A Wrong BWL fic. Harry have a twin, the 'Boy-Who-Lived' and so he is ignored by everybody. Well, not by Dumbledore, and it'll change many things. Ho, he also found a quite interesting book...named 'The Diary of Grand Warlock Ik'thazar'? JP/LP/MP(OC)/GW/MW/RW/SB/RL Bashing, grey!Harry, Grey!Dumbledore Mentor!Dumbledore, Powerful!Harry
Introduction

31/10/1981

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

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

Of course, it wasn't the case of Marcus Potter, who was much less powerful, but Lily and James didn't cared.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Go to hell, monster!" Yelled James.

-"Avada Kedavra!" Hurray then Voldemort, James dodged the spell.
"Confringo! Impedimenta! Experliarmus!" James spelled, which Voldemort blocked with ease.

"CRUCIO!" Yelled Voldemort, touching James hard, who screamed in pain then passed out.

"Pathetic!" Then finish the evil wizard, letting an unconscious James Potter at the foot of the stairs leading upstairs.

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

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

"Step aside, poor idiot!" Ordered the Lord of Darkness.

"No, not my sons, not my Harry and Marcus!" Supplied Lily, who could not finish the ritual.

"Don’t be such a bother! Do not lose your life for these little shits, you can have another one!" Voldemort declared, getting upset.

"No Harry! Have mercy!" Yelled Lily.

"Crucio!" The wizard said, thus putting the young redhead, without mercy, on the floor. He had promised Severus to spare her, and he had kept his word. After all, even if she was tortured, she was still alive.

He walked over to the children. While Marcus was crying, trying to get out of his bed, Harry was looking at the Dark Lord with his bright green eyes. Voldemort could feel the magic that was in the child’s body, and he had to admit it was incredible.

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

"Avada Kedavra!" He shouted. The green beam went to the child.

"No" Yelled Lily Potter, thinking it was Marcus and not Harry.

That's when something incredible happens. The child began to shine and shine, so much so that Voldemort had to close his eyes. When he reopened them, it was to see the child, surrounded by a green halo, and the green bream to go straight on him.

"Noooooo!" Voldemort screamed, before being sprayed by his own spell, which caused an explosion that ravaged the floor, except for the nursery.

The force of the explosion was such that the bars exploded, eventually injuring Marcus Potter in the hand, leaving an 'LV' on the top of his right hand. As for Harry, he obviously had a lightning-like scar on his forehead, above his left eye.

James Potter came to his senses a few minutes later, and remembering the situation, he rushed upstairs to his children's room, letting out a sigh of joy at seeing his two children alive, and his wife on the floor but still alive.

"Lily, are you OK, where is You-Know-Who?" James asked, rushing to his wife.
"I ... I do not know, James, he was there, and then ... he's dead, he's cast the spell of death on Marcus, but the spell has bounced back!" Said Lily, confusing Harry and Marcus.

Immediately, James rushed to Marcus, and he held his breath when he saw the mark on his son's hand. He instantly made the link with the prophecy. 'My son is the chosen one!' He thought, ignoring Harry.

Then the events came together. Peter Pettigrew made his appearance, to see if they were dead, and when he saw James, he barely had time to say 'Quidditch' that he was sauced on the ground, being kicked by a Lily enraged. Subsequently, Severus Snape appeared, explaining that he had received information about an attack from the Dark Lord, and that he wanted to warn them. Obviously, he was received with open arms by Lily (but not by James). Finally, it was Sirius' turn, followed by Dumbledore to arrive.

When Dumbledore saw Marcus, he frowned. After all, he had always been convinced that Harry would be the Chosen One. He eventually ends up declaring Marcus as Boy-Who-Lived, Vanquisher of Voldemort. He urged the parents to take care of both Marcus and Harry, but he noticed his mistake too late, seeing the Potter couple take care of Marcus, ignoring a silent Harry still in his cradle, piercing with his bright eyes that were the same color as the unforgivable spell of death his two parents and his twin brother.

That same evening, the Wizarding World entered a period of festivity in the face of Voldemort's demise, and the end of an era of terror. Everywhere in the UK, and even in the world, it was proclaimed loud and clear that the Dark Lord had been defeated by Marcus Fleamont Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived. Photos appeared, showing Lily's perfect family with James and Marcus Potter. Not a single photograph then had Harry, who during that time had remained either in his cradle or in the arms of the person he considered his grandfather, Albus Dumbledore.
Cries could be heard, resounding like a melancholy symphony of sadness and despair. Hiccups of sadness sometimes mingled with these tears, expressing the misfortune of the person crying with all his heart.

This person was not very tall, barely 110 cm tall, with a thin, almost sickly body. The person who was crying was actually a young boy with tousled black hair and bright green eyes, like the Unforgivable of Death. Few people knew this boy, because few were interested in him. After all, why be interested in a commonplace boy, when there is the Boy-Who-Lived. Even his family thinks the same thing, because after all, that would explain why he is alone, in a cavern, crying of all his heart, on his birthday.

He contrasted a lot with Marcus Potter, who was an obese child with red hair and pale green eyes. He looked a lot like a Weasley.

This boy was called Harry Potter, the brother of the "Boy Who Lived". This title he hated, and unfortunately for him, this title was the only one he knew. He was not even credited with the title of 'Son of' or 'Heir' despite being the older twin of Marcus Potter, just the title of 'brother of'. Harry was someone very unhappy, not knowing what to do with his life, and his family did not cared about him, just his brother, but also because they thought he was only weak, forgetting his magic prowess before imposition of this seal on his magical core.

Harry remembered everything that had happened because he had an eidetic memory. But for him, this memory was as much a blessing as a curse. Because after all, to remember precisely the reasons for our abandonment can only be a curse. Harry thought back to the reasons that led him to these places.

It all started when he was five years old and was completely ignored on his birthday except by Albus Dumbledore, whom he often called 'grandpa'. It was a blow for him. He had been forgotten on his birthday, and most importantly, forced to wish a Happy Birthday to his twin brother, Marcus Potter. While the latter was receiving many presents and had plenty of guests, Harry had nothing at all. Fortunately for him, he later received a gift from Dumbledore, a gift he still had on him today. This gift was very simple, a chiselled silver necklace adorned with an enchanted aquamarine to protect him, allowing Dumbledore to check his health and find him at all times. But that did not stop Harry from deciding to leave the festivities in honour of Marcus, and so he found a cave not far from Potter Manor. Thus, he moved in this cave with the help of the House Elves to make it his home, far from all, and only one person was informed of the location of this place, Dumbledore.
This explains his presence on this day in this cave, commonly called the Phoenix's Lair. This place was very different since its development. It was large enough, with a clean floor with a carpet, brick walls and tapestries, and scattered furniture placed by the house elves. The most important thing in this place was the library, filled to the brim with some books more interesting than the others. He had managed to get those books back in the Potter Library, but also in the room of his twin brother who was not interested in reading the least. Other books had been provided by Dumbledore, who often came to this place to talk with Harry, but most of all, to teach him magic. Indeed, seeing his mistake, Dumbledore had decided that he would take care of Harry personally, and that's what he did, teaching him what he could about magic without a wand. Harry soon turned out to be a prodigy, and Dumbledore was eager to see what Harry would be capable of once his magic seal was broken.

But that does not explain why Harry was crying. The real reason was the announcement made by James Potter at the party in honour of Marcus. He had decided to name Marcus as the heir of the Potter family, despite Harry being the eldest, taking away the little he had connecting him to his family. That's the real reason Harry decided to leave the party to come to his lair and cry.

As he cried and lamented his unjust fate, a strange stone arch at the bottom of the cave began to tremble. This ark was present in the cave, and Harry finding it nice, he decided to keep it. The Ark was covered with indescribable runes, even for Dumbledore, and was still inactive. Yet today, this was not the case, and Harry finally noticed it when he heard an intriguing sound.

He lifted his tear-filled face to look at the place where the weird noise was coming from, and his eyes widened in surprise as he saw some kind of liquid or jelly, he did not know too much, covering the inside of the Ark. All of a sudden, the Ark started to shine, and Harry closed his eyes. He just heard a loud POP, and then nothing else.

When he opened his eyes, the ark was off again, and Harry frowned. He then decided to approach the ark slowly, and it was then that he saw on the ground an object that was not present before. The object in question was a very big book whose cover page was made of a silver metal but was not silver. He then observed the book, noting that it was covered with gold arabesques, with a large red precious stone in the centre of the First Cover Page. Harry did not know if it was a ruby, a red spinel or something else, but he could feel the magic coming out of it, so he decided to approach the book, taking it in his little hands, for the first time to take it to one of the tables near the library.

He then gently opened the book, not noticing then that the red gem, which was actually a red diamond, changed colour to become green, like his eyes. He then decided to read what was written on the Cover page.

"The Diary of the Great Warlock Ik'Thazar?" Harry said aloud, puzzled.

'It's certainly not human. It's more goblin than anything else,' he thought.

He decided to continue reading the book. He then reads the first three pages.

Who am I?

My name is Ik'Thazar, and I am one of the greatest warlocks ever to exist. This diary represents my legacy. But first I will explain who I am, because rare are those who know what a true warlock is.

I am an orc, a tribal race of shamanic origin with green skin following a gangrenous corruption. The orcs are tall, measuring an average adult size of 200 cm, and they are very muscular, explaining their weight greater than 100 kg. Apart from these differences, and the fact that they have sharp teeth, the orcs resemble the majority of humanoid races, so like humans.
As for me, I am the son of a powerful clan leader whose name I will not mention. I discovered magic, starting as a shaman, to finally become interested in magic as a whole, specifically arcane magic and the nether. My interest then allowed me to become what is called a warlock, giving me an incomparable power.

What is a warlock?

Contrary to the popular and absurd beliefs of the ignorant masses, warlocks are not monsters, nor drinkers of blood or killers of children bathing in the guts of their victims. A warlock is simply an arcanist who takes a deeper interest in the nether, and especially, its inhabitants, who are called demons. In fact, the term warlock is barbarism, because we are not only interested in demons, but in magic in general. The most appropriate name would be that of Netheromancian or Arcano-Netheromancian. I personally have a preference for Arcano-Netheromancian since Arcanism and Netheromancy are two things that are alike, but still different.

Harry's eyes widened as he read the text coming to him. Never before had he heard of Netheromancy, Arcanomancy, or Demonism. And yet, he held in his hands a book explaining that these areas existed. Harry wondered if these areas were really worth anything, and whether they were as powerful as they seemed. He then decided to continue reading the exceptional work lying before him.

What are demons?

Demons are vicious and intelligent creatures, capable of many feats, and they are divided into several sub-races. But first we must know that demons have not always been. In fact, demons were originally wise and powerful arcane creatures created by a higher power to regulate magic through one of the Universes. You understand correctly, I said ONE of the Universes, which means that there are several Universes, and so, it is possible that in the Universe in which you are, demons do not exist. This does not mean that they cannot come, just that you will have to invoke them.

But let's go back to the demons. They are therefore divided into several sub-races, each with very interesting specificities. I will describe in this diary the various demonic races that exist. I decided to describe only one in the immediate future, that of the imps.

The imps are very small magical creatures, measuring about 50 to 60 cm, with black skin of leather, two small horns, a very pointed nose, sharp teeth, and fucking annoying as they're worse than chatty women. They are above all arsonists, and are considered devoted servants. Their loyalty is exemplary, and an imp can always protect you, besides being able to infiltrate the most inaccessible places.

What is a "warlock" really capable of?

A warlock is capable of many things. Above all, he can summon demons, which earned him the name of 'Warlock'. However, it is not limited to demons, because it can invoke other arcane beings, such as arcane elementals, flying grimoires, carbuncles...

The warlock is also an arcanist, so he has a certain control over the magic that shapes all the Universe, it's called the Web of the World, or the Magic Canvas. The greatest arcanists are able to
create anything from nothing, to shape landscapes, and for the best, to create worlds or even an entire race. They are often referred to as Gods or Titans, but rare are those who can reach such a level of power.

They are also knowledgeable pyromaniacs, capable of destroying entire worlds by triggering the apocalypse through rains of fire and meteor storms. They can also learn to manipulate people's fears, terrifying them to subject them to their will. Not to mention that they have great control of diseases, then able to make whole populations infertile, sick, then deploying plagues on whole races.

Finally, they are Netheromancian and Blood mages. The Netheromancian are Arcanists who are not interested in the Web of the World and in creation, but in two aspects of the Existence that are Time and Space. They can learn to create temporal bubbles, go back to the past and manipulate events, or create alternative dimensions without space limitations. They also have a very deep connection with the Distorted Nether, which some people simply call the Void or the Unknown Infinity. This link also allows them to draw some strength, which allows their connection with the inhabitants beings nothingness, that are the demons, or more precisely, some demons. As for the Blood Mages, they are specialists in black magic. They learn to use their own blood to sign a contract with an immortal creature (usually a phoenix), allowing them to release their full power, which boosts their powers. They excel then in arcane arts and pyromancy.

A true warlock has no limits!

Harry's eyes kept widening as he read, and when he reached the bottom line, his mouth opened wide, betraying his shock. He then began to calculate the possibilities offered by this book, and eventually came to a single conclusion: This book would allow him to reach the higher spheres of the World.

It had been a year since Harry wanted to get away from his family to discover as much as possible about the Magic World, and above all, to be completely independent. And he knew that one thing would make him finally independent of all, and that was Power and Money with a big 'P' and 'M'. After all, the families who followed Voldemort had been able to get away with their money, and Voldemort and Dumbledore were highly respected because they had great power.

He decided that he would not share this book, except with his grandfather, of course. He decided to turn the page, and what he saw delighted him to the highest degree.

**Summoning:**

Each warlock must be able to invoke a magical being to support himself or to help him in any of his business. This is the reason why I decided to write on this page the first summoning that will have to be realized so that you, my new apprentice, can continue to read this book. This book is now bounded to your soul, and each of your prowess will unlock the writings on the following pages. For your first summoning, you owe it to yourself to have the demon summoning circle whose diagram is provided below. The circle does not need to be chalk or other material, a simple trace in dust is enough, or any other material. Of course, if you wish to increase the magic quality and ease the summoning, you can decide to draw a definitive summoning circle, which will facilitate the summoning.

If you decide to be smart, then you will choose to draw a definitive circle. The best is to use a magic substance to create a very powerful magic circle. It can be magic ink, magic chalk, or if you have it at your disposal, a circle made of enchanted metal.

Harry began to think about what he could use for this summoning.
"Cliquis" Said Harry.

Suddenly, a house elf appeared in a resounding *pop*.

"Yes, Master Harry?" Then asked the elf who was always nice to Harry.

"Would we have enchanted metal, enchanted ink or enchanted chalk?" Harry asked.

The elf pretended to think before making a big smile.

"We have magic chalk, and magic ink, but no magic metal, only the goblins are entitled to it, Master Harry." Replied the house elf.

"Well, would it be possible for you to bring me magical ink, preferably ink mixed with a magic metal, I'm sure we have it, I need a lot of it though." Harry then said.

The elf just smiles before disappearing into a *pop* again. As for Harry, he decided to go to the back of his lair to find a place to adapt to this summoning. He found a perfectly clear place not far from the now extinct ark. Suddenly, he heard a *pop*, and when he turned around, Cliquis was right next to him with a box full of ink pots, several feathers and a pair of gloves in his arms.

"Cliquis found the ink that the young master wanted, the ink is made of liquid gold, and it belonged to former Master Potter, Master Henry." The elf declared with a big smile.

Harry's eyes widened when he heard the name of his great-grandfather, Henry Potter, who had sat on the Wizengamot. He then thanked Cliquis, who then disappeared to return to his obligations. As for Harry, he decided to put on the gloves provided. He then observed the ground, and he understood then that to draw the circle of summoning with a feather would be useless because it would be too fine. He wondered how he was going to do it. He then decided to simply dip his fingers gloved in the metallic ink and draw the circle of summoning without putting ink everywhere.

The summoning circle was not very complicated, looking like a simple circle with a kind of double superimposed pentagram inside, with runes all around the circle to be finally circled by another circle. Harry spent a good hour tracing the circle, being careful not to spoil everything. When he had finished tracing his circle, he took off his gloves and went back to read the book to find out more.

Once your circle is drawn, you will have to make your summoning. It will be that of an imp, although you can easily summon an elemental or a carbuncle, however, the imp will be the only one who can talk with you, making it an ideal servant capable of speech. You will have to come near the circle and pour a few drops of blood on the circle, which will activate it and bind it to you. It will then be enough for you to repeat these words thinking very strongly about what you wish to invoke, in our case, an imp. Above all, DO NOT try to invoke a different demon, you may not be ready and this demon considers you weak, which is not the case of a still-obedient Imp.

Here is the formula that you will have to recite, and once that is done, you can then go to the next page. Know that once invoked, the demon will be bound to you, allowing him to join you without need of summoning, and if you wish, can call him again with a basic summoning that will be "I invoke you (name of the bound demon)"

Here is the formula:

"Yfel mæræn ëow, magodegn råd dôd forwerod, ëow canne gieldan mîn hêas Beran stæalan me, démon."

Good luck, my dear apprentice.
Harry tried to pronounce the summoning sentence for a good half-hour, and when he was finally convinced of his accent, he hurriedly went to the circle of summoning with a knife, a silver paper-cutter that was on the table.

Once in front of the summoning circle, he cut the palm of his hand, letting a few drops of his blood run down the lines of the summoning circle. It was then that the circle of summoning began to shine with a golden colour, probably related to the ink. He then noticed a slight purple colour in the golden aura of the circle, surely this was a sign that the circle was indeed a circle of summoning? Harry decided not to worry too much, after all, according to the book, he was not risking much.

Harry began to think strongly of the word Imp, hoping not to mess up. He began to recite the words for the summoning.

"Yfel mǣran ēow, magodgn rād dōð forwerod, ēow canne gieldan mīn hǣs Beran stǣlan me, dēmon," Harry said, feeling the magic condense in front of him.

No sooner had he finished the summoning than a noise of crashing sounded, and a kind of portal leading to the Nether opened in front of Harry, frightening him slightly. He heard a laugh at last, slightly disturbed, and he saw it.

A little being, measuring just 55 cm, black with two little horns and green eyes like flames then came out of this portal leading to the void. He had hands with hooked fingers and claws, a tail, and his back was slightly curved. He looked like a little black goblin with horns, which amused Harry slightly. The imp had an amused smile, and he opened his mouth.

"Hey dude, ya summ'd me? I'm Nak'tiliz thy servant, and we will have fun together! Let the party begin!"
Grandfather Albus? Ya mean Grandfather Warlock!

Chapter Summary

Well, Albus isn't one to let knowledge go to waste. There's now two warlocks!

07/31/1987

A little being, measuring just 55 cm, black with two little horns and green eyes like flames then came out of this portal leading to the void. He had hands with hooked fingers and claws, a tail, and his back was slightly curved. He looked like a little black goblin with horns, which amused Harry slightly. The imp had an amused smile, and he opened his mouth.

"Hey, who has called me dude, I'm Nak'tiliz, your new servant, and we're going to have fun!"

Harry's eyes widened in the face of the Imp's outspoken voice, then he chuckled as the Imps grin grows.

"Hey dude, are you going to let me out of your summoning circle or are you planning to let me rot here? Not that I do not like the place, but hey, it's not terrible here." Then said Nak'tiliz.

Harry continued to snort.

"And where are the succubus? And the disco ball? And the music? Your party is not worth a Wyrm-tongue fart, I say!" Said the Imp, looking disappointed.

Harry rolled his eyes at the Imp's derogatory comments before deciding to stop his ranting.

"My name is Harry James Potter, but you can call me Harry. I am delighted to meet you, Nak'tiliz. And sorry, I had not even planned to party, maybe later?" Harry replied then with a smirk and sparkling eyes.

The Imp jumped for joy, clapping his hands.

"Finally, for once I do not have a master with a broom in the ass who treats me like shit! By the way, where am I? Not that the place is dirty, but I do not recognize the surroundings, and the magic bah ... It is really not here!" Said Nak'tiliz, looking puzzled, looking around him.

Harry frowned. It seems that his hypothesis has proved, the imp does not come from this Universe. Harry wondered if Nak'tiliz was the first demon to come to this Universe.

"Well, you're right now on Tellus, which the majority of muggles call Earth, specifically in the UK, in the Wales area on the Potter lands, my family, where we're in a cave that I laid out and I call the Phoenix Lair." Harry explained briefly.

"Nope, I do not know, say, Azeroth, does that tell you something, or Draenor, besides Argus?" Then asked Nak'tiliz full of excitement.
Harry shook his head.

"Shit then, either I'm on a world we've never ever invaded, or so, I'm not in my Universe, so what?" The imp asked with a big smile.

"You're right Nak'tiliz, you're not in your Universe right now, at least I do not think so, and would it be possible to check this theory?" Harry asked, curious to know if they are actually in another Universe.

Nak'tiliz nodded his head before concentrating on whispering inaudible words. He frowned (Well, as much as he could without eyebrows), before jumping joyfully.

"Bingo! I'm no more in my home universe! Cool!" Then shouted the Imp, ecstatic.

Harry just smiled, amused by the more impious behavior of the imp in front of him. He already suspected that he must be in a different Universe, and now that the Imp could confirm his hypothesis, he began to think of what to do next. He was, however, taken out of his thoughts by Nak'tiliz.

"Hey, are you young as a master, it's a normal thing for your people, or are you just too interested in us?" Said the imp.

"I'm really young, I'm exactly seven years old today, it's my birthday, and I'm a wizard, we usually live up to a hundred years, and for the most powerful, up to two hundred years." Harry then replied, motioning the imp to follow him.

The Imp shook his head, and they both headed to the Den's mini lounge where they sat quietly on the very comfortable loveseats present.

"Well, what if we introduced ourselves?" Harry offered with a small smile.

Nak'tiliz smiles then.

"No problem, master Harry, hihi, come on, I'll start, my name is Nak'tiliz, and as you can suppose, I'm an imp, well, normally, if you knew how to summon me, you know what I am so I do not need to say more about myself. I would like to point out that although I am a legion imp, I am not as much addicted to fel as the others... it's really jab!" Then Nak'tiliz said gesturing in all directions.

Harry tilted his head to the side while frowning.

"Fel, are you talking about a disease?" Harry asked, wondering how one could be addicted to an illness.

Nak'tiliz burst out laughing before recovering.

"But no, not sickness, otherwise I'll be dead! I'm talking about Fel magic, but I do not know if you know what it is. Well, I will explain it to you quickly: There is a very powerful magic called Fel Magic which is a corrupted version of Arcanic magic or fire, I never know ... Well, in short, there is a big Titan in my Universe who invented this form of corruption to change what we were in demons and bind us to it, giving us more power but in exchange, we're so fucking dependent of it that we now must obey him. You see the kind?" Nak'tiliz explained then.

Harry nodded, understanding the principle. It reminded him vaguely of a mix between House Elves and Death Eaters. He burst out laughing, imagining the Death Eaters with ragged clothes like the House Elves, all four-legged in front of Voldemort, and talking like mentally retarded beings.

Nak'tiliz smiles at the laughter of his new master.
"I see you got it, so much the better." Fit the imp.

"And tell me, is there not a solution concerning this problem of addiction? I mean, I immediately understood through your remarks that you would like to no longer be dependent ... And by the way, is it possible to get this 'Fel magic' without the negative effects?" Harry asked.

Nak'tiliz watched him stunned before nodding slowly.

"Yup, it's possible, for the addiction, I'd have to find a source of arcane magic that would allow me to feed myself to slowly wean myself off. Usually, it's a point of convergence of the telluric lines or the magic of a very powerful wizard. To get the Fel Magic, yeah it's possible to have it without the addiction, but hey, it's not your level. You should be able to summon a big demon like an Ered'ruin or an Infernal, as long as you've summoned the demon, you'll just absorb his magic without absorbing his soul, and now you'll be able to control the Fel magic. I know, only two warlocks who managed to do it so...’ Nak'tiliz said, snorting diabolically.

Harry nodded slowly, deciding he should look into the matter later. After all, it would not be a good idea to try to summon a demon if he is not powerful enough to defeat it. He did not want to become a pancake either. It was then that he had an idea.

"But if you come to feed on the magic of a wizard, would not that tie you to that wizard?" Harry asked curiously.

Nak'tiliz nodded.

"Yup, I'll be bound to the wizard, like a pet, except that I'm smarter than a vulgar animal, Hehehe."

Harry frowned for a moment.

"And me, could you bind yourself to me, I mean, do I have enough magic power to bind me to you?" Harry said.

Nak'tiliz narrowed his eyes before focusing on Harry. He opened his eyes wide before a huge smile appeared on his impish face.

"Yeah, you're pretty powerful enough, and then, I'll reassure you, as soon as I'm bonded to you, I'll be able to feed on the surrounding magic, so ... Yeah, and there's nothing to do in my world, we're bored like dead rats so I do not mind staying in this world, plus, it looks interesting.
"Nak'tiliz replied, cackling.

"Okay, and how can we do that?" Harry asked curiously.

The only answer he received was an amused smile from the imp who then approached Harry. He then grabbed the boy's hand before approaching his mouth with the delicate index finger of Harry's right hand and biting his finger with his canines, causing a few drops of blood to bead, which he eagerly swallowed under Harry's intrigued look.

The reaction was not long in coming, and the imp then moaned, that made Harry blush, before licking his lips, as if he had tasted the most delicious wine. Nak'tiliz then said that Harry's blood, his new master, had a very pronounced taste and was quite spicy, probably due to his magic. The Imp began to shine, and all of a sudden, his green eyes turned blue, and his black skin with a slight green aura became a brown diviner with a bluish aura.

"It's done, we're now linked by blood, and I'm your servant forever, but I'm not a succubus, so do not expect this kind of service from me!" Said Nak'tiliz smiling.
Harry just nodded with a big smile. Having no usefulness for Nak'tiliz for the moment, he then proposed to go to discover the world, and the Imp was then happy to leave the scene at full speed. It was timely, because a few minutes after he left Albus Dumbledore came in, with his hands behind his back, vainly trying to hide a gift package, which made Harry smile a huge smile. He could always count on his grandfather.

"Happy birthday Harry." Then exclaimed the old wizard winking at Harry before handing him his present.

"Thanks grandpa!" Shouted the young man, excited.

Without waiting, he threw himself on Dumbledore to be caught in a hug before being released to seize the present. He momentarily forgot the book that was still on the table, and he began unpacking the gift. Meanwhile, Dumbledore approached the table, having noticed the book, and then read the first page. His eyes widened when he saw that this book was about demonology, a term he had never heard before. He wondered then how Harry could have done to get his hands on a book that must have been unique, and came out of his thoughts with the cry of joy of his grandson.

Harry was standing with a huge smile with a parchment in his hands. This parchment was very different from the usual parchments. It was not made of animal skin or with plants or anything else organic. No, this parchment was made of gold paper, and what mattered most was what was written on it. Indeed, the parchment was a waiver.

_We, James Fleamont Potter and Lily Jane Evans, accept on our magic and by this writing to definitively give up the custody of our son, Hadrian James Potter for the benefit of Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore_.

_We hereby authorize Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore to magically adopt Hadrian James Potter. So mote it be._

_Signed: James Fleamont Potter

Lily Jane Potter

Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore_

"They ... they really accepted?" Harry asked, surprised.

"Indeed, Harry, they accepted, but they did not decide to disinherit you, being convinced that you are the second born, forgetting that you are the eldest and not the youngest. They will have a very bad surprise, but it's just a reward for their misdeeds." Dumbledore replied with his old grandfather's smile.

Harry did not waste time and rushed back to Dumbledore to hug him. Although Harry has become known to be quite removed from social actions and interactions, considered a kind of recluse, this is not the case when he is in the presence of Dumbledore, and so he can open his emotional valves and to become the child he really is. Thus, Dumbledore willingly accepted the embrace of his grandson. Obviously, the parchment was only a step, as they now had to go to Gringotts to finalize the adoption.

It was then that Dumbledore redirected his attention to the book he had previously read.

"I noticed you were reading a very interesting book, I've never heard of such a subject before, my boy, and I'm really intrigued. Where did you get that book?" Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

Harry did not waste time and explained everything that had happened, from the appearance of the
book to the departure of Nak'tiliz. He was first quickly reprimanded by Dumbledore for performing a potentially dangerous ritual before being commended for successfully completing this potentially dangerous ritual.

"I see, tell me, does it bothers you if I quickly observe your memories to see this 'Imp'?” The old man asked.

Harry just nodded before looking at Dumbledore right in the eyes. The latter did not waste time and used *Legilimency* to enter his grandson's mind. He was very astonished by the Imps' first appearance, and again amazed when he changed after his binding to Harry. For the old wizard, whose knowledge was very numerous and deep, it seems strangely like a link between a master and a magical familiar. However, from the little he had learned from Harry's conversation with Nak'tiliz, many demons could be linked to the same source of magic, but a wizard can only have one familiar at a time. He wondered if Harry could have a real familiar, an animal, in addition to demons, or just demons.

"Tell me Harry, would you mind if I watched your book more closely?” The old man asked.

"I do not see any problem with it grandfather, but Nak'tiliz told me that the book was bound to me, and if I understood correctly, it is in some way related to my soul, so I do not know if you can use it. " Replied the young child.

Dumbledore reflected on the dilemma. He was very intrigued by this magic, and what's more, he did not want Harry to be alone in this kind of ritual. It was then that Dumbledore had a genius idea, a brilliant and fantastic idea, worthy of him and his lemon sweets. He then went to the book, and then taking out his elder wand, cast the spell *Liber Duplicare* to create a perfect copy of the book. He did not expect to feel completely drained of his magic, which made him sit down quickly, worrying his grandson in passing.

"Grandpa, are you okay?” Asked a worried Harry.

Dumbledore slowly took a breath, feeling weakened and tired.

"Yes, it's okay Harry, I was not expecting such a drain of magic, and from what I've learned, this book is first and foremost a completely magical book, and so to replicate it, it takes a lot of. I think I'm currently the only one able to replicate such an object, except maybe you, one thing is sure, I will not do it again." Finally answered the old man.

Harry just nodded, while Dumbledore decided to grab the copy of the Diary. No sooner had he caught the copy than the gem began to shine to turn blue, like his eyes. He could read exactly what Harry had read, so he was stuck at the imp's summoning ritual. He wasted no time, and made his way to the circle of invocation that Harry had made, not forgetting to swallow an invigorating philter followed by a fortifying potion as a precaution. He then used his wand to create an identical invocation circle on his side and pour a few drops of his blood into it. So, he made the invocation for an imp.

As with Harry, a portal to the Void opened, revealing a completely red imp with flames around him.

"Damn, I hope it's worth it! No, but what is this mess! I was with a beautiful succubus, and here I am with an old crouton, I want to be reimbursed! I'm not into gerontophilia!” shouted the imp.

Dumbledore blinked several times as he watched the creature in front of him, while behind him Harry was slumped on the floor, holding his stomach and laughing at the imp's behavior. Dumbledore then cleared his throat to stop the imp in his tracks.
"I'm Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, and your master in this case, I've summoned you here to start the warlock's path, what's your name?"

"My name is Ilk'thaz, old master, so I had a quick visit from my brother, Nak'tiliz, and from what I can see looking at the kid who's been laughing his ass off, what he told me about this new world, or rather universe, seems right, so I want the same contract as him, and I swear I'll obey, does it work?" Answered the imp with a small smile.

Albus just nodded, and the Imp lost no time before literally biting Dumbledore's right hand to bind him. He then changed slightly, his skin remaining red, but his eyes and flames turning blue. He exclaimed then.

"With that, I'll explore the world, ciao!"

He then disappeared in a small shower of flame, leaving a stunned Dumbledore who closed the wound on his hand, while Harry continued to laugh. Once calmed, the two then went to their respective books to read the next part.

_Congratulations my young apprentice._

Now it's time to move on to the spells. In a warlock, spells are of utmost importance, not the invocations, because after all, the advantage of a warlock is his ability to fight in sync with his demon. For that, he must know a lot of spells, and I decided it was so much to train. For that, I'll give you a list of simple spells, some of which may already be under control, depending on the education you received. Here is the list of spells:

- **Fireball** - Just imagine it in your hand and throw it.
- **Fire Strike** - Instantly burns an opponent, weak little powerful.
- **Frostball** - Idem
- **Ice Javelin** - Send a spike of frost flying on your opponent, instant.
- **Immolation** - Just imagine an aura of fire around your opponent.
- **Armor Magic** - Passive, it becomes automatic after a while. It helps to better resist enemy spells.
- **Energy Exchange** - Very important, heal your demon in exchange for your energy.

Here are the spells that will be useful to you. However, to proceed with the instructions, you will need to be able to use the following spells:

- **Fear** - Illusion spell that plunges his enemy into an illusion showing him his greatest fear.
- **Drain life** - Spell that absorbs the vital force of a living being to heal itself, this spell is not mortal.

Once these spells are done, you can move on. Good luck.

Albus Dumbledore looked at the list of spells, and he noticed something rather interesting. Each spell was cast manually, without the use of a wand. Fortunately, he knew he was capable of wandless
magic, and since Harry no longer had a magic lock and had never been used to wands, he knew it would not be a problem for him.

As for Harry, he was totally excited to test these new spells, though he notices that he could not immediately test the *Energy Exchange* spell as his demon was wandering around the world like a tourist in need of vacation.

"Hm ... This spell seems very interesting, but given the last two spells, mere models will not be enough, so I guess I'm going to have to make a few things out of rabbits, that should be enough." Fit the old man.

Harry just nodded, eager to see what their spells would give. Albus got up then, and made flutter several useless objects which dragged then to transform them into adorable rabbits. He then ordered Harry to stand next to him, which he did with great pleasure.

"Well, I think we should start with frost spells, they seem less lethal than fire spells, and you have the honor, Harry." Affectionately the old man rubbing Harry's hair.

Harry closed his eyes, holding his right hand in front of him, palm up, and then imagined a *Frostball*, and he was not disappointed. Well, he had to think about it a few times and concentrate, but he knew that with time, it would become easier. He felt a fresh feeling then, and when he opened his eyes, he noticed a kind of icy sphere floating above his hand. In a trance, Harry moved his hand to the side, and the ball followed, remaining suspended above his hand. He then redirected his attention to one of the rabbits, and without losing a moment, he threw it on the innocent rodent, who widened his eyes as he saw the ball go towards him, but alas ... The rabbit died on the spot.

"Grandpa, I think this lethal story is not right ..." Harry smirked as he smirked while Dumbledore stared at the rabbit's corpse, which then became an object, which he retransformed into rabbit without losing a moment.

"Indeed, I thought it would just be frozen ... Maybe the rabbits are too weak ..." replied a pensive Albus.

He decided not to linger too much, and just like Harry, he concentrated before sending a *Frostball* on the transformed rabbit, killing it on the spot too.

"Well, let's continue." Just fit the old man.

Harry jumped in joy before imagining an *ice javelin* and throwing it straight at one of the rabbits, who was pierced and killed instantly. Albus did not waste time and did the same, not wishing to linger over the carnage before him. Once the rabbits died and become objects, broken ... He repaired them with a simple *Reparo* before giving life to cute idiots rabbits.

"Well, let's go to the fire spells, try not to burn our lair, Harry." Dumbledore said with a snort.

Harry did not answer, just sending a *Fireball* on one of the rabbits. He was not surprised when the rabbit died, however, he was surprised when the corpse went black.

"I charred it?" Harry said incredulously, while Dumbledore chuckled.

"Harry, the furs are combustible ..." the old man simply replied.

Harry blushed to the top of his ears, having forgotten that little detail. Evidently, Dumbledore gave life to the rabbit before he too charred it like a piece of coal. They chained by a *Fire Strike* that
surprisingly, did not carbonize rabbits, but killed them all the same. Harry particularly enjoyed the **Immolate** spell he found awesome, seeing one of the rabbits be surrounded by a halo of flame. Well, he found less awesome when the rabbit writhed in pain before dying, charred, to finally explode.

"Ierk" Harry shouted as he saw bits of rabbit everywhere.

Fortunately for him, the pieces were transformed into pieces of objects that Albus reassembled before recreating a rabbit.

"Well, it's time for this **Fear** spell, I wonder how it's going to affect rabbits ..." Dumbledore said while eating a lemon drop appeared from nowhere.

Harry looked at one of the rabbits, and tried to follow the book’s instructions. The principle was very simple, it was enough to launch an illusion on the target wishing strongly that the latter sees his own fear. The result was instantaneous, and the rabbit's eyes widened. It was then that to Harry's biggest shock, the rabbit collapsed to the ground before dying.

"Oh ... your rabbit had a heart attack, Harry, I do not think that kind of spells are made to be used on fragile creatures ..." Albus snickered.

He did the same with one of the rabbits, and like the first, he died of a heart attack.

"There is only the **Drain life** left, but how do we know if it is effective?" Dumbledore said thoughtfully.

"Why don't we just cut our palms? If the spell really works, we should be healed, right?" Harry answered then.

Dumbledore nodded, and used one of the paper cutters to make a nick on his hand, and so did Harry. For the occasion, Dumbledore was the first to use the spell, and he then directed his right hand to one of the rabbits, concentrating to actually drain the energy of the artificial creature. The result did not wait, and a kind of green ray left Dumbledore’s hand to crash against the rabbit, who seemed to tire visibly as Dumbledore’s wound closed.

"Fascinating!" Dumbledore exclaimed, his eyes twinkling like blazing supernovas.

Harry did the same with one of the rabbits, and his wound closed. It was then that their books shone, surely to announce to them that their task was accomplished. Dumbledore waved his wand to turn the rabbits into objects before repairing them and replacing them where they were. Finally, he went back to the two books with Harry.

*Once again, my congratulations for successfully casting basic spells.*

*Now it's time to change the register, my dear apprentice. We will leave the classic areas of the warlock mafic to enter the sacred arcanist's domain. However, it must be known that it will be very difficult to launch some destructive spells. I will have to explain a little more about the arcane domain. First of all, we must know that the arcane domain is divided into two parts, Magic Manipulation (Creation, Destruction) and Arithmancy. Magic Manipulation has already been explained in the previous pages. Yes, my dear apprentice, if you are not stupid, then you will understand that I am referring to the creation and manipulation of the web of existence, the magic canvas. The principle of Magic Manipulation is simply to direct and shape the Cosmic Energy to do what we want. The sub-branch of Magic Manipulation, or I should*
Regarding Arithmancy, magic is manipulated in a different way. First of all, it is manipulated by the use of various methods of calculation which then make it possible to establish a complicated diagram making it possible to accurately predict the reactions and effects of our spells, but also to develop and put in place ploys allowing then to defeat our enemies. Arithmancy is an extremely important part of the arcane domain, which is why mages consider Arcanism to be an elite domain. So you have to be very intelligent, even a genius, to be able to master Arcanism.

Arithmancy has two very interesting subdomains. There is first the Field of the Summoner, which can summon magical creatures representing elements of fire, earth, water, wind and favoring raw power. Finally, there is the domain of the Scholar, who is thus specialized in the accumulation of knowledge and which privileges the practical knowledge, allowing them then to be associated with magical creatures with the capacities of extraordinary care and healing, such as the fairies but also the unicorns. They are therefore exceptional healers.

I assure you, my dear apprentice that it is perfectly possible to master all these areas, but it will take time. Fortunately for you, arcanists and warlocks are aging much slower than most mortals, due to the magic we use. So, I can assure you that you have at least three hundred years before you die of old age. Of course, if you manage to master all the magical realms, then you could potentially reach such power that immortality would be at your fingertips. But this is a story for another day.

Now, let's focus on the most important tool for an Arcanist: His Summoning Tome!

Yes, Arcanists have Summoning Tomes in which they write complex arithmetic formulas, allowing them to create magical creatures related to their souls. But before creating such a creature, my dear apprentice, you'll need a Summoning Tome. No, you cannot use my diary for such a thing because it is not suitable. Therefore, you will have to create your own Tome, Hehehe.

For that, you will need: An enchanted book (preferably with an enchanted metal binding like its First Cover Page and its Fourth Cover Page and enchanted pages, preferably in parchment and not in paper), an enchanted quill (it can be automatic) and finally, enchanted ink (preferably metallic). Metal is desired as it is an excellent conductor of magic.

Finally, you will have to copy the next two hundred pages of this diary in this new tome. Once that's done, you can finally move on, so, have fun, my dear apprentice.

Harry raised his head.

"Where are we going to get enchanted metal books?" Harry asked curiously.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. He says so brilliantly.

"It's time to go to Gringotts!"
Chapter Summary

The Potter...Dumbledore luck strike!

07/31/1987

Harry and Dumbledore apparated directly to the Leaky Cauldron, filled with wizards and witches chatting and satiating. Albus led his now son to the bar behind which was Tom, the owner of the inn. For the occasion, Dumbledore had applied a spell on Harry to disguise him. The boy had blue eyes and chocolate hair.

"Hello Professor Dumbledore, what do you want to drink?" Tom asked with a smile.

"No Tom, maybe later, when my son and I come back," Dumbledore announced with bright eyes.

Immediately, there was silence throughout the inn while the wizards stared at Dumbledore, shocked by his response. Since when did he have a son? After all, everyone knew that Dumbledore was probably the oldest spinster in the Wizarding World, and most of all, that he had never had a wife or children.

Of course, all eyes converged on the seven-year-old boy next to Dumbledore.

"My word, I did not know you had a son, Professor," Tom said, surprised.

Albus nodded and smiled fondly. After all, it was better to introduce Harry immediately as his son rather than waiting for Hogwarts back to school, or even worse, that Rita Skeeter does discover and make a fuss to be lathered. This viper was able to know everything, and Albus sometimes wondered if she was using illegal spells to spy on.

"Let me introduce you my son, Hadrian Albus James Ater Fàil Dumbledore, though his name is simply Harry Dumbledore," Dumbledore said as Harry's eyes widened.

He probably did not expect to get a new name so complete, and thankfully that thanks to his research and especially his knowledge, he had managed to understand the origin of his name. Albus for his new father, James to represent his past with Albus in front, Ater to compensate Albus and Fàil for fate in Gaelic. It was a perfectly thought out name, and Harry was proud enough to wear it.

Tom chuckled under his breath as he heard the boy's name.

"My word, I see that you've passed on your long-standing habit to your son, well, congratulations to you Professor Dumbledore, and to you too, young Harry," Tom said before leaving them to take care of a customer.

Albus thanked him before taking Harry with him to go to the back of the inn to join the portal leading to Traverse Lane. He then opened the gate, but instead of heading straight for Gringotts, he decided to go to Madame Malkin's shop so that Harry could get a dress more suitable for
him. Unfortunately, the boy only wore the old clothes of his youngest brother, and Albus did not agree at all.

When they entered the shop, they obviously came to meet the Malfoy family, surely present to afford a new wardrobe. Lucius Malfoy was the first to greet Dumbledore.

"Dumbledore, what a pleasure to see you here, are not you busy with the birthday of the ... survivor?" Lucius asked while spitting out the last word with lots of venom.

Dumbledore gave him an awesome smile, astonishing the Malfoys, before pushing Harry forward slightly with his hand.

"No, unfortunately, Lucius, I preferred to spend the day with my son, and we came here to offer him a new wardrobe," Dumbledore replied, while in the back, Madame Malkin came forward seeing the old man.

Lucius raised an eyebrow at the boy. 'Great…Now the goat got a son.' he thought.

Seeing the Malfoy's eyes on him, Harry decided to be courteous. He bowed then.

"Lord Malfoy, Lady Malfoy, nice to meet you, let me introduce myself, I'm Hadrian Albus James Ater Fàil Dumbledore, you can call me Harry, and it'll be easier." Harry said, carefully avoiding to say the houses he was heir to although he should have done so.

Although Lucius hides it expertly, his eyes betray his astonishment at Harry's politeness, and most of all, his respect for manners. Maybe Dumbledore's son was not going to be a lost cause after all.

Narcissa smiled when she saw Harry, but she noticed that her own son did not show up as he should have. She tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and Draco stepped forward.

"Nice to meet you, Harry, I'm Draco Malfoy," said the little blondie before shaking Harry's hand, glad to finally make a friend who is not a stooge of his father.

Harry then began to chat with Draco, amusing the adults present.

"I did not know you had a son, Dumbledore," Lucius commented as he continued to look at Harry.

Albus chuckled before shaking his head while eating a lemon sorbet mysteriously appeared in his hand.

"Indeed, I did not want to put him on the ballot of the people, after all, I myself am very much followed, and I do not want my own son to become a celebrity because he is the son of the Vanquisher of Grindelwald. I'm sure you can understand," Albus replied as Lucius nodded.

"I suppose if you hid him, then your son had little contact with our society?" Narcissa asked, intrigued.

Albus kept nodding, already having an idea of where Narcissa was coming from.

"Well, why do not you come with your son to our annual Yule Ball so he could meet children his own age," Narcissa suggested, slightly shocking Lucius.

He did not want the old man at home, but when he saw the look his wife gave him, he decided to abdicate. He'd rather have Dumbledore at his house for a night than spend a week on the couch.

Dumbledore then grinned while clapping his hands.
"What a great idea, my dear, I'm happy to accept your invitation, and it will be a great opportunity for Harry to mingle with the children of his age," said Albus, mocking Lucius Malfoy's constipated face.

"In the meantime, we have a lot to do, Draco, we're going," Lucius said before leaving the room, closely followed by his wife and son.

Harry came near his father, amused.

"This is the first time I can make a friend," Harry said excitedly.

Albus gave him a big smile before beckoning to Madame Malkin to come. She quickly asked what they needed, and Dumbledore asked her for a full wardrobe for her son. He was very amused when Harry asked if he could have robes as colourful as his, and chuckled when he saw Mrs Malkin's horrified look. He did, however, accept his son's request.

An hour later, they came out of the stall. Harry wore a pretty blue wizard robe with golden stars wandering around. The rest of his stuff had been sent directly to Dumbledore Manor at Godric's Hollow. All along the path of Gringotts, several wizards and witches stopped to watch and murmur. The news about Dumbledore's son had already been around Traverse Alley, and surely the next day it would have been around the entire wizarding world. Dumbledore would not be very surprised if he received several letters to congratulate him.

The warrior duo then approached Gringotts' entrance guarded by two goblins armed to the teeth, and Harry was rather intrigued by the inscription on the big doors of the bank.

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

"In short, anyone who enters Gringotts is subject to Goblin law, but it's also a challenge to the wizards, so goblins challenge anyone to steal them and escape them, if ever a wizard succeeds in stealing anything and then decide to come back later, will he be rewarded or punished, knowing that he will have left goblin territory for the wizarding territory?" Harry exclaimed aloud with his eyebrows frowning.

Dumbledore looked at him, slightly astonished, just like the other two goblins. One of the guards decided to answer.

"Well, young wizard, you're absolutely right, if anyone ever succeeds in robbing us and escaping from the bank, then he'll receive a reward from Gringotts by bringing back his loot. Only a talented being would be able to steal us," replied the goblin.

Harry watched the goblin, intrigued.

"Where does goblin territory stop?" He asked.

"Goblin territory stops at that door," said the goblin, wishing to know where Harry was coming from.
Dumbledore decided to observe the situation, curious. Harry then approached the goblin that was right behind the door, and before the being could react, quickly grabbed his spear before leaving the Bank quickly, leaving behind a stunned goblin.

Harry then watched the second guard with a small smile and handed him the spear.

"If I'm not mistaken, according to the laws, I just stole your comrade's spear in goblin territory, and managed to escape without being caught," Harry said.

The goblin took the spear before bursting into laughter, shocking the wizards watching the scene, stunned. The stolen goblin then approached Harry before congratulating him on this successful tour.

"I did not expect such an act, and the most fun is that you're absolutely right, young wizard. You managed to steal and escape from Gringotts without getting caught. You are worthy of the title of Goblin's Friend!" Exclaimed the second guard as a richly dressed banker approached.

The goblin banker wore an excellent quality outfit with a gold G-shaped brooch on his chest. He had seen the commotion and had to admit that he was impressed by the intellect of the young wizard who had shown them great respect. It was then that he noticed that the young wizard was accompanied by Dumbledore.

"Ralgnuk is right, young wizard, your act is worthy of this title, after all, it's not every day that a wizard shows respect for a goblin, or courage. Please follow me I'll personally take care of your business," the goblin announced before leaving.

Albus was slightly surprised by the turn before smiling. He then whispered to Harry that the goblin was none other than Ragnok III of Clan Gringotts, the bank chief founded by his grandfather, Ragnok I. The two warlocks followed the goblin, leaving behind delighted goblins and shocked wizards.

They crossed a long corridor of Gringotts to finally arrive in a huge office. Ragnok settled quietly behind his desk while Albus and Harry sat on the proposed seats.

"How can Gringotts help you?" Asked Ragnok, interested.

"We want to proceed with blood adoption first," Dumbledore said before handing the contract to Ragnok, who took it in his claws.

The goblin arched his eyebrows, understanding that the young man in front of him was none other than Harry Potter, the 'survivor's brother'. Dumbledore then waved his hand quickly to remove Harry's glamor, revealing his messy black hair and green eyes.

"Very well, since the young Mr Potter has proved to us that he's a friend, the ritual is completely free to you," the goblin said before snapping his fingers.

Immediately after, a potion appeared on the desk. He handed a silver goblin dagger to Dumbledore.

"Please pour three drops of your blood into this potion. Once that is done, the young Mr Potter will have to swallow it in order to proceed with the adoption, "Ragnok explained quickly, looking at the two wizards.

Dumbledore did not waste time and slashed his index finger to pour a few drops of blood into the potion. The wound closed automatically, probably due to an enchantment on the dagger. He handed the potion to Harry, who was staring at the carmine mixture dubiously. He shrugged his shoulders before swallowing the horrible mixture.
The reaction was immediate, and Harry experienced a slight change. His hair became smoother and lighter as the features of his face changed to finally look like a younger Dumbledore with green eyes. Finally, the eyes eventually changed, becoming a strange mixture of blue and green, creating a unique and hypnotic colour.

Dumbledore watched his now son with a big smile, happy to know that his family's future is secure. He redirected his attention to Ragnok, who seemed delighted with the transformation. The goblin then took out a parchment from his drawer.

"How do you want to name your son?" He asked.

"Hadrian Albus James Alter Fàil Dumbledore," Albus answered confidently.

Ragnok nodded before writing the name on the parchment. Once done, the parchment lit up before disappearing into the Witch and Wizard Registry Department at the Ministry of Magic while a copy was placed in the Gringotts Archives.

"Would it be possible to do an inheritance test for Harry?" Albus asked, wishing to see if some things had changed.

Ragnok nodded before retrieving a golden scroll and a feather-drip. He handed it to Harry.

"Please write your full name with this pen," said the goblin, himself very interested in the result.

Harry nodded before taking the pen to write his name. He felt a slight tingle as he began to write in red ink, his blood. Once his name was written, Ragnok handed him a stone, which he had affixed to his hand to avoid the second effects of the feather, either scarification or throbbing pain.

During this time, various lines began to appear on the parchment. At the end of two minutes, the lines stopped appearing, and when Albus took the parchment to read the result, his two eyebrows arched to disappear under his hairy mass. He probably did not expect this result.

Name:

Hadrian Albus James Alter Fàil Dumbledore (Pureblood)

Former name:

Hadrian James Potter (Half-Blood)

Main Houses:

-Most Exalted and Ancestral House of Peverell (Father) (Sealed Heir) (Lord: None)
-Most Exalted and Ancestral House of Black (Father) (Designated Heir) (Lord: Arcturus Black)
-Most Revered and Archaic House of Gryffindor (Father) (Sealed Heir) (Lord: None)
-Most Revered and Archaic House of Slytherin (Conquest) (Sealed Heir) (Lord: None)
-Most Noble and Most Ancient House of Dumbledore (Father) (Sealed Heir) (Lord: Albus Dumbledore)
-Most Noble and Most Ancient House of Potter (Father) (Sealed Heir) (Lord: James Potter)
Family:

Father: Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore (half-blood)

Father (formerly): James Fleamont Potter (pureblood)

Mother (formerly): Liliane Jane Potter born Evans (Muggle-born)

Godfather: None (Formerly Sirius Orion Black) (pureblood)

Godmother: None (Formerly Alice Ursula Longbottom formerly MacMillan) (pureblood)

Brother: Marcus Fleamont Potter (half-blood)

Dumbledore handed the list to Ragnok, who handed it to Harry after reading. The old man did not
really expect other families. He suspected that Harry would be the heir to the Potters and
Gryffindors, but he did not know that the Potters were the descendants of the Peverell. He did not
expect to see the Slytherin family in the pile, knowing full well that Voldemort was not theoretically
dead.

"What does 'sealed heir' mean?" Harry asked, looking at Ragnok.

The goblin gave him a big smile.

"Sealed Heir means that you alone can inherit, and no one else, usually title-related titles, for
example, Potter and Slytherin titles can only be returned to purebloods. Gryffindor title can only
come back to someone who has shown courage, probably due to your victory against Voldemort.
Yes, we are aware, and we will not say anything. Finally, the title of Peverell is very special. Only a
pureblood with no fear of death can inherit it, I suppose that having received the death spell while
surviving has allowed you to fulfil these conditions, "Ragnok explained quickly.

"What about House of Black?" Harry asked puzzled.

"You were named Black's Heir by Arcturus Black, because Sirius Black was rejected by Walburga
Black from the Black family, but not being the leader of that House, she was not able to ban him of
the family, just disinherit him. The Lord Black has decided to appoint you heir since you were the
only being who he thinks is worthy to lead the Black. He will be delighted to learn your purity of
blood, which will preserve the Black and Potter in the Sacred Pure-Blood Register.

Know that families sitting in the Wizengamot must be in this register, and therefore keep their lineage
pure, to keep their seats and titles. Thanks to your Purity of Blood, the Black and Potter families will
be able to keep their titles. In addition, the Dumbledore family can officially be reinstated in the
Wizengamot, and Lord Dumbledore can officially recover his title.

Finally, as the heir to the Peverell, Gryffindor and Slytherin families, know that you control a huge
part of the Wizengamot and British Magic World in general. Indeed, the Peverell are the owners of
the lands of the Ministry of Magic and have a right of veto and total control of the Ministry of Magic
if they wish. As a Gryffindor and Slytherin heir, you are the new owner of Hogwarts and its
environs, including the Forbidden Forest and Hogsmeade.

Obviously, you must reach your majority to be able to take advantage of all this, or wait for
your fifteen years with the authorization of your father to claim your titles. ", explained Ragnok to
the two stunned wizards.

Albus watched Harry, impressed. He then noticed the appearance of the Dumbledore's Ring on his hand, which made him smile.

"Here are the heir rings of the Houses," said Ragnok, handing a box to Harry.

When the boy opened the box, he noticed six different rings. A platinum with a black diamond, that of Peverell. Another with a dark blue diamond, that of the Blacks. A third with a ruby for Gryffindor, while a fourth with an emerald represented Slytherin. The fifth was then a simple ring with a sapphire for the Dumbledore, and finally a ring with a smaller ruby for the Potters.

When he placed the rings on his right hand, he noticed that they merged to form one, made in platinum with a black diamond with engraved sigils of the six Houses. He smiled when he saw his ring, and even more so when he finally saw Dumbledore's Ring. It was a beautiful gold ring with two sapphires mounted on a capital D.

"So, my son is the current head of our government?" Asked Albus to be sure.

Ragnok nodded with a ferocious smile.

"When the Ministry of Magic was founded, the lands of the Peverell family were chosen to host the New Administration, and in return the Peverells were given full control of the Ministry of Magic, which they never used. In fact, this comes from the previous Charter, the Council of Magi, and most of the wizarding lands are currently Peverell, which means that most of the Wizard families swore an oath of vassalage to the Peverell family.

Some families are Malfoy, Black, Bones, Bullstrode or Crabbe, Goyle etc. A list will be provided to you to manage your vassals. Of course, most have benefited from the fact that there has been no Lord Peverell for more than six hundred years, well before the founding of the Ministry of Magic. The last Lord Peverell was Lady Iolanthe Peverell, who married Hardwin Potter, "the goblin explained.

Harry nodded. Unfortunately he could not take advantage of this most interesting power before his majority, but he could afford to wait.

"Would it be possible to have a report of finances and possessions of my son?" Asked Albus.

"Yes, however, you will have to come back later, we must make an audit. Contrary to common beliefs, we do not have a continually maintained registry. Do you want to receive your full audit by mail?" Asked Ragnok while Albus nodded.

He quickly wrote on a parchment before putting it aside. Surely a memo.

"Do you need anything else?" Asked Ragnok, interested.

It was then that Harry folded in half before screaming, while his scar began to bleed. Albus and Ragnok reacted immediately, and goblin guards entered the room, stunned by this unexpected event.

Suddenly, a sort of black and purulent viscous mass escaped from Harry's scar to form a sort of screaming head before dissipating as Harry fell to the ground while holding his head and crying.

"Get me a healer!" Ragnok ordered as one of the guards came out at full speed.

"Daddy ... it hurts!" Cried Harry crying as Albus tried to comfort him.
Soon after, a goblin healer entered before using analysis spells to probe Harry. After a few minutes, the healer gave his verdict.

"The young wizard was the container of a Horcrux," he announced to Ragnok.

The goblin whitens, just like Dumbledore.

"Surely Tom's work," Dumbledore commented as the healer gave Harry a healing potion and a soothing potion.

"This monster dared to stain Magic by creating these abominations?" Cried Ragnok, very angry, before turning to one of the guards, "Search all the Bank coffers. If you find one vault with a Horcrux, I want the object to be purified and brought here while the vault will be closed and all its property confiscated as compensation!"

The guard nodded quickly before leaving the room at full speed. Only five minutes later, the guard came back with a cup in his hands.

"We found this cup featuring a Horcrux in the Lestrange vault. The goods were confiscated and liquidated, the Vault closed and the Lestrange are now banned from Gringotts."

Dumbledore was obviously the first to recognize the cup Ragnok held in his hands.

"It's Hufflepuff Helga's Cup, so Tom had killed Hepziba Smith," Dumbledore said, astonished.

Ragnok nodded before giving the cup to Harry.

"This cup goes to the Hogwarts owner, I'm sure you'll know what to do with it," Ragnok replied to the mute question.

Harry nodded, perfectly understanding the goblin gesture. They then resumed their place around the table.

"Can we do anything else for you, Lord Dumbledore?" Asked Ragnok then.

Dumbledore and Harry looked at each other before nodding.

"We would like to obtain blank Enchantment Tomes with metal bindings and covers and enchanted metallic ink, and if possible, we would also like auto writing quills adapted to the magic metallic ink," said Dumbledore.

Ragnok's eyes widened as he heard Dumbledore's request. Never before had such a request been made. He smiled while looking at the two wizards.

"Normally, I would have told you no for such a request, however, since your family is now the richest of Gringotts, besides the young Heir Dumbledore is a Friend of the Goblins, I will accede to your request.

I hope, however, that you know what you are doing, after all, such volumes can be used for many things, "Ragnok replied before giving them a big smile.

He got up from his desk and headed for one of the tapestries. When he put his hand on it, a chest appeared, which he opened with one of his claws.

The goblin then retrieved the requested materials before giving them to Dumbledore.
"I hope I have some information about your ... projects later," Ragnok said with a vicious smile.

Dumbledore nodded with his old grandfather’s smile as Harry thanked the goblin warmly.

"May the gold flow forever and your enemies pass from life to death, Lord Ragnok," said Dumbledore before leaving with Harry.

"And let your enemies tremble before your fury as your riches pile up, Lord Dumbledore, Friend of the Goblin Hadrian," Ragnok replied as the two wizards left the Bank.
Albus and Harry watched quietly where they were. Since they could not really go to Potter Manor, or at least live there, they decided to move everything directly to another location. Unfortunately for them, they could not reach Dumbledore Manor, the place being completely destroyed following the attacks of Death Eaters and Albus having never taken the time to rebuild the place. There were too many bad memories for him there, with the death of his sister, his mother, the imprisonment of his father, and so on.

So they decided to take one of Harry's places. For this, they visited the various properties owned by Harry and being managed by Dumbledore as his father and guardian. They first visited the Slytherin Manor in a forest surrounded by a swamp. The place was named Fenglade and was composed of several magical creatures including incredible amounts of snakes in addition to a very important flora. The perfect place for a Potions Master.

As for the Manor, the latter had only the name of Manor. Indeed, the Slytherin Manor was in fact a castle dating from the year 245 and has long served as a seat of power to the Slytherin family. The place was surprisingly richly decorated and above all very bright. Harry and Albus enjoyed the place a lot and were very pleased to hear that Voldemort could never set foot in this place or obtain the title of Lord Slytherin. Indeed, despite their tendency to use Dark Magic, Slytherins, like the majority of wizard families, abhorred spells damaging the soul. As a result, they said that anyone who stained his soul did not have the right to inherit the title of Lord Slytherin. Harry was also surprised to learn that the Slytherins had banned wizards suffering from high consanguinity from inheriting the title of Lord Slytherin. This explained why the Gaunts had not inherited the title.

Then they went to visit the Gryffindor Castle. Unlike Slytherin Manor, the Gryffindor Castle was located at Godric's Hollow under a powerful Fidelitas. In fact, the castle was located on a mountain overlooking all Godric's Hollow. The place was quite sumptuous with many traditional medieval armors and portraits showing the military side of the Gryffindor. Around this castle were nests of griffins and wild hippogriffs that were probably bred by the Gryffindor years ago. The Gryffindors had the same requirements as the Slytherins for the inheritance in addition to asking that the heir be Humble and brave. Harry and Albus were surpised to find that the last Lord Gryffindor was Fleamont Potter, Harry's grandfather. The latter had hidden the fact that he was the Lord Gryffindor.
Finally, the duo went to visit the very famous Peverell Palace. Unlike other areas, the Peverell Palace was located on a private island under Fidelitas between Scotland and Northern Ireland. The island was simply beautiful, full of wildlife with endless magical creatures. You could find Acromantulas, Unicorns, Thestrals and many more. There were even fairies in charge of maintaining the huge forest on the island. Just north of the island was the huge Peverell Palace, which was a place...

Unexpected.

Albus and Harry stood in awe as they watched the huge ‘Palace’. Because it was not a palace but a city. An abandoned magical town that belonged exclusively to the Peverell. The city was composed of many towers rising in the air to pierce the sky with in its center a gigantic tower, probably the main tower. When the duo entered the city, a real army of house elves, elves who had simply maintained the place for centuries, assaulted them. It was thanks to Vakilt that they learned the story of the Peverell family and why the Peverell Palace was actually a city.

The Peverell family was a long time ago a very important family, and when we say important, we mean a family with more than a thousand members. This family was so important that it founded its own city in 64 BC, well before the Roman invasion. The Peverell family was in fact the oldest magical family in Britannia, made up of renowned necromancers and druids. In fact, Albus and Harry discovered that the very famous Myrdin Emrys, also known as Merlin was actually Myrdin Emrys Peverell. He was one of the last Lord Peverell and the grandfather of the famous Peverell Brothers. It was a shock for Albus and Harry to learn this. They also discovered another equally amusing thing: Many wizards named this City as the Atlantic City ... Atlantis.

Atlantis had nothing of a mysterious city lost in the depths or limbs of time, it simply disappeared after a magical illness that eliminated 95% of the population Peverell, thus sealing Atlantis. Albus and Harry decided to keep the name of Atlantis while referring to the Central Tower as Peverell Palace. They settled in the huge city.

Thanks to the help of the elves, they had their belongings moved from Potter Manor and Hogwarts and carried the entire Phoenix Lair to Peverell Palace in the basement.

Then they used their very famous autodidact-quills to write their books, which took three days. And now, here they are preparing to continue their learning.

The duo decided to take charge of their summoning volumes in addition to their newspapers before continuing their education.

*My congratulations, my dear apprentice, you have finally finished writing your first Summoning Tome, and if you are conscientious, your only Summoning Tome. With that, let's move on.*

The Summoning Tome serves both Arcanists and demonologist warlocks. In this case, we will focus on Summoning Arcanism which is much easier for you. Unlike demonology and demonic invocation, arcane invocation does not require words, just a high concentration, a precise idea of what you want, or arcano-theoretical tracings and calculations. Below is a diagram:

*(Diagram)*

This pattern is the basic arcane summoning rune to make your own carbuncle. You just have to iron the diagram with a magic pen of ink. Carbuncles are creatures born of magic and our thoughts related to our souls. There are various colors for carbuncles, these colors represent the strength of a
An arcanist apprentice can invoke a blue Carbuncle and in some cases a Yellow Carbuncle. Arcane Masters can summon Black and Red Carbuncles. Only the Grand Masters are able to summon Silver and Gold Carbuncles. There is only one Arcanist Master to date, said the Great Master Summoner, who was able to summon a White Carbuncle. It was me.

Another thing to know, Summoning Tomes are able to bind elementals to make them familiar. They can also be used to bond with fairies in some cases, although the fairies are more complicated than the elementals. For example, I managed to link to an elemental representing each element. Ifrit (fire), Titan (Earth), Garuda (Wind), Ramuh (Lightning), and Leviathan (Water).

For some reason, ALL elemental beings bounded to Summoners (Arcanists specialized in the invocation and able to bind elementals) have the same names. However, I have never been linked to fairies, the latter do not appreciate me too much. Surely due to the fact that I am an orc. What a pity!

There is another type of arcanist-related invocation, however, this summon does not require a tome. Indeed, it is possible to invoke an Arcanic Elemental made of pure magic and bounded to the mind. They are intelligent servants capable of speaking and acting like humanoids. We will learn to invoke them in another lesson.

To move on, you will need to summon your first Carbuncle and fight with it. If you meet another arcanist, do not hesitate to start a fight between your Carbuncles.

Harry observed the diagram showing a rune before looking at Albus.

"What do you think daddy, do you have to do this invocation?" Asked Harry.

Albus widened slightly as he heard the word 'daddy'. He did not think Harry would acclimate so quickly to being his father. He smiled before nodding.

"I'm sure we're not risking anything, in the worst case we can always call our two imps. Are you ready?" Albus replied with bright eyes.

Harry nodded before repassing the Summoning Rune with a magic quill in the Summoning Tome. He did it very quickly before making a wave of the hand, making the rune appear in the air. A distortion seemed to form before him before a kind of silver fox fell to the ground, hopping and yapping contentedly. Harry smiled as he saw his carbuncle, and his smile widened as he noticed he was silvery, proving that Harry had a hell of a magic power to be able to summon such a creature. The carbuncle jumped to Harry before hugging his master, something Harry hastily did.

Surprisingly, Albus also succeeds in invoking a silver Carbuncle. He sneered at seeing his carbuncle with a sort of silvery beard just like him.

"Amazing, I was expecting a blue carbuncle or yellow, but probably not silvery. It's really great," Dumbledore commented, scratching behind the ear of his carbuncle.

Harry nodded.

"Exactly, but I guess now we have to move on to the next step, and it's better to have two carbuncles fight against each other. Should we try?" Harry asked, looking at his fox with concern.
Albus nodded.

"I'm sure they're not risking anything, after all, they're creatures of pure magic," Albus said before standing next to Harry.

The duo ordered their carbuncles to position themselves on the other side of the room before starting a duel. The carbuncles turned out to be real war machines capable of destroying everything in their path and their fight was quite phenomenal. They jumped and ran through the air while sending out sorts of arcane missiles and other flaming attacks. The duel lasted at least fifteen minutes before a tie was declared. The carbuncles joined their masters. Harry and Albus rushed to their Journals to find out what happened next.

_Congratulations on your arcane invocation. If you have actually made fight your little carbuncle, you will notice that it is slightly hurt. And here is the continuation of our little lesson of the most interesting:

An arcane healing spell. This spell allows you to use a form of pure magic before healing anyone of any injury. Obviously, the efficiency depends on the amount of magic used in the spell and the rune. You should find an arcane healing rune in your Summoning Tome. You will also find runes of Dissipation and Atonement. The Rune of Dissipation can dispel magical alteration or a curse while the rune of Atonement can heal diseases, be they magical or ordinary. There is also another rune asking for a large amount of power, the Rune of Purification.

The Rune of Purification is primarily used to cure an advanced disease state or a disease of the mind. It helps cure madness, or in any case to repel it temporarily. This rune is however little used as it claims a lot of magic. Only an Arcanist capable of summoning at least one Red Carbuncle is able to use this rune.

Whereas you proved to be a good arcanist, I decided to teach you the magical conjuring magic of Mage. Conjuration is one of the pillars of Arcanism.

Conjuration is simply the purest form of non-living invocation that exists. It's the use of magic to make what you want out of nothing. The Conjuration of an Arcanist has nothing to do with the conjuration of a sorcerer. A wizard is able to conjure a seat to sit while an Arcanist is able to conjure up food for sustenance. Yes, I did say FOOD, and REAL FOOD. This is why the Arcanists are very rich people my dear apprentice, they do not need to make unnecessary expenses in food, clothing and other odds and ends.

In fact, Master Conjurers are able to create entire buildings, and in some cases they are able to create pocket dimensions with whole cities that only they can access. In my opinion, Conjuration is surely one of the most powerful areas that exists. In my universe, it is said that the Titans are the Lords of the Conjuration and that they created the World using the Arcanic Conjuration. I am able to create my own pocket size in which all my treasures and my refuge are. In fact, I wrote my diary while being in this shelter.

To conjure up, you will not need to call on a Summoning Tome but on your mind and your will. It would obviously be easier if you came to own a focci, for that it is recommended to have a magic wand or a Magic Staff. In fact, I order you to get a focci before moving on. Once your focci obtained, place the tip of this focci directly on this page to move on. If you're powerful, I recommend you a staff.
"Oh," Harry said simply.

Albus did not really know what to say. He just did not expect a focci to be asked to move on. Unfortunately, children under eleven were not allowed to get a wand ... He widened his eyes.

"But of course!" Said the old man with a big smile.

"Da?" Harry asked, looking at him with big blue-green eyes.

"The Wizengamot ruled that the under-eleven-year-old could not have a magic wand unless there was a special dispensation, but the law stipulates that only WANDS are forbidden, not other forms of focci. A Staff or a magic ring would be perfect. Unfortunately, old friend Garrick stopped doing custom focci to do in a mass production of magic wands.

I guess we'll have to find a focci maker who can ... I know! My old friend Nicolas Flamel is a renowned alchemist but also a very capable focci maker. I will even say that he is the best manufacturer of ... No, I know one even more capable. It may take a while, but I'm going to have to contact Barry, "Dumbledore said as he popped a sherbet lemon into his mouth.

Harry did not quite understand where his father was coming from, but he decided to just follow him and eat a sherbet lemon too. Strangely, he had developed a real addiction for candies since his adoption ...

08/06/2017

An old man was quietly drinking a cup of Earl Gray sitting at his table on his balcony. He watched the vast expanses of his field before smiling at the birds singing. This man is the oldest wizard in the world, Barry Wee Willie Winkle, 750 years old. His smile spread as he saw ten owls heading towards him with many letters from his many friends. After all, he had accumulated friends in 750 of life.

Once the letters were placed on his table and the birds satiated, he decided to read the letters. Some came from friends in Asia, some from Australia, and so on. Most were just confirmations about his birthday in eight days. He noticed an interesting letter from his old friend Albus Dumbledore. He unhooked the envelope to read it.

Dear Barry,

I write you this letter to make a rather special request. Following various impromptu events, I saw Harry Potter, the Survivor's brother, adopted as a son. Oh yes, I am now the father of Hadrian Albus James Alter Fàil Dumbledore. To give you a little summary, this young boy whom I have always considered mine was abandoned by his own family running after the glory of their other son. They decided to just give him to me when I decided to take him under my wing. I must admit to being disappointed by James and Lily Potter as well as Sirius and Remus.

But let's come to the reason why I wrote this letter, after all I know you hate to beat around the bush. I'll need your Focci maker skills for my son. As you know, he is forbidden to have a wand before his eleven years, however it is not forbidden to get another type of focci. Fortunately for us Harry is very powerful and therefore requires much more than just a wand. Would you agree to receive us or to join us at the Peverell Palace (something tells me you knew very well that the Peverell Palace was Atlantis) if you accept?

I also discovered thanks to the Peverell tapestry that you were a descendant of the younger Peverell branch. If you accept it, you have the opportunity to live in Atlantis.
"Interesting ... So, Atlantis is accessible again, I wonder if my house is still there ... Oh, what a joy to be able to go back! Tykis! Neris! Maltis! Burbis! Toklis! Rhapsis! "Shouted Barry with a big smile.

Six house elves appeared immediately.

"Prepare all my things, we're going back to Atlantis!", The old man said awedly.

The house elves seemed to be excited before disappearing to immediately begin the move. As for Barry, he hastened to write a letter.

*My dear Albus,*

>You are right, I had known for a long time the existence of Atlantis as well as its origins. In fact, I have a house myself that I cannot wait to reinvest. I'll be here tomorrow my dear friend and I gladly accept this focci, after all, Harry is now the Lord of my family.

With friendship,

*Barry Winkle Peverell.*

When the letter was over, he whistled. An owl then hurried to pick up the letter and bring it to Dumbledore.

08/07/1987

Albus smiled as he saw Barry Winkle appear at the entrance to Atlantis. When he received the letter and informed Harry, the two hurried to look for Barry's house. Fortunately for them a cadastral plan was located in the Peverell Palace Library. They discovered that the northern spire of Atlantis was in fact the Manor that had belonged to Barry before Atlantis was sealed after the extinction of the Peverell. They ordered the house elves to prepare everything for Barry's arrival.

"Barry," Albus greeted with a big smile.

"Albus!", The old man replied, hugging Albus in his arms.

The old man turned his gaze to Harry, who was hiding almost behind his father's dress.

"My Lord, Barry Wee Willie Winkle Peverell at your service." Then bent old man with a fun little bow.
Harry giggled.

"Hadrian Albus James Alter Fàil Dumbledore, Mr. Winkle," Harry replied, bowing quickly.

"No this with me, little one, call me Uncle Barry or Grandad Barry," smiled the old man.

The three laughed heartily.

"It's really good to come back here, at least six hundred years since I did not return to Atlantis," Barry exclaimed as he watched the city.

Harry's eyes widened.

"You ... Have you been here before?" He asked shyly.

Barry nodded before ruffling his hair.

"Exactly, Ah, I still remember, it was a long time after the Great Catastrophe, a really unexpected illness that killed our family, but unfortunately our family never recovered and in my time this city was home to only a hundred Peverell, unlike the thousands who used to live here, Ah, all of this because of those accursed Romans! "cried Barry.

"Romans?" Asked Dumbledore, frowning.

"Exactly, Romans! They were so jealous of our power that in the year 450 they created a magic plague to decimate us. Blood Magic was very vile, oh yes, but we did not let ourselves be defeated. Oh no, Orcan Peverell, Myrdin's father, asked for revenge, and with the help of the dying Peverell cast a terrible curse on the Roman Empire, which led to its fall and the death of all the Roman sorcerers. The Peverell were responsible of the fall of the Roman Empire, not those so-called Germanic and Scandinavian barbarians, "Barry explained before smiling sadistically.

Albus and Harry's eyes widened. They did not know that the Peverell were at the origin of the fall of the Roman Empire. They did not have time to focus on that, though.

"Let's not waste time and go to my house to make this pretty staff, you boy, you'll have a magic staff and nothing else. A ring would be too weak, a hoop too fragile and you're not ready for a sword. When you are fifteen, we will make a beautiful sword, you'll see, that sword goes perfectly with your magic staff. Let's go!" Cried Barry before hopping to his mansion.

The Dumbledore followed him directly to the basement of his Manor. The basement was devoted to making focci. Barry stood in the center of the room.

"Place yourself next to me and let your magic circulate in the room, it will bring the necessary materials," the old man ordered.

Harry did not waste time and placed himself in the center of the square on a small circle. He closed his eyes and let his magic invade the room. A first object approached him.

"Oh, a staff of pure gold engraved with mithril, one thing is certain, you will not be a druid but rather a necromancer, a real Peverell!", Commented the old man.

Two other objects approached him.

"Interesting, Thestral hair and Phoenix Feather, life and death, you'll make an excellent necromancer like me!" Barry commented once more.
Harry smiled before feeling two more objects approaching.

"Oh, I did not see that coming in. Grand Blue Dragon's Eye and Water Nymph's Hair," Barry said in a quieter voice.

"Great Blue Dragon?" Albus asked on the side.

"A Dragon that has been missing since time immemorial, it is said that this dragon was the guardian of arcane magic, an art that has been missing for thousands of years. This eye comes from my great-great-grandfather. Dragon eye is the most powerful magic component in a dragon but also the most complicated to get intact. "Barry explained quickly while Albus shook his head.

He had personally understood why Harry had caught the eye, after all, he was an arcanist. Two more objects headed for Harry and Barry gave a hiccup of surprise.

"Oh, but that's it! Infernal Heart and Angel's Feather. Interestingly, infernals are demons and therefore the opposite of angels. The heart and the feather are as old as the dragon's eye. Demons have disappeared from this world for millennia, legend has it that the demons came upon this world by mistake while the angels left for a parallel world on the orders of their so-called 'God', "Barry explained.

Finally, a last object approached Harry and Barry nodded, satisfied.

"I was expecting it Pure Mana Sphere. There are only four spheres of mana and three of them were used, one for Ignotus Peverell's Cloak, one for Antioch's Wand and one for Cadmus Stone I have never understood where this story of Deathly Hallows came from etc. I can tell you, the Deathly Hallows are simply powerful artifacts created by Myrdin Peverell for his three grandchildren with Pure Mana Spheres, I feel that this magic staff is going to be a marvel! "Barry exclaimed in a totally excited tone.

Harry opened his eyes and looked at the objects lying in front of him. Before he could say anything, Barry hastily picked them up and headed for a table. The old man then made a magic stick appear in his hand before uttering words in esoteric language. The elements of Harry's Magic Staff levitated around Barry before fusing into a beautiful gold and mithril staff surmounted by a purple globe.

Barry grabbed the staff before handing it to Harry with a dagger.

"You just have to pour seven drops of blood on the sphere to tie the staff to your core, chop chop!", The old man said, hopping.

Harry hastened to take the dagger before cutting his hand to put a few drops of his blood on the magic stick. The foci emitted a golden glow before levitating above the ground to stand next to Harry. Barry applauds.

"Excellent, it's a magic Staff Harry so useless to hold with you, it's sentient, and because of that, it's able to follow you and obey your orders. I have to take care of my house, See you later! "Barry said before disappearing.

Albus and Harry hurried back to the Peverell Palace to move on.
Hello people,

I'm actually moving out of New Caledonia and going to France. As I'm moving out, I'm selling my computer thus I can't update anymore until I buy a new computer in France (no before the 26th Oct) so I shan't be updating for a moment =/ Though I can still answer and read fictions as I got an Ipad but I don't know how to write a chapter with it :s

:) Kelorus :)
Conjuration and Hogwarts!

Chapter Summary

Some conjuration, more learning and of course, Hogwarts! Well, a bit ;D

Harry and his now father hurried back to the Main Tower, which they simply named the Palace of Atlantis. The tower was simply beautiful. The interior walls were made of marble adorned with a rather recognizable red metal, the mythical orichalcum. Fortunately for them, the elves knew a little more about the composition of this mythical metal.

The orichalcum was discovered by Atlanteos Peverell in the year -58. Atlanteos Peverell was at that time the patriarch of the Peverell family and his family had just founded Atlantis, named in his name by his father, the previous patriarch died in -60. It was because of the discovery of a mithril mine on the island that Atlanteos decided to make some experiments to learn more about this rare metal coveted by goblin species. And it was by mistake that he created the orichalcum when he exploded a cauldron nearby while attempting to concoct a potion while next to it was mithril ore but also copper ore.

He understood then that by mixing copper, mithril and a good dose of magic, one could create an extremely resistant red metal, and especially, more appreciable to the eye. He hastened to use it to decorate the entire island, making orichalcum a metal coveted by all. He took advantage of the fact to make many orichalcum armour to form the famous guard of the myrmidons and destroyers of Atlantis.

The Palace was much larger from the inside than the outside, and Harry was sure he could easily get Hogwarts into the huge tower. What he did not know was that his father thought the same thing as him. In any case, the two budding arcanists rushed into the invocation room to continue reading their book.

Once their destination was reached and their breathing resumed, for all this march was really tiring, they resumed reading their books, placing each their focci on the page which then illuminated.

Excellent my dear apprentice.

Now that you have finally obtained a focci, we will be able to proceed following my great teaching.

Conjuration, as I said earlier, is one of the most important, if not the most important, areas of magic. The reason this statement is true? The conspiracy can simply compensate for our most basic needs.

That's why I decided to teach you the most important thing for any living being: Conjure enough to eat.

We are going to begin with the conspiracy of a glass of liquid suitable for consumption. Not knowing your race, I will still assume that you consume water to drink. If this is not the case, follow my instructions while replacing the water with the liquid that suits you.

First, you must understand that the conjuration is partly appealing to your imagination, but
especially to your will. Eh no! This is not the same thing, my dear apprentice. Let me explain the quality of my reasoning, which can diverge depending on the wizards. In this case, it's my opinion that interests you, not that of others.

Imagination is the ability to form an image in one's head, there is nothing new again. But the will is the ability to desire and claim something. Both have nothing to do. For example, if you need water but you cannot imagine it, you will not be able to have it, will you?? Not at all. The conspiracy is mostly based on the will, and therefore, if you want water, your magic and your will give you water in a form adapted to your shape. A glass of water for example. The imagination will allow you however to choose the container and the way you will be presented the object of your desires.

I think you understood the principle. We will begin by conjuring water. Think very strongly about water while expressing the desire to want to drink this water. Then let your magic form the object of your desires. Yours!

"Curious, this conjuration looks like an advanced form of charms and metamorphosis," Albus Dumbledore said as he blew a lemon candy into his mouth.

Harry turned to face him before nodding. It looked like a mixture of these two witchcraft materials that he had read in some of his books. He took the opportunity to grab one of his dad's sweets before making a groan of pleasure as he felt the tangy taste of lemon on his tongue. Albus could only smile as he saw his now-loved son enjoying this fantastic candy. He had managed to make Harry a miniature version of him.

"Can we try?" Asked Harry curiously.

"I do not see the harm," Albus replied simply.

Harry nodded before focusing on the task. Unfortunately, the boy was not focused enough on the principle of drinking and thought for a short moment of a good shower. The result was instantaneous.

He squealed in fright as he felt ice water fall on him before jumping in all directions to try to warm up, all under the amused laughter of his father, who enjoyed a good glass of iced water in a beautiful crystal cup.

Luckily for Harry, a house elf made his appearance before snapping his fingers to remove the water that had covered the marble floor and dry the boy. Harry looked at his father before sulking.

"It was not funny! " He pouted.

Albus just smiled as his eyes shone like stars. Harry rolled his eyes before resuming the exercise and finally succeeding in conjuring a glass of water quite ordinary. However, he widened his eyes as he lifted the glass to his lips and could finally taste his water.

It was simply an explosion of flavours. This water was surely the purest and most delicious it had ever tasted. When he decided to read the rest of the book, he understood why.

I suppose that you have succeeded this exercise, and especially, that you swallowed the liquid invoked? You must have noticed that this liquid had an exceptional taste, and for good reason my dear apprentice.

You see, the water you invoked is 100% mana, or if you prefer, magic energy. As a result, you
literally come to drink your own magic, is not that quite extraordinary? I think so.

Fortunately for us that the magic is alive and that because of this, it understood our desire, in the contrary case, this water would not provide us the minerals necessary for our survival. The second peculiarity of this conjuration is the fact that food or water, whatever it is, can be kept indefinitely. Not to mention that when you consume food invoked, you recover mana very quickly. All without gaining weight!

But let's go back to our imp. Surely you must ask why I asked you, what am I saying, ordered, to get you a focci. The reason is simple, we will try to stave off something more important, and above all, more complicated.

So here is your goal to move on after my dear apprentice:

With your focci, you will have to summon a guardian elementary. Unlike the other Elementals, the Guardian Elemental is a mana golem that responds to the least of your orders and mentally obeys you. No need to talk to him, he knows what to do.

To do this, you must think highly of a servant. You must WISH this servant, but it will not be enough. Magic will provide you with a basic arcane elemental servant, but that's not what I want. I want a guardian elementary, or if you prefer, a custom elemental having a solid, non-semi-liquid form. These elementals usually have the shape of a golem or giant armour. Up to you!

Once this event is successful, then come back to read my wonderful journal and only then I will teach you more about your elementary-guardian.

Harry's eyes widened as he saw the next mission. This mission would obviously be quite complicated, and he winced slightly under the amused look of his father.

"Do not worry, Harry, we have plenty of time, I think it's time for us to rest and continue exploring these new routes later on Okay?" Asked Albus.

Harry bit his lip before nodding. His father was right. Anyway, he had the entire city to explore, access to a huge library and a focci he had to learn to use.

This is how the two men left the invocation hall leaving their books behind. Anyway, nobody would have the opportunity to steal them, and the volumes being tied to their owners by blood, any flight would be useless.

\Break/

Several days passed and it was the birthday of the great Barry Wee Willie Winkle. For the occasion, a spell was placed on the manor of Barry so that his guests could join him in Atlantis without being able to leave the place and to explore the city. So, no one would know that Barry lived in Atlantis. Of course, Harry and Albus were invited to this little party and they like it a lot.

Finally, it was a week before the start of Hogwarts that Harry was taken there to be introduced to the teachers. Albus refusing to leave his son alone, he had simply decided to take him with him, despite Barry's proposal to keep the Lord from his house. Albus finally had a son, and he refused to abandon him just like his parents did.
Severus Snape snorted disdainfully as he entered the Hogwarts meeting room. He, who was very fond of researching Potions and making potions at the Weaver's Impasse, had to come back to Hogwarts to teach a band of ungrateful fools who could not tell the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane. Besides, he was going to have to endure the horrible *cough* devils *coughing* redheads. The worst calamity has come down on Hogwarts: The Weasley.

First there was William Weasley, the eldest of the redheads. The latter was a Gryffindor, prefect who is in fifth grade. Or in any case, he was going to be. Severus had to admit that this Weasley was smart enough, good at potions and knew what he wanted to do with his future. Spell breaker, probably to flee her home and be away from the demonic harpy serving as her mother. Besides, he had admitted to ASPICS Potions.

Then there was Charles Weasley. The latter was quite joking, but unlike James Potter and his clique, Charles Weasley did not make jokes to humiliate. However, the latter was a nightmare in potions and only thought of dragons. Many times, he had to take points from him because he spent his time dreaming of dragons and other creatures. A kind of mini-Hagrid. Severus shivered with fear as he imagined the Weasley with a long beard and dangerous animals he would consider 'cute'.

And finally, another Weasley was coming to Hogwarts this year. Perceval Weasley, and if the rumours he had heard about the boy were true, he was eager to meet him. The latter seemed promising and very intelligent. Who knows, he may be the first Weasley for several generations to join Slytherin House? Or Ravenclaw ...

But what scared Severus Snape the most was the rumours about the Weasley twins. All he had to do was listen, hide in the shadows and listen to the rumours to understand that the duo was in fact a Marauder's recovery, and that was what frightened him the most. Fortunately for him, he was still two years before having to endure this infernal duet.

Severus Snape instantly left his thoughts as he noticed the teachers around the big meeting table.

As usual, there was Minerva McGonagall, Deputy Director of Hogwarts, Professor and Head of the Hogwarts Metamorphosis Department, and Director of Gryffindor House. She had not changed, still wearing a green dress with her hair in a bun and her austere look behind her square glasses.

Then there was Filius Flitwick, a half-goblin with a long white beard and a short stature. He was Professor and Head of the Hogwarts Enchantment Department and the Director of the Ravenclaw House. But he should not be proud of his stature because Filius was a champion of duelling tournaments and surely one of the most powerful wizards in Europe or the world.

Next to him was Pomona Sprout, a healthy woman professor of botany and director of the Hufflepuff House. He was probably the friendliest and kind person in the room. Not to mention that she had an absolute sense of justice and loyalty.

Finally, there were other teachers such as Sybil Trelawney, a whore spending her time drinking cherry liquor and whiskey and Professor of Divination. The other teachers were Septima Vector, Professor of Arithmancy Batsheda Babbling, professor of runes, Quirinus Quirrell, the e Professor of Muggle Studies and finally Silvanus Kettleburn, Professor of Care of Magical Creatures.

The only person he did not recognize was the man who was talking to Silvanus. Surely the next professor of Defence against the Dark Arts. Severus wondered how long this teacher would last. He
sneered inside and took note of not forgetting to take the bets from Filius.

After about ten minutes, Albus Dumbledore came in late, as usual. But what shocked Severus, as well as the other teachers, was the younger perfect copy accompanying him.

"Hello everyone, I'm really happy to see you again for this promising year, so sit down," the old man said before sitting down at the end of the table while placing the little boy on his lap.

"Albus?" Minerva asked uncertainly.

The latter gave him a big smile before tapping on the boy's shoulder, which blushed to his ears.

"Hello, I ... My name is Hadrian Albus James Alter Fail Dumbledore, happy to meet you, but you can call me Harry if you want," Harry introduced himself.

The teachers gasped in surprise as they heard the boy's name. Severus thought back to what Lucius had told him about Dumbledore and his son. He who had thought that his friend must have eaten too much wine, now he is before the truth.

"I did not know you had a grandson Albus," Filius commented with a small smile.

Albus chuckled before shaking his head.

"Not at all Filius, Harry here is my son," said the old man with a big smile and his eternal shining look.

The other teachers were dumbstruck. They probably did not expect to hear such news from Albus Dumbledore, especially since he was not young at all, and a proven homosexual wizard.

"But how?" Quantized Quirinus Quirell.

Albus then decided to explain the situation in relation to Harry and his wish to adopt it. The reactions were quite varied. Severus' disgust for the Potters tripled, Minerva was disgusted too, while Filius was extremely disappointed by his best student. As for the others, they were mostly disgusted and expressed a certain distress concerning the situation, not understanding how parents could abandon such a beautiful child. Not to mention that children were increasingly rare in the magic community.

"Whereas I'm the only relative of Harry, I decided that from now on he would live with me at Hogwarts, I will take care of his education personally, but if you do not mind, I invite you to teach him what you can, I can assure you that Harry is a real genius," Albus continued.

The teachers nodded.

"With that, let's start the meeting, and I'd like to start by welcoming Petrus Jumbled, our new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, who will be here for only one year, being a restless Auror as a result 'An altercation with uncooperative werewolves," the old professor said.

Petrus got up then nodded.

"Indeed, I decided to take a year off after a fight with Fenrir Greyback and his pack of werewolves, luckily for me, this monster could not bite me. I will not be present," Petrus explained briefly.

Former members of the Order of the Phoenix grimaced as they thought back to this monster. Fenrir Greyback was the very archetype of the werewolf. Bloody, ruthless and perverse. A real demon who does not hesitate to rape and transform children. A perfect example was Remus Lupine, though he
escaped rape.

As a result, they discussed schedules and the various financial problems of Hogwarts. Unfortunately, Hogwarts did not have the funds to do renovations, change brooms, buy protective clothing for Potions classes, and so on. All because of the Board of Governors who jealously guarded Hogwarts money. But all that was going to change.

Indeed, an hour later, another meeting was held at Hogwarts. Indeed, Albus Dumbledore had decided to convene the Board of Governors. For the occasion, he had decided to take his son with him.

The Board of Governors consisted of a panel of Governors. These governors were Lords who bought shares of Hogwarts following the disappearance of the founding Houses of the school. Of course, these "shares" had no value if an heir came to claim the school.

The panel consisted of several old noble families:

- The Ancestral and Most Exalted House of Black with Arcturus Black.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble House Longbottom with the Customs Augusta Longbottom.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble Greengrass House with Alvar Greengrass.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble Potter House with James Potter.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble Malfoy House with Lucius Malfoy.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble Parkinson's House with Serratus Parkinson.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble Smith House with Andronicus Smith.
- The Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Lestrange with Robaran Lestrange.

The Chairman of the Board of Governors was Arcturus Black, the latter being the doyen of the Board and the most prestigious head of the family. Council members were sitting in the Council meeting room when Albus entered with Harry. As funny as it may be, James does not recognize his former son. The last time he saw Harry was three years ago ...

"Dumbledore, can I find out why you summoned this Council urgently?" I'm not as young as before and can only let you out on rare occasions, "Arcturus chanted.

Albus sneered at hearing Arcturus Black. He nodded.

"Absolutely, Lord Black, I would like to introduce you to my son, Hadrian Albus James Alter Fail Dumbledore, who is obviously the reason why I called this Council," Albus informed them.

James Potter widened his eyes as he recognized his former son while the other governors narrowed their eyes. Obviously, Lucius was not surprised by the news, but it was the case of Arcturus Lestrange. The latter had decided to name Harry Potter as heir after deciding to keep Sirius in the Black House while taking away the inheritance. He was, however, surprised when he was informed by the goblins that his new heir was a Dumbledore and that Harry Potter no longer existed.

"For those of you who do not know, Harry, who was formerly Harry James Potter before being denied by his parents in my favour, I adopted him according to magical laws and traditions, making
him my son by blood and magic, "said Albus, nonchalantly swallowing a lemon candy, Harry doing the same.

James winced slightly, feeling the disapproving looks of the other Lords in the room. It was Augusta who decided to break the ice.

"It's all to your credit, Dumbledore, but that does not explain why you decided to get together," said Customs Officer Longbottom.

"Indeed Dowager Longbottom, but the reason is very simple because, as a result of an inheritance test of Harry's ancestry after his adoption, we learned that he was the heir to SCELLE by Magic and by the blood of the Slytherin and Gryffindor families, so being his father and guardian, the proxy for these houses is coming back to me, "said Dumbledore, changing some of the facts.

Announcing that the test was done after the adoption, Albus then cast doubt on the origin of the titles. It was perfectly possible for Harry to become the heir to these houses after the mixing of the Dumbledore and Potter families, Magic then believing that the Blood was pure enough to inherit these houses and titles. It would not be the first time this has happened.

"Furthermore, following the adoption, I have recovered my Pureblood pedigree, so please use my title, Lord Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Lord of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Dumbledore, "Dumbledore added.

A silence fell on the hemicycle, silence that was broken by none other than James.

"How's that possible?" If someone should have been the Gryffindor and Slytherin heir, it's Marcus! It must be a mistake, "exclaimed James outraged.

" Magic and goblins have spoken Lord Potter, unless you want to go directly to Gringotts and accuse the goblins?" Said Robaran Lestrange with a petty grin.

James blanched before he shut up. The last person who accused the goblins of deception had ended his life in their mines and his coffers were confiscated as compensation.

"That is why, because of Gryffindor and Slytherin House Proxy, I have the honour of becoming the new Chairman of this Board, and I wish to remind you that I am not obliged to keep this Council active and can dissolve it at any time. I do not do it out of respect for some of you. Moreover, I announce you the suppression of the wages that you perceive all, wages not being envisaged in the Finally, the Account Books will be given to the Goblins for a retrospective analysis of the school's finances, "Dumbledore said in a tone of no appeal.

It was watching Albus Dumbledore, standing upright, an aura of power around him and cold eyes that the governors remembered that they had before them the most powerful wizard of the Magic World, the Winner of Grindelwald and the disciple Nicolas Flamel. Some shuddered before nodding.

It was then that Lucius decided to play his card to show his superiority to the other governors.

" Lord Dumbledore, I hope we can count on your visit with the young heir Dumbledore our Summer Ball? This will be the thirty -one August 1," then exclaimed Lucius launching a smug look and mocking James Potter who was fuming in his corner.

"With pleasure Lord Malfoy, my 'Son' and I will be happy to come to your Ball, and I hope to see you again, Lord Black," Albus said playfully as he saw James Potter's reaction.

Arcturus Black nodded before leaving the room with the other governors. That's when Harry
exclaimed.

"It's going to be the first time I'm going to a ball, I cannot wait to see Draco again, I already have the perfect robe!"

"Oh, what?" Albus asked cheerfully.

"The red, mauve and silver robe with the little planets!" Harry exclaimed as Albus burst out laughing.
The Malfoy Ball

Chapter Summary

Harry goes to the Malfoy Ball with Papa Albus, and as always, will rock it!

31/08/1987

Hogwarts, Scotland,

"I'm ready!"

Albus Dumbledore turned, sadly neglecting his lemon sorbet to carefully observe his son that said this. He did not hide his satisfaction by seeing his son in a sublime red, mauve and silver robe, studded with little planets moving along the seams. His son had inherited his sartorial tastes and his incredible adoration of sweets, something that amused the old man endlessly.

The old man was not left out, himself wearing a long purple robe with flowery patterns and silver stitching, all topped with the coat of arms of the family Dumbledore, an owl overhung with a capital D surrounded by two half-moons.

"Is this really a good idea, Albus?"

The professor flip-flopped to meet the person who said so. Dressed in her best green dress, Minerva McGonagall looked at him, her face worried. Wishing to reassure his friend, Albus spoke.

"Harry is not risking anything, Minerva. No longer a Potter, and no longer tied in any way to Marcus, Harry is no longer in danger of retribution from the old Death Eaters. Not to mention that I am far too powerful for them to pick on me or a member of my family."

"All the same...", began the woman at the strict pace.

"And do not forget the presence of Severus, whom I trust, he will be able to defend Harry against all odds," Dumbledore interrupted him with amused eyes.

Minerva closed her mouth curtly before shaking her head, her lips pursed. It was no secret that she was suspicious of Severus and his so-called allegiance, despite having complete confidence in Albus. Still, she felt some understanding away from the potions teacher. If he had not been harassed by the Marauders, and especially, if she had acted, then Severus Snape would never have joined the Death Eaters. Sighing disillusioned, she stepped out of Albus' office to refine her metamorphosis program.

"I think the Malfoys will try everything to befriend us, just to annoy the Potters." exclaimed Harry, who had followed the conversation.

Albus burst out laughing before nodding.

"That's what I think too, but you can not blame them, James and Lily have turned a lot of people
around, not to mention their tendency to strut about in front of everyone," said the old man. man.

Harry nodded, completely agreeing.

"In this case, it's time for us to join this little party!" Exclaimed the old man with a cheerful air.

Without losing a moment, Albus took Harry by the arm before Apparating towards Malfoy Manor, the Hogwarts anti-apparition ward being automatically disabled for the director and the Hogwarts heirs.

After a few seconds, they arrived in front of the wrought-iron gate of the Malfoy estate, the latter being surrounded on either side by huge hedges sheltering the gardens from prying eyes. For the occasion, the gate was open, giving way to a large paved driveway leading right to the doors of a gigantic immaculate white mansion.

"It's very classy and neat," Harry said with interest.

Albus smiled before nodding. The Malfoy area was perfectly straight and asymmetrical, the gardens dotted with hedges and water points in the purest French style while the Manor was obviously Roman Renaissance style. Without losing a moment, they went to the doors, noticing the progress of albino peacocks crossing the path and getting lost in the gardens.

Finally, they arrived at the doors of the manor where they were received by none other than Narcissa Malfoy, wearing an elegant purple dress plunging neckline, highlighting its curves.

"Merry meet, Lord Dumbledore, Heir Dumbledore, I welcome you to Malfoy Manor," said the beautiful woman, bowing.

"Merry meet, Lady Malfoy, and we thank you for this invitation to your ball," Dumbledore replied, taking the woman's hand to kiss her.

"Merry meet, Lady Malfoy," followed Harry, imitating Dumbledore.

Narcissa arched an eyebrow at Harry's politeness before letting a pleased smile appear on her delicate face. It was obvious that the Dumbledore's manners were highly appreciated, moreover, that they respected witch customs.

"If you will follow me to the reception hall, Lord Dumbledore, Heir Dumbledore," said Narcissa, motioning for a house elf to take the capes of the father and son.

"You can call me Hadrian if you wish, Lady Malfoy," Harry said, handing his summer cape to a somewhat feverish house elf.

"Very well, Heir Hadrian," Narcissa replied, motioning the two Dumbledore to follow her.

Running without delay, they followed her through a long marble corridor dotted with pictures under which were inscribed names (all ancestors of the House Malfoy) as well as statues of white marble and other busts.

They ended up at the top of a huge hall, very bright and full of people. The room being located at the foot of a staircase, the present guests were able to see with attention the arrival of the new ones. This was how Harry felt slightly uncomfortable with the interested looks of the many wizards and witches in the room.

He came out of his thoughts when Dumbledore put a reassuring hand on his shoulder, the latter
winked at him before pushing him forward. Once reassured, Harry stepped forward, followed closely by Dumbledore while Narcissa left them, returning to the entrance of the Manor to welcome new guests.

Albus scanned the room before quickly locating Lucius in the presence of the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, his under-secretary, Dolores Umbridge. They were, of course, accompanied by Arcturus Black, the old Lord standing by skillfully resting on a cane, as well as lords Lestrange, Nott and Flint.

The old director hurried to the group, closely followed by his beloved son who was slightly intimidated by the crowd, not used to being in the presence of so many people. Fortunately there were not as many people as at Barry's birthday.

"Merry meet, Lord Dumbledore, Heir Hadrian, I'm delighted to see you and your son."

Harry, who was once again in his thoughts, looked up at Lucius Malfoy's cheerful voice. Richly dressed and still armed with his cane, Lord Malfoy wore a small smile of victory on seeing Harry and Albus, something both noticed.

"Merry meet, Lord Malfoy, Lord Black, Lord Lestrange, Lord Nott, Lord Flint, Cornelius and Dolores," Dumbledore began to wave to the members of the group before refocusing on Lucius. "Thank you for this invitation and this warm welcome."

"Merry meet," Harry said, not having to do the same again.

Fortunately he had learned the ways and customs of the magical world and the magical aristocracy since his earliest childhood, thanks to the books, his now father and portraits of members of the Potter family.

"Ah, Dumbledore, we were just in the middle of a conversation about your adoption of the young Hadrian here, and what a scandal it was that the Potters abandoned him, but I would never have expected such behaviour on their part." exclaimed Cornelius, tweaking his bowler hat.

"I am personally not surprised, especially when you know that my good-for-nothing grandson is himself friends with the Potters. He left the family estate without talking to me about it, not to mention his systematic denigration of our ancestral customs and traditions, Sirius has become a real shame for the family! If I was not so respectful of our traditions, I would have him banished from the Most Exalted and the Most Ancestral House of Black! ", added Arcturus Black in hitting the ground with his cane, a sign of his dissatisfaction.

"Without forgetting this half-breed that they rub shoulders with ...", intervened Dolores Umbridge with a pinched voice.

Albus frowned slightly before nodding.

"Although I do not like this word about Remus Lupin, I must admit that I am deeply disappointed with his behaviour, as well as that of James, Lily, and Sirius, and I did not expect them to give up on Harry as they learned news about Marcus, but alas, "Albus answered, looking falsely sad.

Although he was really sad about this case, Albus was not surprised by such behaviour after experiencing the behaviour of the most explosive marauders at Hogwarts. The person who really disappointed him was none other than Lily Evans, the latter having demonstrated a certain empathy and intelligence in sharp contrast to her current behaviour, probably due to her attendance of James and Sirius. He was also surprised by Remus's lack of interest in Harry, although he thinks it was due
to Sirius and his way of grabbing Remus' attention.

"Fleamont Potter would have been ashamed of his son's behaviour, I can assure you," Janus Flint said in a disappointed voice.

Harry watched the discussion while detailing the Flint and Nott lords. Janus Flint was 48 years old and a member of The Wizengamot. He had known his "old" grandfather, Fleamont Potter before forming an alliance with the Potter family. Unfortunately, James Potter in his utter arrogance decided to break this alliance by becoming the Family Leader, believing that the Potters should not be tied to such a dark family.

For his part, Theodore Senior Nott was a real enigma. Richly clothed, the rumors wanted him to be an unspeakable, which would explain the lack of information that Harry held about this man who was also a member of the Wizengamot. All Harry knew was that he was forgiven for his crimes as a result of Voldemort's threat to his only son. This accusation was proved when it was discovered that Violette Nott, his wife, was murdered by Voldemort in person when Theodore refused to serve him the first time. The latter being seven months pregnant, the mediages of Ste-Mongouste managed in extremis to root out his son, Theodore Nott Junior, his body.

"However, I wonder why your heir suddenly became the heir to the Gryffindor and Slytherin families. It is no secret that the Potters are descendants of Godric Gryffindor, yet they have never been able to claim this title, not to mention that the Potters are not descendants of Slytherin, the last being You-Know-Who," exclaimed Theodore Sr. Nott in a baritone voice.

"I must admit it's very curious. Do you have an idea, Albus?" Asked Arcturus in a very interested voice.

Realizing that he could not escape this question, Albus decided to set up his slight lie.

"As you know, the Dumbledore are the distant descendants of the Emrys family, giving my family members tremendous magical power, even though we lost our titles when my father married my Muggle-born mother. According to Goblins of Gringotts, my traditional adoption of Harry at once awakened in him the necessary genes to claim the title of Lord Gryffindor as well as to make him a pureblood, just as it allowed me to become a pureblood and recover my title of Lord," Dumbledore explained with a small smile.

The lords present nodded while Cornelius whitened slightly. The latter had a continuing fear of seeing Dumbledore nominate himself as the Minister of Magic, and now that he had an official voice in Wizengamot, not to mention the proxy and total control of Hogwarts, Cornelius knew he could never act against Dumbledore.

"What about the Slytherins?" Dolores asked interestedly, looking at Harry and Albus in a more welcoming way.

Dolores Umbridge was a highly racist and fixed person in her vision, not supportive of hybrids, half-breeds, and members of the plebs. Albus Dumbledore being now a pureblood and Lord besides, not to mention his proxies, he had become an important member of society in the eyes of Dolores. Just like Hadrian, the latter being no longer a Potter and therefore an infamous Half-Blood.

"I have an interesting story on this subject. After consulting with the goblins, we discovered that Lily Evans was the distant descendant of Galvar Gaunt, himself a Squib, having been banned from Gaunt House. You'll nothing of me by telling you that the Gaunt were the last descendants of the Slytherin family, making Lily Evans a third-generation half-blood."
However, and according to Salazar Slytherin's wishes, only a pureblood with a correct magical power and a fortune exceeding 50,000 gallons can inherit the title of Slytherin Lord, thus explaining why Lily was never able to claim the title of Lady Slytherin, or the Gaunt lost their title, having squandered all their fortune on several generations, "Albus explained with a small smile.

Lucius and the other guests (even those who listened discreetly all around) widened their eyes on hearing this news.

"Thus, the young heir Hadrian became, following the adoption and restoration of his blood, the heir to the families Dumbledore, Slytherin and Gryffindor, making him the future Lord of Three great families, two of whom have a right to veto at the Magenmagot, not to mention the total control of the Hogwarts College. "Lucius Malfoy summed up in a respectful voice.

"And Black!", Added Arcturus in a proud voice.

Arcturus's intervention was heard throughout the room, with the discussions drying up to focus on the group's conversation. Immersed in a certain stupor (except Albus and Harry), Cornelius was the first to escape.

"Black ? I do not understand, should not that be Draco Malfoy?" Asked the Minister of Magic in a curious voice.

It was no secret that Sirius Black had been deprived of his title of heir to the Black family by Arcturus, the latter having not hesitated to announce it in public in order to call his family to order. son, the latter boasting of being the future Lord Black following the death of his parents and his brother.

For his part, Lucius frowned slightly, understanding that his son would not be the heir to the Blacks. He could not, however, blame Arcturus, the latter having preferred to appoint as heir a sorcerer who had a future much more important than his son.

"No, it will not be Draco, although I appreciate my grandnephew, I refuse to see a blond as Black Lord! Besides, after disinheriting my good-for-nothing grandson, I decided to appoint for heir Harry Potter, who was at that time the descendant with the most promising future.

And I was not wrong, since he became a true pureblood, in addition to being a Slytherin and a Gryffindor! Ah! "Arcturus grinned with a big smile.

Murmurs broke out in the hall, all on the same subject.

"What a master stroke, you have managed to assure the Black a promising future through the young heir Hadrian, my congratulations," exclaimed Theodore Sr. Nott.

Arcturus gave him a smile before nodding, accepting with dignity the congratulations of Lord Nott.

It was then that Draco approached the group, delighted.

"Hadrian, I'm glad you came!" Exclaimed the blond boy, hastily making for Harry.

Seeing his son grabbing Harry's attention, Lucius decided to take advantage of it.

"Draco, and if you introduced the Hadrian heir to your friends, I'm sure he'll be happy to meet other people his age. What do you think, heir Hadrian? "Asked Lucius nice voice.

"With pleasure, Lord Malfoy, and please just call me Hadrian, that will be enough," Harry replied,
happily following the young Draco who led him into the crowd.

"I see you do not waste time, Lucius," Albus said with a small smile.

"I do not see what you're talking about at all," said Lord Malfoy, returning his smile.

The present members could not help but laugh as they watched Albus's playful air and Lucius's falsely innocent look.

For his part, Harry held Draco's hand firmly, hoping not to be lost through the crowd of wizards and witches present in the Great Ballroom. After two minutes, his ordeal ended and he arrived near a group of children, mostly his age. His new friend hastened to make the presentations.

"Harry, let me introduce you to my friends, Blaise Zabini, Pansy Parkinson, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Theodore Junior Nott, Zacharias Smith, Daphne Greengrass, Astoria Greengrass, and Marcus Flint.

"Blaise Zabini, delighted!" Said a tanned boy with curly hair and lavender eyes.

"Vincent Crabbe," said a taller, gorilla-sized boy.

"Gregory Goyle," imitated another gorilla-looking boy.

"Theodore Junior Nott, but you can call me Theo!", Cheerfully continued a tall brown boy with light blue eyes.

"Zacharias Smith, descendant of Helga Hufflepuff, just like you, I am the descendant of a founder!", An arrogant-looking, hazel-eyed blond appeared.

"Pansy Parkinson," says a girl with a pug head.

"Daphne Greengrass, Heir to the Very Old and Very Noble Greengrass House," said a blonde with blue eyes politely.

"Astoria Greengrass, delighted," said a blonde who was identical to the first but younger.

"And I'm Marcus Flint, Heir to the Very Old and Noble Flint House, unlike the rest of them, I'm already in Hogwarts and a member of the Slytherin Quidditch team." Finally introduced himself to a boy older brown with abominable dentition.

"You should use the spell Dentaparfait.", Could not help but comment on Harry watching Marcus Flint.

The children looked at him, amazed by his audacity while Marcus frowned, more intrigued than annoyed.

"I do not know that spell," he replied.

"This spell makes it possible to restore the teeth of an individual to give it a perfect appearance and to whiten teeth, remove all forms of caries and other diseases. It was invented by Narcissus, a Greek sorcerer who does not support imperfections "Harry replied, blushing slightly at everyone's attention.

"I see ... I'll have to learn it then," Marcus said thoughtfully.
"I can cast it, well, if you want?" Harry offered himself in a timid voice.

"You already know how to do magic? without a wand?" Draco exclaimed in a slightly jealous voice.

For any answer, Harry nodded while looking at the floor. Seeing no problem, Marcus decided to take the risk.

"If you feel like it, I'll let you cast that spell on me," Marcus said with a smile.

Smiling at him, Harry pointed his finger at Marcus' face before saying "Dentaparfait".

A blue light circled Marcus' face before the other children uttered shock exclamations. Marcus' dentition had managed to become perfectly straight, white and, in short, perfect. The latter did not hesitate to look in one of the mirrors adorning the wall on the side before opening his mouth wide, shocked deep on his new face.

He then turned to Harry before hugging him, shocking young Dumbledore.

"Thank you Harry, you do not know how much these teeth rotten my life, thank you again, one thing is certain, from today you have my friendship!" Exclaims Marcus Flint before releasing Harry.

He hurried to his father before showing him his new teeth. For his part, Harry remained silent in response to the reaction of the heir Flint. After a few seconds, he looked at the other stunned children again.

"By the way, I'm Hadrian Dumbledore, son of Albus Dumbledore, Heir to the Very Noble and Very Old House Dumbledore, the Most Exalted and Ancestral House Black, the Most Revered and Archaic Gryffindor and Slytherin Houses." Exclaimed Harry embarrassed.

The other children's eyes widened as they heard Harry's titles as Draco dropped his glass, not knowing.
My dear readers, your eyes do not betray you in any case. As this title (chosen by me, me and me) explains it both explicitly and implicitly, the Potters have committed the irreparable!

It is no secret that the night of October 31, 1980 became the day of the event following the defeat of the very famous dark wizard, Voldemort, by Marcus Potter only one year old. But did you know that Marcus Potter had a brother? Well, I did not!

And for good reason: James and Lily Potter, parents of the Boy-Who-Lived have never shown him to the general public. Some would think this is due to political reasons, to him protect from media, but the fact that they have been constantly appearing in public, making various appearances at various events discarded this hypothesis. I then decided to conduct my investigation, and what I learned will shock you!

Harry Potter was simply ignored by his own family for the benefit of his youngest brother. Out of the world, the young child lived in a life of loneliness while his brother strutted about with his parents. But this goes much further: The Potters have done the unthinkable thing that even the worst wizards would not dare!

They removed the title of Heir to the young Hadrian (eldest son of three minutes) to attribute it to the Vanquisher of the Dark Lord, and they did not stop there. They did not give him any education, completely ignoring him and eventually giving him up for adoption.

That is when our Most Beloved Wizard intervened, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards, Grand Warlock and Head of the Wizengamot, holder of the Order of Merlin 1st Class and Vanquisher of Grindelwald. In his extreme kindness, he then adopted the young Hadrian James Potter into the purest Wizarding traditions through the rite of blood. For more information, read the article on page 3.

And what about Remus Lupin who was the godfather of young Hadrian. As the godfather, and according to the wishes he had given during the godparent ritual, he should have intervened as well as looked after the child, but he also preferred to be interested in the Survivor. As you know, a godparent keeps his title even after an adoption, except in case of breach of duty and deemed
unworthy by Mother Magic. Monsieur Lupin having been disinherited by magic, it proves his lack of duty.

A new Dumbledore among us!

The big return of the Gryffindor and Slytherin families!

The Dumbledore family, the most influential of the Wizarding World?

Following the reading of my previous article (if it is not done, I urge you strongly to do), you probably learned the adoption of young Hadrian James Potter. Having followed a traditional adoption ritual done by blood, Albus Dumbledore adopted the former Potter.

This ritual allowing an exchange of blood and magic, Hadrian James Potter became Hadrian Albus James Alter Fail Dumbledore, son of Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. Note the presence of several names, following the long tradition of the Dumbledore. This magical adoption allowed the Dumbledore's blood to supplant the Potter's, but that's not all.

As some of you know, the Potters are descendants of the Gryffindor family following the marriage of Godric Gryffindor's last heiress to a Potter. But did you know that Lily Evans was descended from the Gaunt family, the last descendants of Salazar Slytherin? That is certainly what we have learned, making Lily Potter née Evans a Half-Blood 3rd generation.

So when blood was shared between the two Dumbledore, the blood was purified, making them purebloods. Shocking, is not it? But this incredible story does not stop there.

The Dumbledore family is considered one of the oldest magical families in the world, and for good reason: They are the descendants of Merlin, explaining the incredible magical power of the members of this family.

And this most incredible ancestry helped to activate Hadrian's legacy, making him the heir to the Gryffindor and Slytherin families! Hadrian Albus James Alter Fail Dumbledore became the heir to the Dumbledore, Slytherin, Gryffindor and Black families. Yes, Black, chosen by Arcturus Black following the loss of the title by Sirius Black. Not to mention that the Dumbledore family was able to recover their seat in Wizengamot after the purification of Albus Dumbledore. Hadrian not being old, Albus was named proxy for all of his seats.

This makes Albus Dumbledore the leader of the Dumbledore, Gryffindor and Slytherin families. With the Gryffindor and Slytherin families each owning 25% Hogwarts, the Dumbledore became the owners of the Hogwarts College, allowing for new regulation and the introduction of new rules.

Not to mention that the Gryffindor and Slytherin families have Veto Magenmagot rights, giving the Dumbledore most control over the highest authority of the British Wizarding World.

Can we then say that the Dumbledore have become the most influential wizards in the world?

Harry gasped after reading the newspaper. He could hear the teachers talking about him, some
amused, others dismayed, and above all, all angry. He could feel the eyes of most teachers, but he ignored them to make a big smile to his father. The latter returned it to him before giving him a wink. Harry laughed knowing that his father was responsible for this article.

24/0 7/1988

Summoning Room, Royal Palace, Atlantis,

Albus Dumbledore was standing upright while taking a deep breath. He was about to attempt an invocation for an elemental guardian with his son. They had decided to slow down their learning in order to master the spells previously learned as well as to do further research. Not to mention the school for Dumbledore, the events that both Dumbledore had to attend, and the invitations Harry had received to spend time with other children his age like Draco Malfoy or Theodore Nott Junior.

"I'll leave you to your business! I'm going back to my pub," said a wizard like Dumbledore before leaving, leaving Harry and Albus alone.

"See you later, Uncle Aberforth," replied the youngest.

Albus smiles at this interaction. After hearing the news of Harry's adoption through the newspaper, Aberforth was quick to join Hogwarts to see his "nephew" with his own eyes. That day, there were cries and tears, but the two brothers finally managed to reconcile, and Aberforth agreed to join Atlantis, not to mention that he would still manage his pub.

"Are you ready my son?" Albus asked, looking at Harry.

The latter was all excited. Hopping on the spot, Harry nodded.

"I'll start first," Albus said before focusing.

He began to think of what he wanted to conjure. His goal was to ward off a guardian elementary, a being partially endowed with reason, capable of protecting, attacking, but also serving. Channeling all his magic in his wand, he began to make circles with it before pushing it forward like a foil.

It was then that a creature took shape before him. Seemingly made of a mauve substance (which Dumbledore understood to be arcane magic), the creature had two arms and eyes, or at least two white lights that served as eyes.

"How may I serve, Master?" Asked the creature in a deep voice.

"You managed it, daddy!" Harry exclaimed, raising his fist in the air.

"It looks like it, Harry," Dumbledore replied before redirecting his attention to the guardian elemental. "Patrol in the city to familiarize with the places, servant."

The elementary nodded before leaving the place silently. Albus motioned Harry to try the summoning. Yet unlike his father, Harry had a very different idea of a guardian elementary.

He wanted a being able to protect him at the impressive pace, just as his name indicated. Thinking back to Hogwarts armour, Harry used his wand to conjure his elemental guardian. He was not disappointed with the result.
A gigantic armour easily making the size of Hagrid appeared then in front of him. Unlike the Hogwarts armour, elemental members seemed to fly, all connected to a magical core at the centre of the magical assembly.

"Yes, master?" Asked the elemental guardian in an almost robotic voice.

Harry blinked several times before answering, sheepishly.

"Patrol the city."

"I aim to please, master." Answered the elementary (golem?) Before leaving, stooping slightly as he passed the door.

"Your elemental is very different from mine, Harry, I suppose an elemental guardian has an appearance based on his summoner, or maybe it's based on its primary utility?" Dumbledore mused as he caressed her. beard absently.

"I wanted a guard to protect me from everything, and I thought of Hogwarts armor," Harry replied with a small smile.

Albus's eyes widened.

"That's right! A guardian elementary took on an appearance according to our imagination, having no precise shape for mine, I suppose that it had been his basic form, "Albus explained with a big smile.

Harry nodded before opening his book. A new page had been written.

As I expected, you did it!

If you had fun invoking a guardian elementary several times, you will have noticed a certain difference in appearance. This is perfectly normal: A guardian elementary takes the form that you want, or at least approaching it. Unlike a basic elementary, the Guardian is able to subsist through the surrounding magic. You are not obliged to give direct orders, the latter being related to your mind and therefore responding to the least of your desires.

Know that the Guardian Elemental is very resistant to physical blows, making him an excellent shield against warriors and other idiots without brains. However, he is not able to show magic, except to put an end to his "life" in an explosion of magic before destroying his opponents. His advantage is above all his incredible strength as well as his intelligence, being related to your spirit, he can interact with others as a messenger. Very practical, especially when we apply an enchantment on the said elementary to look like us. This allows you to do several tasks at once, since the information of this elementary is immediately retransmitted.

Now we will change branch! After all, you have to be versatile to become an apprentice worthy of the name!

It's high time to take an interest in Blood Magic! Unlike its dubious name, Blood Magic is not evil, although it remains a Dark Magic, and for good reason: We use our blood!

Blood is a source of life, but also of magic. This makes it the most powerful catalyst, and therefore the most dangerous weapon of a warlock. The Blood Exchange is a very important ritual, and I will say the most important one. It allows you to bind a warlock and a magical creature to multiply their power. For that, it is enough to mix their blood before writing on a blank parchment:
“May our magic be bound by this offering, may our power be merged by this liquid, may we ever be bound together!”

A formula can be simple, and yet so important! If you correctly realize this ritual, the parchment will burn, setting up this contract. The chosen creature will then be your familiar, in every sense of the word, and you will be able to summon it as you wish. If you tried to bind yourself to a creature already bound to another Blood Mage, then you would die in agony. If it comes to die, the contract will be broken, which can be deadly if you are bound for a very long time (read here several centuries). That’s why I recommend an immortal creature like the phoenix, which can rise from the ashes! If you do not have a phoenix available, then choose a very resistant creature.

As a precaution, I give you a schema to invoke a Phoenix from the Twisted Nether. Know, before summoning it, that a great power will be necessary if you wish to continue in this way.

Once done, come back to read this book to know the procedure to follow.

"A phoenix?" Harry asked, his eyes widening.

"Fawkes!", said Albus with a smile.

It was then that his faithful phoenix appeared before him in a melodious sound before placing himself on the shoulder of the old man. Albus nodded before looking at Harry. His son had no pets.

"We could try invoking another phoenix, what do you think, Fawkes?" Albus asked, looking at his lifelong companion.

The phoenix thrilled with joy before nodding. Without losing a moment, Albus and Harry drew together the circle on the ground to summon a phoenix. This circle of invocation was very different from that for the demons, surely dedicated only to the invocation of the phoenixes. Without losing a moment, Harry and Dumbledore focused their magic on the circle, helped by Fawkes’ singing. After several seconds, a flame materialized in the centre of the circle.

The flame was golden, and it was then that a sound could be heard. In a melodious song then appeared a golden bird, shining like a sun. The bird was shrouded in flames, seeming to protect itself. After a few seconds, the flames disappeared to make way for a magnificent bird with a gleaming golden plumage and immaculate white eyes.

"Beautiful," Albus contented himself, looking at the magical being.

He did not see the almost hypnotized look of Harry. This last then approached the creature before caressing him the plumage with tenderness. Albus arched an eyebrow before nodding. He should have known that Harry would be captivated by such a creature, as it was by Fawkes.

He felt like a pinch on his shoulder. Redirecting his attention to Fawkes, Albus noticed that his phoenix had stretched his paw from where a few drops of blood were beading.

"Is it for the contract?" Asked Albus curiously.

The phoenix stared at him before nodding. Albus hastened to retrieve a parchment from one of the tables before drafting the contract. Harry did the same, followed by the golden phoenix. Once the two parchments were written, they burned before being reduced to ashes. Harry and Albus felt a sense of powerfulness.
"Are you okay?" They heard in their minds.

"Who said that?" Harry asked aloud.

We! Fawkes and Dorsol!

"Dorsol?" Harry asked again.

Albus quickly understood the situation.

"This ritual allows us to chat with our pets. Isn't that right, Fawkes?" Dumbledore looked at his phoenix with a small smile.

Exactly old branch! Glad to finally discuss with you. replied Fawkes, amused.

"Oh, nice!" Harry exclaimed, taking Dorsol in his arms.

The phoenix did not expect such a reaction from his master, he pushed a * squawk * of indignity under the laughter of Albus and Fawkes.

The two warlocks then learned to know their companions. They learned that Fawkes was 2,850 years old while Dorsol was over 3,000 years old. They also learned that their feather difference was related to their age and potency, with Dorsol being a bit more potent than Fumsec. After getting to know each other, and the two phoenixes decided to go for a fly, Harry and Albus went back to read their books.

If you read this chapter, it means that you are not dead, and that you have bound yourself to a creature (preferably a phoenix!). This is a good thing.

You have probably noticed your ability to communicate with your pet, which is perfectly normal. You are connected and can communicate with each other no matter the distance. Very handy for spying!

Now we will move on. Blood Magic has the incredible ability to multiply the power of a warlock, especially in Arcane and Pyromancy. And that's where we'll start: The Spheres of Mana.

The Spheres of Mana are the trademark of the Blood Mages. Only they have the ability to invoke these spheres. What are they?

The Spheres of Mana are spherical condensations of floating mana that protect the Magi from Blood and respond to their orders. They take on the appearance of green or blue balls turning around our head. Their number is representative of the power of a Blood Mage. The average is three spheres, knowing that each sphere used reappears automatically after a while. They can of course be removed at any time, as an invocation.

Unlike invocations, Spheres appear from a simple thought and are commanded by our minds. No oral order to give. It's the same as the conspiracy, so it's up to you to play. And try to conjure as much as possible.

"It does not seem that complicated," Harry exclaimed in an amused voice.

Dumbledore rolled his eyes before laughing.
"Indeed, what if we do this a little later? I do not know about you, but I'm hungry!" Dumbledore replied before leaving the room, followed closely by his son.

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