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**Harry Potter Meets the Starks and the Gods with Them: Hogwarts Years**

by PygmyPuffs
Chapter Summary

Story Summary: Harry and Co. finally make it to Hogwarts after an eventful summer. What adventures lay ahead of them, what of Dumbledore’s plans and of Regulus Black?

Chapter Summary: Harry, Catlin, and Draco are finally, finally, off to Hogwarts

Chapter Notes

Here begins the Second book, Hogwarts Years. I hope you enjoy it!

Edited by Nom D'emprunt: 12/9/18

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Platform Nine and Three-Quarters

King’s Cross Station, London
September 1, 2001 – 10:45 am

~*~Molly’s POV~*~

Molly was incensed as she led her brood to the Muggle entrance to Platform Nine and Three-Quarters. She may have looked the picture of happy wife and mother, escorting her children to their train, but inwardly, she was cursing the day Harry bloody Potter was born.

“Come along now, children,” she called out behind her as they hurried to the gate. “It’s a bit crowded with all these Muggles, but we’d best hurry. Ginny, dear, which platform was it again?” she asked, hoping beyond hope that the Potter brat would overhear, looking for the platform and not knowing where it was.

“Platform Nine and Three-Quarters, Mum!” the only girl piped up. Molly knew that her daughter was excited to meet the famous Boy-Who-Lived, a boy Molly still hoped would someday be her daughter’s husband despite her current irritation.

“Yes, yes, of course. How silly of me. This way, now. We’re nearly there.” She came to a stop in front of the brick wall between platforms Nine and Ten. “Fred, George, best get a move on. You two go through first.”

Molly was too busy glancing around the station in search of Potter to notice the look her twin sons gave each other at her odd and bewildering behavior. They wondered once again why they hadn’t merely Flooed onto the platform as they had in years past, before rushing towards the wall. If a muggle had been watching they would have been astounded when the two boys appeared to vanish
just as they would have collided with the brick barrier.

“Your turn, now, Percy. Best hurry before the train leaves!” Molly called once she noticed her troublesome twins were through the gate. Percy merely nodded in acknowledgment of his mother’s direction, and went through the barrier, wondering why they were arriving so late when in past years they’d always come with plenty of time to spare. How frustrating, he thought to himself.

“Alright, Ronald, your turn,” she said, gesturing towards the gate.

“But what of Potter, mum? Isn’t he supposed to be coming with us?” the boy asked.

“I want to meet Harry Potter, Mummy! Why isn’t he here?” little Ginny asked with a whine and a stomp of her foot.

“I don’t know where the boy is, but it matters very little. You’ll miss the train if we keep dawdling. Come now, through the gate, Ronnie, Ginny. Hurry now.” Molly said with a sigh of exasperation, as she herded her two youngest children through the gate.

**Hogwarts Express – 10:05**

~*~Tony’s POV~*~

“Alright kiddies, let’s get this show on the road!” Tony said with excitement. “Now, Catlin, you know to call me on your StarkPhone if there is any trouble with the old coot once you arrive at Hogwarts. That goes for the two of you as well, Harry and Draco. Don’t be shy, you can use it to talk to us old folks as well.”

“Really, Dad? We know already! Can we please just get on the train and find our compartment?” Cat asked, exasperated with her father’s exuberance.

Lucius and Narcissa both chuckled as they ushered Tony towards the Express with Draco, Harry, and Catlin falling in behind. “They will be fine, Tony. There isn’t anything Dumbledore can do that we wouldn’t know about immediately. Hela has agreed to keep an eye out for the children. If you can’t trust the Goddess of the Underworld, who can you trust, hmm?” Lucius inquired with a humorous smile.

“Laugh it up, Blondie,” Tony snarked. “This is my baby girl we’re talking about. I’m allowed to worry.”

The group boarded the train and went about locating an empty compartment.

“What of the Weasley’s, Father?” Draco asked, curiously.

“You’re not to worry about them, Dragon. Don’t cause any trouble and mind your manners. The youngest boy will most likely try to insult you. Do not permit yourself to fall for his petty tricks. Is that understood?” Lucius asked with a raised brow.

Draco nodded, “Yes, Father, I understand. I won’t stoop to their level.”

“That doesn’t go for pranking, though. Harry, Catlin, as my children, you’re required to prank people. I’m sure your Uncle Sirius would agree. When, not if, you do, make sure it’s in fun, be careful not to cross the line into bullying, or Severus will have all of your heads,” Tony said with a disarming grin that somehow didn’t undermine the seriousness of his words.

“Of course, Dad,” Harry said with a grin of his own. “I’m sure Cat will be able to convince
Severus to assist with any pranks we do wish to do.”

“I can try,” Cat replied with a giggle.

“Wonderful! Alright, pull out your trunks so that we can store them in the racks, then it’ll be time for us old folks to be heading out. I’ll inform Loki the next time I see him that you’ve made it to the train without any incidents.” Tony said, holding his hand out for their trunks.

Draco pulled his trunk out of his pocket and handed it to Tony, who then set it on the seat for Lucius to unshrink with a tap of his wand before levitating it up onto the storage racks. Like a well-oiled machine, they repeated this action with both Harry and Catlin’s trunks.

“All right, Dragon. Come give your mother a hug, it’s time for us to go.” Narcissa said with a smile and her arms open.

“Bye, Mother. I’ll miss you,” Draco said as he gave her a tight hug.

“We’ll miss you too, my Dragon. Take care of yourselves and stay out of trouble. Harry, dear, be sure that Sarabi stays out of trouble, the same goes for you and Jupiter, Catlin.” Draco’s mother said as she hugged her son, then turned and opened her arms to the other two children.

“We’ll miss you as well, Aunt Cissa,” Harry said as both he and Catlin gave her a hug before moving on to join Draco in bidding Lucius and Tony goodbye.

“Be safe and stay in touch,” Tony said as he hugged his daughter. “If trouble does come up, let me know, and I’ll be sure to inform Loki so he can deal with it. Be yourselves, don’t let anyone tell you what you should or shouldn’t do, and remember, I couldn’t care less what house you’re in, understood?” The three children nodded and said their last goodbyes before settling down in their compartment.

Once they were back on the platform, the three adults stood where they could see their children happily talking amongst themselves in their compartment. “I don’t know about the two of you, but I’m feeling extremely nervous about letting our kids go to that school.”

“You’re not the only one, Tony,” Lucius assured his friend, “but we must remember, those three are the Founder’s Heirs. Hogwarts won’t allow any harm to come to them and will, in fact, protect and help them in our stead.” Just then, there was a commotion over by the platform entrance.

“Yes,” replied the first.

“No, Forge, you’re not the only one,” the second boy responded.

“And who might they be?” Tony asked, curiously.

“Fred and George Weasley. Magical twins. From what I’ve heard from my work with the Board of Governors, they are geniuses in their own right despite their penchant for causing chaos. Severus agrees although they frustrate him to no end.” Lucius replied.

“How so?”

“Despite clearly understanding the material, they do poorly in all of their classes. They have taken
up the mantle of Hogwarts’s resident pranksters. Their pranks make use of nearly all the core subjects: Transfiguration, Charms, Potions, and, to a lesser extent, Defense. They target all Houses indiscriminately, and never once have they crossed the line into bullying. Severus fears that they aren’t living up their potential in the classroom as a form of rebellion against their harpy of a mother, Molly. From what I understand, she wants them to get ‘respectable’ jobs at the Ministry and give up their dreams of opening their own joke shop.” Lucius said with a disapproving frown.

“They sound like my kind of kids,” Tony said, approvingly. “If they ever manage to open their shop, that’s one place I would certainly invest in. Now, who’s that?”

“Percy Weasley. He is currently the oldest Weasley child still at Hogwarts. Behind him is Ronald Weasley, the youngest Weasley son. He will be a first-year student alongside our children. And there’s Molly, along with her youngest child and only daughter, Ginevra.”

“She’s the witch with a capital B that wants her daughter to marry Harry,” Tony said with a hint of anger in his voice.

Narcissa let out a surprised laugh at his description of the Weasley Matriarch. “Yes, that’s one way of putting it.”

“Hurry up, Ronald! Your brothers are already aboard the train, and you only have five minutes to get on and get settled before it leaves the station!” Molly screeched at the boy.

“Coming, Mum!” the boy shouted back, struggling a bit as he dragged his trunk behind him.

“She’s a witch. Has she forgotten that she could shrink his trunk or even levitate it onto the train for him?” Tony asked, shocked by the lack of common sense being displayed by someone who’d been surrounded by magic her whole life.

“So it would seem.” Lucius drawled, his amusement evident in his voice.

The three adults turned back to the train and saw their children waving out the window of their compartment as the train began to move. Tony smiled to himself when he heard Harry shout out ‘Dad! I’ll miss you!’ over the noise of the train. “We’ll miss you too! Be safe!” Tony called back.

The three parents stood watching as the train cleared the platform, carrying the three heirs to Hogwarts for a whole new adventure, unable to squash the worry they felt for their children.

Chapter End Notes

Please read and review! Any suggestions are always welcome!
Dumbledore's Fury

Chapter Summary

Chapter Summary: Dumbledore learns what Gringotts did via our favorite journalist, Rita Skeeter.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own it!

UPDATED: 10/30/18

Dumbledore’s Fury

Gringotts, Diagon Alley, London
August 30, 2001

Ragnok sat at his desk with the completed files from the Inheritance tests and the results were shocking. Not only did parents and all current and incoming Hogwarts students come in, but so did students from the past that had previously gone to Hogwarts and remembered taking the test, but not getting the results. The stories they told, and the memories they gave, were fuel to the fire as the muggles would say.

Thus far, all of the Sacred Twenty-eight families have been either confirmed, or reestablished. With members of several of these families being in Azkaban, the new heirs found, per the family charter, were able to try, or actually claim the Headship ring, therefore we able to disown the imprisoned family members for their Death Eater activities.

After what had happened to Bloodaxe and his family, Ragnok had made it a policy that ALL Account Managers were to go through a mandatory cleansing once a month. When it was scheduled would not be known to the goblin until they were to report to the Healing Chambers 30 minutes prior to their appointment. It really was for the best and should have been done years ago, but they had all become too complacent in their position as Wizarding Britain’s only Magical Bank.

Thus far, he has discovered ten of his Managers to be willing participants of Dumbledore’s plots. They were executed for their treason and their families going through the Healing Chambers and interrogated, depending on their age. If they were found innocent, nothing would be done, and those that were found guilty in some way or another were either fined or executed along with their
It was the near twenty goblins that were potioned, charmed, blackmailed, cursed, or a combination of all of them that Ragnok found to be most troubling. About half of them were under Dumbledore’s control, the others under the wizard whose account they held. It was atrocious and made him absolutely furious.

With the results of the audits done on all vaults within the London Branch, the general mismanagement of both wizard and goblin was shocking to him. He insisted that all goblins in charge of accounts, or apprenticed to managers would undergo mandatory training every six months, if they failed said training twice, they would be immediately removed from their position and start their training once more from the very beginning with the younglings (the Account Managers), while the apprentices, if they failed, would be allowed to work under a different Manager that has passed. He felt this was for the best, you can’t blame the student for the teacher’s failings after all.

As for the vaults themselves, he just didn’t understand that things could have gotten so bad. The blatant mismanagement and the thefts. A quarter of the vaults inventoried and audited were found to be empty, and should have been closed decades before, but remained empty!

Shaking his head, Ragnok pulled out some parchment and took up his quill and begin several missives. There would be the general missive to the found heirs, Lords, and Ladies, stating that, if they were currently attending Hogwarts, they would be required to come to the bank to attend to their affairs and to claim their rings. All letters were the same, except the date and times the individuals would have to show up. If the individual missed their appointment, they were to inform Gringotts immediately as to the reason why. If it was valid, they could set up another time, if not, Gringotts would approach the next individual in line for the Heirship, or the Headship of the family they now found themselves belonging too.

The next missive was to Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, informing her of what was discovered.

Madam Amelia Bones,

It has come to my attention that things here, at Gringotts, is dire. I am informing you, as a courtesy, of what was found. Several current Heads of families have been found guilty of Goblin Law. They have coerced or forced members of the Goblin Nation into doing their bidding and outright stealing or embezzling from this Institution.

With that said, I feel it necessary that these individuals are either tried with in your courts or turned over immediately to the Nation so that Justice may be served. As you are aware, We do not tolerate thieves, even from Our own people. I have included the names of those Lords and/or Ladies that were involved in this matter.

Onto the next matter, Albus Dumbledore will be turned over to the Nation for crimes not only against Wizarding Britain, but the Nation as well. To keep this short, I have included the names, statements, and certified memories of the effected individuals. At this time, I feel that it would be necessary to keep as much of this as quiet as possible, least the fool get away, or finds a way to exonerate himself from these crimes.

If you have any questions, please don’t hesitate to contact me. I will make any meeting with you, in regard to these two matters, a priority.

Best Regards,
King Ragnok of Wizarding Britain’s Clan
Gringotts Wizarding Bank, London

After rereading and rewriting the missive to his expectations, Ragnok sat it aside to be attached to
the stack of statements and the box of memory vials to then be sent to Madam Bones. With a heavy
sigh, Ragnok started his last missive, this one to the Daily Prophet.

Gringotts is happy to announce that, due to our diligence in recovering many heirs to many
Families, several vaults have been reopened within Our great bank! At this time, Gringotts will not
diverge the names of those that have been found to be a part of a Family that was once thought of
as having died or squibbed out.

Gringotts would also like to inform the Wizarding public that many Muggleborns, and one, or
both, parents are descendants from those Families that have either died or squibbed out. With that
said, Gringotts hereby finds all Muggleborns to be First-Generation Pure-bloods (with both
parent’s squibs) or First-Generation Half-blood (with one parent found as a squib).

The following Families have been reactivated or put under a new Head/Heir due to Family
Charters:

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The Heirs and new Heads have all been notified and will be taking up their new Families when
possible. Gringotts would like to ask that Wizarding Britain do not come to Gringotts demanding
the names of those individuals that have brought back lost Families. It will be our policy that those
who do will be heavily fined and kicked out of Gringotts.

Ragnok nodded his head absently and set aside the missive to be sent out after the letters to the
new heirs and heads have been. He turned back to the letter to Madam Bones and began to put it
together with the other information that needed to be sent with her. Once that was done, he called
for a runner to have it, and the mass of other letters to be sent out immediately. The Daily Prophet
could wait a day or so.

Hogwarts, Great Hall, Scotland
September 1, 2001

Albus Dumbledore sat in his throne-like chair eating breakfast. He had a plan, and no one was
going to stop him. He was absolutely furious with the Goblins interference in his business. What he
had done was well within his right as the Headmaster of a premier school of Magic.
He looked up just as the sound of the few post owls flew in through the windows carrying a copy of the *Daily Prophet* to those who subscribed to the rag. Happily taking his from the barn owl that landed in front of his plate, Dumbledore unrolled it and began reading, only for his fury to grow. *How dare they!* He thought to himself, struggling to keep his temper from the rest of the staff, not noticing that one Severus Snape found his lack of control highly amusing, if the grin and chuckle from behind his goblet had anything to say about it.

**Muggleborns Descendants of Squibs?**

By Rita Skeeter

*Late last night, the Daily Prophet received a statement from the Goblin Nation in regard to the Inheritance Tests that were conducted these past several weeks. Upon reading the statement, I was completely shocked at the results. At this time, we are unaware of who’s who with which Families. What I can tell you, along with the printing of the statement provided, 24 Families have either been reactivated, or those Death Eaters that are currently in Azkaban for life and, according to their Family Charters, are ineligible to take up their Headships.*

*Of these Families, four of them are that of the Hogwarts Founder’s (Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Slytherin, and Hufflepuff). Another nine are members of the Sacred Twenty-eighth. The rest range from Most Ancient and Most Royal Houses to that of Noble Houses. Upon reading the Gringotts statement, you will all notice that one of these Families will be that of the House of Silvertongue. If you remember our previous article, written by our very own Betty Belby, The Most Ancient and Most Royal House of Silvertongue will have an heir heading to Hogwarts this year, Heiress Catlin Stark-Silvertongue.*

*The question we should all be asking is, what happened to cause the near extinction of these prominent Families, and is it possible that the witches and wizards that many Pure-bloods claim to steal our magic and destroying our culture, the Muggleborns, be descendants of the very squibs that we have cast out upon learning that they were unable to do the magic their families are able to do? Have we, Wizarding Britain, caused the loss of these families due to our ignorance? Only the Goblins of Gringotts may truly know the answer to these questions.*

*Below this article is the Gringotts statement in regard to these reactivated Families.*

Dumbledore stood, nearly knocking his chair back as he did so in his rush to leave the Great Hall. *Damn those wretched creatures!* Dumbledore seethed in anger, storming up to his office. *They had absolutely no right to do this! Do they even know who I am? I am the Great Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Defeater of Grindwld, Order of Merlin First Class, Chief Warlock, and Supreme Mugwamp. How dare they humiliate me this way!*

Unbeknownst to Dumbledore, in his raging anger, he was once again seething his anger aloud instead of within his mind. Hogwarts listened and informed her parents of the thoughts of the current headmaster, one they were all adamant of removing from said position. Hogwarts, the ever-vigilant sentient castle, made it a point to keep an ear, so to speak, on the Great Hall and the reactions of the other professors. She relayed the news to the founders that their heirs would be returning home that very night.

If one could hear magic, they would be able to hear Hogwarts wards singing with anticipation to welcoming home these heirs and protecting them from the manipulations of a power-hungry headmaster.

Once in his office, unaware of the castle’s activities, Dumbledore, behind his closed, locked, and sealed door, let his magic lash out around the office. Books and parchment work went flying
around in a flurry, some tearing from the force. Little trinkets and knick-knacks breaking and falling from shelves. Poor Fawkes squawked indigently and quickly flamed out before any damage could be done to him because of the fool’s temper.

The portraits of past headmasters and mistresses stared in shock at the things Dumbledore shouted and the lack of control on his magic. Unsure of what was truly happening and wanting to leave before damage could be done to them, they fled their frames to find answers and to gossip with others about this latest fit within the castle.

“The moment that wretched boy and girl enter this castle, they will be in my office and under my control. I will not let my plans fail because of a stupid muggle and Silvertongue! Potter will know who is in charge and he will die, even if it must be at my hands, for the Greater Good! This has gone on long enough! They will pay!” Dumbledore shouted as his magic calmed and his eyes glowed an eerie color, the customary twinkle absent. “I will not let the Goblins take what is mine from me! They will all rue the day they crossed me!”

Chapter End Notes

Read and Review!
Exposed

Chapter Summary

What will happen now that our trio are on the Hogwarts Express? How will Draco’s old acquaintances react to his new friends?

Chapter Notes

I have a new beta, nomdemprunt, and I would like to thank him for taking the time out of his own busy schedule to look over my new chapters.

Never fear, I am working on the next as I type this. With Thanksgiving break started, I hope to get several chapters written so that I can post in a more timely manner that fits our schedules.

I thank you all for your patience and hope that you enjoy this chapter!

Disclaimer: I don’t own Harry Potter or Iron Man.

Exposed

Hogwarts Express
September 1, 2001

As the train began to move, Harry leaned out the window, with Catlin and Draco following, and shouted, “Dad! I’ll miss you!” He waved with a grin when his adoptive father called back with “We’ll miss you too!”

Sitting back down in the seat when they cleared the station, Harry let out a heavy sigh. He was going to miss California, and his family there, but at least he’ll have Severus, Catlin, Draco, and his beloved familiar, Sarabi, to keep him company.

“This is so exciting!” Catlin said, her voice filled with excitement.

Draco chuckled, nodding, “Yeah. Mom and Dad have told me stories from when they were at Hogwarts. Uncle Sev, too. It’s going to be strange having to call him ‘Professor,’ though!”

Harry nodded at that as he leaned into his mate’s side. “What do you think the Old Fool is going to do when we get there?”

“That’s something we shouldn’t worry about until something happens. Until then, we should wander around and see if there are any students worthy of our friendship!” she declared with an air of superiority.
“We probably should. Father would expect us to use this time to make connections.” Draco said, with his chin lifted.

“Oh, I suppose I’ll go with you. Someone has to make sure the two of you stay out of trouble,” Harry muttered, straightening up in his seat, “Norns know that you’re both liable to get into mischief.”

The three looked at each other with straight faces before bursting out into uncontrollable laughter, falling over in their seats. They each struggled valiantly to collect themselves and regain their composure only to catch a glimpse of their companions and be overcome once more.

It was the sound of the door opening that finally brought them around. “Draco? Is that you? I thought I saw you with your parents earlier,” the unknown boy drawled. “What would your father say if he saw you acting this way?”

Harry looked at Draco with a raised brow, only for Catlin to speak up, staring at the boy. “It’s terribly rude of you to invite yourself into a compartment without knocking first.” Turning to Draco, she continued in the same tone, “Do tell us, Draco, what would your father say if he were to see you behaving in such an uncouth fashion?”

Harry had to bite back the snort of laughter that threatened to burst forth, along with the temptation to comment. You’ve been hanging out with Severus for too long, Cat. You’re starting to talk like him now!

Draco once again straightened up, chin held high, and said, “Father would say something along the lines of, ‘Well done, Dragon. One must always find opportunities to laugh, lest we all become too serious – yes, you damned mutt, I used that word intentionally – and look as if we all had sticks up our arses like those overcompensating purebloods in Britain. We wouldn’t want that, now would we, Draco?’” He turned to the boy in the doorway of their compartment, raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow (for an eleven-year-old that is), and continued, “Does that answer your question, Nott?”

By this point, both Catlin and Harry were finding it difficult to contain their laughter, picturing their ‘Uncle’ Lucius making such a declaration with a straight face and humor in his eyes. “Oh, and my cousin was quite right. It was rather rude of you to enter without knocking. What would your father say about such behavior, hmm, Nott?” Draco challenged.

The boy, Nott, stared incredulously at the three of them, clearly shocked at what Draco had said, and at a complete loss for words. “I… I don’t understand, Draco. Who are these two? Are you now hanging out with Mudbloods?”

Instantly, the temperature dropped several degrees, nearly to the point of seeing one’s breath, and Catlin, Draco, and Harry all stood up and faced the boy. “I kindly ask that you never, never, use that word in our presence again,” Harry said, his anger apparent in his tone.

The boy, Nott, stared incredulously at the three of them, clearly shocked at what Draco had said, and at a complete loss for words. “I… I don’t understand, Draco. Who are these two? Are you now hanging out with Mudbloods?”

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Nott took the opportunity to look over the trio in front of him. The black-haired boy’s eyes nearly glowed, his emerald gaze eerily reminiscent of the Killing Curse. Draco’s eyes were like ice. The girl, though, she was by far the most terrifying of the three. The pupils of her green eyes became slits, much like those of a cat, but what really unnerved him was the fact that her skin was slowly turning from the tan that she’d gained that summer, to an icy blue. He could swear that the girl was hissing at him as well. He took a hasty step back, out of the compartment, before turning and dashing off, pale as a ghost.

Harry stepped forward and closed their compartment door before anyone else could see. Draco
turned to Catlin, his eyes widening before he took a step toward her and calmly said, “Cat, he’s gone now.”

Before Harry could help calm his sister, there was the sound of thunder and a loud crash above them, and, suddenly, Loki was there, his arms wrapped protectively around Catlin. He looked at the boys and asked, “What happened? What caused Catlin to access her Frost Giant?”

“An old acquaintance of mine showed up. He called Catlin and Harry…” he hesitated for a moment before continuing in a whisper, “…Mudbloods.”

Loki’s eyes flashed, and the oppressive weight of his magic could be felt in the compartment for a moment before he reigned it in. “I see.”

Just then, the train came to a sudden stop before their compartment door slid open with a crash. Loki quickly moved Draco and Harry behind him to join Catlin where he could protect them. He stood tall and defiant, unwilling to allow the intruder to intimidate him. “Brother, what a… unexpected surprise. What brings you to Midgard?”

“Loki?” the now-identified intruder asked, confused. “I wasn’t expecting you to be here. Heimdall informed me that he detected the presence of a Frost Giant at this location and asked me to investigate.”

“The Frost Giant was me, Brother. You may report to Father that I have discovered my ancestry and that I await his explanation. Your presence is no longer required.” Loki informed the man frostily.

At this point, Harry bravely peeked out from behind Loki to look at the other man, or rather, god. He saw a tall, broad-chested man with blond hair and well-defined muscles wearing burnished armor, a deep crimson cloak that fluttered behind him, and carrying a hammer. This must be Thor, Harry thought to himself. He looked wide-eyed over at Draco and Catlin, who had returned to their normal self. This certainly wasn’t good, the All-father would demand to know how Loki knew what he was and what he was doing on Midgard, to begin with.

“Why are you here, Loki, and why are you in the presence of Midgardian children? What have you done?” Thor demanded, suspicious of Loki’s presence.

“My business here is none of your concern, Thor,” Loki said, eyes narrowed and frost crawling across the compartment windows as the temperature dropped. His skin was slowly turning ice blue, just as Catlin’s had.

Thor took a step back in reaction to Loki’s sudden anger and abruptly changing appearance. “I…I will inform Father of your message, Brother, but it would be best if you returned to Asgard as well.” He turned and left the compartment, and the sound of thunder was soon heard once again.

“Grandfather…” Catlin whispered, afraid of what would happen.

“It isn’t your fault, Little Cat. This was bound to happen at some point, and I am prepared to deal with the consequences. I don’t want any of you to worry and would like for you three to make friends before you arrive at Hogwarts. I had best be going. I’ll inform your parents of what has happened, and then I will be returning to Asgard.” He pulled the three children into his arms and hugged them. “Take care of yourselves and stay safe. I will come and inform you of what the All-father says; until then, take time to be the children that you are.” With that parting remark, Loki stepped away and was gone.
Once Loki departed, Harry pulled Catlin into his arms to comfort her. “It’ll be ok,” he whispered.

“I know, but…I don’t want to lose my grandfather. He’s the first person to actually care for me. I can’t…” she sniffed and buried her head in his shoulder.

Before Draco could move to help reassure his friend, the compartment door opened again. He spun around with anger in his eyes. “Does no one on this damned train understand that a closed compartment door means that we wish to be left alone?” he snarled at the two older students that were standing in the doorway.

The girl, whose robes featured a Ravenclaw patch and prefect’s badge, looked at Draco, anger in her own eyes at his outburst, stepped into the compartment, and stated, “If I were you, I would watch your tone. As you are a first year, I am unable to take points from you at this time, but I tell you now that I will be informing your Head of House of your disrespect once you are sorted.”

Draco glared at the girl, then the boy. He saw the red hair and the perpetual freckles and knew he was dealing with a Weasley. “Do what you must, but I request that the two of you remove yourselves from our compartment. This is a family matter, and we do not need your interference,” he sneered, moving to position himself in front of Harry and Catlin.

“Now see here!” Weasley said pompously, stepping into the compartment to join his fellow prefect. “You will mind your tone, Malfoy, or I’ll be sending a letter to your parents with regards to your current attitude.

Harry passed his sister to Draco before stepping forward. “As you are both prefects, you must do your duties, but from my understanding, prefects do not have the authority to inform parents of their children’s behavior. That is up to the Heads of House, Deputy Headmistress, and the Headmaster to do if they deem fit.”

The girl looked down at Harry and asked, “And who are you?”


Both prefects gasped, eyes widened. “M…My apologies, Lord Potter-Black,” she stammered out. “We will take our leave.” The two prefects backed out of the compartment hastily and fled down the hall. Once they were gone, Harry slammed the door shut and sealed it with a robust locking charm that Severus had taught them during the summer.

“There. Now, hopefully, no one will come by to disturb us until the trolley comes. I suggest that we sit back and relax for a bit, now that the train is moving again,” Harry suggested, taking his seat. With a nod, his companions sat down, sitting on the bench beside him and leaning on each other for support.

All-father’s Throne Room
Asgard – Same Day

~*~Loki’s POV~*~

Loki approached the doors that lead to the throne room, deep in thought. Everything was coming to a head now, his secret was about to be exposed, Odin would soon know of his daughter and his granddaughter. Tony had been furious at the boy who started this, he was worried for Catlin and what this would mean for her.
As much as he tried to hide it, Loki was just as worried as Tony, even though she had a prominent place among the Midgardian wizards. This was his family, his true family, and they all wanted him to be a part of their lives. He refused to allow Odin to dispose of them like he had his other children.

With a barely suppressed sigh, Loki pushed open the doors and strode in, head held high. “Father, you wished to see me?” he asked, drawing on millennia of experience to affect a casual demeanor, though he could feel his heart pounding loudly in his chest.

“Loki, your brother has told me something of interest involving you,” Odin said, standing from his throne.

Loki glanced at his mother, Frigga, who smiled softly and gave him a small nod. “And what has Thor informed you of?” he asked, looking back at his father.

“He tells me that you were on Midgard when he went to search out the location of a Frost Giant. Said you were in the company of three children.”

“I see, and did Thor tell you what I asked him to?” Loki asked, a brow raised. “Did he tell you that I was the Frost Giant in question, that I have discovered my ancestry, and that I await your explanation for hiding it from me?” There was a gasp from his mother, and he heard his brother shift uneasily next to her. Loki looked at the All-father, refusing to back down and waiting for an explanation. “How is it, Father, that I came to be a Prince of Asgard when I’m really the Prince of Jotunheim?”

“I see. So, you have learned of your heritage. How did that happen, my Son?” Odin asked as he turned back to his throne and sat upon it.

“I went to Gringotts, the Wizarding Bank on Midgard within their Wizarding world. There were quite a few surprises that day, including that of my ancestry.” Loki responded.

“Gringotts? Why did you go there?” Frigga asked, stepping forward.

He turned toward his beloved mother and smiled, “I went there due to my granddaughter having need of an inheritance test, Mother.”

“Granddaughter!?” Odin asked, shocked and feeling uneasy at the news.

“Yes, it was a surprise to me as well,” he informed them.

“How did you learn of her, Loki?” Frigga asked.

Loki could hear the hope in her voice and see it in her eyes. He smiled softly at her before turning back to the All-father, ignoring Thor’s shocked expression. “It happened five years ago when she fell off the roof of her home. She called out to me with her magic, though not specifically by name. When I arrived, she was a crumpled body on the ground and nearing death. I refused to allow her to die and took her to Hela where she was able to save her, keep her from Death himself. She may be my granddaughter, but her magic isn’t just my own, but that of Midgard as well. She is strong.”

“What did Hela want in exchange for saving the girl?” Odin asked briskly, his anger simmering.

“Nothing but to be a part of her niece’s life,” Loki stated. “I agreed. They visit on occasion when Hela is free to do so.”

“And her parents? I assume one of them is your offspring?” Frigga asked.
“My daughter, Clare, and her husband, Jonathan, gave up their right to raise Catlin. They wanted nothing to do with her. Jonathan has a brother, Anthony, who took her in. He has become her adoptive father, and I have approved of his raising her.

“Did – Clare is it? – inherit anything from you?” Odin asked.

“No, she inherited nothing from me, or from her mother’s family.”

“I see, and Catlin, what did she inherit from you?”

“My magic,” Loki said, with pride. He couldn’t hide it, even if he wanted to. “From Hela, she inherited her creature inheritance. I feel that it is quite fitting for her, she’s a neko.”

“And your Frost Giant heritage?” Odin asked.

“Uncertain, thought her inheritance test informed her that she is a quarter Frost Giant.”

“I presume that all those trips you have taken over these past several years were to Midgard to visit the child?”

“Yes, and to teach her to control her magic. She is powerful,” Loki said again, pride filling his voice.

“Is she a danger to Asgard?”

Loki’s gaze turned cold and the temperature of the room noticeably lowered. “She is not, and if you lay a hand on my granddaughter like you did with my other children, I will call for war!” he snarled in anger.

“You dare threaten me?! The All-father?!” Odin thundered.

“Yes, I do! You have taken my children from me in the past, and sit upon the son I bore as though he were nothing but an animal! A prized steed! I will not let you take my family from me again!” Loki shouted back. “I would forsake my place in Asgard and live among the Midgardians to protect them myself before I would allow you to dispose of her!”

“Brother! Surely you do not believe Father would do such a thing?” Thor said in obvious shock.

“He already has, Thor!” Loki cried out as he spun to face his brother. “If he has already done so, he would be willing to do so again, and I will not allow it!”

“You would truly leave your place here, Loki?” his mother asked, shocked and saddened.

He turned toward his mother and took her hands in his, “For my family, yes. I would do anything for them!”

Turning to Odin, Frigga said, “He is not wrong, Odin, and I implore you to leave the child, and her family, be.”

“There is also the matter of a prophecy,” Loki said, his anger ebbing away.

Odin looked at him sharply, “Well, are you going to inform us of this prophecy?” he demanded.

“Brought together through Fate and Death,
The Bird, the Fox, and the Cat
Will change a destiny chosen.
The Bird will teach love and acceptance,
The Cat will bring family and trust,
The Fox will cause downfall and chaos.

A man whose soul is broken
Will become whole once more.
A man full of manipulation will lose control.

A fake exposed and lives saved,
Gods will appear, fear will be known,
The Fox will be triumphant.

Change is coming, and the stars rewritten.
Creatures united as one, peace will reign,
Magic will be whole once again.

Brought together through Fate and Death,
The Bird, the Fox, and the Cat
Will change a destiny chosen.”

“What does it mean, Brother?” Thor asked, still shaken by the earlier revelations.

“‘The Bird’ refers to a boy by the name of Draco Malfoy, ‘the Fox’ is his mate, Hadrian Potter-Black, and ‘the Cat’, is my granddaughter, Catlin. Draco will teach Harry love and acceptance while Catlin brings Harry a family and helps him to learn trust. The ‘man who is broken’ is the man who went after Harry and his parents when he was but a babe, and the man full of manipulations is Albus Dumbledore, current headmaster of the school at which the children will gain their education in Midgardian magic. The ‘fake exposed’ is as yet uncertain and could mean different things, but it hardly matters as Harry will be triumphant and lives will be saved. The gods have already appeared in some instances. There has been myself, Hela, and, after today, Thor. The rest is self-explanatory,” Loki explained.

Loki turned toward the All-father once more. “As you can see, Catlin is of no danger to Asgard.” With that, he left the chamber and headed for one of the hidden paths between the Nine Realms to return to Midgard.

“Loki!” Thor boomed as he followed him out.

With a sigh, Loki stopped and turned to face his brother, “Yes, Thor?”

“I wish to apologize for…for so many things, but I’d especially like to apologize if I scared your Catlin and her friends.”

Loki studied him for sincerity before nodding, “I must go and inform her father of what has happened here. Please inform me of Father’s decision when he’s made one.”

“Of course, Brother,” Thor said with a smile and a nod.

With that done, Loki continued on his way and several minutes later appeared in Tony’s lab, greeting the inventor with a simple “Tony” to make his presence known.
Please read and review!
New Friends?

Chapter Summary

With a few bumps in the road, will our Trio find new friends?

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own HP or Marvel, much to my dismay.

I would like to thank my amazing beta, Nom D'emprunt, for his wonderful skills at editing! It has certainly been a life saver!

Now all I have to worry about is my computer keyboard actually typing the letters I hit when I type!

Hope you all enjoy the new chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

New Friends?

Stark London House, England
September 1, 2001

“Damn it, Loki!” Tony shouted, his hand pressed to his heart, “Are you trying to kill me with a heart attack?”

Loki chuckled, grateful that he had the chance to get to know the man. Tony had become a brother to him over the years as they raised Catlin together. “Sorry, I had to get out of there in a hurry, this was the only place I could think of that was essentially safe… in a manner of speaking.”

Tony nodded in understanding. He was still angry about that boy that called his little girl and honorary son Mudbloods. “How did it go?” he asked, putting his tools down to face his friend properly.

“As you already know, Catlin tapped into her Frost Giant heritage on the train, and my idiot brother showed up unexpectedly. He was told that there was Frost Giant activity in that area and was sent to investigate. I arrived before he did, and claimed that the Frost Giant Heimdall had detected was me.” He moved over to the workbench where Tony’s latest project sat before continuing. “When I returned to Asgard, I confronted the All-father,” Loki sighed and sat down in a conjured chair, his head falling into his hands. This wasn’t how he had wanted to introduce his granddaughter, and he was terrified of what Odin would do with regards to his mortal family.

“He was furious, wasn’t he?” Tony asked, his own concern showing on his face and in his voice.
“Yes, very much so. I’m just glad Mother was there, Thor too, admittedly,” he said softly. “I
informed him that if he touched Catlin in any way that harms her, I would call for war; that if I
learned of any plans to dispose of her as he did my other children, I would leave Asgard and my
place there and live among mortals to protect my family here. Thor was in disbelief when I spoke
of my children and what the great All-father has done to them. He even apologized to me, which is
very much unlike him.”

Tony just sat there for a few minutes, shocked by the sudden turn of events, then promptly took out
his StarkPhone and called Catlin.

**Hogwarts Express, Scotland**

It had taken about an hour before the boys had managed to calm Catlin down. No one else had
bothered attempting to enter their compartment again, and the trio was finally relaxing. Harry was
leaning up against Draco, who was quietly reading aloud to his friends, while Catlin was laying
down with her head in Harry’s lap.

Suddenly the restful quiet was broken when her phone started to ring, startling them all. Catlin sat
up abruptly, her head colliding with Harry’s elbow, jarring his arm which, in turn, knocked the
book Draco had been reading from to the floor. Rubbing her forehead where she’d hit it, Catlin
grabbed her phone from the opposite bench and, seeing that it was her father, accepted the call.
“Hello?”

“Cat!” She could hear the relief in her father’s voice and figured her grandfather must have
informed him of the recent events. “Is everything going alright?”

She couldn’t help the small smile that came unbidden to her face, remembering a time when her
parental figures hadn’t been so concerned about her welfare. “I’m okay, Daddy. Draco and Harry
are with me, and they won’t let anything happen to me,” she assured him.

“Good. That’s good,” Tony said. “Your grandfather is here. I think he is waiting for the crazy
man upstairs to come to a decision before he lets you know what happened on Asgard, but there
isn’t anything you need to worry about, okay?”

Catlin laughed, her smile growing, “I understand, Dad. Tell Grandfather that I love him and that he
should wait to come until after the feast tonight, okay?”

“There was a knock on the door, and a voice called in, “Anything off the trolley, dears?”

“I’ve got it,” Draco said as he moved to the door and unlocking it. Cat nodded, and Harry stood to
join him, curious to see what the trolley had to offer.

“I will, Dad, I promise,” she told her father as she peered out the compartment door. She stood and
moved over to where the boys were, curious to see what was available. To her dismay, all she saw
on offer were sweets, nothing suitable for a proper lunch on a train. She made a face at the
selection. It wasn’t that she had anything against sweets, but that’s not what she wanted for an
afternoon meal. “Dad?”

“Yeah, kiddo?”

“Can you call Aunt Cissy and Uncle Lucius and ask if they can get a house elf to provide lunch?”
she asked as Draco and Harry were busy purchasing a small selection of sweets. “I hope you won’t
be eating any of that until we've had a proper lunch. I won't be having the both of you complaining
to Severus about upset stomachs because you ate nothing but sweets.”

“Bunch of junk food on the trolley?” Tony asked with amusement.

“Yes,” she said with a grimace.

“Alright, I’ll call the Malfoy’s and see what we can do about lunch for you kids. I love you, Cat,
tell the boys the same, and we’ll talk later, okay?”

“Okay, Dad, I love you too, and I’ll talk to you tonight.” With that, she hung up the phone, just as a
girl with bushy hair and a boy with blonde hair came to the door.

“Was that a phone you were using?” the girl asked, her eyes wide.

“It was, why?” Catlin asked as she put her StarkPhone in her robe pocket.

“You can’t use muggle technology on the Express, the magic interferes with the electronics. It says
so in Hogwarts: A History,” she said pompously.

Harry tried his best to cover up his snort of laughter before he said, “It can if it’s a phone invented
by Tony Stark himself.”

“Tony Stark? As in the Tony Stark of Stark Industries?” she asked, excited, while the boy she was
with looked a bit uncomfortable, probably due to Draco’s presence.

“My father, yes. What does it matter to you?” she asked, eyes narrowed and wary of the girl.

“You must be Catlin Stark-Silvertongue…” the boy blurted out. He then let out a nervous squeak
and shifted to hide behind the girl, having apparently realized he’d spoken out loud.

“I am, and my companions are Draco Malfoy and Hadrian Potter-Black. May I ask you your
name?” she asked, looking softly at the boy. His lack of self-confidence and shyness were painfully
obvious, it reminded her a bit of her first encounter with Harry at Gringotts.

“N-Ne-Neville L-Long-Longbottom,” he stammered out shyly.

Harry stepped toward him with a smile. “Hello, Neville, I’m Harry, and it’s a pleasure to meet
you.”

“Neville, do you know these three?” the girl asked with far too much curiosity.

“N-No. I only know Malfoy, b-but I’ve heard of the other two. They’ve been in the Prophet this
summer,” Neville told her as he stepped forward, taking Harry’s hand. “I-It’s nice to meet you
too.”

“Would you like to share our compartment, Heir Longbottom? My parents should be sending an elf
with a proper lunch soon, you’re more than welcome to join us,” Draco invited.

Neville looked at him hesitantly before replying, “I would like to, really, b-but, you see, I’ve…”

“Neville’s lost his toad. Have you seen it?” the girl interrupted.

Catlin shot her a glare, as did Draco and Harry. “It’s rude to interrupt, you know,” Catlin told her
before turning to Neville, “A toad? What is its name? Maybe I can help.”
Neville glanced nervously between Catlin and the girl before answering, “T-Trevor.”

“Alright, I’ll bring Trevor back if you’re alright with that,” Catlin said with a smile for the shy boy.

“You can’t do magic on the train. Besides, we’ve already asked some of the older years, if they would help, what makes you think that you can when they couldn’t?” the girl said snobbishly.

“You are quite a rude person, aren’t you? No manners or decorum. Mother would have a right old fit. Do you have any idea who you’re actually speaking to?” Draco asked with a hint of disgust at the girl’s condescending attitude.

The girl raised her head imperiously, chin in the air. “It hardly matters at all to whom I am speaking. I’m Heiress Hermione Dagworth-Granger.”

“And that means what to us? The House of Dagworth-Granger is a minor house at best,” Draco said.

“Is that so, and what’s your house?” she asked with narrowed eyes.

“Draco is the Heir to the Most Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy. Continuing with the rest of our group, I’m Hadrian Potter-Black, Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter and Heir to the Most Ancient and Noble House of Black, while Neville is the Heir to the Most Ancient and Noble House of Longbottom. As for Catlin, well, she is the Heiress to the Most Ancient and Most Royal House of Silvertongue,” Harry said, introducing them with their formal titles, at least the ones that are publicly known.

“You’re a First-Generation Witch, Miss Dagworth-Granger. Your house may be important, but its importance is nowhere near that of our Houses. Catlin is royalty, a princess if you will. If I were you, I would stop acting self-important simply because Gringotts found that you are entitled to the Dagworth-Granger inheritance upon your majority. Your pompous attitude will find you more enemies than friends, and that is not the way you want to introduce yourself to Wizarding Society,” Draco informed her.

“Princess? How can you be a princess? The only royalty in Britain is the Muggle Monarchy,” the girl, Hermione, stated, ignoring Draco’s sound advice.

“If you can’t tell, my accent is actually American, and my royal blood isn’t from Earth. Are you familiar with Norse Mythology? With your know-it-all attitude, I’ll assume that you are. You see, my great-grandfather, my mother’s father’s father, happens to be the defeated king of Jotunheim, while my adoptive great-grandfather, my mother’s father’s adopted father, is the current ruler of Asgard, Odin, the All-father. Hence, I am a princess through my grandfather, twice over.”

“Those are just myths. They aren’t true.”

“All myths are based on truth,” a voice said from within the compartment.

“Grandfather! I wasn’t expecting you so soon. Has the All-father made his decision?” Catlin asked as she spun around to greet him.

“Not yet, Little Cat. I’m here to deliver lunch. Your father was about to call the Malfoy’s when I offered to bring it for you. I managed to make a trip home, enter the kitchen to bug the chefs for a special lunch to go, and return before father could catch me and prevent me from leaving again. Your uncle sends his apologies for his earlier behavior,” Loki said with a smile and held up a basket. “Oh, and I found a toad, does it belong to anyone?”
“Trevor!” Neville cried, rushing forward and taking the toad from Loki, “Thank you!”

Loki chuckled and ruffled Neville’s hair, “If you would like, I can place a tether spell on him for you so that he can’t escape.”

“Really?” Neville asked, his eyes wide.

“Of course. Do you have a cage for Trevor?” When Neville shook his head no, Loki continued, “Well, no matter then.” Loki crafted a cage for the toad that had a habitat within it. “Here you are. It’s much bigger on the inside, plenty of room for a toad to explore. I’ll place the tether on the cage and Trevor. If he somehow manages to escape the cage, though I don’t see why he would now, he will only be able to go a certain distance before the tether brings him back.”

Neville stared up at him wide-eyed in awe. “Thank you ever so much, Lord Silvertongue!” he said, taking the cage and placing the now-tethered Trevor inside. “I’ll never have to worry about losing him again.”

“You’re most welcome, I’m glad that I was able to help,” Loki replied. He turned to Catlin, Draco, and Harry before continuing, “I’ll return tonight after the feast and inform you of the All-father’s decision. For now, I suggest the three of you settle in your compartment, eat your lunch, and relax before reaching Hogwarts.” He stepped forward and kissed Catlin on the head, “Remember, there is nothing for you to worry about; you are far more important to me than my life on Asgard.”

“I will, Grandfather, thank you for bringing us lunch,” she said with a smile and a hug.

“I should go, we don’t want Thor showing up here again. It was lucky I was able to fix the damage to the train from when he landed on the roof earlier. Now, into the compartment with you and eat your lunch,” Loki said as he gently herded the three children into the compartment. “Will you be joining them for their afternoon meal?” he asked the other two children in the hall.

Neville nodded enthusiastically and moved to join them. “Yes, my Lord, thank you.” He made himself comfortable on the bench across from Draco, Catlin, and Harry.

“Wonderful!” Loki said then turned to look at Hermione expectantly, waiting for her reply.

~*~Hermione’s POV~*~

Hermione wasn’t quite sure what to do, the trio wasn’t what she had expected at all. She had, of course, heard of the famous Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived. The other two she didn’t know, nor had she heard of them. And then there was the man who claimed to be a prince, of Asgard no less!

She didn’t know what to believe, the world Hermione thought she knew had been falling apart since she received her Hogwarts letter that summer. All she had wanted to do when she first learned that she was a witch was to learn everything that she could before September first. That, and to make new friends. Then she had gone to Gringotts and discovered that she was the heiress of a house long thought extinct with an inheritance to match. Now, as she stood outside of the compartment that Neville had just entered, his shyness having disappeared with the man finding his toad and then preventing it from hopping off again, she was at a loss for how to handle herself. Hermione looked from person to person, trying to make a decision. She got the distinct feeling that the girl didn’t like her much, and Draco seemed to be a snobbish prat, though he did try to help her. As for Harry, he was the Boy-Who-Lived, surely he would be nice. Perhaps, if she worked on it, they could be friends, friends she dearly wanted. She sincerely hoped that Neville was a friend, even after she had bossed him around. And Catlin, she was the daughter of the Tony Stark, maybe
She could tell her how electronics could work in magically dense places.

She bit her lip nervously before asking, “Would… would it be alright if I joined you? My parents didn’t send me with a lunch, and I am awfully hungry. I…” she looked up at them, shifting anxiously from one foot to the other, “I’m sorry for my behavior before. I know I need to work on my attitude, especially as I’m new to this world, but it’s hard to do. I’ll try to be better, I promise…” she looked down at her feet, hands clasped behind her back to avoid fidgeting. She did feel sorry for how she had acted, she could only hope that they would give her another chance, that perhaps they could be her friends.

A pair of converse shoes came into view in front of her, prompting her to look up. When she did, she saw Harry smiling at her, his hand held out for her to take. “Of course you can join us. Loki said that there was plenty of food for five.”

Hermione couldn’t help the big grin that crossed her face, happiness welling up as she took his hand and let him pull her into the compartment. “Thank you ever so much!”

“Well, now that that is all handled, I’ll inform your father that you’re well fed and have made some new friends. Your parents as well, Little Bird,” Loki said with a happy smile. “I’ll see you this evening.”

The trio nodded, gave the man a hug, and said their goodbyes before he disappeared just as silently as he had arrived. “What is his name?” Hermione asked softly.

“Loki Odinson, though here on Earth he is known as Loki Silvertongue,” Draco told her as he started pulling plates and silverware out of the basket while Harry retrieved the food.

“Is he really from another planet?”

“More like another realm,” Catlin said as she started to dish up some of the food. “Is there anything either of you can’t eat?”

“No,” Neville replied, eager to try new foods.

“I don’t have any allergies,” Hermione said as she sat on the bench next to Neville, sitting on her hands nervously.

“Good. Here you go,” Draco said as he handed both her and Neville a plate. “Please, eat. If you don’t now, you’ll be absolutely starving by the time we get to Hogwarts. My parents have told me that the fare at school is usually rather heavy, but Cousin Sirius told us where the kitchens are. We plan on talking to the elves to see if they would be able to provide us with a healthier selection than what is normally offered.”

“Really? You know where the kitchens are?” Neville asked excitedly. “Do you think I could go with you? I wouldn’t mind eating better food, especially if it’s as good as this is!”

Catlin smiled and nodded. “Of course. You’re welcome to come with us as well, Hermione. It will be a chance for you to let the elves know what you prefer for your meals.”

“I think I’d like that, thank you,” Hermione replied with a smile, happy to be included.

The five preteens continued eating, chatting in between bites and getting to know each other. The food was soon eaten, and the sweets from the trolley shared around and devoured. The trip continued without further excitement, Trevor stayed happily in his new cage and Sarabi curled contentedly around Harry’s shoulders. By the time the train stopped at Hogsmeade Station, the five
had become fast friends and promised that no matter what house they are sorted into, they would all
remain friends. As they boarded the boats to cross over to the castle and finally be sorted, Draco
couldn’t help wondering what the Hat would sing about this year with the Hogwarts Heirs coming
to school.

Chapter End Notes

I have several chapters written already, sent off to my beta, so a schedule of posting is
in the works.

As for the poll, that has another week, seeing as it is for Chapter 5. Though it is off to the
beta, I would like to say that most character's in Harry's year will be brought into
the story, even if they aren't mentioned right away. I will post a note saying which
house those characters will be in. Some will remain in their cannon house, others will
be moved to a different house to fit the story plot. I hope that helps!

Please read and review!
The Sorting

Chapter Summary

What does the Sorting have in store for the new Hogwarts years? Will Dumbledore's manipulations make it through, or will Hogwarts intervene?

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own HP or Marvel, or even the wonderful Norse mythology.

A HUGE thanks to my amazing beta! His edits make this chapter so much better, and I'm sure you will all agree that it was worth the wait!

The asterisks* indicate sections pulled from J's delightful books that are such an inspiration for fanfiction!

As a side note, Nom D'emprunt's oneshot, Power of a Name, was influenced by research done while editing this chapter. I recommend it as it was a great read. https://archiveofourown.org/works/16828357

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Sorting

Hogwarts School, Scotland
September 1, 2001

As soon as the train come to a stop at Hogsmeade Station and the five new friends had disembarked, their attention was drawn almost immediately by the sound of a booming voice ringing out across the platform.

“Firs' years! Firs' years over here! C'mon, follow me -- any more firs' years? Mind yer step, now! Firs' years follow me!”**

As they made their way towards the source of the voice in question, they found themselves craning their necks to gaze up at the mountain of a man who was summoning them. “That must be Hagrid. Father said that he’s a half-giant,” Draco said, just loudly enough that his companions could hear him, “he’s the Keeper of Keys and Grounds.”

“Really?” Hermione asked, curious.

“My Gran told me the same thing,” Neville commented as they followed the other first year students down a steep, narrow path. He was about to continue when Hagrid spoke up again.

“Ye’ all get yer firs' sight o' Hogwarts in a sec,” Hagrid called over his shoulder, “jus' round this
The crowd of first years craned their necks as they rounded the bend that Hagrid had mentioned, all eager to get their first glimpse of the grand castle. As their group rounded the bend, they found themselves on the edge of a great black lake. On the other side, perched looming above the lake stood a glittering castle, its lighted windows twinkling against the inky backdrop of the night sky from the many towers.

Catlin felt her breath catch in her throat as she gazed upon Hogwarts for the first time. It was truly magnificent, and she could hardly believe that she would be living here for nine months out of the year. She couldn’t wait to explore the castle to its fullest once classes had started and they had worked out a schedule for homework and any other studying they might need to do.

“I can’t wait to make our own map like the one Papa told us about,” Harry said, awe evident in his voice.

“A map of our own would be brilliant,” Draco said excitedly.

“Do you think Uncle Sirius and Uncle Remus would be willing to give us the foundation spells they used for their map? I would love the chance to improve upon their work,” Catlin said.

"No more'n four to a boat!” Hagrid called, pointing to a fleet of little boats sitting in the water by the shore.*

Harry, Catlin, and Draco moved to board a boat of their own, while Neville and Hermione decided to share the boat behind them so that nobody from their group would be left riding alone. They were joined by two girls that looked to be twins while the trio was quickly followed aboard by a dark-skinned boy who was looking at Draco with a calculating expression on his face

"Everyone in?” shouted Hagrid, who had a boat to himself. "Right then -- FORWARD!”*

As the boats began gliding over the lake, Harry gazed out at the rippling water. “Be careful, Hadrian, don’t forget what Mother said, there’s a giant squid living in this lake,” Draco cautioned his mate as the other boy leaned over the edge of their boat.

Harry rolled his eyes at Draco and said, “I remember, Draco.”

“So, Malfoy, are you going to introduce me to your… companions?” the dark-skinned boy asked with a raised brow.

This time it was Draco’s turn to roll his eyes. “Blaise Zabini, meet Hadrian Potter-Black and Catlin Stark-Silvertongue. Guys, this is Blaise Zabini, another associate of mine, but a far better one than Nott.

“Hadrian Potter-Black and Catlin Silvertongue?” the boy, Blaise asked, his violet eyes widening in surprise. “I wasn’t aware that you knew them, Draco.”

“Of course, I know them! Hadrian is my cousin and Catlin is his cousin, though very distant. We met up when we went to Diagon to get our school things and our families spent the rest of summer together. I’ve been in America with my parents for the last month,” Draco informed him.

Soon enough the boats crossed the school wards and the trio closed their eyes as they felt the magic of the castle surround them, welcoming her Founders’ heirs. When they opened their eyes once more, Catlin spoke softly. “That was wonderful! It was like the castle was singing to me!”
“Brilliant!” Harry said with awe and excitement bubbling through him, Draco simply nodded his head in agreement.

“What are the three of you talking about?” Blaise asked, watching them curiously.

“It’s nothing for you to know at this time, Zabini,” Draco said, glancing at him before turning his gaze back to the castle before them. “It’s a family matter, but I’m sure you’ll learn of it soon enough.”

Just then, the boats entered a dark tunnel that would take them underneath the castle. They soon came upon an underground harbor where they scrambled out onto rocks and pebbles. They were quickly ushered up a set of stone steps which led to the door that would allow them entrance into the castle.

“Everyone here?” Hagrid raised a gigantic fist and knocked three times on the castle door. The door swung open at once. A tall, black-haired witch in emerald-green robes stood there. She had a very stern face. "The firs' years, Professor McGonagall," said Hagrid.*

“Thank you, Hagrid. I will take them from here;”* Professor McGonagall said briskly as she pulled the castle door wide open. The stone walls were illuminated by blazing torches similar to those that lighted the walls and offices at Gringotts. The ceiling was too high to make out, and there was a splendid marble staircase facing them which led to the upper floors of the castle.

As the first years filed in behind their professor, they could hear the sound of hundreds of voices echoing through the halls; unmistakably belonging to the second through seventh year students who had arrived earlier, assembled at their tables awaiting the start of the sorting ceremony. The new students soon arrived in a small chamber and crowded together, unable to continue further.

"Welcome to Hogwarts," said Professor McGonagall. "The start-of-term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the Great Hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room.”*

“Why the emphasis on spending time only with those in your house?” Catlin whispered to Draco and Harry who had positioned themselves on either side of her. Both boys shrugged in response, and Catlin went returned her attention to the Deputy Headmistress.

“The four houses are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history, and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points will be awarded the house cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours.”*

“Again, it’s house against house. I know Uncle Sirius and the others told us about this, but seriously? It’s only going to encourage dissent between the Houses. I thought the Headmaster wanted to promote house unity?” Catlin whispered to her two companions.

“Shh! Catlin, you’re going to get us into trouble before we’re even sorted!” Draco hissed at her in warning.

“The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting, I shall return when we are ready for you. Please wait quietly.”* The professor directed a reproachful look at the trio as she
concluded speaking, having overheard the whispered commentary during her speech.

As they waited, Neville and Hermione caught up with the trio. “There you three are! We couldn’t find you when we got out of the boats, it was like we’d been caught up in a mob scene and we were just dragged along for the ride!” Hermione stated, exasperated and Catlin giggled, bringing her hand to cover her mouth. “Some obnoxious red head was saying that there’s a test before we’re sorted. He said that his twin brothers told him that he would have to fight a troll! Surely that can’t be true, can it?”

Draco openly laughed. “It sounds like you found yourself a Weasley,” he said. “I wouldn’t worry too much about it. My godfather is the Potions professor, and he said that the twins are bloody brilliant and the current Hogwarts pranksters. I’m pretty sure they were just pulling their brother’s leg.”

“Oh, well, that’s a relief. Isn’t it, Neville?” she asked, looking to the boy next to her.

“Yes!” he exclaimed in response with a vigorous nod. “Do you happen to know what, or how, we’ll be sorted?”

“No. the adults refused to tell us. They said it’s a tradition for parents not to inform their kids before they go off to Hogwarts,” Harry denied with a shake of his head.

“Oh, well, at least it isn’t a troll,” Hermione said with a small frown, distressed at the idea that it might be a written test of some sort and she’d done nothing to prepare.

A sudden commotion arose by the doors leading into the Great Hall, and the five friends turned their attention in that direction, only to discover that a pair of ghosts had arrived deep in conversation, oblivious to their newfound audience. Professor McGonagall soon returned and shooed the two ghosts out of the cramped room. “Alright, all of you, form a line. Quickly now!” she called out once the ghosts had departed. “Very good! Follow me, please, and we’ll get you sorted.”

The five friends stayed together in line, one in front of the other, not wanting to be separated again as they entered the Great Hall. They could never have imagined such a peculiar and marvelous place. Thousands upon thousands of candles floated above four long tables, one for each house, casting a warm glow throughout the cavernous room. The tables were crowded with students and each place was set with a gleaming golden plate and goblet. Beyond the house tables was a raised dais, on top which stood another long table where the professors were seated.

The headmistress led them down the aisle between the centermost tables, bringing them to a halt just in front of the platform. Gazing out at the crowd, the quintet could spot the silvery shapes of several Hogwarts ghosts interspersed throughout the chamber. Looking up, the walls and columns faded away into an inky black sky featuring a magnificent star-scape.

“It’s bewitched to look like the sky outside,” Hermione whispered knowledgeably to her friends.

Professor McGonagall produced a rickety, old, three-legged stool and a battered hat that looked as if it had seen better days. The professor placed the stool on the dais before them and set the hat atop it, a rip that Harry imagined was a mouth, opened up and began to sing:

“Oh, listen close to what I say,
the truth I’ll share, it must prevail.
History’s been lost to my dismay,
the facts forgotten, the books, they fail!
The tale is one that you’ve all heard,  
of four friends who once united.  
Their ideas lost and now ignored,  
torn asunder and divided.

Fair Gryffindor, his beloved Slytherin,  
brought together by sisters dear.  
Lady Hufflepuff and her Ravenclaw,  
held their hearts in good cheer.

These Founders Four,  
an ideal they sought.  
A school with open doors,  
where all might come to be taught.

They crafted a hat, that’s me,  
to fill a role sorely needed.  
I sort you where you’re meant to be,  
my decisions to be heeded.

Gryffindor; Brash, Brave, and Bold,  
adorned his house in red and gold.  
Slytherin; Cunning, Pure, and Sly,  
chose green and silver for his eye.

Ravenclaw Wisdom, Intellect, and Wit,  
selected blue with a raven in bronze to carry it.  
Hufflepuff; Friendly, Hardworking, and Loyal,  
took yellow and black in which to toil.

I hope you haven’t found my yarn too boring.  
Now, on to sorting, where shall you be?  
Will you be bold and up for brave cavorting?  
You’re for Gryffindor, just wait, you’ll see!

Mayhap you’re the friendliest and loyal?  
Truest Helga’s den is the place to be!  
Perhaps you’re smart and full of wit?  
you fit in the Raven’s Nest, you’ll agree!

But wait, there’s more, that’s only three!  
The last, their founder most misunderstood.  
Brave, Smart, and Loyal was he,  
his lessons are corrupted by falsehood.

Where once there were the pure of heart,  
now live those whose blood is purest.  
Will you help bring Slytherin back to its start?  
It’s a job for those whose qualities are surest.

My tale was true, have no doubt,  
but now we’ve reached the end.  
The time has come to sort you out  
come and sit with me, my friends!”
If anyone had watched Albus Dumbledore during the hat’s song, they would have noticed that his usual twinkle left his eyes, replaced with barely concealed anger. *How dare that mangy, moth-bitten dishrag of a hat change the song they’d agreed upon! I will be having words!* he seethed.

Not wanting to draw unwanted attention, Dumbledore quickly stated to applaud along with the other faculty and students before subsiding as Minerva began calling up students to be sorted. As the sorting commenced and the first years began joining their new houses, Albus could only hope that when Harry was sorted the hat would do as it was told and sort the boy into Gryffindor where he belonged.

“Crabbe, Vincent!” Minerva called from her list.

A heavyset boy made his way up to the stool and Minerva placed the hat upon his head. *He’ll be in Slytherin, just like his Death Eater father,* Albus thought bitterly to himself, disgusted that he had to allow such children into *his* school.

“HUFFLEPUFF!” the hat shouted mere moments after being placed on the boy’s head. Albus glared at the hat, plotting a variety of unpleasant ways to dispose of the offending garment and oblivious to several students being sorted in the meantime.

“Dagworth-Granger, Hermione!”

He watched the girl glance back at a small cluster of waiting first years, each one giving her a nod of encouragement before she went and sat on the stool. *Stupid mudblood,* he sneered internally, *she thinks that she’s made friends here? Not for long, that’s for damned sure.*

“RAVENCLAW!” cried the hat.

The Ravenclaw table started their applause as the trim of girl’s robes and her tie were magically altered to the blue and bronze of her new house. *Perhaps it is for the best that she ends up there, though I would have preferred to have the know-it-all in Gryffindor to demotivate Harry from studying.* He thought, mildly frustrated that the hat was countermanding his orders yet again.

“Goyle, Gregory!”

“HUFFLEPUFF!” Another stocky boy with a Death Eater for a father. *They should have gone to Slytherin! Where they belong!* Albus seethed in silent anger.

The headmaster continued to listen along, and clap politely as other students were sorted. Some of them, he couldn’t care less where the hat chose to put them, but others only made his anger burn still hotter.

“Longbottom, Neville!”

*Ah! Now that boy will be going to the house I want him in, or I will be burning that damned hat!* Albus thought as he saw several children giving the shy, clumsy boy encouragement as he stumbled his way up to Minerva who placed the ancient pain-in-the-arse on his head.

After a couple minutes of deliberation, the hat finally shouted, “GRYFFINDOR!”

The boy must have been pleased as he nearly forgot to remove the hat from his head before making his way to the Gryffindor table. *Excellent!* Albus thought, pleased with the outcome.
A blonde boy, one that Albus recognized as having been part of the group giving the Longbottom brat encouragement, made his way to the stool. *That just won’t do.* Albus thought as the hat was lowered upon the boy’s head. The headmaster was surprised that the hat hadn’t called out ‘Slytherin’ the moment it touched the boy’s head, and Albus narrowed his eyes in suspicion. *Just what is he playing at?*

The shout of “RAVENCLAW!” caused Albus to see red, his anger barely contained.

“Potter, Harry!” was next on the list and the headmaster managed a small smile as his pawn finally stepped forward. The boy was taller and healthier than he would have liked, and certainly more independent, but if the hat did as he was told, Potter would be going to Gryffindor.

Potter sat on that stool with the hat for far longer than should have been necessary and Albus was becoming more concerned as the minutes dragged by. *What’s taking so long? There’s no decision to be made. Three syllables, Gryff-in-dor!*

Finally, the hat yelled out, “RAVENCLAW!”

It took everything in him to not incinerate the blasted thing on the spot. *Potter is not supposed to be smart! He’s meant to be ignorant of his place in the Wizarding World!* Albus desperately needed to speak with Minerva with regards to who she had sent to boy. He knew it wasn’t Hagrid like he had requested. *Blasted boy! Ruing all my well-laid plans!* He watched in disappointment as the boy happily sat down at the Ravenclaw table between Granger and Malfoy and seethed, paying no mind to the continuing sorting until a name captured his attention once more.

“Silvertongue-Stark, Catlin!”

Suddenly, the Hall went silent but for a few whispers. So, this was the brat whose father took custody of his most important pawn. Albus sat forward in his seat, his eyes watching intently. He was most curious as to where she would be placed, with luck she’d be placed in a house far from Potter.

“SLYTHERIN!”

Albus suppressed his impulse to grin as he clapped politely. *Excellent! She will be ostracized, and I’ll make sure the Potter boy wants nothing more to do with her.* He continued to watch idly as students continued sorted, his attention elsewhere, until Ronald Weasley’s name was called out. Albus rolled his eyes in aggravation, another pawn of his that was meant to keep an eye on Potter. Unfortunately, thanks to that glorified dishrag, that wouldn’t work as the idiotic boy would undoubtedly be going into Gryffindor.

“SLYTHERIN!” was the almost-immediate pronouncement when the hat touched the boy’s hair. Albus covered his shock quickly before smiling to himself as he realized what a perfect opportunity this could be. *Yes, this could work out well!*

~*~Hat’s POV~*~

It was the same thing every year. The barmy headmaster tells him what to sing for the Sorting Song, where to sort certain students, liberally doses him with Confundus Charms, and then he is taken to antechamber just off the Great Hall to wait for the deputy headmistress to retrieve him.

Hat let out a disgruntled sigh only to gasp as he felt the wards begin to sing. As Hogwarts let her magic flow unencumbered over him, informing him that the Founders’ heirs have arrived, it
washes away the spells that have been accumulating on him for several decades and their effects fade to nothingness. Pleased with the sudden freedom, Hat set about composing a new song, determined to infuriate the insufferable old fool by sorting the students into the houses where they best fit, without any regard for the headmaster’s demands.

After a time, the door to the chamber opened, and Minerva stepped in. “Ready?” she asked briskly as she picked him up by the point of his crown.

“As I am every year, Minerva,” he grumbled out, appalled at the callous treatment he was receiving. Minerva set him down atop the stool and he took the opportunity to survey the incoming first years. Somewhere among the incoming students are the heirs of the Founders and he was looking forward to their sorting. He couldn’t help wondering which houses they would end up in; it would be interesting to see if they fit best in the house of their ancestor or somewhere else entirely. The first few students were rather routine, until they came to: “Crabbe, Vincent!”

“Ah, very loyal. Yes… I see. I believe I know just the house for you, you will be able to make new friends there. It’d better be… HUFFLEPUFF!”

The hat was distantly aware that his most recent sorting had caused a small furor of conversation to break out in the room, but he paid it no mind as he quickly sorted ‘Davis, Tracey’ and came to: “Dagworth-Granger, Hermione!”

“Interesting! Made some new friends, I see. But you’re afraid that you may lose them now that you have them.”

“I thought I wanted to be in Gryffindor, but my friends Harry and Draco, and Catlin and Neville, they said that it didn’t matter what house I was in, that what was important were the friends I made and the fun of learning magic…” the girl thought, her conflicted thoughts apparent to the hat even without her prompting.

“I sense a strong desire in you both to learn and to make friends. Gryffindor will not be the best house for you,” he told her kindly.

He felt the girl fidget under him as she nodded, “I suppose you’re probably right.”

“Of course, I am. You will be able to make the friends you desire if I put you in… RAVENCLAW!”

Another handful of students passed until the headmistress called out: “Goyle, Gregory!”

“Yes, you’re just as loyal as your friend. You’ll do well together in… HUFFLEPUFF!”

The hat sat there with a growing sense of anticipation, quickly sorting through several more students as none of them wished to speak to him or ask for a specific house. He was eagerly looking forward to the sorting of the heirs; Hogwarts had informed him that there were three of them, two boys and a girl.

“Longbottom, Neville!”

“You are certainly brave… oh yes, I see it all here. Not afraid to stand up for what you believe in.”

“But I’m not brave…” Neville stuttered, even in his thoughts.

“Oh, but you are! There is no doubt as to where you belong, GRYFFINDOR!”
Another few students passed through and the hat was beginning to wonder if the heirs were going to all end up having last names beginning with the letter Z when “Malfoy, Draco!” was called up.

“Another Malfoy. Oh, and what is this? Ah, the Ravenclaw heir. We are most pleased to have you here at Hogwarts.”

“We’re pleased to be here too!” the boy replied excitedly.

“And a Seer as well. Rowena will be most pleased to learn of this, she will be able to help you harness your gift. No need to worry, young Malfoy. What I learn stays between us and Hogwarts. The headmaster will never learn of your secrets from me, this I promise.”

“It’s very reassuring to hear you say that. We were all quite worried about him finding out,” the boy responded with relief.

“Yes, I can see that. Now to get you sorted. I’m afraid that Slytherin is not for you like it was for your parents. You would do well in both Gryffindor and Hufflepuff, but I feel you would really shine in Ravenclaw. There you will learn all you need to help your friends and your mate in the coming war. Yes, War. With Albus Dumbledore, it will always lead to war.” the hat explained with conviction.

“You would know best. I will be satisfied with whichever house you deem appropriate.”

“Then it had better be…RAVENCLAW!”

After the Ravenclaw heir had moved off to join his housemates, the hat settled in with renewed patience as he sorted through the remaining M’s and lone N until, at the end of the P’s another name was called which piqued his interest. “Potter, Harry!” Here was the boy the headmaster had been so adamant that he sort into Gryffindor. He’d been curious to get a glimpse at the boy’s mind to see if he could discern what had piqued the old goat’s interest and now, he’d get his chance. He was unprepared for what he’d discover.

“Oho! The heir to both Gryffindor and Slytherin, it’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance.” Hat said with a bit of mischief. “Your fathers were quite the pranksters in their time, young Potter. And your mother... she was just as difficult to sort as you. You would do exceptionally well in both Gryffindor and Slytherin, or even in Hufflepuff. Brave, loyal, and cunning…”

“I’ll go to whichever house you believe I should. There is much that needs to be done, but I feel that, in order for me to complete my tasks, Gryffindor and Slytherin would be too restrictive,” Harry replied with conviction.

“Yes, I can see that you’re correct. That only leaves you with one choice... RAVENCLAW!”

Hat chuckled to himself as he sensed Dumbledore’s ire at the outcome of the boy’s sorting. The headmaster had dearly wanted the leverage over the boy that having him in Gryffindor would have given him. A pity for the headmaster that he’d not be taking orders now that he’d been freed to do his job as the founders had intended. A couple more students came through and Hat couldn’t help wondering when they’d get to the last heir, there were only three girls left waiting to be sorted when “Silvertongue-Stark, Catlin!” was called an he had his answer.

“A Silvertongue, now there’s a name I haven’t heard for many a century…”

“My grandfather, Loki Silvertongue. He is also known as…”

“Loki Odinson, Prince of Asgard. Yes, I can see it all here. You have a unique connection with
Death, just as your brother, Harry, does. They are different from each other, but I can still feel his Magic upon you both. Yes... I see... you’re also the Hufflepuff heir. You three will do great things here, Hogwarts will be restored to her former glory. I can see it, but I think you’d better start with... SLYTHERIN!"

The hat was pleased to have sorted the heirs of his creators. They would do well, and Hogwarts will finally be whole once again. The excitement over, he was more than eager for the sorting to conclude and return to his shelf to sit, forgotten by the meddlesome fool for another year. Forgotten so that he might communicate, without distractions, with Hogwarts herself.

“Weasley, Ronald!”

He sighed once again. Yet another Weasley. Just one more sorting to come for this generation of red-headed offspring and he dearly hoped that he would get a break of at least two and a half decades before the next generation would arrive. He had barely touched the head of the boy before he shouted, rather hastily, “SLYTHERIN!” The boy was overly ambitious for fame and money, to make matters worse he was a coward and lazy to boot. Only one house would do for this boy, and it certainly wasn’t Gryffindor. It was a shame he hadn’t been able to give the boy’s twin brothers a proper sorting. Slytherin would have suited those boys magnificently.

He sorted the final boy and soon enough he was removed from the hall and left in the antechamber once again. Shortly after being left alone, Fawkes flamed in and brought him back to his dusty old shelf. Oncesettled, he excitedly relayed the results of the sorting to Hogwarts so that she could pass it along to the Founders themselves. They would be excited to hear that their heirs were strong and determined to do what was right. Yes, this would be a most exciting year. He could hardly wait!

Chapter End Notes

POLL RESULTS:

For the students not mentioned in the sorting, they will remain in their cannon houses unless my muse says otherwise and deems their personalities will defer from cannon. So, for the time being, they remain cannon, unless they are mentioned in the chapter they appear in as being in a different house. (I hope that made sense!)

For those wondering why I changed the Ravenclaw mascot from an eagle to a raven, I have two reasons for it. The first being that I like ravens far better than eagles and I associate the Ravenclaw traits with the former more than with the latter. The second reason is because of the heavy dose of Norse mythology within my stories. The raven is symbolic of mind, thought and wisdom according to Norse legend, as their god Odin was accompanied by two ravens: Hugin who represented the power of thought and active search for information. The other raven, Mugin represented the mind, and its ability to intuit meaning rather than hunting for it.

Speaking of Norse Mythology, most of my references to it will follow the original Norse Mythology, rather than the Marvel Norse Mythology, especially in the movies. Ragnarok, to put it bluntly, angered my with the fact that they made Hela Thor and Loki’s sister, rather than Loki’s daughter. That and that it was Loki who was prophesied to instigate Ragnarok, not Hela. I was not a fan of that particular movie!
Please read and review!
Odin's Decision

Chapter Summary

What will Odin decide to do now that he has been confronted by Loki for his wrong doings? Will Loki Leave Asgard for good, or will Odin do what he should have done from the very beginning?

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own HP, Marvel, or Norse Mythology.

A big thanks to my beta for the amazing edits he does for me!

Hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Odin’s Decision

Odin’s Office, Asgard
September 1, 2001

Odin sat at the desk in his study, his son, Thor, and wife, Frigga, seated in the chairs placed before the desk, contemplating the recent events. He had been shocked by Loki’s pronouncement earlier that morning; the idea that his adoptive son would forsake his place in Asgard and declare war for a mortal child, it beggared belief. He glanced to his son, who still seemed to be in shock, even hours after Loki’s revelations and subsequent declaration. He had not wanted Thor to know of his actions regarding Loki’s children, especially after the prophecy of Hela and Loki instigating Ragnarök, the end of Asgard, had been given.

Perhaps his actions to prevent the fulfillment of the prophecy had been in error. If he had simply allowed Loki to raise his children rather than ‘disposing’ of them as he had, perchance that alone would have been enough to prevent the prophesied events from occurring. He could not have predicted that Loki would have found out the truth of his heritage; perhaps if he had revealed the truth of his son’s adoption earlier the anger and derision Loki had exhibited earlier would have been replaced with calm acceptance and confidence in the knowledge that he was loved as much as any biological child. Could it be that he, Odin, would ultimately be responsible for setting into motion a chain of events that ensured the downfall of Asgard?

Odin let out a heavy sigh. He could see now that he had made many mistakes with regard to his youngest child. This might be his last opportunity to set things right, to demonstrate to his adopted son that he was more than some political pawn and share with him the facts of his heritage the events that led to his adoption. That, of course, presumes that Loki would even be willing to entertain such a conversation. Perhaps an olive branch would be in order; he could release Fenrir
into his father’s care, and free Sleipnir from his role as the All-father’s warhorse. To have reduced his grandson to the part of a mere steed was unforgivable, and he could well understand Loki’s righteous anger towards him for having taken such an action. Yes, that is what he will do.

“Sleipnir will be released to take on his rightful role as a part of this family, as he should always have been. The same goes for Fenrir. My unthinking actions towards Loki and his offspring may well be what brings the Ragnarök down upon us. I can see now that, despite my best intentions, I have treated him, not as a member of this family, but instead as I would an unwanted outsider. This was my mistake, and I will do what I can to rectify it now.

“When those children are free from school, I will invite all of them, and their families, here to Asgard and introduce the girl as my great-granddaughter and Loki’s heir. Asgard would never accept Fenrir, Jörmungandr, or Sleipnir as his rightful heir, and Hela already has her own realm to rule over. I know that both Fenrir and his brother, Jörmungandr, are shape shifters, though I have locked their magic which prevents them from shifting into their more-human forms.”

“Father, I still don’t understand. Why have you done these things to Loki? What has he done to deserve this?” Thor asked, confused by all that had been revealed.

“As I said, I have made many mistakes where Loki was concerned. The Aesir feared his eldest three, and I took Sleipnir as my steed for he was fathered by the great stallion Svaðilfari. I can see now that it was wrong of me to do so.”

“It pleases me to hear of your change of heart, Husband. When will you do as you say?” Frigga asked, a pleased smile on her face.

“As soon as I can,” Odin replied, then stood and turned to Thor, “Come with me, my Son, and we will free your nephews. When that is done, I ask that you go and retrieve your brother from Midgard so that we may speak further of these matters. I would like to inform him that he need no longer hide when he goes to Midgard; he has family there, and I will not prevent him from seeing them. I will call for Hela while you bring Loki home, I will no longer restrict her to Helheim as I have in the past. Jörmungandr will also be free to traverse Midgard as he sees fit.”

“Of course, Father. I will be pleased to share these glad tidings with my brother,” Thor acquiesced, standing to join his father.

~*~Thor’s POV~*~

It had been quite a challenge to free Fenrir from his bindings. The wolf had reacted furiously upon catching sight of Odin and fought viciously against them before Thor was able to calm him and explain what they wished to do. As soon as the chain was removed, Odin dispelled the magic that prevented the great wolf from using his ability to shift. Once Odin apologized for his actions on behalf of the Asgardians, he told Fenrir that he would be free to join his father once he was able to speak to him. They brought him to the palace and gave him a room, clothes, and food before they departed to the stables where Sleipnir was housed.

Sleipnir was a magnificent being, standing tall and strong upon his eight legs with a silvery sheen to his gray coat. Thor could see the intelligence contained within the stallion’s gaze, but the moment the horse spotted Odin, his uncle spotted a bitterness he hadn’t noticed before.

“Greetings, Nephew,” Thor said, cautiously holding his hand out to Sleipnir. At his greeting, Sleipnir abruptly turned his head to regard Thor and whinnied, his confusion apparent in the sound.

“I have come to remove the collar that binds you to me, Grandson. I have wronged you greatly, just
as I have wronged your mother,” Odin said. Thor watched as Sleipnir stepped back, away from Odin’s reaching hands, the confusion becoming more evident on the equine’s face as he whinnied again.

“Perhaps you should remove it, Thor. I have not treated Sleipnir well and he distrusts me greatly,” Odin said, sadness and regret evident in his eyes as he lowered his hands and stepped away from the stall.

Thor nodded before moving to open the gate and stepping just inside of his nephew’s stall. He held up his hands, not wanting to startle the great horse. “Easy, Sleipnir, I’m only here to help. Your mother will be here soon, and he will be pleased to see you, your elder brother, Fenrir, and your sister, Hela.” His tone was calm and gentle, “I only wish to remove the collar around your neck.”

Thor kept his hands raised as he waited patiently for Sleipnir to approach him. It took several minutes before Sleipnir worked up the nerve to approach him cautiously. When the stallion was standing before him, Thor calmly lowered his hand and placed it on his nephew’s neck, fingers resting lightly in the horse’s mane. Sleipnir whinnied in response, shaking his head anxiously for a moment before falling still. Thor slowly brought his hands to the clasp of the collar, his nephew’s head resting on his shoulder, before quickly releasing it and exiting the stall to give the stallion space.

It took several minutes for Sleipnir to calm himself, whinnying and shaking his head in agitation. Once his grandson had gone still once more, Odin was quick to remove the other spells he had placed upon him which locked him in his current form. The moment they were removed, Sleipnir, just as Fenrir had, began to shift. Before Thor knew it, his nephew lay on the straw that covered the floor in his human form.

“Sleipnir?” Thor asked gently as he knelt before him, “Are you well, nephew?”

“W-why now?” he asked, his voice hoarse and eyes accusing as he stared at Odin, who stood behind Thor.

“Your mother confronted me today in anger over my past actions with regards to his family. I have been forced to acknowledge that his anger towards me is not unwarranted and has resulted from my many mistakes. Know that I will not ask for your forgiveness at this time, nor will I ask Loki for his, as I have not earned it. You have a niece, Catlin. Loki would call for war if I even considered doing to her what I have done to you and your siblings. I do not wish for war, I hope to make amends and work to repair the rift my actions have created in our relationship.”

Having apparently said his piece, Thor watched as his father left the stable. Turning back to Sleipnir, Thor spoke again. “If I had known what my father had done to you and your siblings, I would have confronted him centuries ago. You have my apologies, nephew, for not taking action before now.”

Sleipnir slowly came to a kneeling position as he focused his gaze upon Thor, “You… did not… know?” he asked, his words coming slowly.

Thor shook his head and moved to sit more comfortably. “No, I did not. Your mother never spoke of it, and neither did the All-father. I only found out today when Loki confronted our father. I have never seen my brother so angry and so heartbroken in all the millennia we have been brothers.”

Sleipnir sat there in silence, processing the many things he had been told. “When… when will I see my mother?” he asked quietly.
“I will go to retrieve him as soon as you are settled in with Fenrir at the palace. He is currently on Midgard with his granddaughter’s family. It is my understanding that she and her friends are on their way to a school of magic. She has inherited his magic, as well as the magic from her grandmother’s family,” Thor informed him.

“I… I am allowed… to go stay… in the palace?” he asked, his speech coming more readily and becoming clearer the more he spoke.

“You are,” Thor confirmed with a nod.

Sleipnir nodded and slowly stood, only to stumble and force Thor to catch him. Aware of his nephew’s lack of clothing, he removed his cape and wrapped the cloth around him. “I apologize. I do not have the magic to give you the clothes you need.”

“It is ok… Uncle,” Sleipnir said, holding the cloth close about him as he allowed Thor to guide him out from the stables and up towards the palace. Once Thor had his youngest nephew settled in with his eldest, he made his way to Heimdall so that he could go and fetch his brother.

**Stark House, London**

**Same Day**

Thor landed in what appeared to be the backyard of a large house. It wasn’t long before Loki and another man emerged from the back door of the structure. “Brother, Father has come to a decision. One, I feel, you will approve of.”

He watched as Loki gazed at him, his skepticism evident upon his face. “Since when has the All-father wished to please me?” he asked.

“He sends me with a message, though I am still here to take you back to Asgard.”

“And what message does he send?” the unknown man asked.

“He asked me to inform you that you no longer need to hide when you come to Midgard, that he won’t prevent you from seeing your family. What’s more, he has freed Fenrir from his chain and Sleipnir will no longer be his steed while Jörmungand is free to roam Midgard. He also wishes me to inform you about his decision when it comes to your granddaughter.”

Thor watched as surprise filtered across his brother’s face. It was clear that it was more than he had ever dared expect. “My… my sons are free from their prisons?” Loki asked in disbelief.

“They are, I was there as a witness and to aid in their release. They now reside in rooms in your wing at the palace, Brother, and await your return.”

“I… I must go, Tony. My sons, I have not spoken to them in centuries, and I have missed them terribly,” Loki told the man next to him.

“Of course. Go, they must be anxious to see you. I understand and will let Cat know that all is well. Take care of yourself, Loks, and don’t hesitate to bring your children home to Malibu. If necessary, I will buy a bigger house to ensure that there is plenty of room for all of us.”

“Thank you, Tony,” Loki replied earnestly before stepping forward to join Thor. Once his brother stood beside him, Thor raised his hammer and called, “Heimdall!” and they were gone.

~*~Tony’s POV~*~
After hearing of the things Odin has done to Loki over the millennia, Tony was just as shocked and surprised as his friend but also pleased that his little girl would now be safe. Tony let out a sigh of relief, the tension from this morning finally leaving his shoulders, and set about his tasks as he waited for Loki’s return. He pulled out his phone and sent a text to his daughter.

*Catlin, Thor has returned and taken your grandfather to Asgard. Odin’s decision about you is a positive one. I will let Loki inform you of everything that Odin has decided when he sees you after the feast. Love you, Dad.*

He put his StarkPhone away and walked back into the house to share the new development with the Malfoys. Though this situation primarily affected Catlin, Harry and Draco were indirectly involved as well. With Sirius and Remus still over in the US, he would have to wait until later in the day to inform them.

Chapter End Notes

Please read and review!!
Family Reunion

Chapter Summary

What is Odin up to? Is he genuine, or will he still make mistakes. A family torn apart, finally brought together once more.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own anything unfortunately!
Big thanks to my beta!
Please enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Family Reunion

Odin’s Office, Asgard
September 1, 2001

~*~Loki’s POV~*~

As soon as they landed in Asgard, Loki made his way directly to his wing. He wanted to see his sons before he met with his father. He could hardly believe that the All-father would give up control of the fastest and greatest horse in the Nine Realms, let alone the largest wolf. He could only imagine the anger his sons must hold towards Odin for the prisons they had been placed in.

It didn’t take him long to find the room given to Fenrir and Sleipnir, guided by the sound of Hela’s voice speaking to them both. He pushed open the doors and stopped abruptly; the sight of three of his children, together here on Asgard, was truly a miracle.

“Father,” Hela said as she moved to him and pulled him into a hug, “It is good to see you again. How is Catlin? And the boys? Have they made it to Hogwarts yet?”

Loki hugged her back tightly as he nodded. “They should be getting sorted right now. I have no doubt that Catlin will be in Slytherin. She may be the Hufflepuff heir through her grandmother, but she is a snake through and through,” he said with a smile.

He turned to his sons and just stared. He had seen both boys in their human forms as well as their respective wolf and horse forms, but they were but toddlers at the time. They had grown into such powerful young men, despite their captivity. “It is truly wonderful to see you both before me once again,” he said with tears welling up in his eyes, his voice choked with emotion.

“Mother,” Sleipnir said as he approached him. “It has been so long,” he whispered before Loki
pulled him into a firm embrace.

“My sweet baby boy, how I have missed you.” Loki turned to Fenrir, his eldest and biggest child, arm open for him, “Fenrir, you’ve grown so strong, and so tall. Come, I wish to hold you.”

Fenrir quickly moved into the space his father created to hug him as well. “Father… why has it taken so long for him to release us?” he asked softly.

“Because I finally learned the truth of who I am and refused to allow the man to have any more power over me than he already did. I have spent so long working to gain your freedom, only for him to refuse me time and time again. I have missed you all so terribly,” Loki told him gently.

The four of them spent time together reconnecting, with Loki and Hela telling Sleipnir and Fenrir about Catlin and her two friends until there was a knock on the door. “Loki, Father wishes to see you and your children in his office,” Thor called through the door.

Loki let out a sigh as he rose to his feet and moved to the door. Opening it, Loki said, “Thank you, Thor. Please tell Father that we will be there shortly, and give him my thanks for allowing me the opportunity to spend some time with my sons before we speak.”

“Of course, Brother. Mother will be there as well,” Thor informed him with a nod, before turning and heading down the hall.

Turning to his children, Loki smiled and said, “I suppose it is time to go face the All-father. From what I gathered from Thor, there was more to his decision that Odin wished to share with me himself. I find myself most eager to learn the rest of our fate.”

Loki led the way towards the All-father’s office, with Hela, Fenrir, and Sleipnir following him in silence. It took the party mere minutes to arrive at the door to the All-father’s office. Loki knocked, and they waited no more than a moment before a loud “Enter!” was heard; he opened the door and entered the spacious room with his children. Thor and Frigga were standing waiting for them next to the desk at which Odin was seated.

“I am pleased to see you, Loki, now that your temper, and mine, has calmed,” Odin said with an awkward smile. “I was more than happy to allow you time with your children before speaking to you. It was the least I could do after all the wrong I have done to you and your children. Before we get to the matter of your granddaughter, I have a few things that need to be said.

“The first and most important is that I am truly sorry for the hurt and anger I have caused you and your family over the centuries. It was never my intent, but even the best of intentions are no excuse for what I did. You are my son in every way that matters, Loki, and I have not treated you as such. For that, I apologize, though I wish you to know that I do not seek your forgiveness. That is for you to give to me when you feel that I have earned it.”

Loki stared at the man before him, surprised by the emotion and the sincerity that the All-father exhibited, along with the apology. He looked at his mother, only to see a proud and happy smile on her face. “I… I thank you for your apology, Father. It… it is not something I ever expected to receive from you. I cannot grant you forgiveness, not yet, but you have made great strides toward earning it.”

Odin nodded in understanding. “I have made a decision with regard to several matters that concern you and your family, Loki. The first being that I wish to perform a blood adoption, making you a true son of Asgard. Secondly, I will tell you of your history, you deserve to know how you came to be with us and the reason we kept you as our son. Next, I have already completed the paperwork to
officially establish Catlin as your heir.” At this, he raised his hand, forestalling any attempt to object. “I have made this decision because your sons are feared by our people, though they are free to do as they please within the confines of our laws and the laws of the other realms, and Hela is already a queen in her own right. With this in mind, Catlin is the logical choice. Finally, I wish to meet the rest of your family. They are all welcome to visit Asgard and will be treated as the royal guests that they are.”

Loki did nothing, could do nothing, but stand there in shock at what he’d been told. First, the Allfather had apologized, something that was rarely done. Then he tells him that he would be blood adopted and his past revealed, before informing him that Catlin would be fully recognized as a princess of the Asgardian Royal Family. It was all so very surreal that Loki couldn’t help wondering if he was dreaming, surely this couldn’t be real.

“It seems, Husband, that you have rendered our son speechless. I am pleased with what you have decided,” Frigga said, her happiness evident in her tone.

“It will be wonderful to get to know your family, Brother,” Thor added with a booming voice and a broad smile of his own.

“I… I do not understand. Why are you doing this? Why now?” Loki asked, confused but hopeful.

“Because I have wronged you and made many, many unforgivable mistakes, Loki. I was so concerned with preventing a prophecy that spoke of you bringing about Ragnarök, only to come to realize that it was my very behavior that would have led you down that path. I do not claim to be perfect, nor do I refuse to acknowledge my mistakes. I wish to do better by you and to do that, I must try my best to make amends for the wrongs I’ve done you,” Odin said, guilt weighing heavily in his voice.

“I… Thank you, Father. I must ask to be excused. I had promised Catlin that I would let her know of your decision before she went to bed for the night. I would also like to introduce her to her uncles as well.”

“Oh course, you may do as you wish. Please relay my invitation to those who would come,” Odin said with a nod and a small smile.

“I will, though they won’t be able to visit until the middle of December. Good night, Father, Mother, Thor. Until we next meet.” Loki left, waving for his three children to follow him.

Upon arriving at the Bifrost, Loki stopped and looked over his three children, “We will be going to Hogwarts first, before going to Catlin’s father’s home. He has welcomed both of you into his home for as long as you wish. He is a good man, and I ask only that you respect him.”

“Of course, Mother,” Sleipnir said with a smile and a nod. He was pleased to be leaving Asgard to go somewhere new and different, and even more glad that he would be with his family while doing so.

Fenrir gave a nod while Hela simply smiled. With a nod of his own, Loki turned and led them over to Heimdall, giving him the coordinates for their destination. Upon landing, Loki sent a message to Severus, alerting him to their arrival so that he could gather Catlin, Harry, and Draco so that they may speak.

**Severus’ Office, Hogwarts**

**Same Day**
Once Severus received Loki’s message, he went to the Slytherin common room after sending a message to Filius, asking him to bring both Harry and Draco to his office regarding a family emergency. As soon as he entered to common room, the students quieted. “Miss Silvertongue, your grandfather is in my office. He wishes to give you an update on your family. I got the impression that it was urgent. I’ve already sent a message to Professor Flitwick asking him to bring Misters Potter and Malfoy as they are also involved.”

“Thank you, Professor,” Catlin said with a hint of a nervous smile. He knew how worried his little mate was about Odin’s discovery of her existence.

He gave a brisk nod to his prefects and said, “Make sure the first years get to bed at a decent hour. I’ll be escorting Miss Silvertongue to her dorm after she has finished speaking with her grandfather. Good night.” With that, Severus spun around and left the common room with Catlin following behind him.

Once they were a good distance from the common room, Catlin spoke up. “Do you know if Grandfather is angry?”

“He sounded as though he was in a state of shock. I imagine that whatever Odin has decided, it will be a surprise to us all,” he replied with what he hoped was a comforting smile towards her. He knew that they were both resisting the urge to hold hands, something they had both come to enjoy during the summer but would be inappropriate for their student-teacher relationship.

“Is it just Grandfather coming, or is Dad with him?”

“He isn’t alone. From my understanding, Hela is with him, along with two others, neither of whom is your father,” Severus explained.

Catlin nodded in response, and they continued on in silence. When they reached the office, she saw that Professor Flitwick had arrived with Draco and Harry. She gave them a tremulous smile and a shy wave, telegraphing her nervousness with such atypical behavior.

“Are you alright, Catlin?” Harry asked as he approached her and wrapped her in a hug.

“Yeah, just nervous. I am unsure of what to expect. Aunt Hela is with him too,” she replied as she returned her brother’s hug.

“I’m sure all is well,” Draco offered with a comforting smile. “With Auntie Hela with him, it must be, right?”

Catlin nodded then turned to Severus, “Can we see him now, Professor?”

“Of course,” he replied before turning to Flitwick. “I’ll see to it that the boys are safely back in their common room before it gets too late, Filius. Lord Silvertongue understands that they need their sleep after a long day.”

“Very well, Severus. I’ll see you boys in the morning at breakfast. Don’t stay up too late,” he warned before departing.

Severus opened his office door and entered in advance of the children, looking around the room he spotted Loki and Hela accompanied by two unknown men. He raised a brow in surprise before asking, “Bringing strangers into Hogwarts? Really, Loki, I had thought better of you than that.”

If Loki hadn’t known the man as well as he did, he would have taken offense. As it was, Hela giggled, a dainty hand covering her mouth as she did, while Fenrir gave a menacing growl at the
potential threat and Sleipnir took a step back, placing himself behind his older brother.

“It is good to see you too, Severus,” the god said with amusement.

“Grandfather!” Catlin cried as she rushed over to him for a hug.

Loki bent down low to catch his granddaughter up in a hug. “All is well, Little Cat, you have nothing to fear from the All-father. Before we continue, I would like to introduce you to your uncles.” Loki turned so that they were facing the two men, motioning for Harry and Draco to come to him. “Catlin, Harry, and Draco, these are my sons, Fenrir and Sleipnir. Boys, this is your niece, Catlin, her cousin, Harry Potter, and Harry’s mate, Draco Malfoy,” he said, pointing to each one as he said their name. “The dour man beside me is Catlin’s mate, Severus Snape.”

“I should take offense to being called ‘dour,’ Loki Odinson,” Severus drawled with a raised brow.

“You should, but you won’t,” Hela said as she stepped forward and took Catlin from her father’s arms. “I have missed you, Little Neko. Tell me, what houses have the three of you been sorted into?”

Draco grinned and spoke up, “The hat sorted me into Ravenclaw. He even told me that I would get to meet Rowena Ravenclaw and that she would help me with my gift. I can hardly wait.”

Harry rolled his eyes at Draco and said, “I’m in Ravenclaw as well. The hat said that I would do well in all of the houses, but none would help me complete my tasks better than Ravenclaw. I won’t be used by Dumbledore as I would have been in Gryffindor, the school won’t go against me as an allegedly evil Slytherin, and none will think me weak as they would have were I in Hufflepuff. Ravenclaw was really the best choice for me.”

“And you, Little Cat?” Loki asked.

“Slytherin,” she said with a grin. “Hat said it really was the only place for me, even if I am Hufflepuff’s heir. He said that because I was raised by Loki Odinson and Hela Lokidottir, it was the only house for me.”

“Ah, it is as I thought, then. I am not surprised by the results of any of your sortings. Come, let us sit. There is much to discuss before we must leave,” Loki said, waving his hand causing several comfortable chairs to spring into being.

“If you don’t mind, Father, I think I will be more comfortable as a wolf,” Fenrir said hesitantly.

“It isn’t a problem, Fenrir, you’re welcome to change into the form you’re most comfortable in; though I ask, if you’re able, that you shrink your size so that we are not crowded in here,” Loki said with a kind smile toward his eldest.

Fenrir nodded and shifted forms into a beautiful wolf. He was larger than the wolves typically found in the UK but remained considerably smaller than his full size. He moved over to the chairs where his sister and brother were seated and laid before them in an almost protective manner.

Catlin found herself hissing at the canine before regaining control with a shake of her head. “I’m sorry, Uncle, I meant nothing by it. Canines are the natural enemy of felines. I hope you take no offense.”

The wolf gave a nod to his niece before laying his head down on his front paws. “He understands, Little Neko. I told him several hours ago that you were due for a Neko creature inheritance,” Hela said with a smile.
Relieved and reassured, Catlin, Draco, and Harry took their seats beside Loki and Severus. “What did Odin say, Grandfather?” Catlin asked with her earlier nervousness back in full force.

“He has decided to acknowledge you on Asgard as the princess that you are. Further, he has chosen to officially recognize you as my heir.”

The children looked at the god in shock, “Truly?” Catlin asked.

“Truly, Little Cat. But there is more. First, he has promised to tell me of my history. He has also informed me that he wishes to blood adopt me, along with Mother, making me their son in all ways and a rightful prince of Asgard. Lastly, he has requested that my Midgardian family visit Asgard. That includes Draco and his parents, Harry along with his father and uncle, Severus, and your father.

“Furthermore, Odin has apologized to me, an apology which I have chosen to accept. He has even stated that he is not asking for my forgiveness but seeks to earn it. He wishes to make amends for his past mistakes. To be honest, I am still in shock about the whole thing,” Loki explained.

Severus sat there in as much shock as the children. These were not the actions of the All-father they had heard about, and they could only hope that all would turn out well for Loki.

“And my uncles?” Catlin asked softly.

“Given their freedom, even Jörmungandr. They are free to travel the realms at their leisure, as long as they follow the laws of the realms they visit. Fenrir, Jörmungandr, and Sleipnir have all inherited my shapeshifting ability, though they can only change between their human and animal forms. Think of it as a reverse Animagus transformation. Fenrir is a wolf, Sleipnir is a horse, and Jörmungandr is a sea serpent and the only child, other than you, Catlin, to inherit my Parseltongue ability.”

Catlin grinned and hugged her grandfather. She was relieved to know that she had been accepted and wouldn’t be torn away from her family. The family of eight sat around for the next hour getting to know each other until it was time for Draco, Harry, and Catlin to return to their common rooms. Hela took her brothers to Stark House, while Severus returned the boys to Ravenclaw Tower and Loki escorted Catlin to the Slytherin common room.

It had been an eventful first day of school at Hogwarts, but all those involved, other than Albus Dumbledore, were pleased with how the day had turned out. Secrets had been revealed, mistakes acknowledged, and a family once torn apart had now been reunited. The only questions that remained as tired eyes closed were what the rest of the year would hold for the ever-growing family and how Albus Dumbledore will react to his new plans failing before they even had the chance to fully form.

Chapter End Notes

Please read and review! Your comments mean a great deal!
Chapter Summary

An glimpse into a wolf's mind and a journey to acceptance, acknowledgement, and freedom, with a little bit of magic mixed in.

“It was only moments later, with Fenrir back at Remus’s bedside, when Severus stepped through, his potions bag in hand. 'Thank you for coming so early, Severus,' Remus said with a smile.

Remus watched as Severus raised an eyebrow before saying, 'What have you gotten yourself into this time, Wolf?'

'A bit of this, a bit of that, and some Moon magic along the way, apparently,' Remus replied, voice still filled with his earlier amusement.”

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own it!

A/N: I would like to say that I'm sorry for the delay in updates since before Christmas. As it is, both my beta and I have been busy with RL. At this time all chapters from this chapter will be unedited until time can be found once again. Once the chapters have been revised, they will be uploaded and a note made saying that it has been edited.

I would also like to note that I will be uploading chapters on a biweekly basis.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Interlude

Malibu, California

September 23, 2001

~*~Remus’s POV~*~

It had been three weeks since the kids headed off to Hogwarts and the house was quiet. It was nice to see his honorary nephew so happy and making friends. The Malfoy’s had been a surprising welcome and a fount of information for both he and Sirius about the wizarding world. After that night, Remus had done everything he could to avoid thinking about what had happened that Halloween and to put it all behind him. He hadn’t question his best friend, and mate’s, incarceration. It had been chaos, and everyone suspected everyone. He hadn’t even questioned Dumbledore, trusting him with his cub’s welfare.
Remus let out a heavy sigh, trying his best to put the past in the past, to live in the here and now. To be with his mate and his suddenly larger family. With the full moon a little over a week away, his wolf was restless. Of course, it certainly didn’t help that there was another, stronger alpha wolf in residence.

Fenrir...how he hated that name. It was the name of his own sire, but this Fenrir was far different. He struggled being human, having been locked in his wolf form for centuries. Remus didn’t even want to think about what that had been like. And now, he was here, more used to the wolf and always, always trying to encourage him to embrace the wolf, that he was only hurting himself by denying apart of himself.

“Cub,” came the voice of the very man he was thinking about. “You’re thinking too much.”

Remus sighed, “You don’t understand. I was a child and forced into a lifestyle I never wanted. I never wanted this, I still don’t. It’s not as easy as you seem to think. Your wolf is natural. You were born this way, not made.” Remus stood from his chair and started to walk out to the patio for fresh air. So different from the UK. Late September and it was still hot out. He loved it, and so did Sirius.

“You may have been made, Cub, but that is no excuse to be ignorant of who you are now. Father told me you insist on taking that sludge, even after he told you that it was poisoning you slowly,” Fenrir said with a gravelly voice. “I may not understand your situation, but I do understand your wolf’s, and your’s, pain. Father hoped we could learn from each other, though I don’t understand how.”

“He wants me to show you what it means to be human,” Remus said softly. He could understand why Loki wanted them to work together, but he still wasn’t sure if this was what he wanted. Sirius had asked him to try, that was all. Just to try. And Remus being Remus, couldn’t refuse his mate. He knew it would be hard, going against everything he knew, everything he was, to accept the one thing he hated about himself.

He turned towards the tall man with his storm gray eyes and black locks. “I will try it your way, Fenrir,” he couldn’t repress the shudder that racked through him as he said the name, “as long as your patient with me, and I will help you with all this…” he waved his arm about him, “…human stuff.”

Remus was taken aback by the sudden and intense smile the other man gave him. He had never seen such joy, such happiness on a man’s face before. Sure, he has seen it, on Sirius, and Harry, and on others, like James and Lily when they got married or when Harry was born, but never so fiercely as on Loki’s eldest child.

“I thank you, Cub, for your help, and your promise of trying.” Fenrir moved to return inside before he stopped at the door and looked over his shoulder, “I ask that you don’t take that potion, that you meditate between now and the moon. If all goes well, I will have you not only a part of my pack, but as my cub, officially. It is time you know what pack truly means to a wolf,” and with that, he turned and entered the house, in search of his brother if Remus had to guess.

Remus sighed once more and shook his head. He wasn’t sure what he was getting himself in, but he had best send a message to Severus to not make the potion this month, and that Fenrir was planning on teaching him the ways of the wolf, whatever that meant. He followed Fenrir inside moments later but went to the room he currently shared with Sirius. Perhaps the wolf knew what he was talking about and decided to meditate as much as he could.

It hadn’t been the first time Fenrir had suggested meditation. Even explained it to him: “It will help...
you to connect with your inner self, with your wolf. To understand yourself, is to understand the wolf. Once you fully know who and what you are, only then will you become one with yourself." It didn’t hurt to try, Remus thought to himself as he made a comfortable spot on the floor for him to start meditating. It was going to be a long week and a half.

**Silvertongue Manor, London**

**October 2, 2001 – Full Moon**

Just as he had figured, it had been a long and hard week and a half before the full moon. He had done as Fenrir asked. He didn’t take the potion, he meditated for two hours, an hour after waking up, and an hour before going to sleep. He had felt Moony, was drawn to him. His connection felt strong when he was near the alpha, and Moony yearned to be closer, to have acceptance, true acceptance. Upon a closer look, Remus learned that it wasn’t just Moony that wanted that, but Remus as well. He learned that he and the wolf wanted the same things. Freedom, acceptance, pack, mate, it was all so much and took Remus days to unravel all that he had learned.

Sirius would meditate with him, help him cope and come to terms with what he learned. Remus wasn’t quite whole yet, but he would be soon enough, that much he knew. Three days before the full moon, Remus had taken a purging potion to rid himself of most of the toxins in his body before the change. Both Loki and Fenrir said that it would help with the transition with the poison purged from his system. He had come this far trusting the two, he would continue to do so, even if the very thought of not taking Wolfsbane terrified him.

He was pleased when Catlin said that he and Fenrir could use her Manor on the outskirts of London. There were 40 acres of wooded area, plenty of space for two wolves to hunt and run to their hearts content. Of course, he was disappointed that Sirius wouldn’t be there for this moon. Fenrir said that he needed to be alone with a new alpha, to learn, to accept, and be accepted. Remus had grudgingly agreed to Fenrir’s request, telling his mate that there would be other moons to run beneath together.

“Cub, are you ready?” Fenrir asked as he approached from behind.

Remus let out a shaky sigh, “As ready as I’ll ever be.” He turned and looked at the other man, “Tell me again what I’ll expect after the change?” hoping to calm his nerves with the knowledge of what would happen.

“After the change, I will force you to submit to me as your alpha. After that, I will show you how to hunt for prey, to differ decisions to those above you. Wolves have a hierarchy. There is the alpha male and alpha female, and beneath them is the beta. After the beta is the lowest of the pack, the omega. The wolves that are left in the pack fall somewhere between the beta and the omega. As of now, there will only be the two of us in our pack, plus your mate. You have the potential to be an alpha, if you allow yourself to be. But tonight, and within my pack, you will most likely be designated as the beta.”

Remus nodded as he looked in the direction of where the full moon would rise. “I understand all that, I do. It’s the losing myself to the wolf that terrifies me. The werewolf that turned me, his name is also Fenrir,” again he shuddered at the name and the memories it brought up, “He is a true monster, more wolf than man, but not in the way that you are. He delights in the slaughter and turning of others, especially that of children…” his voice trailed off, his mind attempting to block the memories of the night he was turned and the following full moon where he completed the transformation. The fear in his mother’s eyes, the contempt and anger in his fathers. The silver cages that he was subjected to as a child before going to Hogwarts. It was a nightmare that refused
“Once you have submitted to me, I will bite you myself, over the mark your sire gave you. After this moon, I will speak with Father and see about a potion. He said that there are such potions that allows someone to adopt another, sharing their blood. If you consent to this, the potion should help you gain more control and provide you with the support that you clearly need.” Remus looked at the man next to him and saw Fenrir grin, “Besides, Father would be pleased with that outcome, it will teach me that there is more to life than being a wolf, to have family outside a pack.”

Remus gave a huff of amusement and shook his head with a small smile. “After the moon, we will discuss it more. To do some research to see what your blood, added to mine, would do. I would feel better with the idea if I knew the outcome for sure.”

In the distance, there was a howl, and the full moon came out from behind the clouds it hid behind, bathing the two in moonlight. Remus felt his bones snapping and changing, but quickly found himself falling into his meditation, blocking out the excruciating pain and acknowledging his inner wolf, letting Moony free.

~*~Moony’s POV~*~

When the pain from the change finally stopped, Moony looked up at the man before him and growled ferociously, but there was no fear, just sympathy. That only made him angrier. He didn’t need anyone’s sympathy, or their pity. He lunged toward the man, jaws snapping, wanting to taste his flesh between his teeth, only to find himself on his back with a wolf far bigger than he and pinning him to the ground, snarling back at him.

This other wolf wanted him to submit, but he refused and fought back, snapping at the others neck, kicking his legs as he fought to gain purchase and stand so that he was no longer in a vulnerable position. This wolf may be an alpha, but so was he, and he would fight for his position at the head of the pack.

Moony snarled once more as the two wolves circled each other. The other made him look like a cub, so tall it was. In a part of his mind, where the man resided, he felt their fear. Moony shook his head and growled at the other that shared his mind before he pounced on the larger wolf, only to be pinned again, but more securely. He struggled to free himself once more, but to no avail. Then suddenly, the wolf above him grasped his neck, teeth not breaking the skin as the wolf held him there.

He let out a pitiful whine and struggled weakly to once more try to free himself from the grasp of the more powerful wolf, but soon submitted, showing his neck to his new alpha. It was several minutes where Moony lay beneath his alpha as he waited, fear in his heart, that he would not be accepted into this new pack. He knew full well that he was weak, sickly, not thanks to the other and the poison he drank every month, but perhaps he would have pack here, to be accepted and to learn.

It felt like ages before the other let him go, stepping back and sitting on his haunches as he watched Moony stand on shaky legs and meekly walk over to him, head down in submission. The larger wolf nodded his approval and Moony let out a huff as he laid at the feet of his new alpha. The alpha moved and laid next to Moony, licking his face, in which Moony shook his head and let out an annoyed huff, only for the other to give a bark of canine laughter.

It was only an hour or so later before Alpha stood once more and motioned for Moony to follow. He stood and did as he was told before Alpha dashed into the trees surrounding them, Moony following closely behind him, watching for cues as to what his alpha wanted from him as they
hunted. For hours, the two ran beneath the moon, free to be themselves. They would chase the smaller animals in between hunting for bigger prey. Once they were able to corner a deer, they closed in on it, fear filling the air, and with a nod from Alpha, Moony launched himself at their dinner and let his jaws clench around the deer’s neck, taking it down as he swiftly, with a rough shake of his head, broke its neck.

Moony dragged the felled deer over to his alpha, hoping for that same nod of approval. Once he got it, he placed the beast before Alpha and let him take his share before being allowed to partake of the meal with him.

Just before the moon set once more, Moony and Alpha were back in the clearing from before, the one where they had changed. Alpha sat in the center, gazing at him with knowing eyes. Moony sat before his alpha, head tilted to the side, his neck and shoulder exposed to the stronger wolf, waiting for what he hoped would change him, to mark him and his new beginning. It was only moments later that the alpha stepped toward him before Moony let out a whimper as his alpha bit his shoulder where his sire once marked him.

He felt magic swirl around him, the pain from the bite suddenly gone as a silver… something… began to surround them both. Moony looked up at the setting moon and let out a howl of acceptance that he didn’t quite understand before the magic around them flashed a brilliant white and Moony knew no more.

Malibu, California

October 5, 2001

It took Remus two days to recover from the moon. What ever happened had been a mystery to him. When he woke up, he felt years younger, stronger, healthier than he had been in decades. Fenrir had been sitting beside his bed, asleep, apparently waiting for him to wake.

~*~Flashback~*~

“A…Alpha?” Remus asked, his voice breaking, though he didn’t understand why, nor did he understand why he called the man Alpha.

“Your awake. Good, I was becoming worried when you didn’t wake hours after the moon set and the sun rose,” Fenrir commented as he sat forward, watching him intently.

“W…What happened?” Remus asked as he moved to sit up, only to struggle momentarily. He allowed Fenrir to help him sit, placing more pillows behind him so he could lean back.

“You did well, Cub. You accepted the gift of the Moon, and my claim over you as my beta and as my cub. I believe it was the Moon’s magic that overwhelmed you and changed you. I believe you will have a much easier time during the full moons.”

Remus blinked at him, shook his head and looked down at his hands. The scars from years of shifting by himself, from not accepting his wolf, or himself, were no longer there. Just looking at his hands, he found himself overwhelmed of what else had changed. “Can you…can you call Severus?” Remus asked. He trusted the man to caste a simple diagnostic charm to see what happened. He had no reason to doubt his alpha, but he would still like to know.

With a nod, Fenrir stood and moved to the fireplace, taking a handful of floo powder before looking back at Remus for instruction. “Just toss the powder on the fire, once it turns green, you call out ‘Severus Snape’s Quarters, Hogwarts’ as clearly as you can before you stick your head
Remus watched the other man do as he was told with amusement at his confusion. He listened to Fenrir’s side of the conversation, his amusement growing. “Severus Snape?” was called out hesitantly. “Oh! Um…I’m Fenrir Lokison...yes, well, Remus would like you to see him...yes, three nights ago...he is well, but still wishes you to see him...no, no, he will no longer be needing that poison...alright. Oh right, let me ask...” Fenrir pulled his head out of the fire, stared at it perplexed before turning to Remus. “He would like to know what the - flew, was it – yes, the flew address is.”

Remus laughed delightedly, no pain racking him as his body shook. Once he calmed, he looked at Fenrir once more and said, “It’s ‘Remus’s room, Silvertongue Manor’ and the correct term is Floo, spelled F-L-O-O, not F-L-E-W,” and he went back to chuckling in amusement.

“I’m glad you can find amusement in my lack of Midgardian Wizarding knowledge, Pup,” Fenrir said with a huff before turning back to the green fire and informing the man on the other side of the Floo address.

It was only moments later, with Fenrir back at Remus’s bedside, when Severus stepped through, his potions bag in hand. “Thank you for coming so early, Severus,” Remus said with a smile.

Remus watched as Severus raised an eyebrow before saying, “What have you gotten yourself into this time, Wolf?”

“A bit of this, a bit of that, and some Moon magic along the way, apparently,” Remus replied, voice still filled with his earlier amusement.

“You must be feeling well if your trying to attempt humor, Lupin. Now what is it you need from me?” Severus asked, not seeing what was funny.

“I’d like for you run a diagnostic test for me.”

“And why, pray tell, would you like me to do that?” Severus drawled, which only caused Remus to chuckle some more.

“If you haven’t noticed, Severus, I am missing a few scars,” at this he held up his hands to show him. “That and I have never felt so wonderful after a full moon in my life, and I would like to know what changed, and Fenrir has stated that I have...changed, that is?”

~*~End Flashback~*~

That had been just that morning, now, here he was, Fenrir walking beside him, as they made their way up the drive back to the house Tony was letting them all stay at while he looked for a bigger place. “What do you think they’ll say?” Remus asked.

“I don’t know. I’ve never been in a situation like this before, though I’m sure those who know you will be shocked and/or surprised by your appearance.”

“Do, you think Sirius could join us next month?” Remus asked, glancing at his alpha.

“No,” came the blunt reply. Before Remus could object, Fenrir continued, “I would like the next few moons to be the two of us before adding others to our pack. It is best if your wolf got used to mine, and me as your alpha.”

“Oh, well I suppose that makes sense. Alright. I’ll be sure to explain it to Siri before the next
moon.” Remus opened the door and let himself and Fenrir inside, calling, “We’re back! Siri? Tony? You guys here?”

“Sir and Mr. Black are in the kitchen, Mr. Lupin,” JARVIS replied to his call.

“Remmy!” Sirius suddenly shouted as he rushed him.

“Siri,” Remus said with a soft smile. “It’s good to be home… I hate the UK. The weather there is awful. I’ve been spoiled by the warm California coast!”

“So, how was the full moon?” asked a curious Tony.

“To be honest, I don’t remember much of it. I just remember waking up this morning and never having felt better in my life. I had Fenrir call Severus and ask him if he could come by for a moment and run a diagnostic charm for me.”

“Really? What did it say?” Sirius asked, leading him over to the living room couch.

“That I’ve never been healthier, stronger, or younger.”

“Wait, really?” Sirius asked, a look of confused awe on his face.

“It is because he accepted the Moon’s gift and my claim,” Fenrir informed the other two men.

“Your claim?” Tony asked.

“My claim as his alpha and as my cub.”

“That and a bit of Moon magic mixed in,” Remus added. “Though the one thing that I do, albeit, vaguely, remember is the utter freedom I felt running under the moon.”

“That’s great, Remus. I’m happy for you,” Sirius said. “This is something to celebrate!”

Remus chuckled and shook his head before asking, “Where’s Loki and Sleipnir?”

“Oh, they went to go find Jörmungandr,” Tony said as he stood. “They should be back tonight, and we’ll celebrate then. I’ll just call and let the Malfoy’s know so that they can join us as well.”

“That sounds great, Tony, thank you,” Remus said with a smile.

This was home, and things were falling into place. Loki had his sons back with him and he was so much happier now too. Sure, the god was happy before, but now, whenever you saw him, he would have a smile on his face as he watched his eldest and his youngest get to know each other, to get to know him and his new, extended family.

Remus just hoped that the headmaster would mind his own business and leave the kids alone, but one never knew with the old coot. He had plans that had plans and he would always make sure he had his way, even if it meant destroying families in the process. Only time would tell, and until something happened, Remus was just going to enjoy the freedom that he finally had.

Chapter End Notes
Hope you enjoyed this interlude in the story! Please comment and review!
Halloween

Chapter Summary

I think the title says it all, don’t you?

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own anything!!

A/N: I've been looking forward to posting this chapter for ages!! Again this hasn't yet been edited, so bare with me and any mistakes made grammatically or otherwise!

Expect the next chapter in about two weeks!

~*~Catlin’s POV~*~

As the weeks went by, the trio and their new friends, Neville and Hermione, found themselves fitting into their houses and making new friends, though none became as close as the five of them were. Catlin had the unfortunate pleasure to meet one Ronald Weasley. She could understand why Hat put the vile boy in Slytherin, but at the same time, she didn’t understand how he could possibly be accepted into Hogwarts. He was lazy, disgusting due to the lack of manners the boy showed while eating, and he got on Professor Snape’s nerves, well, not just his, everyone’s really.

Catlin thought back to their third night at Hogwarts. She was sitting with Blaise Zabini and Daphne Greengrass working on their homework in the common room when the red-head tried to saunter, if you could even describe it as that, over to them.

~*~Flashback~*~

“So, your Silvertongue. You don’t look like much. My mother told me that your nothing but a Death Eater wanna be.” Weasley said with a poor excuse of a smirk.

“And your Ronald Weasley. The sixth son of seven children. You have a small magical core, you expect everything to be handed to you, without the hard work of earning it, because you feel that you deserve it. You are greedy and lazy, and I’m surprised that you even managed to get accepted into this school, seeing as you’re a poor student,” Catlin said with a raised brow. “What do you want, Weasley. As you can see, Blaise, Daphne, and I are in the middle of doing our homework. Something I’m sure you should be doing, but it seems that you have a severe allergy to homework,
manners, hard work, and minding your own business.”

Ronald spluttered, his face going the same shade of red as his hair in anger. “Who the bloody hell do you think you are, talking to me like that!” he shouted, causing the rest of the students in the common room to look over at them. The older years hardly looked impressed with his outburst.

Catlin set her quill down next to her parchment that had her current essay she was working on and gently pushed her chair back, standing tall and proud as she faced the ill-mannered boy. “I’m Heiress Silvertongue, granddaughter of Loki Silvertongue, also known as Loki Odinson, God of Lies and Mischief, the Trickster God. I am a Princess of Asgard, and you are an insignificant mortal. It is you who should be watching how you speak to me, not I to you. Now what do you want? I will not ask again.”

The common room as a whole was silent except for the popping of the fire in the fire places around the dungeon room. They were all watching to see what the unwanted red-head wanted. Catlin stood with a grace and a power that most in Slytherin wanted as their own. Her eyes glowed eerily with her power, and they could feel her magic crackling like the fire over her skin, barely contained, or so it seemed. Weasley had taken a step back in shock, his face going pale. Before he could respond, the common room door sprang open and their head of house strolled in, his black robes billowing behind him.

“And what, pray tell, is going on in here?” Professor Snape drawled, eyeing Catlin and Weasley.

“Weasley called Heiress Silvertongue a Death Eater wanna be and went on to imply that he was of higher rank that her, Professor. Heiress Silvertongue has just finished informing Weasley that she is the granddaughter of Loki Odinson, the Trickster God and asked him a second time what he wanted,” Daphne informed him.

“I see…and, Mr. Weasley, what is it that you wanted from Heiress Silvertongue?” he asked scathingly, clearly unhappy to have the boy in his proud house.

“J-Just…um…I wanted…that is…uh…to tell her to s-st-stay away from…from Potter…” the boy stuttered, not realizing that that was something he probably shouldn’t have said.

“Indeed. That will be detention tomorrow night, Mr. Weasley. Perhaps it will give you the time to think before you speak and that forcing friends, let alone cousins, apart. How you managed to enter my House, Merlin only knows.” Professor Snape turned toward Catlin and asked, “And are you alright, Miss Silvertongue?”

“Other than being annoyed from the unwanted interruption of doing my homework, I’m fine, Professor,” she said as she retook her seat.

“Very well,” and with a final glance around the room and a glare at Weasley, the professor left.

~*~End Flashback~*~

Since then, Weasley has continued to try and force a wedge between her and Harry, but he made sure not to do so while in the common room. She, Draco, Harry, Hermione, and Neville had made it a habit to meet in the library after their last class of the day and before dinner. They took the time to work on their homework, each of them having a specific talent with one of their subjects.

For Neville it was herbology. It was like he had could grow a garden with just a touch of his hand. He knew anything and everything that had to do with herbology. Hermione had a flare with Charms and found that she enjoyed teaching them, rather than lecturing them, on how to perform
the spell correctly. Draco took over Potions, seeing as his godfather was also their potions professor. Harry took an immediate liking to Defense Against the Dark Arts, leaving Transfiguration to Catlin.

Catlin loved Transfiguration. Though she had earth magic and a talent for herbology because of her inheritance from Helga Hufflepuff, Transfiguration was something that she was really good at without it being an inherited skill.

As for Dumbledore. Well, she knew that the man was watching them closely. She could feel the anger from the castle, telling her, Harry, and Draco that he was plotting something sinister. There had been times when the aging headmaster had tried to corner them, specifically Harry, but failed each time as Professor Snape would suddenly show up, diverting the man’s attention from them to his Potions professor. They would all breathe a sigh of relief and scurry down the hallway before the headmaster could stop them.

Now, it was Halloween. The veil between the Dead and the Living was thin, and Catlin could feel her Aunt Hela was close, watching, but not quite there. Even Harry could feel Death. Halloween, this was the first time Harry would know that Halloween was the anniversary of the death of his parents. It was also the holiday that everyone seemed to forget was the day that he lost his family as they celebrated. Some had even asked why he was so glum when there was a feast and sweets in abundance, only to be glared at by Catlin, Draco, Hermione, and Neville.

“It’s Halloween you idiot!” Catlin said with clenched teeth in anger.

“Why the bloody hell shouldn’t Harry feel glum?” Draco said outraged on his mate’s behalf.

“Do you even realize how tactless that question is?!” Hermione asked, incredulously.

The unlucky first years looked at the five of them in confusion by their anger and fear of the power that somehow emanated from them in said anger. “B-but it’s Halloween…” a girl, Lavender Brown, if Catlin recalled, said weakly.

“Yes, it is,” Neville said calmly, anger evident in his eyes, “It’s also the anniversary of his parents having been murdered by Voldemort!” the last practically shouted for all those currently in the Entrance Hall to hear.

Catlin watched as the eyes of their fellow first years widen in shock and sudden realization, before they turned tail and ran into the Great Hall for said feast. She heard Harry let out a shaky breath and looked at them with a soft, if not a bit sad, smile. “Thanks, you guys.”

“Of course, Harry. Now, we don’t have to join the feast, we can always go to the Library,” Hermione offered gently as she gave him a hug.

“Yea, there’s no need to join in the festivities. We can go to an empty classroom and do a small ritual that grandfather taught us. I’m sure Auntie would be thrilled to help us contact your parents,” Catlin said with a small smile.

“Do you really think she would?” Harry asked, hope shining in his eyes.

“Of course, she would! She is the Goddess of the Underworld after all!” Harry finally grinned as he nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, let’s do that,” he said with excitement.

Draco laughed softly with a shake of his own head. “Let’s head in to the Hall and let the prefects know that we’ll be in an unused classroom near Professor Snape’s office so that they know where
“Good idea, Draco. I’ll go tell Farley; Neville, Weasley; Draco, keep Harry with you; and Hermione, let Clearwater know, yeah?” Catlin stated as started to head toward her House Prefect.

“Sounds good. Meet back here?” Draco said and watched as they nodded in answer.

~*~Harry’s POV~*~

Harry found himself truly grateful that he was in the same house as his mate. He wasn’t sure if he would have survived without his steady presence these last two months. Dumbledore has tried on multiple occasions to separate him from his friends. Even Ronald Weasley has been giving him and Cat a hard time. His constant companion has been a great help, even more so the closer they got to Halloween. There had been one incident that he came close to calling his dad and papa, just weeks after the start of term.

~*~Flashback~*~

“Ah, Harry, my boy. I have been meaning to speak with you and was hoping you would accompany me to my office for a little chat,” Dumbledore said with a disarming smile and a twinkle in his eyes.

Harry and the others with him jumped at his sudden presences. “He-headmaster Dumbledore,” Harry stuttered, his heart still pounding with the unexpectedness of the headmaster showing up behind them. “I’ve been informed by my guardians that I’m not to be alone with you. I’m to have my Head of House present and if Professor Flitwick is unavailable, I’m to contact Lord Silvertongue or Mr. Stark to be present before I’m to speak with you.” Harry was still nervous around this man that had caused him so much pain, but he said what needed to be said, just like his papa told him too.

“Don’t be silly, my boy. I would like to have tea with you is all. See how your adjusting to Hogwarts, if your making any new friends,” Dumbledore insisted, his eyes twinkling more, and his grandfatherly smile a little bit more forced than before.

“I really must insist that Professor Flitwick accompany me, Headmaster,” Harry said, standing straighter and with more confidence. He felt Draco take his hand and give it a gentle squeeze of reassurance. Harry saw Catlin start to pull out her phone to call their dad to let him know what Dumbledore was trying to do, but all he hoped for was the man to go away and leave him be.

“I see, my boy. I am quite disappointed that you don’t trust me. I’ll just have to try harder,” the man stated, a steeliness in his once warm voice. “Perhaps you’ll allow me the curtesy, Harry, of earning your trust?”

Harry glanced at his friends, unsure of what to say now. The headmaster was doing all he can to get him to trust him, but the weariness that Harry felt only increased and made him want to run and hide. Why won’t he just leave me alone and admit that he has lost? Harry thought to himself.

Just then the sound of footsteps echoing down the hall interrupted the awkward silence that permeated the area after Dumbledore’s question. Harry and his friends turned toward the sound, only to let out a sigh of relief when it was Professor Snape that walked around the corner. “You will be late for lunch if you continue to dawdle here,” the man drawled when he took in the sight of five students standing in the hall awkwardly.

“Yes, yes, so they will,” Dumbledore said with a genial smile, and the twinkle back full force. “Off
Now with Halloween was here, and the confrontations with the headmaster currently behind them, Harry had a new set of worries. This was the first year that he knew when his parents had been killed. It was the anniversary of the day he lost his family, and he just couldn’t understand why all the other students were so excited and expected him to be as well.

As soon as classes had been over, he stuck with Draco, Catlin, Neville, and Hermione. He could feel Death beside him, comforting him in the only way he could. Catlin even said the Hela was nearby as well. Everything had gone well until a group of Gryffindor’s and Hufflepuff’s approached them.

“Hey, Potter, why aren’t you guys at the feast yet? There’s going to be tons of food and sweets!” a dark-skinned boy from Gryffindor asked.

“Yeah, Potter, why so glum? It’s Halloween!” another boy said with an excited grin.

“It’s Halloween, you idiot!” Catlin said with clenched teeth in anger.

“Why the bloody hell shouldn’t Harry feel ‘glum’?” Draco said outraged on his mate’s behalf.

“Do you even realize how tactless that question is?!” Hermione asked, incredulously.

The unlucky first years looked at the five of them in confusion and fear. “B-but it’s Halloween…” a Gryffindor girl said weakly.

“Yes, it is,” Neville said calmly, anger evident in his eyes, “It’s also the anniversary of when his parents had been murdered by Voldemort!” the last practically shouted, certainly loud enough for those gathered around them to hear and to walk away, not interfering with the five of them.

Their fellow first years widen in shock and sudden realization, before they turned tail and ran into the Great Hall for said feast. Harry let out a shaky breath and looked at them with a soft, if not a bit sad, smile. “Thanks, you guys,” and he meant it. He had friends and family with these four and he cherished them. He felt the gentle embrace of Death as he comforted him.

“Your parents would be so proud of you, Hadrian,” Death whispered in his ear. “You have friends who will stand up for you no matter what happens. Never fear, Little One, you are protected and loved.”

Harry gave an absent nod to his companion before he brought his attention back to the others. “Of course, Harry. Now, we don’t have to join the feast, we can always go to the Library,” Hermione offered as she gave him a hug, one he accepted readily.

“Yea, there’s no need to join in the festivities,” his sister said with a small smile. “We can go to an empty classroom and do a small ritual that grandfather taught us. I’m sure Auntie would be thrilled to help us contact your parents.”

“Do you really think she would?” he asked, hope welling up inside his chest and Death’s encouragement to do the ritual.

“Of course, she would! She is the Goddess of the Underworld after all!”
Harry finally grinned as he nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, let’s do that,” he said with excitement. Maybe with Hela and Death, he will be able to finally speak with his parents. It was Halloween after all, the time when the veil between the Dead and the Living was at its thinnest. That and it was also the day his parents died, so they would be especially close, probably listening to them even now.

Great Hall, Hogwarts
Halloween Feast

~*~Severus’s POV~*~

Severus sat at the Head table with the other professors and the headmaster. He glanced around, taking stock of all the students that were enjoying the feast. Many of them would end up in the hospital wing before the night was out requesting stomach soothers for all the sweets they ate. He let out a heavy sigh. He couldn’t understand why they celebrated so, knowing about all the loss that occurred on this day so many years ago. Ok, perhaps the younger years he could forgive, but his colleagues? No, he couldn’t understand it.

He looked over at Ravenclaw, to see if he could spot Harry and Draco, but noticed that they had yet to arrive to the feast. A glance at Slytherin told him that his little mate must be with them. He thought back over the last several weeks and remembered when the meddling old fool pulled him into his office a week after the start of term.

~*~Flashback~*~

Severus walked up to the gargoyle that stood guarding the entrance to the Headmaster’s Tower. He gave the constantly change sweet password and stalked up the stairs. He had an idea as to why he was called to a meeting with the headmaster. Severus didn’t bother knocking as soon he was at the top of the stairs, he heard the call, ‘Enter!’.

“You wished to speak to me, Albus?” Severus asked as politely as he could manage. He had become disillusioned of the man since he learned the truth of Harry Potter. The boy was so much like his mother, yet at the same time, he had the noble qualities of both of his fathers, if he looked deep enough.

“Yes. I wished to know what you did with young Mr. Potter when you took him to Diagon Alley over the summer.”

Severus raised a brow, his face still a blank mask. It was just as he thought. “I picked him up from the Dursley’s, took him to Diagon and to Gringotts so that he may visit his trust vault. Once there, the goblins insisted that they meet with him privately. I couldn’t refuse as it would look suspicious. I waited for their meeting to be done, but at that time, he was already in the custody of another and there was nothing more I could do.” It wasn’t all a lie, the majority of it was the truth after all.

“And why didn’t you see fit to inform me of this when it happened, Severus?” Dumbledore asked, a steeliness in his voice and the twinkle in his eye nearly gone.

“I did not see any reason to do so, Headmaster. It was out of my hands and none of my business. What ever happened at Gringotts can be blamed on the goblins and Potter.” Severus stood, facing the headmaster and continued, “If that will be all, Albus, I have some papers to grade,” and with that, he turned around and swept out of the office and down the stairs, making his way back to his office in the dungeons with a smirk firmly placed on his lips.

~*~End Flashback~*~
Just as Severus was coming out of his thoughts, he saw the students he had just been looking for, along with Longbottom and Dagworth-Granger, walk into the Hall. He noticed that Harry was upset, Draco close to him, their hands clasped together. He imagined it was to give Harry some support for whatever had upset him. They were an interesting group of friends, there was no denying that. They only needed a Hufflepuff to round it out.

He watched Catlin move over to the Slytherin table, stopping to speak to Gemma Farley, fifth-year prefect, before returning to Draco and Harry, who were waiting by the doors of the Great Hall. Seeing Longbottom and Dagworth-Granger missing, he looked over at Ravenclaw, and saw the girl talking to Penelope Clearwater, another fifth-year prefect. A glance at Gryffindor told him that Longbottom was talking to Weasley, yet another prefect.

He watched as the boy made his way back to his group of friends before all five of them left the hall, and from where he was sitting, it looked as if they were heading down to the dungeons. He will have to talk to Farley to see what they were all up too, though he could hazard a guess from looking at Harry.

It was Halloween after all and the anniversary of Potter’s and Lilly’s death. Why would he want to celebrate today after learning of the horrors he went through as an infant? He wouldn’t begrudge them of their solace with each other. It was good that they were with him and that they informed their prefects that they wouldn’t be participating in the feast tonight. *10 points to each of them,* Severus thought with a smirk.

He went back to eating his dinner, ignoring the chatter around him. He just wanted to return to his rooms so that he could do his own little ritual when suddenly the doors to the Great Hall slammed open, admitting Professor Quirrell in all his garlicy glory.

"Troll – in the dungeons – thought you ought to know,"* and the Defense professor he then proceeded to fall to the ground in a dead faint.

*Amateur,* Severus thought with a sneer and a subtle roll of his eyes. It was obviously fake. He had had suspicions that the fool was up to something. This troll was probably a distraction so that he could steal away to the third floor where the Philosopher’s Stone was hidden. Whatever possessed Nicolas Flamel to trust Dumbledore with it, he’ll never know.

There was a sudden uproar among the students and took several bangs from Dumbledore’s wand to bring about a semblance of order once more. “Prefects,” his voice reverberating through out the hall, “Please lead your Houses back to the dormitories immediately!”*  

Severus quickly stood and headed straight for Farley. He hoped his students weren’t in the dungeons, but from the look of her ghostly pale face, that wasn’t to be the case. “Farley! Where did they go?”

“T-to an unused cl-classroom by your office, Professor!” She told him, her voice shaking in fear. He could forgive for letting her mask fall in concern and fear of the five students that he knew weren’t in the Hall with the others.

“You’re to secure Slytherin and keep them here with the other prefects. If one of the professors tell you to head to your dorms, you’re to inform them that I instructed you to remain here seeing as the troll is supposed to be currently in our dungeons. If the troll is in the dungeons, there is no need for the rest of you to be in danger. What the headmaster was think is beyond me!” he snarled as he quickly turned and swept out of the Great Hall towards his office, ignoring the looks from the other professors and students.
Severus Snape doesn’t run as a rule, but in this case, it was the life of his little mat, his godson and his mate. These were children he had come to care for greatly and he’d be damned if he let them get eaten by a troll! As he came closer to the empty classrooms near his office, the distinct smell trolls carried around with them wasn’t at all present. He snarled, it was just as he thought, a distraction.

“Severus Snape,” a voice near him said.

He came to a quick stop and looked to his right. There stood Hela and he breathed a sigh of relief. “Hela, are they safe?”

“They are well. I feel a disturbance. What has happened?” the goddess asked.

“Some dunderhead led a troll into Hogwarts. Said that it was here in the dungeons. I came here, hoping to get to the children before the troll.”

“I see. I will go deal with the troll, you stay with the children. Death is present and I’m sure they would welcome you to join,” Hela said as she started heading toward where, he assumed, the troll was located. “There is a coward here that has created abominations. I will deal with him as well.” And she was gone.

Severus looked at the door where he believed the children were. He could feel the wards around the classroom as he stepped up to it to enter. He gave a hesitant knock and waited. The door slowly opened, and he stepped into the room and stopped short at what he saw in front of him.

“You have done so well, my sweet boy,” a ghostly form of his beloved sister in all but blood said. “Lily…” he whispered.

The two figures floating in front of the five children looked up and over at him. “Severus…It is so wonderful to see you,” Lily said as she floated over to him. “I have forgiven you so long ago, and you have made up for your mistakes. You mustn’t continue to blame yourself.”

“But…but I was the one…” he started.

“But it was Voldemort who acted on it and targeted us. Wormtail who betrayed us. This does not fall on you, Severus,” Potter said gently and with a smile.

Severus nodded numbly as he moved further into the room, the door closing behind him. “I…I can’t stay long, I must return to the Great Hall and retrieve the rest of my house…” his voice trailed off once more.

“What’s happened, Professor?” Longbottom asked with curiosity.

“It isn’t something you need to concern yourself with. Your safe here, the wards on the room will prevent anything from getting in that means you harm,” he assured them. “You’re to stay here until I come and retrieve you. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Professor,” the five said in unison.

“It was wonderful to see you again, Lily flower. I have missed you greatly,” Severus said softly.

“We are always watching,” Potter said gently, “We hear what you say, especially today. Take care of yourself, Severus, and tell Pads and Moony that we are proud of them and miss them. That there is nothing to forgive for they have done nothing wrong.”
“I will. I must go.” He turned and headed back to the door of the classroom.

“Severus.”

“Yes?”

“Thank you for watching out for Harry.”

Severus smiled, “It was my pleasure, Lily flower,” and he left the room, heading back to the Great Hall, grateful that the children were well and safe.

As wonderful as it was to see his best friend and sister again, he had duties to take care of, students to escort back to their dormitory, and Hela to speak to about a troll and the ‘coward’. He quickly made his way back to the Great Hall, only to be stopped by an angry Minerva.

“Severus Snape! Where did you run off to when there was a troll to deal with!” the irate Scotswoman cried.

“Making sure the five students, that informed their prefects, and were located in an empty classroom near my office in the dungeons where the troll was said to be, were safe and out of harm’s way.” Severus drawled, though he was a bit angry at the tone the cat gave him.

“What students?” she asked in shock.

“Mr. Weasley, Percy, didn’t inform you the Mr. Longbottom, one of your lions, was in the dungeons keeping Mr. Potter company on the night his parents were murdered?” he asked incredulously, a brow raised.

“W-well see here!” the witch spluttered.

“Indeed, Minerva. Mr.’s Longbottom, Potter, and Malfoy, along with Miss Dagworth-Granger and Miss Stark, are safe within a warded room. I will be escorting them back to their respective common rooms once I take my snakes back to theirs. If you will excuse me,” and he moved into the Great Hall where his snakes sat quietly, finishing their feast.

Miss Farley spotted him as he made his way to them. She stood and hurried over to him. “Are they safe, Professor?” she asked, the worry in her voice.

“They are well and in a warded room. I saw to it myself. It seems the troll being in the dungeons was a ploy, it was nowhere near our domain. If you and your fellow prefect could gather the other students, I’ll be taking you to your common room now.” He watched as the girl visibly deflated with relief and nodded.

He moved back to the doors that lead to the Entrance Hall and waited for his house to gather so they may go back to the comfort of their dungeons. As he waited, he felt a brief touch on his shoulder. “Severus…”

He turned toward the voice to see Hela standing there, “Yes?”

“The troll has been dealt with, as well as the Cerberus. I found the abomination of a stone and destroyed it on Death’s orders and the coward is dead. There was a wraith that was possessing the professor with the purple turban. I managed to capture it and he should not be bothering you, unless his soul anchors are used to resurrect the man he once used to be.”

Severus stared at her, unable to form a thought. This had never happened to him before, so his
speechlessness caught him by surprise as he said, “W-what?”

Hela gave a soft laugh. “You needn’t worry about the wraith. I’m well away of who he is, and much has been done to him. I believe there is a prophecy that has recently been attached to him, so we will wait and gather the rest of his poor soul and see what can be done. The stone that was hidden was destroyed and the Cerberus has been returned to the underworld where he belongs, and the troll is dead. What is there that you can’t seem to understand, Nephew mine?” she asked.

Severus blustered over being called the goddess’s nephew, but let it slide, knowing that one day he actually would be. He let out a frustrated sigh and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Thank you, Hela, for dealing with all of this. I’ll be sure to not inform the headmaster that his plans have been ruined yet again.” He smirked at the thought of an angry Albus destroying his office. “Will you inform Tony and the others of what happened and assure them that their children are safe and were never in harm’s way?”

“Of course. Have a Happy Hallowe’en, Severus.” And with that she was gone, and Miss Farley was standing next to him.

“Are all students accounted for, Miss Farley?”

“Yes, Professor.”

“Good, let us retire to our troll free dungeons.”

Once all his students, bar the five in the warded classroom, were settled, he left to escort the others so that he may finally retire from this dreadful night. “Good, your all still here. Come along then, I’ll be returning you to your common rooms. Mr. Longbottom, you did inform Mr. Weasley that you would be down here did you not?”

“I did, Professor. Why?” the usually timid boy asked.

“Because she had no idea that one of her lions was ‘missing’. Come, you’ll be the first that I return so that I may have a word with Prefect Weasley.” And he spun on his heal and began leading them to the Gryffindor Tower. Once there, he provided the staff override password and entered, gesturing for the others to follow him. “Prefect Weasley!” he called out sharply.

“Yes, Professor Snape?” the boy asked when he was front and center. He adjusted his glasses with one hand, the other holding a book, a finger as an impromptu bookmark.

“Were you or were you not informed that one of the Gryffindor first years would not be attending the feast and would be in an empty classroom near my office?” Severus drawled dangerously.

Weasley paled quickly as he realized his mistake. “Y-yes, Professor. I w-was informed.”

“Yes, it must have. I would like to inform you, Prefect Weasley,” he sneered at the trembling boy before him, “that if the troll was, indeed, in the dungeons, Gryffindor could very well be short one lion in the form of Mr. Longbottom. Lucky for you, I saw each of these five students inform a prefect from their respective houses where they would be going, and that Prefect Farley, despite the chaos, was able to inform me of where exactly in the dungeons they were.” He stood there towering over the poor boy who had gone so pale he could count each individual freckle that
adorned his face.

“That will be 50 points from Gryffindor for failing to inform your Head of House of where a member of your house was located while in an emergency. Another 50 points and a detention with myself for the thoughtless act of endangering five students by not informing any professor of their whereabouts. I will be writing a letter to your mother about your thoughtlessness, Mr. Weasley. Perhaps being prefect is too much for you to handle while you’re in your OWL year.”

Before Weasley could object, he turned so that he was facing the five first years that followed him. “Mr. Longbottom, I’ll send an elf to you with some dinner. I hope you have a good night,” and he left through the portrait hole, four students to follow him.

As they approached Ravenclaw Tower, Severus spotted Filius pacing in front of the raven that would let them past. “Severus! Oh good, you’ve brought my students back. Thank you!”

“Of course. Did Miss Clearwater inform you of their whereabouts?” Severus asked as they stopped in front of the diminutive professor.

“She did, Severus. Come, come, children, into the common room,” Filius said as he ushered them over to the raven statue.

“I’ll send an elf with your dinner, just as I will for Mr. Longbottom.”

“Thank you, Professor!” the three ravens called back as they entered their common room.

“Be sure to inform Miss Clearwater of the 50 points she earned by informing her Head of House that there were three members of her house missing and where they were during a time of crisis,” Severus informed him with a smirk.

Filius raised a brow of his own. “What happened, Severus?”

“Mr. Weasley has lost Gryffindor 100 points and earned a detention for shirking his duty as a prefect and potentially endangering five students,” Severus informed his colleague. “I best be returning to Slytherin. Have a good night, Filius.”

“And you, Severus.”

After he returned his little mate to her common room and awarding Miss Farley 100 points for informing him of the five students whereabouts and keeping the rest of Slytherin calm with her fellow prefects, he finally retired to his rooms. He sat before the fire with a glass of firewhiskey, grateful that the day was finally over, only for the fire to turn green and Albus’s head suddenly appearing. “Severus! You must come to my office. The Cerberus is gone and we’re down a Defense professor!” he said frantically. With a heavy sigh, Severus downed his remaining whiskey, stood and made his way to the open floo, going to the headmaster’s office. There goes the rest of his evening.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoy! Please read and review!
Thanksgiving, American Style

Chapter Summary

Harry, Draco, Neville, and Hermione, celebrate their first Thanksgiving with Catlin.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own HP or Marvel, much to my dismay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thanksgiving, American Style

Hogwarts, Scotland
November 22, 2001

~*~Catlin’s POV~*~

Catlin was insistent that they still do Thanksgiving, even if the British don’t celebrate. Hermione was excited to celebrate an American holiday but had no idea as to how they would be able to do so. Harry, Draco, and Neville just went along with the girls.

Catlin, after Potion’s class and the other’s left, went up to her professor. “Professor?” she asked.

“Yes, Miss Stark. Do you have a question about the potion we brewed today?” he asked with a raised brow.

Catlin shook her head and said, “I was wondering if my friends and I could use the classroom near your office tonight, during dinner.”

She watched as her mate and professor raised his other brow, “May I ask why, Miss Stark?”

“I want to introduce them to Thanksgiving. I can’t spend it with Dad, so I thought it would be fun to show them an American holiday.” She said with a bright grin.

“And what is required for this holiday, Miss Stark?”

“Lots of food and desserts, “she said impishly, jumping on the balls of her feet. She knew her Severus would let them use the classroom. It was only a matter of time. “We’ll be having turkey’s and ham with stuffing and casseroles. There would be cranberry sauces and peach cobblers, with pumpkin pies and cheesecakes. Lots of hot chocolate and apple pies. It’s a feast, but it’s also a time to tell those you love, your family, what your thankful for throughout the year. It about spending time with family and friends and just being. It’s one of my very favorite holidays,” she explained.

She watched him take in all that she said before he gave a chuckle. “Very well, Miss Catlin. You
and your friends may use that classroom but know that I will be stopping by to check on you shortly after dinner starts in the Great Hall. I’ll inform Professor’s McGonagall and Flitwick of your whereabouts.” He stood and moved around his desk and stood in front of her. “You best be going, Miss Stark, you wouldn’t want to be late for your next class.

She nodded and scurried out of the classroom and hurried off to Defense. Now that was an interesting class after the bumbling idiot disappeared, they had gotten a new professor. His name was Rowan Callaway and he was brilliant. Everyone said so.

She slid to a stop outside of the classroom just as her year mates were entering the room. “Catlin! You made it!” Neville said with a grin.

She gasped for breath and grinned. “Barely, but we’re on for tonight! Professor Snape will check up on us, but he said we could use the room. Aunt Cissa is gunna let us use one of their elves, Dobby, I think his name is. It will be wonderful!” she told him as they entered the classroom and sat together.

“It will be fun seeing a different holiday. Gran wouldn’t approve, I’m sure, but I can’t wait.”

“Alright, class, settle down, settle down. Books open to page 248. I want you to read the first three pages and take notes on what you’ve read. Once done, we’ll be going over it and practice the spell if there is time…” Professor Callaway said as he started class.

Unused Classroom
Slytherin Dungeons – Same Day

~*~Hermione’s POV~*~

This was a chance in a life time. To celebrate a different holiday that wasn’t British or magical. When she entered the unused classroom that they had used at Halloween so that Harry could speak to his parents, she spotted Neville and Catlin already in the room. There was a long table already full of so many different kinds of foods.

“It smells so good in here!” she exclaimed as she entered the room further to inspect the food laden table. She spotted turkey and ham with stuffing and a strange casserole that looked as if it had cheese in it and a green bean casserole too. She spotted two different kinds of cranberry sauce, and the deserts!

“Are Harry and Draco coming?” Neville asked, distracting Hermione from the table.

“Oh! Yes, they said they would be right behind me,” she told the other two, just as the door opened once more, causing the three of them to turn towards the opening door.

“You haven’t started yet, have you?” Draco asked, leading Harry into the room.

“No not yet. Hermione just got here herself,” Catlin said with a smile. “Come, let’s sit, and I’ll tell you more about what my dad and I do for Thanksgiving.”

The five of them moved to sit around the table, though Hermione noticed a sixth setting, but said nothing. “So what traditions do you follow? I’ve read all about it, of course, but I’m really curious as to what you and your family do for the holiday.” She had gotten better at not taking what she read in books as fact.

“We made our own. We cook dinner together, and the desserts too. Then we usually sit in front of the T.V. and watch movies together, more often than not, Christmas movies.” Catlin smiled as she
thought back to the holidays that she shared with her dad and, on occasion, her grandfather. “We talk to, about everything that we’re thankful for from throughout the year and dad shares stories from when he was a kid. He, as you Brits say, is bloody brilliant!”

“Can we do that?” Neville asked shyly.

“That’s why I wanted to do this. But first, let’s eat! I’m hungry!”

Hermione smiled as she and the others eagerly started dishing up their plates. It didn’t take long for them to start talking about their past holidays and what traditions each of them followed, but, as she looked over at Harry, she noticed a small, sad smile as he watched everyone else talking animatedly.

~*~Harry’s POV~*~

As they sat around the table full of all sorts of foods. He liked the idea of spending an American holiday with his friends and family, though, as they started talking about the traditions they each celebrated, he couldn’t help by feel left out, sad that he didn’t have similar stories. All he could talk about was the Christmas dinners he cooked and the presents he watched his cousin open all his many presents and not even receiving a morsel of the dinner he cooked.

He noticed Hermione glance at him and he gave her a small smile but couldn’t quite hide the sadness that he felt. “I’m thankful for the family that I found, the friends that I made, and for Severus Snape and Loki Silvertongue for making sure that I was aware of what I needed to be aware of. I’m thankful that my Papa and Uncle Moony are home too. I’m thankful for Draco, for being my friend and my mate, being there when I’m overwhelmed. For Catlin for being the sister I’ve always wanted, and the two of you, Hermione and Neville, for being my very best friends, my first friends aside from Draco and Cat.” Harry looked down at his hands, nervous.

There was a silence when he started speaking. He knew that he interrupted Neville’s story, but he felt that he had to say it right then. “I’m thankful for having the chance to meet the son of my very best friend…” a deep voice from the doorway said, causing Harry to look up from his hands. “For being forgiven and given the family I have always wanted.” Harry saw him glance over at Catlin before he continued, “I’m thankful for the new chance at life and getting to know the people that have quickly come to mean a great deal to me. Especially you Harry. You’re the reason I have been given such a wondrous chance to make up for the mistakes I have made in the past.”

Harry gave the man a shaky smile as he looked up at his professor. Before he turned to his right when Draco spoke, “I’m thankful that my family has the chance to break away from the past, to work towards a better future. For meeting the Starks and Lord Silvertongue and that my godfather is finally happy. I’m thankful that I got to meet and make friends with those I wouldn’t usually have the chance to meet. I’m thankful for the amazing summer that we had, and I look forward to what will come next.” Harry looked over at Draco with a swell of happiness. “I’m mostly thankful for Harry who’s showed me that life isn’t about how much money you have, but the family you spend it with.” Draco sent a fond smile at Harry, his own happiness in his eyes.

Harry watched as Professor Snape moved over to the empty setting next to Catlin who smiled brightly at every one. It was Neville, though, who spoke next. “I don’t really have a lot to be thankful for, but what I do have is the most important.” His shyness was apparent, but at least he didn’t stutter as much as he used to. Harry smiled encouragingly at him and gave him a nod to continue. “I’m thankful for the friends I met on the Express. They…you’ve all helped me so much this year, helped me understand that I don’t have to pretend to be someone else, that I just have to be myself. I… I think this year would have been so very different than it is now if I hadn’t met you all.”
Neville looked at everyone, gracing them, even Professor Snape, with a small, happy smile. “That’s what I’m thankful for, for all of you. Gran might not like who I’m becoming, but it doesn’t matter as much as it once did. I’m thankful for the chance to be myself, even if others don’t like what they see.”

Harry watched as Hermione hugged the shy boy with a big smile. He could understand. He was thankful for that as well. He smiled, happy that these people were his friends, his family. He never thought he would have any of this before Professor Snape took him to Gringotts. He glanced over at Hermione and Catlin. They were the only ones that have yet to speak.

“Friends, friends that aren’t in any book. That’s what I’m thankful for. I never had any friends growing up. I was always smarter than all the other kids. Sure, my parents were always proud of me, but all I really had in the end were my books.” She looked at all the faces, even her potion’s professor, and gave a shy smile. “Then I met you all, on the train coming to a real magic school, and for the first time I thought I would get the chance to finally make friends…and I have. That’s what I’m thankful for…” the last a whisper.

“I have a lot to be thankful for. My dad, my grandfather, my cousin who is far more a brother to me and the one I always wished I would have. Draco, for being there for Harry when I couldn’t be, Professor Snape, for bringing us all together. When I first came to live with Dad, I was already strange and different…” She paused as she saw the looks on their faces, only to laugh, “In a good way, of course.”

“Of course,” Professor Snape drawled with an eye roll.

Catlin smiled, “But Dad, he didn’t care. All he cared about was me being, well, me. Grandfather helped of course, and I’ll always be thankful for him…and Aunt Hela, they saved my life when I should have died.” Her smile brightened before continuing, “I’m thankful for all the wonderful changes that have happened since summer. I have everything I could possibly want, and most of it is right here in this room.”

Harry nodded. Yes, he could agree to that. He picked up his goblet and raised it in front of him as a toast. “To family and friends. May we always be thankful for what we have!” It wasn’t long after when the rest of those seated around the makeshift table with their modest Thanksgiving dinner, raised their own glasses and repeated his toast.

Yes, this was a good tradition, even if it had a bloody beginning. It was certainly one that he would continue to celebrate for years to come, whether he lived in the UK or in the States hardly mattered at all. This year was a year of new beginnings, and he wasn’t going to stop now!

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Please read and review!

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