lower section and have the entire background done first (while having a paper copy of the plan and sketches), and then paint everything else on top of where it overlaps. He enjoys using pastels in both stick form and oil form but is more comfortable using the oil, even if he has to be careful and not get any on his clothes. Picking up the paintbrush, Harry started another section of the background.
Sirius was pacing back and forth in the hotel room still under a heavy glamour that Remus booked for them. Remus was getting tired of watching his friend pacing and wearing a rut in the carpet. "Calm down Padfoot I'm sure everything is fine." Sirius looked at him with worried eyes.

"I know that but it doesn't help that the pup gets into more trouble than we did at school. And we went looking for it!" Remus couldn't help but snort at that, knowing it was true. "Think he has a bad luck charm on him?" Sirius asked out of the blue. Remus gave him a weird look at that. "I mean, ever since starting Hogwarts-no-even from before Hogwarts he's had some good luck but a huge amount of bad luck." Remus just hummed at that. It was true but there was also the stroke of luck that the Gibbs family lived in the same area so Harry had a semi half decent childhood.

"It's all in the past Padfoot and there's nothing we can do but go forward." Sirius' shoulders slumped slightly at that and huffed. He hated it when Remus was right. "We are going to see Harry tomorrow in person, so please calm down or so Merlin help me I'm stunning you."

"You wouldn't." Remus raised an eyebrow that Sirius was familiar with from when they were teenagers and knew he wasn't kidding.

"Try me."

Harry was very thankful that it was now Friday. He just wanted the week to end right about now. He and Richard were now…talking of sorts. Michelle would smack Richard if he gave a snarky comment and Sabrina would give Harry a death glare if they didn't at least try and make conversation. There were no plans for the weekend other than to finish off his homework and try to get as much sleep as possible. Dropping his bag to the floor, he rolled his neck and felt it pop a couple times before straightening out. Heading straight for the kitchen for a quick sandwich, Harry looked at the clock and saw that it was nearly four. He jumped when he heard the door open and a small missile came straight at his leg. "Aiden!

"Aiden. Shoes." Aiden pouted up at Harry but Harry was giving him a look that told Aiden that he wasn't going to help. Sulking now, Aiden went back over to the mat where Gibbs got his little boots and snow pants off and as soon as they were off along with the coat, Harry had his little parasite back and was hanging off his leg and wouldn't let go. Harry gave Gibbs a pleading look but Gibbs was making sure that he wasn't looking at Harry because of that (not to mention his lips were twitching, trying not to smile at Harry's expense), making Harry huff in annoyance.

Harry just picked up Aiden and brought him to the living room where Gibbs was getting out the beloved building blocks. Harry went on his stomach and stretched out and sighed in happiness as he felt his muscles stretch. Aiden went on building…something that Harry had no idea what it was but Gibbs was humouring the toddler by handing him blocks and helping him build. It was rare that Gibbs could relax so freely after having the difficult case from a couple days ago and was still slightly wound up from it. Harry just watched the two of them build and flipped over when there was knocking on the door. "You want to get the door Harry?" Gibbs asked. Harry gave him a look of do I have to? To which Gibbs gave him The Stare so Harry went and got the door and when he opened it, it took his brain a few seconds to process on what he was seeing.

"Remus?" He could've swore he was hallucinating. Remus just smiled. "What? No hug for me?" A dog barked from behind him, which Remus gave a dirty look to. Harry grinned at the dog.

"Padfoot!" Padfoot came bounding up and nearly tackled Harry to the floor in happiness. Harry couldn't believe this. Sirius and Remus really were in America with him. He stopped rubbing on
Padfoot and looked at Remus.

"How?" He asked in disbelief. Remus merely grinned. "Thank Gibbs and his old mentor." At the mention of Gibbs, Harry's smile dimmed slightly but neither the dog or werewolf noticed any difference. Harry was still feeling a slight sting over Mann but Sabrina helped get him over majority of it. They all went inside where Harry saw Gibbs down with Aiden playing on the floor with his blocks again.

"It's safe to change back." Gibbs said dryly. Sirius turned back into a human and Harry tackled him. "I missed you." Harry said, slightly muffled against Sirius' coat. Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry and gave a tight hug around the boy. Harry didn't want to let go and nearly pouted when Sirius let go and separated them. Sirius kept Harry at arm's length and studied him. "You look better," he said after a minute of silence between them. Harry just shrugged. "Good food helps." He said dryly. Sirius didn't have any witty retorts to that and left it. Instead he turned to Gibbs and held out a hand. "Thank you for looking after my godson when I couldn't." He said quietly. Gibbs gave him a look that Tony would sometimes get when he asked a stupid or obvious question. "Right," Sirius said hastily, "So…"

"Supper is almost ready." Harry said. It was just a simple meal of grill cheese and soup but there would be more than enough for everyone. Especially since Harry wanted some of that ice cream he saw peaking in the back of Gibbs' fridge.

After an awkward silence, Harry quickly set the table and Aiden, wanting to know what was going on, toddled over to Harry who nearly knocked into him. The toddler just gave a goofy grin whereas Harry wanted to give an exasperated sigh. After setting the table with Aiden still trailing after him like a puppy, Harry swooped down and picked him up with Aiden squealing in joy. "Fly! Fly!"

"Yeah…not in here." Harry said, not wanting to get into trouble with Gibbs over that, plus the kitchen wasn't the most ideal place to do it. 'Maybe after supper,' Harry thought as he set Aiden down, who immediately wanted back up. Harry walked into the living room where the adults were all sitting. "Table's set," He said before going back into the kitchen.

"Wash your hands." Harry huffed before leaving, taking Aiden with him to the washroom with the toddler who squealed when Harry picked him up and swung him. When he came back, the food was on the table and steam was coming off the food. Harry put Aiden on his chair that had the plastic dish in front of him and half a grill cheese cut into bite size pieces. Everyone else had their own sandwich and soup with no one talking much making the table have an awkward silence. Sirius was trying to think of something to say before Harry piped up, "Can I take Aiden in the back yard for the afternoon?" Gibbs shrugged before swallowing the sandwich he had.

"Sure. Just don't leave the yard."

"I won't." Harry promised. Even though he's been here for a month, he was still getting use to taking specific routes to school before he even dared venture out on his own. Not to mention Gibbs is just slightly protective. Harry sneaked a glance at Aiden and saw that most of the food has turned to mush and tried to not think of it from its look. Tilting his head slightly, Harry observed the adults. Sirius looked uncomfortable while Remus was trying to not be affected by the silence while Gibbs… Gibbs was always hard to read and if Harry didn't know any better, Gibbs has gotten even harder to read from years ago.

Squinting slightly, Harry tried to make out Gibbs but couldn't get a read on him. Looking like he's not affected by that, he ate the rest of his lunch and pushed his plate away from himself. "Can I be excused?" He asked Gibbs who nodded at him. Harry got up and when Aiden saw Harry get up, he started to squirm, wanting to get down too.
"You done then?" Gibbs asked the toddler. Aiden thought about it and nodded his head and had his arms forward wanting to be picked up. Gibbs knew that Aiden wanted up.

"Harry." Harry turned around slightly and saw Gibbs nodding his head towards Aiden and Harry got the message. He grabbed a cloth and wiped Aiden's face that was a mess and took off his shirt that was covered in mutilated grill cheese. "Let's get another shirt on then we can go outside."

"Fly!"

"Yes Aiden." He said with an exaggerated sigh as he hoisted the boy up with Aiden clinging to his neck. He went up to Aiden's room and grabbed the first shirt he saw and put it on the boy before going back downstairs and grabbing Aiden his coat, snowpants, boots, mitts and a hat. Harry grabbed his coat and gloves before leaving out the door to the yard. It was a modest size yard with just grass and a barbeque to the one corner. Harry noticed that it was starting to get darker so he made a mental note to keep an eye on the time.

Aiden squealed in delight when Harry swooped down and used the momentum to bring Aiden into the air. "Fly, fly!" Aiden yelled in delight. Harry had a large grin on his face as well as he went around the yard, dipping Aiden every so often and went in circles before setting Aiden into the snow before Harry himself fell into the snow from exhaustion. Aiden, thinking it was a game, jumped on Harry who let out a whoosh of air and choked for a few seconds before getting his breath back.

"Aiden, get off." Aiden slid down, disappointed that they couldn't play in the snow before he got some snow on him. Looking up, he saw Harry with his arm outstretched with snow clinging to the glove from the ground and shut his eyes for a few minutes. Or, that was the plan. Bending down, the toddler used his arms as a shovel and had them wide apart and as a result, most of the snow went back on the ground. Aiden either didn't notice or didn't care as he dumped it on Harry, some going down his neck.

"Ow! Cold, cold, cold, cold!" Harry chanted as he tried to get it off his neck and was now turned into water and sliding down under his shirt. Looking around, he saw a nice mound of snow and pushing his hand in first to double check if there was ice, he grinned as he came after Aiden who was now running around the yard, squealing when Harry caught him and gently tossed him into the mound of snow. Harry thought the image was hilarious and wished he had a camera right now. Oh well. They played in the yard for a little while longer while the adults were talking in the house.

"The director is working on getting you political asylum right now but it's slow going."

"The American Ministry and mundane government has a better relationship than Britain's but it's still pretty strained. I don't think they've been forgiven for the Salem witch trials."

"Besides, if you being here goes public than some people from Britain might get it in their heads that you're hiding Harry here and forced him to come?"

"You're kidding?" Sirius deadpanned to Remus who shook his head.

"I wish I was," Remus sighed. "Fudge doesn't want to admit that they were the ones who drove Harry away from the country and are looking for the most convenient scapegoat."

"Which is me." Sirius finished, then let out a huff in frustration. "Is there any way we can keep Harry here without him being in trouble?"

"Jenny has him listed under misplaced persons right now but I've been looking into a fairly recent law that allows kids from other countries to be adopted by Americans to be full citizens while under
"But it has to be an American doing the adopting right?" Remus clarified sadly. Sirius clued in and dropped his head in his hands knowing that there is no way that he can adopt Harry now. Not if they want to keep him safe.

"Alright," he said slowly. "I'll do this for Harry."

"The paperwork needs another week to go through then we're in the clear hopefully."

"Then if the British wants Harry back they'll have one hell of a time trying to get him back."

"Over my dead body," Sirius snarled. Gibbs silently agreed with that sentiment. He wasn't going to risk that boy who he's damn sure went through hell the past year but won't say anything. "When are you going to tell him?" Remus asked Gibbs.

"I was hoping for Christmas." He confessed. Remus gave a small smile at that. Looking at Sirius then back to Gibbs, he wasn't really paying attention when the back door opened and jumped, making Sirius snicker at that. Remus gave him a look that promised pain. Sirius tried to make a straight face at that, failing miserably with the cringing look on his face being noticeable.

They could all hear the high pitch voice talking a mile a minute. Remus and Sirius remembered Harry babbling extremely fast and no one but Lily seemed to have any inkling on what the baby could be saying. Then there was Harry humouring the child with simple answers while Remus was pretty sure Harry had no idea what the kid was saying. Taking off their winter clothes, Sirius couldn't help but point out the dark stain from Harry's shirt near the collar. "Someone thought it was a good idea to dump snow on me," was the dry answer Sirius got and couldn't help but chuckle a bit at that image.

Looking at the clock, he saw that it was past seven and didn't realize that it was almost dark out now. "I'll take Aiden up for bed." Gibbs said while taking Aiden who was half asleep and was thankful that he was exhausted so he won't wake up in the middle of the night. When they disappeared, that left Harry, Remus and Sirius alone in the living room.
Weekend Excursion

Harry launched himself at Sirius, startling the older man when he felt the teens grip around his neck. Harry squeezed his eyes shut as he tried to connect the facts of Sirius being here. "I still can't believe you came," Harry said into Sirius' shoulder. Sirius just held onto his godson for the first time since the end of June.

The two just stayed that way for a few minutes before Remus tapped Sirius on the shoulder and reluctantly released Harry who then gave Remus a quick hug. "I'm not dreaming am I?" Harry asked in a slight daze. If it was one then it was one of the crueller dreams he's had. "No, it's not a dream." Remus confirmed. Harry had a large smile on his face from that and immediately started to question the two about everything they've been up to and in turn they asked the same thing to Harry. Harry was a bit more selective on what he said and didn't mention the doctor appointment for Wednesday. Neither adult noticed which Harry was thankful for and continued on the small talk for a while.

Gibbs came down after putting Aiden to bed (who tired himself out so there was no crying or screaming tonight), and saw the three wizards still talking. Regretting on having to send Harry to bed, Gibbs came down to inform the teenager that it was time for bed. Harry went to protest until he saw the look in Gibbs' eye and pouted before giving Sirius a hug and muttering "goodnight," before running upstairs. Gibbs hovered at the bottom of the stairs and waited until he heard the door shut before turning to the other two adults and started talking again. When they realized that it was nearly midnight, Sirius and Remus left, but not before saying to let them know when they can come over. Gibbs made a mental note to tell Harry that he can have his godfather over but to clear it with him first. Just in case.

Harry felt the sun on his face, remembering that he forgot to close the curtains last night. Groaning, he turned over to face the wall. After tossing and turning for another ten minutes, he huffed and kicked of the blankets after realizing that he won't go back to sleep. Looking at the clock, Harry nearly bolted upright when he saw the clock saying 10:30. Dashing out of his room, Harry nearly ran down the stairs and skidded to stop when he saw Gibbs in the kitchen.

"What have I said about running in the house?"

"To not to because we can slip." Gibbs raised an eyebrow at Harry for his slight sarcasm and deadpan voice.

"Remember that when you crack your skull." Harry gave him a deadpan look before sauntering over to the counter.

"Pancakes?" He asked.

"I distinctly remember someone always going on about the chocolate chip pancakes I use to make." Harry's eyes lit up, nearly making Gibbs laugh at his sunny expression at the fact that he gets chocolate in the morning which was nearly never unless they were in the pancakes that Gibbs would make. It was one of the only things that both Harry and Kelly would beg for from Gibbs in the morning and he and Shannon also found out that was the only time that Harry will eat the American pancakes. He normally wasn't picky but when it came to some American foods (especially fried), he either wouldn't touch it or there has to be something extra added to it for Harry to even touch it. Which is why when he and Shannon took the kids out they made sure to avoid the fast food places as McDonald's as Harry had trouble with all the grease as he was barely use to having semi normal
meals. Eagerly sitting down, Harry was almost bouncing in his seat when he saw the pancakes with chocolate chips in it set in front of him. Almost drooling, he dug into his pancakes with relish. Moaning in delight, Harry quickly polished off his pancakes and looked at Gibbs with a pathetic expression and holding up the plate while making doe eyes at him he went, "Please sir, can I have some more?" Gibbs lost the fight and started laughing at Harry's pathetic expression. Nodding his head, Harry raced back to the stove and grabbed another two off the top and ate at a slightly slower pace than before but was still enjoying it.

"Any homework?" Gibbs asked as he watched the teen finally slow down in his eating. Harry nodded.

"Not much so it shouldn't take very long." Gibbs continued with his breakfast after that line of conversation and saw Aiden with chocolate smeared around his mouth.

Gibbs looked at the clock as he put the last of the dishes away. It was just past eleven in the morning now and he had nothing else on the go right now. Drying his hands and putting the towel away, Gibbs looked around, trying to figure out what the boys can do for the day. The age difference doesn't exactly help either. Aiden would be perfectly happy playing with his blocks all day while Harry would probably go stir crazy being in the house. Thinking of something to do for the two of them, he decided that some sightseeing (mostly for Harry's sake), wouldn't go amiss. "Harry," he called up the stairs. He could hear the teen open the door.

"Yes?"

"Get your coat on, we're going for a ride."

"Ok." Gibbs could hear the confusion in his voice as he called down. Grabbing the toddler and blocking out the squeak of outrage from him, Gibbs put Aiden on the bench as he got his own coat on. Harry came down and grabbed his own things.

"Where're we going?" Harry asked.

"It's a surprise." Gibbs replied. Harry pouted at that and watched as Gibbs got Aiden's stuff on and the three of them trekked out to the car. Gibbs got Aiden in the back seat as Harry made himself comfortable in the front by pulling the seat as straight as he could. Gibbs just looked at him and said nothing. Harry looked out the window and watched as houses and businesses flew by. He stared into nothing and was thinking of nothing when they finally arrived in this huge parking lot. Confused, Harry looked up and his jaw dropped. They were at the Smithsonian! Grinning now, Harry rushed out of the car and bounced on his heels as Gibbs brought Aiden out.

It may only be a museum, but Harry really wanted to see all the planes that are hanging from the ceiling of the place. Even though the Smithsonian was made up of multiple buildings, Gibbs took them to the one with the planes and rockets. Harry was wanting to run around like a little kid right now to take in as much as he could. Hanging from the ceiling were old models of aircraft from the early half of the twentieth century and a couple more recent jets peppering the ceiling between the older models. Looking down, Harry looked straight at Gibbs and gave a brilliant smile. Gibbs gave a small smile in return as the three of them went off to explore the museum.

"That was brilliant." Harry said in a quiet voice while trying to conceal a yawn. They explored some of the exhibits with Harry trying to drink up as much information as possible while Gibbs kept Aiden
entertained in the stroller that he got near the entrance. Harry was now clutching a couple of books he got from the gift shop about the different planes and one about the military history of planes which, according to Harry, looked very interesting. Gibbs got it for him so the bookshelf in the living room can stop looking half empty.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." Gibbs actually talked to Sirius and Remus about Harry's hobbies and the one thing that they both knew for a fact was Harry's love for flying. "If he could, I would swear he would never get off his broom." Sirius remarked during the conversation. So Gibbs took the information and decided on the impromptu trip to the Smithsonian which looks like it paid off.

Taking Aiden inside, Gibbs looked behind him and saw Harry slowly making his way out of the car while holding onto his things. Harry asked just about everything that came to mind while at the museum and was in awe of the huge planes and fighters and the different exhibits that was on display. Even though Gibbs didn't have the answers to half of the teenager's questions, he did try and answer to the best of his ability. Going inside, Gibbs looked behind him and saw Harry coming. Opening the door, he held it open until the teen was inside and took off Aiden's coat and mitts while Harry took off his own stuff while half asleep and stumbled upstairs to bed. Gibbs took Aiden upstairs and changed him before putting him to bed and then got ready himself. Gibbs quite enjoyed today and he got to spend time with the boys in a way he hasn't done in weeks. There's still no doubt that he'll get Harry to talk about what happened before coming here and suspected that it won't be easy to get him to talk about it. Deciding to think more on it tomorrow, Gibbs went to sleep.

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Harry slept peacefully for the first time in a while with no nightmares plaguing his dreams of any sort. Stretching like a cat, Harry swung his legs over the bed while feeling all the blood rush from his head making him clutch the edge of the bed with his hands and holding on before the swinging sensation stopped. With the world coming back into focus, Harry got dressed and went downstairs where he saw that he was the first one up. It was rare as Gibbs is usually up before him and making breakfast. Seeing as it was only eight in the morning (and being very surprised that Gibbs isn't up yet), Harry decided to make breakfast for everyone. Grabbing the things he needs, he decided to pouch the eggs instead of frying them for the simple sake of him not wanting to burn anything by accident since he was still tired but can't lie down for any longer.

Gibbs' nose twitched as he could smell food coming from downstairs and decided to investigate. Looking into Aiden's room, Gibbs gave a small smile as the toddler was drooling as he slept. Downstairs was where the sound of sizzling grease was coming from, getting louder the closer he went. Turning the corner, he could see Harry making breakfast.

"Morning." Harry jumped from not hearing Gibbs walking through the door.

"Morning." Harry turned his attention back to the stove while Gibbs put on the kettle for his coffee. "Good sleep?" He asked as he got out a mug. Harry nodded. "One of the best I've had in a long time," Harry said honestly. "That's good." The two stood in silence in the kitchen until Harry turned the stove off and grabbed a couple plates while Gibbs waited for the kettle to whistle.

"Is Sirius and Remus coming over today?" Harry asked. Gibbs ignored the jealousy that simmered slightly and answered the teen.

"They have some things to sort out and said that they doubted that they'll be over today." Harry nodded and couldn't help but feel disappointed that he won't see his godfather today.

"Anything planned for today?" Harry asked as he walked to the table with his food.
"Ok," Harry said with a shrug. He was just going to do some more of his art project. There was only a little bit of the background left and then he can start on the rest of his painting. They ate their breakfast in silence with Gibbs getting up for a second cup of coffee. Silently pushing his now empty plate away, Harry got up and put everything in the sink and went back upstairs. Gibbs just shook his head. He'll do the dishes later. He sat down nursing his coffee as he thought.

Harry's relationship with Shannon was always a mother-son bond from the beginning. He always went to her if there was anything wrong or if he was just upset. Him and Harry though…it was slightly more complicated. Probably wouldn't be if his posting had lasted a couple more years. 'And Shannon and Kelly would still be alive,' his inner thoughts snarled at him. Guilt rose up in him for that thought. He did request the extra time for being posted in England but was rejected. He didn't tell anyone in case he got their hopes up and dashed them. Especially the kids. Shannon was the only one who knew because she saw the forms when the kids were at school when Gibbs had one of his rare days where he could go home for lunch. Knowing that nothing can change the past, he finished off his coffee before going upstairs to get Aiden up for the day. He stopped in front of Harry's room and saw the boy working quietly on his project. The background was almost done from what he could see and was wondering what it'll be when it's done.

Monday. School time. Harry groaned at the fact that he had to get up. Going through his morning routine, he shuffled to the kitchen and grabbed some toast before walking out the door, figuring he can buy his lunch for once, not having any energy to do it. Getting to school, Harry went straight for his locker. Stuffing his coat and bag inside, he went to wander around for a little while before he went to sit in the common area. He stared out into nothing while resting his chin on his arms.

"Hey." He jumped when the voice appeared beside him.

"Oh, hey." He said to Sabrina.

"Have you seen anyone else?" She asked. Harry shook his head. She took a seat beside him.

"How're things with Richard?" He grimaced. "That good." Sabrina frowned until she got up. "I'll see you in a bit."

"Where're you going?" He called out in confusion. Sabrina just kept walking away, leaving Harry in confusion. He just shook his head and waited for the bell.

When he got to English class, he stiffened slightly and sat closer to the front than usual, grabbed his book and started reading ignoring everyone around him. He knew he was being rude but didn't really care at that moment in time. He just wanted to talked to Sirius again.

When lunch came, Harry was standing in line waiting to grab something to eat. Looking past the other students, he was bouncing slightly on his feet, mentally wishing that the line would move faster so he can eat.

"Hey Harry!" Harry heard Michelle before seeing her.

"How'd you find class?" She asked. Harry just shrugged.
'Alright nothing really special.'

"You know Richard wants to talk to you." She brought up hesitantly. Harry gave her a look. "He's sorry and wants to talk to you but you're never around! Please Harry he knows he was being an ass." Michelle all but begged. She hates seeing her friends fight, which reminds her of her friend and her that stopped talking because of something stupid. Harry looked away and sighed. Richard didn't know about his fame or anything but...he could hear Kelly berating him for not trying to hear Richard out and least of all for him to admit he was wrong.

"When." He asked in a quiet voice as he got closer to the beginning of the line.

"Today sometime. You just have to find him." Michelle said.

Gibbs came home and couldn't help the wave of exhaustion over run him. Catching up on all the paperwork that hasn't gotten done because of all the active cases his team has been tackling back to back has been hard. He knows that he's done maybe half of it by now and hope's that nothing comes up in the next couple days while he plays catch up. He heard shuffling coming from upstairs which showed Harry was home. Placing Aiden down who immediately started calling for the teenager, Gibbs went back to the car to grab the Chinese he grabbed on the way home, too tired to make anything for supper. Grabbing the food, he went back into the house and saw Aiden climbing up the stairs with no one watching him. Watching the toddler like a hawk now, Gibbs quickly put everything on the counter and went over to the stairs while watching the child climb up and ready to catch him if necessary.

"'Arry!" Aiden yelled. He didn't get a response so he yelled louder this time.

"No yelling in the house Aiden." Gibbs said while looking at the toddler. Aiden turned to give him his big doe eyes when he slipped on the stairs. Aiden gave a startled cry when Gibbs caught him and started to cry. Harry came into the hall to see what happened and just stared while seeing Gibbs and Aiden hugging with Aiden crying. Gibbs looked up.

"Accident on the stairs." Harry gave a jerky nod and went to go back to his room when Gibbs called back to him, "I have supper on the counter if you want any." Harry came down after that.

Smelling the food before seeing it, Harry immediately could tell it was Chinese from the few times he's had it before. Grabbing a spring roll, rice and a couple chicken balls, Harry sat down to eat while Gibbs negotiated with Aiden to sit in his high chair.

"Anything happen at school?" Gibbs asked. Harry shrugged.

"Got a couple things sorted." He said. Gibbs looked at him. "Nothing to worry about. Just some friend trouble." Him and Richard took nearly a half hour of straight talking to sort out their issues and even after that there was a slight tension in the air which Harry hopes will disappear with time. He doesn't need all this drama in his life right now. Gibbs just nodded and continued eating. When they finished, Harry sat on the couch, flipping through the channels looking for anything to watch. The only thing that looked interesting was a show on the History channel called 'Band of Brothers.' With nothing else to watch, he turned it on and waited for it to come on within the next five minutes. When the show's titles ended, he was swept away into the world of the 1940's.
Appointments

It was now Wednesday and Harry fidgeted as he and Gibbs (with Aiden in the back), made their way to the doctor's office for his appointment. Harry wanted to slouch in the seat and sulk but knew that Gibbs wouldn't let him get away with it. Sighing, the teen played with his gloves as the car stopped while they were stuck in traffic. "This is going to take forever." Gibbs gave him an amused look. "You should see it on Fridays during the summer or during the Fourth of July celebrations and then you'll understand the meaning of traffic jam." Harry scrunched up his nose at the thought that traffic could actually be worse as they've completely stopped. He's seen the traffic in London which was still pretty bad but it wasn't bumper to bumper like this.

While Gibbs waited for traffic to start moving, he was playing with the idea of getting Harry to help get the Christmas tree up, one that has been collecting dust for years. The decorations were in the attic somewhere so he'll have to go searching for it. He turned into the parking lot while making sure he won't get hit.

Harry looked at the office that just looks like an old house. The only difference is the parking lot in the back and the sign out front. Giving a loud sigh, he got out of the car as Gibbs unbuckled Aiden out of his car seat. A small dusting of snow crunched under Harry's boots as they made their way into the doctor's office. There was a coat rack beside the door so Harry took off his coat knowing that he'll probably melt by the time he gets called and will have to take his coat off anyway. Gibbs kept his on along with Aiden's knowing that the toddler would be squawking at the fact that within ten minutes he'd be forced back into his coat again.

Harry had the childish urge to shrink back into Gibbs and beg him to let him leave. He never did like doctors or healers of any kind. Gibbs brought the two boys up to the receptionist. "We're here for Harry Potter's appointment." The receptionist didn't even bat an eye. "Health card and insurance information." Gibbs handed over a card that Harry didn't even know Gibbs had. Not to mention he's still pleasantly pleased that his name wasn't recognized and was still getting back the sensation of being anonymous again. Harry didn't realize that his mind was wandering until he jumped when Gibbs placed a hand on his shoulder and guided him to a chair. He rested his head on his fist against the armchair in boredom with his eyelids starting to droop. Gibbs was keeping an eye on Aiden while reading the newspaper.

"Harry Potter?" Harry all but jumped in his chair. Gibbs rose before plucking Aiden off the floor and beckoned for Harry to follow. They went into an examination room with Harry hopping on the hard bed and heard the paper crinkle harshly as he sat on it. Every time he moved the paper would make a large crinkling sound.

"I don't like this." Harry muttered.

"We all have to do things we don't like sometimes and this is one of those times. Would you rather risk whatever is going on with you to get worse?" Gibbs asked. Harry huffed before answering. "No, I suppose not." They sat in silence while Aiden played with the small plane in his hands. There was a knock on the door before someone came in. "Harry Potter?"

Harry's head came up. "Yes?"

"My name is Doctor Bloc. I've heard that you've been sleeping a lot more than you should be and tired all the time."

"Yes," Harry stretched out, not knowing if his answer would offend him.
"Well, since you're a new patient I'll need your information."

"What kind of information?" Harry asked wearily, suddenly on guard.

"It's only about your health, measure your height and weight. Standard procedure I assure you. And this must be Mr. Gibbs."

"Just Gibbs is fine."

"Alright. Well, let's get the weight and height out of the way first since they're the easiest and doesn't take much time. Now Mr. Potter, I need you to take off your shoes." Harry looked over at Gibbs who merely stared back at him. The teen slowly peeled off his shoes and stood there. "Now I need you to stand by the door where there's a measuring tape." Harry stood by the door awkwardly as he waited for the doctor to tell him to move. "Alright, five foot, two and a half inches." The doctor muttered.

Harry scowled at the mention of how short he was. He was one of the shortest boys in his year at Hogwarts if not the shortest. The doctor gestured to the scale that was at the foot of the bed. Harry stepped on the scale and watched the needle rise until around the 90 pound mark. The doctor merely wrote that down on his pad. "You can step off now." Harry jumped off it and merely waited and wondered what was next. He's never had a regular check up before since Gibbs and Shannon weren't his legal guardians…now that he thought about it, were the Dursley's marked as his guardians? His parents will said that they weren't so maybe there's no paper trail saying that the Dursley's were his legal guardians which means…Harry had to fight the urge to rub his hands and cackle. If he could get them in jail than it's one thing off his list of things to do.

Gibbs looked sideways and nearly raised his eyebrow at the slight maniacal look Harry was wearing. If he didn't know any better he would say that he was plotting someone's demise right now, or he just figured out their downfall from their stupidity. He'll ask later about it. He looked at the doctor who was putting all the numbers in the computer before Bloc turned around in his seat. He looked at Gibbs as if he was the offender of whatever didn't impress him.

"Mr. Potter is underweight for his age group by ten pounds and is a couple inches from where he should be." Harry thought darkly. He knew logically that if it wasn't for Gibbs and Shannon it would have been much worse than it already it. Hopefully it can get fixed so he wouldn't always be scrawny. "Harry has only been in my care for a few months now." Gibbs said with a pointed look straight at Bloc. Bloc merely stared back for a few minutes before turning to Harry who merely nodded. Bloc just sighed before looking at his paper. "Do you know anything about your family medical history?" Harry gave him a blank stare.

"My parent's died when I was a baby and my Aunt refused to talk about them so I barely know anything about them let alone their medical history." He said flatly. Bloc just nodded before he jotted something down. Placing the pen down, he looked at Harry and Gibbs. "I won't lie; Mr. Potter will need some blood work done to see what's going on in his body to see if that's the cause of the tiredness. His lack of weight is a probable cause of all this but we won't know until we get the results. You just have to go to the clinic with this paperwork and they'll do the rest." Bloc printed out a couple of forms before handing them to Gibbs. "I'm asking for the works to be done in terms of vitamin and mineral deficiencies which are the main causes of being tired all the time but I won't know which one until I get the results back."

"How long is the wait?" Gibbs asked after tearing his eyes away from the page. "No more than three weeks I should say." Gibbs nodded as he took the lab paperwork from the doctor and Harry got up to put his boots back on. "Have you had your eyes checked recently?" Gibbs asked. Harry furrowed his eyebrows. "No, not in years." Gibbs wanted to growl at that. Him and Shannon lied and
bullshitted their way through Harry's eye appointment in Britain when they found out he needed glasses. Petunia signed off on all the paperwork while sneering about freaks and how much they cost. Shannon gritted her teeth while ripping the forms out of the woman's hands while Gibbs tried to hold her back. Harry was eight at the time so it has been nearly six years since the last time he had his eyes done. Bloc nodded to himself while making notes on his pad of paper.

"Alright. When the lab results are in my office will call you to book another appointment to go over the findings and what we need to do to fix them."

"Alright." Gibbs wordlessly stood up with Aiden as Harry hopped off the bed to put his shoes back on.

"I never want to do that again." Harry declared as they walked out.

"You won't have a choice for the next little while Harry. I want to know what's wrong and this is the only way to do it."

"But needles?" He whined. Gibbs gave him a stern look. "It's either that or find where your version of a clinic is and since you don't want the American government to help you my hands are tied." He looked sideways as they reached the car. "You know that you can claim refuge here and just claim that you don't want to be taken back to Britain."

"But then Britain will know since America will have to declare that I've required sanctuary and I highly doubt Dumbledore will let that stand and will try to take me back regardless." Harry looked at Gibbs straight in the eye. "That's why I don't want anyone to know I'm here. If my old Headmaster gets wind that I'm here then there will be hell to pay from me probably. Not to mention it'll alert all the old Death Eaters that I'm open season and I rather like living right now." Gibbs sighed as he turned the car on. Harry did raise valid points but it didn't mean he liked it.

"Fine. But just remember that you'll be found out eventually."

"As long as the mundane side of things are legal they'll have a harder time touching me."

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Harry was putting his stuff away in his locker when he heard multiple footsteps coming up behind him. His shoulders tensed as he slowly turned around.

"Well well, if it isn't the Brit Potter." 'Brit Potter?' Harry had to admit that was a new one he hasn't heard yet but still wanted to bash his head against the lockers. 'And here I thought today was going to be a good day,' he thought. He turned with a raised eyebrow to the leader of the four.

"Yes Ryan?" He drawled. Harry really wasn't in the mood for this since Gibbs wanted to take him to the blood testing clinic after school even though they only saw the doctor yesterday. Harry grumbled about them being vampires in disguise and (although he will deny this), was pouting and pleading with his eyes to Gibbs to not send him there. He never liked needles in the first place for shots, let alone leaving the needle stuck in his arm to suck out the blood.

"We heard that there was something going on between you and Hannah."

Harry had a very confused look on his face. "Who?"

Ryan scoffed. "Don't give me that crap Potter."

"I wouldn't have the need to if I even knew who the bloody hell you're talking about." He shot back
while slamming his locker shut. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm meeting up with friends who they, unlike you, actually have two brain cells to rub together." He didn't wait for any replies and just shoved his way out of the semi-circle Ryan and his friends put him in.

"Don't pretend you're innocent Potter!" Ryan called out. Harry just rolled his eyes as he kept walking away.

"Hey Harry!" Michelle came bounding up to him with her books in her hands.

"Hi Michelle."

"What was that about?"

"What was what?"

Michelle scowled. "With Ryan. I'm not an idiot."

"No one said you were." Harry shot back. "He's just bothering me about some girl that I have no idea who he's talking about."

"What's her name?"

"Hannah something." Michelle quirked an eyebrow as they sat down at the table where Sabrina and Richard were already sitting. "You really don't remember?" Harry shot her a dirty look for even suggesting it. She held up her hands in mock surrender. "Alright, alright. Apparently there's a rumour going around that you two are seeing each other." Harry stopped and gave her a blank stare before giving a bark of a laugh before stopping when he saw the look on Michelle's face. "You're serious?!!" He exclaimed.

"Yep." She chirped. Harry just groaned and had the urge to bang his head against the wall or something. "Let's just go find the others." He muttered, not wanting to think about this nonsense this early in the day. This day is getting better and better and it's not even noon yet.' He thought sullenly.

"Do I have to go to class?" Richard whined. Michelle gave him an evil look.

"If you want to make it to Friday than yes." She said sweetly with a smile. Richard shivered before backing up slightly. "She's scary." He whispered to Harry. Harry could only nod, not wanting to admit that Michelle could sometimes make Snape look tame in comparison.

"Got anything going on this weekend?" Michelle asked. Harry slowly shook his head. "Not that I know of," he said slowly. "But I won't make any promises." Michelle shrugged. "Fair enough. I was just thinking about hanging out at the mall."

"Again?" Richard exclaimed. "Why not wander around down town?"

Michelle gave an uncertain look. "I…guess we could."

"But where?" Sabrina asked. "There's always the parks." Harry pointed out. Not to mention the large area where you could just run around.

"What about downtown?" Richard suggested. "We can just wander around until we get picked up while going into the different shops. You never know what you can find." Richard continued. He looked at the others who just shrugged. There is nothing else better to do so why not?

"Sure. At least one of us has a phone." Sabrina nearly muttered under her breath.
Harry waited by the office for Gibbs to show up. It was near the entrance of the school where the buses come in with a side entrance for cars that were parked in the side parking lot of the school. He resisted the urge to look at his watch and instead stared at the clock hanging in the office, watching the seconds tick by slowly. Harry is sure that that the clock was ticking slower by the minute and was starting to feel like he was going mad from all the waiting with nothing to do. He smacked his head off the wall for something to do while beating against it like it's a drum. He is very bored. Turning his head sideways in complete boredom, he idly wondered if he should have taken up his friends offer of keeping him company so he wouldn't be so bored.

"You ready to go?"

Harry jumped when he heard Gibbs. He didn't even hear him coming! Well, he amended. 'You can't hear anything over this racket.' "Yeah I'm good." Harry threw his bag over his shoulder and followed Gibbs to the car. "Let's get this over with. I don't want to see the blood sucking vampires." Harry sulked. Gibbs gave Harry an amused look while the teenager glared out the window of the car. "Where's Aiden?" He asked while still staring out the window.

"He's still at the daycare. Tony is picking him up."

"Tony?" Harry asked. Gibbs gave him a look. "He may have immature moments but he will always come through for you." Harry tilted his head sideways accepting that. Tony may hide it but he can be very serious when he wants to be, from what Harry could figure out. No one can work with Gibbs for so long without being able to pull their weight. "So how did you meet everyone?" Harry looked at Gibbs in curiosity. Gibbs gave a small smirk. "That's a talk for after supper since it's a long one." Harry just pouted. "Not even one story to get my mind off the vampires?" He asked with wide eyes.

Gibbs glanced at him before raising an eyebrow. "If that look rarely worked when you were a cute and adorable child what hope do you have of it working now?" He asked in amusement. Harry gave him a dirty look at that before shrugging. "Thought I'd give it a shot." He muttered while crossing his arms. He shot up when he realized the last comment. "And are you saying I'm ugly now?" He demanded.

Gibbs had to hide his smile that was threatening to come out from Harry's squawk of protest when he said nothing.

"Harry Potter." Harry could almost feel himself shaking as he got up from the chair to go into the back to get the work done. Gibbs gave him an encouraging smile as he watched the teenager go into the back with the person.

Harry stared at the chair. The leather chair that had very long armrests that could fold up if needed.

"Have you ever done this before?" The girl asked. Harry shook his head. "Why don't you sit in the chair and I'll explain the process than?" Harry gingerly sat in the chair as he sat with a stiff spine. "Alright, I'll be looking for a vein in one of your elbows by having you make a fist. Once I find the vein I'll tie a rubber band around your upper arm to restrict the blood flow. I'll insert the needle to get the blood and once that's done I'll take it out and you'll be on your way." Harry was too nervous to nod. It sounded fine in theory but he really didn't want to have any sharp metal things coming from his skin without it being numb first. Getting shots when he was younger didn't really help especially
with that tetanus shot after having his leg torn by *that* dog. "I need you to hold out your left arm."
Harry stretched out his left arm on the arm rest. "Now make a fist and squeeze it."

Harry obeyed and made the fist while the nurse pressed gently on the skin in his inner elbow. She did this a couple times before she found what she was looking for. At Harry's confused look she explained. "I'm looking for a superficial vein because we can easily run into trouble if we go for the deep ones." She went to her desk and grabbed a blue rubber strip and twisted it around his upper arm. "Now relax your fist." Harry did but was staring at the vials that were lined up on the desk. She than brought the needle over. "You don't need to look if you don't want to." Harry immediately turned his head and clenched his right hand when he felt the needle tip go under his skin and squeezed his eyes shut from the pain. If the nurse heard his sharp intake of breath she didn't comment on it. Harry looked at the wall like it was the most fascinating thing he's ever seen and before he knew it the needle was sliding out of his skin. When the needle finally came out Harry risked looking over. Six vials of blood were filled with his blood. He knew that blood was a powerful substance in the magical world and there were numerous oaths that healers have to take in order to just be able to handle them, not to mention how much security goes into guarding them. Here in the mundane world people come to these clinics like it was nothing that they're blood is taken. It baffles Harry a little if he's honest but doesn't let it bother him. When he felt the cotton ball and the tape on his arm he looked up to see the girl giving him a small smile. "You're all done now."

Harry jumped off the chair and would've ran if he could but instead forced himself to walk at a sedated pace that is used for acceptable society standards. He immediately went towards Gibbs once he spotted him and grabbed his coat from the chair.

"So I see you survived your encounter."

Harry gave him a look. "Very funny."

"You were the one going on and on about the visit." As they walked out of the building Gibbs had an idea. "Why don't we go out for supper, just the two of us?" Harry went wide eye at that. The last time he went out for food with anyone else was when Gibbs and his family lived in England.

"Sure." Harry wasn't sure where they would go but he wanted to. It would just be him and Gibbs, something that has only happened once when Shannon just wanted the day with Kelly. So she persuaded Gibbs to spend the day with just Harry. It is one of his most cherish memories as a child.

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