Yggdrasil, the life tree or the tree of life.

by atheandra

Summary

What could possibly go wrong when Severus decides that he will not let his eight year students graduate without his usual 'congratulation you survive 7 years of potion class with me' special event?

Well if it involves Harry Potter, it will bring Chaos into his world... But he should have known by now.

Notes

So yes this is a crossover story, I have been reading them all week and they have inspired several stories, this one already has several chapters so it goes directly into a new post instead of the Bunny Farm.

Also New story or not I WILL NOT update regularly, meaning I could very well write 10 chapters in a month and post nothing for the next two I have a medical condition and my time is not my own sometimes.

As always I am not an english native speaker this story has no Beta so all mistakes are mine feel free to tell me about them in comments just try doing it nicely pretty please.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Severus still marveled at what Hogwarts’ students kept to themselves. In a castle, in which it was impossible to not know who had been caught with who after curfew the previous night, some secret was still well kept. Strangely enough, no one had asked the students to keep those events a secret.

The Sorting Hat was the first example of this omerta, this ‘Code of Silence’, falling over the castle, in all the years he had been a student as well as all the years he had been a teacher among those walls, never had he heard of a first year having prior knowledge of how they would be sorted into their house. Seemed like parents, or siblings (though those terms mostly applied to Weasleys, Purebloods rarely having more than one child, unless a girl or twins, and Muggleborn or Halfblood not always having magic-oriented siblings), hadn't wanted to reveal the secret just like it had been done for them.

But then, it still didn’t explain why none of his seventh-year students had ever told any of their house companion, about this specific class.

It was, in all fairness, one of Severus’ favorite time of the year, his all-time favorite being the first year first potion class, in which he enjoyed terrorizing his students.

The seventh year (as well as the one timed only existing eight year) were done with their NEWTs and were waiting for their results enjoying reviews of the classes that would be useful for their career or tutoring the OWLs level students in between their own exams. It was the one lesson he knew they enjoyed.

They did not have to brew the potion themselves, just follow the instruction and marvel at what they would discover. Some had realized they were cousins, to a degree, others, muggleborns often enough, had found out they had families in the magical world. Those, Severus would direct to the Goblins and to not speak about it until it could be confirmed. He had caught Dumbledore mumbling about losing seats to Mudbloods often enough to know to do it discreetly and to not have the event linked to him in anyway.

This year NEWTs students were older, and wiser, than those he had before, and he had hesitated to offer the class, after all what was the point of a Family Tree when at that time the previous year, you had had to watch some members of your family, or of your friends’ family die. In the end, he thought it would help them deal with the grief, reminding them that they still had living family members.

He had, for the duration of the exams, thought of excluding Potter from that specific class, after all he might not know how, or why, but he knew the others wouldn’t talk to him about it and the boy wouldn’t find anything but dead people on his parchment. Yes, there were those that thought that Sirius Black had only been able to make him his heir because Potter was a Black by blood, but Severus knew better, he had studied his enemy at the time, and he knew that James Potter wasn’t Charlus Potter and Dorea Black’s son, but their nephew, son of Fleamont and Euphemia Potter an older couple who shouldn’t have been able to birth James by any of the pureblood’s health troubles laws. As much as the idea of Draco being reminded of his relations to Longbottom and Weasley amused him he knew that Potter’s parchment would only show dead people, on his father’s side and the Dursley on his mother’s, not people he wanted him to remember on what was supposed to be a joyous day.

“Potter? Might I have a moment of your time before class?” Severus asked as he exited the Great Hall after breakfast.
“Of course sir.” Potter told him before wiping his mouth with a napkin and standing up. “I was just done, if you want to do it now.” He offered.

“Very well follow me.” Severus said and then let the silence settle between them until they reached his office. “You have complained enough during our talks about Albus keeping information from you and making decisions in your stead, so, I will tell you what this is about and let you choose if you want to be involved or not. Do not worry, it is nothing life threatening, simply inconvenient, at least I suppose it would be.”

“Thank you, Severus.” Potter said.

“Now Harry, as a kind of reward for the students who have passed their NEWTs in potion, I will offer in the next class, as I have done each year since I have started teaching, for students to use a potion of Goblins creation, that I, alone, am allowed to procure them under contract. This potion will reveal their heritage to them in the form of a family tree.” Severus explained.

“You don’t want me to participate?” Harry guessed.

“I am well aware that the only living relatives you have are ones you would rather think of as not related to you, I did not wish for you to dwell on that.” Severus admitted.

“But it will show me the dead, right? I meant I know I don’t have any other family, but Dumbledore never bothered telling me were I came from past my parents, sometimes Sirius would talk about when he ran from his family and how my grandparents welcomed him into their family but…” Harry stopped.

“You were not able to spend much time with him and as such don’t know much about them.” Severus finished, and Harry nodded.

“The tree would at least give me names, I could do researches and find interesting things about them, like I did in first year when Hermione showed me that my dad had been a Quidditch player, or when Professor Flitwick gets lost in thoughts about my mother’s talents in charms.” Harry said excitedly.

“Very well, you do not have Potion until after lunch, it gives you plenty of time to change your mind if you wish, but I will plan for you to be present.” Severus offered showing Harry to the door, they both had places to go to.

“Thank you for the opportunity professor.” Potter said when he left the office.
Harry went to class anyway...

When Potter showed up to class that afternoon, Severus couldn’t help but feel disappointed. Yes, the young wizard had been right in the fact that it would allow him knowledge he had no other means to acquire, but he also knew from the frequent request of Dreamless Sleep potion, he had come to make directly to him rather than Madam Pomphrey, that the dead still haunted him, he did not want to be responsible for such aliment.

Severus looked over the class like the Dungeon Bat the students had dubbed him as long ago. As predicted, Draco had not been pleased to be reminded of his Black relations. Though, Severus guessed he had been relived some to see the Parkinson’s name appear, by the family charter and seeing as Marguerite Malfoy had married Alfred Parkinson less than a hundred years ago, Draco would finally be able to denounce his contract to Pansy, which had only been delayed by his coming back to study for his eight year which she had not done, already seeing herself as Lady Malfoy and as such not needing to work for a living.

The young wizard stopped Severus as he was passing close by.

“Uncle Severus?” Draco whispered, and Severus immediately knew that something was wrong, casting one last glance around the room and seeing that Potter was still hesitating with the dagger in his hand, he turned his attention to his godson.

“Yes Dragon.” Severus said with a small smile.

“I thought you said Harry didn’t have any Black blood?” Draco asked showing him something on his parchment.

And at the top of his mother side of the family, above the living lines of Narcissa but also, Frank and Neville Longbottom, the Weasley family, Andromeda, Theodore Lupin and others, he could clearly read Henry James Potter, 37th Lord Black. There were no lines connecting him to any of the family members though.

Severus raised an eyebrow in question to Draco, Sirius had made sure to tell the order that Harry and not Draco would become the next Lord Black and he had dutifully informed his godson who hadn’t seem to care.

“I had already informed you of that specific outcome.” Severus said skeptically.

Draco drew out his wand and quickly casted a Muffliato charm over them.

“I had to read the entire charter to try and get rid of Pansy. I am not a child nor am I jealous, I am already very aware that my proclivities although accepted in large in the wizarding world are not when it comes to Lords and Ladies of the Wizengamot, since same sex pregnancy are extremely rare, I am more than happy to only have to procure an heir to the Malfoy name. I even went to Gringotts to make sure any unfortunate events leading the Malfoys to not have an heir, Harry
would get the Lordship. Also, I know that if I was to take the Black title there are some who would say I stole it from Harry or William Weasley, he, being the oldest of our generation, and some who would say I would use the combine fortune and influence to raise myself as the next Dark Lord.” Draco explained.

“Then I do not see why you pulled me aside.” Severus said.

“The Charter specify that no one not of Black blood would be allowed to be named Lord of the family, if by some unlucky fit, only girls were born from now on, then the name and title was to be left dying, until such a time a male heir could be presented to the goblins.” Draco informed him.

“I see. Yet Potter isn’t linked to any of the family members appearing on your tree.” Severus said more to himself than to Draco who nodded next to him.

Severus quickly glanced toward Harry, but his face was still blank, and he didn’t look like he had moved since he had started his side talk with Draco, so he tried to catch the reaction of the only other member of the Black family present in the class. Ronald Weasley. The redhead wizard was glaring between his parchment and his friend who stood on the other side of the room, Severus placing him away from the others on purpose, but this behavior had been often seen this past few month, Ronald blaming Harry for Percival’s death, although it had easily been proven that Percy was in fact a Death Eater, and Kingsley had been the one to end his life, after he had tried to cast the killing curse on Fred who had his back to him trying to help Harry out of rumbles.

“What is Harry doing?” Draco asked from next to him interrupting his musing.

“I informed him of the subject of this class beforehand. I imagine he is hesitating on whether or not he wants to complete the assignment.” Severus said absentmindedly.

“I don’t think so, he was the first one to cut his finger once you passed around the potion.” Draco informed him.

Severus turned around to look at Harry just in time to see him finish packing.

“May I be excused Professor? I am afraid I should have heeded your advice, I do not think it would be wise for me to complete this assignment today.” Harry said politely, and Severus couldn’t help but look back to Draco. Something was definitely amiss.

“As I informed you this morning mister Potter you are free to refuse to participate in today’s lesson. You may leave the class.” Severus agreed, keeping a firm hand on Draco’s wrist when he noticed that he wanted to follow Harry, which he would have had to allow since Draco’s tree was done. “Not now.” He said and walked to Harry’s desk wanting to confirm Draco’s assumption that Harry had in fact been the first to draw his blood. The sheet of parchment missing, as well as the empty vial stuck into a hole in the lower part of the desk was indeed proof that Harry had a full family tree in his possession, now to know what had set the young wizard off.
Harry who?

Chapter Summary

Severus is worried about Harry

Neither of them found Harry anywhere after that lesson and for the next day. Severus had send a few trusted students to look around the castle, while he had gone to make sure his troublesome student hadn’t been foolish enough to try and open the Room of Requirement again. He had been reluctant to send Draco there as well.

To prevent conflicts when teachers were not available to act, everyone was to be in the Great Hall at meal time, which is why the search party had to stop, but Harry still hadn’t showed. It grated greatly on Severus’ nerves that none of the Gryffindor quartet seemed to care, they hadn’t wanted to offer any suggestions when asked nor had offered to help look for their missing friends, only dismissing them with a partying, ‘he always does that, he’ll reappear, he has no regards for the fact that people worry about him’. Other Gryffindor had offer their help, but it was now morning on the third day and there were still no signs of their missing savior. Longbottom had informed them that Potter knew how to enter the kitchens and Severus was well aware of the fact that he had yet to see a house elf who didn’t adore the boy, so he wasn’t worried about his charge suffering from hunger once more.

The only place none of them could go to was the Chamber, but after Harry had explained what had happened there, Severus didn’t think the young wizard would have gone down there to seek comfort about whatever upset him.

“Professor Snape, may I have a world with you?” A feminine voice said and Severus could have smiled when he saw the person it belonged to.

“Would you rather, this conversation to be private Miss Lovegood?” He asked politely.

“Yes, thank you. Your office will do fine. I’ll need to invite my cousin to join if it is of no inconvenience.” She asked.

Severus knew that the girl only cousin was Draco, but Xenophilius having been yet another victim of parental disapproval and having been blasted of the Malfoy’s family tree, she should not be allowed to call him that.

“It is your word to have miss Lovegood, you are free to invite who you see fit.” Severus affirmed before nodding toward the other professors and taking his leave. If he was not mistaken, Potter would be in his office shortly. The Lovegood girl hadn’t been one of his student since her third year when she was allowed to drop the potion course. Not that Severus ever knew why Albus had forced the poor girl to take a course on the very magic that had killed her mother in front of her when she was 6, the excuse of ‘core class’ could only be understood so much.

Severus swiftly made his way to his office and sat behind his desk to wait, for who he hoped would be Potter. He looked down when his hand touched a parchment when none should have been present on the desk, he despised leaving things out of order, and had no wish for the students that might come in to be aware of what he was up to when not entertaining them.
He looked down only to mumbles about stupid brats. Potter had effectively come to his office only to leave his family tree behind. Maybe if he studied it he would finally know what was wrong.

Severus had given two different potions to the students that day, as he had an understanding of their families and Pureblood blood could have an adverse reaction to the combination of ingredients present in the potion meant for Half Blood and Muggle Born. As such the PureBlood potion only showed magical relations, while the other showed muggles relatives as well. Of course, it came to his mind to give Potter the Pureblood version to prevent any flashback of his life with Petunia Evans but Potter would have wondered why they didn’t show and Granger would have gone on a rant about blood purity and Death Eaters. The girl just didn’t seem to want to admit that some magic did not work for people with Muggle blood in them, just like some were more efficient in potion or DADA than others. He had tried to explain it to her taking examples from the muggle word, like allergies or genetic diseases but she kept calling it puritanism and racism.

With a sigh Severus looked down at Potter’s tree. As he already knew the bottom of it he decided to start at the top, trying to figure out how Harry had become the Black Lord. And the parchment surprised him from the start.

Just as with Draco’s, or with his when he went to Gringotts and was asked to test his first batch of potion on himself, titles, such as Lordship, were to appear at the top of the tree branches if applicable. It was how he had learned that he was Lord Prince, as well as the fact that Dumbledore had been aware of it for a sufficient time to become questionable behavior.

But Draco’s or his title were found in lower branches of the family tree, the Malfoy title had been given to the Malfoys by the Vela Queen in the late 16th century, and the Prince Lordship had been given to Severus great-great-great grandfather when he had married a relative of the muggle Queen who happened to be a witch.

Harry’s titles started at the very top of the parchment and quickly scanning it, the young lord had many, both in the wizarding world and in the muggle world. Harry’s tree was vast too, which was often the case with Muggle born and Half Blood but Severus had to enlarge it several times to be able to read some of the names at the top that had been reduced to squiggles to leave more space for the latest generation.

Severus tried to concentrate on what had set Harry off but found the Black branch and following it tried to determine from whom Harry had inherited this specific title to say that he was surprised was an understatement. According to what he was reading the 11th Black Lord had an indiscretion with a muggle woman either leaving her pregnant returning to the wizarding world before he even knew or leaving after he learned that, as specified by the ink color on the parchment, the child was a squib. None of it mattered, but the fact that this specific branch of Harry’s tree led directly to a line in a vivid golden ink attached to Lily’s name and clearly indicating that James Potter was not Harry’s biological father.
Forgetting about Miss Lovegood’s request to meet, Severus closed the door of his office and quickly made his way toward his quarter, it might have only been 8 am but he needed a drink. Or several, as he knew from experience how Potter’s luck worked, and he was expecting many more surprises if he kept reading.

As soon as he was done pouring himself a drink someone knocked on his door. The Charm present there letting him know it was Miss Lovegood and Draco, he went to open the door, closing it quickly not wanting for other students to think it was okay to barge in unless they were Slytherins and it was at night, for which he had another door connected to their common room.

“Where is he?” Severus asked.

“Here.” He heard coming from behind himself before Potter appeared from under his blasted invisibility cloak. Though Severus lost his will to berate him about it as soon as he caught the sad look the young wizard was casting at his prized possession.

“Do not even think about it Harry.” Severus told him firmly. “I know what the tree says but you heard the stories from the Mutt and the Wolf, you saw the pictures, James Potter was as much if not more your father than this man. Biology isn’t everything. James Potter may have had many, many, many defaults but he did love you, of that I do not have any doubt.”

“He had to have blood adopted you for you to look so much like him. Blood adoption doesn’t work, if there is even the flicker of a doubt present into the magic of the person giving their blood.” Lovegood explained trying to appease her friend.

“I don’t think he blood adopted me though.” Harry said and pulled out something from his satchel. “I have … Hum… Borrowed…” He said nodding to himself. “Those from Hermione. She bought them on our last trip to muggle London at Christmas. This…” He said pointing at one of the magazine cover. “Is my biological father.”

Severus, Luna and Draco, looked at the picture he was pointing.

“I see how you would think there was no blood adoption, you look a lot like him, almost as much as you look like James Potter.” Draco admitted but seeing the sad smile on his new friend’s face he continued. “But looks don’t matter, not really, well there was never any doubt that I am my father’s son because we look alike, that is true, but it’s not what would make people stop gossiping if my mother’s lovers were known outside of our circle. What would stop the gossips would be the Heir, then the Lordship ring on my finger. You can’t cheat magic. You are Lord Potter and it is proof enough that James Potter’s blood run through your veins.” Draco affirmed with a grin showing his own ring.

“Hum…” Harry hesitated.
“What is it Harry?” Severus asked a little worried.

“Neville told me about Lordships and stuff this summer and the family tree says I am Lord Potter but I don’t have the ring. So maybe, I am not. I mean the tree says a lot of stuff and that can’t be all true, right? Because that’s just ridiculous, and that’s just from my family, but Neville said that people from both side of the war left me stuff in their wills and that everybody knows about it because it was debated in the Wizengamot almost yearly.” Harry asked not really looking at them. Severus knew because if he had looked he would have seen the worried looks the three of them exchanged and stop his babbling.

Severus turned to Luna and Draco deciding to ignore Harry for a few minutes.

“We have to deal, or at least explain, one thing at the time, so which one do we start with?” He asked the teens, fulling acknowledging that they had both been trained into to ins and outs of the Wizengamot for longer than him.

“I would say the Goblins first but than again we might need to go back to that after we see his family tree in full, same goes for the Wizengamot issue.” Draco said pensively.

“So, the tree first?” Luna asked and they both nodded.

“Harry sit down.” Severus ordered gently, and the teen executed himself having listened in and knowing that problems were coming. “Has you have certainly heard we will deal with your questions about your tree first.” At this Harry simply nodded before taking a pensive look certainly thinking about what to inquire about first.

“Tea?” Luna asked but didn’t wait for an answer to get herself to Severus’ kitchen to get them some tea.

“Can I have it back?” Harry asked, and Severus handed him the parchment. Not looking down at it Harry asked his first question. “Do any of you know how the magic of the tree works? I mean how does it know when people are born, married, died?”

“Is there something amiss on the tree?” Severus wondering if maybe his potion had been tempered with.

“I’ll tell you after I get an answer.” Harry told him.

“Very well.” Severus agreed. “The potion, I had you drink, goes through your blood and magic determines the state of your family at the time you take the potion, the parchment you have with you now is not self-updating like the family tapestries in ancestral homes are. So, when you marry or have children it will not appear on it. As to how it works, family magic is a powerful thing, it keeps a trace of everyone who came in contact with it and as such you have a little part of every personal magic of the people on your tree.”

“What about the muggles?” Harry asked.

“I never really thought about it. If I have to initiate a guess I would say that your inerrant magic translates your DNA into information for the tree with the help of the potion.” Severus admitted. No one had asked about this before and he hadn’t had the time to study it. “Both potions were crafted by the goblins, I doubt they will be willing to explain it to me even if I were to ask.”

“So, magic determines the dates by the addition or loss of magic. You add your magic to the family when you join it in a wedding or in birth, and it becomes lost or stagnant when you die?” Harry asked clearly going through the new information.
“Yes, that is exactly what happens.” Severus said.

“So, the tree can’t be wrong?” Harry said, looking on the verge of crying at the tree.

“Harry?” Draco asked but only after he went to seat himself next to him for support. “What does the tree say that makes you so sad?”

“My dad isn’t my dad.” Harry said before opening his mouth again and closing it quickly.

“Harry?” Luna was the one to ask this time.

“Voldemort didn’t kill my mom.” Harry yelled at them suddenly before he started to cry in earnest.

End Notes

Hope you liked it ;)

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