Summary

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A cursed time-turner sends an unprepared Harry back half a century into a period of time so different from his own.

Forced to attend Hogwarts at the same time as the rising Dark Lord, Tom Riddle, while Gellert Grindelwald terrorizes mainland Europe and begins to make his move on England, Harry is sure that life can’t get any worse.

Then the Hat sorts him into Slytherin and Harry realizes that Tom fucking Riddle is his own personal Rome.
Introduction

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MAIN CAST

Harry Potter

[Daniel Radcliffe]

“You can change the world again, instead of protecting yourself from it.”
I'd Love To Change The World, Jetta; Stained Glass Eyes and Colorful Tears, Pierce the Veil; Disasterology, Pierce the Veil; I Found, Amber Run; The Phoenix, Fall Out Boy; The Lion's Roar, First Aid Kit; Monster, Imagine Dragons, I'll Be Good, Jaymes Young; Broken Crown, Mumford & Sons

Aphrodisia Chryseos

[Lindsey Ellignson]
“Boys are like dogs, you have to clean them and feed them and they just slobber all over you.”

Addicted To Love, Florence & The Machine; Mystery of Love, Sufjan Stevens; Princess of China (Acoustic), Coldplay/Rihanna; Angel By The Wings, Sia; Shiver, Lucy Rose; Fly (Acoustic), Meadowlark; Paper Thin, Astrid S; Drops of Jupiter, Train; Video Games, Lana Del Rey

Tom Riddle

[Tom Hughes]
“A man’s worth is no greater than the worth of his ambitions.”
Just One Yesterday, Fall Out Boy; Don't Mess With Me, Temposhark; Power & Control, Marina and the Diamonds; The Devil Within, Digital Daggers; Born Ready, Zayde Wolf, Savages, Marina and the Diamonds; You're Gonna Go Far, Kid, The Offspring; Monsters, Ruelle

Rhoecus Lestrange

[Arthur Gosse]
"I kept myself burning just to keep you warm. I was dying, but I did it for you."

Blood On My Hands, The Used; Heaven Knows, The Pretty Reckless; Believer, Imagine Dragons; The Hills, The Weeknd; White Teeth Teens, Lorde; Years and Years, Desire; BASECAMP, Emmanuel, Pull Me Down, Mikky Ekko; Glory and Gore, Lorde

**SUPPORTING CAST**

**The Chryseos Family**

Lord Andronikos Chryseos

[Alexander Skarsgard]
Lady Aikaterine Chryseos

[Candice Swanepoel]

Alkaios Chryseos (22)

[Benjamin Eidem]

Arkadios Chryseos (18 - 7th Year)
Amyntas Chryseos (17 - 6th Year)

[Justus Eisfeld]

Alexios Chryseos (15 - 5th Year, Aphrodisia's Twin)

[Niclas Gillis]
Arsenios Chryseos (14 - 4th Year)

[Alex Pettyfer]

Ambrosios Chryseos (11 - 1st Year)

[Charlie Rowe]
Akakios Chryseos (9)

[Ty Simpkins]

SUPPORTING CAST

Students

Orion Black

[Ben Barnes]

Cygnus Black

[Logan Lerman]
Alphard Black

[Miles McMillan]

Walburga Black

[Katie McGrath]

Cassiopeia Black

[Phoebe Tonkin]
Dorea Black
[Odeya Rush]

Cedrella Black
[Jenna Coleman]
Abraxas Malfoy

[Freddie Fox]

Druella Rosier

[Gigi Hadid]

Theseus Nott

[Jacob Young]
James Mulciber
[Adrien Sahores]

Linton Rosier
[Jeremy Dufour]

Davos Avery
[Cillian Murphy]
Charlus Potter
[Aaron-Taylor Johnson]

Antonin Dolohov
[Harry Lloyd]

Septimus Weasley
[Linus Wordemann]
Edward Bones

[KJ Apa]

Emmeline Bones

[Sophie Turner]
Craig Abbott
[Cole Sprouse]

Lucien Abbott
[Dylan Sprouse]

Jessiah Diggory
[Xavier Samuel]
Chapter End Notes

Don't worry about remembering who's who, it should be discernible throughout the text.

ROSIERS

IMPORTANT A/N BELOW (11.2.18)

CHARACTERS AND CAST ARE SIMILAR/EVEN THE SAME AS SOME OF MY OTHER STORIES BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I'M LAZY AND I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE CHARACTERS THAT I ALREADY HAVE DRAWN OUT IN MY HEAD, THERE IS NO CORRELATION TO THE STORIES AT ALL! SOME PERSONALITIES WILL BE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, THEY JUST LOOK THE SAME AND HAVE THE SAME NAMES BECAUSE I'M LAZY

I don't think that this one has any crossing over but still gonna put it just in case
"Where the hell am I?"

Harry Potter wasn't entirely sure what had happened. One minute he was fighting for his life in the Department of Mysteries, Ron and Hermione by his side, fending off the Death Eaters that never seemed to stop coming at them and then suddenly there was a flash of gold and white and Harry was on an earthy ground, the scent of fresh grass and ocean waves overloading his senses.

Something hit his side hard and he let out a groan at the same time as another voice let out a high pitched shriek and fell right on top of him. Harry's eyes widened, who the fuck? he thought sharply, pushing whoever dropped on top of him off and scrambling to his feet.

"Who the hell are you?" his wand was out and pointed at the supposed attacker, only to meet wide, terrified eyes. He slowly lowered his wand, keeping it in his hand but out of a threatening position.

The girl raised her head, lifting up her chin and glaring at him, but didn't look at all intimidating, "My name is Aphrodisia Chryseos, who are you and how have you trespassed our wards?" she said, her voice high-pitched and smooth, incredibly pleasant to listen to with an accent he didn't recognize. There was something odd that he couldn't quite place in her tone of voice that made him instinctually want to answer her as truthfully as possible.

Aphrodisia Chryseos took after her namesake, that's for sure. With long, silky golden blonde hair, stunning blue eyes and unblemished tan skin, Aphrodisia was probably one of the most beautiful girls that Harry ever laid his eyes upon.

Turning his eyes away from her slightly, Harry's gaze fell upon an equally beautiful scenery. He was standing in thick, green grass that swayed back and forth in a gentle breeze. Several yards away was the edge of a cliff that jutted out over a smooth aquamarine, waveless sea with several large white sailboats floating out in the distance.

"Where the hell am I?" Harry breathed out, taken aback by the beautiful scenery. This wasn't the Department of Mysteries, this wasn't Hogwarts, fuck this didn't even look like the United Kingdom.

"Corfu," Aphrodisia Chryseos said, her pretty voice still frowning, "I'll only ask one more time. Who are you and how have you managed to slip past our wards?"
Harry looked over at the girl, who couldn't have been any older than he, himself, and shrugged helplessly, "I-I don't know," he said, "My name is Harry Potter and I have no idea how I got here. I'm not here to hurt anyone, though."

Aphrodisia's blue eyes blinked owlishly, "Potter? As in Charlus Potter?"

Harry, still incredibly dizzy from the sudden change, shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. "Yes," he said, "That's my grandfather."

Across from him, he noticed that Aphrodisia gasped quietly, "How fascinating," she said, delighted, "Especially considering the fact that Charlus is fifteen, right now."

Harry could all but feel his heart stop at her words. "Fifteen? How can't be? He's dead. Where am I? What's going on?"

"I'm sorry, what?" he breathed out too confused to think that maybe he should shut up, "That's impossible, he's dead."

"Not quite," Aphrodisia said, smiling, "Tell me, Harry Potter, what's the date, today?"

"June 18, 1996," Harry said, praying to whatever god was listening that this was just some sort of fucked up dream caused by one of the Death Eaters.

"Well," Aphrodisia said, "You have the date correct, but unfortunately, you're fifty-four years in the future. The date is June 18, 1942."

Harry passed out.

Aphrodisia Chryseos had certainly not been expecting to trip over some boy from the future when she went on one of her daily reflecting walks along the cliffs of her beautiful home in Corfu.

She had to admit, she had been scared at first. She knew that Grindelwald and his forces were going to make a move on Greece soon. The only thing that was holding him back was the power her family held over Southern Europe. They haven't yet been able to make a foothold in Croatia, Serbia or Romania due to the presence the House of Chryseos but Italy, Hungary and Slovenia have already fallen and she knew - her entire family knew - that it wouldn't be long before he finally waged war against them and when that time would come, it would be bloody and dangerous.

Once she realized that no, he was not one of Grindelwald's men and no, he did not appear to be a threat, she relaxed moderately but only because she still had no idea how he had managed to slip through the impenetrable wards of the ancestral seat of the House of Chryseos.

She knew that she should have called for her father, but the boy intrigued her and seeing how exhausted and worn out he appeared, she figured that if he were to attack, she'd be able to take him down with ease - or, at least, run.

She also knew not to underestimate her opponents - a mistake she had made a year earlier that cost her dearly, a mistake she would never make again.

Then she learned that the boy was either delusional or really did come from the future. She was leaning towards the latter due to the fact that there was no other possible way he should have been able to get through the wards to their home - time magic, though, would confuse it enough to allow someone to slip through.
Now, she sat next to the boy who had promptly passed out on the grass after learning the truth of what had happened. She couldn't blame him, of course, it must have been quite the shock and the grass was very soft.

She played with the individual blades as she waited for him to respond to the *rennervate* she had cast upon him, but it was taking a while. She felt the green grass staining her beautiful white sundress and frowned, despite knowing that she could easily spell it off.

She looked up as Harry began shifting before pushing himself up into a sitting position, "Welcome to the land of the living," Aphrodisia said, genially with a small smile, "There are better places to take a nap than on the ground, you know?"

Harry flushed, obviously embarrassed, as he brushed the stray blades of grass out of his hair. "Sorry, it just came as a shock," he said.

Aphrodisia smiled brightly, "No bother," she said, "Do tell me how you came into this era of time, will you?"

*A time traveler,* Aphrodisia thought, glee running through her mind. *The things the family will be able to do with him in our grasp.*

Harry shook his head to Aphrodisia's dismay, "I don't remember," he said and Aphrodisia looked at him sharply in the eye.

*He's telling the truth,* she realized, years of having to live in the upper-class, pureblood society coming in handy as she read the boy like a picture book - it was the only thing she was actually good at - *but not all of it.*

"Okay," she finally said, deciding not to push him any further, looking back at the beautiful scenery of Corfu. He looked like a time bomb ready to explode and it wasn't something that she wanted to test without any backup. As exhausted as the boy may be, she had no certainty of his magical abilities and while she was fairly sure she could take him on, she didn't want to risk it.

"Why aren't you at school?" Harry blurted and Aphrodisia looked back at him, eyes only slightly wide at the fact he had noticed.

"Extenuating familial circumstances forced me to leave school two and a half months before the year ended. I've already taken the end of year tests, of course, and will be starting as a fifth year in September," she explained, sure to leave out any unnecessary information.

Harry nodded, obviously not catching the white lies. "I was a fifth year," he said blandly, looking away from her, a solemn look on his face, "I want to go back. My friends, I don't know if they're alive. We were fighting."

"Fighting,* Aphrodisia thought, *to the death. A war? Is the war with Grindelwald still going on in the future?"

"If you don't know how you got here, we can't help you," Aphrodisia shrugged, "That type of magic doesn't exist in this time - not yet, at least."

The boy looked distressed and upset, Aphrodisia couldn't blame him for that. She couldn't imagine what he was feeling. He reminded her so much of Arsenios that his anguish tugged at her heart. "I don't know what to do," he whispered, wiping his face harshly. "I don't know what to do."

Aphrodisia took in a quiet breath, the idea hitting her like a truck.
"Good thing I'm here, then," she said, a wide smile itching onto her face, "How would you feel about meeting daddy?"

Harry wasn't sure how he felt about the smile spread across Aphrodisia's pretty face. It certainly didn't give him a reassuring feeling, but he didn't have much of a choice, at this point. He was in a time period that he knew little to nothing about and he had someone willing to take him in and point him in the right direction - or, he thought spitefully, to use me or kill me, I don't know a thing about this girl.

"Your father?" Harry asked, warily, but the girl was already walking.

"Yes, my father," she said easily, "Lord Andronikos of the House of Chryseos. Unfortunately, for you at least, he won't be as welcoming to your presence within our wards as I was."

That really didn't give him a good feeling and his steps faltered. Aphrodisia glanced back at him over her shoulder, her blonde, unnaturally silky hair sweeping behind her back, "Relax," she said, her tone light-hearted, "I'm sure you'll be fine."

"Are you?" he muttered bitterly under his breath. *How had everything gone wrong so fast? What happened in the Department of Mysteries? Did we win?*

Fuck.

"You can't leave now anyway," Aphrodisia shrugged, "The wards, while they may have let you in, will in no way let you out because you're not keyed to them. Unless you want my father's hounds hunting you down and tearing you to shreds when you try to run, I suggest you do as I say."

She said it so offhandedly that the words didn't register in Harry's mind until it more or less smacked him in the face. "What?"

Aphrodisia ignored him as she turned to face him, "Welcome to the Ancestral Seat of the House of Chryseos," she said and Harry's breath caught in his throat as behind Aphrodisia, a building formed.

More than a building, the only word that could do it justice was a *fucking palace*. A wide, long marble staircase led up to the grand entrance which consisted of large marble pillars reached up to the sky and a set of double doors. The building was made of what he could only assume was pure gold and diamonds that sparkled brightly against the sun and water. Two tall towers on either side of the never-ending house stretched up towards the sky, their roofs made of some blue precious stone.

*They're rich*, Harry thought, stunned and Aphrodisia's pretty blue eyes met his own green ones.

A shrewd smile flickered onto her lips, "Are you ready to meet my father, Harry?"

"Can I say no?" he asked her, his gaze drawing back to the massive palace in front of him. *How could I want to meet the lord of a family so obnoxiously rich? He's probably as bad a Lucius Malfoy, the thought froze in his mind, even the Malfoys weren't this rich, they're probably worse.*

"Unfortunately," Aphrodisia said, not sounding sympathetic at all, "No."

The two made their ascent up the large staircase leading to the doors of their home and Harry couldn't help but feel that he was walking down the staircase to hell.
Chapter End Notes

Aye, chapter one, I'm so excited for this story and I have so much planned, I'm going to split time between this story and Croatoan, so hopefully you'll see one update for each per week!

Thank you,

ROSIERS

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!