Harry Potter and the Golden Path - Year Six

by HeruKane

Summary

We will be following the life of a more intelligent and powerful Harry Potter, one who seems to be constantly tested by Fate, Destiny, and Magic. This story follows him through his Hogwarts years and the friendships, connections, and powerful decisions he makes along the way. It will also see him taking his place among the elite of the magical world, that of the Empire of Albion.

This story covers Year Six of Harry Potter's time at Hogwarts.

Notes
Hello all and welcome back!

To the continuing adventures of my alternate Harry Potter as he goes through his sixth year of Hogwarts.

This book is COMPLETE, and all that is needed is for it to be posted. There will be 3 sections today and two sections every Sunday/Monday till it is completely posted. This update is going to be like clockwork so do not worry. :) 

After this book there is the next between (written fully), then book seven (summer written, school to December outlined and half written, January to end of school organized but not written yet), and then a final right after Hogwarts short (also written). After that who knows, though I will admit to having a 'short' story already written that is set roughly four years post Harry at Hogwarts.

To both long time readers and new comers, I say thank you for reading, and I hope you continue to do so for as long as the journey continues.

See the end of the work for more notes
Troubling Beginnings

Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Late June

"Have a good summer Terry," Harry says to his friend as the other boy heads out with his parents. At this point Harry looks around in surprise at a lack of either Sirius or Remus. "Hmm," he then says.

At the same time as Mason says, "What's going on?"

Which is exactly when Bill walks by saying, "Missing someone?"

"Hey Bill, and yeah," is Harry's response. "I figured that Sirius or Remus would be here to escort us back."

"That's why I'm here. They both said sorry but some major issues just broke out that they are dealing with. I'm to bring you two to Potter Manor." Bill actually pauses at that point before chuckling. "Actually, better said is that you are to take us to Potter Manor using your Ring."

"I see," Harry says in surprise, not having been informed that anything went on. But that said he does know last minute problems do crop up.

"Hey, if you are worried I'm not me and such feel free to test my magic, I do wear an Amulet of Office after all."

Harry chuckles, "You know me too well it seems. But yes, let me check."

"Sure," Bill says with a shrug, "One can never be too careful, especially when one is named Harry Potter." He then grins at Mason and says, "Don't worry, I'm me, so this is just being safe."

As Mason and Bill are quietly chatting about various matters Harry is reaching into the House magics to check if the person in front of him is actually Bill.

Moments later he received an answering ping from the amulet in front of him, a ping which clearly stated that Bill was Bill.

"Right then, Bill, sorry for that, but yeah, your you."

Bill gets a chuckle at that. " Yep, I know, but no worries as I would have checked myself. So yeah, lets head out."

"So everything is good?" Mason asks curiously.

"Yep, were all good which means we can head to Potter Manor." There is a pause then Harry says, "So here is what's going on, Bill you hold on to my right elbow and Mason my left. With that I can take all three of us to Potter Manor."

"Wicked." Mason says. He then tilts his head and asks, "Are we going to the front gates or the Manor gateway chamber?"

"Gateway chamber since you have already seen Potter Manor." Harry says with a nod and then
gestures for both to touch his shoulder. When they do he activates the magic and whisks them, and their belongings, to Potter Manor.

Upon landing in the gateway chamber they begin making there way out of the room. As they do so Harry says, "Right so I'll show you to your room and the kitchens but then I am going to have to leave you for a moment. I want to find out what is going on with them both."

Mason smiles at that, "No worries Harry, it's cool. I understand." He then turns towards Bill and says, "Many times last year he would stop halfway in a tutoring session to answer a call or respond to a message."

Bill chuckles at that, "Yeah Harry is often quite busy. But for the record Harry when you go off to figure things out I'm going to hang out with Mason, so he is not alone."

"You don't have to do that," Mason says with a shake of the head, "I'm fine alone."

"Maybe," Bill says, "but just because your fine alone doesn't mean you have to be alone, especially not on your first day here at Potter Manor. So yeah, till he or they return we're spend some time getting to know each other more."

Harry's response is to grin at that and say to Mason, "Bill's a good one, trust me. Well, come on, the tour waits for no man."

As Harry is saying to Remus over mirror call, "No, its fine, we're fine, I was just making sure everything was okay," he is also gesturing for Bill and Mason, who are standing at the door, to come inside the office.

"What's the gesture for Harry?" Remus says curiously.

"Bill and Mason are at the door, and I wanted them to come in."

"Oh cool. Hey Mason, sorry about not being there for you arrival at Potter Manor but as Harry will tell you an issue came up that I needed to handle."

"Its no problem Remus, as I said, I'm fine with finding things to occupy myself with."

"Well I'm still sorry, and do note it's not normally this busy." Remus then pauses before saying, "Oh hey Bill, sorry to bother you but could you come to the Obsidian Trinity Hundred, I have need of your talents."

"Will do Remus, will leave here shortly."

"No rush, but yeah, your presence is going to help a lot." Remus then turns back to Harry and says, "Well I have to go, though hopefully with Bill's help we can finish up in an hour." With that said, and the nod from Harry, the call is ended.

Harry simply sighs before saying, "So it seems that mistakes were made on numerous fronts and Remus is working to uncover the issue. I asked if he wanted me to go as well and he said no."

"Let me guess," Bill comments, "it's because he doesn't want them to get used to you simply coming in at a moment's notice."

Harry grins at that while Mason laughs, "Yep, exactly. Now you going is fine because of your status
as High Warder."

"So I'm guessing he wants me to ritually find whatever is missing." Bill states rather then asks.

"You know it." Harry says with a grin. "Oh, by the way, so the whole reason Sirius is not here, well it seems that the Ministry had declared an emergency meeting for bureaucratic reasons."

Bill nods at that before getting up, "Well then, I will be off as it would benefit me to get Remus out of the situation he is in." The three laugh. He then turns to Mason and says, "Well its been nice talking to you again and I will see you both later." With that said he heads out of the room to make his way to the gateway chamber.

After they watch him go Harry suddenly grins and says, "So, what to watch a movie?"


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"Are you okay Mason, you seem worried," Harry states as the two sit on a couch waiting for Sirius and Remus to come down.

"I am just worried on why we are going to the Ministry that's all," Mason says honestly.

Harry blinks at that, "Wait, didn't they tell you why we are going?"

"Kind of, Sirius did say we are visiting the Department of Youth Services but didn't tell me why."

"Which I am sorry about and if I was here would not have let him leave things so open." Remus says as he walks into the lounge with a sheepish Sirius in tow.

"I'm sorry Mason for not thinking on how you would perceive of me not telling you the reason." Sirius says. He then smiles, "But the reason we are going to the Ministry is to get temporary custody of you."

"What?" Mason asks shocked.

Two nods and a smile are a response.

"Now I know you might thing this is moving fast but well after hearing about you from Harry and meeting you many times we honestly feel its a good step." Remus says softly.

Harry then says, "It also works to protect you Mason by adding you to the official Ministry rolls."

"Even though you hate the Ministry?"

Harry chuckles, "I don't hate the Ministry, rather I hate those who have no care for the traditions and laws of Albion. But more importantly I hated Umbridge."

"Who thankfully we won't have to deal with every again considering her incarceration by the goblins of Gringotts." Sirius says with a grin. He then turns to Mason, "But yeah we figured that by officially having temporary guardianship we can test out whether you want to stay with us on a more permanent basis."

"Thank you, thank you!" Mason says as he throws himself at the two men for hugs that he cannot hold back on wanting to give.
Not that they had any interest in not welcoming said hugs.

"Pardon me guys," Harry says a few minutes into the meeting between them and the Ministry rep, "but there is something I wanted to see in an office down the hall and this is as good a time as any."

"Kay, have fun," Sirius says with a grin while Mason gives a happy wave.

Remus simply says, "Stay safe."

Harry chuckles, "You know it!" He then gets up and makes his way out of that office and down the hallway. As he walks about he is reading the signage above or to the side of office doors, in an attempt to figure out exactly where he wants to go.

It is at this point that he comes upon a meeting square, one which has a magical signage with many different offices listed on it. "Hmm," he says as he stops to read the wall of text."

"Pardon me sir," says a voice to Harry, "but is there anything I can do to help you?"

Harry turns to face the wizard, whose name plate says Rueban Canty. "Maybe Mr Canty. So if I was looking for the office which handles the roll call of magicals located in the muggle foster system, where would I go?"

A blink at the question which shifts into a wide grin, "Actually, funny enough, my office." As Harry raises an eyebrow at that he continues, "I know, right, but its true. I'm the deputy minister for the office of magicals living in the muggle world."

A chuckle, "How perfect then. So," Harry says with a gesture, "please lead the way to your office as there are things and matters I would like to discuss with you."

"Thank you for the guide back Mr Canty," Harry says with a smile and a shake of hands as the man escorted him back to the office where Sirius, Remus, and Mason were at.

"Not a problem Lord Potter, not a problem at all." Canty says with a smile before adding, "In fact I should thank you for giving me the opportunity that you have."

"Oh there is no need for that especially considering we really haven't done anything yet," is Harry's response.

"For now, Lord Potter, just for now, because if even a third of what I have read about you is true then this is going to change the world," Canty says with some giddiness in his voice. He then nods once more before making his way out of the area with a bit of skip to his step.

As eyes turn towards Harry he says, with a grin, "So, what I'd miss?"

"I'm officially under the care of Sirius and Remus, which is awesome!" Mason exclaims with glee.

Harry laughs, "I'm so happy to hear that." A pause, "So, what's next?"

"Right now, nothing," Sirius says with a smile before adding, "but as soon as we leave here I'm thinking a small trip to France for some good food and good company."

Three nods of approval are given at that.
"So Harry," Remus asks a while later, "how was your meeting at the Ministry?"

Harry chuckles as he stretches out, "It was a perfect initial meeting. Rueuben Cantry, the official in charge, was able to give me a description of the magic used. Which is perfect because it just so happens to be a Sage secret, which means I can use it to track said muggleborns myself."

"Wait really?" Remus asks surprised, though as he thinks about it it makes perfect sense.

"I know right, but its the truth. That said I don't plan on cutting him out of the project as he was really interested in participating."

Before Remus can do more than nod in interest Mason sticks his head into the room they are in and says, "Hey, Sirius told me to get you for game night."

While laughing at the summons the two get up in order to join Mason on the walk to the game room.

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Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Early July

The Ministry owl swooping into the room that they were enjoying their breakfast in wasn't as surprising as it might have otherwise been.

"It's here," Sirius says with a wide grin and a slight sing song voice. "Your OWL results are here."

As the others chuckled at that Charlie goes, "see I told you, like clockwork."

Remus nods at that, "OWL and NEWT results are one of the few Ministry elements that they get right, year after year." A pause, "its quite impressive to be honest."

Which gets some laughter that is interrupted by Sirius going, "come on, open it, we want to seeeeeeee it!" The whine at the end leads to laughter as Harry opens the envelop and takes the letter out.

Only for it to be snatched by said godfather who grins at Harry before saying, "I get to read it!"

Which is exactly what he does, he reads the letter out loud.

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ORDINARY WIZARDING LEVEL RESULTS

Pass Grade
Outstanding (O)
Exceeds Expectations (E)
Acceptable (A)

Fail Grade
Poor (P)
Dreadful (D)
Troll (T)

HARRY JAMES POTTER HAS ACHIEVED:
Arithmancy - O+
Astronomy - O
Care of Magical Creatures - O+
Charms - O++
Dark Arts - O+
Defense Against the Dark Arts - O++*
Divination - A
Dueling - O++*
Estate Management - O+++*
Fine Arts - O
Flying - O+
Geomancy - O
Healing Magics - O
Herbology - E
History of Magic - O+
Language Studies% - O+
Magical Craftsmanship - O+
   Magic Theory - O+
Muggle Studies - O++*
Physical Education - O+
Politics and Law - O++*
   Potions - O+
   Runic Studies - O++
   Teaching - O+
   Transfiguration - O++*
   Warding - O+++*

* So high was your grade in this exam that your final score actually goes over the grading chart.
% Your exam applies to Latin, Gaelic, French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Egyptian, Goblin Tongue, Mermish

Professor Griselda Marchbanks
Governor, Wizarding Examinations Authority
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Silence. Then, "WOAH, TWENTY-SIX OWLS OH WICKED MERLIN, HARRY YOU ARE AWESOME!!"

"Sirius," Remus says calmly while hitting him slightly, "please calm down." A shake of the head in a manner that seems to be quite professional.

Only to get poked by Sirius who says, "don't pretend you are not just as excited for our pup as I am."

Remus holds the seriousness for a moment but then grins, "okay I won't." A pause, "CONGRATULATIONS CUB YOU DID A WONDERFUL JOB!!"

Which gets some wide laughter from everyone in the room. Once it calms down they turn to Charlie who shakes his head, "nah, I won't be yelling." He then grins as he reaches over to hug Harry tightly. "Great job though Harry, great job!"

Harry sits back and smiles at them all, "you know, despite all the stress and hard work and all the other events going on these last two years it was honestly worth it and I am glad I did it."

At that the group return to their breakfast as light conversation once again flows.

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"Merlin look at the scores," says Minerva while looking at the packet just sent to her from the Ministry.

It is Severus who says in his drawl, "let me guess all forty of them got full OWL scores."

She quickly copies the sheet four times, handing one to her fellow heads of houses and the forth to the Headmaster who is sitting behind his desk with a quite bright twinkle in his eye. She then continues by saying, "Mr Potter himself got 24 Outstandings, one Exceeds Expectations, and an Acceptable," a chuckle, "with the Exceeds being Herbology and the Acceptable in Divination."

"He hated Divination," Filius says with a smirk, "told me he only did as well as he did because of Luna helping to tutor him in it."

"The lad never did truly understand my subject," says Pomona with a frown but then a smile to show
she doesn't really take any offense. Especially since she knew he wasn't planning on taking her class in his remaining two years.

"The real testament to their year is how all of them passed the exams, none got less than an Acceptable," Albus comments as the others nod at that.

"I should make note that that the Educators from the Ministry increased the standard anti-spells to levels that have not been seen since 1121." Severus says in a matter of fact way. At the curious looks on the others he continues, "this wasn't due to them feeling the year was going to cheat but rather they wanted to make sure no one, ever, could question their grades or their right to have them."

Filius then nods, "I can add one better, even if the Founders themselves came to Hogwarts and tried to manipulate the wards to aid them the magic would fail. THAT was how strong the Ministry put the spells they established."

"Is that why Mr Potter has O++ on Warding exam?" Asks Pomona curiously and then adds when Minerva seems confused, "he must have recognized the stronger spells than normal and mentioned it to the ward proctor."

"That he did," says Albus with a nod. "He also showed the examiner why such sequence of runes actually would work."

As the others nod at that Minerva says with a smile, "what has me the most pleased is that none of them got under an Exceeds Expectations in my subject, with most getting an Outstanding, and a number of them having a plus or two as well."

Severus then snorts and as the others look at him he says, "I was just thinking of something that Draco had said to me." Looking at the others he grins, a full one, "it seems that Umbridge failed to take into account their thirst for knowledge so her theory lessons did much to boost their general spellcasting abilities."

"It also aided them in one other area," Filius says with a nod. "It seems they tutored the younger years so that their magic wasn't stunted by her teachings. Besides serving to refresh their earlier work it also aided them in figuring out how to Teach."

"Hence the many high scores they had in that OWL," Pomona says with a chuckle.

"Honestly," Minerva then says, "I am surprised their personal studies haven't outpaced what we teach them."

"I actually asked them about that," says Filius with a nod, "as I wondered it myself. It seems they trust us to give them the best education possible in our fields and so don't seek to push too far past to make our classes worthless." A pause, "they have also noticed that we accelerate our teaching depending on whether they get the material or not."

Minerva tilts her head in thought at that before nodding, "that actually does make sense and is good of them." She then chuckles, "it is also accurate as there have been numerous times when after five minutes they had all picked up on what I had expected was going to take an hour of teaching. Which then led me to teaching something that I don't normally get to teach due to it needing a grounding in the basics."

"I do the same," Filius says with a nod.

"As do I," says Severus, "especially since I started teaching the more underpinnings of the subject to them."
Looking at the other's Albus says with a twinkle in his eye, "has said alterations trickled down to the other years?"

Minerva nods, "it has for me." A pause, "for example I always teach my first years the basics of aura meditation which has translated in them needing less time for the initial transfigurations."

"I do the same while also having them break the spell into its components, study the parts till they understand each, then combine it together. By doing that when they get to the combining part the magic is ready to be cast and the feather floats without an issue."

Pomona shrugs, "the one major thing I do different is add more tie ins within my lecture. This plant aids Transfiguration, this plant aids Potions, this plant aids Defense, etc." She smiles, "they seem to remember it easier and connect the information better which has increased my willingness to teach in that style."

Albus nods at that then says, full twinkle, "despite everything going on around them at least we can say that their year's education never suffered."

Which gets some amused laughter as Minerva and the others put down the result sheet in order to begin talking about other Hogwarts matters.

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Visiting A Dragon Sanctuary

Chapter Notes

So the first three sections of book six are now available, including the trip to the dragon sanctuary that I know many of you have been waiting for. Well I hope you enjoy it! :) Thanks for sticking with me on this, and I hope you continue on the journey!

Visiting A Dragon Sanctuary

Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Early July

"Welcome to Firestone Manor," is the first words Charlie says to them as they appear in the gateway chamber. "It's great to see you all!"

"It's great to see you as well Charlie," Harry says immediately as he goes up to the man and they exchange hugs.

As they are pulling away Mason says, "So what kind of manor is this?"

With a bit of chuckle Charlie says, "Well if you guys come with me I can show you around."

Firestone Manor is an H-shaped three-story wood, stone, and brick building containing five six-story towers at the four end points of the 'H' plus one in the middle. From a design standpoint the working portion lies the ground floor, the entertaining section is on the second, and the private family dwelling is located on the third. The towers each have their own purpose, including conservatory, observatory, temple, library, and bell tower shared with private office space for the lord of the manor.

The group further learns that Charlie is not the only magical dwelling in the manor, for he is joined by the members of the Rosu and the Albu families who were long ago given the right to inhabit the manor.

As Charlie says when asked, "The truth is that I liked the fact that there are almost twenty people living in the manor with me. It reminds me of growing up at the Burrow and makes it so I never really felt alone."

He then pauses before adding with a grin, "That said I do like the fact that my area is basically sealed and secured and contains all I need in one location so when I don't want to see them I don't have to."

The tour then continued as they were shown to the set of suits that they would be using while staying at the manor. While quite nice, and very comfortable looking, they did possess a style that is quite different than what they had gotten used to at Potter Manor.

Charlie, for completeness sake, also showed them his own private personal suite. As they walked through the two bedroom, two bath, one office, a lounge and a kitchen space Charlie adds, "Though this has been my home for the last decade its not so much my home home, if you know what I mean."

They all do. For various reasons they all do.
"So," Charlie says as they make their way around the island in the kitchen, "what do you guys want to do?"

With a shake of the head Sirius goes, "Well actually the better question is what do you want to do?"

A wide grin comes to Charlie's face as he nods, "I know exactly the thing. Your going to love it!"

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That 'thing' turned out to be a local fair being held in the nearby hundred of Shadowvale Hundred.

"Oh wow Charlie," Mason says in wonder, "this is wicked!"

A chuckle, "It is, isn't it. Its also why I wanted you guys to come so early." A pause, "Which I know you were curious about. But I didn't want you to miss out on all the festivities that the fair has to offer."

"Thanks for that Charlie," Harry says with a smile as he reaches for his hand and gives it a squeeze.

Charlie smiles at the gesture before raising it up and giving it a peck on the back.

There small romantic gesture is unintentionally interrupted by Remus, who while reading the daily schedule goes, "Oh, look at that, we just made it in time for the first singing and dance show."

With a laugh Charlie goes, "come on that's two roads down, I know a short cut that will let us get there before it starts."

The small group, no a family, grins at each other before beginning to run to the showplace.

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While eating his ice cream cone a little later Sirius goes, "So, is this hundred yours or another?"

With a grin, "It's mine. One of the few House Sidus has in the region."

"So is that why Firestone Manor is so well equipped, it serves as a House Sidus regional command center," Harry states.

"Yep," Charlie says with a nod. "Which is why the two families were given rights to inhabit it, previous Sidus Heads did not want the site to be empty."

"It really is an interesting way to go about things." Harry says with a nod. "I mean, though House Potter provides residence space for the Reeve and their immediate family there are no traditions within for granting non-Cadet Families actual living rights."

"The House of Black used to do it the Sidus way but after a number of said families rebelled when we wanted to renovate the manors we decided to go a way similar to the Potters." Sirius says softly while still working on his ice cream.

"So," Remus says with a shake of his head, which seems to convey 'no bad politics', "how long does this fair go for?"

"Last weekend was the opening ceremony with plans for it to go all through July and partly through August." Charlie then pauses, "I picked this weekend rather than last because there is a lot of ceremony on the first day, and you probably would have been roped into participating." A pause, "I know I would have been."
"And you would have surely dragged us up as well," Harry says with a laugh.

"You know it," Charlie states deadpan before breaking it by laughing.

As they stand at the foot of a magical tent they see the projected illusion of a roller coaster coming from its sides and top.

"Wait," Sirius asks, "did they actually put a roller coaster in a wizarding tent?"

As Charlie is nodding at that Remus gets a thoughtful look on his face. "Wait, is this project that Adelard Frey was talking about?"

"Yep it is." Charlie says with a bit of a smile. At the confused look from the others he explains, "Adelard Frey is a muggleborn who about twelve years ago came up with the idea which would become what you see before us."

"Wait so why is this hundred the place where it is? Or is there more than one?"

"He has made more yes," Charlie says with a nod. He then adds, "As for why here, well, my Grand Uncle was his principle investor."

"Ooh nifty," Mason says, "so does that mean when House Sidus throws a fair it gets the tent?"

"Yep, unless Master Frey uses a particualr part of the accord to declare his need for it for a reason."

Looking at the tent Harry hums before going, "So is that why this event isn't free, the money goes back to Master Frey?"

"Yep." Charlie says with a nod. "My hundreds don't pay to rent the tent so as part of the contract he is allowed to charge a low fee for access."

"Makes sense." Harry says with a nod as he walks up to the tellar station and says five tickets please, and here you go." While handing some gold over.

Ten times the amount that it should of cost.

"Sir?" The woman behind the glass says confused.

A shake of the head and a soft, "Simply pass the message that Harry Potter thinks what he did is really wickedly cool!"

"Ah, yes sir," she stutters out in shock for she very much recognizes the name. She then notices Charlie with them and says, "Ah, hello Lord Weasley, it seems that Lord Potter paid."

"Of course he did Mindy." Charlie then turns his smile towards Harry and says, "Even though as the Lord Sidus I have the right to use the tent."

Harry nods, "Oh I figured that but I also figured that putting an entire muggle style roller coaster in an expanded wizard tent is bloody cool and so I wanted to give my thumbs up." He then smiles widely, "Right, less talk and more riding the really cool ride!"

Mindy simply grins, she can't help it, while pressing the button to let them into the ride. "Well sirs, enjoy!"
"Oh man what a long and exhausting day," Sirius says as they lay about on couches in the lounge of Charlie's private floor.

Biting his lip to not say an old joke, because really who was he to say that, Remus adds, "But it was quite enjoyable, that's for sure."

"Well don't expect the next few days to be any less busy guys," Charlie says with a laugh from where he and Harry are playing a quick board game. "Remember its to the Sanctuary we go tomorrow!"

"Which I am completely looking forward to," Harry says with a smile. "There is soo much about it that sounds fantastic."

"Just wait for whatever you are thinking its going to be like, its better."

Which gets some laughter as the conversation switches to other topics.

While gesturing for Harry to come into his office Charlie continues to speak to his brother by mirror. "That's really awesome Bill, congrats and good tidings. That said have you told mum and dad yet?"

"No yet no. That said we decided to tell them this coming weekend. We're taking them out to dinner."

"Oh really, nice. Well I wish you luck on that cause you know mum."

A sigh, "Yeah I do." A grin, "Though I figure after the shock wears off she will be happy for me. I mean when I look at Fleur, I just know she is the one." A pause, "You know what I mean."

While giving Harry a side look Charlie simply nods, "Oh yeah, I know what you mean." A wry grin. "So hey, I gotta go but I wanted to know, is this a secret or can I tell others?"

"As long as who you tell doesn't end up telling mum or dad then sure." Bill then laughs. "So you can tell Harry, like I know you want to."

"Funny." A pause, "But yeah I have to go. It's been nice talking to you Bill."

"Same Charlie, and see you soon."

With that the call ends and Harry moves closer, within what would have been pick up range for the mirror call. After sitting across from Charlie, he says, "So?"

A laugh, "Bill just proposed to Fleur."

"Oh wow, awesome. I'll have to tell him congrats the next time I see him." A pause, "So, when's the wedding?"

"Next summer actually, late July. It seems with what is going on they see no reason to delay it."

"Like Cedric and Terence," Harry says with a nod. "Honestly makes sense, especially with everything going on."

"Yeah it does." Charlie says with a sigh. But then he grins. "But you know what the great thing is?"
At Harry’s curious look he goes on, "Well with you reaching your majority we can officially go together."

A wide grin, "Oh yeah, who says I want to go with you?"

"Very funny Harry," Charlie says with a laugh of his own.

Harry grins at the response before adding, "But yeah, we can go together, just like we can go together to Cedric and Terence's wedding this year."

"I know and I'm looking forward to that."

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"Wow, it really is fantastic and right out of a muggle fantasy novel." Mason says after the head out of the enclosed gateway chamber and gaze upon the surround snow covered mountains, nearby valeys full of forests and hidden glens, and many many rivers.

All this is visible because the earliest Dragon Keepers built the primary complex at a high peak whose natural magics and beauty gives wide visibility.

Then suddenly a pride of dragons can be seen flying over the nearby mountains. There graceful loops and turns and the sounds of joy they are making shocks the group at the awe inspiring sight.

With pride for his work place Charlie comments, "Well unlike the rest of the magical world the Imperial territory of the Sanctuary remains unmanipulated and is thus natural and wild." A pause, "Well except for the main complex and small stations that us Dragon Keepers have built in order to do our job."

While gazing around Sirius asks curiously, "So how big is the region?"

"Hundreds of miles of wizard space resting above a single square mile of muggle territory."

"So who calls the Sanctuary home?" It is Remus who asks this.

"A few hundred dragons of each of the known dragon species, including all archtypes." A pause, "Plus untold examples of many other magical species as the preserve doesn't segregate its animals."

As they gaze about Harry says in awe, "You could spend hundreds of years walking around this place and not see everything."

A grin, a wide happy grin is the result. "Yeah I know," Charlie says, "and many of us have tried." Another grin. "So yeah, come this way, lets head inside to the actual Visitor Center."

8888

"So why does everyone think those who work at a Dragon Sanctuary live in a wooden cabin or tent?" Is asked by Mason curiously at one point.

"Because we started it," Charlie says with a grin. He then points towards a couple of wooden buildings at the end of a nearby road. "Those are active and on-call suits so we can always maintain people here, for just in case situations."

"So what," Sirius says amused, "when you guys have visitors you pretend that is your home?"

"Yep," Charlie says with a smile and laugh. "That's exactly what we do." A pause, "I didn't do it to
Bill or mum or dad but the others, yeah, they think I live in a cabin."

There is a moment of silence to take that in. A moment which stretches a bit longer than it otherwise would have when a small pride of ground walking dragons come meandering. As they do so one stops to get pet by Charlie, another moves to sniff at Mason, and a third stops by Sirius and eats some grass.

An older one moves up looks at Harry snorts a bit and continues on her way, quickly followed by the others.

With a grin on his face Charlie says, "This is another reason why I love this place!"

8888

As they walked out of the meeting hall Harry turns to Charlie and says, "So did we miss anyone, or was that all?"

Giving a cheeky grin Charlie states, "It was everyone. All 326 staff members. I figured you wouldn't mind saying hello to them."

Remus suddenly laughs from where he is standing nearby and says, "Hey Harry, guess what, with a number of them I was more popular then you were."

"Yeah same with me," Sirius adds with a grin, "mostly because of how badass my story is."

"I got a lot of people thinking me cute, does that help me beat Harry in popularity?" Mason adds, getting into the fun of the joke.

"I don't know any of you, your all fired!"

"Ooh goodie, less work," Remus says with a happy grin. "Hey Charlie, so who would I talk to about getting a job as a Dragon Keeper?"

"So remember how we are going to Pevensie Park for a week later on in the summer, well forget that, none of you are now allowed to come."

"Aww, that's no fair, but we wuv you," Sirius says before transforming into Padfoot and running towards Harry, knocking him to the ground, and licking his face repeatedly.

"Get off, get off," Harry says with a laugh from where he is on the ground.

Sirius does so ... eventually.

8888

"Hey Harry, so I meant to ask, did you want to go to the cave or the dragons first?" Charlie asks at one point as they continue enjoying the sights of the Sanctuary.

There is a delay in the answer as they stop by a small lake and see the sight of what looks like multiple prides of dragons gathered about relaxing around and splashing in the lake.

After turning his eyes from the fun going on Harry says with a smile. "Hmm, I think the cave first." At a few curious looks he adds, "That way we can spend more time with the dragons." A pause, "Of course assuming they want to see us."

"Oh they will, they very much will," is said by Marcella Campbell, a very Luna-like witch who
works at the Sanctuary. "In fact they are very much looking forward to the meeting."

"I see," Harry says with a nod of acceptance at her words. He then gives her a full on look before saying, "So, should we see the ruins or visit them first?"

"Visiting the ruins are fine because while there is much to see there is little to do." Is her response before giving them all a nod before heading away.

As they watch her go Harry says, "I need to thank Luna for helping me recognize the aura of said seers." A pause, "Right, so since my order is fine let us do that."

"Sure, not a problem," Charlie says with a nod before getting distracted by a particular bit of mountain range in front of them.

Getting to the site of the cave in leading to the underground ruins was quite easy - they simply took a portkey.

"So was that necessary?" Remus asks curiously at the particularly focused magic washed over him during the trip.

"Very much so actually. We warded the site so that access is only by approved protkey. Even the cursebreakers have to enter by that method." Is the quick response.

"Okay," Remus says with a nod, "that makes sense." A shake of the head, "It just was a bit more investigative then I am used to."

Eyes widen at that, "Oh, sorry, I should have warned you guys about its potency." A pause. "Were any of you similarly affected?" With Charlie turning towards the others in their group at that.

Sirius quickly says, "It was warm and my House Black magic reacted but it was not bad."

Harry grins before saying, "While his Black magic activated my Potter, Sage, Black, Vidan, and Emrys magics all activated. It wasn't warm, it was hot." A shake of the head, "But I'm fine." A pause, "Mason, how about you?"

"It was weird. My magic reacted but I can't really describe it. It wasn't warm, that's for sure." A shake of the head as confusion, "Can I describe it as tasting purple."

Nods respond to that as Remus says, "Yes, you very much can say that it tasted purple. Magic reacts differently to each person. Like I said mine was particularly fierce, like I was being tested."

Charlie, after having listened to them all says, "I'm sorry guys. I didn't expect that and I don't have an explanation. I mean my House Sidus magic reacts as well but not to the levels any of yours seem to do." A pause, "So, did you still want to head inside?"

"Of course," Harry says with a nod and a grin, "when have you known any of us to turn back at a mystery."

"Never." Charlie says with a laugh. "Well then next step is for us to sign in as required before we head inside."

As they stand in the center of the cave and gaze about all the symbols etched into the floor, walls,
and ceiling they feel a bit stunned at the thought of what it all means.

"Our warders, cursebreakers, archeologists and linguistics have only gained an understanding of barely a third of what is here." A pause, "Here as in this particular cave." Another pause, "Remember there are dozens more like it."

With awe in his voice Harry says, "So I see line stops and section breaks as well as points that look like capitalization and periods. So this is sentences, paragraphs, entire books all written out in image symbols." A shake of the head. "This is amazing." He then closes his eyes and reaches for the magics of his Head Rings. After interpretating the feelings he gets he says, "Well, this place predates the Houses as Houses but not them as Families bound by magic. My Rings don't have memories of this place but they do have impressions."

With a laugh Charlie says, "Why am I not surprised that in but a moment time you figured out the nature of this place while it took the scholars days and weeks."

Harry chuckles in response before gesturing towards a particular symbol on the wall, one that Harry knows represents Sidus. "Don't tell me you didn't realize the same thing. This place is as much bound to Sidus as it is my Houses." A pause and a soft sigh, "Not that I would be able to help much with the translation and interpretation."

"Hey Charlie," Sirius says curiously, "has the team working here made use of House magics?"

A nod and a grin, "Yeah, though only recently. Besides myself the Sanctuary has only one other sitting Head, Lord Sebastian of the Minor House of Fawkes, and half a dozen heirs of various kinds."

At the same time Harry is running his fingers up and down the clearly magically etched symbols on a nearby wall. Symbols which would require more than age, wear and tear, or simple physical force to destroy. Suddenly he says, with utter conviction in his voice, "Charlie, before we leave the Sanctuary I want to speak to the Director." At the curious looks he adds, "The Gringotts supported cursebreaking team will have unlimited funding and resources." A pause, "I have a feeling that this location and the history that it reveals will be very important."

While Charlie is nodding not surprsied Remus points to a particular set of images. "There is something oddly familiar about this. Have you guys analyzed it yet?"

A nod, "We did. It tells what appears to be a story about the appearance of the first group of Shifters. Though quite poetic we do feel that its got a kernal of truth in its telling."

"This place is a treasure trove of history. Of the Before, of those who were first and who came after, of humanity and its magicals, and the Families who would become the Houses." Says a voice from the entrance way.

"Hey Lenard," Charlie says with a smile towards the man who the othrs had met the day before during the meet in greet. He then turns back to the others and says, "If you have any questions this is the man who you need to speak to. He's the expert on this site."

Harry grins as he moves over to shake the man's hand. "Well you should expect lots of contact then. Especially as I plan to basically fund this place for the long haul."

With a big smile and an exuberant hand shake Lenard says, "I'm so glad I was right in my thought that you would know the importance of this place." A pause, "So do you have any questions?"

"I do," Mason says. "Does this change our view of history?"
With a smile Lenard says, "Yes and no. While it doesn't change the broad outline it does add more specifics to the world's magical timeline. Which to me is very important."

"Do you have an example?" Sirius asks curiously.

"Hmm. Let's see." Nod. Nod. "Right. Well there are certain indications here that many of the mythic heroes and demigods of early man were actually magicals giving training by the elder race."

Remus laughs and as others look at him confused, "Sorry, I was just thinking about those myths and legends." He gives a small ironic shrug, "Maybe it's because of my name but I always liked those stories. Especially those about the First Race."

"Those are particularly interesting." Lenard says to Remus before looking at Mason he says. "The First Race, for their true name is unknown, is the first species of our material world to gain full sentience, imperishable souls, and complex magical abilities. From what we know they went from beings living in earth and stone huts to ones walking reality only inches below the Divinities themselves."

"I think I heard about them," Mason says. "But I never did get what happened to them. How does a race like that just disappear?"

"By leaving our reality entirely, by transcending physical form to become beings of energy." A pause, "When they left they took with them most of their greater sites of power."

"But why?" Mason then asks.

It is Harry who answers, "The world of the First Race was not as full of thinking life as ours is. In fact from what I have learned they were mostly alone, with maybe one or two other species to share the world with.

"Harry speaks the truth," Lenard says with a smile. "It was only much later, when they were say an elder society, that what we call the Magical Races first came about."

Sirius then asks, "So do you think the stories in these caves tell the story of the early Races of Magic and their intersection with the First Race?"

Charlie grins before saying, "Well, it's not a matter of thinking but knowing. Even with our deciphering only a third of the texts we can say that there is a bit of myth, legend, and history for every group that existed at the time."

"Oh Merlin I want," is what Harry says in even more awe at the findings.

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"So where are the dragons you wanted to show us?" Asks Sirius curiously as they are walking down various forest paths.

"Here!" Charlie says as suddenly the forest opens up and they enter into a large glade. One with a pond in its center, a number of rocks to sit on and fallen trees to perch upon. Nearby is a small waterfall from a nearby hill.

But even more is the immediate feeling of great power washing over them.

"No wonder the dragons choose here,"

Harry breaths out, "the sheer aura of this place, wow!"
"I know," Charlie says with a nod. "The level is actually higher than most people can handle for prolonged durations."

"Wait really?" Mason asks. "It doesn't feel that overwhelming."

There are four blinks at that.

"Wait really?" Sirius says, unintentionally copying what Mason had just said. "I mean I get why we are protected, and its not just age, but how can you be?"

Mason blushes as he shrugs as all eyes turn towards him. "I ah don't know. I mean, we haven't covered any of that yet." A pause, "I just know that while there is power here it's not so great I couldn't live here permanently if I wanted to."

"Nothing wrong with that kit," Sirius says before moving over to him and putting his arm around him. "Nothing wrong at all."

The fact that Sirius just called Mason 'Kit' was not lost on any of those present. Nor the fact that Mason seemed to light up at the nickname.

Harry grins at Mason, "It just means you fit right in with us." He points to himself, "I mean look at us, I have a really overwhelming presence, Sirius is a prison escapee, Remus is a Shifter."

"I guess I'm the only normal one," Charlie says with amusement.

"Please," Remus says, "you work with dragons and declare it fun, you're no different than us." After the laughter passes Remus gets serious and says, "But yeah Sirius is right, your ability to feel at home in this sort of aura will come in handy. In fact in the future it opens up many career possibilities."

As the others nod in agreement on that, and Mason looks a lot more happy about things, they hear a majestic sound. It has the group looking up which leads them to seeing a massive dragon followed by two smaller dragons fly overhead.

As they watch the three dragons circle about for a moment before making a dive for the glade they are standing in. Before any of them can move the dragons land upon rocks around the glade, settling down upon them.

"Oh look my Friend has brought yours!" Says one of the two younger dragons to the other.

Harry blinks at that because he can understand what was said. "Ahh, is there a reason I can understand you." A pause, "But, well, hello!"

The older female snorts, with a puff of spoke coming from her nose, as she says, "Well met young wizard. I am Aithusa, both the last of the old and the first of the new. These are my children laid long ago but born recently." A pause, "Athanasios."

The dragon that had spoken before says, "Hello wizard."

"And Ambrosius."

"Hello Harry Potter it is good to finally meet you. Thank you for my name."

As Harry nods in a slight bow Aithusa starts to speak again, "As for how we understand each other well the ability you call Parseltongue is simply one facet of the ancient arts once the purview of the Dragonlords."
"Ah Harry," says Mason, "are they speaking to you?"

Harry gives a nod, "Yes. Yes they are. It's quite brilliant."

"Those of my kind have never lost our ability to understand and speak the Human Tongues." Aithusa says in response, in English.

Charlie's face lights up like child who just got everything he ever wanted. "You mean we can have conversations?"

A regal nod, "You and I may yes, you and my children may in time. That said this is not an ability which we wish to let everyone know we have. So I will not speak in public, and neither will they."

"You honor us with this secret Aithusa," Harry says after realizing that Charlie, still starstruck, was a bit tongue tied to speak.

With a bit of laughter the two younger dragons look at each other before jumping down from their rocks and gliding to where the group are standing.

To the shock of the others suddenly Harry and Charlie have two dragons right up in their face. Then without warning they roar and pounce at the two wizards.

Without thought both wizards raise their arms up into the air which leads to the two dragons biting down - and thus having their fangs pierce flesh.

As Sirius and Remus gasp wands come out and they get into a battle stance, one prepared for battle.

Aithusa jumps from her perch and glides down between Harry and Charlie, and her two children, and an angry Sirius and Remus and a shocked Mason.

As she flaps her wings to create an aura of magic shielding those behind her she says, "Do not fear wizards for no harm will come to your wizards from my dragons."

"What is going on?"

"Their testing them," Mason says with utter conviction. He then moves forward so he is standing between Sirius and Remus. With a hand on their arms he lowers their wands. "It's like with the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets, the dragons are testing Harry and Charlie."

Nodding at that while also stopping her flapping as the hostility fades she then says, "The young one is right, this is a test. One required by the Old Ways."

Sirius gives the two dragons a long look before saying, "The thing about tests, about the Old Ways, is one often does know they are being tested till it happens."

While the wizards are talking to Aithusa the others are in the process of a ritual beholden to the Old Ways.

Which is why at the moment of the bite each wizard found themselves, and their dragon, somewhere else. This somewhere being in an etherial plane that has taken on the appearance of a small hill surrounded by an infinite and flat seascape. On top of said hill lies but a single tree, a great old oak, with everywhere else being grasses.

But to make it even more interesting is that while they, and their dragon, happened to be solid the other and their dragon could be seen in a translucent state. This was, they both realized, because
while each dragon has their own hill the bonds they shared as brothers and the bonds Harry and Charlie shared through choice and fate linked all together.

All this was figured in an instant which soo led to Harry saying, "Where are we?"

Both could hear the question, though for Charlie there was a bit of an echo.

"The Dragon Realm." Speaks Ambrosius to both.

"The place we stand when exploring reality," adds Athanasios.

"Why did you bring us here?" Asks Charlie curiously, while Harry nods in agreement.

Athanasios. "To complete the bond."

"To let us roam." Ambrosius.

then together as one, "To awaken within you both the gifts of the Dragonlord."

"I thought that died with the direct bloodline of Merlin?" Harry asks in wonder.

"It did. But the Divinities wish for it to return to the world." Ambrosius.

"You two shall be the first," Athanasios states.

"But not the last," both dragons finish.

"What does this mean for us?" Charlie wonders curiously. Not fearful of course because nothing about this is scary, not for him, not when he has Harry at his side and dragons in front of him.

"You shall gain the talents of Speech, of Command, of Flight, of Shape, of Fire, of Sight." Says Athanasios.

The two wizards look at each other at the nature of what they are being told. Harry then says, "I assume they will be basic at first but grow with training."

"Of course. With training and age." Ambrosius says with a nod. He then lowers his head slightly before saying, "We are still young, our bonds still fresh, which means not all is present yet."

"Good." Harry says with a smile, which has Charlie nodding in full agreement.

"Why?" Athanasios.

Ambrosius. "We do not understand the glee?"

It is Charlie that answers for them both, "To gain the abilities slowly over time and with training means we can make sure we are ready for them. That we prepare for what they mean and what we can do with them."

"To have them come at once leads to a lack of control, a lack of security. That is not good."

The two dragons look at each other before both nodding in acceptance.

Harry grins before reaching up to pet, but before he does he says, "May I?"

"Of course." Ambrosius says with a pur.
With permission Harry reaches up and pets the long neck and body of the dragon. "Among both wizards and dragons we are young."

Charlie, after having asked and been given and is thus also petting, then adds, "Which means the two of us," a pause, "no the four of us, will get to learn who we are and what we can do together."

The dragons pur in happiness before roaring in full acceptance.

Once that is done Harry says, "So, what is next, what is the step for now."

"You must accept us, let your magic flow into us as ours is ready to flow into yours." Ambrosius states.

"With that you shall become Dragonlords and Dragon Riders and we shall become your bonded dragons." Athanasios adds.

Both wizards then speak at the same time, saying words that are mostly the same.

Harry grins at that before stepping back and holding open his arms. "Ambrosius, I accept you. I accept you in my mind, my magic, and my soul. I accept you in all states and for life and beyond. I further accept your bond to Athanasios and willingly link to it as well."

Charlie then says, "Athanasios, I accept you. I accept your in my mind, my magic, and my soul. I accept you in all states and for life and beyond. I further accept your bond to Ambrosius and willingly link to it as well."

Then, at the same time, and after a grin to the other, they both open their aura fully for their dragon to connect with.

With a mighty roar each dragon reaches forward with everything they are and grab hold of the bond being made available. The energies of magic and soul begin gathering about, mingling, and then coalesce into a tightly bound cord.

A cord which starts at wizard, goes to dragon, and then loops to tree, again and again and again towards infinity.

At a certain point a knot them forms and from that knot a link is born which reaches out along the bonds that the two dragons share and connects the wizards to it.

With a shudder suddenly all four beings can feel the emotions of the others. For a timeless moment all feel threatened by it, as if the self would be washed away by that which is other. But then soul blazes with power and the emotions of the others are brought to heel, becoming everpresent but accessible only when needed.

A true bond.

Then, right before their eyes, the tree of their hill begins to shimmer, to shake, to gain a golden hue and an appearance of always being in the sun's direct rays. But even more their trunk and branches and roots and leaves all grow hundreds of times their size in an instant.

When it all comes together and the four can think again it is Charlie who speaks first, "So how does this bond benefit you guys?"

With a flap of their wings to show their pleasure Athanasios says, "Many ways. Access to certain wizard only magics being the first."
"But also no matter how far, how deep, we go in the oceans of reality all we need to do is turn around and we see the bond." Ambrosius adds with such happiness in his voice that both wizards share a massive grin.

Once the happiness fades a bit Harry says, "Right then, so I figure that the others are going to be worried, even if this is but a second."

"So is there anything else we need to do, or know, or is the ritual finished?"

Both dragons snort in amusement at their Friends.

Ambrosius then says, "We are good, the ritual is finished."

"We may go back to the mortal realm with no issue." Athanasios.

"Great." Harry says, he then tilts his head. "Oh, one quick question." As the dragons both nod goes on, "So besides Dragonlord you also called us Dragon Riders. Does that mean in time you will let us on your backs?"

"Oh yes!" Ambrosius. "It will be our honor to carry you into court, into battle."

"Though not yet," Athanasios says sadly, "for we are still growing and it would not be safe."

Both wizards move up to their dragons to pet them, "We understand." Both then say.

With that done the two dragons reach towards each other, and there wizards, and end the communion.

"Woah." Is the first words Harry says as his senses return to the world. He then turns towards the others and sees the standing about. "Hey guys, I hope nothing happened while we were in communion?"

"Nah," Sirius says with a grin. "In fact Aithusa and us were just getting to know each other."

"Yeah," Mason adds with a smile, "She's got so many stories about Merlin and King Arthur, its wicked!"

The others chuckle at that while Harry goes, "Oh really, nice."

Aithusa nods at that before saying, "And in time I will be more than happy to share said stories. As for now, well, I would ask if you would tell us of your group and the journeys you have each undertaken."

The wizards all look at each other before nodding once and then beginning to tell their story. In an unspoken agreement they decided to go in order of age, which led to Sirius beginning since he was a few months older than Remus.

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"So that's the Romania Dragon Sanctuary." Charlie says in a matter of fact tone while spreading his arms out in an all encompassing way.

"And what an amazing place it was," Harry says with a firm nod. He then looks about, grinning as he sees coming from all the cardinal directions a bunch of prides of dragons.

Charlie smiles big at that before saying, "It never gets old." A pause, "There have been Dragon
Keepers who have been here for over a hundred years and they have said that due to the dragons and other magical creatures and plants here there is always something new to see.

"It really is an amazing site, and if I wasn't the Lord Potter plus many I could totally see applying for a job here."

While nodding at that Remus adds, "You know Charlie, the next time Molly complains about you going off to a faraway place I'll have to tell her that running away was the last thing you did."

With a laugh Charlie says, "Well good luck with that for I do believe until I come home she won't believe otherwise." He then shakes his head and says, "Anyway, not to change the subject but before we leave the folks of the Sanctuary wanted to have a bit of a dinner party."

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"Hey Charlie, thanks for letting me come along." Mason says with a soft smile as the two are gathered around the kitchen table of Firestone Manor waiting for the others.


Ducking his face down slightly he mumbles, "Thanks." He then looks up and asks, "So, what's the rest of your summer going to be like?"

Charlie grins at that, "Ah, well, I guess in all the excitement nobody mentioned this but I'm actually going back to Potter Manor with you all."

"Oh really, cool!" A pause, "Why?"

A chuckle, "A number of reasons actually, though mostly it's because I can. See I have a lot of vacation time saved up and this seemed like a good enough time as any to make use of them."

"Well that's wicked." Mason then grins widely.

"Yeah kid, it really is," is Charlie's response just as the others head into the room and the leaving begins.

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"I can't get over how varied travel is in the magical world," Mason says upon the five's return to Potter Manor.

While the group are nodding in agreement Charlie says, "The magical world goes fast by need but slow by choice." A chuckle, "At least that is how mum alway said it."

"That sounds like something my mum says as well," Remus adds in amusement at that.

"Where are your parents?" Mason then asks curious for they haven't been mentioned much.

"Traveling the world actually. We write to each other often and I see them a few times each year but for the most part they are just traveling." Here he grins. "Enjoying a life that I, as a High Seneschal and a Black by marriage, could provide for them." Is Remus' immediate response.

Which gets some laughter in response as Sirius nudges Remus in the side jokingly before saying, "Oh, so listen to this - Remus here has had a Black spousal vault since we married near the end of our time at Hogwarts." A pause, "A nicely filled vault I should add." Another pause, "But despite that fact he often traveled about as if he was a simple poor boy from a poor family."

Which gets a sly grin as Remus says, "Well it benefited me to let them assume things about me."

There is much laughter filling the halls of Potter Manor at that.

"Sorry to leave you here Mason," Harry says with a soft smile.

"Nothing to be sorry about Harry," is Mason's immediate response. "In fact I am kind of looking forward to being able to lounge about alone for a day or so."

A chuckle, "Well glad to hear that, have fun then, and I'll see you later."

With that Harry gives a final nod before heading out of the room Mason is sitting in, for its time to visit the Wizenemgot.

"So what brings you to personally attending these meetings Lord Potter?" Questions Lord Avis Cantwell.

"Umbridge and the whole situation last year has led me to realize that I need to visit here, even if its only occasional for right now."

"Well good on you for that Lord Potter, though I must admit to being a bit sad that you won't be dedicate yourself to enjoying Hogwarts," says Lord Mardell Zeller.

Harry nods at that before giving a little chuckle. "Well I don't plan on being here during school that's for sure." A grin. "On that I will leave the monitoring to my Chancellors."
"While that all makes sense, may I ask why this particular meeting Lord Potter?" Asks Chancellor Daren Lantz, of House Carrow.

Giving the dozen men and women gathered around the table Harry nods before saying, "Because this is a working session rather than a lecture meeting."

What is not stated, but which is understood loud and clear, is him basically saying he is not here to listen but rather to speak. That he is not going to be a figurehead but rather an actual leader.

"So Lord Potter what are your thoughts on the ICW's military action in Yubo?" Asks Daren Marshall, a proxy voter for the House of the same name.

"I'm already knee deep in it actually," Harry says in response. At the questioning look he says, "I contacted the ICW and have provided the Albion Military with temporary staging and headquarters rights in my fortress holdings that lie around there."

"So you support the ICW's operations there?" Asks Domenic Wilbur, a commoner representative.

"Well yes, of course. Not only because of the insurrectionists ties to terrorists but also because they are rebelling against the rightful Albion authority." A pause, "No matter what else is going on I am a firm believer in the rightful authority of Albion and will do all I can to maintain that."

Marshall gives a grin at that before saying, "Well Lord Potter, please expect some messages from my House as I do believe we will want to talk to you more about the situation."

"Of course."

"Wait, why would we vote Michell Getz as the Ambassador to Nippon, he hates them." Harry says after listening to numerous commentary about said potential ambassador.

"What?" Asks Casmira Reis, the representative for House Galatine.

"Well, last year he was recorded at a meeting saying a number of racist things about those from Nippon. When confronted about it later on he refused to apologize for saying them." Harry glances around, "But even beyond that his record speaks for itself, he would be a terrible overseas ambassador."

"If the recording is a matter of public record then I would like to submit it as official testimony, and subsequently strike Mr Getz from the list of potential ambassadors", says Lead Speaker of this council Theo Leake.

"I second that," comments Mariah Wolff not even a second later.

The meeting continues.

"I think we should look into permitting Aurors to cast the Killing Curse, like they did in the first war," comments Lord Domenic Wilbur.

"I disagree," Harry says immediately and with as much firmness as possible in his voice. As all eyes turn to him he says, "The Killing Curse is definite and with no chance for take backs or oops. The
person struck is dead and if evidence later on comes up that they were tricked or under threat or Imperio it doesn't matter."

"Isn't that the benefit though, its quick and final, and it protects the lives of the Aurors in the war." Says Aleida Mcgovern, a prefecture representative.

"So let us authorize the darker but not ultimately more deadly spells," Harry says in response.

"Would you provide more information on what you mean Lord Potter," Lucius says curiously.

"Of course Lord Malfoy," Harry says with a nod. "If an Auror uses magic to literally disarm a wizard then said wizard can't use their wand to fight back. Same with dis-leg a person, they can't run away. It causes pain, yes, but give a Healer five minutes and two potions and the arms or legs can be reattached without issue."

"That sounds bloodthirsty," gasps Casimira Reis at the same time as the other lords get intrigued looks on their face.

"I'd rather five minutes of a bit of pain then permanent death. It also protects the Aurors involved by directly taking out their foes." Harry says.

"Do you believe that this authorization should be given to all Aurors for all situations?" Lucius says curiously.

"Of course not. Aurors dealing with normal crimes perpetuated by common citizens should not simply be allowed to chop arms and legs off. But Aurors dealing with war criminals, terrorists, and rebels should have no such restriction."

There are multiple nods at that as the meeting continues.

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"So that guys was amazing," Harry says as the group floo back to Potter Manor after almost ten hours of committee meetings.

"I know we only shared a few committees but I have to say you were the talk of the Wizenemgot, Harry." Charlie states as he stands with them.

"Don't I know it," is Sirius response at that. As they look at him, "Multiple people came up to me commenting that they hadn't seen such well organized meetings in years."

"I cut through the bull," Harry says immediately with a shrug. "I spoke my mind, made my House's positions known, but also was willing to negotiate on topics that I didn't feel as full on."

"So basically you took all the orders you give us and put them into practice by using them yourself," Sirius says with a laugh.

"Yep!" Is the response Harry gives with a slight laugh and a nod.
Just wanted to mention that a MAJOR and very important section of Year Seven was written by me a few days ago and it came out as 8k, which is brilliant. With said section finished a major point of personal tension as far as writing this story has been pushed through. So Yay!

:) 

PS. So far seventh summer is written and so is everything from September to November, which is mighty important. Mighty important indeed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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House of Prewett

Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Mid July

The Weasley Twins were silent as they were escorted to the office of a goblin account manger. A Steelfang, if the letter they had gotten was as accurate as they assumed.

After arriving they were given seats and then stared at. Harry was firm on what to do when in this situation, they were not to speak first. The goblin should as it was a matter of honor and respect.

After five minutes of patiently waiting the goblin smiled, a full one which showed his teeth. "Well met wizards, may your enemies gold lay piled at your feet. My name is Steelfang and I am the account manager for the Most Ancient and Noble House of Prewett." Here a pauses then says. "And if you are proven by magic I shall be overseeing all your accounts."

"We are slightly confused by that actually," Fred starts.

"Wouldn't our older brothers inherent Prewett rather than one of us," and George finishes.

"Normally yes, but the House of Prewett had a special inheritance clause, one based on twins. The last Head was your namesakes and now it's going to be you both, as one." A twist of a goblin lip. "Unless your elder brothers have a twin we are unaware of, which is incredibly unlikely."

A look at each other then George says, "No we are the only twins in our family."

"Though I'm confused as to why we weren't informed earlier," Fred asks. 

"Paperwork mostly but also a bit of magic. You two are not the only Prewett alive, for example your mother is as well, but also a few uncles, aunts, and cousins. None meet the requisite but they do limit what you can do till you came of age, which is now."

"That may be so, and we won't argue that," Fred comments.

"But if we had known earlier we could have studied," George continues with.
"Or even gotten the Heir Rings," Fred explains.

"As is our right," George finishes with.

The goblin looked amused at the twin speak rather than frustrated. Of course this was very much a case of being used to it. He was an older goblin and had worked with the last three generations of Head, all of which spoke that way.

"You are not wrong but I am limited in what I can discuss unless you are installed as the Head. Which I need you to do now," is his answer.

Realizing something is going on the two nod and together say, "What do we need to do?"

"There are two things that we can do. The first is simple, I bring out the Head Ring you put them on. The second is we conduct an Augustan Blood Rite, to see if anything else shows up."

"Augustan Blood Rite," the two answer.

Fred then asks, "If something shows up on us does it mean our brothers have it as well."

"No not necessary," is the answer from Steelfang. "Sometimes magic grants more than the blood would physically allow."

They nod at that as the goblin takes out two ritual bowls and places them in front of the brothers. He then hands them an athame and says, "Seven drops of blood, no more no less."

They do that. It's quick and painless and a magical ritual they are familiar with.

Two scrolls appear next to the goblin and two compartments in his desk start glowing. The goblin reaches for them an begins reading.

Steelfang nods and then starts speaking. "As expected you the Head of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Prewett. So congratulations on that." He then pauses before continuing. "Fred Weasley you are the Head of the Aged and Noble House of Cecil. George Weasley you are the Head of the Aged and Noble House of Sidney. You may pick whomever you wish as your heir, though any children you have will become the Heir upon reaching age eleven." He stops. "Do you accept these Houses as your own."

They answer with no hesitation or delay, "Yes."

"Good. Fred Weasley these are your Head Rings. George Weasley these are your Head Rings. Take them and put them on."

They nod and, with no games, or jokes, or attempts at being the other twin, they reach for their appropriate Head Ring.

The Prewett Rings were the first ones they choose and putting them on felt like coming home. But even more a warmth flew through their bodies and magics that gave them a feeling similar to something they long known - the twin bond - but even stronger. It was awe inspiring to them and they knew it was going to boost their magic to even higher levels after they practiced with it.

After that rush putting on the Head Rings of the Minor Houses felt simple. Their was no rush of heat though they did find the House magic flowing into them.

"Right then Lord Prewett, let us go over the assets you now possess." Silverfang then gathers the
paperwork in front of him before beginning. "First, House Prewett. You are Count Clearford, and Baron Wyrmtown. You have one hundred and eighty three currency vaults and four item vaults. You have Prewett Manor, Prewett Springs, four manor houses, twenty-nine other residences, and 22 private hundreds you now oversee."

"Why so many vaults," Fred says.

"That can't be standard," George adds.

"It is not. It is in fact the opposite and the result of a generation of poor planning. It is also a part of why you were kept from your inheritance. A fact I could not speak of by oath before but now I can. I have twenty years worth of corruption you should go over before making any decisions. Till then the House members are now in financial lockdown as is standard Gringotts law."

"That is really good to hear," George starts.

Fred then continues with, "Can you declare House Recall, but a more exacting one."

"Even that which is held by House members but should be ours need to be returned." George continues.

"Maybe include money in it as well," Fred finishes.

"Yes, yes we can. In fact we would consider it a deep honor to enact that for certain wrongs were done and we look forward to correcting." Steelfang comments.

“What is the state of Prewett Manor,” George asks curiously.

“It is currently occupied by your great great aunt and uncle as the eldest blood relatives for all that they are not in the line of succession,” is the answer given.

“Is that up and up, or should we be concerned about the state of that chief holding,” Fred asks worryingly. If the chief manor of a Great House is compromised then so is much of the magic of the House.

“It is quite up and up and you have nothing to worry about there. The previous Head personally invited them to reside there out of love and respect and not out of being manipulated.” A pause and then, “Honestly, them present in the manor actually has worked to your benefit.”

"Was our mother involved, she is a blood Prewett?" Is asked by George right after a nod of thanks for the information.

"No, and from what we know she was kept out of any loop about it. Yes she socialized with them but she was ignored. She is the youngest sister of many and so it's not entirely out of the standard. For the record I know this as we have been investigating the matter for a while."

"Okay, we can accept that, so what about our other Houses?" Both brothers say at the same exact moment.

"For the record do either of you have any issues with the other hearing about your specific Houses," Silverfang asks.

Upon their firm negatives on that he then continues. "In no particular order, first House Cecil. One noble title, Baron Watercress with associated Wizengemot seat. Eight currency vaults and three item vaults. Cecil Manor, Cecil Farms, three other manors, ten associated properties, and 14 private
hundreds."

A pause then, "Next House Sidney. One noble title, that of Baron Cleanstream with associated Wizenemogot seat. Eleven currency vaults and six item vaults. Sidney Manor, Sidney Towers, four other manors, nine associated residences, and 14 private hundreds."

He stops to look at records. "I should note that both have heavy deals with the House of Potter, to both Houses mutual benefit. Indeed, since the rise of one Harry James Potter to the Headship the House of Potter has actually added more deals, even though neither Cecil or Sidney had active heads."

"Why did Harry do that?" George asks.

"Did he knows we would be Heads?" Fred wonders.

"Absolutely not," was Steelfang's firm answer. "He did it with all traditional Houses that delt with Potter and who were in good standing. Which both of yours are."

"Do a recall on my House," Fred says.

"Mine as well," George adds.

Fred then says, "Also follow the lead of House Potter when it comes to actions involving the war against the Dark Lord Voldemort."

George continues, "In this we are firmly on Harry's side. So any resources he needs for the war effort give him. Though don't bankrupt us," the last is said with a smile.

Fred then comments, "I would also like information on the appropriate House contacts, seneschal, bailiffs, sheriffs, guard captain, etc."

"Same with me," George adds. "As well as all necessary files to understand the Houses and their operations."

"Will do," a pause, "so you recognize me as your official account manager. I was Prewett but both Cecil and Sidney are overseen by older near retirement age goblins."

"Yes we do," they both say as one.

"Though don't just remove them, maybe absorb then under you so they can keep the traditions they had. I think that benefits everyone." Fred says.

"Also I'm making Fred my official heir until I have kids," George adds.

"Same with me and George," Fred says.

"Good to know. It also means speaking when you are both present less a security risk." Steelfang says as the to nods. It also leads to the end of the meeting. Documents are given and shared. Keys made. And authorizations signed for. When they leave they leave much richer and connected then they ever expected.

But it felt good.

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So while I will probably get some slack for this (and will if needed delete comments causing problems) I very much need to say it all the same. To those within the United States who are over eighteen and registered you need to VOTE this Tuesday!!

Its very important, very important. We need to make sure the right people are in government, which starts by making sure there is a strong counter-balance to the guy who is so-called leading us right now.

PS. One more thing. As book 6 is already written you do not have to worry about the darkness of writer's block effecting the upload of this particular story. Soooo, ho matter what happens, if my inspiration gets impeded, this story will be finished and so will seventh, as by the time we get there my inspiration will no doubt have returned.

Thank you
Visiting Levant Citadel

Chapter Notes

The really good news is that as of right now everything seventh year from start to the end of December is written, including a particular very special section that I had thought was going to be a super pain in the backside but turned out to flow quite well and ended at 8k which is a nice amount for a single section.

Even more is I have come up with the organization and basic design and theme and outline for the rest of the seventh year, all eighteen sections of it. Though said sections haven't been written yet knowing what is to be written is multiple steps ahead of what I had been before, so that's brilliant.

So yeah, things are going well in the organization adn writing of the last year of Harry's time at Hogwarts.

Visiting Levant Citadel

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Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Mid July

After listening to the various issues presented to him by his eight Justiciars, Harry raises his hand in a gesture that calls for silence. As the talking grinds to a halt he says, "Look, I get it. All of you are frustrated that I am otherwise occupied by my schooling and thus can't handle direct oversight of your cases. I get that. And I'm sorry for it. But the truth is until I graduate Hogwarts I will not be available for direct visits to court houses. I just won't." There is a pause as he looks around the room and meets the eyes of those gathered about. "So, with the above stated and not going to change anytime soon, do any of you have thoughts on what we could do to make everyone's life easier?"

"I do," says Loren Dawson, the Emrys Justiciar. "Now I know you don't want to appoint a High Justiciar, and I get that, I really do."

"Well I don't," interrupts Gerald Harris, the Black Justiciar. "Magic guides us, binds us, how could a High Justiciar become any more corrupt then say a High Seneschal or High Chancellor."

With a nod at his fellow the Sage Justiciar, Marvel Gomez, speaks up, "I can answer that. Historically speaking the amount of times a High Justiciar for a Lord and Head other than the Monarch has gone rogue is surprisingly high. This is not entirely for reasons we can determine and yet the evidence we have is concrete."

"I see," comments Gerald. "Would you please forward the reports to me, I would like to read about it for myself." A pause, "If it's true then I will pull back my constant request for a High Justiciar."

"I thank you for that Justiciar Gerald." Then with a gesture towards Loren, Harry says, "Justiciar Loren, you said you had an idea?"

"Yes sir, I do. So while we can't appoint a High Justiciar there is no reason you couldn't appointed an organizer. Someone who can serve as an organization intermediary. They will look over cases sent up the chain of command in order to see who would best judge it."
Remus leans forward at that and says, "So they wouldn't make judicial judgments?"

"May I interject here for a moment," comments Kurt Simmons, the Vidan Justicar. "This idea actually goes well with a suggestion I have been wanting to make." As Harry nods at him he goes on, "Basically, when one considers your age Lord Potter, there is every chance your leadership will continue for centuries. As history shows us when that happens the Houses united on a defacto level often have their laws begin flowing together."

Once Justiciar Kurt pauses to take some water Harry nods, "That makes quite a bit of sense Justiciar for why would I want to have a dozen laws when I can have but a few with many exceptions based on location."

"Exactly sir," the Kurt says with a nod. "Which leads me to my suggestion. If laws being considered are the same then why must House ties bind your justices from overseeing cases." A pause, "Which means that whomever you appoint as say Chief Justiciar could actually send cases to any of your Justiciars who can then send them to the appropriate judge."

"Nothing says the Chief Justiciar couldn't have the authority to send a case to an even lower person, technically bypassing the Justiciar of a House." Comments Angel Vargas of Potter.

"Hmm, this is all very intriguing and has quite an interesting possibility. Do any of you have any immediate issues and concerns about the position?"

"I would say sir," comments Phyllis Arnold, the Valerius Justiciar, "that if you were to establish the Chief Justiciar position you would have to give the office the authority to overrule us individually." As the others look at him he shrugs, "Well you know its true. If we could say 'no thanks' to an order to look over a case then we probably would. Not all the time but yeah, sometimes."

"You make a good point Justiciar Phyllis. In fact you all do. That said, let us put this aside for right now as I ponder the exact requirements and state of the position." Harry says with a nod.

"On that point I do believe I have a perfect point of discussion before we end this meeting," Remus says in his official Seneschal voice.

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"So Nathaniel what do you think of what I just proposed," Harry says to Nathaniel Synder, current Sage House Judge, after giving him a full description of the newly created Chief Justiciar position.

"It seems like I would become a glorified administrator, a bureaucrat, rather than a court judge." Is Nathaniel's immediate answer. "But whose presence would actually ease the issues that are currently cropping up in your judicial system." A pause, "No offense on the last bit sir."

"None taken Nathaniel. Mostly because your right. But as I said to the Justiciars there is little that can be done right now about my extended absence - I will not, cannot, cease attending Hogwarts."

"Which is not something I would ever suggest, nor would any one who actually cares for the future of your Houses in specific and Albion in general." He says. But then he tilts his head. "Now, for the record sir, I do have some thoughts on the position and issues with its design but as a general thing I find it would be immensely helpful to all."

"Now, I very much want to hear your issues and thoughts, but before we begin doing that I do have one question. Would you want there to be some way for you to occasional take actual cases, not as the Chief Justiciar but as a 'regular' judge?"
"Yes actually, very much so. In fact that was going to be one of my issues. To be a good Chief Justiciar one needs to be a good judge first. To know the law and to be able to get a feel of a case before it goes to trial. One doesn't have to decide on guilt or innocence, in fact by nature of this position that is not the point, but rather figure out which laws apply to the case in question."

"Right then, so let me get Remus in here and we can begin going over your actual suggestions to the position." Harry says while calling for Remus to come in so that the point by point part of the meeting can begin.

"Oh boy am I glad that is done with for now," Harry says as he walks into the living room to see Mason and Charlie playing chess.

"So did you appoint Mr Snyder as your Chief Justiciar?" Mason asks curiously while never taking his eyes off the board.

Before answering Harry takes and squeezes Charlie's hand in greeting before sitting down at the couch. "Yeah I did. After hours of useful, helpful, discussion on the exact authority and portfolio of the position." A pause, "Soo how are things all, anything I miss?"

"Well did you hear that my brothers just became the co-Lord and Head of Prewett plus a secondary House Minor each?" Charlie comments seriously.

"While I didn't no, congrats to them." A pause, "I guess I'm going to have to send them a gift." Harry then grins.

"How does two people become a single Lord and Head?" Mason asks curiously.

"A few Houses of Albion have a few traditions that are different from other Houses. Prewett is one of them, a perfect example in fact, for its Lord and Head are always twins. Our uncles, who are Fred and George's namesake, were the last Head and since they are the only twins in the whole greater Prewett lineage it falls to them to succeed.

Harry gets a surprised look on his face before asking, "Okay, now pardon me for this, but why didn't they get it earlier, why weren't they informed?"

Charlie gets an upset look on his face at that before answering, "On that, I do not know, though I fear internal Prewett politicking."

"Oh, I see." Harry says softly. He then clears his throat after a pause and says, "Anyway, enough of sad thoughts, soooo, who else is looking forward to our Levant Citadel trip? Because I know I very much am."

While laughing at Harry's antics Mason and Charlie quickly wrap up the game they are playing. Which then sees Mason taking out another game, one suitable for five players. Which is perfect as just then Sirius and Remus walk into the room, sigh bonelessly upon sitting in a couch, and ask, as one, what's up next.

Which leads to Mason grinning as he holds up the game he just picked.

"Welcome to Levant Citadel," says Reeve Colin Cooper with a slight bow. "The oldest structure of House Levant anywhere, even older then the Levant Manor, of which this place is often identified
"Hello Colin," Harry says with a smile. He then pauses, "I guess it never gets old telling that bit of fact."

"No sir, it never does." Is Colin's immediate quip with a slight grin moments later. He then gets back to business and gives the standard 'tour guide' information, "Levant Citadel is a traditional castle on a mountain. Its exterior is bordered by curtain walls some fifty meters tall and ten meters thick containing numerous square mural towers that go above the walls by another twenty meters. Its interior contains three shell keeps and ten tower keeps, for reasons long and varied."

"Please tell me that your not the only person living here?" Charlie asks once the man finishes his initial description.

"Thankfully no, at least not now." A pause as he looks to Harry for a 'go ahead' gesture, which he gets and so he continues, but not before gesturing for the group to follow him down the halls. "Though this structure has always been inhabited it did so in a state of extreme disrepair. Everything but the main fortification we are currently in was in a crumbling state. Few knew this due to the potent illusions that had been established by the then Reeve some centuries ago." A pause, "Illusions, I should point out, that only failed fully when Lord Potter here took up the Headship." Another pause, "So with that my predecessor requested House assistance and was given it, which is why you see the Citadel in a good state once again."

Mason raises his hand and with an amused nod by Colin asks, "So how long have you been the Reeve here?"

"For the last four years actually, ever since the Reeve Russel Rhodes retired due to the stress of having to lead a vastly expanded operation. For you see, and to answer your original question Lord Weasley, Levant Citadel currently serves as the executive, bureaucratic, judicial, and military headquarters for House Levant."

At this point they get to an upper balcony which gives them a wide angled view of the whole Citadel. Besides the glorious views, of which there are many, they also see what seems to be thousands of people in many different uniforms walking and running about completing duties. With a smile on his face the Reeve says, "Which means that there are almost ten thousand people living and working in this estate." He then chuckles, "Which has basically made me a governor of a colony than an estate manager."

Harry grins at that before saying, "I keep on trying to promote him to Sheriff status but he refuses."

With a bow Colin says, "The Levant Citadel has traditionally been led by a Reeve and I see no reason to break tradition."

"Which led me to boosting his authority to Sheriff level, including a full on seat in the Levant House Council, while simply keeping his title as a Reeve." A grin. "Easy."

"As you say sir," is the deadpan response as the tour continues.

"So while I know the generals could you provide the specifics on the find below?" Asks Sirius curiously when they are gathered around a dining table having lunch with some of the senior leaders of Levant Citadel.
It is Tasha Dixon, the chief archivist for the estate who speaks first, "It began when we sent a number of warders and engineers down to the foundations of the castle. While they were down in the catacombs they noticed a particularly damaged wall, checked it out, and found an opening that led to a passage which opened onto a hall. A hall which spells indicated was much older than the surrounding castle walls."

"From that," says Lee Gibson, the citadel's warder, "further teams were sent down. Teams of archaeologists and cursebreakers in addition to warders and engineers because we did not know what we found."

After giving her fellow officer a nod Tasha continues, "Which turned out to be a vast subterranean complex of halls and chambers designed as a vault for tens of thousands of people." A pause, "Now from our initial look the residents were human, which is all fine, but the construction was not."

"What do you mean?" Asks Mason shocked and curious.

A grin in response as she says, "We had the same sense of shock. As to how we knew, well, the magical patterns present are not something we were able to create till more recent times. Plus, well, the doors and passages were wider and taller than what humans need."

"Do we know which humans resided there?" Charlie asks curiously.

Tasha nods, "Mostly. From our archaeological survey it seems that dozens of human tribes resided within. But what makes it all the more interesting is that while the elite had magic the baseline did not. This we can tell with how non-magical some of the basic items we found are."

"But that's not all, tell them Tasha," says Cedric Hardy, the First Captain of the Citadel Guard.

"Cedric is right," Tasha says, "there is more! So as we went deeper the signs pointed to the construction getting older. This led to us eventually breaking down into the oldest level, a level which was clearly nowhere near human in its origin."

"Do you have an idea who might have built it?" Harry asks curiously.

There is a long pause then, "Officially no, no idea at this time." Another pause, "But, well, some of us have put forth theories of First Race origin for the original level and their servitors for the bunker level."

Remus tilts his head and says, "Speaking of the bunker, what is it state like?"

Tasha answers with, "Perfectly preserved if a little bit dusty. In fact once our active magical auras walked into it the place started cleaning itself up."

"Could it still be used like a bunker?" Mason asks curiously.

A pause as Tasha tilts her head, "Actually, yeah, it could. I mean I am not sure why we would need to but yeah, if it came to that and we had some time to stock it the place could serve quite well."

"Hmm," Harry says with an intrigued look as his magic flashed for but a second. "Now I was thinking on opening it as a museum but keeping it secured as a safety bunker might be a better response."

"Well sir," Cedric says, "from my experience there is no reason we can't do both. We could open a few of the more interesting levels to public tours while keeping the rest secured and fortified behind defense magics."
A nod, "That's actually not a bad idea Cedric, not a bad idea at all." A pause, "Well all this talk does make me look forward to the tour of the structure tomorrow."

As nods and smiles come at that Colin says, "Well sir until then may I say that I do believe you will like the presentation we have designed for you all."

"Looking forward to it, looking forward to it."

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"Hey Harry question," Mason says a while later during an intermission point in the presentation. At Harry's nod he goes on, "So didn't you see all this while here on Circuit?"

"Yes and no." Harry says with a grin which has the others nearby chuckling at the non-answer. "Now I did meet everyone before and also see the place, so the tour was mostly for you and Charlie's benefit, not that it wasn't fascinating to hear some more about this place. But I didn't get to go into the ruins below the Citadel because magically speaking they are not part of my feudal estate." At the surprised look he adds, "The estate was built on them but not within them and so the House magic doesn't carry over down there."

"So what would have happened if you had tried to go deeper?"

"Not sure," Harry says and then stops as information comes to him, which leads him to chuckle. "Right, I take that back. What would have happened is a barrier would have come up physically stopping us from going through it. It wouldn't have harmed us but it would have been a definite in its impassibility."

As Mason nods he gets a thoughtful look on his face before saying, "So I guess that might be why all feudal territories of Albion are clearly separated from the muggle. To allow the magic of the Grand Circuit to better work."

It is Sirius who answers, "Though I doubt that was the main or first reason I also have no doubt it plays a major part in how things remain."

Mason nods at that before he, and they, all turn forward again as the presentation begins again.

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"So how many tiers of ward zones do you think lie in this region?" Charlie wonders as the group head down into the catacombs as the trip to the depths begin.

"Three," Harry states immediately. "The main Levant Citadel, the human aligned but servitor built Bunker, and then the mysterious Enclave which I am pretty sure the theory of it being a First Race construction is a true one."

"And your going to claim them all?" Asks Mason curiously.

"Just the Bunker actually as I figure its foundation stone will have enough of an alignment to my magic that a connection can be made." A pause, "As for the Enclave, honestly, I am not even sure that would be even possible."

"Or safe," Tasha says from where she is in the front of the group. "Now myth does say that groups of human magicals were taken in by the First Race but those same myths indicate we were considered like children at best, and one would never let a child control the wards of a major installation."
With a chuckle Harry says, "No argument from me Tasha, no argument from me." The walk continues.

As he drags his hands along the paneling of the Bunker hallway Harry says, "So how many levels are there again?"

Without pause Tasha answers by saying, "Ten primary levels, each with ten secondary levels, with each of them having ten tertiary levels. At least that is what we have found so far." A pause, "There are certain indications that what we have found are not actually all there is. That with command of the foundation stone one could expand the Bunker even further."

"So its a city," Charlie says firmly. "Rather than a hidey hole."

It is Roger Carson, her assistant who answers, "We feel that those who came down here were able to hide out in the comfort of civilization for generations. This wasn't a place of sorrow but rather a place of hope for a better future."

"How interesting," Harry says with a nod towards both people.

"It makes me wonder what the surface was like that they felt it best to hide underground away from it all," Remus says with introspection.

Nodding in agreement with what Remus just said Harry turns towards the Levant officers saying, "Any sign on how to get to the foundation stone?"

"Unfortunately no." Tasha says with shake of the head. "We were hoping you might have had an idea."

"I do!" Mason says with a wide eyed look. As all eyes turn to him he gulps and says, "My magic is ah reacting. Though I don't know why."

"Its okay kit," Sirius says with a smile as he goes and hug him. "Trust in your magic."

"What's it saying Mason?" Harry asks curiously.

"Ah," Mason says in response as he closes his eyes to try and listen to what the magic of his blood is saying. As he tries to understand he is thankful for the tutelage given to him by Harry, for otherwise he doubt he would be able to do this. He then opens his eyes and says with conviction, "Are we on a primary level?"

"We are," says Tasha with a nod. After seeing that the others are in support of whatever Mason is going to do she adds, "Do you need a particular structure?"

"A blank wall that has runic etchings on the top, pillar like carvings on the side, and a floral pattern on the floor."

A blink at that, "Will any of them do as that pattern is highly common in the primary levels."

With a nod Mason goes, "Yep, any will do, as they all link together."

"Right then, if you would all come with me I can show you to a particular blank wall."

As the group moves Charlie says, "So I was wondering, what items remain in the halls of the Bunker?"
"A few remaining personal effects and a large amount of random 'junk' items." A pause, "At least that is what most people would say, for us its a treasure trove of information on a long ago time."

"By most people she means me," Cedric Hardy comments. "As its a sentiment I have often commented about." As eyes turn to him he shrugs, "Many of the items are mundane in nature and so are of little use to us." A pause, "That said I admit to being fascinated at the idea that something occurred which drove these clans deep underground."

"On that later point Cedric," Harry says with a nod, "I agree fully. What darkness were they so afraid of that they hid, and what force provided them with this safe haven." A shake of the head follows.

"Pardon me," Tasha says, "but if we make a slight detour through this door I can show you one of the common halls present in the Bunker."

After looking at Mason, who nods with a smile, Harry gestures for Tasha to lead the way. Which sees them soon walking into what looks like a common room. It is a three story, twenty sided room with each side, on each story, having a door that leads to a short hallway that contains rooms on both sides. Stairs on the cardinal points lead between the stories and next to said stairs there are also portals that serve as lifts. Within the open space in the middle there lies tables, desks, couches, and chairs.

The rooms off the sided hallways led to what looked like apartments, in the very modern sense of multiple rooms arrayed around an entrance room.

Which causes Harry to raise an eyebrow at this interesting fact. "So have we manipulated these rooms?"

"If you mean the more modern style of the space then no, this is how we found it." Tasha says with a nod. "And yes we are all aware of how seemingly impossible this should be but nonetheless it is how it is."

"Any theories?" Sirius asks curiously.

"The only credible one is that the force which built the Bunker had access to seers who foresaw certain traits, liked them, and adopted them." Is Tasha's response.

Harry nods, "I could see it." As the others look at him he shrugs, "I know one and have delt with numerous Seers. The events that they see are sometimes quite detailed." A pause, "A perfect example is a Shifter Seer gathered a series of allied packs and brought them to those hundreds which I would own. She did this over a period of a decade, long before I actually claimed any of my Headships." He stops and looks around with a nod. "Which is why I have no issue with accepting that the powerful force which built this magically advanced complex could look into the future and see the design humanity would one day come to like."

"That is something that some of our scholars have also suggested." Tasha says as the group heads out of the section.

After a few minutes of walking the hallways of the Bunker they finally stop at a section of empty wall. Tasha pauses and gestures towards Mason, "Here you go Mason, the wall."

"Thanks." Mason says as he moves over to it. He then takes a deep breath and reaches for his magic, to try and figure out what it is he needs to do. He then turns towards Harry and says, "Take hold of my hand and don't let go and trust me."

Harry grins, "of course."
Mason grins softly, quite humbled by the trust Harry is showing. At the nod Harry gives him he closes his eyes, reaches for his magic, and pushes it into the blank wall.

Which leads him to sinking into it, and through contact with him, Harry does as well.

Both Mason and Harry have just enough time to hear a shout of confusion before the outside hallway fades for both of them.

They find themselves in what is clearly the central ward room for the Bunker, at the site which houses its foundation stone.

The room itself is covered in crystal outcroppings on all the walls but one, the doorway. In the center of the room lies a massive two meter tall crystal obelisk shimmering with golden sparkles. As they stare at it the two can see images from throughout the Bunker being shown. With emphasis being on places where people are standing, most especially their group.

With a smile at him Mason says, "No, thank you for trusting me on this Harry."

"There was never a moment when I doubted you, never a moment." Harry then nods twice before saying, "Right. Time to do this." A pause then a tilt of his head, "Unless you know of something that makes this different from a normal ward stone?"

"No. I mean my magic is silent. I don't think I have any more right to do anything here than other people do."

"No offense," Harry says with a grin, "that makes sense. A pause, "Of course I'm not really supposed to be doing anything here either." Another grin. "I'm just going to brute force my access."

"Ah, do you think that is safe?"

"Not sure, gonna do it anyway!" Harry says before moving forward, conjuring his athame and cutting his finger. He decides to spill seven drops of blood - six for the Houses he thinks will be related and a seventh to represent his ties to the dragons.

It was on the last point that he sent Ambrosius a mental message updating him on what he was going to do, which led him to getting a 'good luck!' back.

So without any other delay he grabs for the stone with his bloody hands and pushes his magic into it.

Whoosh.

Harry finds himself in an immaterial plane floating in the void and surrounded by mirror like rectangles.

"Nope," he says while forcing his Will through his Magic and Soul in order to manifest a platform for him to stand on. With another forceful manifestation of Will, Soul, and Magic he then works to bound the place, turning the infinite into a space he can full experience.

Another manifestation of power, which he knows in the end will tire him out, and seven pedestals appear around the core crystal.

"Perfect." He says as he gazes upon what now looks like any standard ward room. In the center lies the foundation crystal, around it are seven pedestals, and the walls are covered in mirrors which show the infinite that this place really is.
Then, with a frown of concentration, he manifests the six applicable Head Rings - Potter, Sage, Black, Levant, Vidan, Emrys - as well as the totem of the dragon, which represents his Dragonlord bond.

Then something unexpected happens. His bond to Ambrosius connected to Athanasios and then to Charlie.

Which led, back in the real world, to the door panel shimmering for a moment as a gust of magic pulled Charlie into the chamber. Then, the moment he entered the chamber and laid yes on Harry, his focus faded and he found himself standing next to Harry in the immaterial world of the ward structure.

"What?" Is the first word that Charlie utters upon his full manifestation in the realm.

"I don't know," Harry says just as shocked. "I was reaching into the magic and the moment I added my dragon bond you were pulled here."

A blink is the response followed by a wide grin coming to Charlie's face. "Of course, the dragons. Due to them our magic is already linked and as Head of House Sidus this place recognizes the magic."

"Oh wow, that's brilliant."

"It is, it is indeed." Charlie says before adding, "But it means we need another pedestal for Sidus and an expansion to the dragon totem." Which leads to him manifesting Will, Magic, and Soul in order to do just that.

"Perfect." Harry says with a smile. "We just need to represent the Houses on the pedestals and bridge the link."

Which sees the two of them moving towards the pedestals. As Harry is moving around putting the magic of his six houses Charlie is watching, having quickly finished House Sidus already.

As Charlie is watching he is awed at the sheer power Harry is giving off.

He is so glad that through chance he is able to see this.

Not the least because it is so damn attractive to see this from him.

Once Harry finishes he turns towards Charlie, gives him a pleased smile, and says, "Well that's done! Next step is to wrest control."

"I have your back Harry." Charlie says with a nod, since he knows in a situation like this there can only be one primary ward master. But then he tilts his head and asks, "We are sure there isn't a current ward master right?"

"I don't think there can be." Harry says and then pauses to think it over. "Yeah that's right, there can't be."

Charlie, realizing what he meant nods, "Right, because if there was one what you, we, have done would have forced an active response." A pause, "Well then, go on."

Grinning at Charlie, Harry takes a deep breath and reaches for his power while pushing it into the ward structure.
The first step is recognition, which for Harry's attempt is the fact that some of the clans of early humans who lived here were proto-versions of Harry's current Houses.

From that comes entrance, which sees Harry moving from the outer level of the wards to its interior.

Once that happens Harry strikes.

It's a fight.

But its pretty one sided for without there being a guiding intelligence overseeing the ward structure Harry is able to move multiple steps ahead.

It was for this fight that Harry manifested a sort of physical realm for him to be in, rather than simply sit in an infinite nothing.

For Harry, and Charlie who could see what was going on, it appeared as a duel. The point was not for destruction but rather subjugation. Harry needed to prove his superiority, his power, and his overwhelming dominance.

So he acted to quickly go on the offensive. A rapid fire sequence of strikes, followed by a few doges to defend against the strikes of the wards.

It was midway into the fight that Harry had a thought, which he quickly transmitted to Charlie. Who grinned in response, connected his magic through the dragons and then to Harry, and lept into the fight himself.

This shocked the ward structure as it had not been prepared to handle this sort of thing.

Which is exactly what Harry had expected and gave him the perfect opportunity to slip past the non-intelligence directing the wards.

Harry disappeared from the realm, which subsequently faded into non-existence and led to Charlie's mind returning to where he physically was.

Turning to Mason, who looks on in shock, Charlie smiles and says, "Don't worry, everything is going as it should."

As Mason is nodding at that the message is transmitted by the wards themselves to the group outside, for who a mere few minutes have passed.

As the others were talking Harry himself is floating through the ward structure while binding its pattern to himself.

He then takes hold of the ward structure and is about to transfer it from his personal control to the control of House Levant.

But then he stops, as a feeling comes over him. A feeling that says this might not be the good to do from a source that is him but yet not him.

He listens. He trusts. He has faith.

So instead, still holding the ward structure, he binds it mostly to his self - though with but a tiny kernal that enables him to one day, if he chooses, to connect it to another.

With that decision made he makes sure the flows are efficient and that his being is entirely where it needs to be. He then, with a bit of mental amusement, fugitively hits both the 'enter' and 'save' key
for the ward structure.

He then begins to pull back out of the ward structure. As he does so he chooses to sends out a wave of focused aura to map the entirety of the Bunker. Once the map is visualized for him, in all its extreme amounts of detail, he copies it and sends it to his Head Ring.

With that accomplished he fully backs out of the ward structure and reenters the real world.

He blinks for a moment as he suddenly is hit by a large amount of magical fatigue. He staggers a bit and would have fallen if it wasn't for Charlie immediately moving over to him and taking him in his arms.

"Harry," Mason says worridly, "are you okay?"

"I'll be fine," Harry says with his eyes closed. "I simply used a lot of magic at once and need a moment to balance."

He then begins to feel warm, as his magic gets rejuvenated. "What?" He manages to say before opening his eyes to see that Charlie has an intense look of concentration on his face.

A moment later the warmth fades as does the magical fatigue.

"What did you do?"

Charlie grins at that before saying, "I used the bond to recharge you."

"But," Harry starts to say but then thinks better of it for now and so just nods. "Believe me when I say we will be discussing this."

"Of course," Charlie says with a nod of agreement, though he still holds on to Harry.

Who, after a moment, and the appearance of a grin on Mason's face, clears his throat and says, "Charlie, you can let go now."

A blush, "Right, sorry." Charlie then lets go, but not before he can be sure that Harry can stand straight up. Which he can.

"Right." Harry says before smiling at the two and walking through the door, which leads first him and then the other two back to the hallway the others had gathered in. "So it's done! I'm now the ward master of the Bunker. Which should help you all examine and study the place."

"Are you okay pup?" Sirius says immediately upon seeing him. "As that was not a small amount of magic you used there."

A nod, "I'm fine, as you can see and check." Harry says with a nod.

Sirius nods before grinning and taking out his wand to cast a detection spell, to make sure that Harry is okay. Though he detects a bit of magic fatigue its not at a worrying level. He checks Charlie as well, also detecting a bit of fatigue but not enough to be worried.

As soon as Sirius nods in acceptance Remus asks, "So what happened to bring Charlie over there?"

"The bonds we share with Ambrosius and Athanasios had the minor side effect of letting him assist my claiming of the site." A pause, "Speaking of which here is a map!" So said Harry uses his magic to push the image into his Head Rings and then from that to all those present who have an official connection to him.
As the others are mentally going over the map Harry turns towards Mason, gives him a grin, flashes his Head Ring, and manifests a memory orb. He then pases the orb to Mason while saying, "While holding it let your magic flow over it."

Mason gives an answering grin of thanks then does just that, which dissolves the orb and lets his mind and magic see the map.

8888

It was a bit later, as unsurprisingly enough the Levant officers were enthralled at all they could now see, thanks to the map, and do, thanks to the wards bending to their Lord's will, before the group made their way down to the even deeper depths.

"Now remember though ancient and technically well preserved most of what is here in the Enclave is outside of our understanding." Tasha says as they get to the entrance to said area.

"In other words," adds Cedric the First Captain, "even something you think seems familiar is probably not. So be careful and don't assume."

Tasha nods at that, "At one point we thought we saw an object that looked like a vase but upon study we realized it had a far different purpose." At their looks she added, "It was a weapon."

"In your experience does the artifacts react with hostility towards aura magic?" Sirius asks curiously.

"No," Tasha says with a nod. "In fact that is how we swept the site for major dangers. While it might be magically fatiguing it was decided that shorter shifts with better capabilities was better than longer shifts with more danger."

"As I consider that smart thinking you won't here any issues from me on that." Harry says before stopping as he sees for the first time what lay behind the entrance point. "It's a city, the enclave is a city. How haven't I known about this before?"

"Sir?" Tasha says curiously.

As the others eye him surprised he turns to them, "What, you don't see it. Over there, that pyramid, its the town hall. Those spheres over there are residences. Those mushroom shaped buildings in the distance are workshops." He then points to various other buildings and points out their once functions of shops, parks, even some temples. He blinks and turns towards everyone, "Wait, you really don't see it?"

"Harry," Sirius says in such a way that gets his attention, "don't yell at them as I don't see it either."

None of the others can see what he sees.

"I do," says Mason. "I mean it's not as clear to me as it is him but yeah, I see what he is saying."

"I see." A pause, "Well then, how intriguing." Another pause. "Right, so Tasha, do me a favor. Only tell a small subset of your scholars my conclusion with the note that they are to use that as a starting point. On the others, well, let them go their own path without influence by my comment."

"Of course sir." Tasha then clears her throat. "Ah, how sure are you?"

"Fully."

A nod, "Then of course sir that will be done." She then pauses. "Actually, now that I think about it,
what you have said is quite similar to what Master Janus has theorized as well."

"How likely did you place his theories?"

"So so," She says with a shrug. "Mostly because nobody else had the same thought and there was little full on evidence to back up his statement."

"Lord Potter," Cedric says to get his attention and when he does so he asks, "what would you say that building was?" While pointing towards a bowl shaped structure.

Harry tilts his head in thought, "Something military, either military testing or barracks. Why?"

Looking at Tasha for a moment Cedric says, "That was where we found the vase that was a weapon."

"I see." Harry says with a nod.

Remus tilts his head in thought before saying, "You know Harry why don't you take a Head Ring image of the Enclave and when you get a chance mark what you think each building might be."

"That's not a bad idea Remus," Harry says with a nod, "especially if we go inside the major buildings as well."

Sirius then adds to the idea by going, "Plus once we leave you can have your official House Agents record their walkthroughs on their amulet of office."

"Good idea. That is what we will do," Harry says then grins, "Right then, lets begin the 'tour' as I want to see around and inside the buildings."

8888

"Oh that was exhausting," Harry says upon plopping himself on the couch in the family living room of Levant Citadel.

"Well it doesn't help that you got a magical fatigue from your bonding event." Charlie says in a deadpan voice.

"Oh you did, did you." Sirius says coming into the room. "Why is it that this is the first time I'm hearing of it?"

"Because you scanned me earlier and found nothing amiss and thus I didn't feel it pertinent." Is Harry's answer.

Remus, who also just walked in, sits down next to Mason, leans towards him and says, "Pertinent he says, he only uses such high words when he wants to be all lordly. Like that is going to stop us from yelling at him for potentially injuring himself."

As Harry looks from one person to the other, and realizing that on the matter of his health and safety he has no one on his side, simply sighs. It's going to be a long night.

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Birthday Festivities

Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Late July

Upon walking into the kitchen after his morning run he stops and blinks in shock at seeing Charlie sitting there at the table.

A Charlie who stands up with a grin on his face as he says "Surprise!" He then opens up his arms to take a very willing Harry in a hug. He pulls back for a moment to say, "Happy sixteenth birthday Harry," before going in for a kiss.

A deep kiss. A kiss without worry for both wizards are fully and legally and socially adults.

Ten minutes later their kiss is interrupted by them hearing a cough in the background.

They pull back to see a blushing Mason, a grinning Sirius, and a clearly amused Remus.

It is Remus who says, "So how long have you two been holding that in?"

Harry and Charlie both blush a bit before turning to each other and saying, "A while!"

They then laugh, an act joined in by the others, as they all take seats.

A few minutes later Harry turns to Charlie and says, "But wait, I though you were busy today?"

Nod nod. " Mostly yeah." He then starts counting on his fingers, "I have meetings with numerous Sidus officials, including an update session with my Gringotts account manager. So basically between eleven and, I think, five, you won't see me."

"Ah, so you won't be joining us for our luncheon with with the Wallaces?"

"Can't love, sorry," Charlie says then leans over to kiss him again. As he pulls back he smiles, "You know, I love being able to that so openly."

Harry grins himself, "I love it as well." He then kisses Charlie, in such a way that has Sirius snorting in amusement.

8888

"I don't know if I should be going," Mason says as they walk from the apparation place to the restaurant they choose.

"You're family, which is all that matters now Mason," Sirius says as he reaches over to Mason in a hug.

"Why hello, who is this charming young man?" Elizabeth says upon first seeing the four walking up towards the door of the restaurant.

"This is Mason," Remus says with a smile, "a school mate of Harry. Sirius and I have gained custody of him."

"Well hello there Mason," Elizabeth says with a smile, "it's very nice to meet you."
"It's nice to meet you as well for Harry has told me many wonderful things about you both."

A laugh is the response as George comes by, as he shakes everyone's hand he says, "Well it's nice to know the lad still thinks of us." A pause as he ponders things. "Wow, so I just realized we have known each other longer post-school then we ever did at school."

Tilts of head as the group ponders that but then Harry smiles and says, "Though true, those years were immensely useful in making me who I am today."

Soft smiles appear on many faces but the Sirius clears his throat and says, "Right, less mushy stuff, more lets go eat!"

8888

After giving a hug to Elizabeth and a handshake to George, Harry says, "Well this has been fun, see you both next year."

A chuckle from George, "Yep, next year Harry."

"Be well Harry, and I hope you have a better year this year then last."

"Thanks, and you too, hears to hoping things stay great for you both!"

With that said the two get into their car for their drive home.

"Sooo," Mason says as soon as the Wallaces are gone, "What now?"

Three chuckles at that leading to Sirius saying, "Well Harry here is going to begin opening the presents he gets from the masses."

"Ooh, really, so does he do it alone?"

"He, is here," Harry says amused.

With laughter in his voice Sirius says, "Nope, at least not anymore, now its a fun time for us all!"

"If you want Mason," Harry says with amusement, "you can join us for the opening. Though it might be boring."

"It wasn't the last two years," Remus comments with a laugh. "In fact there were some gifts that we still don't entirely know what the person was thinking."

"Are you talking about the green porcelain figurine of an elephant that spit fire," Sirius says with a laugh as Mason looks on shocked. As Remus nods Sirius says, "Oh yeah, that was funny."

At this point the group apparate to Potter Manor, so the conversation is put on hold for a moment.

Once they are walking out of the gateway chamber Remus says, "But yeah, that is what we are basically going to be doing, and your welcome to join us."

"Its fun!" Sirius adds with a laugh.

So Mason does what anyone would do, he nods in agreement.

8888
"What was that?" Mason asks as a ting goes through the manor.

"That," Harry says while stretching a bit, "was the wards indicating that people are arriving."

"I see," Mason says before laughing, "right, sorry, scatterbrained here, your friends for your birthday dinner."

As Harry gets up he laughs and reaches over to pat Mason on the shoulder, "It's okay, I won't tell anyone your getting forgetful in your old age."

"Haha, very funny Harry," Mason says, "I was just distracted by how many random stuff you get." A pause, "Do you keep it all?"

"Oh Merlin no, most gets donated to charities and hospitals and orphanages and such. That said I do keep books I don't own and most personally crafted items." A pause, "Honestly, and this is sad, but as the years have gone on I am keeping less of what is sent."

"Don't people know this?"

"Yes most definitely," Sirius says at the door, "but no matter how many times we tell them please no need for gifts they keep on sending stuff."

Mason nods at that, "I guess because they don't really know you they don't know what to send."

"Exactly." Harry says with a nod. "Well anyway, lets head out to greet those arriving."

As they walk down the hall Mason goes, "So whose here?"

"The Weasley's plus Hermione." Is Harry's answer.

Sirius suddenly laughs, "That girl has made the Knight Bus her friend."

"She really has," Harry says with a laugh. He then gestures to Mason saying, "Her plans were to bus to the Weasley's then floo here, at the end she is going to bus back to her home." A pause, "But what is more amusing is how she often uses it to travel around Britain."

"I've said this before and I'll say it again, that girl is going to love apparating."

Harry snorts, "We all will actually." A shake of the of head, "In fact I can't wait till the seventh year courses about it." He then pauses the conversation as they arrive at the gateway chamber before saying, "Hey all, welcome, come in come in."

8888

Plopping down on the couch in the living room after showing the last of his friends to the door Harry says, "Well that was fun."

Remus chuckles at that, "Well a very happy birthday to you."

Reaching over to take Remus' hand for a moment Harry says, "Thanks Remus."

"Hey, don't be holding my husband's hand," Sirius exclaims in pretend anger as he walks into the room.

"Right Sirius, because Remus and I clearly have designs for each other."
"Well Remus is awesome and sexy and amazing so why wouldn't you want him," Sirius says in response.

As the group stare at Sirius, Charlie, who is now sitting next to Harry, leans forward and says, "Don't say anything because no matter what you say you will lose."

They lose it as laughter and joy comes over them.
Preparing for the Future

Preparing for the Future
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Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Early August

Tap, tap, tap is the sound being made as Harry taps his quill on top of his desk while deep in thought.

"Everything okay Harry," Charlie asks curiously from where he was sitting at a nearby desk working on some of his own official House work.

"Hmm, what?"

"Between your tapping and the look on your face I was wondering if something is wrong."

"Not wrong, per say, more thinking on things."

"Well feel free to run your thoughts by me if you want," Charlie says with a smile towards Harry.

"But your work?"

A grin, "Finished the important bits already and was simply going over some of the boring stuff that I often push to the side." Charlie then gets up from his seat and sits on the chair in front of Harry's desk. "So spill, what's on your mind?"

Harry laughs before leaning back in a stretch and saying, "Welllll." He stops to think over things before nodding, "Okay, so on one hand Albion hasn't had a Monarch in three centuries and on the other a prophecy was read that kinda sorta indicated that I might have to take that role at some point." He stops.

"Okay, so following so far."

"Well I was just thinking on how crazy it would be to become a Monarch at a moment of war in an Empire that hasn't had a super centralized government in three centuries."

A nod, "Ah, I see, your worries make sense." A pause, "So what are you thinking about doing?"

"That's what is causing me problems as I don't know what I can do preemptively. I'm not in charge, not over Albion, which means I don't have Imperial oversight over laws nor access to the magic of such things."

Charlie nods in response as he begins thinking the matter over. But then he shrugs, which gets a confused look on Harry's face, so he says, "Well the way I see it you could dwell or you could ask."

"What do you mean?"

A grin, "Well, set up a meeting with Ragnok and simply ask for him to audit Albion."

Wide eyed grin, "Oh wow, that's brilliant, your brilliant." Then a chuckle as he puts the paper aside and says, "So, I'm done with work for now, what to play?"

A wide grin, "You know it!"
As the last of the updates finish Harry says, "So is it just me or does Riddle seem to be holding back in ways that he didn't in the last war?"

"It's not just you Harry," Sirius says with a nod in his direction. "Riddle is definitely moving slower than he did the last time."

"Which doesn't make sense," Harry then states upon nodding in Sirius' direction. He then shakes his head, "Look, I'm not downplaying him or what he did. I've seen him, fought him, I know he is powerful and a major threat. But even when one takes into consideration how I'm using the House system against him he should still be more active." A pause, "By this relative point in the last war there were already half a dozen pitched battles between various forces and factions."

"Which is not what we are seeing now," Charlie adds in agreement.

"You are right," Severus says speaking up and causing all eyes to focus on him. "You are also right that there seems to be something going on." A pause, "But unfortunately what that is he has not informed any of us of."

"Has he asked for any additional potions Severus?" Asks Minerva curiously.

"Yes, a few, all of which I have reported in my recent memo. While some of them are intriguing none of them truly prove what he is doing."

Hestia Jones then asks, "So how are his agents in the Ministry?"

"Running quiet," comments Elphias Doge. "In fact most of the pureblood lords are keeping under the radar in their voting patterns."

"Not Lucius Malfoy," says the newly recruited Tora Kraus, who works in the Ministry department overseeing Wizenemgot meeting schedules. "He is as vocal and blatant as he always has been."

As Harry snorts at that people turn their eyes towards him so he simply shrugs and says, "It's Lucius, I would worry more about him being quiet then him being loud." A pause, "So nah, I don't think the Order should be that worried about him at this exact point."

With a twinkle in his eye Albus speaks up, "Let us now focus on where we all need to be in order to keep the Order steps ahead of the Dark Lord."

Nods of agreement come at that as the meeting continues.

8888

"So Harry what can I do for you today?" Ragnok asks while sitting on the chair behind his quite opulent desk, as befitting the account manager of eleven different noble accounts.

"I'm actually here as the Lord Emrys to be honest," Harry says, with the words accompanied by that House Ring flashing upon his finger.

"I see," Ragnok sits up a bit with even more interest, "well Lord Emrys what can I do for you?" A grin appears at that.

Harry smiles back. "Well, I'm afraid this request of mine will cause you a bit more work."

"I'm up for it that is for sure, things have been getting boring around here." The grin is fierce for all that the statement is blatantly untrue.
With a laugh Harry says, "Good to hear that." A pause, "So part of the imperium of House Emrys is a responsibility to monitor the Empire of Albion. Which is why I would like to have Gringotts establish an operation designed to audit the government accounts of Albion. All of them." Harry says with a regal tone, one which will come in handy in the future.

Ragnok gives him a look at that request, as if he is shocked, then he grins. "We have already begun actually, a few months ago when the troubles started happening. I have worked with you too long to not be prepared. We are no where near finished but with your permission I can start sharing the results we do have with those you give some authority to."

After staring at Ragnok for a moment Harry simply laughs before saying, "Oh wow. Here I was thinking getting your support was going to be difficult." A shake of the head. "But yes, that sounds good, and thank you." A pause, "On who to inform, well right now just Remus and Sirius, but in time I will probably expand the list of who gets what." Another pause, "I also appreciate all your hard work Ragnok, I wouldn't be as organized as I am if it wasn't for all that you have done for me, my Houses, and Albion."

With a fierce smile Ragnok says, "Of course Lord Emrys, it would be my pleasure." He then pauses before adding, "Your welcome Harry, and I thank you for the kind words." He then stops for a moment before adding, "That said, if you have the time let us go over some of the details I have uncovered so far."

8888

"Has he begun the work," asks Sirius as Harry returned to Potter Manor.

"Remus was right when he said he thought that they had already begun." Harry laughed while saying.

While trying not to grin in confidence at the fact Remus comments, "well it will speed things up that is for sure. So how much time is being audited."

"Sixteen years worth actually, they figured to research all the years I have been alive. From what he told me some years are good, others not so, and some regions are fantastic and in order while others will need to be torn down and rebuilt."

"How about the British Ministry of Magic?" Charlie asks curiously from where he is sitting nearby.

Harry snorts at that, "Oh Merlin were they in bad shape." But then he grins, "That said it could have been worse, mostly because ever since I claimed my Headships my agents have been working to fix and change and make new the laws of Albion." A pause, "It's gotten even better since the Madam Bones became Minister Bones."

"Speaking of Minister Bones," Remus says in amusement, "are you planning on telling her about your audit?"

A nod, "I think so, her and Kingsley actually. Its completely legal of course, even though its not something most would consider, so I can't see them having problems."

"Plus you want to get the Aurors on your side before any major issues begin." Sirius comments.

"That is quite true." A pause as Harry thinks. "Oh, the Unspeakables already know about it, for as far as they are concerned my imperium is basically royal already, since as Emrys I am their Guardian and Monitor."
"Well, it looks like you have done all you can for now, lets relax and worry about such things for another day." Charlie says while reaching over to rub Harry's shoulders.

"Yes, lets." Harry smiles at Charlie while across from them Sirius and Remus are doing the same to each other.

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"I want to set up a meeting with heads of the Potter Cadet Families." Harry says one day while in an official meeting with Remus and Sirius. "I do believe its time."

"Understood cub," Remus says with a nod as he makes a notation on his notepad. "Did you want it to be just the heads, the heads and heirs, them plus senior officials, or everyone?"

"Oh Merlin, no, not everyone." Is Harry's immediate response. "Considering that they haven't attempted to contact me I won't be giving them that sort of honor." A pause as he thinks on the rest of the question, "But you make a good point on your question, so I guess head and heir and maybe their seneschal and chancellor equivalents would be useful as well." Another pause, "Though those later two can meet you two rather than me."

A wide grin comes on Sirius face, "Of course you wouldn't meet them pup, not when you have us helping." While saying the last part he gestures between both Remus and himself.

"Thanks guys I appreciate it." Harry says with a smile. Which fades as he says, "But yeah, I know I need to meet with them but unlike the first time with the Blacks this is less want and more must."

"I get that pup," Sirius says softly. "The Blacks didn't know of your status and so weren't looking for you, but." He then trails off.

"But these families are technically Potter and that means they should have tried contacting you. If not before you turned eleven at least afterward." Remus says concluding Sirius' comment.

Harry nods, "Yeah definitely. I mean I get the Clays, the Martels, and the Lefays for they are far enough away and socially distant enough to be disconnected."

"But there is no excuse for the Butor, Fabbri, Arden, and most especially, the Hanse." Remus comments immediately.

Harry snorts at that, "Oh I'm fine with the Hanse not speaking up, especially with what I learned about them and the Lestrages." A pause. "I'm actually glad they go by Hanse and not Potter, as they give my family a bad name."

Blinks at that as neither had realized how deep Harry had taken the Hanse actions. This leads to Sirius coughing and saying, "Did you want to penalize them?"

A shake of the head, "Nah, not necessary. The ones in charge aren't the ones who offend me and thus there is no point." Harry then shakes his head, as if dismissing the thought. "Anyway, so yeah, that's that, I need a set up for that meeting." A pause, "I want business professional rather than familial professional."

"Understood and will do," Remus says with a firm nod.

"Right," Harry says with a laugh, "so anything else we need to discuss or or are we good?"

"Ah," Sirius says as he glances through his notes, "two more matters and we're done."
As Harry looks at the head and heir of the Fabbri Family he says, "As we have never met before introductions are in order."

With said words the two men realized how this meeting was going to go down so they nodded obediently before answering.

"Lord Potter, I am the Baron Alexandros Potter Fabbri. Since 1977 I have been focused on working on my personal artifice project, almost to the complete ignorance of what is going on in the outside world.

"What is the project?"

"I have been seeking a way to detect and measure the smallest unit of magical energy. Though I haven't entirely developed a system for this yet I have had a number of breakthroughs recently."

A tilt of the head, "How disconnected has this made you?"

"Very sir. To the point that my wife divorced me for focusing on my research more than loving her."

A pause as he debates internally on whether he should say it, but then he decides he should and so does. "I heard about what happened to James and Lily around your second birthday, added contacting you to my to do list, only got to that notation when you were eight, decided that it had been too long so put it further down." Another pause, "I never meant to let it go this long Lord Potter."

"I see." Harry says, but in a way that doesn't exactly showcase his feelings. "He then turns towards the son and gestures for him to go on."

Which leads the man to go, "Ah, I'm his son and heir Eden, I'm titled Baronet but without vote. Upon graduation I signed up with the Albion Military and currently have a commission with the Sky Force. Though I continue to get reports from Seneschal Sayer on a weekly basis for the most part I have focused both on my military service and my husband."

"Interesting. So Eden have you worked on the Yubu Campaign?"

"Not yet no, though I do believe that command will reassign me there if the campaign goes on for too much longer."

"Noted," Harry says in response to the military comment. He then says, "So do you have any interest in actually retaking your rights as sheriff over the Silverstone Hundred?"

An affirmative nod, "In time yes, of course. But that said I currently feel I can provide more for Albion as part of its Military than I would as a governing lord."

Silence as Harry contemplates all that they have said to him. He then nods and says, "Well met Alexandros and Eden, well met. You may call me Harry, for we are family after all."

Pleased smiles come to both men's faces at the nature of their acceptance.

8888

"So I said, 'but Wife why must I wear pants this is my bedroom,'" Geoffrey Arden, the head of the family says.
With amusement, "So what did she say?"

"'Husband, you are not in the bedroom, this is the receiving room.' Which was when I realized that I indeed was pantless in the relieving room of the manor." Geoffrey finishes by saying.

As Harry laughs at the joke the man's son Louis says, in amusement, "But what makes this all the worse is that the manor is a touring place."

"Wait, for real," Harry says with a laugh, "were tours going on?"

"Oh yeah, for hours by that point!" Louis says with a smile.

A slap to his side Harry is laughing so hard.

8888

"So Harry what did you think of the Arden?" Remus asks a bit later in the privacy of Harry's office.

"That they are hilarious and that Geoffrey should never be allowed near Sirius because together the two will do horrible things, funny yes, but horrible."

"It's too late Harry, I'm sorry to say," Remus says with a grin. He then tilts his head, gets serious and asks, "What of them not contacting you?"

"He said he tried near the beginning but that messages were declined and so eventually he gave up. When I asked about more recent times he explained that he has been distracted dealing with all the muggle issues going on in the region, issues that have a habit of spilling over onto our side of things." A pause, "I believe it, not just because I'm taking his word but also because he showed me the magic which proves it."

"I'm glad that works out Harry, I really do."

"So do I." Harry says with a nod. He then tilts his head, "That said, I am interested in figuring out the magic involved which stopped the contact." At Remus' curious look he continues, "Was it simply the ward on my owls or was there more to it. I need to know."

Remus gives a decisive nod, "Understood. Will assign a team to look into that."

Harry smiles gratefully, "Thank you."

8888

Almost immediately into the meeting Faramond says, "Lord Potter, I never contacted you because at the time I was going through a similar situation." A pause, "My home had just been destroyed and my wife killed and I had no one I trusted to help me raise my son Manford and administer the Bluereed Hundred as is traditional."

Harry blinks as the feeling of sheer truth on what the man had said comes over him. "I'm Harry, call me Harry, and I am sorry that you had to deal with that." A pause, "Were you given any support, any at all from House Potter?"

"Yes, a bit, especially when my logical mind came back and I stopped to think. The then Seneschal, Roland Serie, offered me all the assistance I could possibly need." A pause, "It is no lie when I say he saved my sanity."

A tilt of the head, "Is that why you married him?"
Faramond gets a soft smile on his face, "No, I married him because over the time of him helping me we fell in love." A pause, "It helped of course that he was good and kind and great with my son."

A nod, "I'm glad that things worked out in the end, and I'm sad that so many lives were lost and heartache was so large back then."

"Roland showed me that while one must remember the past one should not focus on living in it, rather they should live in the now and the future. I live by that and I am happy."

"Good on you. Good on you." Harry then clears his throat in a way of changing the subject. "So, what do you do with your time?"

"Two thirds of my time is family time and the rest is split between leading the Bluereed Hundred and administering the numerous charities I established so that nobody has to go through what I did alone."

88888

"Honestly Mason," Harry says as they are hanging out, "the Clays from Australia were so divorced from what is happening in the rest of Albion that its hilarious." A pause, "I mean Ernest, the head, knew about me but never gave it, or me, more than a thought because he thought others would care so why should he."

"Wait really?" Mason says shocked.

"Yep exactly." A pause, "Now don't get me wrong, neither of them are bad people, it's just that their minds immediately go in the direction that when something is not their listed responsibility then someone else will handle it."

"So never assume they will do something because its the right, only assume they will complete something because its assigned to them directly."

Nod. Nod. "Yes, exactly." A pause, "Which now that I know this about them certain failures in operations make a lot more sense." A shake of the head, "Anyway, enough of that, so how are things?"

Mason just grins before telling Harry about his day, which mostly involved him hanging out in the library, pool, and garden.

8888

"So how are things going for you down in South America?" Harry asks a bit into the meeting Godfrey of the Martel Family.

Godfrey shakes his head at that before saying, "Well the answer on that is it depends. If your talking Albion then good, not much issues going on. But if you are talking about the Aztecs, Mayans, or Incas then not so great, and it hasn't been for a while now. Between natural disasters, civil war, and mysterious discoveries none of those lands are doing the best they can." A pause, "Because of our placement in the between of all three nations most of my time involves managing the monitoring and diplomatic operations."

Harry tilts his head at that, "Wait a minute, how is it that your name isn't on any of the reports that those operations send me?"

"Tradition mostly, though whose I don't know but yeah tradition. It seems that recognition for what
we do was never expected and so we have never put our names on any of the files."

"Are you wedded to that tradition Godfrey," Harry asks curiously.

A shrug, "Not really, I mean its there so I do it, but if it wasn't there then I wouldn't do it."

"Right, well unless I for some reason learn of a good reason for that I want you to put your name on any report you either write or oversee." A shake of the head. "Now I'm not blaming you for this, not really, but if you had put your name on it then the two of us would have been in personal contact for years now." A pause, "Which would have been quite useful, quite useful indeed."

A nod, "I'm sorry about that Harry, I really am, and if I had known I would have directly contacted you sooner as well. But I just thought, you know, tradition is tradition and thus leaving my name out was a good thing."

"I know, and it is what it is, its just frustrating that not only do I have to deal with outside concerns but I also have to figure out which inside issues are causing me and my House problems." A shake of the head, "Well anyway, no point in dwelling on that now, but as you are here, I want the details on the Aztec civil war?"

8888

Upon escorting the twenty year old Robert Lefay of the Lefay Family into his personal office Harry says, "I am sorry Robert for the loss of your father, if there is anything that I can do do not hesitate to ask."

"I appreciate that Harry," Robert says, "I really do, but honestly we really have it all handled." A pause, "Well by we I really mean my mother has it handled, I'm staying out of its organization."

Knowing that the man doesn't want to dwell on it any longer than he has to Harry simply says, "Please inform me when the funeral is to be held as I would like to attend, even if its at school."

"Of course Lord Potter," a pause as he gets a look which has him wryly going, "Harry, of course." Another pause, "You know I have to say I'm sorry that my family, my Father, didn't try and reach out to you. By the time that I realized he hadn't you were standing in front of the Wizenemgot telling everyone your nearly dozen Houses and that the Dark Lord Riddle was back. It didn't seem appropriate for me to come up to you and say, 'hello, I'm Robert Lefay, of the Cadet Line Lefay, of the House of Potter.' So I didn't."

"Yeah, I can understand that, in fact I'm not sure I would have come forward and spoke to you either if our positions had been reversed." Harry says with a chuckle. "The truth is we now have met and with our ages being close we will have centuries to get to know each other."

"Which I would very much like." Robert says with a nod. "I mean I'm an only child and while I have some family around it sounds pretty cool to get to know you." Robert then tilts his head in thought before he nods and says, "So at home we sometimes use message journals to write over distances that would make owls sick, did you want to maybe exchange one, that way we can get to know each other better."

Harry nods at that and with a smile says, "Sounds good. In fact as I already have the infrastructure set up for such things we could get it up and running before you head back home."

"Oh really, well that sounds nifty, I'm looking forward to it." Robert says with an honest smile an a nod.
"So that is why we object to how you handled the Lestrange and Silverstine situation." Finishes Baronet Audry Hanse of the Cadet Line of Hanse.

Harry, who let him go on so in order to see how far he would go with it blinks and says, "Really. You come into my home on our first meeting, though you have had many chances to contact me, and make demands. What makes you think you have any right to do such a thing?"

Audry stares opened mouth at Harry, not expecting such a reaction from the sixteen year old.

"Well? Do you have an answer, what makes you think you could come to my chief manor house and make demands?"

"Ah, uh, well," Audry trails off after trying to come up with an answer.

"That is what I thought." A pause, "Now tell me this, did you or your predecessor manipulate the evidence that put Silverstine in prison?" A long pause, "Did you?" With the last bit being said while reaching into his Head Ring to empower the words with, well, power.

"Yes, not me, but my uncle did yes." Audry says in such a way as its clear its the magic that is forcing him to be truthful.

"So why would you come here and make demands when you know your family did wrong?" Harry says with steel in his eye.

Audry deflates with that, "My cousin talked me into it, said that if I didn't do it she would announce my secret. Said that even worse you would announce what happened and ruin Hanse."

"What's your secret?"

A wimper, "Please don't make me say it."

Feeling that the security of House Potter is at risk he reaches for his magic and says, "Baronet Audry tell me what your secret is!"

"I like to dress up in school girl attire and get taken by animagi in animal form," he says with a pained whisper.

"Oh," is all Harry says on that. Mostly because, well, out of all the things he was worried about that wasn't even on the radar. He clears his throat and says, "Audry, your secret is safe with me because I don't care!"

"What?" Audry says shocked.

"Audry, honestly, that's not that extreme in the magical world." A pause then, "I mean I'm sixteen and I already know that." Another pause, "So why do you think that would ruin you or your cadet house?"

Audry just shakes his head but doesn't answer.

"Right, so this is way out of my league which is why I am going to get Remus and Sirius involved in this." Audry wimpers, "Oh don't be like that. I already told you your secret is safe, you are safe." A pause, "Audry, look at me," there is magic in the command and so Audry picks his head up, "I am your Lord and Head of House and I will protect you, okay." This gets a nod, only half believing, but
still better than nothing.

Which is enough for him right now as he called Sirius and Remus to come to him.

8888

"Stop laughing Charlie, it's not funny," Harry says in the privacy of his office with the door closed.

Charlie doesn't stop laughing, in fact if anything he laughs even more. He then gestures, "It's a tiny bit funny."

"No its not, the man thinks he is a monster and all because his uncle and cousin manipulated him."

Charlie stops, "Well yeah, that's not funny, that's just sad. Which is why I am glad you force bound her to keep quiet on what she knows and then banished her to a far away estate." A pause, "But, well, him thinking dressing up as a school girl and then getting taken by an animagus as being the worst thing ever, now that is funny." He then laughs.

Harry looks at Charlie, really looks at him, "Are you thinking about it, is that why you are laughing so hard."

Charlie suddenly starts laughing even more, "No, no I wasn't but now that you said it I am I am."

Harry simply shakes his head and sighs at the antics going on in front of him.

Because really, it is kind of funny. Just a bit anyway.

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The day started brightly, with the sun shining, the birds chirping, the serpents in the fields hissing, the unicorns purring, and the house elves singing.

Harry had just finished taking a shower after his morning run and so was the last one to the kitchen.

But wait, it was a kitchen filled with more people then he had expected to be there.

For example, all the Weasley's were present, as was Hermione, Neville, Luna, Fleur, and Gabrielle.

"Ah, hello all, did I miss something?"

Laughter flows through the room at that. It being especially amusing as Harry is normally so put together when it comes to schedules and outlines and such.

Mason, though, doesn't simply laugh he yells, "I knew it," and then high fives those around him while saying, to the twins, "I win. Give me my prize!"

With a very loud sigh the twins both reach into a pocket and bring out a giant stuffed toy. With Fred's looking like a wolf and George's looking like an owl.

As Harry watched the twins take out the stuff toys and Mason clutching them to his chest in happy amusement he couldn't be more happier at the family that he had.

Not that he could let them know that, which is why he clears his throat and says, "So, what I'd miss?"

It is Sirius who answers, "Well pup that would be the fact that the Weasleys plus Hermione, Neville, and Luna are joining us for the journey to the Pevensie Park."

Nodding at that Harry then plops himself down in the seat next to Charlie and says, "I see, well then, hello all, lets have breakfast!"

"Why is the door closed?" Asks Hermione as soon as they appear in the Pevensie Park gateway chamber.

"Because this is a private one-way entrance chamber for the Pevensie Family. Once I open the door and we head out there is no way back in." Is Harry's immediate response.

"So what happens then Harry?" Ron asks curiously.

It is Remus that answers, by saying, "Moments after we walk out of the room agents from the park will come up in order to show us to the sign in station."

Sirius then says, "Now once there do expect us to be temporary separated during the process."

"But follow their orders and we should be fine," Arthur says in amusement.
With a chuckle Harry says, "Exactly," before heading to the door, giving them all a grin, and opening it.

Upon heading outside the group find themselves standing near a mosaic wall within a vast four story glass covered chamber. Along one side is arrival, both via magical means (so apparation, portkey, and floo) and vehicle means. There are also many many seats, couches, and tables arrayed around the many examples of nature.

The group have but a moments time to take the whole place in, including the other side where hundreds of desks for check in lie, when they are approached by a number of Pevensie Park wearing agents with smiles on their face.

It is check in time.

8888

"You know Lord Potter and company you have the easiest check in out of everyone, ever." Says Tracy Ramirez, the senior agent assigned to check their small group in.

A group which includes Harry, Sirius, Remus, Mason, and Charlie. With the later person not really being a surprise to any of the other Weasley's.

With a laugh Harry says, "I know right. No need to worry about event package, vacation plan, assigned residence, or credit account."

With an amused smile, "Indeed sir. Which makes it good we don't operate under commission, like some of those muggle agents, or I might try and get you to upgrade to the Royal Imperial Prime."

Laughter is the response.

Seeing that Mason is confused Ramirez says, kindly, "As you are all personally accompanying the Head of House Pevensie you reside in the family residence and have basically an unlimited budget to see shows, play games, access rides, and buy foods. Because of that I don't have to explain the limitations of your pre-bought credits or tell you where you can and cannot eat using said credits."

He then smiles, "You also have free run of the park and so I don't have to say where you can and cannot go as well."

"Oh, I see. So what about everyone else? What about the Weasley's?"

"Well," Ramirez says with a nod, "it's mostly the same as yours, including basically unlimited access to activities and services. The main difference is that they aren't staying in the Pevensie family ward and that the purchase of goods was given a limit at request."

"Oh okay, cool." Mason then smiles, "Thank you sir for the explanation." A pause, "I mean I know the others would have done it if I had asked but, well," he then trails off.

"You were really excited and trusted us old folks to handle things," Sirius says with a ruffle to Mason's hair.

Mason nods and smiles at that.

"Well then," Ramirez says, "I do think that is pretty much it for you all." He pauses as he flips through the documents in front of him. "We prepared four bedrooms in the residence and your attendants have already moved in your belongings." Another pause, "Oh, I know. Once we finish here you will be escorted to the private hall you rented out for your year group's party."
"Sounds perfect and I am very much looking for to this."

"You won't be disappointed sir that I guarantee." Ramirez says with a nod, while the other adults - who have all visited here at least once - smile and nod in full agreement.

8888

"Hey Harry, thanks for doing this for us, especially since its in addition to the whole free weekend thing you gave to everyone at Hogwarts," Terry says to him as they are munching on some food in the party hall while waiting for everyone to arrive.

"It's definitely not a problem and very much my pleasure." Harry says with a smile. "I'm just glad that your parents agreed to this, considering its a week long vacation."

"Well we are sixteen," says Theodore Nott with a real smile as he comes forward to greet them. "Which means technically we are legal adults." A shrug, "Now really I sweated the pot with my folks by explaining all the potential positives there are from a social politics standpoint."

"Well whatever works I say." Harry says and then chuckles. "Not that we aren't monitored I mean after all the park is one of the securest and safest places in Albion."

"Oh, so don't run around naked, gotcha!" Fred says with a nod as he walks passed while getting some food.

The others simply shake their hand, not that they are really hiding their amusement at his antics.

8888

As soon as the group of friends exited the Terminal, as the arrival area is called, Ron immediately started saying, "Okay so I want to go to Prime Town, then Wonderpark, then Sagaville, then Astroland, then Cinema Heaven, then Overgrowth, then Winter Wodner, then the Thrillzone, then Dreamtime." He pauses to take a deep breath then says, before anyone can speak, "But let's not forget the Coliseum, Wheels, the Nexus, Tracks, and the ExoDome."

Ron would have gone on longer if it wasn't for the that that Daphne suddenly put her hand in front of his mouth to stop him speaking.

As she looks at Harry he nods at her and says, "Whoa Ron, we have a week here to see everything. There's no need for us to rush things, we have the time."

A sheepish look comes to Ron's face as he says, "Sorry. It's just that this is a dream come true and its just so cool and wicked and I can't tell you how excited I am."

Laughing amusingly Sirius says, "Well it's good that you don't need to tell us as you are showing it. But as Harry said we have a week here, which means plenty of time to see everything."

"So," Hermione then says into the silence, "do we want to do this logically or haphazardly."

"And do we want to do it together or split up?" Adds Justin curiously.

"Well," Blaise says with a nod, "how about we simply walk around and take it all in together today. Then tonight we can discuss interests which can lead to plans being made and ad hoc groups being created as needed."

There are a number of nods of agreement, a few general 'I don't care, I just want to have fun," but no
disagreements. Which is why that is exactly what they do for the first day, just walk around from the main circular loop road and take it all in.

8888

"Hey Harry," Sirius says at one point when it's just the two of them. As Harry nods at the man he continues, "So ah, I've been told that I might be a little too there today and that I should give you space to hang out with your friends."

Getting a surprised look on his face Harry says, "Did I do something to make you think I didn't want you or Remus around?"

"No, not you, but others were saying it might be true."

"Well its not Sirius, so don't listen to these saying it." He stops, turns and meets Sirius' eyes full on. "I didn't get a chance to do this as a kid kid and so doing it now with you both is great." A pause, "Now yes, there will be times when I say, 'hey Sirius so and so and me are going on x ride', which basically means don't come, but that's not going to be most of the time Sirius trust me." Another pause, "I WANT you and Remus here, I very much do!"

A wry grin, "I'm glad to hear that Harry as I, well, I really wanted to be here for you, to see you have fun, and to enjoy that fun as well."

"Well then, glad we chatted," Harry says with a grin before reaching out in order to hug the man who, along with Remus, were the closest people to a parent Harry has ever personally known.

8888

As they took the river tour through the animal park Charlie kept on telling Harry stories about the various animals they passed by.

After Harry hadn't said anything for a little while Charlie chuckles softly and says, "Am I boring you?"

A quick shake of the head, "No no no. Not at all." Harry then smiles and leans in for a kiss. "Truthfully I enjoy listening to both what you are saying and how you are saying it, so I didn't need to speak."

"Kay, as long as I'm not boring you."

"Oh Charlie, being with you like this is anything but boring."

Charlie just smiles before launching back into his stories, which is basically answer enough on how much he is enjoying this.

8888

"Okay, okay, THAT WAS AWESOME!!!!!!" Mason says while jumping around. "Can we go again, huh, can we, can we, cause that WAS AWESOME!!"

Only to get a chuckle from the men around him, including Harry and Charlie who had joined them for an afternoon of park fun. This was especially fun for him as they had chosen to spend the previous day mostly alone.

Not that they called it a date or anything, as for some reason neither wanted to publicly declare that
yet.

Which was stupid if you asked him, not that Harry did, at least not on this particular point.

Which really was okay as Harry talked to him, and asked his opinions, on most other topics. So the fact that on 'romance' he did not didn't really bother him.

Especially when one considers, "Guys, guys, THAT WAS AWESOME!" A pause, "Let's do it again."

Which, even though they were laughing at his antics, they did, which is all that he cared about at this point.

8888

"So Cedric, Terence, having fun?" Harry says as he comes upon them, with Blaise, Neville, and Luna accompanying him.

"Oh yes, very much so." Cedric says with a smile. "Thanks for the invite."

"Not a problem Cedric, especially considering your one of my best friends." Harry says with a smile.

Terence simply chuckles while saying, "Well I for one thank you for this pre-wedding honeymoon part one."

After tipping his hat in their direction Harry says in question, "So, did you want to join us for this ride?"

Terence nods at that while gesturing towards the line, "As you don't wait in lines, yes, yes I do."

Which gets some laughter before the group head into the VIP area and the joy that is the ride.

8888

"We should have a 'the week is half over' party to lament the fact that the week is almost over," Justin says imperiously the night before the day of said middle of the vacation.

Though this is taken more in amusement than him being serious some of those hanging around do get a thinking face on at the same time.

Which is why Draco goes, "Hey Harry, do we have to pay to get the party package?"

After giving Draco, and Justin an amused smile, Harry shakes his head. "Nah, at least not if its a 'middle of the vacation' party."

"Oh hey, your right, I do remember seeing that exception in the vacation clause," Sirius says form the couch he is sitting and playing chess with Ron on.

Remus sighs loudly, though playfully, "I guess I will enact that clause!"

Pop

"Vana will tell the masters that true master wishes for him and his family and friends wish for a mid-week party. Vana knows exactly what party that should be like!"

Though he blinks in surprise at the presence of the house elf this doesn't stop Harry from smiling and
saying, "Thank you Vana, I appreciate such dedicated."

"Vana likes to help true master!"

Pop.

"Handy bunch they are," Sirius says with a laugh as he uses Ron's bit of distraction to get a legal checkmate.

"Hey, no fair! Let's play again."

8888

"Oh, let's stop here guys," Remus says as they walk past a series of street games. "I want to try and win some stuffed animals for you all."

While Mason and Harry laugh in amusement at that, Charlie and Ron gets sparkles in their eye indicating they quite like the idea.

So does Sirius who says, "Ooh, I remember these. Hey Remus do you think the game we played as kids is still here?"

"Probably, and I aim to find it out." Remus says with conviction.

"Yeah so will I," Charlie says, "I want to get something for Harry."

This gets a soft smile from said person, for he really likes the idea of being given said gift.

At the same time Ron then smiles at Daphne and says, "So which game do you like the prizes from?"

Of course it is a quite happy group who are, about an hour later, walking out of the games street with a massive stuffed animal in each of their hands.

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"Okay, I'm going to call it a night," Harry says with a laugh.

"What, is three shows in one night more than you can handle?" Is asked by Sirius.

"Yes, yes it is." A pause, "Don't stop because of me though, you and Remus deserve to enjoy yourself as well."

Sirius and Remus simply look at each other for a moment before saying, "Okay!," grinning and running off to see another show.

Charlie, Mason, and Harry simply look at each other in shock at that.

Then Mason laughs, "I'm glad I was just about to call it a night myself. I'm thinking hot chocolate and a few chapters of my favorite book."

"Same for me," Charlie states, then pauses. "Well, okay, the same thing is only heading back not so much what you are going to be doing."

Which gets grins from both Mason and Harry at that backpeddling.
The end result is all three head back, with Charlie and Harry going into Harry's room to relax and have some fun.

A fact which gets a giggle from Mason in response.

"How's it going Molly, Arthur?" Harry asks upon coming up to the two as the stand in line for a ride. As he is on his way to meet some of the others he is alone at the moment.

"It's going great," Arthur says with a smile. He then grins, "Especially now that it's just us two."

"Well I'm glad that you have been able to find some time alone and that you are having fun."

A nod followed by Molly saying, "It's been nice, reminds me of when we first visited here years ago, back before the brood came."

Harry chuckles at that before giving them a wave and heading off as their line moves forward enough that they are heading inside the ride's building.

As they lay on a couch on the night before the end of the vacation Harry asks the gathered, "So, hey all, how much of the park were you able to see?"

Ron grins at that before saying, "I got to see pretty much everything at least one." As the group laugh he adds, "I asked a worker and he was able to get me a park map that had ALL the rides and attractions listed on it. I have been checking them off one by one."

"I did the same," says Padma with a smile, "and it made going around the park so much easier."

As the others nod at that Sally says, "I focused heavily on a few of the parks rather than spreading my time out. It makes it so I am looking forward to coming back here later on."

This opens the floodgates and soon the whole group, one by one, are telling their stories of what they saw and enjoyed during the vaction. Needless to say none of them, not even the adults, headed to bed early that night.

"You know," Harry starts to say as his immediate group returns to Potter Manor, "though I hate the end of vacations I love the feeling I get returning to Potter Manor."

"That's because Potter Manor is home and its always lovely to return home after time away," Remus says with a smile.

"I think its because you are looking forward to the master bedroom and your super-equipped office that has all the advanced functions you could ever want!" Sirius says in a way that clearly shows he is jokingly going against Remus' sentimental comment.

"Oh really," Charlie then says, "I thought it was because Potter Manor had the best bathrooms anywhere."

While chuckling Harry says, "Honestly, I think its all of them!"
"The thing I like the most about weddings," Harry says to Charlie as they are sitting on a couch in Potter Manor waiting for Sirius and Remus to come down, "is that we get to have fun and meet others without having the stress of organizing them." Harry stops for a moment as he hears footsteps coming towards their room which leads him to saying, with a grin in his voice, "The thing I don't like about weddings is waiting for Sirius to take forever to get ready!"

"Ha bloody ha," Sirius says as he walks in the room with Remus at his back, "Way to be a comedian!" He then shakes his head, letting his long hair shimmer, "Anyway, one can't rush perfection especially when one looks as fine as I do."

The group simply laugh at that as they finish their last minute preparations before making there way to the church.

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As they are sitting in the front of the church Harry leans slightly towards Charlie and says softly, "Its a bit amusing how 'simple' this wedding is as compared to the Steward one."

An agreeable nod, "I know, but honestly, I doubt any one will be as complex as that wedding was."

A gesture leads the others turning to Mason who says, "Ah, what was the Steward Wedding?"

Wide grins as Sirius says, "The three identical Steward siblings got married together, they each have a different faith and so their ceremony combined it all."

"Oh, wow," a pause, "so how did they do the whole walking down the aisle thing when all three siblings had the same parents?"

"A bit of divine magic duplicated the parents three times so all got walked down."

"Oh that's nice," Mason says but then as he is about to comment on something as the lights flash and music plays as a sign that matters are about to start.

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As Harry had assumed the moment the ceremony started the back doors of the church opened and both Cedric and Terence walked down the aisle with their parents on both sides.

What amuses Harry the most about this is that it worked to separate both husbands-to-be, meaning they didn't come together till they stood in front of the officiating priest. A priest who is from the Christian Church of Albion, which is the faith that both Cedric and Terence follow.

It is, for the most part, a traditional ceremony, though Harry did notice a few moments where more Pantheonic elements had been included. Which, as he thought about it, did not really surprise him, for he knew that some sects within the Church of Albion had begun accepting certain elements of the more traditional magical faiths.
As Harry listened he smiled and clapped when appropriate, sang the songs that needed to be sung, and generally enjoyed the fact that two of his good friends were getting married. Then it got to the point where the two began saying their wedding vows. This brought such a wide smile on Harry's face that Charlie couldn't resist reaching up with his hand to take Harry's hand in his.

Harry simply gave a smile at that for no words were needed.

"I, Cedric, take you, Terence, to be my partner, loving what I know of you, and trusting what I do not yet know. I eagerly anticipate the chance to grow together, getting to know the man you will become, and falling in love a little more each day. I promise to love and cherish you through whatever life may bring us." A slight pause, "I give you this ring as a symbol of my love, my faith in our strength together, and my covenant to learn and grow with you."

Once Cedric gives Terence his ring the later says, "Cedric, with all my love, I take you to be my husband. I will love you through good and the bad, through joy and the sorrow. I will try to be understanding, and to trust in you completely. Together we will face all of life's experiences and share one another's dreams and goals. I promise I will be your equal partner in a loving, honest relationship, for as long as we both shall live." A pause, "With this ring, I thee wed, and with it, I bestow upon thee all the treasures of my mind, heart, and hands."

With this final exchange of rings the two are married, to the great applause of those gathered.

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"Cedric, Terence," Harry says upon coming up to them after the ceremony lets out, "congrats to you both and I wish you a long and happy and fruitful marriage!"

He then reaches over to hug Cedric, which is happily accepted. As he pulls back Cedric says, "Thank you for all you have done for me my friend."

"You deserve every bit of it Cedric, every bit."

He then moves to hug Terence, also fully accepted and returned, with the man saying to Harry as he pulls back, "Thank you for bringing my husband home alive that night."

Harry squeezes him tightly, understanding the emotion of the fear that it gave him that night, "No thanks are needed for to do otherwise never crossed my mind."

He then pulls back fully takes both of their hands in a firm grip before saying, "I hope you enjoy yourself tonight guys."

Terence says with a smirk, "Oh we plan to, that's for sure."

"Terence," Cedric says with a whine and a bit of a blush. After they laugh for a moment he says, "Oh Harry, don't go far as your going to be part of the picture taking."

"Of course," Harry says with a grin as he steps back to not be in the way for what he know sis going to be the start of a very busy afternoon for them.

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It is at the gesture from Cedric and Terence that Harry gets up from his seat near the front. Making his way to the podium he smiles at the crowd and gives a bit of a bow to the happy couple. "Cedric, Terence, first of all I wish you joy and good fortune and love all the days of your lives."
He then turns towards the front and says, "I meant them both my first year, their third, in such
different but interesting ways. Cedric I met first, when we practically ran into each other heading to
the yard to begin running." Harry chuckles at the thought. "Who knew at the time that for the next
five years that every day but Sunday's during school we would run. Run and talk, and it is through
that talk that I got to know Cedric."

A pause, "Of course nobody can talk about the greatness that is Cedric without mentioning his
fantastic performance in the Hex-Wizard Tournament of his sixth year. As his school partner I can
at ease that he was focused, dedicated, and noble - all the traits one wants in a champion, friend,
partner, and wizard. For the record, we won, and that is partly because of Cedric here." Harry then
jokingly holds up his fingers a tiny bit to show how much Cedric contributed.

The applause at the comment and the laughter at the joke then lead to a moment's pause before he
says, "On Terence, I met him for the first time during a Gryffindor-Slytherin Quidditch game where
he, then a seeker, though most of you mostly know him as a Keeper, went up against me in what
was quite a fun game. After that we saw each other quite a bit, both in adhoc multi-team practices
and actual official games."

"Because of how I got to know both of them independent of each other I also got a front row seat as
they began to get closer. From one date, to a few, to officially getting together, to ups and downs,
and such. I even got to see when they proposed to each other, mostly because both secretly told me
about it before they actually did it." Some laughter is the response to that.

A pause, "I also would like to say, for the record, that maybe in another life Cedric and I would have
gotten together. Just so you all know."

Shock and then amusement at that, especially when Terence can clearly be seen saying, "I'm totally
fine with that Cedric, you know I am."

As the laughter fades away, "Of course we will never really know because in this life, this time and
place, they only have eyes for each other. Which is great, which is right, because as anyone who
knows them can tell, their perfect for each other."

Another pause, "Which is why I will simply end this by saying to Cedric, to Terence, to Cedric and
Terence and the wonderful journey through life they are now on together."

Harry then steps away from the podium only to find that the two newly weds had stood up and came
over to him. Giving each a hug and a handshake the three smile at each other before Harry makes his
way back to their table as the next speech begins.

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"May I have this dance?" Charlie says to Harry just as the later steps slightly off the dance floor after
dancing with first Blaise and then Daphne.

Harry grins as he takes hold of the offered hand, "Of course Charlie, you may always have the
dance."

The two smile at each other as the head to the dance floor.

At the same time Molly, while watching them dance, says to those around her, "So, how long before
the proposal?"

"Not till he is dealt with," Sirius says with a sneer, which fades to lightness as he adds, "so I say
sometime Harry's seventh year."
Instead of commenting on what Sirius says, Arthur instead goes, "Molly dear, please don't start picking out the floral patterns for the wedding."

She scoffs at that but then says sweetly, "Of course not, no, I will simply start to comment on how I simply love designing weddings and let their instincts guide them into asking me to help plan their wedding."

As their is a bit of laughter Remus goes, "Anyway, don't you have Bill's and Fleur's wedding to help plan?"

A slight nod followed by, "Help yes, but not really plan, no." At their looks she sighs and says, "Fleur has a great many ideas on what she wants, which means I don't get to be as creative as I had hoped to be." A pause and a grin as she turns to watch the well to do dance of Charlie and Harry, "But then, well, neither are flower pattern sorts of people which means I get to do a lot more."

Chuckles are given in response as as they are interrupted by others starting a different conversation.

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Right after Cedric and Terence wave goodbye and make their leave Harry says, "Well that's it, parties over."

There is some laughter at those gathered about followed by Bill curiously asking, "So Harry, I meant to ask earlier, but do you know where they are going on their honeymoon?"

A nod and a grin, "They have book a sky cruise on the Nirvana. Heading there now actually."

"Ooh really," says Fleur. As the others look on curious she adds, "Its only the greatest aerial cruise line in the whole of Albion." A pause, "Though I head bookings require years in advance?"

As eyes turn to Harry he simply shrugs, "It's owned by Pevensie." Which basically sums things up.

Not said of course was that this is Harry wedding present to them. A month long all expenses paid highly personalized destination cruise on the Nirvana. As far as Harry is concerned it was the best gift he could give to them, especially since both enjoyed cruises, loved the sky, and didn't really want to settle on one place.

The fact that the suite they just so happened to be staying in is the House Pevensie Head Suite was immaterial to the fact that everything about the trip was designed for them and them alone.

Their many handshakes, pats on the back, and heartfelt thank yous were proof enough.

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"Can you explain your directive on the giants, its a bit surprising?" Remus asks as they are going over House business.

"Sure," Harry says with a smile, "its based on my control over the Vidan Preserve. From both files and magic the area is a few hundred square miles of mountain valleys, hilly forests, and wild marshes. Its pretty close to inhospitable for humans as you can get, even with our magic. The same would not be true for the Giants, and probably a few other of the more wild and barbarian like magical races."

"You want to just give them the land?" Remus asks surprised.

"Of course not, but I do what them to have the right to live upon it. Lets consider it to be me establishing a few more private hundreds within the greater Preserve. They get to live their lives mostly unburdened by the restrictions on others."

"Mostly?" Remus says with an eye raise.

"Of course, I am still the wardmaster and owner of the land. Though they have no need to follow Ministry rules and regulations they will have to follow mine. All treaties established with Albion will remain with a few others on top."

"What of trade and travel?"

"They are not prisoners and can come and go as they wish, of course if they leave the Preserve then they have to understand they are accepting the laws of whatever land they are in. So not much changes if its my holdings but could be a lot if its Ministry held." A pause as he thinks. "As for trade maybe we can establish a trading consortium with both me and them as owners, though I want the better share."

"Sounds good, could be quite profitable for your assets." A stop. "Do you want to have it part of the charter you get free goods?"

"I'm not sure on that actually. I don't want everything we gain to be free, as that would ruin them, but I do think some tribute wouldn't be bad." Harry says thoughtfully.

"You could always have it set up so that certain quotas are met at below cost, but everything above that has to be purchased as normal. Though maybe we have to be asked first before they can seek out other buyers."

Nodding firmly, "That sounds perfect Remus, lets do it that way. It benefits both us and them in ways that don't harm either. It also doesn't cause them to think we are taking advantage of them, which would not be a good thing."

"So what about them joining on our conflicts, either general or our one with Voldemort?" Remus asks the hot button topic.

"I have actually given that one thought. On the topic of Voldemort I am willing for them to give me
neutrality. Having them out of the conflict would not be harmful. I have no issue with them joining both the local Watch unit of the Preserve and the division of the Vidan Guard assigned to the territory, and in fact I would push them to as I want them to know they have the right to protect their homes.” Here Harry shrugs. "I wouldn't object to having a detachment of them available as auxiliaries for my other House Guards."

"You are giving them a lot of options, are you sure you want to do that?” Remus asks.

"Well they don't need to know all of what I am willing to do and give them, at least not at first.” Harry responds with a smile.

"Too true, too true," Remus laughs. "So how much of a focus do you want this to be?"

"Pretty high, though not lets drop everything and do it." Harry then gives Remus a smile, "I don't mean to give you even more work, even though we both I will." They laugh. "So, on that, feel free to spread the work, if you know anybody who would be a perfect ambassador to them then lets see about having their help."

"Will do. What do I say if they want to speak to you, as the Lord and Head of House."

"We find some way for me to meet them under the banner of neutrality. Though let us not make it seem like I am bowing down to them."

Remus grins at that before changing to one of the other topics they needed to discuss.

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Of course as fate would have it the first meeting between Harry and the giants would not be a peaceful one. Harry was in Diagon Alley near the end of the summer shopping for school supplies when a force of Death Eaters and their giant allies suddenly appeared.

As Harry was not one to simply give in quietly he grinned harshly, his wand came out, and before anyone knew it he was launching spells. They weren't entirely simple spells either for after five years of combat training under a whole host of experts Harry knew what he was doing.

Making great use of his speed Harry zipped along the alley way putting up shield charms while at the same time as launching offensive hexes at any nearby enemies. Though Harry was not using illegal or restricted spells the ones he did use were often overpowered, and thus had effects much stronger than they otherwise would have been.

Harry was also not taking any chances with downed death eaters getting back up and into the frey, so when he disarmed he did it literally - a cutting spell cut off the wand hand or arm of the enemy. As an effect of a regular spell the lost limbs could easily be reattached or regrown, with no loss of functionality. Permanence wasn't the goal, rather, it was to get the enemy out of the fight and through this practice Harry was able to do just that.

As he fought, with Sirius at his back, Remus moved to provide assistance to those in the crossfire without the means of defending themselves. With the three communicating by hand signals and magic pulses they were exactly where they needed to be when they needed to be.

Harry had just taken out one of the death eaters when he found himself face to face with the war leader of the giant band. He was a mean looking giant with a lot of piercings, tattoos, and embedded jewelry in his bead and hair. With a mighty roar Harry was forced into combat by the giant, though in truth Harry wasn't exactly unwilling.
Harry was quite quick to use his mobility as an advantage, running up and around and through the legs of the giant. All the while Harry was casting spells against the giant in an attempt to move him to an site where he won't do as much damage to the street as he was doing. Dodge here and a spell there, a run there and then a protection spell next.

It was at that point that Harry decided that this was a good enough time for him to reveal the presence of his staff. A staff which he had studied the use of for years now while keeping the existence of it mostly a secret. So with a burst of magic that shocked both the giant and those looking at him the staff materialized in his hands. With a grin Harry began fighting the giant sword to staff. Parry and strike, strike and parry, a spell to hide or a spell to attack. Move forward then move back, give and take and give and push. With a mighty roar Harry went all out, deciding to not let the giant have any quarter.

After a mighty push the giant found himself on his back and then with a great jump backed by magic Harry landed on his stomach. A swipe of his staff once, then twice, and the giant was unarmed - literally - and then the wand was put to the giant's throat.

In a no nonsense tone Harry says, "Surrender."

"I surrender," the giant says with a gurgle.

"Tell your forces to surrender as well, and if they do then, -" and Harry's voice turns loud and powerful and can be heard the street over, "- no harm will come to you by the hand of the Aurors."

The giant nods at that, even he can tell when he is beat, and so calls out, "Red Rock Giants, surrender."

The giants roar in angry acceptance of their defeat but then simply, and to their last member, sit down. They glare at the aurors that go near them but otherwise do not do any hostile move. As for the aurors, well, with the revelation of what Harry Potter can do none of them wish to anger him - and so they follow his direction and simply monitor the giants.

"Good," Harry says after the giants settle down, "now, why did you attack."

"Dark Lord said Ministry would take our lands and kill our children and so we decided to attack first," was his response.

"Well," Harry then stops, "what is your name," Harry asks.

"Martok, Chief of the Red Rock Giants, is who I am, you be the Harry Potter right."

"Yes I am Martok. Now let us clean some things up, the Ministry is not planning on attacking your children or stealing your lands. In fact if anyone would do that it would be the Dark Lord Voldemort rather than the Ministry. Second, I had put out feelers on speaking to your great council of chiefs but have been ignored. Since I have defeated you in combat you will set that up for me."

"I agree," Martok says softly, "we will meet and listen to what you have to say."

"Good, then in a gesture of good will I will heal you of my disarming." So said Harry raises his wand and casts a complicated spell which summons and then reattaches both arms. The only sign of the sundering was a circular band looking like chains on the arm where the cut was. For all that it wasn’t necessary (the healing could be seamless) Harry wanted the giant to have a sign of what he had just went through. It would remind him of the power that Harry had.

Harry then gets off the stomach of the giant and moves to the side. He then looks at the Aurors and
Harry nods with a fierce grin, "Of course they are, why would you think otherwise." Some of the aurors laugh at that.

At the same time as the banter is going on the giants take their leave silently. Martok stops for a second and says to Harry, "you will hear from us soon." He then leaves using the giant version of a portkey.

Remus and Sirius move to Harry's side from where they were helping the aurors and shopkeepers. Sirius says, "well that is one way to prove your worth to the giants."

Remus nods, "I expect I will get messages for a meeting from the giants within the next few days." A pause. "If we are lucky then Martok might be able to wrest control from those who made the pact with Voldemort.

Harry nods at that while Sirius says, "So as your speaker to the Wizenemgot may I know what our official stance is as it pertains to the giants with the Ministry."

Eying Shacklebolt and gesturing slightly to come closer Harry answers Sirius, "The House of Potter wishes to seek out an alliance with the giants, in exchange for neutrality in the war against the Dark Lord we will provide them with some of our personal lands to inhabit. That is why I let them leave, so the talks can commence." Here Harry pauses before continuing, "Oh and Sirius, please inform them that if they dismiss the talks or join Voldemort than I have no issue with the Ministry doing what it must do to keep the peace."

"As you wish," is Sirius response with a nod, one shared by Shacklebolt.

Harry then says, "well, I think we should continue with our shopping, to prove that Voldemort cannot disrupt our way of life." Sirius and Remus nod at him, joining him as they do. Before he continues with that he turns to Shacklebolt and says, "if you need my testimony on the events of today do not hesitate to contact me."

Shacklebolt nods, "No problem, will do. Good job by the way, I just wanted to say that to you. Go and have fun." He then waves Harry off.

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As Remus had predicted it was three days later when a message was sent to Harry from the giants. It was only two days after that that Harry (with Sirius and Remus as advisors) met with the council of chiefs for the giants, their equivalent to the Wizenemgot.

They meet in the High House, an ancient magical tent designed to provide a centralized meeting house for the chiefs and heirs of the seven great and score of minor giant tribes. Possession of the physical structure rotates to whomever is the bearer of the sigil of the high chief, which at the moment was Martok of Red Rock Tribe. In fact the three day delay was him wresting control of the high chiefdom from Garrok, the previous high chief.

When the three wizards walked into the room the various chiefs were already sitting down in meeting, which was as it should be for Harry was only a guest. A status he would have unless they agree to his plan and move onto his lands, then he would be their Patron and thus an honorary
member of the Giants council.

As Harry gets to the speaker's spot the chief in the Bronze River Tribe seat speaks up, "So tell us wizard why should we even think of allying with you."

"As my letter said I have as part of my holding a vast region with diverse landscapes that would be as perfect for your species as it is a deadly wasteland for my own." Is Harry's simple response.

"It seems too good to be true," then a pause as the chief thinks and then says, "I am Tarrok of the White Mountain Tribe and I have yet to find a human who gives without excepting anything back."

Harry nods at that but then says, "I am benefiting from the deal, just in a way that does no harm to you. If you inhabit the land then that means the resources now sitting there useless become available as trade goods."

"You will make us work for you human," again a pause and then, "I am Mannan of the Blue Bay Tribe." Harry couldn't help but be pleased that they are introducing themselves by name, its a sign of growing respect.

"While I do want a part of the goods collected and processed to be given to my House as tribute, anything beyond that level is yours to do with as you see fit as is the standard in every one of my holdings."

The first giant chief speaks again, "Will you require us to fight your battles for you," the pause is long, but then he says, "I be Normak of the Broze River Tribe."

A tilt of his head shows the growing respect and then Harry says, "while I do expect some of your race to join in with my Guard and Watch who protects the holdings, no, I do not require you to fight my battles. As I showed the honorable Chief Martok, I can fight my own battles. At minimum I want neutrality in the conflict against the Dark Lord Voldemort and at maximum I wouldn't mind some of your soldiers to join my army. But its not mandatory."

"Tarrok of the White Mountain Tribe. We know you are against the Dark Lord, you have neither interest nor reason to hide that. But is it him you hate or dark magic as a general thing. This matters to my tribe as we are traditionally users of such types of magic."

Nodding at Tarrok in respect for his willingness to voice such a question. "The truth is that I have mixed feelings on the practice of dark magic and so do not have an answer for you. That said I am not against you continuing your traditional practices as long as it neither harms the environment, damages the wards, destroys souls, or targets humans. Furthermore I am open to having discussions with you and your council in the future on the details of the magics you practice."

The giants all nod at that, its a good answer for a complicated question that not even the council of Giants have been able to answer. Even Tarrok was pleased at the open minded potential of the answer.

"I am Karan of the Golden Plains Tribe and I wonder about the deal. You give us a home, a chance to work for a living, and a place without having to fear humans coming in and doing us harm, and all you want is some resources back, how does what we get equal what you get."

"In truth I do not know what to say that would convince you I mean neither you nor your people any harm, but only good will. The truth is that I am a powerful wizard who has been granted by Magic a lot of land and resources. With the life I have had I see no reason to horde it for myself and so I willingly grant you access to that which I do not need directly." Harry says with conviction.
An ancient giant elder turns to his fellow giants and says, "I Esrak of the Emerald Hill Tribe have seen the heart of this young warrior wizard. I have seen him in the dreams and visions that Magic has granted me, and what he speaks is true."

Nodding at the respected elder another giant then speaks, "As the chief of the Obsidian Marsh Tribe, I Fonka, have long read his messages, heard his answers, and listened to what the honored chief Esrak has said. Taking it all in I find that it leaves us with choosing one of three options. The first is we stay the course we have, remaining a marginalized species housed in an ever increasingly barren and useless land. We can serve the Dark Lord and probably get destroyed when he topples to this young lord. Or we can join him and probably find ourselves being able to walk with our heads held high." A pause as he turns his head to meet the eyes of the other chiefs. "I know what I want, for myself, my family, and the tribe that I have the honor of leading."

With the six other chiefs all having their say Martok then talks. "I saw the wizard in battle and he fought bravely and with skill. From speaking to him and learning of his offer to us I came home and forced out the old High Chief who believed our future lay with fighting on the side of the Dark Lord. Now we all know where I stand, but this has to be a decision of us all, so we now must discuss." He then turns to Harry and says, "thank you for agreeing to come and speak to us, we will now debate and will inform you of what we discuss."

Harry nods and then bows slightly to each of them with respect before turning and heading out. He was not worried for he could see it in the air, they would ally with him, probably even join in his cause. He knew he had just taken the Giants from Voldemort.

But even more Harry knew that he had given them a chance for a better life in a land that they can make a home in.

He was of course correct, not even an hour passed before Harry was requested to come back in where the council of giants agreed to Harry's proposal. Months would pass before the giants began settling within the large portions of the territory that had been designated for the groups, but even at its start everyone knew that they had made the right choice.

Well, not everyone was happy, for Voldemort was quite upset that he lost some of his heavy hitting forces to the young upstart who dared claim so many titles.
Assisting Firsts

Date: Summer Before Sixth Year, Late August

Walking into the Harry's office at Potter Manor and seeing Harry laugh leads to Charlie going, "What's so funny?"

"Hey Charlie," Harry says with a smile, "I was just thinking on how my luck works." At the curious look he explains, "So right after I make a deal with the Giants I get a message from Professor McGonagall informing both myself and the other prefects of our assisting schedule."

"Huh?"

A confused look, "Didn't I tell you that the Headmaster and Board decided to have the incoming First Years arrive at Hogwarts a few days earlier than the rest. Once there they get a tour, meet the professors, get sorted, etc."

"Ah, yeah, yeah you did. I just didn't connect that with the term assisting schedule." A pause, "So how many new First Years are there?"

"A little under two hundred people." Harry then chuckles. "It seems the population has boomed since the time of my birth."

A wide grin at that but then a tilt of the head, "So how many new professors did Hogwarts hire?"

"Two more full time professors per subject plus half a dozen assistants." A pause, "None of them being people I am going to have teaching me."

"Well it's still pretty wicked that's for sure. I mean this system probably won't last but as a stop gap measure it's pretty nice."

Nod. Nod. "Yeah, that's exactly what it is." A pause, "Honestly, between us, the Board and the Headmaster are only doing it this way right now due to the war against Riddle." A pause, "Once that's done there is talk of completely rearranging the way Hogwarts operates."

"Oh wow," a pause, "it means Hogwarts will feel completely different from when say I attended."

Nod, "Yep." A grin. "But the thing is its not a completely new system Hogwarts is implementing but rather they are bringing back an older system when there were many more Magicals of student age."

"Well interesting," Charlie says. He then pauses to tilt his head, "So when are you leaving?"

"Two days from now. Which means I need to finish all that which I cannot do when school starts."

At that statement Charlie leers at Harry and gives him an absolutely filthy look. Which Harry blinks at, before realizing the double meaning of what he just said. He then laughs, gets up from his chair, and heads to Charlie. "So, would you like to help be with said finishing?"

"Of course, lead the way!"
"Hello First Years," Harry says as he stands in a spot that lies midway between the floo balcony, apparation station, and archways from the muggle station. He also gestures for the large number of said first years mingling about to come close. When they do he says, "Welcome to Platform 9 and 3/4 and the start of your glorious time at Hogwarts." There is some laughter at that. "My name is Harry Potter and I am a sixth year Gryffindor prefect. Because of that I was volunteered to assist in orientation today." A pause, "The first step of which is sign-in, mostly because there are 196 of you and we would like to make sure nobody is missing." A wide smile. "Soóóó, once I stop speaking please join a line based on the letter of your last name, that way we can check you in. As part of that you will each be given a number which relates to the section of this space you are to mingle in." A final pause, "Any questions?"

A boy speaks up asking, "Are you really Harry Potter, THE Harry Potter?"

"Yep, last time I checked anyway, but I guess I should check again." A pause, "Hey Daphne, am I Harry Potter?"

"Yes Harry," Daphne says with a sigh, considering the question had been asked over eight times now was mostly real.

Turning back towards the gathered first years Harry nods, "Yep I am." A grin, "So any other questions?" A pause, "None for now, cool, but remember never hesitate to ask if you are confused by something. Okay?" Many nods. "Good, well then please begin lining up."

8888

"Thats 206, we seem to be missing two people," Ernie says almost an hour later.

"Who are we missing Ernie?" Harry asks as he comes up to the table. He sees Patrick, the Head Boy standing there and says, "Oh, oops sorry."

"No need to say sorry," Patrick comments as I was wondering the same exact thing."

"It's Britney Simons and Brett Mcarthur," Ernie says in response to both questions.

Before Patrick can say anything they hear the door to the muggle station open and Hermione and Ginny coming in with two clearly first years in tow.

It is Hermione who speaks first, "So if your missing two people here they are."

"They are Britney and a Brett," Ginny states with a nod towards the two students.

"Perfect," Patrick says with a nod before gesturing for them to come forward and sign in.

8888

"Knock, knock," Harry says with a smile as he peers through the already open door into the train carriage. "Mind if I come in for a moment?"

"Of course not Mr Potter sir," says a young boy with a nod.

"No no, no need for that, Anthony," Harry says with a smile and a note that he knows the lad's name, "I'm just Harry to you, to all of you." As soon as he gets nods from the four people sitting in the cart he continues, "So I came in here to tell you what is to come." He pauses to lean back before saying, "So once the train stops you will be escorted to the gates of Hogwarts by boat. Once inside the great hall the professors will introduce themselves and a feast will occur. It is after the feast that
the sorting will occur."

"My brother said that people are sorted first?"

A nod, "And your brother would have been right, Sharen, about previous years. But from your year and on the sorting comes after the feast."

A boy Harry knows is Gregory Self asks, "But why?"

"Because we are all Hogwarts students first and foremost and members of a house second. We believe, hope really, that this will help to make that to be true." Harry smiles, "That no matter what houses you are all sorted into you will stay friends."

"Is it true that your year are all friends?"

"Yep, very much true." Harry then laughs, "But I admit that with there only being forty of us, ten per year, its a bit easier to know everyone."

"Um, how can you remember our all names?"

"Well Coralie," Harry says with a grin as the group laugh at once again him proving he knows their name, "I meditate a lot and so my memory has become basically perfect. In time, with practice, all of you can gain the same ability." A small smile, "So any other questions?"

"Ah, one, so what is the plan for tomorrow?"

"A tour of the school followed by workshops introducing you directly to the professors, assistants, and staff of Hogwarts." A pause, "There will also be icebreakers and random games of fun and such." Harry then smiles before getting up when he sees that nobody has any more question. "Right then, well continue to have fun and relax and I will see you all when you get off the train."

8888

"I like this one table thing," Harry says as he stands up front in order to assist in overall coordination. Which is a task that was assigned to him in consideration of his skills in that.

"I do as well Mr Potter," the Headmaster says as he comes and stands by him.

"Maybe we can keep this in mind when we win against the menace," is Harry's next comment after nodding.

"Already planning the victory party Mr Potter," Snape says in his drawl as he moves past.

"Of course not Professor, I was simply stating that we should keep this one table design in mind for such an eventuality." Is Harry's cheeky response.

"Duly noted then Mr Potter," Snape says with a small nod of amusement as he walks away.

As Harry and the Headmaster watch him go the two wizards can't help but grin in shared amusement.

8888

As the Headmaster stands up at the end of the feast, but before desert is given out, a hush descends upon the great hall.
"It has come, the time honored tradition of the Sorting. But tonight it is going to be done somewhat differently than how it has been in the recent past. When I sit down the Sorting Hat will first sing his song and when he finishes he will call out a name and random. Said student will come up to the bench, get sorted, and then sit down at one of the four house tables that will appear any moment." He pauses then says with a twinkle in his eye, "Do to the magic of the great hall your placemat will move with you, so feel free to continue eating from your plate." This gets a bit of laughter. "This will be repeated till all first years are sorted." There is a pause then, "Now, prefects, please make you way to your house table so you may welcome the first years as they get sorted."

At that moment four house tables appear along the walls containing banners bearing house patterns. Then, as one, the twenty-six prefects (which include the Head Boy and Head Girl) stood up and made there way to their house's table. As soon as they sat down their placemat faded from their own seat and appeared in front of where they were now sitting, to everyone's amusement.

With a twinkle in his eye the Headmaster then says, "Right then all, let the Sorting begin!"

"Alica, Sal, Andrea, Cathleen, Martine, Tracey thank you for meeting me like this," Harry says to the gathered first years the next day.

"Its us who should be thanking you sir," comments Sal Mabry with a slight bow.

"Nope, in fact, very much a big nope. Not here at Hogwarts for here at Hogwarts all students are equal in honor. Here, well, here I am just Harry rather than Lord Potter or Patron Potter."

"But," Cathlene Shull starts to say.

Negative shake of the head, "No buts." Harry then gets serious, a fact which they recognize, if their sitting up straight shows. "So look, I know that as Shifters a part of each of you is worried about attending Hogwarts. But I am here to tell you do not worry. That the professors have your back, that 'I' have your back. That you can walk through the halls of Hogwarts with your heads held high and can answer, "hey I didn't see you last weekend, where did you go?" with "it was the full moon and I am a shifter' with no worries." A pause, "Seriously, no worries. Because if any act of bullying is visited upon you then you can trust that the teachers will come down on them so fast they will get wiplash."

There is silence as they look at each other in shock at how blatant Harry is being. As he can tell they might not fully believe him he says, "Who is my High Seneschal?"

"Remus Lupin," Andrea answers promptly.

"And what is he?"


"Now, did I fire him for that status?" Shakes of the head are given in response. So Harry grins, "Exactly! What I did do was increase his pay and give him more responsibilities when dealing with those who wished to speak to me. Now, well, now everyone wishing for a meeting has to go through my very powerful Shifter High Seneschal." Harry turns to meet the eyes of those present, "With how I handled that do you think I would leave you on your own."

"No," says Martine while the others nod in a way that shows they fully agree with him.

"Exactly. So, walk the school head held high, tell your friends, be a student, have fun. Everything
will be fine for you, I will make sure of that!" Harry says seriously before suddenly seeming to soften, which leads him to putting out his arm before he says, "So would anyone like to give me a hug, cause I could do with some hugs."

Nods, many nods, then hugs, many hugs.

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Starting Anew

Chapter Notes

With this section comes the start of the sixth school year of Harry Potter. :)

Additionally, there is but 15 sections remaining to be written for my seventh year book, which is cool.

I also want to say thank you all for reading, enjoying, and commenting - I completely appreciate it and it brings a smile to my face!

Till next week!

Starting Anew
--------------
Date: Sixth Year, Early September

"Hey all," Harry says as he sticks his head into the room that Luna, Neville, Ron, and Daphne are sitting in.

"Hi guys," Hermione says a moment later as she does the same.

"Hey?" Neville half says half questions.

"Yeah what he said, I thought you guys were already at Hogwarts?"

The two move inside and as soon as Harry is sitting down says, "Yeah we were but we’re here now."

Which leads to Hermione shaking her head slightly before saying, "As the First Years are currently with the teachers and staff in meeting it was decided that the Prefects could ride the train with their classmates."

"Did you guys have to ride here?" Ron asks curiously.

A shake of the head, "No, thank merlin. They had us portkey here a little bit ago."

"Well that sounds great!" Neville says with a smile.

"It really does yeah," Harry says with a smile. He then stretches out. "So, we have some time before we have to make the prefect rounds." A pause, "So, watcha doing?"

8888

As soon as the last of the second through seventh years sat down at their tables the Headmaster stands up. With a smile and twinkle in his eye he says, "Hello all and welcome back for another year at Hogwarts. As you can tell from a certain absence on the train this year we are trying something new at Hogwarts. Due to their sheer numbers, a little over two hundred, the new First Years actually came to Hogwarts a few days ago. Over that time they have been sorted, met their future teachers,
and toured around the school." A pause and a twinkle, "Due to that fact there is no need for the traditional sorting. Sorry." Another pause, "But that does not mean there won't be a Sorting Song or even a ceremony!" A final pause, "So without further ado, please give a great big greeting to the newest students of Hogwarts!"

With that said the Sorting Hat enters the room on the head of a unicorn, for no other reason than the Headmaster was able to get the unicorn to agree to the gesture.

Which in truth was not that difficult a prospect as the unicorn in question had long wanted to see the inside of the castle.

As the hat is brought in it sings its sorting song, all ten verses, while the First Years sing the refrain, as they had practiced.

Once the sorting song is finished the new First Years head to their house tables which ends the ceremony and lets the feast begin.

8888

"Hey Firsties," Harry says with a grin and a wave towards them. After they gather around him, and those of the other years in the Gryffindor common he continues by saying, "It has become a tradition for us to tell about our summers."

"But this year," Hermione adds, "we decided to expand it a bit into a meet and greet as well."

Colin, the fifth year prefect then says, "Now no pressure, if you don't want to speak more than your name, or not even that, that's fine as well."

"But we think it would be a great way to introduce you to us all!" Ginny says with a smile.

"I figure that Harry should go first, especially if he is all gung ho about this hang out," comments Dean with a grin from where he is sitting nearby.

As laughter rings out Harry shrugs and goes, "Sure. Well hello all my name is Harry Potter, muggle raised pureblood, sixth year Gryffindor, prefect, and seeker on the house team. I like long walks on the country side, the color purple, DADA and Ancient Runes. My summer was fantastic and included a trip to a Dragon Sanctuary, an ancient citadel, a wedding, and a trip to the Pevensie Park." He then looks around and gestures towards a boy nearby, saying, "You next Phil."

With a blush at being called out next the first year says, "Ah, hello. My name is Phil Moc, pureblood, first year obviously. Um, I like the color red and Potions sounds fun." A pause as he finishes his comments. He then points to an older student who then goes next.

8888

"Welcome back all," says Professor McGonagall, "to sixth year Transfiguration. Over this year we will be studying the field of human transfiguration. This covers the manipulation of the human form in order to give oneself and others extra powers." There is a pause, "It will not, unfortunately, cover the Animagus Transfiguration as a distinct magical working due to Ministry regulation on that field."

After raising his wand and being called upon Harry asks, "Pardon me professor, but I was curious. Are those regulations Ministry, Wizenemgot, or Imperial?"

"Good question Mr Potter, and the answer is mostly Ministry, partly Wizenemgot, with a small amount being Imperial. I will add that, unfortunately, due to certain Ministry obligations I have if I
detect one of you performing the animagus transformation I will need to report you." A pause to let that sit in, "That said, I am also at liberty to say that if any of you gain a Ministry security waiver on the revelations of your particular skills and talents I am duty bound to keep what I learn a secret."

Eyes widen at that and grins form at that bit of news.

Hermione raises her wand and when called upon says, "Do you by any chance have that waiver available Professor?"

"Why your quite in luck Ms Granger for just last week I visited the Ministry and managed to get a number of forms, forty-one to be exact." A pause as he gestures to the pile of paperwork on her desk. "These will be here for any of you to pick up at the end of class." Another pause, "Now, any additional questions?"

Dean raises his wand, and when called upon asks, “I was just curious how this field differs from the metamorphmagus ability?”

“Despite appearances, that is both transform the human form, the two categories are quite different. First of all the metamorphmagus talent is a soul talent which uses the personal magic of the witch or wizard. But even more it does not require Wand or Word just Will. That said, it is not all powerful and a master of transfiguration could, in time, perform spells and rituals that would put the best metamorphmagus to shame.” A pause, “As part of our studies on the history and lore of transfiguration we will be covering how the two interact at a later point this semester.” She then gives a nod, “Right, so with that, let us begin the lecture. Please take out your core book and turn to page 326."

The lecture then begins.

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War Training

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the continued reading and enjoyment of my saga. I very much appreciate it!

Now on to the four sections of this update.

PS. Why you may ask, because next week is the Halloween update for sixth year and its a doozy and is important to get its three sections all at once.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

War Training
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Date: Sixth Year, Mid September

"So as is tradition, let's discuss this year's grand project." Ernie Macmillan says to the gathering of the New Covenant.

"Let's skip the talk and just ask Potter what he wants to do," says Goyle as he lights up his wand.

Everyone turns to said person from where he is sitting pretty close to front and center. He chuckles at that fact before getting serious, "Well with the growing conflict out there I think some honest war training would benefit us all." A pause. "For those sitting it out the knowledge of how to protect yourself is never bad. But for those who know they will be involved greater ability means greater chance of coming home alive." A stop. "No matter what side of the conflict you are on."

"Who will teach us?" Asks Justin.

"I will," Harry answers with zero hesitation.

"What will you teach us?" Hermione wonders.

"First and foremost the Patronus charm, it's highly useful in numerous situations for all that its not a requirement for the OWLs. At the same time the metamagics of silent, stilled, extended, and fast castings. Boosted and linked spells will follow." A pause. "Beyond those skills I will also show you actual combat spells of all three tiers plus the utility, teamwork, and battlefield level effects." He stops as he looks around. "So thoughts?"

"I think it would be very useful," Dean says. "And plus we have always been proactive in our learning, this is no different."

"I would be willing to share some of my nature spells, it comes in handy when one fights outside," Neville says.

"I know a number of urban spells that when used in towns and cities make infrastructure obey," Blaise adds.

"Battlefield control spells are extremely useful," Draco adds, "and I could show you some of them."
"You would," Hermione asks a bit shocked.

"Yes Granger, I would. These skills come in handy in hundreds of situations." Draco says in response, with the fact that he called her ‘Granger’ not Hermione showing what he felt of the question.

"Thank you," is what Hermione says before adding, "I have a wide range of spells I know through my random readings. I could teach them."

"This is all great," Ron says, "but I think maybe we should open the training to the other years." A pause. "Not here, this is our space. But I doubt we would have any issues if we took over a classroom."

"Wouldn't they object to this, it's like the dueling club after all," Lavender Brown asks.

"No," Seamus answers, with nobody surprised since he has become an expert duelist thanks to that club. "It's a school thing and so restricted, what we want isn't."

Harry nods at that, "Seamus is of course right. Unless we taught the forbidden magics then our tutoring will be left alone."

"Okay all," Hermione says, "let's take our votes. Vote one is to have war training as our official year project. Vote two is do with expand it to the other years." A pause. "Does anyone have any final things to add." Silence.

"Okay then," Harry says, "let's vote."

Which they did. It was unanimous on the first, everyone voted for war training, and majority approved on the second, they would have the other years attend.

8888

"Okay everyone so this meeting slot will be focused on spell learning and then casting said spells battlefield like conditions." Harry says as he opens the meeting.

"What spells will be learned?" A voice calls out in question from the back.

"Wand light please, you all know that's how we keep order." Harry says and waits for nods of acceptance. "The answer to that question is a bit more complicated then me simply giving you all a list. I do have a list, of course, and it's in this journal." Harry holds up a book. "But it's a list that you can add to and that's what what makes it special. If you want to study something add it and we will go over it."

"Is anything fine or will you monitor it?" A younger Ravenclaw asks upon being picked.

"Double checked and monitored to make sure they are appropriate. Which means both that we can cast them safely and that they aren't illegal for reasons that actually make sense and are not purely political." A pause. "Okay everyone so the first thing we are going to do is figure out rough capabilities so we know who to pair you with for training. So today is going to be a lot of testing of capability."

Which is what they did for the next two hours. Students were paired up and tested by those who were in Harry's year since he knew their capabilities. It was long, it was difficult, it was tiring but in the end everyone knew where they were and what in general they needed to become even better.
"Expecto Patronum," is heard throughout the classroom. For only a half an hour worth of practice those gathered had already begun producing slight whisps from their wands.

"Not bad everyone, you are doing pretty well so far. You need to remember the need for a happy thought, one full of positive energy." Harry says to the students.

"I don't understand how a simple feeling can do as of much." A muggleborn from the younger years says.

"Simple," Harry says with a laugh, "happiness and positivity is anything but simple. It's a magic of its own, one that can do wonders, even move mountains if you let it." A pause. "The charm is so difficult not only because the need of for positive emotions but also because you need to train up the appropriate magical channels. That is why even for the most powerful of person the spell takes months to learn. You have an advantage that others don't have though, you are constantly improving your channels by working on your school work."

A wand lights up. "Yes Ewan," Harry asks.

"Can you show us what it should look like," the boy asks.

A look around, many interested faces, even among his year group. "Okay. But note your forms will be different then mine. Plus I have been using this spell for three years now, so I can do some unique things with it."

He then casts the spell. And soon afterward a stag, wolf, ram, griffin, serpent, and dragon all manifest. Looking around for an enemy the spectral creatures quickly realize there is nothing to fight and so they begin playing. A nuzzle here, a rub there, a lick to another, and then a playful tustle with another patronus. After a few minutes they go back to Harry in greeting before disappearing.

"Can we have multiple patronus," asks Dennis Creevy.

"Probably not, sorry," Harry says, "I'm a bit special as it were."

Nods, many given amusingly, occur on that.

"Do they mean something," asks Astoria Greengrass, Daphne's younger sister.

"Yes, and so will yours. It will be something that represents protection and guardianship to you." A sigh. "As I know you will ask let me tell you what mine mean. The stag represents my father, it was his animagus form. The canine form covers my uncles, my father's best friends. The ram is my partner and the griffin my spirit animal. Both the serpent and dragon are due to certain bonds I share with creatures." A pause. "As you can see all are important manifestations in my life."

A laugh from the back then, "You know Potter only you would have yourself as part of your protection."

"Laugh it up Blaise," the sarcasm is heavy on that. Then a smile as there is laughter. "Okay everyone wands out, it's time to practice some more."

"Okay, so today's topic is silent casting. In a battle situation the ability to cast a spell without alerting your opponent is nearly priceless." A look around the room. "It's all about having the proper
headspace which is why it's so difficult for most to attain. You must know yourself, magic, and the spell you wish to cast."

"If it's so difficult how are we going to do it?" Asks Zacharias Smith.

"Repetition, constant repetition of the various spell classes. That is why the classroom is set up how it is. Pods with spell reflector glass. You will go in front of it and cast a spell normal while trying to focus on the magic. With concentration you will slowly train yourself other of needing to say the words for but the most advanced spells."

A wand lights up leading to Hermione asking, "What spells should we use?"

"Good question. I have prepared a list of spell classes that this action applies to. With each class having a dozen spells listed by name. They and any other others of that class you know could work."

"Wouldn't this method work for stilled casting as well?" Asks Johann Ware a fifth year.

"Yes. Though it's slightly different spells I would suggest one uses to practice on. That will be our lesson in a few weeks time." Harry says with a smile. "Okay then, I'm going to pass out the sheets and then we can a begin.

8888

Sitting in the Headmaster's Tower, Harry is updating those in the Order. "So we have gone over silent, stilled, fast, multi, and maximized spellcasting. Not all have gotten it but it's progressing nicely in all year groups." A pause. "My own the most of course, but we have been more intense than most in learning."

"So what are you leading to?" Moody wonders with a steely look in his eye.

"What, they can't just be learned for their own sake?" Harry asks curiously.

"No, not if you are the one doing the teaching," is Moody's quick comeback.

The group laughs at that.

Harry grins widely at the now retired auror. "Well you would be right then, for I have plans. See those skills will let them learn group casting, both of the ceremonial and war magics variety."

Shock and a bit of amazement is what most of the gathered feel.

Harry answers the groups unspoken question. "Oh don't get me wrong most of them won't master it or anything. But even at the apprentice level they can cause greater spells to be cast in groups then what they could on their own. I figure my year will become mostly journeyman, though some are masters in the art." A grin. "With one of you directing the weaves the potency of whatever ritual is being attempted can be done to an even greater effect."

"Well," Severus says into the silence, "nobody can ever say the education of Hogwarts is lacking. Not with the grades this decades crop of students have."

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Chapter End Notes
So I have to say that what I am facing right now is not so much writer's block as writer's overwhelming, and its all because I made the 'mistake' of once again reading Harry Potter fanfiction. (A genre which I had basically stopped reading while working on the majority of this epic saga.). Because of that I am now filled with ideas, soooooo mnnnnnnnny ideas!

Harry going to a different school of magic, alternate Harry eighth years, Harry going to different worlds and making realms, etc. I have also found myself focusing on Harry/Draco once again, for all that this saga is Harry/Charlie and my other one was Harry/Snape.

So many ideas.

hehe

Still, I'm having fun and thinking things through and enjoying the world of Harry Potter once again. While also writing more of this saga and counting down on sections I have to write till I reach the end of the seventh book.

Just wanted to share that fact. hehe
Meetings, Meetings Aplenty

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Date: Sixth Year, Late September

Upon entering into the Headmaster Tower for the Order meeting Harry says, "Pardon me for the lateness. I was stopped on my way here not once but four times by others wanting help with things." He then grins, "As I constantly say 'come to me when you have questions' the last thing I am going to do is turn them away when they do, in fact, come to me with questions."

With a twinkle in his eye the Headmaster says, as many others chuckle at that, "It is quite okay Mr Potter."

"Right then all," Harry says as he sits in a seat next to the Headmaster, "What did I miss?"

"Not much pup," Sirius says with a shrug. "Arthur, Kingsley, and Tonks were just updating us on what's going on in the Ministry."

"Great to here." He then grins, "So, how are things with Madam Bones now Minister Bones?"

"Fantastic Harry," Kingsley says with a laugh. "In fact as I was telling the others it's like years of dirt and grime have been cleansed from the building."

After nodding at what Kingsley is saying Arthur adds, "In fact, and this amuses me greatly, a major part of that can be laid at the feet of Cornelius."

A shake of the head, "Honestly I would never have called the fact that he is being more useful and helpful on my legal payroll then he ever was our enemy as the Minister. It's bizarre."

Moody then speaks, "What I most approve of is how recent events are reducing the amount of fronts we have to face in this war." A pause, "Most especially the removal of the Dementors and Giants from the Dark Lord's side."

"Speaking of that," Minerva then says, "how goes those negotiations?"

"The Dementors are all accounted for," says Kingsley. "In fact those at Azkaban have even reduced their nightmare aura's range so they do not include the Guard Post itself just the prisoners."

"The Dark Lord is furious at the fact that not only has he lost them as allies but that they are refusing to even listen to his various offers." A pause, "It's the same with the Giants, tough their loss is not as final as despite Mr Potter's diplomacy some have remained with him."

"While that is sad it also cannot be helped," the Headmaster says in response.

"Well I for one would rather only face a few or half a dozen than the might of their war tribes all marching together on his side," comments Moody in response to that.

"We should not get complacent," says Doge, "as there is always more room for diplomacy for contacts."

As eyes turn towards Harry he scowls and says, "What, don't look at me, I'm at Hogwarts and don't have time gallivanting around making friends out of enemies."
After the laughter dies down a bit Fred and George raise their wand in request to be heard. Once nodded at Fred says, "Besides our more enjoyable developments we have also been working on some items that could aid in the war effort."

"In the fields of both direct combat and more information gathering activities," George finishes.

"To speed up the process of explanation we wrote a guidebook with the descriptions and uses of our more recent developments. We brought a copy for everyone." Fred adds.

"These copies are auto-updating so as we develop more new entries will be added," George states in closing.

The two then wave their wand in a complicated gesture which leads to the guidebooks coming from their packs and being dispersed to everyone at the table.

"Thank you for that Fred, George," the Headmaster says with a nod and a twinkle in his eye. "Now, with no relation to what was just presented to us I want us to go over the dispersal of our forces."

And the meeting continues.

8888

"Charlie," Harry says to his mirror.

The image of Charlie appears a few moments later, “Hey love, hows it going?”

"Oh it's going well," Harry says with a smile, "in fact I just got back the result of my charm exam, 112."

"Really, nice. Good job on that. I know you worked hard on it so I'm happy for you."

"Yeah, though it doesn't come as natural as my Defense skills I find it more rewarding you know. So how are things at the Sanctuary."

"It's great here and the dragons are doing quite well. In fact they seem to be doing better than ever, though we aren’t sure why."

"Oh really, that's nice to hear. Do you think it might have anything to do with a more active Aithusa?"

"It could yeah. As I can tell she is giving off even more magic then she used to. We don't know entirely what it means but are still working on uncovering the reasons why."

"Well I know you will figure it out, you're smart like that.” Harry says truthfully.

"Thanks," Charlie says with a smile. "Oh by the way I just got promoted, this morning in fact. I'm now third in charge of the Sanctuary, which is pretty important."

"You are, that's awesome, congrats. You deserve it you know and it's great that the others recognize that." A pause, "Hey maybe you can stop by on the next Hogsmede Weekend so we can celebrate that promotion the proper way, with dinner.

"You betcha. In fact you can count on that as spending time with you will be the best reward a fella can get." Charlie says with a grin, for though he is quite serious he is also being playful.

The talk continues for quite a bit of time, since neither ever really run out of things to say to the other.
From dreams, to thoughts, to events that have occurred on a day to day level. They even share their political happenings, since neither worry that what is told will get out to others.

Near the end the conversation segways into Harry saying, "Oh, so I meant to ask but does the Sanctuary have documentation on what species and environments lie within it. My use of wizard space spells have gotten to the point that I'm thinking on actually created artificial environments that mimic the natural world."

"And with how fantastic the Sanctuary is you wanted to work with some of its terrain," Charlie says with amusement. At Harry's nod at that he continues, "But yeah, of course we do. Though as our more detailed documents are not for public use give me a few days to get the necessary permissions. That said, considering its you and I will in fact say that, there really shouldn't be any problem." He then pauses before adding, "You have to tell me how the casting goes of course. I'm especially interested in seeing if you succeed in creating land that matches the Sanctuary."

Giving him a grin, Harry says, "If it works you will be the first outside of those casting with me to know. I have some big plans in my head."

"Glad to hear that. Also, I enjoy the fact you are still working on personal projects with everything else going on."

Harry smiles at that, "Its something I need to do as you know, I go mad without personal projects." A sound can be heard which causes Harry to shake his head. "Well I'm being summoned to dinner, so I guess that's it for now."

Charlie laughs, "Funny enough perfect timing, I have to go as well. I'll talk to you later, write you in the meantime, and will begin working on what you asked me. Bye, love you."

"Love you to," Harry says, "and I'll talk to you later. Stay safe." With that said the mirror call ends.

8888

"So how are things Nathaniel," Harry says to his Chief Justiciar.

"Not bad sir, not bad," is the response given.

"How many times do I have to say call me Harry, while formality is all good in public its not entirely necessary in our private plus Remus meetings."

Him being mentioned causes Remus to chuckle a bit while Nathaniel grins. "Sorry sir, I mean Harry, I'm still getting used to it. I mean it was only a few months ago that I would never have thought I would be talking to you so often, and now I am."

"It really is understandable, so no worries on that." A pause as Harry flips through the documents in front of him, "Right, so any major updates I should know about?"

"A few," Nathaniel says with a nod. "The most pressing is my request for approval on appointing a senior committee to aid me in going over all the cases present within your holdings that lie above the simple community level."

"Permission granted to begin gathering names. I want the committee to be eight people, plus you as leader so nine total."

"Understood sir." Nathaniel than shakes his head before going on, "So I was wondering did you want me to make it so each of your primary Houses have a member on it?"
"Yes and no. Yes in the sense that right now, the first committee, I want every House to have a person. But no in the sense that I am specifically NOT including such requirement in the charter, nor will I let it become a matter of precedent that such a thing is standard."

"Understood Harry," Nathaniel says with a nod, quite pleased at the answer. "My next question is whether a Justiciar can take cases as a judge rather than in their role as a Justiciar."

"I think so yes. I mean no matter what they, or you, are titled as you are in fact a standing judge."

"I would say Harry," Remus comments, "that said Justiciar acting as judge could not do it from their Justiciar's bench. That is they need to go to another court, wear said court's standard of livey, and such."

"I agree, do that Nathaniel."

"Sounds good Harry," Nathaniel says with a nod as he flips through his own documents. "Hmm, so I know I said a few but actually those two are the only immediate updates I have right now. That said, Remus, if it's okay I would like to speak to you about some matters."

"That suit's me," Harry says with a smile and a nod. "Especially as it will let me head out a few minutes early, which is perfect as I am already running late today."

Not long after the meeting with Harry ends, but not before he transfers the primacy of the mirror call to Remus so that the two can talk as needed.

As he is walking out of the tent and down the halls of Hogwarts, Harry can't help but be thankful for the hardworking and intelligent nature of his officers.

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Date: Sixth Year, Early October

"So I was going over the Covenant's finances," Roger starts to say then pauses, "and yes, such a thing exists," another pause, "and I noticed that Harry had deposited ten thousand gold back in second year."

As eyes turn towards Harry he shrugs and says, "Took you guys long enough." A grin.

"Why would you have done that at the time?" Draco asks surprised. "We really didn't know each other."

A shrug and a smile, "I took a gamble and it paid off." He then grins, "That said its not like I took that big of a risk. I mean I know we don't exactly talk finances but you can't think I'm low on resources." Then after a pause he adds with a toothy grin, "Plus its not like I didn't get my investment back, in triple. Ragnok is mighty fine accountant."

"That's not all there was to it either," Roger says into the silence. "Harry here also purchased a number of assets and donated them to the Covenant, we have been making money ever since."

"The Covenant account manager is Adgast and he has been doing quite well in securing and expanding the income sources of the Covenant. Especially since with the exception of certain Imperial tier taxes the Covenant has no actual expenses."

"When were you going to tell us?" Asks Tracy, more curious then upset or angry.

"Next year at the latest," then with a grin he adds, "though I was hoping you guys would catch on earlier."

"That's not fair," says Stephen, "as your the head of the Covenant."

"But I'm not the Treasurer." Harry says in amusement.

"Which we don't have," Hermione states.

"Oh right, oops." Is Harry's next statement, while adding a shrug as well. "Anyway, someone putting in the initial funds were always going to be necessary if this Covenant was going to continue to exist post Hogwarts. With the money in it, and the assets making more, we will in time buy land, hire staff, and work towards whatever goals we establish."

"With it being him that did the initial seed funding," Draco adds into the silence after Harry finishes speaking, "we don't have to worry about an outsider taking advantage of us for their ends."

Anthony then clears his throat, and as eyes turn towards him he says, "I would like to put forth a vote for us to officially activate the Treasurer position."

As others grin at that Harry says, "Second!"
"Hey Harry," asks first year Constance, "are you free to help us on our Transfiguration assignment?"

Harry, who had been walking through the library at that moment, stops, nods and shifts in position to sit at there table. "So, what are you covering and what aren't you getting?"

First they thank him and then they launch into an explanation on what it is that confuses them the most.

8888

As Harry sits down on bench on a small patio by the fields behind Hogwarts a football comes careening towards him. Only his quick reflexes and even quicker use of magic lets him catch the ball rather than have it hit his head.

As a bunch of students come running up to him he says, holding the ball out, "Is this yours?"

With a sheepish smile Dave Thomas, a second year, says, "Yeah it is, sorry about that."

A laugh as he passes the ball to them, "So what are you guys playing?"

"Well we're trying to get a football game going but while we have enough players we don't have a ref."

"Hey," says Karla Harmon, "you know the game, can you ref for us?"

With a chuckle Harry gets up from the bench and nods, "Sure, why not. It's not like I wanted to read anyway." The slight grin showing his is joking with them.

8888

"You busy Harry?" Mason says coming into his private office in the covenant section.

"Was the door open or closed?" Harry asks with amused sarcasm rather than answering the question.

"Open, which is why I came in." Mason says with a smile. He then sighs, "So Vera and Freddie are in detention for not so accidentally throwing non-standard ingredients into each other's cauldron's in Potions and I'm bored." A pause, "So whatcha doing?"

Before answering the later question Harry asks, "Please tell me everyone is okay?"

"Oh yeah, see both know Potions real well so the prank, as it were, simply covered the other in goop. You could see that Professor Snape was both angry at what they did but also intrigued in how expert they did it."

"Oh, so there detention is more along the lines of learning something but not realizing one is learning. Gotcha." A pause, "As for what I am doing, well I am looking into what would be involved in making sure all children with magic are monitored at an even younger age."

Mason's eyes go big at that, he then clears his throat and says, "So kids like me wouldn't be in the muggle foster care system."

A nod, "Yeah exactly." Harry then looks at Mason to see how he is taking it, then nods and says, "Now my plan is that when we discover a magical in a home of muggles we investigate. If there is a familial connection our check will be light, though not zero. If the magical is in a home without familial connection, or said home has a lot of children with no connections, then our check will be intense."
"Have you thought of asking Ms Weasley?" Mason says after thinking on what Harry has said.

Giving Mason an intrigued look Harry asks, "Oh, for what reason?"

"Knowing her I think she would be quite happy to work out ways to make sure no other children grow up in a place without love. Especially if said place was the muggle world."

"Hmm, interesting, that's not a bad idea, not at all." Harry says with a nod.

After a bit of a pause Mason then says, "You know I've been thinking about something." After Harry's nod he goes on. "So the muggle world, at least in Britain, doesn't actually have orphanages as one reads about in stories." A pause. "Or one reads about in the history of Tom Riddle."

Harry nods at that. "I did notice that, yes." A pause, "How many people did you live with in foster?"

"Four other children, one of which was the daughter of the Halloways. Though they were kind, I never really did fit in." He then gives a soft grin, "Though I now know it was because of my magic and so that fact doesn't bother me as much."

Nodding at that Harry puts away the files and says, at Mason's curious look, "I can continue working on this in a bit as really it's not going anywhere." He then grins, "So, want to go to Potter Manor for an hour?"

Eyes widen, "Really can we?"

"Of course. In fact I'm pretty sure that Sirius and Remus will be quite happy to see us." A pause, "Though let me message them first, as I don't want to interrupt anything."

Mason giggles at that as Harry makes the call, which then sees the two heading over to Potter Manor for a bit of family fun.

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Talents of Many Kinds

Date: Sixth Year, Mid October

Harry's mirror flashes and before his eyes the illusionary body of Cedric appears. As it has every day this year that both have been running. Of course, unlike previous years, Cedric is at Diggory Manor and Harry is at Hogwarts.

Still running is running and conversation is conversation and so both wizards are happy at the way they kept up a tradition.

Once they have gotten into the flow of things Cedric says, "I have to say I have a new respect for all the paperwork you have been doing over the last five years."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, so Father has decided that while I am free to take up any respectable career I want said career must recognize my status as Heir of a Most Ancient House."

A blink, "Ah, what does that even mean?"

With a chuckle he says, "It means hours and hours of going over House paperwork and visiting our holdings in order for me to get a sense of what is going on." A pause, "But the thing is I have been doing that since I turned thirteen and got Mother's permission to get documents forwarded."

"Did he know about that?"

"I thought so, I mean I figured Mother would tell him." A shrug. "I know that the senior officers knew as they would occasionally write to me asking for an opinion." A wide grin, "In fact sometimes I saw that my opinion became actual House law."

"Which means your father had to have known." A pause, "Can you think of any other reason he might do what he is doing?"

Cedric opens up his mouth to probably say no, but then stops and actually thinks. They make a bit of a loop before he speaks again. "Well maybe," he eventually says, "he is training me in the same way he was trained by his own father."

"Tradition is quite important I have found," Harry says with a smirk.

Cedric chuckles at that, "Did you really turn on the Lord Potter vibe, at me, while we are running."

Harry grins and chuckles at that, "Sorry, I couldn't resist." A pause, "But yeah its probably that. I mean it sounds familiar to what Sirius and some of the Blacks have been telling me about their childhood." A tilt of the head, "Do you find it frustrating?"

"Actually no, not really. I mean I enjoyed complaining to you about it but really no, it's been kind of fun. Not only am I working and spending time with Father but I am helping to lead the House into
the future."

"That's great, really really great." A pause and a soft grin to change the subject, "Soo, hows your husband?"

A laugh, "Terence is doing well. In fact he just got signed up as an apprentice warder, which is something he has long wanted."

"Oh really, that's brilliant. Tell him I said congrats on his apprenticeship."

"Will do Harry," Cedric says with a smile. He then shrugs, "So that's my life right now, hows yours going?"

With a chuckle Harry begins telling stories about his recent days.

8888

As Professor McGonagall walks into the Transfiguration Classroom she nods at the gathered sixth years (plus Luna) before saying, "I thank you all for agreeing to meet with me during what is normally a free period. I requested this meeting for there is something I wish to go over and class is not the right time." She then holds up a pile of documents containing the Ministry seal on them and says, "These forty-one documents all declare that you have each requested, and received, a security waiver on needing to reveal certain abilities you may possess." She then waves her wand toward the door, which shuts, another wave and a shimmering curtain appears covering the classroom. Giving the students a small smile she says, "I, Minerva McGonagall, do so swear to keep secret and secured any information I may hear about the personal magical abilities of those in this room as such time as the knowledge becomes a matter of public record." So said the magic of the oath leaps from her wand and binds her to her word. As she glances around the room she says simply, "So?"

Harry chuckles first before standing up from his desk while giving the Professor a grin, "The ability we will be speaking to you about today is the animagus transformation."

"I knew it," she exclaims, then gets a slight blush on her face as she realizes she just yelled out, like a school girl.

Harry simply nods, "Of course you did, though we appreciate the fact that you never took that assumption and made it a fact."

With that said the rest of the class all get up from their seats and as one cast a series of spells designed to transfigure their desks into nice comfortable cushions.

Then with a grin they transformed.

Which meant that where there was once forty-one witches and wizards there were that many animals in the room.

At first McGongall simply stares at the animals but then she nods, takes out her wand, and begins casting. Rapidfire.

To most of the students maybe one in six are known to them, to the Ravenclaws it is one in three, and to Harry its all of them.

Because it is the same set of spells that Sirius and Remus cast on him when they were testing to make sure the animagus training would hold, was real.
After five minutes of this she waves her wand once more, conjures a bunch of scrolls, and says, "My examination is complete and so you may change back. Thank you"

With a woosh all the students are back to their human form. With a wave of their wands they each turn their desks back to normal and then sit down.

"So professor," Harry asks curiously, "how did we do?"

"Your transformations are efficient and complete and contain a level of mastery that I have only rarely seen before. Who taught you?"

"The Mauraders," Harry says with a grin. At the eye raise he explains, "I have access to my father's journal and the ability to directly ask two of its members."

"Well they truly wrote an excellent mystery script, though I hesitate to tell Sirius that for fear of his head growing bigger." A pause, "If it is possible I would like to read the journal Mr Potter."

Harry nods, "I will see what I can do Professor."

"Thank you." A pause as she turns to the rest. "Now, officially, as none of you are registered there is still a penalty if you get caught in animal form. So do not get caught." A pause. "That said before you leave here I have the two forms you need, with my part already filled in, if you choose to register. Any questions?" Silence. "I will remove the secrecy spell and unlock the door for we are finished here."

She then waves her wand once, to remove the secrecy spell, and twice, to unlock the door.

"I thank you for this meeting and I appreciate the trust you have shown to me today." A pause, "Mr Potter if you would please remain for one moment. Thank you."

As the rest gather their bags and head out Harry moves over to the front desk in order to speak to Professor McGonagall. Once everyone is gone she says, "Mr Potter I believe it would benefit us if you spoke to Albus in his position as the head of the Order."

A nod. "I have been considering that for a while Professor, but I hesitated as I didn't want to put you in a tricky position."

"While I appreciate that Mr Potter, trust me when I say that I have multiple avenues of not revealing to the Ministry information I do not want to reveal. Now I understand why you did not come to me, and I will not say that it was a bad move, now that I do know, if you do have questions feel free to come to me."

A nod is given. "Actually Professor, if your free right now, there are some questions I have. I couldn't really ask them earlier as, well, they would have easily revealed my animagus ability."

She gives him a wry glance at the later point before gesturing for him to ask away.

8888

Looking up from his desk he sees Hermione, Ron, Neville, Luna, Daphne, Draco, and Blaise standing there.

"Hey guys, what's up?"

"We were wondering if you were either free or had a project that we could work on with you."
Hermione says in answer.

"Yeah, we're bored," Ron states with a bit of a whine.

With a chuckle Harry says, "Well I was planning on working on some House matters."

"Why not do both," Mason says as he comes into the room with a grin on his face. "They can help you map the buildings and rooms of the Enclave." He then laughs at the look on Harry's face.

"What, consider it a covenant secret."

Pointing at Mason, Harry says, "You are getting too smart, I don't like that!" As the others laugh at the comment Harry is thinking things over, which means a long pause.

"So what is he talking about?" Blaise asks.

Which leads to Harry explaining Levant Citadel, the Bunker underneath, and the Enclave that lies far far below. He then connects the image of the Enclave his Head Ring recorded to a pensieve he has nearby. This allows his friends and himself to basically walk in an illusion of the place and discuss everything they see.

"Oh wow," Hermione says shocked. "So who built this place?"

"Myths and legends say the First Race," Luna speaks up saying. "We know little about them except that they were the first species of our world to gain souls and went from beings who were like us to beings who walked the world like gods." A pause, "Then they left."

As Luna pauses Draco speaks up, "If what I have learned is true then this is probably the best preserved site there is."

Harry nods at that, "The issue is that my archaeologists thought it was simple ruins but I can see it as a city and so plan on guiding their work."

"It's a city to me as well," Luna comments.

Hermione then nods, "Why I didn't exactly see it when I first came in now that you mention it, yeah, it looks like a city."

"I don't see it guys," Ron says honestly.

"Which is exactly what a bunch of others have said as well." A pause, "So yeah if you are bored and want a project helping me with this might be useful and fun."

As they go about the ruins Harry makes sure to record everything they note or mention so the 'file' he sends to the warders of House Levant can be complete.

8888

After Harry walks out of the Headmaster's Tower so as not to be late for curfew Minerva turns to the Headmaster and says, "I knew it. I knew they had completed the animagus transformation."

With a twinkle in his eye Albus says, "And to think they did it at thirteen!"

"That makes the facts of their achievement all the more interesting Albus." A pause, "I'm quite glad that Amelia is the Minister because otherwise I would never have gotten them the security clauses."

"I assume that the fact that Amelia's niece is in Mr Potter's year helped your cause greatly."
Eyes go wide at that, "Do you think she knows?"

"About her niece's abilities surely, about the rest, she probably just assumed."

While clutching the journal Harry had just let her borrow she nods at Albus and says, "Well I'll be off as I have some late night reading to do." With a nod she's gone.

Albus grins at her rapid departure before turning to Fawkes and saying, "I wonder if Mr Potter will allow me to read the journal as well?"

"You can always ask Friend." Is Fawkes response with a chirp and a song.

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Chapter End Notes

Oh hey, random thought. So I don't have a place for it in this particular saga but I recently came up with the idea of Pureblood Great Houses having a certain set of unique rites, rituals, and spells that are only shared to scions of their blood, and their spouses. These workings are blood magic of the legal kind because no matter how much the Ministry tried to ban them the Great Houses and the Wizengamot said NO.

Harry finds the Potter (and maybe Black and others) Grimore in the vault and begins using them to bring his body, mind, magic, and soul up to the 'standard' - so something like ten years worth of ritual in the span of a school year. My idea is that he gets to one ritual which basically snaps all foreign bonds, blocks, and wards on or connected to him; including the horcrux and the magics established by Dumbledore.

Anyway, just a thought. Just wanted to share it.

OH. PS. Just had another random thought. So I have read stories where Harry goes to say the past, or to another school in another realm, but I haven't heard of one where somehow he goes to the future. How nifty would it be if he, and maybe another person whose name would vary depending on topic, gets to go to future Hogwarts while also spending time at present Hogwarts.

As said, just wanted to share. hehe

Read on and enjoy!
Returning Youth

Chapter Notes

Soooooooooo because I am not a mean writer I am going to be posting all three sections of the Halloween Weekend at once rather than there being cliff hangers, hence the larger number of sections last time.

I hope you like this quite important series of events for Sixth Year!

PS. 12 sections left in my seventh year book!

Returning Youth

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Date: Sixth Year, Late October, Halloween

It was Halloween again and Harry Potter hated it, as he had come to hate pretty much every Halloween. The only saving grace for this one, in his estimation, was that both Sirius and Remus were present for it as well. Of course they were sitting at the high table for lunch, but as adults that made sense.

One minute everything was going as it should be, and Harry was talking to Neville and Ron about something, when suddenly the candles flickered and the atmosphere shimmered. A burst of dark power then flowed through the hall, and as it receded the non-students began glowing. Moments later they shifted and changed - becoming their sixteen year old selves.

When the lights returned to normal someone screamed, though nobody would be able to determine who. A bit of panic erupted in the hall as the students realized something dark had occurred. Harry took a second to focus on the situation and then he stood up, his Head Ring flashing and his aura of power manifested.

"Quiet. There is no reason to panic, everything will be fine." It took a minute or two but the shock gave way to confusion and then calmness as they felt the sheer authority emanating from Harry Potter. When order had been restored Harry nodded and said, "Right. First things first we need a head count. We need to know if everyone is here, and if they are not get them hear. Prefects," those labeled as such stand up, "count and check your Houses." A pause as Harry turns to his friend. "Ron, Neville, please assist in Gryffindor. Hermione, if you could count the staff that would be great."

As soon as he finishes saying that there is movement as the count begins. Harry nods grateful and moves to the front of the hall. He then says in a clear voice. "House Elves of Hogwarts come to me, Lord Potter has need of your presence."

Silence. Then pop, pop, pop. Hundreds of pops and before long every House Elf bonded to Hogwarts is present before Harry.

A wizened old elf moves forward. "I be Maddy, Lord Potter. How may the House Elves of Hogwarts help thee."
"Thank you for coming Maddy. It seems through magic all those within these walls but students have turned into their sixteen year old selves." He then pauses. "Actually, first, could you see if you can reverse it using your magic. If you can we would all be grateful."

Maddy nods and then reaches with his magic towards the shifted adults. After a moment of trying he sadly shakes his head. "Maddy is sorry Lord Potter, but this is beyond even House Elf magic to undo. It gives off a dark vibe Lord Potter sir."

Harry nods at that. "I figured but it was worth a try. As you can tell, and feel, the wards of Hogwarts do not have a wardmaster at this time as the Headmaster, Deputy, and School Heads of Houses are all children. As soon as we can I am going to put the school on full lockdown."

Maddy and the other elves nod at that but before anyone can speak both Jeremy Stretton and Hermione approach where Harry is.

Stretton, as Head Boy speaks first. "Two students are missing. Lisa Turpin from Ravenclaw and Mason Claw from Gryffindor."

Nodding in response Harry smiles at Hermione who takes the opportunity to say. "Three staff members are missing. Madam Pince, Madam Pompfrey, and Professor Trelawney."

"Right thank you." Harry says as he turns to the hall and gestures at the staff table. "Will you all please head to the table you sat at when you were at school." He pauses for a second then says, "Mr Finch you may pick whatever house you want."

He watches for a moment as the teachers move to where they once were students - with Remus, Sirius, McGonagall, Hagrid, and Dumbledore going to Gryffindor for example. Seeing that was happening he then turned to the House Elves. "Okay. Can five of your number pop to those missing and bring them here immediately. The three adults won't know why they are where they are."

Five House Elves pop away as soon as they accept the command. Harry smiles at he continues saying after the pause. "Can I have the rest of you pop around the school securing it. Once that is done please head to the space underneath the Great Hall for when I put the school on complete lockdown." Seeing their nods Harry then says, "Thank you. I appreciate it."

They all pop away and Hermione takes the moment to say, "What's next."

Harry gives her a smile, though one that doesn't reach his eyes. She can tell he is worried, though he hides it well. He looks upon the students gathered in the hall. "Right. I don't need to tell you how this reeks of a plot, a dangerous plot by the Dark Lord. Now, if you know anything about me, then you know I will not let this school or those within it fall victim to him. Not when I can help it, and I have to tell you I can help it."

He stops and lets the students take it all in, letting them understand what is going on before he continues. When he does his voice is firm. "As you overheard without the professors the wards of Hogwarts do not have a holder right now. Thankfully though, for many reasons, I can hold those wards without any issue. Which is what I am going to do, I am going to take over the wards of Hogwarts and secure us. Once we undergo lockdown most of the chambers and hallways in the school will be blocked and entrance and exit will be removed. Even House Elves and magical creature travel will be blocked, with few exceptions."

Harry then looks around the hall with focused eyes for a few second before he continues speaking. "Now you may be thinking, 'shouldn't we leave and go home where we would be safe.' On that I say no, here at Hogwarts we will be the safest we could possibly be, especially when I secure the
wards."

Hermione then asks. "Will we be staying in the Great Hall?"

"Not permanently no. While the initial lockdown will be everything but the Great Hall, its under
version, and the hallway to the Headmaster's Tower I can open up particular paths as needed. Which
we will do once everything is secured." He looks around into the silence. "Okay then. Everyone stay
here as I am going to go and secure the wards." Most of the students nodded at that as Harry begins
making his way to the doorway of the hall.

"Why do we have to listen to you, you're neither a professor or Headboy." Said Zacharias Smith
from Hufflepuff right as Harry was about to reach the door.

While Harry was turning to Smith in order to answer him, Draco beats him to it by giving a snort.
"Seriously Smith, you have to ask, there are so many reasons we should listen." A pause as he
begins counting. "First, he is a Head many times over, some he probably hasn't even told us about.
Second, he is the recognized heir of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin which gives him some
pull over the school itself. And finally, he is the Boy Who Lived, which means he is used to things
like this. Are you really that stupid to argue with the person who is working to protect us."

Silence covers the hall, mostly from shock that Draco simply tossed aside the Slytherin image of
small gestures to so vocally berate Smith.

"Thank you Draco. And what you say is true, by being an actual sitting Head I know what the pull
of a ward structure is like. If any of you feel you can do a better job than I can, feel free to come
forward. That said I won't let anyone risk themselves when I can do it safely." Harry gazes upon the
silent crowd to see if anyone has anything to say.

Into the quiet Sirius, a sixteen year old version, but still it is Sirius speaks out. "Yo Potter, we want to
come with you." While gesturing to Remus as part of the we.

Harry smiles, its a true smile, which most people realize is him basking in the nature of seeing a pre-
Azkaban version of his godfather. "Sure, if you want, be my guest. Hermione, Neville, you may
come as well. Everyone else stay here, prefects make sure of it. Ron and Dean, assist the prefects
please, thank you."

Not waiting for confirmation or anyone else to interrupt he heads out the door. The four people he
mentioned running after him in order to catch up. As soon as they left the great hall they noticed
Harry had stopped and stood waiting for them. He knew that time was of the essence but there was
something quick he needed to do. Reaching into his magic he made a call, not just to one person but
to twelve - the Guard Captains of his Houses.

Silence at first then swish, swish, swish - nine more times.

Soon arrayed around him in a semi-circle were illusionary images of his eleven guard captains and
his senior High Captain.

Captain Claude Donovan, from Sage House, blinks when he sees a young Remus and then opens his
mouth wide at young Sirius next to him. "In Merlin's name, what happened?"

Nodding at the man for his rapid sense of things, Harry speaks. "Riddle activated a curse here at
Hogwarts causing all non-students in the castle to turn to their sixteen year old selves."

"Do you need our armies?" Asks Captain Marcel Sextans of the House of Levant.
"That is not necessary," Harry says. "As Head of three of four Founder Houses I am empowered enough to take the wards and put the school in lockdown. We will be safe enough here till I figure out Riddle cursed the school."

"What do you want us to do?" Asks High Captain Michell Jones.

Nodding in approval Harry says, "Go on high alert to make sure Riddle doesn't attack our holdings. In addition I want each of you to send some of our forces to assist Minister Bones."

"You expect the Dark Lord to attack?" A captain says.

"Of course. I have made knowing how he thinks part of my education. With Hogwarts weakened he will attack all over the place. He probably won't think to assault my hundreds but the rest of Britain will be fair game."

"Of course sir," is the answer they give.

Michell Jones adds, "I will coordinate it so we all send as many units as possible without weakening our own defense."

"Good," Harry says with a firm nod. "Now once Hogwarts is on lockdown there will be barriers to most forms of communication. I assume this method will still work as you are not really here. So keep me informed as needed." A pause. "I plan on sending a similar message to Madam Bones so she can know about Hogwarts."

The officers all nod at that before swishing out as they cut the communication. Harry then turns to the others and says, "Okay, to the Headmaster's Tower we go." He gave them a grin as the five headed to the door which housed the lift to the Headmaster's Tower.

The silence didn't really last long before Harry spoke. "Hermione please write down what has happened so far, I will be sending out a letter." She nods as she reaches for the bag always at her side and takes out parchment and a quill. Harry then turns and says, "Neville do you have a House Elf who considers themselves as your personal elf?"

"Yes I do, one who has watched over me since I was a small child." Neville says.

"Good. Call her please."

"Missy, I call you."

A pop. "Missy here, what be Master Neville call her for."

"Hello Missy," Harry says before Neville can answer. "It is I who had Neville call you. It seems something dark has touched Hogwarts and all the staff are without their adult powers or memories. With Neville's permission please tell the Lady Dowager Longbottom that Hogwarts is going under Lockdown at the orders of Lord Harold Potter till the matter can be fixed." Seeing her wide eyes as she darts to Neville for confirmation, which he gives with a nod, Harry continues. "Even more, and the true reason I am telling you is that, I feel this is a prelude to a greater plan from the Dark Lord."

When Harry finishes speaking Neville turns to Missy and says. "Do you have all that." At her nod he continues. "As Lord and Head Longbottom I do so declare what Lord Potter has spoken is true. Please go forth and make known of these dark plots."

At this point they got to the doorway which leads to the Headmaster's Tower. Standing in front of it is the guardian gargoyle which Harry made sure to meet its eyes. He then spoke, "I Lord Harold
James Potter, the Head of Potter, Emrys, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin do require access to the Headmaster's Tower in order to take possession of the wardstone. Something dark has occurred and all those who held the wardstone are unable to secure it.

"Your request is granted and may Magic bless your journey," intones the brass voice of the gargoyle. So said he jumps aside and the door to the lift which leads to the tower.

Everyone steps inside and it starts heading up. As it is happening it is Hermione who says, "you left some Lordships out."

Though Harry gives her a look that says, 'really,' it is Sirius that speaks. "If he has others then he probably only used those that relate to Hogwarts." Seeing the looks given to him he explains, "I might not know the present but I do know the Potters and what it means to be part of a great House."

"Exactly." Harry says with a bit of a smile towards Sirius. Though before he can speak more about it they arrived at the office and stepped out.

The first thing he does is walk to the center of the room, though he guestures for the others to stay behind him. Harry then speaks out loud, "Hogwarts, Lord Harold James Potter requires the ward pedestal."

Nothing happens at first, though Harry stands there without worry. As the moments tick by the other four begin getting nervous, though Harry just gives them a lopsided grin and a look that clearly says, 'don't worry, everything is fine.' Just as they are about to say something a rumbling can be heard and the ground in front of him shifts and morphs and a pedestal appears. "Thank you Hogwarts," is all that Harry says.

Harry then turns and says, "Hermione can I have the letter you wrote." She hands it to him and he reads over it, nodding in approval as he reads it. He gestures and she hands him the quill, which he uses to add a paragraph to the bottom and then sign it with his name and magic. Sealing it up so that nobody can deny its truthfulness Harry then looks at the phoenix.

"Fawkes if I may have your assistance." The majestic bird nods his head a few times and flies to Harry's outstretched arm, where he gracefully lands on it. "As you no doubt feel, something sinister has happened, all non-students in the castle have turned sixteen again. Which isn't so bad, except that it leaves Hogwarts without its ward guardians. I am going to fix that but I feel that its just one part of a greater puzzle."

He waits for Fawkes to give a regal nod of understanding, which he does. Once that is done Harry then speaks again, taking up the letter. "I am going to put the school on lockdown but I want to send a letter to Minister Bones, so she knows that something has happened and how we are dealing with it. Would you be willing to bring her the letter."

Fawkes gives a chirp of acceptance while nodding his head in affirmative. "Great. Thank you." A pause. "Quick question, as I don't want to delay it any longer than I have to. But can you still flash travel with the wards in lockdown."

Fawkes nods in a way that clearly indicates yes.

"Oh great. So we aren't stuck communication wise." A thought. "Can you flash a person in when the wards are on lockdown"

Negative hoot.

"So the wards stop everyone but the phoenix. Well, that is better than nothing of course." A smile.
"Okay then, please take the letter and once you do I will bond to the wards of Hogwarts and initiate the lockdown."

First an affirmative hoot and then followed by him flashing away to deliver the message.

Harry then turns to the people around him. "Any comments, questions, or concerns?"

It's Remus that answers, "Oh plenty," which leads to laughter, "but I figure we will have time later to get those questions asked. I just want to make sure of one thing." He pauses as everyone looks at him. "You are sure this is the right act and that you are prepared to handle it."

"Yeah," Sirius says, "I love James like a brother and as his son well I want to make sure you are going to be fine."

Harry smiles at both men, a smile that Neville and Hermione only rarely got to see. It was a true smile, one with no hesitation or sorrow, and it reached all points of his being. "Yes," he says after a few seconds, "its the proper action and I am fully prepared to handle the power output." He stops. "Honestly, with the professors and staff out of commission I am the only one in the whole castle who could."

Once that was noted he moved to the pedestal that now was present in the center of the room. Taking a deep breath he took his wand out and summoned his personal athame. An athame blood bonded to the Potter's and which comes where he wills it no matter what blocks the path. It contained within its structure a magic most fundamental, a primal and pure form of blood magic, and was crafted by his father for his use and his use only.

Out of the corner of his eye he could see Hermione give a questioning look and open her mouth, but then she shut it. To Harry it looked liked she had decided to ask about it later on, which he approved and so he gave her a small nod and a smile before continuing on. Which he did by cutting his finger and letting seven drops of blood touch the crystal on top of the pedestal.

As soon as the last drop touched the crystal his hands glowed and then healed. Harry then put his hands on the crystal, grabbing it firmly as he reached out with his magic in order to actually bond with the castle. Thankfully he was prepared for it, for he knew if he hadn't been then the rush that would have come over him could have been quite dangerous. Which was why the only sign of the power now flowing through him was a slight grunt. In fact so slight was it that only Remus heard it, thanks to his enhanced shifter hearing.

Harry's knowledge of the world around him faded as he fully connected with the ward structure of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. He stopped the wards from bringing him into its matrix for such a search would be better done at another time. All he needed right now was to link himself to it just enough that he could control things for he knew he had plenty of time to analyze the information present later on.

Pushing his magic into the wards he extended his senses out. Soon he could see it all, even those parts he knew that the previous Headmasters over the years couldn't see. Such as the Covenant Hall, which served as the communal office for the Founders, the Chamber of Secrets, which served as the center for the castle’s gateway network, and the Foundation Room, which held the central core for the Hogwarts nexus structure. Harry knew he could see them, and many other special and often hidden rooms, because as the Lord and Head of three of the Founder Houses, as well as the Lord and Head of House Emrys, nothing in the school was beyond his access. Shaking his head Harry says lightly, "Lets focus, secure the castle now, play later."

Which leads to Remus grinning as he heard that, though he was the only one to.
With that said Harry put all of his focus into what he was doing. He reached into the wards and searched everyone out. He nodded in satisfaction with the fact that everyone followed his instructions. The humans of the castle were in the great hall, the house-elves were in the under hall, and the ghosts were in their resting chamber. Plus everyone was accounted for and there were no unwarranted persons anywhere within the ward structure of Hogwarts. He blinked slightly as he realized something, he wasn't even detecting the dark mark which should have been on Snape's arm.

'Hmm, that is a very interesting thing,' he thought to himself.

Shaking his head so as to not focus on it right now Harry looked to see if there was anything else he needed to worry about before he put the school on lockdown. He came out a slight bit of the trance to say, "About to put the school on lockdown don’t panic no matter what you feel or see," and then when he heard agreement he reached out.

In an act of both sheer magic and utmost will Harry told the wards that the school is in danger and needed to be locked down. The entity that was spirit of Hogwarts reached through the magic and sensed his reasons for the need of that action, and promptly agreed with him. With both school and wardholder in agreement the great castle went into lockdown.

Doors to the exterior closed and then locked and then became sealed away. The windows of the castle were covered in panels or drapes which subsequently saw the glass itself harden into stone. The gates around Hogwarts Castle slammed closed and then sealed shut, with stone and iron walls growing up from the ground to completely encircle the castle. Even at the edge of the Hogwarts Lake, where it met the nearby river, a dam formed out of nothing in order to keep what is inside in and that which is outside out. Finally, the various bridges connection to the different portions of the castle parted and lifted like a drawbridge in order to impede travel.

But the wards of the Hogwarts Estate doesn’t just contain the castle itself it also contains three surrounding regions. This included portions of the Forbidden Forest, which suddenly had its borders - even castle side - blocked by a natural wall of immediately grown trees. Even the line of the Hogwarts Express was secured, the stations at each end became sealed off and the tracks were made unreachable through the process of being elevated to a higher layer of wizard space.

The only area within the Hogwarts Estate whose wards were less than as tight as they could be was in the Village of Hogsmeade. It was hard for that community to be entirely sealed off, so it wasn't, though potent defense wards did manifest. Though Harry did wish he could secure it entirely he was still pleased at the greater level of protection - especially for those who were inside buildings.

With everything buttoned up as tight as he could have it right now he decided to look at the interior of the castle. At the moment every chamber within was cut off, doorways had sealed shut and were bricked over. Everyone became locked in whatever room they were in when the order had been given - which meant Great Hall (both over and under) or the Headmaster's Tower.

A second later Harry unlocked the path between both chambers, it was a straight path and having it be possible to move between them was not an issue. A moment later Harry reconnected the under hall which had the House-Elves to that of the Great Hall, he didn't want to impede their ability to do what was needed, this was followed by the spirit resting chamber where the ghosts were.

There was one more bit of focused magic he did at this stage of securing the wards, he forged a direct hallway between the Great Hall and each Hogwarts house common room. Then realizing that there were individuals who weren't going to be able to stay in the chambers they normally lived in Harry then added a number of new bedrooms within each of the commons. Shaking his head he decided to give himself and some of the others temporary private bedrooms off the Great Hall. Then he decided to manifest four other classroom sized rooms, just so the students could gather
communally if wanted. Finally, with a bit of grin, he opened up a passage from the great hall to that of the covenant section, for no other reason then just because he could.

With all that done he pulled out of the ward structure, thus mentally returning to the outside world. Blinking his eyes at the bit of strain he felt both physically and magically he looked about him. Smiling a bit he noticed that in the time he was with the wards the four that had come with him had been offered chairs and were now sitting around him. Harry could tell they had been talking a bit, probably quietly so not to disturb his casting.

Standing on a perch next to the others was Fawkes with a document right in front of him. Harry smiled at them all as he sat down next to them while gesturing for the paper, saying at the same time. "All done, the Hogwarts Estate is now as sealed off we can make it. Which means we should be safe till we figure out what allowed Riddle to curse the school."

By that point Hermione had passed the letter over to Harry from Minister Bones for him to read. "Lord Potter, it as you expected, the plot at Hogwarts was one strike out of many. Numerous areas within magical Britain have been attacked by Death Eaters, and I am finding it difficult to send Aurors where needed. Truthfully, I find myself glad that you are able to control the wards and secure the school just as well as anyone else. Please keep me informed if there is any change, and I shall do the same. On the last point, Fawkes has kindly agreed to listen for my call so that we can pass messages around. Yours faithfully, Lady Amelia Bones, British Minister for Magic."

Nodding in acceptance of what the letter says he lifts his head and looks at his fellows. "Well, it is as I expected, Voldemort launched a massive attack on vast portions of Magical Britain. Thankfully though Hogwarts is secured."

They nod, though Hermione speaks. "So, did you do everything you wanted to do?"

"Yes, we are protected. Which means if we can maintain order through the prefects our classmates can relax and not worry of being attacked. They will be restricted to a few locations, most of the school is blocked from being accessed."

"Does that mean everyone has to sleep in the Great Hall?" Is asked by Neville.

Giving him a smile at that good question Harry answers. "No, though that is what I was going to have everyone do at first. But once I bonded to the wards I realized I could make physical changes. One of which was creating a direct hallway between the Great Hall and each common room."

"So what about us former adults," asked Sirius, "where will we sleep?"

"Well, the rest of the adults will sleep in new dorm rooms I created off each common room. Where they go depends on what House they were in when they were students." A pause. "As for the two of you there is a room I created right off the Great Hall that you will share." He peers at them. "You are together, right, I know your adult versions are, but I don't know the exact date and age that you two got together."

The two nod and Remus says, "Yes, we are together, have been since late third actually and being able to have our own room might be nice."

Nodding at them Harry continues. "I am also having my own room during this time period since I think being the holder of the wards I need to be available just in case." He then pauses as a thought comes to him. "Remus, take my next comment with respect and care, okay." He waits for the nod of acceptance, though Harry can tell that Remus is confused.
Harry then turns to Hermione and says, "You are better at astronomy than I am, when is the next full moon?"

Remus gives a start as he realizes this means they all know he is a wolf shifter, seeing this Hermione actually speaks. "Don't worry about it Remus, we all know and we don't care." Then at Harry. "Two weeks from now so we are completely good on that particular event."

"Good, I am glad to hear that, no offense Remus but I didn't really want to deal with the full moon as well. I could have, of course, and I would have it done it by having Hogwarts give me a large room and then seal it, but its better that I don't have to."

Remus gives a shy smile at that. "No offense taken." A pause then, "Thank you for not caring. You are clearly like your father in that regards."

"Speaking of which," Sirius says matter of factly, "what happened to make you Lord Potter?"

Before Harry could speak on that Hermione asks, "Do you really want to tell them about such things. What happens if they change the past?"

Harry nods at Hermione for that. "That is a worry only if they time traveled, and while I don't know exactly what happened yet I can say it wasn't time magic."

"Did the wards inform you?" Remus asks curiously.

"Yes, very much so. The detail they tell me, well, needless to say there is little of the school I don't know right now." Harry answers matter of factly but with a grin. Then he stands up and gestures towards the stands. "We will have plenty of time to talk over the details as we investigate but lets get back to the Great Hall."

A few minutes later found the group back in the Great Hall which he was happy to see was still in one peace. As soon as he walked in the conversation that had been ongoing all stopped. A second later the voice of the Head Girl could be heard as she said, "We had the elves continue lunch as we figured there was no reason why not to."

Harry smiles at her and gives a nod, "Good thinking." Then he continues to the podium up front to address the school. "So let me update you all. Good news is that I bonded to the wards and we are fully secured. Bad news is that from sending a message to Minister Bones this was just one out of many attacks that Riddle launched at the same time. So until they handle that we are on our own." A pause to let that sit in, then he continues. "Now as part of the lockdown I removed access to vast portions of the castle and thus restricted our ability to wander down random hallways and such. As of right now its only the Great Hall, Headmaster's Tower, a few classrooms, and the house common rooms. So good news is that you get to sleep in your own beds."

From the Ravenclaw table Harry hear's someone shout out, "What about the Library?" Which causes a bunch of laughter from people.

Laughing himself Harry actually nods at that. "I didn't think of it but sure. I see no reason why the library should be blocked. Now, just so you all know, the Restricted Section will still be blocked, so don't think this gives you unlimited access." A pause at the sighs at that. "Prefects, let us create a rotation so that one or more of us are present when the library is open." Though the prefects nod everyone else just looks at him in shock. He gives them a half smile before saying, "I plan on giving this school back to the staff and professors in as good, if not better, a condition then when they left."

Harry then stops as he hears a voice in his head, its from the House Elves. "Master Potter sir, Maddy
from the kitchens says we can keep food flowing if students wish to stay here rather than going back to their common rooms."

"Thank you Maddy," Harry says in his mind but projecting it to the elves. "I will announce that so they all know."

Out loud Harry then says. "Okay all so this is what the game plan is. You may stay here in the great hall to eat and read and all that." He pauses then says. "Please feel free to go between any House table you want. In fact -," he then waves his hands and a fifth table appears within the hall. "- feel free to use this other table if you do not feel comfortable breaking tradition." He gives a grin then continues. "If you want you may also go to your common rooms, the sitting areas remain and so do the bedrooms. I also created a number of classrooms right off the great hall that you may use for practice or study." Then he gives a grin and says, "and once we figure out the roster the library will be open as well."

He stops and looks around the room as an idea forms in his head. "Okay, I might provide two additional activities but I don't want to say what they are till I can see if they are possible." A lot of the students grin up at him as they begin looking forward to whatever it is Harry comes up with.

Right after saying that Harry claps his hand while making an ornate gesture. "Okay all, disperse!" And then laughs openly which is then quickly followed by many of the other students.

Soon people begin moving towards whatever task they individually or in group decided to do. Some stay to eat, others gathered to go to the library once it became available, while some began heading down the hallways to the clearly marked house common rooms. A few even moved towards Harry so they could ask him some questions on what is going on, a fact which included most of the prefects.

Before any of them could speak Harry actually made a gesture asking that Filch come over to him. While giving him a soft smile he says, "Argus, I know you didn't attend Hogwarts in your youth but you may pick any of the Houses to visit. If you find anyone bothering you come see me immediately. Okay."

Filch gives a smile and then nods and says, "I want to see Gryffindor, so can I join them."

"Of course you can." He then sees Dean gathered about and gives him a look, the later quickly nodding back. "If you follow Dean here he will show you the common room and the bedroom you will be given for right now." Filch nods in agreement and he and Dean head off to the common room.

Looking at those gathered around him Harry thinks on what he is going to say. Of course when he realizes that out of all the staff and professors that had turned into their 16 year old self, Severus Snape was the only one besides Sirius and Remus to still be present. A fact which intrigued Harry a bit, enough that he said, "Severus, if you could stay around after most leave there is something I wish to speak to you about." He gets back a cautious but accepting nod.

Nodding back Harry then turns to those around him, which besides his close circle of friends also the prefects of most houses. Knowing they want details and figuring that they deserve it, both because of their age and also because of the trust they are showing him.

"At the same moment Riddle both cursed the adults of Hogwarts and launched raids against many magical targets. The Aurors are stretched thin trying to contain the attacks, but from what I have gathered they are succeeding in maintaining order. A part of this is because they know I locked down Hogwarts, and thus neither us nor Hogsmeade need their active protection." He stops to let
then take it in, though soon Harry continues. "Now, I have no clue on how Riddle cursed the adults but I do figure a part of it is based on the curse of the DADA position." Everyone nods at that. "So, while the other students are relaxing and enjoying the period safe from whatever is going on out there, I plan on researching the curse in order to defeat it."

The Head Boy speaks up, "So how about we -," and he gestures to the Head Girl, "- organize the prefects and deal with order and you do, well, your thing!" Which gets a bit of laugh despite the seriousness of it.

"That sounds perfect." A stop as a thought comes to Harry. "As a note I do control the wards so anything you would have gone to a professor for I can do." Harry looks around then says, "My access is at least as great as Headmaster Dumbledore's was."

"Good to hear," says the Head Girl, "so what are we going to do with supplies for the former adults?"

"The rooms assigned to them will have some change of clothes and spare supplies. Which should suffice for now. As a note, I am going to be staying in an apartment unit in the hallway right next to the Great Hall, so I am easily accessible by all students. So will Sirius, Remus, and Severus as they will be assisting me with certain tasks." Everyone nods, though Severus Snape seems shocked. With a smile he then asks, "So any questions?" Shakes of the head are given in response as basically everything of immediate importance was answered. "Well great," Harry says with a smile. "So anyway I am going to be heading to my private apartment as I need to figure things out." A pause, "And have something to eat as I used a bit of magic."

With that said Harry gets a bunch of ‘good lucks’ and ‘have funs’ as well as final nods before they head out. This includes a Hermione who is asked by the Head Girl to assist with certain prefect tasks.

Harry then looks up and sees Mason standing by with a look on his face that seems to be going between shocked, awed, and frightened. Harry waves towards him in a gesture that says come close. As soon as Mason does so Harry reaches out and takes the boy in his arms in a comforting hug.

Once they step away Harry says, “You okay Mason?”

“Yeah I’m fine,” he says but then at the look Harry gives him he says, “well mostly anyway. I mean it kind of scary knowing that all the adults are gone, but your here and so I know its going to be fine!” He then turns towards Sirius and Remus and gives them a proper look, the first since everything happened.

Harry smiles says, “Sirius, Remus, this is Mason. You guys got temporary custody of him in June after we all met last year.”

Sirius and Remus get a shocked look on their face at the fact but it doesn’t stop them from then smiling and giving Mason a handshake.

Once that is done Remus says, after giving Mason an awed look, “But I’m a shifter.”

“Your also my godfather, personal High Seneschal and married to my High Chancellor, nobody was going to stop me.” A pause, “Anyway, let’s not dwell on that right now, in the great hall.” Another pause, “So come with me.”

When then see Harry going, with Mason, Sirius, Remus, and Severus following, towards the temporary set of quarters he created on a side wall next to the Headmaster Tower. Once inside the group soon realize that a more apt term to describe is apartment, one with four bedrooms (each with
an attached bathroom), as well as a kitchen slash dining room, and a living room.

As soon as they were all in and gathered around the table in the kitchen Harry then began speaking. "Right, so Severus you may be wondering why I asked you to stay." He stops when Sirius opens his mouth. "Stop, Sirius. If you were going to say anything negative then hold back, I do not want to hear it. Okay." He gets a nod from Sirius, who looks shocked at being yelled at. "Right, as I was saying there is a reason why you are hear. Severus if you would please roll up your sleeves, thank you."

When he does that it is Mason who gasps, for he had been told that Professor Snape had the Dark Mark and seeing it was what she expected. "The Dark Mark, its gone!" He says.

Before anyone could comment about the concept of Severus taking the Dark Mark, Harry speaks. "Exactly. The fact is that what happened to you all wasn't time travel, it is some kind of curse of youth. But it seems that as a side effect of the youthening the more negative side elements of your lives don't exist."

Before Harry can explain himself it is Mason who speaks, long used to the way his mind works. "Do you really think that by studying as they are now you can work to fix the wrongs in their present form?"

"Yes." Then seeing the looks of confusion on their faces Harry explains further. "Right sorry. If I non-invasively study your current form I can purify your present day form. It will benefit all of you, undoing decades of mental and physical issues."

"Ah," Remus says, then trying to change the subject he continues with, "so what was the idea you were thinking about to make the others lives better."

Harry gives them a grin. "Well, don't say anything to those but I think I can create an internal space where quidditch can be played." A pause. "And if that isn't great enough I could have Hogwarts fashion an internal chamber with properties of an outside environment similar to a nice spring day no matter the weather outside."

"Oh," Sirius says then grins spectacularly. "That sounds brilliant." He then frowns as a question comes to him. "What I don't understand is if you could do all these things why couldn't the others, like Professor Dumbledore?"

"Well," Harry says, "honestly part of it is will and the other part is power. Additionally, I am the heir of three of the four Founders which is why I can do what I can do with the wards." Meeting each eyes. "Even when the Headmaster and school heads of houses are returned and regain their authority, I still get to keep my connections, which is in a slot higher than anyone other than the Founders themselves."

Mason shakes his head at that before grinning and saying. "Only you would gain such a level of control over Hogwarts while also being able to fix decades of wrongs in some of the people you care about."

Sirius, who had been good so far and held but his retorts, couldn't hold back at that. "Wait, you care about Snivilus."

Slap then a yelp as Sirius feels himself struck by a stinging hex from Harry's wand.

"I do not appreciate nor welcome such terms being used. Consider this a warning Sirius." Harry says and stops as he waits for Sirius' nod of acceptance before occurring. "And yes, I do. Its not a blatant
fact that Severus and I get along but since first year we have had great respect for each other.”

Severus didn't say anything, though his eyes have grown as big as saucers. He never in his wildest dreams would have thought of a Potter defending him to Black. He wasn't going to say anything, but it made him feel good. Though with the knowing look in Harry's eyes, he could tell his feelings were known.

"What I don't understand Harry," Remus says into the silence, "is why you are not concerned with telling us everything that will happen."

Giving him a smile Harry explains. "When you all get turned back to your regular adult forms you will keep the memories you have gained from this period. That said your sixteen year old self that actually exists at the proper time won't be having those memories, so there are no issues with the timestream. Thus its completely safe for all."

It is Sirius then comments. "Is that why I don't feel like I should morn the loss of James, like I think I should. A part of me knows I did that already even if I don't remember it and so its easy to ignore right this moment."

"Yes." Harry says. "Now I can't say I know how, or even why, but it seems that whatever magical effect caused the change has provided some protection against the mental stress of finding yourself out of time."

With that said the small group sits back to have some lunch, kindly brought by the house elves, since the one they were having was interrupted. In an unspoken agreement they talked about simple comfortable things not related to the deaging effect.

As Harry was entering the Great Hall for dinner he was stopped by sixteen year old Albus Dumbledore, who looked a bit shy and worried. "Hello Albus, how may I help you."

"Um hello," he stutters out. "I'm not sure if you can help me but I don't seem to have my wand."

"What do you mean," Harry asks curiously as he remembers seeing the Headmaster use his wand before the whole transformation happened.

"Well, I do have A wand, but its not MY wand," he says. "It kind of works, but it doesn't feel right, like I don't deserve it and that its only with me for formality sake."

Harry blinks at that, "Ah, I see. Hmm." A pause as he thinks. "I guess we could go to the Headmaster's Tower and see if there is a wand there that matches what you remember."

At that point they start walking towards the gargoyle that protects the office. When they are inside it and heading up, since Harry had no issue with access, he says. "I know I have seen your older self with a hazel wood wand, does that seem correct."

"Oh yes, that is it. A rigid hazel wand with boomslang venom, it has always been a great transfiguration wand."

"Well what an interesting fact, especially knowing how much of a Transfiguration prodigy you are," Harry says with a smile just as they get into the office. "Okay so if its here then close your eyes and concentrate on the magic, it should come to you."

Nodding at the request, Albus concentrates on his magic while throwing out his hand. At first he
feels nothing then warmth and then a buzz in the back of his head. Then he hears a wizzing sound and a wand comes flying towards him and into his hand, like it always belonged there.

Albus smiles widely, "This is it, this is my wand. It feels good to have back."

Harry nods, "Okay then let us head back down to the great hall since this room is not really your office."

A nod at that as he glances around, "Sure, not a problem as I am not the person who yet deserves this office." Which soon leads them to heading back down to the main castle.

As soon as they enter the great hall and split up Albus stops. "Oh," he says, "Here, this wand is not mine anymore, not even a little bit." So said he reaches forward and drops the wand.

Harry, seeing an object fall, reaches out without thought to catch it - which he does, the wand falls right into his hand. He feels a bit of warmth enter his body, similar to when he put on the Head Ring of some Houses for the first time. Blinking at that confused he looked at the wand in detail - a fifteen inch long, elder wood wand with a thestral tail-hair core, etched with elderberries along its length.

"Hmm," Harry says, "well that was interesting." Then he shrugs and puts the wand away in his bag, figuring he will deal with it later as he heads to his seat for some food.

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Activity Chambers

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Date: Sixth Year, Late October, Halloween +1 Day

It was Saturday morning and breakfast was about to be completed. As people started talking about the rest of the day Harry stood up from his seat and headed to the central podium. As he moved a hush fell over the great hall.

"Good morning all," Harry said with a smile. "So as I said last night, I looked into the magics that I promised I would. That said, before I show you what I established, I first want to give the Head Boy and Head Girl, plus prefects a great thank you for coming p with a schedule for the library. A schedule that means it will be open between well, now, to ten pm tonight with brief closing during lunch and dinner." A pause as Harry gets a big smile. "Okay all, if you want to follow me I will show you what I have done."

Harry then walks to the main doors of the great hall, where he is first followed by his immediate friends and then year group. As the rest of the student body move behind him Harry begins walking the hallways. He uses magic to make his voice heard, "Now once things go back to normal the location of these chambers will change. But they should remain a viable element of Hogwarts."

Harry then smiles as he stops in front of an arched doorway. He gestures towards it and says, "Okay everyone this is chamber one." The door then opens and the students start heading inside.

When the rest of the student body enter he walks in as well, to see the students all milling about in awe at the vast indoor Quidditch pitch. The room itself is oval and three stories tall with a domed roof and seats arrayed around the sides.

"Now this isn't designed for a full on Quidditch game, as you can tell, but its perfect for practice and other related activities. The best part of it all is that it does not care what the weather outside is like, you can use this even when its raining, storming, or snowing outside."

For ten minutes everyone walks about, and throws some balls while just generally having a good time. Then Harry says, "Okay everyone so I think its time for you to see the other hall I created." He then pauses as he smiles. "Its right across so feel free to just go there."

Harry then watches as the student body moves over to the other door.

Hermione, standing next to Harry, laughs. "Of course you made an indoor Quidditch pitch Harry." A pause, "So how long have you been waiting to try and do this."

Harry laughs back, "Since first year but I didn't really have any means of doing it."

"So you choose to take advantage of the control this situation gives you," Blaise says as he stands near.

"Yep, I figured why not," a grin, "so lets go to the other room."

And the group of those around Harry start moving across the hall and into the other room. Where they see the students looking around the paths and platforms of the giant indoor garden. "As you can see," Harry says to the students of the school, "I created an indoor garden space. It contains gardens, fountains, gazebos, paths around trees, bridges, and sitting areas." He then pauses. "I should also
note that there are hidden pathways that teachers and prefects will have access to, so this place isn't as private as it might look."

He laughs at the groans and "really" that that gets from many students.

"Now this is more like it," Daphne says with a smile as she comes close to where Harry is standing. "I'm picturing sitting on a bench by the pond with a book in hand, its relaxing." A small sigh, as she says, "Too bad we graduate in a year and thus loose it access to it."

Harry smiles, "Well don't dwell on that, just enjoy it while we have it. Which is at least for the rest of this year and next." He then stops and turns to those of his year around him, quietly saying, "As a note I brought the entrance to our section from where it was to the back of this hallway, at least for now."

"Good to hear Harry," Blaise says with a nod. "I was hoping you would do that."

Harry nods at that with a smile. He then clears his throat before activating the magic to speak to the hall. "Okay all so that is what I wanted to show you all. So feel free to use these spaces, the library, your common rooms, the great hall, or the classrooms. Basically enjoy the Saturday." Harry then nods as the students start clapping in thanks for what he had done.

Ron then comes up with Seamus and Dean and a bunch of others. "Hey Harry, great job on this. So we were wondering, up for a game of quidditch."

Giving him a smile, "Not right now Ron, but yes at some point today I will want to. There are some things I want to look at first."

Nodding at that, "Kay," Ron says. "I will hold you to the later today part of what you just said."

A smile, "I totally hope you do actually, I will need some relaxation later on." Ron smiles at that and heads off.

After that Harry nods decisively, "Right," he says. "I will have some fun later but right now I want to map certain magics and figure out what I can about some curses."

The small group around him all nod at that. Mason, Sirius, Remus, Hermione, Luna and Neville all immediately join in. Most of the Slytherins depart, saying it might not be the best, but Blaise decides he wants to join which Harry is happy to accept.

The odd thing is when they hear a cleaning of the throat and turn to see Severus Snape standing there. Though he looks unsure he then says, "I would like to join if I can."

Harry grins widely at that and says, "Of course you may, and its no problem, you're help is always welcome." With that said the group of nine leave the room. They head to Harry's office in the covenant section to look into matters further.

8888

"Thank you for the update Minister Bones," Harry says as he finishes the conversation with the women who is basically running the Ministry's war effort.

"What's going on out there Harry?" Hermione asks as she walks into the office after getting the go ahead.

"Riddle is still attacking various points across Britain. His forces seem to be looking for something
though we do not know what.” Is Harry's response.

"Any major losses we should be aware of?” Is Neville's next question.

"Losses yes, but major, I can't answer that yet. Dozens of Aurors have fallen but they continue to fight." A pause. "I have ordered my House Guards to join in the fighting and they are now standing side by side with the Aurors."

"Good to hear," Sirius says with a smile as he sits down on a couch nearby. "The Potter Guard is well known as combat worthy."

Harry gives a big grin, "Oh its not just the Potter Guard for I am the Head of eleven Great Houses right now. Including House Black, which also means both its Guard and the Shadows."

Sirius gasps and laughs, "Oh boy, Riddle must hate that. The Black Guard is one of the most underhanded of all the guard forces." Seeing the confusion. "The House of Black is not named, as many would think, because of dark magic. Rather the House of Black is named because we operate in the shadow, we walk where the other Houses don't and do things they don't want to do. The Black Shadows aren't engaging the Death Eaters in straight up fights, we are attacking them behind the scenes." A pause. "Harry how much freedom are you giving them."

"Total," is Harry's response. "I bound them to the ancient compacts as approved by King Arthur and Merlin. They may walk them as they see fit with no worry that any negative justice will ever be brought upon them."

"Wow," Sirius says with shock to be replaced with a large smile, "go you."

"Thanks Sirius," Harry says with a smile. "I'm glad that you approve. Sometimes I wonder what my parents would think you know, of everything I'm doing." A pause. "Of how I'm not Gryffindor enough, or something."

The snorts that followed - not just one, but three - were not exactly expected. Especially when Harry looked and saw that they came from Sirius, Remus, and Severus.

"Your parents would be proud of you, for what you have done with your life based on the events of your life." Remus says after a pause. "James could be fierce, like a lion, when someone he cared about was threatened."

"Lily, well, Lily," Severus says into the silence, "was not one to back down or be silenced. She was also a firm believer that magic should be learned though not everything practiced." He stops. "I don't know what happened after this point between us, but I can say that when she caught me reading dark arts books her first inclination was to ask me about them."

Nodding at that Sirius then speaks, "On the whole Gryffindor thing, well despite what I have gathered from your classmates the Potters are not all Gryffindor."

"Wait they weren't," Harry asks curious, with everything going on he had put aside for later the concept of studying the personal biographies of those who have led his House.

"Oh no, not at all. While a lot were Gryffindor, many were Ravenclaw, and a few even Slytherin. In fact your grandmother, Dorea Potter, was actually born Dorea Black and she was Slytherin at school. Your grandfather, Harold Potter, was Ravenclaw when he was at Hogwarts. In fact, your great-grandfather Charles Potter was sorted Slytherin."

"Oh really. But everyone says my father hated Slytherins, made their lives miserable in fact," was
"No, that was me," Sirius says. He then sighs, "it seems that this is one of those things that the years I don't remember dulled. But I hated my family and so everything they represented I fought against, included Slytherin. I pushed your father into a lot of things, more than we ever did since he and Remus basically told me to shut up."

Severus then interjects, cause it is who he is, "Potter didn't hate me cause I was Slytherin he hated me because he thought I loved Lily. I did but as a sister not a wife, but he refused to accept that, to understand that."

"Which means," Remus comments, "that when Sirius said lets target Slytherin then James would say, well lets target Snape."

Snape nods at that, though the pinched look on his face indicates he didn't exactly like where the conversation was going.

Nodding at that Harry then says, "Thanks all. I'm grateful for the information." A deep breath then, "Right, so we need to figure out what exactly let Riddle manipulate Hogwarts as he did."

Hermione gestures in the corner and when they look at her she says, "So who is the Defense professor in your time, and how long have they taught."

"Its Professor Salus Fortuna. He was hired in 1971, so he has been teaching for six years now, from my perspective." Is the answer that Remus gives.

Catching on quickly Harry says, "Well isn't that interesting. That's the year that Riddle came back to Hogwarts and asked for the Defense spot for the second time. It must be when he cast the curse on the Defense position, but it didn't take hold on Fortuna." A pause as Harry feels the ebb and flow of Hogwarts magic. "Hmm, I wonder," some thought, "could the contract have already been signed and so the curse couldn't touch the professor."

Neville then says into the silence, "Do we know when Professor Fortuna retired or left."

"He retired," says Luna, "in 1989, a few years before we came to Hogwarts. He is still alive and happy living in the Wavecrest Hundred, one of Harry's I do believe." She says with a distracted air.

"Thanks Luna, that helps a lot," Harry says in thought.

Hermione then comments, "so what, the Headmaster had already hired someone and was humiliating Riddle with an interview for a job that didn't really exist."

"Yes," Harry says as the others sit about in thought, "I think he was. I think Dumbledore always knew Riddle was dangerous, though I doubt he ever thought how much, and so was never really going to give him a job at the school. I won't second guess that decision as by that point he had already split his soul, probably multiple times."

"He did what?" Says Sirius in shock at the concept for even his sixteen year old self knows what that means.

"Are you telling me he made a horcrux?" The derision can clearly be heard in Severus' tone.

"Yes, multiple, one by the age of 16. You know her, Myrtle. But that's not the point right now, the point is that he wasn't hired and so cursed the school."
"If he couldn't have it nobody could," Hermione says with a humph, "that is such a childish thing to do."

"Well yeah," Harry says with a bit of a laugh, "this is Riddle after all. He is not exactly the most stable of people."

"If he was he wouldn't have split his soul, it's a magic that not even the most depraved of purebloods practice." Sirius states unequivocally.

Harry nods, "it automatically ends one's ability to be a Head of House, as he discovered when he tried to become the Head of Slytherin. Anyway," he says again with a little laugh in his voice, "I wonder what he used to let his magic take root."

"Well," Severus says in thought. "He was the Heir of Slytherin right, whether he could be Head or not he still had that, so he probably found a way to hook into the Hogwart's wards. You don't need to be at a ward stone for that, not if the magic in your blood says you belong."

Sirius nods, "From what my parents tried to teach me it would be limited in what you could do, but it would still allow some authority."

"From practicing with my Uncle Warbaug," Neville says, "I could invert functions but not create them. So if something was an attraction ward I could make it a ignore ward, and the like."

"So he targeted something that already existed but twisted it," Harry says with a nod.

"So after Professor Fortuna retired every other Defense Professor only served for a single year, so I am curious as to what happened to them." Remus asked.

"Some died, many got injured so they couldn't continue, the rare others got other jobs, a few only signed one year contracts and so they left at the end, while a bunch served at the behest of the Ministry and so got reassigned," is what Luna says in response to the question.

"I should note," Harry says with a smile, "that you were my third year Defense Professor Remus and were smart enough to sign a single year contract."

"Hence me being still alive and with all my limbs intact," Remus says with a smile in response.

"Exactly," Harry said firmly, "there was no way I was going to let my High Seneschal, honorary uncle, and mate of my godfather die a horrible horrible painful death as my DADA teacher. It wasn't really worth it you see." He then grins at the end.

Everyone laughs at that as the conversation moves towards other topics for the moment.

Harry paused as he was playing Quidditch as something pinged his senses. "Pardon me guys," he says, "I just remembered something I needed to do."

They nod at him as he moves off to his office in the covenant section. Distracted as he was he didn't notice Sirius and Remus point at him from the stands and follow him, the same with Hermione and Luna.

He blinked at them when he did realize it, "Hey guys, what's up."

"Well we could ask the same of you, you suddenly got distracted," is Sirius' response.
"Did the wards call to you Harry," Luna asks.

Giving her a smile he nods, "Right guys let me see what happened." A pause. "I will try and project the image I get."

A moment of concentrated thought and then Harry is inside the sensory matrix of Hogwarts. With a skill gained from five years worth of connection to a ward structure Harry tunes to the location to listen in.

It's the border of Hogwarts where a number of Death Eaters are trying to get access to the school. What was especially amusing was the presence of Voldemort himself, a very angry Voldemort.

Harry giggled while saying, "Oh this is going to be fun," as he reached forward and twisted. A second later the illusion of the scene was projected into the office he was in. A moment after that a whistling Harry Potter could be seen walking towards where Voldemort was standing - while at the same time being clearly still in the room in the office.

The four gathered magicals looked at each other in surprise, then at the meditating body. Sirius got a great big grin on his face, "Oh this is going to be good."

"Hey Tommy," Harry says as he got near to where the Death Eaters were.

"Avanda Kadava," was what he heard from over a dozen different Death Eaters. The spell hit the body and Harry gasped and got a look of pain, then laughed.

"Really Tommy, how stupid do you think I am. Did you really think I would be walking up the path like this. I'm obviously not here numb nuts," is Harry's taunt.


Harry laughs, "of course I dare. I have dared since we met when I was eleven." A pause. "I said eleven because I don't remember if I spit on you or pooped on you when I was a baby, though I probably did."

Yell, "I will get you Potter. Hogwarts is defenseless thanks to my plot!"

"Um, sorry to correct you," a pause, "actually nope, not sorry at all. Anyway, I need to correct you as you can see by the fact that Hogwarts is surrounded the estate is not defenseless."

"No, I know they are children, the magic went off without a hitch."

"I didn't say that Tommy,"

"DON'T CALL ME THAT," is Voldemort's scream of rage.

"Why not, its your name. The name your witch muggle gave you after she potioned you muggle father with love potions. Tom Marvolo Riddle, halfblood."

Harry stops and lets Voldemort rant about pointless matters.

"Anyway," Harry says interrupting him, "you made a mistake. When I defeated you as a baby, I was one by the way just so you know, I conquered you. From that I became the Heir of Slytherin, which I used to become the Head of Slytherin before my second year."

Harry gives a dramatic pause, "Sooooo with my combined rights over Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and also Slytherins I have ward rights. Which I used when everyone that was not a student became
sixteen again. Which means Hogwarts is secured and you can sit there with you minions all you want with little effect due to the power boost I gave to the school."

"You will rue the day when you stood up as my enemy Potter," is Voldemort's rage.

"Haha," Harry says, "sure I will, I am sooooo worried." He then stops, "So that is Lord Potter for I, unlike you, are able to use the ancient rights of the nobility. You are meaningless to me, you really are, and I think you minions will realize that as well since as a Lord I have rights in this world that you do not."

Voldemort starts ranting and screaming and casting magics at the school. Harry notices some of it actually doing damage so decides to fast forward through the ranting.

"Yawn," Harry says as he pretends to be tired. "Well, this is getting boring Volde Moldy and I don't like to keep doing boring things. So goodbye." Harry then claps his hand in an almost 'whatever' matter.

A second later the ground shakes and the sky becomes covered in pulses of light. Then, from many points, giant bolts of multi-colored lightning strikes around the Death Eaters. They immediately raise shields and doge but they find themselves being hardpressed to resist as there is not a target for them to strike.

After trying to evade the Death Eaters begin apparating away as does Voldemort, but not after he makes a comment about how he will be back and Potter will die at his hands. Harry just laughs, which is the last thing Voldemort hears before he apparates away.

Harry then begins pulling out of the ward matrix of Hogwarts. Though as he does he stops and mentally flips his magic around to a more communicative level than defensive.

When he feels focused enough he says, "Hogwarts if I was only the Heir of Slytherin and I didn't have the Ring but my magic resonated what would I see of the ward structure."

In response Harry feels a slight hug from Hogwarts and then his senses go a bit wonky. Out of everything he could feel and sense the only thing remaining is a tiny tiny portion, a sliver of the whole.

"Thanks Hogwarts for showing this," Harry comments as he then takes a snapshot of the image he sees so that his friends can look at the projection. Another mental twist of the magic and his full on capability over the wards come back. He sighs in relief and then pulls back into his body.

His aching painfully hurt body.

"Oh ow, I hurt, I hurt all over," is the first thing Harry says upon feeling his body again.

"I'm not surprised Harry," Sirius comments as he takes out his wand and starts scanning him with the healing knowledge he knows of. "You did after all push yourself through wards and then strike out with intense battle magics."

Turning away from the image of the ward structure Hermione says, "Were you in danger, I couldn't tell." A pause. "My reaction will depend on whether you were or not."

"No," Harry says with a tired smile, "I wasn't. I was not there and nothing he would have done could have hurt me."

"You could have hurt yourself though," Remus comments. "If you used too much magic or you
weren't able to sustain the power flow, there was a lot of potential danger to you."

"Technically yes, but I was monitoring my magic levels. If you noticed until the end I cast no magic, it was that which tired me out," was Harry's answer.

"What was that final strike anyway," Hermione asks.

"A special part of the Hogwarts defense net, it uses the absorbed energy of over a thousand years worth of storms. Very tiring and potentially very deadly. I used only a bit and made sure I didn't actually touch any of the death eaters, I wanted them to escape," Harry replies.

"It was a smart move, Riddle now things Hogwarts in this state is impenetrable and so will not try something like this again. If he strikes he will do it without warning so we can't put the school on total lockdown." Luna comments.

"Yep, which is fine because the next time we will have battle ready and trained adults, unlike now where I am the only one here with anywhere near combat ability." Harry pauses and then says after a slight breath out. "I bluffed, so much of that was a bluff. If he did sustained fire on the wards they would have collapsed after maybe a day. Now we won't have to deal with him attacking till we figure the curse out."

Everyone nods at that.

"Rest Harry, take a nap, and while you do we will study the ward map. Maybe we can see something in it that will break the curse." Sirius says with a smile.

"Kay, will do," Harry says with a smile as he gets up and walks to a door at the back of the office area. "There is a bed in here that I can use. Give me a few hours, but no more than that." He then smiles and goes into the room and to bed.

Back in the room Sirius turns to the others and notices that they are already looking at the display. Amused at how fast they went to do that he moves to joins them, thinking it's time to study the wards to see if they can figure it out.

8888

Waking up after a two hours of sleep Harry walks back into the office where the image was projected. He stands by the door listening in to the argument going on about how Riddle did it. In the time he was asleep the meeting had been joined by a number of others who were now avidly discussing the topic.

"Look," Severus says frustrated, "we can clearly see where the Dark Lord twisted the structure to create the ban. That isn't difficult to determine."

When he stops it is Sirius, to the shock of others, who says, "On that I agree. That's not the problem, the problem is how he maintained the connection even after he left."

Its Blaise who interrupts the argument by going, "We all know Riddle wasn't squeemish, considering he murdered at the age of sixteen. Lets assume he did either a blood or soul ritual."

"Not soul," says Harry firmly from where he was standing in the back. They all turn to look at him and so he gives a small smile and wave before coming close. "That would light up the wards like the sun. It is also an impossible feat except in one situation, which he did not have access to."

"What would that situation be," Hermione asks. Then she stops, "Hey Harry, how are you feeling."
"I'm feeling much better, the sleep helped. As for the situation that would make it possible, well it would take the Heads of all four Founder Houses plus the Monarch agreeing before soul magics - even the light kind - could be weaved into the school."

Giving Harry a nod Snape then says, "So blood magic. It is a good method to anchor one's power especially if you plan on directing your power through it some time later."

"How would that let him interact with Hogwarts at a distance?" Ron asks curiously.

"Because blood cares not for distance, especially when one's very ancestor bled for the school," says Luna from where she is watching.

"If he used the old magics," Sirius says, "then he needed to link the ritual to himself, the school wards, and then a symbol representing his effect."

"Two effects," Ron says thinking about it. "The curse on the Defense Professor and the whole changing ages thing."

Everyone nods at that.

"When did he create the later one, there is no way he had it in effect all the way back to the last war," Neville asks.

"If he had people bonded to him then he could have had them do it and not him," Snape says.

Harry laughs saying, "In the last six years he had two attempts. The first was in my first year when he possessed our Defense Teacher. The second time was in my fourth year when a minion of his replaced the real Defense Professor."

"Right, well that would give him the necessary time," Snape says with a drawl.

"Yes, yes it would," Harry says with a nod. "So a question could he use the same school and personal site for both effects."

"Yes," is the answer both Sirius and Snape give.

"Sirius," Hermione asks, "I meant to ask how you know so much about such things." She knows it a bit off topic but she really wants to know, so she asked.

"He's a Black," Snape answers instead, the sarcasm is think in his voice.

Which causes both Remus and Harry to laugh at that.

Sirius does as well but actually answers. "While I never really liked that which is Black that didn't stop me from being made to learn about it. Everything about it. Which is why I know the details behind some of the darker magics." He then pauses. "As to the original question since he is responsible for both effects he could link them together."

Everyone nods at that as it goes along with what their research.

"Well," Neville says, "I imagine that the Defense corridor would be where the curse on the position is. On the other ones I have no clue."

"Maybe we should ask some of the other professors," Luna says after the group nods at Neville. As everyone turns to her she continues, "Their sixteenth year old persons might have overlapped with Tom Riddle at some point."
Harry nods thoughtfully, he then says "well Tom Riddle was born in 1926 and his Hogwarts time was 1938 to 1945. The whole Chamber of Secrets event happened in his sixth year."

Remus laughs suddenly and when everyone turns to him he stops after a moment and says. "Well we know one person who was here - Hagrid. We could ask him else was in the school around that point."

"Good idea," Harry says with a nod after he gives a bit of laugh himself. It was so obvious, of course Hagrid was present. "So who among us wants to go magic hunting and who wants to go people hunting."

The discussion on who would do what continued on for over twenty minutes before being interrupted by Ron mentioning that it was dinner time. Laughing a bit the group headed out to the great hall for a dinner unaffected by the lockdown.

8888

Making a quick detour Harry walked into the sitting room of the apartment he had conjured he was not surprised to see Fawkes sitting on a perch nearby. "Hello Fawkes, I guess you could tell I wanted to speak to you."

Fawkes sang and Harry, due to his bond with Hogwarts, could understand it.

"How can I help the fledgling," is what he said.

Giving Fawkes a smile Harry explained, "I would like you to travel to Andromeda Tonks nee Black and pass her a letter from me." A pause. "I plan on taking advantage of the regained youth of Sirius, Remus, and Severus in order order to scan their pattern for possible healing later on. To do that I need some soul vials from St. Mungos."

"I will help with this, I like those three, they are good to Hogwarts," Fawkes sings.

"I know, I agree, and if I can use the curse Riddle put on the school to help those three than I will," Harry speaks.

"Write the letter young lord and I will deliver. I will then wait for her to call me back to pick her items."

"Thank you Fawkes, I appreciate that."

Fawkes sings in approval as Harry writes his later. When the wizard is finished Fawkes takes the letter and flames away, to deliver it and then wait.

8888

Andromeda was sitting in her office at St Mungos taking a tiny break in between working on patients. She shouldn't have been working today but when reports began of Death Eater raids everywhere she didn't hesitate to help.

The flash of Fawkes - like most she knew the Headmaster's phoenix - startled her slightly. His croon of calm helped soothe her as she reached for the envelop he had linked to his claws.

Opening up the letter she read over it in shock, worry, but also a bit of awe at what her Head was trying to do.
The knock on her door and the presence of her friend and coworker Ceres pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Is everything okay," Ceres asked her worried and also a bit curious.

"Yes, well it will be. It seems that Hogwarts was put under a curse but Lord Potter locked her down tight."

"Oh," Ceres commented shocked. "But why did he write to you about that," a pause, "no offense."

A half smile came to Andromeda's face, "None taken, cause your right. He wouldn't have written just for that. It seems that all the non-students of the school were returned to their sixteen year old selves, which is why he needed to lock down the schoo."

"Ah," Ceres said and then his mind started figuring things out, he wasn't a Ravenclaw for nothing. "He asked for some soul crystals didn't he." But then he stopped. "Who else is there other than Professor Snape, since the other teachers wouldn't need a scan of a purer form."

"Good question, and the answer is Sirius and Remus. They were visiting Hogwarts when it all happened."

A great big grin came onto his face at the same time as Fawkes trilled a happy song. Nodding towards him Ceres says, "That is brilliant. At sixteen Remus hadn't gone through as many transformations and so his body is cleaner, and Sirius, well he didn't go to Azkaban yet." A pause. "Before you send him the vials can you wait, there are two books I think you should send him as well. They will help Lord Potter scan the three to deeper levels."

Andromada nods, "Sounds good. You don't mind waiting do you Fawkes, for I want to get some other supplies as well. This is in some ways a great opportunity and I want to make use of it. We might be able to heal others if we can figure out what Riddle did to cause the whole aging effect."

Ceres nods, "That is brilliant, especially as I assume Lord Potter used the standard reversal magics."

"Yes, he even tried to have the wards of Hogwarts reverse it and he approached the House Elves for help. Neither could undo it. Harry makes firm note that their pattern is that of their sixteen year old self while also of their present self."

"Wow, what a brilliant piece of magic that if we could get a better understanding of we could use to cure even that which is currently uncurable." A pause. "Yes, let me go get the supplies, I am so glad I happened to walk in when Fawkes arrived." So said he runs off with a smile on his face as his mind begins thinking of the possibilities.

Andromeda stares at him for a moment before shaking her head, Wwell that was unexpected." With a trill being given in response. She smiles before saying, "Harry strikes again, turning a bad into a good."

Fawkes, sitting all relaxed, starts trilling in a matter that gives hope while Andromeda begins moving to collect everything her Head and friend requested.

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After dinner was over and the students went back to their relaxing activity the friends of Harry gathered to investigate the curse.

"Right, so let us begin tracing the dark magic," Harry says.
"You locked the area Harry," says Hermione as they stand in front of a closed wall.

"Right," Harry laughs, "sorry about that."

He then closes his eyes and reaches for his magic and then through that to the school itself. Once the connection was made Harry concentrated on the idea of the DADA hallway and how he wanted it to be made accessible again. Hermione's gasp clearly showed the command had taken, which Harry proved when he opened his eyes and saw an actual door where an arched wall one was.

"So, the hallway is now available and we can now begin," Harry says with a smile.

Over the next twenty minutes they walk about the area scanning for any dark magic traces with wand and aura magic. As they moved through the hallway they discovered signs of a large number of different dark magic effects. Of course, as this was the Defense Hallway that should have been expected for none of them were connected to the Dark Lord. Eventually the now dishertened group, due to their lack of success, went to the classroom and sat down in a circle.

Sirius goes, "This classroom probably has some of the dark magic."

"I think it might be the defense office," Snape comments.

"Maybe its the whole hallway," adds Remus as they walk around.

"It probably is focused on nodes that work together to boost the effect," Hermione states.

"Its honestly probably all those things working together," Ron says as the group continues to argue. "Remember, he hooked into the wards of Hogwarts for this and then inverted it. He didn't create an effect from scratch." Here he shakes his head. "Though I have no clue what capability he would have inverted in order to get the youthening effect."

Harry nods at that. "You make a good point on that Ron. We have been looking at this as if its a freestanding magical matrix, which it is not. He used an already existing pattern but twisted it."

Groans from all around as they realize what that means.

"So its not going to be dark magic since it uses an effect established by the Founders when they built the school," Hermione sums up.

"Yes, exactly," Harry says with a low chuckle, "we would have been here for hours and yet not figured it out." A pause. "Okay summary time, what do we know."

"Riddle used the wards but inverted it," Neville says.

Hermione adds, "It did not target the Defense Professor who had signed the contract before the effect was set up."

"I would have thought," Remus starts by saying, "that this meant the effect was based on the Defense contract but Luna was telling me earlier that it even affected the professor in the one year they decided to call the position Magical Combat, which means its more intelligent than that."

"Well then, that means there is only one thing for me to do," Harry says with a shake of his head. He then closes his eyes and concentrates as he reaches his magic into the wards of Hogwarts. "Do not panic if you start seeing symbols, its the wards being manifested so we can study them." So said he jumps into the wards so he can cause them to manifest all around him.
Once it's done he opens his eyes to see the entire corridor covered in a vast amount of symbols, more than any of them could interpret.

Harry blinks, "Right sorry. That is all the ward effects in the area, even the ones as an heir he wouldn't have been able to access. Give me a second to adjust and remove those he couldn't have seen or touched." So said, Harry goes into himself as he touches the ward structure again. A bit of thought and everything that was outside Riddle's ability to see or interact with flashed and then faded.

As Harry came back to himself Hermione asked, "I don't understand how these things are so easy for you but nobody thought to do it."

Before Harry could answer it was Severus who spoke, "I do believe its both because he is the Head of three Founder Houses and also because he doesn't have to deal with the politics of council and committee."

"Though those reasons are quite true it is also because I am also a very powerful individual who has the will to act when I see issues that need to be solved. This is clearly one of them." A pause. "Okay all its now adjusted let us see if we can find what he did."

For the next ten minutes the group scanned the wards for any useful elements. They found interesting elements, and many of them, but none of them were what they were looking for.

"Found it," Ron said in one corner of the hallway. He was pointing to a sequence of symbols that existed above the doors of the classroom, the office, and even both doorways leading to the hall itself.

As everyone stopped where they were looking they turned towards Ron who says. "It seems that Riddle hooked into the 'proper behavior' clause and changed it." There was a bit of humor in his voice. "Normally those who taught to their best ability and who meant their students well were targeted. With his change the school considered anyone not him as improper."

Everyone blinked at that as Sirius said, "Well isn't that interesting. Also a bit anticlimatic, I was expecting a bit more of a fight."

Harry laughs, "Oh you shouldn't have said that. Remember there is still other facets of what Riddle did that we need to undo." So said he reaches into the wards and making changes. As they watch he seems to scrub at the symbols till the original pure versions are present once again. When gets fully clear it seems to glow a moment and they hear a sizzling sound as another symbol line fades away. A moment after that all the ward symbols glow a bit before disappearing from view.

Harry pulls back from the ward and stumbles a bit before righting himself. "Right, that's that for now. No more major magic for me tonight."

The group all nod at that as Ron asks, "Did it work, can the Defense Professor stay more than a year if they wanted to."

"Yes, the ward structure he tainted is back to normal," is Harry's response.

"Good to hear," Sirius says.

While Remus comments, "Not that I am suggesting we look into it now but did anyone else notice that a second line in the ward structure fizzled and faded. When we do investigate it tomorrow can we find where it linked."
Surprisingly enough it wasn't Harry that answered but Severus. "Yes, I cast a detection spell on the ward pattern, which worked since it was manifested. The result was saved as a spell stone which I have here," he holds up said stone. "Tomorrow I can activate it and we can trace it."

"Sounds good," Harry says, "especially the tomorrow part as I do believe we have been successful enough for one day."

Which gets laughter from the group.

As they begin walking out of the Defense corridor they hear the sound of phoenix song and then the flash of Fawkes.

"Hello Fawkes," Harry says without pause, "do you have a response?"

While the others hear phoenix song he hears the words, "Yes youngling I do." Some actual song without words then Fawkes speaks again. "They asked me to wait so they could gather supplies, they wish for you to use certain magics on the changed ones."

"Interesting Fawkes," Harry says with a smile. "Thank you for helping me on that. Have a good night."

"You as well youngling, you seem tired, eat then rest." Some song then, "Hogwarts feels better after what you did, you did well."

"Thanks Fawkes," Harry says right as he trills once more then flashes away. Harry took the package and put it in the pack he often carried with him. Raising his eyes at those looking at him, "It's for something tomorrow."

Nods at that followed by Sirius saying, "Let's go to the Kitchens, I'm hungry."

The group laughs as they head to the kitchens for some good food before bed.

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Youthened Sunday

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Youthened Sunday
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Date: Sixth Year, Late October, Halloween +2 Days

"So what's the plan for the day Harry," asks Hermione as she sits on the couch in Harry's quarters before breakfast. Surrounding them were many of his year mates and friends, as they had wondered the same thing.

"What makes you think I have any plans Hermione," Harry couldn't help but say in a steady manner.

Snorts from all around the room is the response to that.

Remus then comments, "I might only have two active days of memory with you but even I can say that is unbelievable."

Lots of head shakes in agreement come from that.

Harry chuckles at that, "yeah you're right, though I felt like I had to try."

"So as Hermione asked," Daphne comments, "what are your plans for today."

"Three parts. Part one is medical, part two is entertainment, and part three is adventure," Harry says in summation.

"Well that is all nice and good, but would you explain what they mean," Draco says in his pureblood voice.

Harry just grins at that, quite enjoying the moment.

Ron speaks up, "well I figure the second category is us playing games, having fun and relaxing. You know being students."

Harry nods, "yes exactly, its Sunday and I plan on having some fun before everything gets fixed. Especially since Riddle is not going to attack us today, not after I showed him up yesterday."

Nods of agreement.

It is Severus who says, "obviously the first part relates to the youthening. I assume Remus, Sirius, and myself as the principle individuals."

"Yeah," Sirius says with a nod, "and would that have anything to do with the soul vials you recieved yesterday before the lockdown."

"Yes it would. See the three of you, well all of you adults turned youths actually, have a pure form that I figure we could examine. It might aid us in healing or correcting the damage your true present self have." Harry explains logically. He then pauses a moment before continuing with, "the actual details about your forms is something I wish to keep private."

Everyone nods at that. Especially Draco, Blaise, and Daphne who understand there are topics of
conversation that they might not be suited to their ears.

"But Harry," Hermione says in her scholar voice, "why would you limit it to just these three. Why not all the teachers."

Before Harry could answer that one it is Luna that comments, "why would he though, the rest of the teachers are in good health. Nothing major has happened to them that this sort of healing would be viable."

Hermione opens her mouth to argue that but then closes it in thought as she tilts her head. The others can clearly see she is going through the teachers in her head. "Hmm, okay yes, I can see that."

Harry grins, "yeah. I gave it some thought but really the others are healthy. Them having a scan that says healthy for a body that is healthy doesn't really provide any benefit."

Nods across the room at that one.

"So that leaves the third category," Blaise says, "which I would think means breaking the curse on the school and thus returning everyone to their adult status."

"Correct. That will basically round out the day. As a note I would like to do it either before or right after dinner. It honestly doesn't really matter as I am pretty sure the Headmaster will cancel classes tomorrow no matter what."

"I would hope so," Severus says in such a way that for a moment the students forget he is not himself. "As I am pretty sure that none of us future professors have completed grading or setting up lesson plans."

This gets amused laughs from the present Hogwarts student.

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It was a little while later and most of those gathered in Harry's room had left, at Harry's request.

"You might be wondering why I asked Neville, Luna and Hermione to stay," Harry says to Sirius, Remus, and Severus.

"Well Granger seems to be a know it all," Severus says in his matter of fact tone. But then, seeming to realize how that sounded he goes, "no offense."

Hermione gives a slight grin at that before saying, "none taken." After six years of hearing phrases similar to that she has turned it into a a mark of pride.

He just nods then continues with, "while Lovegood is the Heir of House Lovegood and thus has been educated in the healing arts. Longbottom is a trained pureblood with skills you trust."

Hermione snorts at that while Harry grins at the so clearly Snape comment.

"While I wouldn't have put it that way, that is essentially true." Harry says with a straight face. "I do have to ask do you understand why you were chosen for healing." He then pauses, "I don't want there to be any shocks when I do the ritual, so I want to be clear."

"I am a werewolf who has had twenty something plus years of full moons compared to this body, healing could be useful," Remus says without missing a beat.

While Sirius says, "I heard that I was in Azkaban for almost twelve years, this might aid in clearing
my body, mind, and magic of the horrors that it caused me."

Severus then softly says, "I heard that I let the Dark Lord brand me with his Dark Mark. If that is true then this is a chance for me to undo twenty years of his slow poisoning."

The three then grin at each other, a moment of shared humor based on the deadpan nature of all three's tone of voice.

Grinning himself Harry then says, "that is quite true, for all three of you. I feel with the scan of your clean, youthful magical tapestries a cleansing ritual or two could be created. While I make no promises I do believe that this the potential for this is high enough that it is worth working on.

Nods and tilts of head from the three showcase their understanding and agreement.

"So what do you want us to do," Remus asks with awe in his voice.

"In turns you will hold the St Mungo's designed soul vial. I will then cast a ritual spell given to me by Healer Andromeda that will scan and record your current mental, physical, spiritual, and magical pattern. As I am doing that Hermione will monitor your mind, Luna will monitor your spirit, and Neville your body pattern. We want to make sure that nothing goes wrong, which it shouldn't but I'd rather be too careful than not careful enough." Harry then pauses, "so any questions."

Negative shakes of the head at that, they all understand what is going on and know what they need to do.

"Okay then. So if there are not reasons otherwise, I guess we should begin."

Two hours later and the group stumbles out of the room to get something to eat from the highly tiring, and yet productive, ritual. Before Harry leaves the room with them he puts the three clearly labelled glowing soul vials in magic containing pouches for later study.

"Hey Harry," is the first thing he heard as soon as he walked into the indoor field chamber.

"Hey Dean, hows it going."

"Good, very good. We just finished a game and were about to play another. Do you want to play."

"Sure. Which game were you guys playing, Quidditch or football."

"Both," is what Dean answers with, with a bit of a grin to his face.

"Wicked. Well then, it looks like I will be playing at least two games today."

Which gets grins and laughs from those gathered around.

"Good game Harry," says Dean with a smile and a vigorous handshake. "Did you want to play another, or," he asks with a slight trail off into quiet at the end.

"Or," Harry says with a smile, for he knew it was an answer that Dean had expected. "The last game was fun but there is something important I need to do."

"Understood and good luck with that," Dean says with a nod. He then pauses for a moment before
asking, "did you need any help."

Harry smiles at that offer, "only if you want to, otherwise have fun."

The look Dean gives speaks volume, which is why Harry gives him a nod before heading out of the chamber. He stops immediately upon entering into the hallway and sits down in a bench that the school had provided when he conjured the space.

There he waits.

Though it is not for long. For quickly he finds himself surrounded by Hermione, Ron, Neville, Luna, Sirius, Remus, Severus, Draco, and Blaise.

It was the exact people who he had expected to come out and find him.

"Are you ready to cleanse the school," Hermione asks as she stands in front of Harry.

Harry answers by saying, "yes I am as now is the perfect time."

"Does the time really matter," asks Hermione with an eyebrow raise.

"Yes," Luna answers before Harry can speak himself. "Now is the time to do it for now is the time that he needs to do it."

The purebloods all look at her in surprise and yet no disbelief. They can clearly tell that magic is guiding her statement, even if it seems a little out there.

Harry nods at her and then stands up, "to the Defense hallway we go."

As they walk Remus asks curiously, "so what is your plan."

"A bit exploration, survey, and adventure wrapped around magic and luck."

A few 'huh's' and snorts and nods follow Harry making that statement. There is also a bit of a pause as the group thinks on that.

Said pause is interrupted by Sirius going, "while that is quite poetic its not exactly a gameplan."

Harry grins, "too right on that." He then pauses just long enough that the others start getting slightly annoyed. Then he speaks again, "the true game plan is that we will head to the Defense hallway. From there Severus will activate the recording stone he took earlier and we will trace the dark magic residue to its source."

Slow nods at that as the group all think the plan over.

"How easy do you think it will be," Blaise asks.

"Not sure actually for it depends on how deep Riddle hooked his curses into the wards." Harry then stops as he thinks it over. "I know he did it deep enough that even my magic had trouble breaking through his taboo. Which, let me tell you, was quite frustrating."

It's Remus who asks with a tilt of his head, "how did you break through it."

"I didn't, though the Headmaster did say that given an hour more I would have." A pause then, "no what happened was that the Headmaster himself revealed the details to me, and it broke the taboo magic."
"I think that was a good move," Sirius says with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Dark magic such as that might not have reacted well to your power levels."

"I concur," Harry says in answer. "Especially as the Headmaster said the same thing."

"What would have happened," Ron asks curiously.

"Boom," is what Sirius says in answer. "Which while resisted by the wards of Hogwarts would have still caused damage."

"Especially if it had to overpower Harry's magical potential," Draco says when Sirius finished speaking.

"Right. Which is why the Headmaster decided to get involved." Harry says with a shrug.

As they were talking they were also walking towards the Defense hallway. Which was a hallway that Harry had to unlock first, since with everything going on he didn't want to risk the student body finding something they shouldn't.

Though the group had been lively in conversation they grew quiet as soon as Severus activated the recording and bathed the hallway in patterned light. Though this was partially due to the awe they felt at seeing the very wards of Hogwarts.

"Okay all," Harry says into the quiet, "lets look it over for anything that seems out of the ordinary."

Sirius then says, "not figuring things out when you know you should be able to is also worthy of mention."

Nods from all around as they begin studying the map.

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"It has to be somewhere near hear," Ron says frustration heavy in his voice. "It has to be." Looking at the others he continues. "There is no feasible reason it could be in any other hall or corridor."

"What about the Chamber of Secrets," Hermione asks when Ron stopped.

"No," that was Neville. When the others looked at him in surprise by his vehement response he shrugs and then answers. "When Harry bonded to it in Second Year he cleansed it of all its tainted and corrupted magics."

Nods at that, since it makes quite a lot of sense.

Blaise tilts his head in thought. "You know I think we are going about this the wrong way." As the others look at him he explains further. "We are walking about scanning, but Hogwarts is big and the wards or incredibly ancient and complex. We should do something else."

Harry nods at that. "So do you have any thoughts."

"Overwhelming power," Luna says simply.

"Wait what," Hermione wonders curiously.

Giving Luna a look Blaise says, "well we have been operating with finesse on a topic where we should have just battled it for suppremacy."
"That," Harry says and then trails off in thought.

"Is brilliant mate," Ron says soon after. "Especially if we join in with you to empower the ritual."

Hermione hums in thought before saying, "we could use the Mercurian Rites, its exactly what we need."

"Sounds good to me." Harry says with a nod. "We should head to the lounge and look up the details. Lets not risk ourselves due to some dodgy spellwork."

"Especially since the ritual will require us to battle a shade of Riddle," Luna adds.

Which sees the group going off to begin the research and study project.

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"Where do you think we should cast the ritual," Harry asks Luna as they get back to the Defense hallway after an hour of research and practice.

"Hmm," she says while pondering the situation. "Not a classroom, the wards would impede, and not a regular hallway, its too chaotic." Is her only partially helpful answer.

"So what does that leave us with," Hermione asks a bit confused.

Ron's loud "I KNOW," causes the others to stop what they were doing to look at him. Blinking at all the eyes on him he shrugs and says, "right, sorry. Anyway, I know where we can do it, the octagonal chamber at the end of the Defense hallway. Its not a classroom and its not a hallway, its something else."

Nods at that and so the group head towards the specified chamber. As they are walking Harry asks, "so Ron how do you know about this area."

He laughs, "two reasons really. The first is that it serves as a shortcut between dorm and kitchens. While the second is that it houses all the trophies the school gives out. I like to look over the Quidditch trophies, to see who, when, and why they were given out."

Harry nods at that while Hermione, as soon as they got to the room, begins laying out the marching orders. This didn't bother anyone for she, out of them all, understood the ritual details a bit more than most. As that was happening Harry was actually studying the room, both visually and magically.

Ron had, of course, been right. The eight sided chamber was perfect for the ritual they were about to do. Four of the sides led to doors which opened to hallways connecting various segments of the castles. The other four walls had floor to ceiling display cases, all of which were filled with awards of a dozen different varieties.

For all that the chamber was majestic it was also magically potent.

"What is it Harry," asks Remus after he noticed the look Harry had on his face.

"This isn't simply a trophy room," Harry starts to explain, "rather it is a potent nexus point for the wards of Hogwarts."

"Wait what," Hermione asks, "why would they put such a component out in the open."

"Its defended," Luna says in her 'I know magic' tone of voice. "Harry is able to sense and manipulate it only due to his connection."
As Hermione nods at that explanation Harry hums slightly to himself. "While its definitely worth further research right now it just means that this is a perfect place for the ritual." A pause then, "even more than we thought it as going to be." A shake of the head then, "right then. Let us begin."

Which quickly saw the group move into position, with Harry in the center surrounded by the others. When everyone was ready Harry reached out with his magic and activated the ritual. One by one the others extended their own auras till it touched Harry's, who then brought them into the ceremony.

'So far so good', was what Harry thought as he pushed the ritual's magic so that it touched the whole room. The ritual connected and then began scanning, trying to find anything out of the ordinary.

Which was exactly when they began to feel the pressure, a dark dark pressure. Just like what Harry felt during his first year when he tried to figure out who Voldemort he began to be fought. This time it was more powerful for the dark ritual wasn't just trying to stop Harry from getting a name, it was working to survive.

Which to the dark magic meant only one thing - Harry and the ritualists had to be destroyed.

Then attacked.

Or at least it tried to, for Harry was not as surprised as maybe he should have been. So with a smirk and a blast of power that pushed the Riddle avatar back, Harry created his own emphereal avatar - a representative of his power, one empowered by the temporary gift of the others magic. An avatar was needed for nothing about this battle would take place in the physical, real, world.

Which was why Harry - and the others - found their vision changing as the world around faded away and they found themselves in a chamber. Which Harry smirked at the moment he saw what Riddle had chosen all those years ago - the Chamber of Secrets.

"You have poisoned Hogwarts for too long shade of Riddle, but no more," Harry said as he gazed at the avatar of his enemy.

"Give up now boy, for there is no way you can defeat me," the shade said.

Harry just laughed. And then began powering up, which involved the manifestation of all of his Head Rings. As a treat he started with Potter and ended with Slytherin, he wanted the avatar to have a moment.

"You have no understanding of what power means shade of Riddle, none at all," Harry says then strikes with a massive blast of magic.

Which started the actual battle. A battle in which Harry was not holding back, nor delaying with the often ridiculous banter he employed to distract his enemies. Even more though was that Harry was not alone, despite appearances, for he was backed by not just by his Houses but also the magics of his friend.

This was compared to how the shade of Tom Riddle had only himself. But to make it even worse for the shade was that while it had the accumulated power he did not have all the knowledge that would make Voldemort the fierd Dark Lord that he had come to be known.

So magic flew, not spells though, rather it was pure expressions of primordial magical power. This was possible, the group knew, because the battle was more spiritual than physical. Push and pull, forward and back, fire and water, joy and sorrow, life and death these were the forces manifested.
The battle continued.

It was a battle that lasted both minutes and eons, for that is how such matters go. But eventually even Harry felt it was time to end it, which led him to launch a series of precise tactical strikes that pushed the shade back and back. Weakening it, disrupting it, putting it on the defensive and forcing it into a corner.

It was time to end things.

Harry then speaks in a voice which seemed highly resonant, as if it was channeling infinity. To the learned it was not just regal, but divine, as if the universe itself was present.

"That's it, you are done."

Then a pause.

"Shade of Tom Riddle, your bond is broken."

Though simple, the words held a power of their own. It was a primordial power, one backed by the ancient foundations of human magic use. But even more it was backed by Harry's authority over three of the four Founder Houses of Hogwarts, plus his ties to not just three Utmost Ancient Houses but also that of the Royal House of Emrys.

With such standards backing him, and the power he garnered by defeating the shade, there was little the entity could do.

It froze. Then shuttered. Then exploded into uncountable ethereal pieces of spirit fire as the patterns which bound it to the world, to Hogwarts, frayed and then faded.

As Harry staggered, near collapse, he expressed his will and took possession of the tattered remains of the corrupt bindings put in place. Another motion and both the name taboo and the hooks to allow the curse on the Defense position were gone.

Though he was tired Harry was not going to pull out before making sure all was cleansed. So he scanned the dark power, studied it, dominated it, and then forced its dispersal. He knew he would have to talk to the others about what he found, but for now he knew removing them was good enough.

It was at that point he found himself being pulled back into the real world. As his vision faded into unconsciousness he looked up and saw exactly what he had expected - Sirius, Remus, and Severus were all adults again. Giving them a smile and a nod he let sleep take him.

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"My Lord, with the agents of House Potter propping up the aurors most of our operations failed."

One of the Death Eaters reported to the Dark Lord.

"That is unacceptable," the Dark Lord says before stopping as a massive headache suddenly came over him. It as blinding, it was painful, and it required all his concentration to stop himself from loosing his lunch or crying out in pain.

"Potter," he growls out through his clenched teeth. A pause then, "dismissed, all of you, leave me." Its all he could say before the pain got even stronger and almost led him to crying out, though he kept it in check.
Looks of worry and plotting pass between the Death Eaters as they bow before leaving the room. So focused on his pain such looks failed to register on the Dark Lord's mind. Which had focused on the knowledge that the Potter brat had removed all the magics he had put on Hogwarts.

Once everyone was gone he let out the pain he was feeling in a series of anguished cries. Which thankfully got cut off as unconsciousness claimed him.

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"Look, I know he needs the rest but we need him to take down the lockdown."

These are the words Harry first hears as he comes back to consciousness.

"Wait, I think he is waking up." A pause then, "Harry can you hear me."

"Let him be Sirius," the voice of Remus says. "He just went through an intense ritual, him sleeping is not a bad think."

Another voice, this time from Madam Pomfrey, speaks. "If you two continue to argue I will kick you out."

By this point Harry opens his eyes fully, quickly glancing around. He opens his mouth to speak but before he can do that a straw attached to a bottle of water is thrust to his mouth. After taking a drink he smiles at Severus in thanks, before speaking. "Hello all, so I guess it worked."

"Of course it did Harry," Sirius says with a grin wide enough that it looked a bit bizarre.

"You have been asleep two hours Mr Potter," this was Madam Pomfrey. "Which is not surprising considering what you did." She gives him a gentle smile and helps him sit up more. "After I finish my scan you may go Mr Potter as all you are experiencing is a bit of magic fatigue. I do ask that you refrain from magic casting for the next day, or two."

Harry nods but then says, "I understand on why you want me to rest. But I do have to say that there is two bits of magic I will need to cast before I follow it."

Its her turn to nod, "That I understand. But just those two, nothing else." Here she gets stern, "If I hear that you cast anything else I will have you back here and in bed faster than you can say Hogwarts. You understand mister."

Harry nods and smiles, "of course, perfectly." A pause then, "now not to rush you or anything but if you would finish your scan so I can head out. I do believe its dinner time, and I want to finish the two tasks."

She just nods and begins casting magic.

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"Are you really okay to release the school Harry," Sirius says as the group leaves the side room that they had turned into a temporary medical wing since the main one was still locked own.

"I'm perfectly fine Sirius, especially since it was only magic fatigue." Is Harry's answer.

"Don't down play magic fatigue Mr Potter," Severus says. "You know how dangerous it could be."

Harry just nods, for its true, he does know that its dangerous. "I will keep my word to Madam Pomfrey and do only two bits of magic."
"Is that why we are heading towards the Headmaster's Tower," asks Hermione curiously.

"Yep," Harry says with a grin. "That is where the lockdown and switch occurred and that is where it will be undone." Harry then tilts his head, "pardon me for only asking now, but is everyone okay."

"Yes," Severus says firmly. "All students accounted for and all adults returned to normal."

"Good to hear." Harry then stops as they get to the gargoyle who gives him a bow before moving out of the way. As Harry steps into the elevator he gestures for his friends to stop, "Out of respect please stay down here. Only staff and the adults."

Hermione opens her mouth, probably to ask why, but is beaten to comment by Neville who nods and says. "Of course Harry. In fact we will be in the Great Hall with the others."

"Thanks Neville, see you all there." Nods to his friends who nod back, just as the elevator doors close. Turning to the adults around him Harry says, "well that was easier than expected."

"Neville has a good head on his shoulders," is Remus' response with a grin of his own. Whatever else they were going to say was cut off by the doors opening and them stepping foot back in the office.

Sitting at the desk as a twinkling eyed Albus Dumbledore. "Harry, lad, welcome. Also, congrats are in order I do believe."

"Hello Headmaster, and thank you." Harry says with a smile. "How are things going."

"Splendid my dear boy, splendid. Which we have you to thank for. Your rapid response protected not just Hogwarts but also those in Hogsmede." The grin widens and the twinkle grows before the Headmaster says. "But I would like my wards back Lord Potter."

Harry grins himself, "of course Headmaster. Let me just see."

He then closes his eyes and reaches into the magic of Hogwarts and speaks to the spirit of the school. "Between the defeat of the shade of Riddle and the return of the adults the threats the school had faced have ended. To this end I return mastery of the wards back to the proper authority - the Headmaster, Deputy Headmistress, the four school Heads of Houses, and the Keeper of Keys and Grounds of Hogwarts. Furthermore, I deem the Lockdown to be at end, let the school return to normalcy."

Magic shifts and turns as the will of Harry get enacted. The Professors find their access restored which is quickly followed by the school retracting its intense security systems.

Opening his eyes again Harry smiles, "Done!"

"Thank you Mr Potter," the Headmaster says with a smile. "Now feel free to go and enjoy dinner for we can talk about the events of the weekend tomorrow. For there is no rush."

"Thank you Headmaster," Harry says and then turns to head out but stops. "Don't forget to eat yourself Headmaster, for all that I know you will be turning your attention to finding out what is going on out there."

The grin is wide, "Of course Lord Potter." A pause then, "In fact I will join you for dinner. I feel us being present would do much to get everyone to feel as if we are back to normal."
So said the Headmaster stands up and joins the group.

As dinner ended Harry walked Sirius and Remus to the doors of Hogwarts. "You know it doesn't seem right that while I will be resting you two will be checking on the world."

Sirius reaches over and hugs his godson before saying, "Its only fair since you did all the work the last three days. Now its our time to work."

"Yes," Remus says in support while adding, "especially as we are your two highest officials. Its our job to check things for you."

Harry nods, already knowing there really isn't any benefit to arguing. "Well keep yourself safe, don't go anywhere without escort." A pause, "just in case, not that I think Riddle is in any fit state to attack."

"Understood and will do," Remus says right before he hugs his godson as well.

With that said the two head out, leaving Harry alone in the hallway.

A moment later a hidden Severus Snape moves out of his hiding place. "Its late Mr Potter, you should get yourself to bed."

Harry nods at the professor. "Will do." He then sighs, which is a rare act for him, at least in public. At Severus' raised eyebrow Harry explains, "I was just thinking about how I have to go the dorms."

"Actually," Severus says, "the Headmaster informed me that for at least tonight you may stay in your temporary quarters. He felt, and Poppy agreed, that it would be more conducive to a good night's rest."

"Oh, really, wicked. Thanks Professor, it sounds perfect." As Harry says that he begins walking to where the room is. "A nice hot shower, a chapter of the book I'm reading, and then bed, sounds perfect."

Severus just nods, for that is pretty much his own plan.

As he sat down in his chair later that night the Headmaster simply laughed at the memories of the last few days. Hearing Fawkes chirp at him from his perch his eyes twinkle a moment.

"Just thinking about the last few days Fawkes," was his response.

"How are you, Friend," Fawkes says to him in his singsong voice in response to that.

Albus smiles a soft smile, "I'm good, in fact I'm better then good and its all thanks to Harry Potter."

"You realize the world is in his good hands, don't you Friend," is what Fawkes says.

"Yes, yes I do. But that wasn't entirely what made me laugh."

"What did Friend," Fawkes asks.

"I no longer have the Elder Wand, but I didn't loose it through battle but rather through the choice of Magic."
"Do you resent that," Fawkes asks curiously and non-judgmentally.

"If I was younger and if it was anyone but Harry, then yes I think I would. But in this case no, not at all. He more than anyone has proven his right to wield it."

The Headmaster just sits back in silence as Fawkes sings a song of hope.

A little while later Albus speaks again, "I think Magic is setting it up so he has all three Deathly Hallows, for I know he has two. Though even I don't know where the third is."

Fawkes chirps as he says, "Does that worry you."

"No. I think its for a reason we do not, cannot, know yet. I think Magic wants to boost him, and you know what Fawkes, I'm fully okay with that."

"Good," Fawkes says simply. "Though there is much even my kind do not know I can say that yes, this is being done for the future. It is good you do not find it troublesome my Friend."

Albus smiles at that, though its tinged with sadness for what Harry has and will experience. "I feel for him my Friend, even as I know he will handle whatever is thrown at him." He then chuckles before saying, "its why I stopped even the small amount of testing I was doing."

Fawkes trills in agreement at both statements as the two sit in the quiet.

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Chapter End Notes

I had a lot of fun writing these three sections. I think its a nifty series of events and is a fun way of making my version of sixth year different from canon.

So I hope you all enjoyed these three sections!
Revealed Power

Chapter Notes

Though I have attempted to write more of seventh year I have found myself even more
distracted by reading both Harry Potter fanfiction and the genre I discovered called
Litrpg. (Which, amusingly enough, I also realized I wrote a story in said genre [my
Starcraft one] without realizing it.) So yeah, not much more has been written for seventh
year, which leaves me what I will call 11.5 sections remaining.

PS. Harry Potter someone being transported to an island in the Atlantic and having to
use his wits and skills to basically create a civilization is my new personal loved fanfic
idea. As is the idea of him discovering family magic and becoming friends with Draco
due to the fact that the two are forced to partner in most of their third year classes due to
the teachers assigning them to work together.

Revealed Power

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Date: Sixth Year, Early November

Harry stood in front of the gargoyle that led to the Headmaster's Tower. "Please inform the
Headmaster that Harry Potter would like to speak to him. Thank you."

Then he waited for a response.

The funny thing was this action was pure formality. After the event last weekend which saw all the
staff and professors of Hogwarts turned into their sixteen year old selves Harry had been connected
to the wards. Which meant if he wanted to he could access the tower without an invite. Though he
wasn't going on do that, as Dumbledore did not deserve such disrespect, it didn't mean he couldn't.

His further thoughts on the matter were interrupted by the gargoyle moving, the door appearing, and
Harry being invited upstairs. Which he perfectly comfortably made use of.

Upon entering the main office of this tower Harry delivered that the Headmaster was not alone. "Ah,
Sirius, Remus. Well you both being here is going to make this conversation easier, as I won't have to
repeat it." The two give a nod at that. "Right, so after the travesty that was last weekend I have
decided it's time for me to claim my Emrys rights over the Department of Mysteries. I wanted to wait
till I graduated but it seems after the stunt he pulled last week that will not happen."

Dumbledore nods at that, his twinkle absent. "I always find it sad when you need to do something
that a person your physical age shouldn't have to. That said, it is what it is, and I do agree that this is
a necessary action. Riddle wants to control the Ministry and by you mastering the Unspeakables it
takes them away from his forces. So yes, I agree with you for the need to do this."

"I understand," Harry says with a gentle smile, "and I can understand the wish for me to have had a
different life. But unfortunately the matter is out of our hands, my life, our lives, are what they are."

Sirius smiles and reaches over to pat Harry on the back. He doesn't say it but he can't help but smile
gently and just think, "oh James, Lily, look at your son, look what he has done." With the look he
gets from Remus he can tell that his mate knows what he is thinking, and shares it with him.

Harry continues speaking, "I was once asked why I am not Ravenclaw with all the study I do. My answer is that I don't study for knowledge sake I study for doing sake. I am constantly doing, speaking, leading. This fits into that." A pause and a shake of the head. "Anyway, that is not the point. The point is I will be visiting the Ministry, it shouldn't take much time, but it does mean I will be leaving Hogwarts ground to do it."

"Of course, permission granted." The Headmaster says with a twinkle, since he fully knows its just a formality, a respectful one but still. "I would request you take Sirius and Remus with you, for form's sake if nothing else."

"Of course," Harry says with a smile and a nod towards the other two. "In fact if they hadn't been here I would have contacted them and sought their company for this. I see no need to do it alone when I have family who will join me."

With that said the meeting descends into some touch ups. The Headmaster quickly finishes his conversation with Sirius and Remus, which was a bit of Hogwarts business related to the Wizenemgot and Board of Governors. After that the three leave for the Ministry.

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Flooing into the entrance alcove of the Ministry the three give each other a look. Sirius then says, "Well we will let you lead as this is your show."

"Thanks Sirius," Harry says with a laugh. "Well, since you are being so gracious let us begin."

"Let's take the stairs," Remus says after smiling, "rather than the elevator as the stairs aren't tracked in the same way."

"Sounds good, I'd rather they not know why I am here for as long as possible." Is Harry's response with firmness in his tone.

By this point they had made it to the stairwell and began heading towards the Mysteries level. This wasn't a simple straight down, it involved some up and down and sideways and diagonal. But that was magic being magic and none of the three even bat an eye. They know the twisting passages are because the Department of Mysteries is much more ancient then the Ministry building.

Arriving at the entrance Harry walks up the the sign in desk with utter confidence. "Hello, my name is Harry Potter and I am here to visit a prophecy that has my name on it." An utter lie of course, as he had already seen said prophecy, but all the same it was a statement that would officially explain his reason for being here. Which was most useful to have.

"Of course sir," the apprentice Unspeakable says with only a slight delay on speaking to 'the Harry Potter.' He then lifts up the sign-in book and hands it to Harry for his signature.

Harry had grabbed the blood quill that was used for such a thing when the side door opened and out came an Unspeakable in ornate robes.

"Don't let him sign the book," the Unspeakable starts to say.

While Harry gives him a slight grin and puts quill to parchment and quickly signs his name. As he does so he manifests his Emrys Head Ring and pushes his magic into the book. His name glows gold for a moment before going back to normal. At the same time the lights flicker for a moment as the wards of the complex get touched by a magic empowered by the ancient rites put deep within the
Then everything changes.

The room, no the whole complex, seems to shift a bit sideways. The wards start vibrating in ways that haven't happened in almost six hundred years, since the death of the last Emrys who was powerful enough to safely handle the wards. Ancient magics long buried moved back to the forefront while newer magics either shifted or faded away as the structure deemed necessary.

The power grew and grew and grew and before long the artificial ties forcing the Department of Mysteries to follow the Ministry faded and were cut. The only ones remaining with the legal ones put into place by the proper acts of the whole Wizengamot.

It also reached out and grabbed every single Unspeakable still alive, active or retired it did not matter. Wards, bonds, and geas that had long been ignored snapped into place much tighter than they had been in centuries. They all felt it, knowing that the time of abusing their knowledge for personal gain or for masters other than Magic ended. But that wasn't all that happened for those who actively served dark powers, including but not limited to the Dark Lord Voldemort, found themselves forced teleported to special cells inside the Department of Mysteries.

As the magic of the Emrys line circulated through the whole of the Department places and programs that had previously been blocked became available again. With but a thought entire programs were born from projected ideas while others were closed down and locked away as horrible for Magic.

Harry also benefited from all the flows of magic that were going on. He instinctively knew every project worked on and every person involved in the Department in anyway. He could see the internal hierarchies that existed and the loyalties all the members had. It was all laid bare to him, even the more recent discussions where some of the Unspeakables wanted to keep themselves neutral in the growing conflict against Riddle.

Which was why, Harry realized, they had tried to stop him from signing in. Of course, with a slight mental laugh, Harry knew that Senior Unspeakable Croaker didn't exactly want to stop him, but he had to try - his oaths required it.

Pulling out of the magic after everything was done Harry glanced about in interest at the changes that had come upon the place. The more sterile environment that had been superimposed upon the complex by the Ministry had faded into a much nicer stone and wood paneled design. Doors that had not been visible were now back as once locked own halls and passages became usable again.

"Well," Harry said, "that's that, the Department of Mysteries is now once again in service of the Lord and Head of House Emrys."

Allistair Croaker, as he knew the man to be, nodded at that while giving a bit of a smile. "As you say sir, and may I say welcome back." A pause. "If you would come this way we can head to an office for our discussion."

"Thank you," Harry says with a grin of his own in response, "and yes that sounds perfect. Let us go."

So said the four wizards begin walking down hallways and past offices towards Croaker's office. Anytime Harry passed an Unspeakable he would stop and greet them, asking their name and thanking them for the hard work that they were doing. Eventually they reached Croaker's office and sat around a circle table that lay in the corner of his office.
After getting situated Harry then began, "Now as you could feel there have been many changes to the very structure of the organization. A part of this is that all those who served dark powers are now in need of an interrogation, I won't allow such corruption to exist."

Croaker gets an angry look on his face, "I don't respond well to such discoveries either. So you can trust me when I say the questioning will be in depth."

"I am extremely pleased to hear that," a pause, "now since I am still at Hogwarts we will speak mostly through mirror communicator and pass tin. But if you need a direct communication you may speak to Sirius Black and Remus Lupin."

The two mentioned men actually blink at that while Croaker then says, "Sir, they are not Unspeakables."

A slight twist of magic and Harry is adding said men to the access list as his envoys. "That might be so but they represent me when I can not be present myself. Of course, as you can now detect, they have access to pretty much all that I do - which is to say everything."

Croaker simply nods at that, as there is little that can be said.

Sirius, though, speaks up. "As I spend a lot of time at the Ministry in my role as Lord Potter's High Chancellor I would be the easiest one to contact on Mysteries issues."

"I will take that into consideration and make heavy use of it, so please expect contact as Lord Potter should expect communication." Croaker replies.

"Good to know," is Harry's response. "Now, on a day to day level you are still in charge. I have no plans on changing that especially as the magic tells me you have done the best you possibly can under the political circumstances you had to deal with."

"How do you want me to deal with the Ministry," asks Croaker.

"Respect them but in general you no longer have to obey their commands. My acceptance of the role of Guardian and Monitor of Mysteries makes the pacts signed since the fading of the old Monarch no longer the primary ruling."

"I am pleased to hear that for most of those structures restricted our ability to do what we were designed to do." A pause then a question. "So what is your order on the Dark Lord Voldemort."

Harry gives a fierce grin then says, "At worst neutrality, no Unspeakable is to aid in the operations of the Dark Lord Voldemort. This is a dictate that will expand to any Dark Lord that might exist. But at best, well I will never deny the assistance of the Department of Mysteries in the fight against Riddle."

Blinking at that, Croaker then comments. "Ah, well, that is better than I thought. I figured you would direct us to go against him."

Sirius snorts at that and then says, when everyone looks at him, "Harry here has a belief in not forcing a person to do something they don't want. He just does the equivalent of puppy dog eyes that make you want to do it anyway."

Harry chuckles slightly while Croaker gives a slight grin at that.

Remus takes the opportunity to add, "Its true. I expect once you make it known that no Unspeakable is forced to fight that most will choose to fight. Especially when they think on all that Harry here has done to fight Riddle."
Nodding at that Croaker says, "I wouldn't be surprised at that at all, if I know human nature, which I do." A pause. "So, what do you think about the projects we are doing, any issues or comments."

"You are mostly in good shape on that. I did notice that the Emrys Wards shut off two ancient projects going on, but they weren't ones being actively worked on. Other than that you had already shut down those I would have objected to so no issues there." Harry says with straightly.

"Good to know," Croaker says before he pauses. "So you should expect a lot of reports coming your way for the next few months, weekly at minimum but once daily at max. It will of course slow down as you become aware of everything and at that point we could go down to seasonal meetings."

"Perfect, and I approve," Harry says with a nod. "I think that will be it for now, I need to get back to Hogwarts." A pause as Harry tilts his head. "Unless there is something you wish to update me on that previous to this you could not say."

Croaker nods, "There is one thing. Now I don't have more than rumors but it seems that the Dark Lord Voldemort is attempting magics of a dimensional nature. On this we will look further and I will update you as I learn more."

Blinking at that, "Hmm, interesting. Okay then keep me informed and all that." Harry then stands up, followed by the others, as the meeting ends and they return to Hogwarts.
Date: Sixth Year, Mid November

Harry was sitting in the great hall eating dinner when he felt a buzz on the back of his mind, at the spot where his magic met the Hogwarts wards. Glancing up at the head table he noticed immediately that Professor Snape was not present and so turned towards the Headmaster. When their eyes met Harry saw a bit of worry in them as well.

Then the buzz became a much stronger feeling, so strong that before he realized it he was standing up. After he gave those around him a look that clearly said, "stay," he left the great hall in what appeared to be a combat stance. Close at his heels came Ron, Neville, Hermione, and after a bit of run to catch up Blaise.

From the head table Dumbledore did what Harry did, though he stopped slightly to make sure Pomfrey and Flitwick came with him. He also gave McGonagall a look that spoke volumes on what it was that they expected to find.

By the time the professors had caught up with Harry and his group they were already at the outer doors of the castle and heading into the grounds.

Looking at the Headmaster as they made a beeline for the arrival area Harry said, "the castle is in a tizzy, it keeps on buzzing me, telling me a staff member is in danger."

"Severus, it has to be," the Headmaster said.

"Where did he go, he wasn't at dinner," Harry wondered.

"Riddle called a meeting that he was required to attend," Dumbledore comments with a sigh, "but I fear its not good."

"No, probably not," Harry says.

"You are still feeling the wards, right Harry," Hermione asks as she is moving to keep up.

"Yes, its still pinging at me, why," Harry asks.

"Well then we will find him alive," she says, "if he wasn't then the wards wouldn't be so persistent."

"That is true," the Headmaster says, "for as morbid as it would be if he was already deceased what is a few more minutes."

"But if he is alive, which he must be, then that minute matters," Harry says.

Which is at the same time that they passed over a hill and reached the outer gates of Hogwarts Estate. Seeing a hurt Severus Snape laying on the ground spurred them on even more, and they made it to his body in record time.

Immediately Pomfrey was casting spells, diagnostic after diagnostic followed by stabilization, basic healing, and purification spells. It took a few minutes but the unconscious Severus was not in immediate danger of dying. Not that he was better or healed or anything.
"Poppy," Harry said with a tone of authority, "can he be popped by house elf magic or would that cause greater harm to him."

"It would be fine and in fact would help him, I have resources there that would make my life easier," is Pomfrey's answer.

Harry nods at that as Dumbledore, liking the idea says, "Milly, Tilly, please attend."

Pop. Pop.

Then two house elves are present in front of the group looking at them in question.

"Severus is hurt and we want him brought to the medical wing quick. So Milly could you pop Severus here and Tilly could you do the same for Poppy. We will make our way the normal way."

They simply nod and with a slight reach and touch of bodies the two - and their charges - pop out.

After a second to look at the spot that they were the Headmaster takes out his wand and waves it in the air. A complicated wand pattern and a scroll appears with all details of all events that took place in this area from the moment Severus portkeyed back to when he was popped away.

He then turned to those round him, no twinkle in his eye. "Well he is safe and alive that is all we can ask, let's head back to Hogwarts."

"Albus," Harry says in a tone that clearly shows he is not speaking as a student but rather as Head of House. "I can have Andromeda and some other Healers here quickly if it would help making sure that Severus survives fully intact. I have no doubt he was subject to dark curses considering the marks on his body and the dark aura in the air."

"Do it. I think Poppy would agree that any help would be appreciated," was the Headmaster's answer.

"I concur," Harry says as his Head Ring starts glowing and he says, "Healer Andromeda Tonks of the House of Black I require your presence at Hogwarts, bring a dark magic healing kit. You may be accompanied by a oathbound healer from St Mungo. Come soon but do not panic rush."

A faint, "I hear and obey," is heard in answer.

Harry then turns towards the others, including the Headmaster and says, "we can head inside. When she arrives she will head to the medical wing automatically."

As they walk back Hermione asks curiously, "will she think it was you injured."

"No," answers Flitwick before Harry can speak. "Through her bond to Harry here she will know that it was not for a member of her or any of his House's."

"No matter how much I know about magic there always seems to be something more to learn," is Hermione's answer to the slight amusement of others.

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"Can you tell us what happened," the Headmaster says to Severus Snape the next day as he meets with some of the Order in the Headmaster's Tower.

"The meeting started normal. He ranted, he raved, he angrily declared Potter his number one enemy, you know the usual. But then he stopped and smirked and declared that he had made a new ally that
would lead to his victory. He didn't say who the ally was but he did mention the performance of ancient rituals at the border between worlds."

A stop then, "matters remained the same till the part of the meeting where he normally issues his mission orders. This began as normal, though it seemed to be a lot more resource gathering than was usual. But then it all changed, the doors to the room opened up and a thing came in. It was tall with arms and legs longer and skinier than normal, but the worst thing about it was that where a face would be was smooth featureless skin. I know magic, I have spent years studying many different fields and yet I have never experienced an entity like this before. It did not feel as if it was part of this world."

Snape pauses as he takes a drink of water before continuing. "The being glide walked into the room and seemed to speak to the Dark Lord mind to mind. With the far off long he got on his own face I assume they were speaking. It then turned around and walked out of the room." A shake of his head then, "the Dark Lord focused on us again as he continued the meeting. He undid some of his old orders and issued numerous new ones. Artifact collection, ritual research, and site discovery were the majority of what he wanted done.

"As the meeting was nearing completion he stopped, pulled out his wand, and began casting the crucius curse on me while ranting about my betrayal and how I would pay. As he cast his spells on me he declared that the actions of my youthened self showed where my loyalties lay. I would have died then and there if he hadn't paused and stared off into space muttering 'even they can't get past the magic that protects my ancestor's shack, good'." A smirk. "That second of break was all I needed to activate the portkey that I always had on me, bringing me to Hogwarts."

Silence as everyone took in the details on what Severus had said.

As the silence stretches on Dumbledore eventually says, "though sad that you went through that pain, at least you had the portkey on you." A pause. "There are so many things we need to discuss but I am not sure where to begin." A stop as he rubs his beard. "Lets go with your thoughts on the being that you saw."

"He didn't speak much about it, though I got the sense that the entity was not just powerful but also came with minions that the Dark Lord may call upon." He stops as he sees the look on Harry's face, a look of shock. "What is it Potter, what have you realized."

With the last thing said most of those present turned towards Harry and the sudden distant look he got on his face.

"As you know," Harry starts to say, "the Great Houses of Albion have access to many of the secrets of the world. The one that my magic brings forth is that of the Shaped Host."

Emmeline Vance asks, "I know they sound familiar but I do not believe they are a subject I studied deeply."

"You wouldn't have," Arthur says shocking many, "its a topic mostly spoken only by the Heads and Heirs of the Great Houses."

Harry nods at that before saying, "the basics of course are known, that a few decades after the War of Power against Morgana he faced an even greater threat, which historians call the Dark War. For all of its importance the actual details are few and far between, though the few records remaining deem the great threat being led by the Shaped Host. The outcome we all know, King Arthur won, the threat was contained, the magical and mundane populations were split, and the Empire of Albion went on to know a golden age that lasted till the two Walked On after a few centuries of rule."
Remus tilts his head as he asks, "contained, not destroyed."

"Contained, in fact imprisoned, in a pocket dimension separate from regular manifested reality," Harry says firmly to Remus.

Albus then says, while rubbing his beard in thought, "so somehow Riddle managed to contact one of the lords of the Shaped Host from wherever they were imprisoned who promised to grant him support in exchange for what."

Everyone looks at Severus who shakes his head a tiny bit, "I don't know, he refused to give any sort of detail on what he actually did. I can say that he did not have any nobles of the Head or Heir levels present for it."

There was silence after that led the Headmaster asking, "Harry, do you have any more information on this Shaped Host that you can tell us."

"No, not at this time," Harry says sadly, "though I assume that among the many Houses I lead at least one of them has more information."

"It will have to be you Harry," Arthur says, "or Sirius for the House of Black, its a Head or Heir thing."

"Good to know," Harry says, "Which means I won't be able to fully investigate until the summer. Though I guess I could use a Hogsmeade Day to pop over to Potter Manor to investigate."

The Headmaster nods at that before saying, "that will be fine. If you do leave just inform me so that I don't panic when you suddenly disappear from the wards."

"Will do," Harry says on that. He gets a look on his face, "as I spoke to you a while ago I think we could use this to our advantage. The reveal of this utterly inhuman creature might get us allies among the nobles of the Death Eaters."

"I saw the looks on the faces of the Heads and Heirs when the Shaped walked in." Severus then shakes his head, "I don't think they will like what they see. Not if they are loyal to the ideal of Albion as most nobles are."

Dumbledore nods on that before saying, "well this changes a number of our plans. One of which is that while I am glad that Severus survived the reveal the truth is we no longer have a spy among his forces. With that, plus the other facts we have now learned, I am going to end this meeting so we can process exactly what this all means. If any of you thoughts or information on this please tell one of us. Thank you."

Multiple nods as that meeting ends.

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In the aftermath of the revelations provided by Snape, Harry could feel the back of his mind going over again and again some of what the man had said. Suddenly, as he was leaving the Headmaster's Tower after the meeting, he stopped short.

"Pay attention, Potter," Snape said just barely running into him and causing a four man pileup, the others being Sirius and Remus.

Harry blinked as the thoughts flowed together, making him bark out a laugh. Gesturing to the three men he made his at to a nearby unused classroom, they quickly followed.
"What is it Harry," Sirius says.

"You have that look that something just made sense," Remus agreed by saying.

"Spill it Potter, I don't have all day," Snape said sarcastically, hiding his interest.

Harry turned towards the later man and said, "what did Riddle say when he got distracted while cursing you?"

"That his wards held up on his ancestor's shack." Snape answers.

"How did he look?" Harry then asked.

"As if he was mentally receiving ward information that he needed to go through," was the answer.

Nodding at that Harry then said, "Dobby."

Pop.

"How can Dobby help his greatest master ever," Dobby said immediately.

"Please go to my personal library in Potter Manor and get my bound notes labelled 'Tom Riddle, Wannabe Dark Lord'. Thanks."

A nod, then pop.

Even though it's serious Snape couldn't help but say, "really Potter, that's what you call a biography about him."

A grin is the only response before pop, and Dobby is back handing him the book. With a nod he then leaves.

Harry goes over to the nearby desk and starts flipping though the book. "I half remember hearing about a shack and an ancestor who lived in one." He doesn't pause turning pages as he continues to talk. "I researched everything about him and his life. I'm pretty sure I know more about him then even he remembers."

Sirius snorts, "the benefits of being a Lord, you can message the most random of people and still get an answer."

Harry laughs at that while thinking about how he did just that and subsequently got the Flamel's to be his tutors in all the subjects Hogwarts does not teach.

It's Snape that sees it first. "Stop, there," is what he says and then puts his finger on the entry.

Remus reads it out loud, "Tom Riddle visited the Gaunt Shack upon his graduation from Hogwarts. In the aftermath of murdering his father (see the Murder of Tom Riddle Snr) he would find a way to lay the blame on Morfin, the last of the primary Gaunt lineage. Additionally, there is a hint that Tom Riddle visited the Shack at least one more time previous to that Halloween Night."

As Remus stops reading the three men turn towards Harry and give him a look.

"What," Harry asks as they look at him.

"You wrote this," Remus asked.
"Yes I did, why are you guys so confused. You know my philosophy of knowing my enemies and there is no one right now equal to Tom Riddle on that list." They nod at that. "Okay, so I'm assuming that the Gaunt Shack is the place he is talking about. Finding it should be easy but learning how to bypass his defenses so he doesn't know we were ever there will take time."

"So lets make it a project to work on, lets study the ward magics," Sirius says.

"The Dark Lord will not make it easy, so we need to be careful," Severus says while nodding.

"Get Bill involved, we can trust him and as far as I'm aware when it comes to curse breaker he is a master." Harry says which gets a nod as the group head out of the office.

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Curing Marks

Curing Marks

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Date: Sixth Year, Late November

It was the next day and Harry went to Professor Snape's office at the end of the day. After being invited into the office he said, "Professor there is something I wish to speak to you about, in private. May we go somewhere more secured."

Snape looks at his student for a moment before nodding and gesturing for him to follow. Through a hidden door past a tapestry then down a corridor that linked his office to his quarters.

"My quarters, if there is a more secured place then where I live I don't know of it," Severus says.

Harry nods at that before seeing to stand up straighter as his aura flexes out a bit. "I come to you as the Lord Potter, a status I need you to recognize."

"I recognize it, Lord Potter," is Severus' answer with a bit of bow.

"Thank you Severus," with the use of the first name indicating the nature of this visit. "As you know since the whole youthening that happened on Halloween I have been studying the magics of the Dark Mark. With the reveal of your spying it is now a liability rather than being something painful but somewhat useful."

Severus hopes this is going to lead to what he thinks it will lead to.

After a pause Harry continues, "I have come to the conclusion that I can, for multiple reasons, remove the Mark. This is not something I have done but I am as positive as I can be that there is no penalty for failure beyond you keeping the mark."

Severus nods. "I agree to you testing the process on me. At best I loose the mark but at worse it stays the same, I see no penalty on that."

A nod. "I think we should sit down, I will be in trance and you might feel quite a bit of pain."

When the two got into a comfortable position Severus lifted up the sleeve of his shirt so that Harry could see it. Harry then reached out and touched the Dark Mark, both physically and with his magic.

Which saw Harry being pulled deep into the magic, where the weaves of the Dark Mark manifested for him as an actual place rather than simply magical code. Which is what he would experience if he worked to cleanse the Dark Mark from others in the future.

Glancing around the place he found himself in what was a modified form of the corrupted Chamber of Secrets. Two features caught his attention immediately the sewer pipe carved with snakes and the giant statue which took the form of Severus Snape.

"Ah," Harry said to himself, "Riddle wrapped the Dark Mark in the magic of the Death Eater. That makes sense since he didn't have access to the core magics of a noble house."

Harry continued walking around looking at the etched patterns of magic that ran through the entire chamber.
"Right," he said as he reached into the bag he had at his side and pulled out a sheet of paper. Taking out his wand he then waved it about in a complicated pattern which in some ways was the wizard version of the Augustan Rite that Gringotts used. Though this version mapped out every magical effect weaved into the Dark Mark.

Of course while Harry visualized a bag, a sheet, and the wand what really happened was none of that. It was pure will manifested as a magical effect. Still, even for him thinking about it in the terms he was used to assisted in his control.

When the scroll filled up with all the information that could be analyzed Harry hummed once. Another random movement of magic and back in the real world a scroll he had in his actual bag resonated and started being filled out. He would analyze it later, probably with Bill for his ward skills, in order to see everything that Riddle put into the Dark Mark.

Humming a bit Harry moved towards the giant statue of Severus, which in truth represented the part of his magical core bound to the Dark Mark. Putting his hand up to it he found himself blocked, and he knew that the amount of power needed to punch through it would kill Severus immediately.

"So totally not using sheer power, that would be bad," Harry said a bit amused at the situation. He then tilted his head slightly as he stared at the patterns the Dark Mark made to Severus' core, "it looks like serpents." he thinks. His eyes widen at that, "oh," he says. He then concentrates and images a snake in front of him and then speaks in Parseltongue, "hello Dark Mark let me in."

As he says that he reaches towards the shield protecting the Dark Mark only for his hand to slide through it as if its not there. Which makes him realize, it's not, the fact that he had the ability removed the shield. He pulled back before he made contact, the magic flowed too easily and he knew there was more to it than that.

Which is why Harry pulled back and then began walking around the chamber again. He stopped as he got in front of the pipe, which he knew served to connect the Dark Mark to that of Riddle. All the snakes carved around the rim proved it if nothing else did.

He paused at that and then said, "yes, this represents Riddle. A person who considers his position as the Heir of Slytherin very important, something that makes him special."

Harry then laughs at realization of it all. He is a parseltongue. He is the Head of Slytherin. The things that made Riddle feel unique no longer separate him. This is why he can often undo the works of Riddle, none of his defenses were designed to stop a person with both traits.

Which is why not even a moment later his Slytherin Head Ring appeared glowing on his finger. He aspected his magic with the flavor of Slytherin and made it touch the boundary points that connected this non-place to the soul of Riddle. Reaching out with his will he took hold of the pipe and squeezed it tightly. He continued doing this till the connection to Riddle was barely more than a pin, definitely not big enough for him to fight what Harry was going to do.

"Okay then," Harry said after finishing the closing of the pipe, "why couldn't he defend it."

Which is when he realized he had already answered the question - the Dark Mark didn't use Riddle's own magic as its power, it used the core of the Death Eater in question.

Harry wasn't touching Riddle and so none of the natural defenses a wizard has could come into play. Which is different, Harry knew, if someone targeted a person bonded to him through the ancient House magics.
"Right, so there is only one thing left to do, and that is remove the mark itself. I blocked Riddle's ability to know of my touch through my power as Slytherin and I removed the shield on the Dark Mark through my parselmagic."

With a bit of a laugh Harry moved over to Severus' core and grabbed the point which served as a starting point for the Dark Mark. He then began unraveling the Dark Mark as if it was a quilt. He made sure he was gentle with Severus' own magic but he did not such thing when touching anything Dark Lord related. With that he was fierce, giving the magic no room or quarter to fight what he was doing.

Out of everything that he had done in this immaterial realm this part took the longest and was the hardest. But it still worked and before he knew it the putrid green that had been weaved through the core of Severus was gone. As he stepped away from the core he noticed that the realm he was in was flickering and fading out. Harry knew that this was because the magic which had sustained it was gone and without that Severus' magic was fully saying nope.

With everything done Harry pulled himself from the magic and back into the real world and his body, and the headache he knew he was going to have. His first sight was of Severus' unblemished skin, something that hadn't been seen since Severus was seventeen.

One quick tempus spell later and Harry knew he had spent ten minutes in the illusionary matrix of the Dark Mark.

Harry was already rubbing his head as he felt the headache that he knew was coming start to come as he looked up and met Severus' eyes. "It's done, it worked, you're free."

Severus just blinks, too shocked to even have words. "How," he breathed out, "and can you repeat it on others."

"Yes I can," Harry says choosing to answer the second part first. "Get me a Head of House who can disappear from Death Eater meetings and I will see how easy it would be to mass produce the effect." He stops and waits for Severus to nod, before saying, "as for how, let us just say I have certain traits that Riddle never imagined other's having as well, so he didn't defend other's having them."

Severus gives him a fierce grin at that before he takes out his wand. “May I cast some detection spells on you, neither the mutt or the wolf, or even Poppy, would be fine if I just let you go off.”

Harry nods at that as Severus then casts spell after spell.

“It is as you suspect a bit of a magical strain represented by a headache. It is nothing that a good night sleep won’t fix on its own. So you are good to go.”

“Thank you Severus, I’ll be off to my dorm and the bed that is very much calling to me.” With a small grin and a nod Harry walks away.

Ten minutes later as he lays in bed he breathes out, "activate mirror writing. Send to Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, Charlie Weasley. Message, cleared Severus of the Dark Mark, easier than originally thought, took ten minutes real time, gave me a headache, sleeping it off. Send." So said Harry closed his eyes, quickly falling asleep.

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Body Healing Soul Style

Date: Sixth Year, Early December

As Harry is running he is talking to the illusionary form of Nicolas Flamel, who is sitting comfortably in his home. "So what negative am I missing when it comes to the Augmenting Magics? As from what I have read it doesn't touch the soul, just the caster's mind, body, and magical core, and thus should be fine to use."

"Your answering the question yourself, the augmenting magics don't touch the soul." Nicolas says as his form floats next to Harry keeping pace. "Which means what one can do is technically limited, that is if one doesn't want to suffer from magical dysphoria."

"Wait, what?" Harry asks confused.

"It's a magical malady which occurs when enough changes are made to a person's physical, mental, and or magical tapestry without the requisite spiritual adaptation." Nicolas then gets a focused look on his face as he tries to come up with a good example. He then nods and says, "Right. So let's take vision. Magic designed to bring a person, like yourself, to optimal levels and a bit beyond causes no problem. So you see better, that's great, glasses can do the same with no issue. But if you undergo an augmentation to see happiness or hear the color purple there is going to be long term consequences on your soul pattern."

"Ah," Harry says with a nod. "I see, basically we already do make use of the art. We just do so in a more spread out way divided into numerous magical subjects."

Nod. Nod. "Exactly. Faster healing, better senses, and generally improved quality of life are augmentations most Magicals have gained just by living in the magical world. More advanced augmentations occur when a person apprentices for a career. Spellcrafters, warders, cursebreakers, and aurors are perfect examples of careers in which augmentations are implemented as a matter of training."

"Ooh, I see." Harry then gets a thoughtful look on his face as he continues to run. "But let me guess that as part of those trainings there are all necessary soft manipulations to get the soul to adopt to the new talents as if they were always there." There is a moment of silence as Harry continues to think over it. "So I figure that the traits given by the House magics are physical, mental, and magical augmentations in combination with spiritual adaptations."

"You would be completely correct Harry," Nicolas says with a big smile on his face. He then gets a wry grin on his face before saying, "With those gifts having just enough Divine potency to make the soul manipulations safe and respectable."

A nod, "Honestly that is really good to know." Harry then tilts his head in thought before going on, "So where would the manipulations associated with occlumency reside."

"Now that's an interesting question," Nicolas says with amusement. "As you know from our previous conversation most of that lore is mental and magical but that changes at its more advanced and deeper levels - which becomes soul magic. Which, of course, is not something a person should do until they go through their magical maturation."
"Right because any manipulation of the soul that does not partake of a divine gift when the being is still growing could lead to a lot of negative effects."

As Nicolas nods in agreement at what Harry just said the later then gives a small grin before changing the subject, onto his science paper and his physics question.

"Madam Pomfrey, are you here?" Harry asks as he walks into the empty medical wing.

"That I am Mr Potter, in the potions closet. Feel free to come back," is the response she gives while continuing to work.

As Harry walks into the room he sees the multiple potion boxes filled with potions she is putting away.

"Oh. Do you need any help Madam Pomfrey?"

"If your offering then I would be a fool Mr Potter to turn you down." She says with a laugh. She then begins pointing between boxes and shelves. "I have found that if I put everything in its proper place then its easier to bring out when incidents occur."

"That makes a lot of sense Madam Pomfrey." As he begins helping he adds, "I notice that its organized by category and then internally alphabetically."

"Yep, that way if a professor or another healer needs to get something from here they don't have to worry about me having a unique system." They go silent for a little bit, a silence which hides the fact that they are both working quite hard. Eventually she says, "So Mr Potter what was it that brought you to my domain?"

"Well, basically, its because of something that happened during the whole Halloween incident." As she nods at that he continues, "So during it I was able to contact St Mungo and get some soul vials as well as a particular set of instructions."

As Harry trails off Madam Pomfrey stops what she is doing, stands up straight, and turns directly towards Harry. She then says, both shock and firmness in her voice, "Are you telling me you were able to get a full spectrum scan using soul vials? Have you secured the vials using the appropriate magics?"

"Yes I have, and yes I did."

"Mr Potter," she says, the falters at the sheer nature of what she is hearing. When she catches herself she then says, "Do you realize that what you have is nearly unprecedented and could, if studied properly, lead to a number of breakthroughs?"

"I do now. At the time I simply figured that I had access to an opportunity I could not pass up. Now, as you probably assume, it was Sirius, Remus, and Professor Snape who I did the scans of." At this Harry pauses as he scratches the back of his head, "I honestly figured everyone else among the staff were mostly fine."

"You figured correctly on that for those three have had lives full of more physical, mental, and even magical wear and tear than most people. To be able to correct the state and bring them to what would be a much more pristine state would do wonders."

A nod at that followed by Harry tilting his head in question which leads him to asking, "So there was
something about all this I was wondering about." At her nod he continues, "Now I know that a lot of people never go through events in their life equal to what those three have, but couldn't soul scans be taken as a general just in case?"

There is a long pause as Madam Pomfrey works out how to answer that. Eventually she says, "As with most situations magical the answer is both yes and no. The yes part applies to regular physical and mental issues that a Magical might go through as we can correct that quite easily. When it comes to magical or spiritual damage the difficulty on healing increases by the potency on the magic. This effects soul scans for the soul itself copies the patterns of damage done to the person." She pauses with realization she didn't actually answer the question, which gets a grin followed by, "But to answer your direct question, due to how souls change and adapt scans are only usable for a couple of months post being taken."

Nodding at that Harry then says, "aah" as he gets a thoughtful look on his face. Which leads to him saying moments later, "So would those going on dangerous missions get scans done before they head out?"

"Depending on circumstance, economic standards, and political ties said scans are in fact often done. Which is why, outside of war and acts that lead to immediate death, the special forces of Magicalkind rarely have to bury their own." After getting a nod that Harry understands what she is saying she clears her throat and says, "So, what are your plans on the scans?"

"I'm currently coordinating with Andromeda on the details but my plan is to get all three men here and then perform a ritual to purify them." He then grins suddenly, "Which basically was the entire point of me coming here today, to inform you about it and to ask you if you would both participate and conduct it."

"In Merlin's name Mr Potter, of course I will be a part of it. I have been the primary healer for all three men since they were eleven and walked into Hogwarts for the first time."

A grin, "I never doubted it Madam Pomfrey, not for one moment. But even more neither did Andromeda who specifically told me there was no way she would come here, into your territory, and conduct a ritual if you were not a part of it."

"Well then," she says a bit more calmly than she was a moment ago. She then coughs a bit and says, "So, do you have a file on what you have collected so far?"

A nod, "Of course." Harry then hands her a packet with some files before adding, "It's not complete yet, certain things are still undecided but that is what we have." He then smiles, "For the record we are both quite interested in you giving your input. You are, after all, an esteemed Healer Mistress for all that you have accepted the 'low' title of Medi-Witch."

She shakes her head at him, "Now there is no need to flatter me Mr Potter." She then grins before gesturing for him to be all. "Thank you for helping me with the sorting, but you may now leave."

Harry just laughs before heading out of the room as his day continues.

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"Now hold on a moment." Harry says with such a level of authority that those partaking of the meeting go quiet. Which leads him to saying, "Thank you. Now, one at a time for I don't have the time to listen to squabbling. Darnell Moss, you go first!"

"Thank you sir. My main point has long been that between the way you are overseeing your Houses
and in consideration with what is going on throughout Britain we should consider centralization."

Harry simply nods before gesturing towards another Healer while saying, "Now you."

The healer simply nods, "My issue with that argument is that its long been standard that just because Houses have the same leader doesn't mean they come together and be one."

Which is when Andromeda after meeting Harry's eyes says, "Which is when the meeting devolved into mudslinging."

"I see," is Harry's response to it all. "So Healer Moss, what exactly is your thought?"

"That an official set of guidelines for your various House's healing operations be established as well as a central coordination body so that the individual healers knows they have support."

"So what you want is for me to establish within each House there own office of health services in addition to me establishing something like a High Healer." Is what Harry then says. As he gazes upon those gathered he states, "Does anyone know why this has not been created before?"

"For the simple fact that with the Knight Bus, floo, portkey, and apparation pretty much any and every magical in Britain could get to St Mungo and its secondary clinics without difficulty," says Healer Lance Philips.

"You work at St Mungo's Andromeda, what does that organization think of that explanation?"

"It is why many of the Healers there serve long hours and have more patients then they should be reasonably expected to cater to." Seeing Harry gesturing for her to explain further she nods and does so. "Basically, due to numerous laws St Mungos has little recompense then to accept the state of affairs."

"One which did not exist in its current state during the time of the Monarch," Healer Moss states when Andromeda pauses to take a breath.

"Well now isn't that interesting. So Healer Vickks, what is your actual issue with the idea presented by Healer Moss?"

Those participating in the meeting, either physically present at Potter Manor, or via a mirror call, could see that Healer Vickks was quite hesitant to speak. Still, at the look Harry gave him he did, saying, "I simply do not believe that Houses should combine their operations in such a way that you cannot tell when one ends and the other begins."

"I see, and do you believe that I am doing that?" Harry asks in a deadpan voice completely hiding his own thoughts on the question.

"Partly sir, yes. Though I understand why, as it is much easier to give a single set of orders than to change them up for each of your Houses."

"On that you are quite right, it is much easier and quicker to make a single set of orders and go through a single High Officer on each operation." Harry then stops speaking as he begins tapping his fingers on his table as he ponders everything being said. "Between the earlier debates and this particular conversation I have a number of factors to consider before I make my final decision. Which means you are all dismissed." He then begins looking around the room as if checking something which then leads him to say, "Healer Andromeda stay on the call, Healer Moss stay at Potter Manor, the rest of you are dismissed."
Nods of acceptance are given at the command, as well as curious looks towards both Healers, before they one by one fade away.

Once its just the two of them Harry gives his, well, Aunt a smile and says, "I was just wondering how things go on Operation Purify."

With a grin she says, "Actually quite well. I have gathered all the necessary resources and spell knowledge and spoke to both Poppy and my fellows at St Mungo's. All in all there is every indication that either this weekend or next would be a perfect time to conduct the ritual."

"Oh that's great, so glad to hear that." With that Harry looks down at his notes before giving a nod and saying, "Right, so the real reason I kept you behind is I want you to update Healer Moss on the matter. I plan on including him in the ritual as I feel his expertise would be helpful."

Her eyes widen at that before she gets a grin on her face and gives a nod. "So, the whole waiting to decide thing was what a lie." At Harry's look she laughs, "Oh don't worry you know the secret's safe with me."

A chuckle of his own, "While I appreciate that secrecy having Healer Moss present is more of a test for him than me having already made my decision." Here he tilts his head curiously before saying, "Unless you wish to become High Healer?"

"Oh Merlin no, not at all. While I would do it if you required it of me My Lord it is truly the last thing I want for myself at this stage of my life."

With a chuckle at that Harry says, "I thought so, though I figured I would ask anyway."

Andromeda then tilts her head in thought before getting a smirk on her face, "So was that what had Ted all in a tizzy a few weeks ago, you asked him if he wanted the position as well, didn't you?"

"Of course, he is a quite talented and skilled Mind Healer."

"So he said no?"

"His reaction was exactly as yours." Harry says with a grin. "Though he did add that if I have need of a House Mind Healer he is fully open to the position."

She nods simply, having fully expected that answer.

"Anyway," Harry then says, "that was it, that is all I wanted to talk to you about. So update Healer Moss on the details and, well, I'll see you when I see you."

She gives a final nod just as Harry ends the mirror call.

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The moment of the ritual was upon them and so they could all be found in the medical wing of Hogwarts. Besides participating - Sirius, Remus, and Severus - and casting - Madam Pomfrey, Andromeda, and Darnell Moss - and adjusting - Harry - there are also a few watching - Mason, Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Flitwick. Even Fawkes is present, sitting on a perch located to the side of the room and singing happily.

As final preparations are being made Mason says softly, "I don't understand what Harry is doing, no offense." He then grins.
As the group chuckle at that it is Severus who speaks up, "Mr Potter is serving as a conduit for House and Hogwarts magic. While not entirely essential his presence and working is designed to increase safety, security, and balance to the ritual."

"Oh, he's coordinating, I see, okay that makes sense," Mason says with a smile. He then looks around to where his group are compared to those being a part of it. "So," he then asks, "are we far enough away not to cause problems?"

Sirius and Remus, seeing that Mason is hiding a bit of worry give each other a look and then hold out their arms to the lad. He sees that and then after getting a go ahead nod from the healers run to them for a big hug. As he backs away he smiles at them all before moving to sit on the chair next to his head of house, Professor Flitwick.

As they all move into proper positions Harry shakes his head as he remembers something, he then turns towards the Professors not involved and says, "Oh, so I almost forgot! Professors please scan and record the event as it might come in handy in the future."

Once those watching take out their wands and cast spells to do exactly that the ritual begins.

It isn't really a long ritual, taking place over twenty minutes, but it is an impressive one. It involved House, St Mungo's, Hogwarts, and even Royal magic - with the later one being through Harry's status as the Lord and Head of House Emrys.

Those present watched as a soul-backed illusionary representation of their sixteen year old selves manifested next to them. The other self, a ghostly memory of the Halloween event, gives the small group a wave and a smile the moment they appear.

Even the Severus-memory, for reasons that weren't entirely explainable considering how focused on the pureblood way of life the Severus of even then was.

As the chanting continues so does golden flecks of light begin to appear - bathing both present and memory form in curtains of shimmering magic.

The memory forms then lift up their hands, which contain the images of a wand, and blasts their present version with a golden hued string of magic.

As the magic flows an effect quite similar to Prior Incantato in appearance begins manifesting around the three wizards and their avatars.

It then gets very bright, almost blindingly bright, though it never passes the point where visibility reaches zero - which is important as the casters and Harry needed to maintain a direct line of sight on the three wizards participating.

Then the magic reaches its peak, the three memory avatars nod in goodbye, and a wave of many-hued light surrounds the three wizards - knocking them both to the ground and entirely unconscious.

Nobody moved, though you could see on the face of the others that that is the last thing any of them wanted to do. But, to the last, even Mason, they knew to move, to get involved at this point, would destabilize the ritual and cause more problems then it helped.

Then the light faded from around them in such a way that it looked liked their bodies absorbed the magic. Which, in many ways, is exactly what happened - though not just their body, no, it was their body, mind, magic, and soul which absorbed the mystical effect.

When the Healers casting ceased their ritual their wands flashed out and the three wizards were
floated over to a bed set up for them just in case this happened.

After all three then cast all their necessary medical detection spells Madam Pomfrey clears her throat to get everyone's attention. With a smile on her face she says, "The ritual is a success, their present day soul patterns mimic with the exception of natural aging that which they had at sixteen."

"But they look the same," Mason says into the silence. "I though that this would, I don't know, de-age them a bit."

"Your not wrong," Andromeda says speaking up, "its just that said effect isn't going to be instant but rather manifest over time as they receive some additional standard healing."

With that Harry nods and with a grin says, "Which means they get to know the taste of the series of potions I had to take in the summer before my second year."

Which gets grins as the small group sit back in order to wait for the three to wake up.

Which, when they do some twenty minutes later, leads to them all saying how great they feel. How its like the darkness that had been everpresent at the edge of their senses had become much lighter.

When Sirius and Remus hugged Harry nobody said anything, because such an action had been expected.

But then, as the two pulled back in order to hug Mason none of those present had expected for Severus Snape to go to Harry, grab him in a hug, and spin him in a circle while saying “Thank you, thank you” repeatedly.

As no pictures or scans of that particular action ever existed - on pain of his use of certain skills he cultivated over the years - nobody could ever prove that it had happened.

Well, at least, that is the official word!

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Normalcy is Not Overrated

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Date: Sixth Year, Mid December

Turning to Hagrid as the last of his class left Harry says, "You know Hagrid I just realized something. I never told you about Zosterius the great and ancient basilisk that lies at the heart of the Chamber of Secrets."

Blinking at him, Hagrid simply stares in shock. "Blimy Harry, are you telling there really is a basilisk at Hogwarts?"

A nod, grin, "Yep. Brought to Hogwarts as an egg and hatched by Salazar Slytherin himself with the Founders approval her responsibility was to protect the school against all enemies. She was corrupted about four centuries ago, used by Riddle, and cleansed by me in my second year." An apologetic look comes on Harry's face, "I meant to tell you earlier but so much happened that, well, it slipped my mind."

"No worries Harry," Hagrid says with a smile as he pats the lad on the back. A gesture which would have knocked harry over a few years ago, now though Harry didn't move, that was how steady he had become. "Little ol' things slipping your mind aint really that big of a deal." Hagrid stops as a great big grin of excitment comes to his face. "Sooo, does you mentioning her mean I get to see her?"

A chuckle, "Of course." Harry then gets a sly look on his face, "In fact, if your free right now we can go make a quick jaunt down the chamber."

Nod. Nod. "Oh very much so." A curiously look comes to his face. "So does her bond to the school provide us protection?"

"Well I bonded to her," Harry says holding up his arm and showing the clear cut on it, which gets a nod from Hagrid, who is fully aware of such traditions, "while directing her to close her eyelid, a direction backed by the magic of Hogwarts."

"Blimy lad, that's some potent stuff." Hagrid says with a nod before grinning and gesturing for the lad to lead the way.

With Harry serving as interpretor the introduction goes quite well. Especially a soon as Hagrid starts gushing at how Zosterius is quite the pretty one while petting her scales. In fact if Harry hadn't said they had to go due to his next class starting soon there was every possibility the two would have been there for hours.

Which amused Harry more than anything.

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"Mr Potter, you seem both focused and distracted at the same time. May I inquire what is going on?" Professor Sprout says to Harry as she walks through the room being used by the Herbology club. A meeting, and club, that Harry was only attending due to Neville asking it of him, not that Harry wasn't also interested in the topic under discussion himself.

"Hmm, what." Harry says as he is jarred out of his focus, much to the amusement of his fellow
students. As he looks around and sees the others looking at him he blushes slightly. "Right sorry about that." As he contemplates what to say there is a slight delay before he says, "So I was wondering if magical plants could be cultivated to grow natural sources of magical energy."

Neville cocks his head at that and questions, before Sprout can, "Do you mean calcified elemental or essential energy?"

A nod, "Yeah them. I mean I know rituals exist to crystallize magic in the local aura but they are all very hands on and power intensive." Harry then gestures around to the plans growing around the greenhouse classroom. "Which is far different from what it would be like if plants could grow said units of magic."

There was a bit of silence, which ended when Professor Sprout suddenly laughed. As the group of students turned towards her they saw she had the biggest grin they had ever seen on her face. "Mr Potter what an excellent question, quite excellent. Ten points to Gryffindor in fact for that." She then turns herself to make sure all students from multiple years and houses that had joined the club meeting could see and hear her. "The answer to said question is complicated though. It is a firm yes on it being theorized but a soft no on it becoming something developed to a practical level. In fact the few times wizards and witches have gotten close to a breakthrough events conspired, some manmade some natural, to cause failure. But the potential is there Mr Potter and if developed would mean any worry we might potentially have at magic being limited would fade away."

Sprout then gave one more smile before turning the clubs attention back at the topic that said meeting was focused on, which honestly wasn't that boring in the first place.

As the club meeting ended and they began heading out, Neville, who had a thoughtful look on his face the whole meeting, moves towards Harry and says, "I think it would be spectacular to be the one to make that breakthrough."

Harry grins and says, with a pat to Neville's shoulder, "I quite agree actually, even as we both know Herbology is not my focus."

Neville grins, "No, it's not, but I'm pretty sure all the bending of magical forces that would need to be done to cultivate seeds full of manifested energy would be."

Harry chuckles, "Oh very much so, in fact that's why the idea came to me in the first place."

After a bit of walk back towards the castle Neville suddenly stops and holds out his hand to stop Harry. He then gives his friend a piercing look, takes a deep breath, and says, "If I was to actually work on it would you lend me your mind and magic as necessary."

"Yes Neville, I would. You ask and I'm there."

As they let go Neville grins and claps his hands together, "Oh this is going to be so fun!"

Harry and those around them laugh in good humor at that.

As those in the Gryffindor Quiditch team finish gathering around Ron in a small classroom off the great hall he says, "Okay all so up until now our training and practice sessions have been using the same schedule as in years past. Well, I plan on changing that a bit." Which leads him to passing out the new schedule he had been working on for a bit now. He then grins, "As you can see I have tried to take into consideration your various personal activities and for the most part I think have done
As Harry looks at the schedules of those around him he notices differences. He blinks at that before saying, "Are we not all attending all practice sessions?"

With a serious look on his face Ron says, "No we are not." He then grins and laughs, "I mean I am, cause I love quidditch and besides the Dueling Club don't really participate in any other activities. But that is not a fact that any of you share. In fact Harry, Katie, you two have the least amount of practices - not because you aren't important but because I know you both have other matters to worry about. But that said its only one or two sessions per week you are missing compared to others, so not so bad."

Katie grins at that, "Thanks Ron, I appreciate it." With a laugh in her voice, "I especially appreciate that its not as many as Wood always had."

A nod at that then Ron says, all businesslike, as this is Quidditch and thus important, "Not insulting Wood but I noticed certain things while watching games and talking to Harry and my brothers. Things which I combined together in my making of our schedule."

"Well I like it," Ginny says a firm nod, "and that's not because Ron is my brother."

"Of course not," Ron interjects, "in fact if you disliked it I would be hearing all about it Because I'm your brother."

After the laughter dies down Ginny continues, after giving her brother a smirk, "As I was saying, I like it, mostly because it has us playing smart rather than long."

As the others nod at that Ron adds, "It also has one major advantage that the old system did not, because not every session has all the principles there are always going to be reserves playing at practice. I made sure of it."

As the meeting goes on Ginny and Harry - both having known Ron for quite some time - share a glance that clearly states their amusement at how serious, focused, and 'noble-like' Ron is being at this very moment.

It also leads to Harry having a second thought, which is that he would make an amazing Auror in time.

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As the Defense class began Professor Vladamir Kept swept into the room with a pleased look upon his face. Once at the front he says, "Well it seems there will be a slight change in my lesson plans." His eyes roam the classroom before saying, "Mr Finigan nonverbally cast lumos."

Seamus' wand lights up without him speaking.

A nod, "Ms Smith please do the same."

Again her her wand lights up.

"Mr Nott and you," which leads to Theodore's wand lighting up.

"Finally Ms Runcorn now you please."

As he wand lights up upon the nonverbal casting of the spell he grins and says, "All of you please."
All twenty students in the mixed Gryffindor and Slytherin sixth years Advanced DADA class soon had their wands lit up. Not one spoke a spell.

"Congrats, congrats. Twenty points to both Gryffindor and Slytherin." With an amused smile, "Would I be correct in my assumption that when I ask the sixth year Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs the same result would occur."

As the class nods at that Harry says simply, and brightly, "That would be quite true Professor."

"Splendid. That is what I thought, and that is what leads to the change in plans. As I do not need to teach you how to nonverbally cast spells I plan on showing you other ways to cast them, both that which is considered metamagic and that which is not." As he looks around the room he adds, "Including the ways to master the spells you cast quite often."

As the students sit up Professor Kept can't help but notice the widely interested looks that came onto their faces. Which led him to grinning himself, quite pleased at the choices in life that led him to teaching. With one final nod in preparation he begins the lecture.

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"So what's the problem?" Harry asks slightly confused at the report given to him. "So Mrs Baldwin wishes to come to Britain, big deal, it's her right as a citizen of Albion. Heck, its her right as a citizen of House Potter."

With amusement in his tone Sirius says, "I think your leaving out her other title."

A grin of his own, "Oh, you mean the Dark Lady of Clearwater Hundred, why would I ever do that!"

"I think its her willingness to animate the dead that has a lot of people worried," Remus says with little emotion showing how he felt on the issue.

Nod. Nod. "Its squicky I know but what she is doing is not Dark Necromancy," Harry says in a steadfast tone. "In fact her use of necromancy is in fact of the same branch that Merlin himself originated."

"To be honest Harry," says Roxane Borges, Chief Public Relations, "I don't think its the legality of her actions that it's in question."

Harry nods at that, "Yeah I get that. Especially with Riddle running amok as a perfect example of a dark necromancer."

"Even more now that he is expanding his army with Inferni," comments High Praetor Drusilla Palma.

"On that I agree." Harry says with a nod towards both high officers. "But my main 'issue' with the worry is the theoretical fear that she is going to come to Britain and start casting necromantic spells all about." Harry then meets each of their eyes, one by one. "Does anyone really think she is going to do that?"

"We don't," says High Captain Michell Jones with a nod. "In fact the House Captains and I actually wish to make use of her talents in our fight against the Dark Lord."

That gets Harry to sit up from where he is in his office and stare at Jones. "Now that is interesting! I'm listening."
Giving his Head a quick nod and a soft smile he says, "I did a comprehensive personnel review and learned that among all your Houses we only have three Necromancers. All of them are dabblers and thus we have no true masters."

"Which is something her presence would change." Harry says with a nod of understanding. "I approve of our investigation into the option but I do not want the job to be automatically hers." At the curious stares he is getting he shrugs and says, "I need to make sure she is a fitting candidate to join our operation."

This gets a number of nods as well as writing down information on their notepads.

When Harry feels like enough time has passed he says, "Right then, what's next?"

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The last situation Harry expected to walk into upon coming out of his personal office was to see the covenant hall in disarray as his year was in the midst of a pillow fight.

For almost a minute Harry watched the chaos in shocked surprise. But then he grinned, grabbed a pillow which lay nearby, and jumped into the fray.

Twenty minutes later Harry and the others slump back on chairs and couches laughing and grinning quite silly at their antics. The current 'council' members of the year then glance at each other, grin, take out their wands and cast the cleaning magic.

When the room is back in order and people are sitting back relaxed with big smiles on their face Harry goes, "So, what caused that?"

"Not sure," says Draco with a wry look on his face.

"Yeah, it just sort of happened," added Michael with a chuckle.

"Nothing wrong with that," Harry then says.

"Yeah, we could all use some laughter," Luna states from where she is sitting in the lap of Neville reading a magazine upside down.

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"So, how was your day?" Charlie asked as they chat by mirror call.

"Oh great, quite simple and normal." Is Harry's immediate response. At Charlie's curious look Harry grins and says, "My morning run, then breakfast, then helping Hagrid a bit, then class, then lunch, then a quidditch meeting, then some more class, which was thankfully broken up by me having a mirror meeting with some of my officials, then dinner, some fun with my year mates, before topping it off with talking to you." As he is speaking he gets a happy grin on his face.

Charlie chuckles, "Right, I forgot your definition of boring is the opposite of what most people would call boring."

With a laugh, "I know right. Still, today was quite fun and normal, and I enjoy the normal days the most."

A nod, "Nothing wrong with that." Charlie then gives a grin as he says, "Well using your definition mine was just as boring." At Harry's interested look he adds, "Well I had breakfast, hung out with
Aithusa's and the others, had lunch, had a business meeting, helped to heal some injured dragons, met with House Sidus, had dinner, played with some new born earth dragons, and am talking to you."

With a raise glass of water Harry says, "A toast to us having normal 'boring' days!"

Charlie toasts to that before the two grin at each other at the sillyness.

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Horcrux Hunt : Gaunt Ring

Chapter Notes

To those reading this when it was posted - a very merry Christmas and happy holidays to you all! And if you don't celebrate I still wish you good fortune and much happiness!

:) 

I also hope you continue to read and enjoy this saga!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Horcrux Hunt : Gaunt Ring
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Date: Sixth Year, Late December

It was a few weeks later that Harry slipped out of Hogwarts, a man on a mission. He didn't do it secretly as that would have drawn too much attention, no, he told the Headmaster he would be using the Hogsmeade Weekend to research something at Potter Manor.

His leave was approved, though he requested to have Professor Snape escort him as added protection.

Which is why it wasn't that long after leaving Hogwarts that Harry and Severus traveled by Head Ring to the gateway chamber of Potter Manor and began making their way to the office where they would be meeting the others.

As they did so they talked a bit, using the time to discuss the side contract they have related to the greenhouses of Potter Manor. As they reach the door they stop talking and hear Bill saying, "He obviously has a connection to the property, one which we would do well to find."

"Especially if we don’t want him to get wind of what we are doing," is Sirius' answer.

"I'm not sure we would have as big a problem on that front as others would," Harry says as he walks into the room. "Hey guys," he then says.

After the greetings are made and the two are sitting Remus goes, "Oh, why do you believe that?"

"It was something I noticed when I removed Severus' Dark Mark. Riddle protected it with both House Slytherin aspected magic and parselmagic wards. I have the ability to speak Parseltongue which counteracts the second and I'm the official Head of Slytherin which overrules the first." Harry logically explains.

The rest sit back as they think of that and what it means.

Into the silence Severus then says, "We are in many ways the perfect group to do this. Four of us have House Rings, one of us is a werewolf, and another one of us is not just a Head but a survivor of his magics and so is immune. So all of us are protected from possession."

"You forgot Severus," Bill says, "that besides the Lord status you are also a victim of his dark magic,
A bunch of nods at that then Harry says, "I think I have the perfect plan."

A few hours later the five wizards were making their way down an overgrown lane towards what was by all accounts the Gaunt Shack. They were all on high alert with wands out, senses extended, and auras activated as both sword and shield. To increase their defenses the House Rings four of the five had were manifested and glowing, as was the official Potter Amulet that showcased Remus’ status as High Seneschal.

"Okay," Harry spoke as they stopped at a clearing a little ways away from the increasingly seen Shack. "Bill in front with Remus, Severus in back with Sirius, I'm in the middle. This puts us where our talents best lie." A pause then, "Sirius monitor me as in parts I'm going into a meditative stance so I can use both my parsel- and Slytherin magics."

Nodding from everyone as they begin moving into position.

"How can we be sure the wards of Riddle aren't this far," Remus asks.

It is Bill that answers, "I checked. Beyond the clearing in front of us the area is fully muggle. No active traces of magic in the region."

Which is why, just as they got in front of the cabin two things happened. Bill began moving his wand in complicated patterns as he cast as many non-invasive detection spells that he could. The results manifested both in his mind and on a spell scroll he held. Glancing through it he then says, "It's everything we suspected. Parsel, Slytherin House, Gaunt House, and blood magic as anchors around other more standard wards."

Nodding at that Harry reached out with his power and, after adding some Slytherin aspected energy, directed it into the wards through Parseltongue. He giggled, which wasn't exactly appropriate to what they were doing bit it did sum up his thoughts. Pulling back he looked at the others, "the moment I touched them the wards basically rolled over, panted, and begged me for attention. Like a puppy." A pause. "Not like a serpent, it's amusing."

Giving Harry a grin, Sirius says, "so we can head in."

"Oh yes, easily. The wards are fully accepting of me, and you all through me. When we leave I can reset them, Riddle won't even know we were here."

The group nods in acceptance though Remus, the voice of reason, does add, "that is the cabin itself. Let us not get caught unaware of the magics of the object we came to find."

"Buzz kill," is what Sirius says you his mate as the group move forward.

Remus entirely ignores that as they go to the cabin and then open up the door.

Glancing about they see a single room divided into a sitting and kitchen area and a ladder leading up to a loft space. For all that magicals lived here the place was nearly muggle to the extreme.

"Disgusting," Severus couldn't help but sneer out. "No wonder Riddle lost his cool when he came here, it's not worthy of being a magical residence." A shake of the head. "It's good the Gaunts died out, they would be ashamed."
Harry gave a grin on that, "Actually they aren't dead. It seems three generations ago the family spread out. The senior branch stayed here, the middle branch went to Australia, and the youngest branch to America. When the senior branch here became so inbred that neither the Head or Heir Ring accepted them the House leadership transferred to the cousin in Australia, where it remains even today." The grin gets even wider.

"What," Bill says, "I can tell something is up."

"The Gaunt Head reaffirmed their allegiance to the Slytherin Head and their status as a client House in the aftermath of the Tournament." A pause. "Which of course is me."

Sirius tries to hold back his chuckle, this isn't the place for it after all, but seeing the gobsmacked look on Severus' face caused him to loose it.

"You mean," Severus says, "not only are you Riddle's direct Lord through him technically being the Slytherin Heir but you are his indirect liege through him being a Gaunt."

"Yes. Magic is complicated as you know and the nobility even more so." Is Harry's response.

A shake of the head, "if only he didn't split his soul, imagine what he could have done." Is all that Severus says to that. He did believe in him once after all.

"As interesting as this is," Remus says, "I want to finish what we came here for and them get out."

"Good point," Harry says. "Bill any signs in this room or in the loft. There are three other doors we need to check afterward."

Wand movements as spells come from Bill's wand. "No. Nothing specifically corrupted. Magics that are decayed and foul, but not what we are looking for."

"Okay, let's check the three other doors." Is what Harry says fully focused on the task.


Third door. Office. Nothing, but another door is present in the corner of it.

"Right then, let us see what lies behind this door."

Remus opens the door and the foul stench of dark magic rushes over them.

"It's here," is said by all and then they look at each other.

Bill waves his wand and a wall of pure magic forms and begins moving through what was once a bedroom. As it went it scanned and when it came up empty for dark magic it moved forward. It got all the way to the other side of the room, at the foot of the bed before turning green and shifting into a bubble. "It's hidden in the floorboards by the bed, but we need of be careful."

Nods all around.

Harry tilts is head, "why that reaction when when we opened the door."

"It was the wards alerting you Harry, like a puppy bringing a stick to master," is Bill’s response.

Speaking of wards Harry reaches out towards them. "Hmm, everything is still good. Riddle has no
knowledge of what we are doing. We can continue."

They move forward till they are standing in front of the loose floorboard.

With a highly precise move of the wand the panel is picked up and moved out of the way, revealing a box.

Harry reaches into his pocket and pulls out a jade iron box designed as a magical null space. Anything put within would have no ability to react magically to that which is around it.

"Okay," Harry says with a firm tone. "It is time. At the count of zero Bill will open the box using magic then immediately begin casting warding magics. Severus will take this jade box open it and get ready to close it when the item is inside, all the while lending some magic to Bill."

A pause then Harry continues, "while I interface with the item through the filter of the magics Riddle aligned with it. I am pretty sure this will take me into a mindscape and a fight. Sirius and Remus will link to me and assist me in the fight." A stop. "Any questions," none, "good, let's begin."

The connection did exactly what Harry expected, bring him into an immaterial landscape. Which, once again, looked like the Chamber of Secrets that Riddle had fell in love with.

The first thing Harry did was push out enough power to grab the pipe linking the magic to Riddle and squeeze it shut, so he wouldn't know what they were doing.

That was good, of course, and fully succeeded but it also gave the active soul piece in the horcrux enough time to manifest and begin fighting. As the three had expected the soul fragment took on the visage of a massive basilisk, even bigger than the one in the Chamber that Harry now called a friend.

The three took a look and then transformed, each becoming a representation of their inner spirit animals - so two wolves and a griffin. The fight was intense as the horcrux was attempting to defend its realm, something which the others Harry had faced didn't have to do.

They were lucky that for all its appearance it wasn't actually a basilisk and so it's eyes did nothing. Which as soon as they realized led the three to fight even more viciously then they did before.

Harry could feel, could tell, that something was feeding it, empowering it. It was stronger than any of the others had been, even the Diary which was the first horcrux Riddle had made.

This led to Harry looking at its magic more than its shell, what he found shocked him. The snake was drawing power from the crystal third eye it had and which had been cloaked from their sight at first.

Harry suddenly knew why he could see it - his magic could now pierce even the strongest of illusions. He knew that while nothing could hide from his gaze, the same could not be said of him to others.

He just needed a weapon.

Which is when he saw it. In the corner, by where the door to the tunnels existed in the real chamber, there was a scythe. An ancient, primordial one by the looks of it but one Harry knew would suit his needs perfectly.

"Distract it," Harry said as he suddenly turned human, then invisible and made a beeline straight for the scythe upon which he grabbed. Without even stopping he jumped into the air and brought the blade down upon the crown of the serpent's head, right where the crystal sat.
It glowed, the snake howled in pain, and the crystal popped off and flew right to Harry's outstretched hand.

The snake suddenly shook and then shrunk, becoming much smaller right before their eyes. The three wizards stepped back to see what was to happen next.

Suddenly Harry had a feeling and stepped forward, his eyes glowed bright green and his voice took on an echo quality. "I give this soul fragment over to Death, to whom it belongs, for in the end all are met by him."

Harry then swings the scythe down, chopping the snake into two. Killing it instantly.

They blink and then a second later they find themselves back in the real world.

A real world which had not even seen two minutes pass for all that it felt longer. To the two wizards watching and warding and preparing they knew something had happened. One moment the dark magic was strong, it was powerful, and it was fighting back in what felt like success.

And then it wasn't.

Even before the three returned Bill and Severus knew the horcrux was gone, that it wasn't trapped but rather destroyed. Which was, of course, good, but it also wasn't the plan. At the same moment the two had stepped back as their warding magic wasn't needed anymore.

"Well," was the first thing Harry said, "that was interesting and unexpected."

"Can you explain what happened?" Bill asks.

"You clearly destroyed the fragment, which wasn't the plan," Severus stated.

As this was being said they had already started heading out, even without speaking about it. None wanted to be there longer than necessary and so they were happy to leave.

A spell here and a spell there and all traces that they, or anyone really, had been there was gone.

It wasn't till Harry was using his wand to adjust the wards back to before he had arrived that they noticed something.

"That's not your holly wand, or even your spare one," Sirius says right after they returned to Potter Manor.

A blink as the others look at his hand, which leads Severus to say, "In fact that seems like the wand Albus had been using for years. Which he said stopped working for him when he became sixteen."

"It is," Harry says a bit shocked as he held it and felt is warmth. "But I had left it at Hogwarts, I'm not sure how it got here."

"Harry," Remus then says, "is that the Potter invisibility cloak shimmering around your shoulders."

Harry reaches up and touches his shoulders, yep, it's the cloak. "That is as weird as the wand. The cloak was in my trunk, secured heavily, I'm not sure how it got here." A shake of the head. "Let's dwell on those mysteries later okay, I think for now we have done good. We destroyed another horcrux and I'm pretty sure Riddle has no clue yet."

With that said the group talks for another few minutes before they break for a late lunch early dinner.
Chapter End Notes

So I have sadly not focused on finishing seventh year like I wanted to. That said I do have a week or so more before the new year so maybe I will get it done like I wanted to. So I ask you all for good vibes and creative energy so that I may finish the final book and so complete the saga.

That way I can turn my mind, and focus, onto other pursuits. :)
"Lord Potter, thank you for your prompt response," said Ragnok of Gringots.

"It's no problem Ragnok, you know how much I respect the goblins so when you contacted me for an urgent meeting I made plans with Sirius and Remus to come here." A pause. "So may I ask what it was that had you so concerned."

After giving a smile of thanks at the complement Ragnok then gets seriousness. "Through the connection I have with you and your magic, both personal and House, I can say that something has happened to change your status."

"But I didn't do anything recently that would have changed my status." Harry asks confusingly.

It's Remus that says, "well you could always do the inheritance ritual again. It won't harm you if nothing changed but if something did it would show up."

Harry nods at that. "A simple solution, its much better than something long and complicated." After saying that he reaches his hand out to cover the bowl that Ragnok had already prepared. Then without any issue he summons his athame and makes a tiny cut on his finger. Three drops of blood later the ritual completes and a scroll manifests.

A second later the scroll becomes two, with one being looked over by Ragnok and the other by Harry. As the four in the room look over it is Sirius that notices the new name first.

"Mortis," Remus says, "that is new." A pause. "It seems familiar, but I can't place where I know it."

"It is one of three Sacredly Ancient and Noble Lineage, the others being Vidan and Sidus. This one represents the order of death." Was Harry's answer after a moment. Then seeing their looks of confusion on why Harry knows it he then explains, "well after discovering that I am Head of Vidan through my mother I researched the category."

Nodding at that as it makes a lot of sense, it is Remus that than asks. "But what changed that would grant Harry the status of the Head of Mortis."

Ragnok asks, "did you do anything out of the ordinary such as conduct a ritual or come in contact with unique enchanted items."

Sirius and Remus look at each other at that with shock in their eyes. In the silence Sirius then speaks, "could it be the ring we found."

"Well not the ring," Harry interrupts calmly, "but the stone in the ring." He then sighs, a most unbecoming sound but one he couldn't resist doing. "It seems that Riddle didn't realize what the stone was."

"Did it bond do you," asked Ragnok as he followed the train of the conversation.

"Yes it seems it did, though I didn't realize the nature of it till just now." Shaking his head Harry then says, "it seems thanks to the Potter luck I have become the fabled Master of Death. The Cloak of
Invisibility, the Elder Wand, and now the Resurrection Stone are all mine."

"While in part that makes sense," says the always logical Remus, "I don't see how having that status would make you the Head of the House. The House of Mortis has had other heads who weren't said being."

Ragnok is the one that answers that question. "I do believe that its similar to the authority of Guardian and Monitor of the Circle of Mysteries that Emrys has but in reverse. Thus anyone who is Master of Death is the Head of Mortis, but not all Head's of Mortis are the Master of Death."

"That makes sense," Harry says with an eye roll, "and fits the fact." A pause as Harry figures what he needs to do. "I consider the nature of my status as Master of Death to be a House secret, do not share it without my permission." A stop. "Ragnok I give you express leave to inform Director Ragnarok personally, so no conflict in loyalty exists."

"Thank you Lord Potter." Though the three wizards could tell he was pleased and happy by that permission, most others would consider his statement to have little inflection.

After nodding at Ragnok, Harry then comments. "So did you know I was now Head of Mortis in particular, or was it simply you knew something in my portfolio changed."

"The later, I knew you had gained something and was aware of changes in the deep vaults, I didn't know what it was. Now with your official claiming I can begin reviewing everything you gained."

"Please do that, and when you finish do a recall so that everything bonded to the House comes back to me. Thank you." Was Harry's response.

It is Sirius that then asks, "was that it, or was there any other business you had with us."

"Just the standard request to review some of the business opportunities I discovered. I think there are some you both would find really interesting." Ragnok says with a sharp tooth grin, all business.

Which was what the three wizards went over for the next hour. Some deails were for both and some were only for one. It was a quite profitable time.

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A week had passed and the three wizards had once again been called to Ragnok's office for a business meeting. After the standard pleasantries were done the four got down to business.

"So Ragnok can you tell me what new opportunities I have gained from being Head of House Mortis." Harry asks without a prompt.

"Of course. First of all you are now Count Shadowvale and Baron Cornerfield, beyond the prose 'Master of Death.' You have also gained three vaults, one currency and two item. Following your previous philosophy I had recall done, which returned seven items - one portrait, three weapons, and three books. They were all held legally though by loan and not actual gift." He then stops before saying, "oh, and let us not forget the status also gives you new seats on the Wizenemgot."

Harry's, "interesting," was said at the same time as Remus', "so any properties."

"Three estates in addition to the chief manor house of Mortis Manor which is in lock-down. There is also a castle in Transylvania, a wizard pyramid in Egypt, and an underground manor and land somewhere in Briton. You also have 35 private hundreds, most of which are in eastern Europe though there are some all throughout the world." Ragnok then stops for a moment. “Additionally,
House Mortis also seems to have a hundred outlier holdings that have a mixture of farms, villages, and manors on them.”

Harry blinks at that, a bit shocked. “Well, that is definitely useful. I will have fun exploring those places and learning their histories.”

"Some nice new places to travel to and visit," says Sirius with a smile.

"It is that is for sure." Harry stops as he thinks about it. "Okay, well good work on that. If you could provide me with the residence paperwork I can give it to my elves so they can do a preliminary survey of them, or as much as they can do before I visit."

"Of course," Ragnok says as he hands Harry two envelopes. "The first covers the vault component of the House while the second covers the property information."

"Thank you for all that work, I will talk to you later." Harry said as the meeting ends and the wizards head out.

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"So Terence and I finished the move into our new apartment in the Firspring Hundred." Cedric says as they take their morning run, Harry at Hogwarts and Cedric not.

"Oh really congrats Cedric, that sounds awesome," Harry says with a smile. "So why did you choose that hundred, isn't it a royal one?"

A nod, "That's actually why we choose it. It's neutral, neither of our Houses rule it and neither does any one who might want anything from us. Plus its quite beautiful, the lot is in the market town of Firen Springs next to a river with some mountains in the background."

"Sounds quite scenic," Harry says with a smile. "Though I am confused on property size as sometimes you say apartment and othertimes residence or lot."

A grin. "Well the truth is we call it an 'apartment' so as to not upset some of our friends but yeah, its more of a full on home."

"Let me guess one befitting the Heirs of two Great Houses."

"Exactly. Though we were able to get our parents to agree to limit it to the essentials."

"So four bedrooms instead of twelve and two kitchens rather than four, right?" Harry says with a chuckle.

"You know it." Cedric replies with while giving his own amused bit of laughter. "It's not exactly roughing it but at the same time its ours, you know, and that makes it more soothing then I had expected to feel." At Harry's nod Cedric gives a wry chuckle before saying, "Well enough about me, how are things with you?"

"Oh you know same old same old. Between school, covenant, House, Ministry, and war, my schedule is getting just as tight now as it was last year."

"But at least you don't have to deal with Umbridge," Cedric says with a shudder at the name, even though he was the one to say it.

Nodding firmly at that, "Oh you know it. So glad that beast of a women is out of the picture, for good."

"Isn't she in Azkaban for life?"

"Yep," Harry says quite pleased at the fact. "During her 'questioning' by the goblins numerous other actions which were gross violations of treaty and pact came to light." A frown then comes onto his face, "Not that I want to think about that foul women anymore."

Cedric nods at that, "Right, I can understand that." He then tilts his head and asks, "So I meant to ask are you still dealing with with the aftermath of Halloween night?"

"Actually yes, in fact something very interesting happened that I'm just getting around to dealing
"Oh, do tell, what happened?"

"Now Covenant Secret," Harry says and can feel the magic flow to secure said statement, which means that Cedric can only talk to those in the Covenant about it, which includes Terence. "But in the aftermath of the whole 'adults turning sixteen' I found myself soul-bound to a new focus, a very special wand whose name is legendary."

"You mean," Cedric says trailing off.

"If your thinking of what I think your thinking, then yes. Dumbledore had it and now I do."

"Merlin wow, that's pretty heavy. What are you planning on doing?"

"I'm planning to visit an expert on wand lore so I can see how it effects my magic as well as what I can do about it."

A tilt of the head, "Are you planning on giving it up?"

"I can't it's mine, as I said soul-bound which means even loosing a fight won't take it from me. Only my full and utter and uncontestable death would result in that." Harry then stops as a thought comes to his mind which leads him to saying, "Or if someone comes along who can be considered Heir to the legacy by birth and magic, then I guess I can share the power."

Cedric stares at Harry before shaking his head, "Only you Harry, only you."

"Yeah me all right," Harry says with a snort. He then grins before saying, "So I know we talked about it but come on, tell me more about your life, I'd much prefer hearing it then mine."

Cedric chuckles at that, and as they still have some run left, nods and begins talking.

8888

After an in depth discussion on the utilization of high-energy charms both Flitwick and Harry lean back int heir charms with smiles on their face at the nature of the discussion. Flitwick then says, "So I can't help but notice your magic seems a bit out of balance, is everything okay?"

Harry nods at that, "With me, yes, with my magic, well my unintentional bonding to a new focus has led to a slight shift in power output." Harry then chuckles before adding, "Which is why I have been focusing on high-energy magics, it's easier to perform."

Flitwick grins at that, "Well of course it is. Think of a result, point out a target, and let the magic flow and what you want happens. Now that's all well and good if you want to do something big, but what about the little manipulations."

Nod. Nod. "Yeah I realized that as I was practicing with Nicolas over the last week."

"So what are you going to do about it?"

"I've been coordinating with Sirius and Remus on a good time for us to go to Eblana."

"Eblana you say, isn't that where a Mr Harmitage Ollivander set up shop?"

With a nod and grin Harry says, "Yep it is. When I went there during the summer before second year I got my second wand and staff from him. He said that if I ever found myself bound to another focus
"to visit him." A shrug, "So I plan on doing that."

"Well this is a perfect time, with it still being Winter Break."

"Yeah, I would have gone earlier but one matter led to another and I got distracted." Harry then grins. "Plus its the holidays and I was using some of the time to relax."

"Nothing wrong with that Harry." Flitwick says with a smile, "nothing wrong with that." He then claps his hands together and says, "So, before we end today's meeting, I wanted to ask if you could explain your recent charms assignment. It's intriguing and I was wondering if you had taken it farther than you mentioned in the homework."

Harry grins, nods, and then begins explaining why he said what he said on the topic of shaping the magical flows in charm creation.

8888

"So as I was leaving the common room Leigh stopped me and said that he Darrel, Dominick, and Brenda were going to play some quidditch and if I wanted to join them."

Is what Harry heard Mason say as he walked into the small room off the great hall that he was meeting Sirius and Remus. After greeting them he says, "You said yes, right?"

Mason laughs in response, "Of course. I mean I asked them to wait a half an hour but yes, I said yes."

Walking past Mason, though not before ruffling his hair, Harry sits down as Sirius says, "Hey pup, hows it going?"

Giving them a big grin he says, "Pretty good, just finished helping a bunch of first years with their Defense studies. Which is why I'm a bit late compared to what we scheduled."

"Its no worry cub," Remus says with a smile, "as Mason here kept us company."

"Yeah," Mason says with a smile, "I was telling them about my recent exam grades as well as the clubs I've been joining recently." He then meets the eyes of both Sirius and Remus when he says, "This year has been so much better than last year." He then grins, "Not that I can complain about the end of last year as it got me you two."

Sirius gets up from his chair and heads over to where Mason is sitting so he can take the lad in his arms for a mighty hug. Which then leads to some more conversation until its time for Mason's game to start and the others trip to Elbana to begin.

8888

"So what's the plan?" Sirius asks as soon as the three appear in the gateway platform of Elbana.

"Well I was thinking we shop a bit before making our way to Harmitage's shop." Remus states with a smile.

"I'm game," Harry says with a laugh, "especially as we have no need to rush back."

"Oh perfect," Sirius says with a smile, "as there are a bunch of stores I wanted to visit." He then slaps both men on the shoulder and says, "So enough talk, let's shop!"

With a laugh that is exactly what they begin to do.
As they walked into Harmitage's shop the first words they heard was, "So Mr Potter I see you have come into possession of a new focus."

"You can sense that?" Is Harry's immediate response to that.

Harmitage simply nods then turns towards the others, "Remus," he says in familiar tone and then turns towards Sirius. "Hello Sirius old fellow, so good to see you again!"

"Harmitage my friend, nice seeing you again as well," is Sirius' response. He then gazes about the shop before turning back to Harmitage and saying, "Looks like you have done quite well for yourself."

A chuckle, "I have, I have indeed. All the more because I am not one of the Ollivander children allowed to use the name in the shop. It allows me to experiment in ways he officially wouldn't." He then grins as he turns back to Harry, "Speaking of which, after the weighing of the wands at the Tournament my father spoke to me about my work on your extra wand and staff."

"While I can't say I'm surprised I hope it was good things he said," Harry comments. He then grins, "He seemed surprised by my willingness to go somewhere that wasn't his shop."

"It's not an uncommon reaction, especially among those of the Great Houses." He then claps his hand together while grinning while saying, "Right then, with greetings done lets get to work. So what exactly did you bond to?"

"First," Harry says simply, "I need a personal oath of secrecy on this meeting."

"It's that serious?" Harmitage questions softly, and when he gets a nod he quickly swears the oath and activates the secrecy spells around the shop. "So?"

Harry takes out the Elder Wand and holds it up in front of Harmitage.

"Is that the Elder Wand?" Harmitage asks in utter awe.

"Yes it is and though how it happened was quite accidental I am in fact bonded to it."

Taking out his own wand he gives a look, gets a nod, and then begins casting numerous detection spells. As he does so he asks, "So how does the wand feel on your magic?"

"Like I suddenly grew a new appendage which doesn't know if it wants to be an arm, or a leg, or even an eye."

A nod, "Does it cause your magic to erupt when you don't want it to?" He asks while humming while his magic works to give him even more information.

"No, I mean it sometimes tried but after five years of training my magic answers to me rather than me answering to my magic."

Harmitage's eyes rise to meet Harry's as he nods, "That's good to know, and makes this all the more easier." He then gets a thoughtful look on his face as he asks, "Are you willing to accept my performing the Anima Rite?"

Eyebrows raise at that, "Oh? What is it that you are hoping to discover?" Harry asks while Sirius and Remus both look at each other in silent communication.
"How this focus interacts with your body, mind, magic, and soul. From your explanations and the results of the scan it seems to have hooked into certain structures and I want to discover what they are. It will help me to, well, help you."

"It's fine Harry," Sirius says with a nod. "Mostly because of the oaths he swore, he won't be able to reveal anything he learns."

"Plus," Remus adds, "the ritual can't be used to harm you, it simply reveals certain structures in your metaphysical pattern."

"Which I can use to aid you in mastering whatever hooks and tendrils of power the wand has created." Harmitage says after the others pause and Harry nods towards him.

A presentation of a ritual bowl, the manifestation of his athame, the spilling of five drops of blood, and the glow of a successful ritual all then occur.

A scroll manifests above the bowl which Harmitage takes, and makes two additional copies of, while handing one to Sirius and Remus, him keeping the other copy, and giving Harry the original.

After giving the others a few minutes to read over it he says his conclusions. "Well, first of all I can see why this item, no this artifact, gets its power from - its divine." He then looks up and meets Harry's eyes, "With a power structure whose roots have completely intertwined within your own pattern." He turns away for a moment before turning back and saying, "You could duel a thousand people, and loose all fights, and still not loose your imperium over the wand."

"How do I balance its energy flow?"

A wide grin, "Well your in luck, because on this I have some experience. After Hogwarts, but before taking on my wandlore apprenticeship, I traveled the world. During that time I studied the way other cultures, both within and outside of Albion, deal with foci. For that reason I have a number of books, some private some published, that I have written that will help you to get a full mastery over the flows of energy."

"Would I be accurate in saying it's not going to be quick?" Sirius asks curiously.

"You are very much accurate. It's not going to be quick or painless or simple. But it's going to be worth it, so very worth it. Especially if you plan on taking your mindscape and transform it into a soulscape." As the others look at him funny, as how did he know, he grins, gestures towards a line on the scroll and says, "It's here for those who know how to read between the lines in the ritual."

This gets an answering grin from Harry then a tilt of his head, "So, is there anything I need to be worried about right now?"

"Be very careful on energy modulation when you spellcast. Focus on finesse rather than scope and please restrain from getting into actual battles." Harmitage says simply.

"Does duels count as battle?" Remus asks, especially as he knows that Harry likes to duel.

"No, not at all. In fact dueling is perfect as the rules mean limitation is the very point of them. No, when I say no battle I literally mean no battles, because if you got into them you would be just as likely to blow up a building as open up a door." As the others nod at that he begins walking around his shop collecting items from all corners of it, including some practice wands. He places everything on the counter before saying, "Though some of these items might seen basic they all provide an important function, which is to allow you to carefully control the amount of magic you push through their channels."
Harry nods at that while flipping through the items to see more about them. He then looks up and meets Harmitage's eyes, "I can feel where they would be helpful." He then holds up a child's wand, "If I can control my magic enough to have it flow through a channel as small as this then once I master it there is going to be little I can't do." He then pauses and clears his throat and says, "How many of these do you have in stock?"

"Sixty."

"I would like to purchase fifty of them, just in case." He then looks at the other items, nods, "as well as spares of most of these other test items."

"Sold," Harmitage says with a smile and a laugh. He then gets serious and says, "That all said there are a few actual practices I want to show you personally before you leave."

8888

As Harry is walking up the path from the gates of Hogwarts the Headmaster exits a side path and begins walking at Harry's side. There is silence for a little while as the two just take in the scenic walk. Said silence is eventually broken by Harry who says, "Did you ever imagine loosing the wand in such a way?"

A twinkle comes to Dumbledore's eyes, "Though that is not what I figured would happen, it is better than the alternate."

Harry gives a slight laugh at that, "Right, no dueling or blood shedding involved." A slight shake of the head, "It's still a bit interesting how it happened."

"There are more things in heaven and Earth then are dreamt of in our philosophy," the Headmaster quotes softly, poetically. "The truth is that I have long felt there were hands guiding me, us, the world. Which is why I am not surprised."

After giving a bit of a nod at that he then grins, "I bet the fact that it's me, and I have been changing the status quo since my first year, doesn't harm matters."

"You are quite right with that," the Headmaster says with a twinkle in his eye. He then tilts his head slightly and says, "So, how does the wand feel?"

"It's mine, that's for sure." Harry says with utter conviction. He then stops from the walk and gives the Headmaster a smirk. "But it's mine in such a way that even when it's not in my hand I'm still making use of it."

After giving Harry a nod of understanding the two begin walking back towards the school for nothing else needed to be said on the matter.

~~~
First. I hope everyone has had a good holiday and that your new year is also great. :)  

Second. Sigh. I have twelve sections left for my seventh year book. All twelve sections are outlined and organized. I have thoughts and plans and processes and topics that I want to cover in them.  

But I just can't write it. It's no coming.  

Which is frustrating as its TWELVE SECTIONS. Twelve sections and the book is done.  

Instead my mind is like "heyyyy, I have these half dozen story ideas that you should write. Come on, write them, you know you want tooooooooooooooooooo!"  

Which yeah, I do. But I also want to write the last twelve sections. Because even if I can't publish these books I can say I wrote them. I can say I did it. Over 700,000 words. How cool is that.  

So yeah, just wanted to moan a bit about how frustrating it is a bit.  

That said, of course, you all have nothing to worry about as by the time we get to the end of this book I totally will have the seventh book done. :)  

Anyway, enjoy all, talk to you later. And thanks for all the comments. I REALLY appreciate them!

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"Are there any other matters which are to be brought before the covenant?" Asks Tracy, the current active speaker for the covenant.  

Lighting up his wand as eyes turn towards him Harry says simply, "I do." A grin. "In fourth year our official project was education, a project that we completed but didn't really do anything with at the time." He then gives a soft sigh, "We didn't really get to do anything with it in fifth year either, for quite obvious reasons." But then he grins, "Which is why I am bringing it up now, I want us to do something with it."

Justin then lights up his wand and when gestured towards says, "Now considering how much work I put into it the last thing I am going to say is no, but I am wondering what you are thinking."

"And why now?" Isobel asks when given a nod.

"Because we are sixteen and have taken our OWLs. This gives us an adult status in the wizarding world."
With a tilt of her head Daphne goes, "Are you thinking of bringing this to the Ministry?"

"Yep!" Harry says with a grin. "We are going to send a shortened version of our research to Madam Marchbanks who will then contact us for a more thorough meeting."

"Do you really believe she will actually look into the document?" Asks Pansy curiously.

It is Ernie who answers, with a laugh. "Even if one ignores our noble rank the fact is we all got OWLs, many of them, in fact nearly all of them. Academically we are the talk of the Ministry, a fact which I know for sure as my cousin works there."

"Plus," Harry says with a smirk, "due to my work revamping the syllabus for Albion's History of Magic course the WEA loves me."

"There is one more fact that we have forgotten," Anthony says with smile. As eyes turn to him he adds, "As Hogwarts is already changing due to population this is a perfect opportunity to establish more classes."

Blaise then raises his wand and says, "Let us vote on this proposal."

Everyone voted yes. Which was not really a surprise to anyone in truth.

"Hey Hermione," Draco then says from his seat, "as it's been a while I don't remember if you included facts on finances."

"We did yes," Hermione says with a nod and a smile. "In fact we worked out funding on an Albion, House, Ministry, local, and private level." She then giggles as she remembered some facts before saying, "I was just remembering how Harry had given us certain files that weren't exactly open to the lay public."

As eyes turned towards Harry they saw him shrug before saying, "Well considering who I am and what access I have it was simple for me to get and easy for me to show."

Luna then says, "With the numbers increasing and one day reaching the upper hundreds a reorganization and expansion are going to be very much needed."

With soft grins at her comment the meeting continues.

8888

"Sometimes, Mr Potter, I do not know what to say to you about your activities," McGonagall says after hearing his proposal.

Giving her a small smile he says with a slight laugh, "Well just be glad that my activities are as up and up as they are."

With a slight smirk, almost invisible, she says, "Well there was never any doubt that you would have caused trouble, though I find myself glad that the trouble is for others than for me. Unlike the Marauders."

A wide laugh, "I know right, just imagine if I didn't have to worry about the wider world during my schooling."

"We do not wish to imagine that Mr Potter," Severus says in his smooth tone of voice. He then clearly changes the subject by saying, "Now, I will admit to being intrigued at the nature of your
reorganization plan. I especially like how the more muggle-based ideas are carefully and creatively hidden within ideas quite traditional."

Nod. Nod. "While it was Hermione who first brought up the idea I will say that such a practice is quite important to me."

"Mr Potter, your proposal is stunning," Madam Marchbanks says to Harry and his friends at Hogwarts.

That's right, the head of the WEA came to Hogwarts herself not long after reading the documents they sent her.

With a soft smile and a gesture towards his friends sitting next to him Harry says, "It really isn't MY proposal Madam Marchbanks but rather my year's proposal. I just urged them towards sending it to you this year."

A wide grin as she turns to meet the eyes of those gathered around Harry, "Ms Granger, Ms Smith, Mr Thomas, Mr Boot, Mr Goldstein, Ms Turpin, Mr Macmillan, Mr Fitch-Fletchley, Mr Hopkins, Ms Moon, Ms Perks, Mr Nott, Ms Bulstrode, Ms Runcorn thank you! Your work, and the work of everyone else involved in this project, is going to return education to the heights it had once been." As she is saying their names she reaches over to shake their hands, with a very exuberant handshake. Once she finishes she goes, "That said I have some questions about a number of your decisions."

"Ask away Madam Marchbanks," says Hermione after seeing a small nod from Harry.

"I noticed that the heads of houses are not going to be teachers?"

It is Justin that speaks up, "Though it has been fine when each year's student population is less than a hundred the more students means the more difficult it has been for them to both monitor and teach."

"Which has caused both elements to suffer," Reba adds, "even with those professors who are simply amazing."

"Which all four of the current heads of house are," adds Harry firmly.

Nod. Nod. "That make sense," Marchbanks says as she makes a note on her pad. She then looks up and says, "Why do you want student prefects to be more common?"

Lily comments, "They are sometimes more approachable than staff are, even professors who are trusted."

"It's also easier for them to speak to the professors when the students have issues." Dean adds.

Milicent then says, "We believe that even some first years being given a sort of apprentice position, though probably in January of their year rather than at the start."

"I can see how that would be quite useful. My next question is on departments?"

"There are indications that the number of students per year might grow in time to the mid or more hundreds. With that the case every course is going to have maybe a dozen professors, plus assistants and related." Hermione states matter of factly.

"Though we do believe," Justin adds, "that every professor must teach a few regular courses per
semester while also taking on a number of apprentices."

Marchbanks nods at that as the questions continue.

"Harry," Charlie says with amusement in his voice a few days later. "How is it that a report I know your year did two years ago is just being filed in the Wizenemgot now."

"We waited," Harry says simply with a grin. "Till now, which I felt was a perfect time to pass on the report to Madam Marchbanks and the WEA." Harry grins widely, "So you were just passed a copy?"

A nod, with a laugh, "My Chancellor informed me of a new Wizenemgot proposal to completely overhaul Albion's educational system. From reading the document I must say it is quite comprehensive, both the overhaul and the documentation of the proposal."

A chuckle, "I know right! Hermione and her team, because it really was directed by her, did quite a job on that."

Charlie grins, "Which makes the fact that none of you will be at Hogwarts to experience the change all the more amusing."

"That's actually something we consider a good thing." Harry says with a smile. "But even more it is something that we directly put in as part of the proposal." Is what Harry says before changing the topic by asking how Charlie is doing.

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International Situations

Date: Sixth Year, Late January

"So how flexible is the world in a magical ritual sense?" Harry asks Professor Vector during Arithmancy class.

"That is not a simple question for the answer varies quite a lot based on time and location and what you are trying to achieve. That said, on an ultimate level, the World is not completely malleable to our magic."

After a wand raise Blaise asks, "Is that why we began moving towards wizard space locations, they are easier to manipulate."

"Yes, exactly." Vector says with a nod. "For while they are touching the World they are not entirely of it, and thus our magical rituals can bend them."

Harry chuckles at that and as eyes look at him he says, "Well I can support that. House Valerius has access to a ritual that can extend a hundred by ritually creating new oceans and lakes, as well as islands and landmasses within them. From what I gather the limit is more a soft one, the arithmancy formula gets more advanced the more its done."

With a pleased smile, "That is in fact a perfect lead in to my next lesson. Which is on the difficulties and dangers of repeated use of the same ritual."

8888

"As all of you have proven competent in understanding my lesson today you may use the remaining portion to ask me questions."

Harry's wand lights up quick as one can be.

"Yes Mr Potter?" Snape says in his slow drawl while raising an eyebrow.

"Our classes have been talking about rituals and I was wondering on the nature of including potions within them."

There is a blink at that, a blink which shows shock. Snape then says, "That, Mr Potter, is not a quick question to answer. Especially considering the eight minutes remaining of class. So, rather than beginning a lecture I cannot finish in time, I will say that next week it is a topic we will be going over in class."

With a grin on his face Harry nods at that.

"Any other questions?" Snape asks, and students answer.

8888

"So who exactly authorized the development of Project Blue Hawk?" Harry asks of Remus during a mirror call.
"Now that question has an interesting answer," Remus says with a smile. At Harry's raised eyebrow he goes on, "Which is all your Captains."

A blink, as that is not what Harry expected the answer to be. "They got together and decided on their own to implement a multi-million gold research project?"

"Yep!" Is Remus' immediate answer.

"I see. So what am I missing?" Is the next question.

"Nothing official actually, but it seems that your First Captains have on their own came to the conclusion that the House Guard is not enough of an armed forces organization."

A snort, "Of course it's not." Harry exclaims, "Nor was it ever supposed to be." A shake of the head, "If Albion had a Monarch right now I can tell you I would be reprimanded for trying to turn my guard into an Imperial Military force."

"But that's the thing," Remus says with a smirk, "Albion doesn't have a monarch."

Harry tilts his head, "You are quoting them aren't you?"

"Got it in one cub!" Remus says with a smile before adding, "But their biggest thing is their wish to 'modernize' the various House Guards."

"Hence Project Blue Hawk."

"Exactly."

"I see. Well then if my First Captains are that concerned the least I can do is read over their proposal. That said Remus I am not pleased with them unilaterally deciding on their own, and in secret, to establish such a wide-scale project."

"That is noted and understood. Would you like me to speak to them?"

"Speak to the Seneschals and have them speak to their First Captains. That said I will speak to High Captain Jones, and will do so right after we finish speaking."

Eyes widen as Remus nods. He then tilts his head before asking, "Did you want me to bury the report or see about looking into implementing it?"

"Look into it from all angles but make no promises to anyone about anything."

"Understood." Remus says then goes quiet as he flips through his notes to see if there is anything more. Which when he notices there isn't he smiles and changes the subject to more familial conversation.

8888

After ending the call with Remus, Harry takes a deep breath and reaches through his Head Ring to contact his High Captain.

"My Lord, how may I be of service?" Michell Jones states the moment he appears via ring projection.

"You may tell me exactly what you were thinking in working on Project Blue Hawk without informing anyone."
"That between the Dark Lord, the Shaped, and not having a Monarch we were in need of having an in depth review of the way the Guard operated."

"Which is all well and good, if you hadn't tried to keep knowledge of the project a secret."

Jones blinks at that and tilts his head, "I didn't realize the project had been kept a secret from you sir. I mean I definitely made it top secret security but I had assumed that you were automatically included in the secret."

It's Harry's turn to blink as he can detect the honesty coming from his High Captain. "Well isn't that interesting." Harry then stops talking as he seems to stare into Jones, judging him.

Though Jones didn't know it what Harry was actually doing was reaching through his Head Rings to touch the House magics. From that he was moving through the channels to see if there was a conspiracy or simply a mistake born from the quirk of ritual.

What he found was quite intriguing - though at the core it was a mistake, it was one made by active manipulation. Though Harry could tell it hadn't been Jones or any of the other First Captains he couldn't be sure who it had actually been.

After learning all he could learn, and twisting the magic of his Houses so keeping reports from the Head could not happen again, he says, "Well then, as you are here let us go over the project details. Is it true that you want Majors and Colonels in the House Guard hierarchy?"

Jones nods at that before adding, "It would help quite a lot organization as the House territories continue to expand. Which is why I want to expand the Order of Battle so it includes squads, platoons, companies, and regiments, with a corp structure to represent the overall organization."

"So lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, and general, am I correct?"

"Of course sir as it works quite well and in fact something that I believe we should have implemented long ago." Jones then shakes his head before saying, "The fact is Lord Potter if we reorganized our forces to be similar to that of the Imperial Military then coordinated operations would be made much easier. If you sent three companies led by majors to support an Imperial corp sized unit then where they fit slots right in."

Harry tilts his head at what Jones just said, "Are you thinking of the events going on in the Yubo hundred right now?"

"Yes sir, at least partly anyway. It's been something that your First Captains and I have been discussing for a while, but the events there have driven it home that we need better coordination."

"You realize why there isn't right?"

"Yes sir, it was a safety precaution put into place by the Last Monarch to reduce the risk of insurrection from within."

Harry then closes his eyes as he ponders all that has been said. He then nods firmly and opens them saying, "Right this is what is going to happen. I want YOU to provide me with a personalized report on why YOU think the elements of the project are necessary. That is long term." He waits for a nod from Jones before continuing. "On the short term I want you to make contact with the ICW forces gathering for the Yubo operations. For though I have opened my citadels to them I want a direct eyes on the ground and in their strategy councils."

"Will they accept me in said councils sir?"
"If they don't accept your presence then say who you serve, but make sure you do not leave out any of my Houses. That will get you in for I know the General in charge will not want to get on my theoretical bad side."

"Will do so." Jones then tilts his head in thought before saying, "Do you believe you will get involved?"

"Not personally no, but logistically and with manpower, very much yes. Especially as I don't approve of what the terrorists are doing there."

"Understood sir." There is a slight pause. "And thank you sir for letting me explain my actions."

"I will always listen, though that does not always mean I will accept." Harry says firmly and in such a way that a chill goes down Jones back. It's not a frightening feeling but rather one that seems to foreshadow what might come one day.

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Knightly Matters

Knightly Matters
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Date: Sixth Year, Early February

It is breakfast time and the sixth year Gryffindors are quietly - or as quietly as the house of the lions could be - eating. As Dean had already received his family's mail the previous day to say he was surprised when a House owl came flying over to his seat before extending her leg out.

"For me?" Dean comments with shock in his voice. Upon receiving the hoot of agreement and the light shake of her leg, Dean simply nodded and reached for the package. "Thank you." He then says in a copy of what he often sees Harry do.

The owl hoots once more before taking flight.

As Dean looks up he meets Harry's eyes and gives a nod as the later says, "That has your House's official seal, I'd recommend opening it in secrecy."

Dean simply nods at that, surprise having robbed him of words for the moment, before tucking the package into his bag in order to continue eating.

Thirty minutes later, as the group of Gryffindors are leaving breakfast Dean gestures to them before saying, "Hey guys give me a moment, I want to see what the package has."

"Not a problem," Neville says with a smile on his face. He then gestures towards the others, "We'll be right here outside the room if you need us."

Dean gives a grateful nod at that before heading inside the all-purpose room while reaching for the package from his House.

Now, the truth is though he is surprised by the message he is not worried. He knows he hasn't done anything that would cause worry. With a slight giggle he has a thought that it probably has more to do with Harry then himself.

'Yep,' he thinks, 'I was right.'

Which is his reaction the moment he opens the package and the top letter falls out.

**

Scion Dean,

I apologize for only writing to you in order to have you convey a message to another, but as time is of the essence I felt it was necessary. Within this package are a number of files that I, Lord and Head Declan Thomas require you, Scion Dean Thomas, to hand over to one Lord and Head Harry Potter.

I solemnly swear on Magic and the Peace of Albion that nothing within these items will cause any harm to Lord and Head Harry Potter.

Dean, as a Scion of House Thomas it is your right to know what is going on. Which is why I tell you that even as we speak certain ancient rites of the Knight Houses have begun to activate. According to the traditions at the core of the very House magics this binds us to certain tasks. For us to follow
through with those tasks we need the Monarch, or bearing that, an individual with the personal authority to get matters done.

Which is your friend, the Lord Potter.

Thank you.

Yours truly,

Lord and Head Declan Thomas

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With a shake of the head Dean then begins flipping through the material in the package. As Lord Declan had described, the package contained a bunch of files, including two old, handwritten books.

Shrugging his shoulder at the request Dean heads outside the room before smiling at the waiting group. "Harry, it's for you, as I thought."

"Ha! I win," Ron says with a grin and shout. "You all owe me gold."

With a chuckle and a shake of his head Harry says, "I didn't gamble." He then turns towards Dean and says, "What's it about?"

"Recent events, the war against Riddle, and the nature of the Knight Houses."

Harry's eyes get large at that, "I see," he then says.

With a nod of his own Dean hands Harry the package, keeping the personal letter from his Head.

"Well then, thanks Dean," Harry says with a smile. "I am sorry that you had to play middle man."

"Not a problem Harry," Dean says with a nod. He then grins widely before saying, "You just owe me an explanation on what it is that you discover."

The amused laugh Harry gives is answer enough as the group continues on towards class.

8888

"Hey Harry," comments Seamus as the group are gathered relaxing in the covenant section, "so I was wondering something. What is so special about the Knight Houses."

Justin sits up at that, "Actually, I have been wondering that myself. Why are they separate from the other Great Houses?"

"Well," Harry says as he stretches and leans back. "Plenty actually." He then laughs as some of others look at him with a shake of their heads. "What, it's true. There are many reasons why the Knight Houses are kept on there own."

"Ooh," Dean says with amusement as he sits up. "May I answer this for I have studied them." When Harry just gestures in a 'go ahead' manner Dean grins before saying. "So the first difference is how they were founded, though this most know." A quick grin. "Most of the Knight House founders were commoners given patents of nobility by King Arthur."

"But so were the many of the Minor Houses," comments Lisa Turpin matter of factly.

"Right," Dean says with a nod of agreement. "So that is just one, and a minor one, reason they were
kept separate. What really made the difference is that within a generation the Houses had each been
given a less direct, but no less important, role in Albion's governing structure."

"But weren't the first set of leaders, the Knights of the Round Table, all given positions in the
government of the Empire?" Asks Justin curiously, for even he knew that.

It is Hermione that answers, to no one's real surprise. "From what I have gathered though they were
in charge said authority was not given to their House." She then pauses. "So while Sir Leon was the
General in charge of the Military, his House, that of Maris, did not inherent the title - the Utmost
Ancient House of Marshal did." She gives a small grin, "The same could be said for the rest in
whatever position they held."

As the purebloods nod at that and the muggleborn tilt there head in understanding and acceptance it
is Wayne who asks. "So what is there individual roles?"

It is Harry to speaks. "They are the Watchers. They are the ones who work to make sure that Albion
remains pure and that Corruption does not set in."

A tilt of the head followed by Michael stating, "I can't be the only one who noticed that you gave
capitalization to 'Corruption.'"

As many in the group nod in agreement Harry grins and says, "That's because you know me and the
way I speak. For it isn't the simple political graft they seek to stop but the acts which work to
destabilize the very Empire of Albion."

"So what is it that the Houses individually Monitor?" Questions Seamus curiously.

As eyes turn towards Harry he shrugs and says, "Well Maris covers military, Luc the Knights,
Thomas the crafters of magical items, Boleyn monitors the government, Pellinore looks over the
people and their organizations, Melodias watches the agencies of renown, Galatine covers pure
magical development, Rodor monitors the nobility, and Godwyn looks over the Magical Races."
Harry pauses for one moment before grinning and saying, "Oh, and if you ask 'well who watches the
watchers' the answer is the Crown of Albion through the auspices of Magic and the rites of the
Divinities."

To the surprise of no one as by this point Ron's enjoyment of history is well known he says, "Of
course with the death of the Last Monarch and the vacancy of the Throne there is much they can no
longer do."

Once again eyes turn towards Harry who gives a nod of agreement before adding, "Of course with
me being me there are some things I can do that would give said Houses some of their teeth back, as
it were."

With that said Draco then clears his throat and says, "Right, well, I don't know about you but I'm
open to us doing something else."

Though some pillows are thrown at him, the point is well made, and the group changes topics.

8888

"So is it just me or does it seem that the normal run of the mill House politics seem to be reducing in
number?" Harry asks twenty minutes into his meeting with Sirius and Remus in the first's private ten
office.

"It's not just you," Sirius says with a shake of the head, "I've noticed it as well. To me it seems that
with the war starting to heat up people are less prone to complain about what is otherwise petty things."

"It won't last," Remus says with a grin, "just so you know. So enjoy our shorter meetings while it lasts."

Harry giggles, he can't help it. Which then leads to a wide grin coming to his face. "So instead of us having to deal with things like 'my cow has escaped' and 'my taxes are too high' it's 'the Dark Lord is attacking my home'." There is a bit of pause, "I much prefer the former to the later."

Nods all around followed by sighs instead of comments.

"Anyway," Harry then says, "so there is something I wanted to tell you. It seems that House Thomas gave to Dean a packet of information that needed to be given to me immediately." With that said he puts the files and books on the table between them.

"What?" Sirius says as he picks up one of the files and begins looking through it. "Oh wow," he then adds after realizing exactly what is there.

Which is a few years worth of information gathered from the secret and yet official council of the Knight Houses. Information which even at their quick glance provides them with knowledge of certain movements of forces which were probably under the thumb of the Dark Lord.

As two pairs of eyes turn to meet Harry's the later says, "Isn't it great that I'm the Lord and Head of House Emrys."

Two nods followed by grins followed by waving of papers as discussion on the find begins. A discussion which will eventually lead to them creating a modified version fit for general Order of Phoenix consumption and a more complex and detailed report for Dumbledore’s eyes only.

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"I hate you!" Mason says with a huff as Harry speeds up a bit during their run.

"No you don't!" Harry singsongs with a wide grin on his face.

There is a sigh followed by a shake of the head and a, "Yeah, I don't." Another, even bigger sigh followed by a whine, "But why must I run!"

A chuckle, "Your running for dueling, not because of me." A side grin. "Plus, don't lie, I know you are doing even better than you might have otherwise due to said running."

A chuckle, "Yeah, your right." A small shrug with a wide grin of his own. "It's just fun to tease you." A bit of laugh as they turn the corner. "Sooo, what's going on in Harry's world?"

"Shouldn't I be asking you that Mason?" Harry answers immediately. "As I don't want it to always be about me."

A wide grin, "It's fine. You know what has been happening in my life, which is not much." A small wave follows, "Which is why I'm asking you, what's new since the last time we talked."

Harry gives a big sigh, but then he grins showing that he doesn't mind the question. "Well," he then says with a tilt of his head as he thinks on things, "I'm in the process of negotiating a business deal between House Potter and the Chinese Ministry."

"Boring! Next!"

A chuckle, "Okay, well I'm providing the Irem School of Magic in Persia with a revamped magical ward matrix."

Mason then says, "Useful but boring!" He then opens his mouth to say more.

Which Harry beats him to by saying, "Next!"

An act that gets some laughter before Harry continues with, "Hmm, okay. How about House Pevensie just proposed to turn a new island recently created off the coast of their main land into a new theme park."
"Oh, nifty. So what is the theme?"

"They aren't sure yet. They are going between an undersea and a space theme."

"Oooh, wow." A tilt of the head in thought followed by, "Why are they doing undersea adventurers on an island, shouldn't they have it be a location that is actually, well, under the sea?"

"Hmm. Yes, good point. I'll have to mention that to them, with your name as the person who came up with the thought."

"Thanks!" Mason says with a grin. He then coughs before adding, "The space theme is interesting, but why now?"

"It's all thanks to Tony Stevens. His work going to both the Moon and Mars has spurred on many peoples wish for us to be out there."

"Which was something I wondered actually." Mason says and then at Harry's questioning look continues, "Well, why hasn't the Magical World built bases in space?"

A nod and a grin. "This reminds me of the Q&A I did. Honestly, the answer is both it's not necessary and it doesn't give us any advantages. In fact it limits us due to a lack of connection and access to the Wards of Avalon."

A blink at that, "So if we were to make greater use of space then we would need to find a way to expand Albion's magical structure there?"

"Yes. But we would need a Monarch to do that, which we don't have."

"But what about the other magical nations?"

A grin. "They can't. Both because they don't have the necessary magical power and also because Albion's web of magic stops them."

"Wait, really? Oh wow."

"Yeah I know, but it's true. It's not really well known but due to how global we are the Albion magical network sort of impedes the others from certain workings." At this Harry simply shrugs. "Now if we had a Monarch then they could modify the wards to let the other nations do things, but without that, they are limited." His alarm then goes off on his watch which has him saying, "Well then, let's begin slowing down, the run is almost over."

As they do just that Mason gives a nod.

8888

"So Sirius, how is the Wizengamot this fine week?" Harry says to his godfather after their initial family greetings are made.

"Good. Good. I was able to get the proposal on a modification to a trade law and push forward the new health and wellness law that we have been trying to write."

"That's brilliant. I'm glad we are getting what we want there." Harry then stops as he flips through some of the files in front of him. "I was curious as to what House Luc is doing?"

A large grin comes to Sirius' face at the question. "Well," he says, "it seems that the other Knight Houses were given the memo of your involvement and that led to House Luc beginning to make
waves in the Wizenemgot."

"Without communicating to us their plans?"

A nod. "I think they are testing us. I'm pretty sure they are trying to see how we respond to certain actions of theirs."

With a shake of his head Harry goes, "Right, I see. I see." A pause as Harry thinks on matters. He then gives a nod and says, "Well, do what you are doing, react the way you see fit." At Sirius' look Harry shrugs, "Well you do have pretty much the same information I do, plus more experience to know when to agree to them and when they are being outlandish."

A grin is the response as Sirius says, "Kay. Will keep you informed as things go on. Especially when and if they do acts that have me raise my eyes at them." He then pauses, grins at Remus, gives a gesture and says, "That's it for me, so Remus, tag, your it!"

With a chuckle at his husband's antics Remus says, "Honestly, I don't have much. Just two things really. The first is that the ritual work you had done on the Ironstone Hundred of House Sage bore fruit, there weather net has been stabilized."

"Brilliant, absolutely brilliant. Especially as I know that it's going to help spur on the local economy and bring about a change in the fortune of the locals." He then tilts his head in thought. "Oh, right. This reminds me of something that Mason said." As the two give him a curious look he says, "We were talking about projects and I mentioned Pevensie parks. He mentioned why would an underwater aspected theme park be ON an island when it could be instead actually under water."

Remus tilts his head at that before giving a nod. "Yes, I can definitely see that." He then takes out a notepad and makes a notation on it. He then grins at Harry and says, "I will tell that to the Pevensie council the next time I speak to them." A pause, "Which is two days from now actually."

Nod. Nod. Harry then leans back and says, "So, what's the second topic?"

A grin. "It's related to Tony Stevens actually. It seems that 'simply' traveling to the other worlds and moons of the solar system is not enough for him anymore."

A blink, "What, not enough? What does he want to do?"

With a wide grin Remus goes, "He wishes to investigate why there is a seemingly impenetrable border surrounding our solar system."

"Wow, that's, just wow." Is Harry's response.

A nod is given at that followed by Remus saying, "But that's not it, for once he figures out the why of the barrier he wishes to investigate how to get passed it."

"Now that, that might be difficult to support." Harry says quietly but firmly. At the looks given to him, "We don't know why the barrier exists but if I find it to be of Divine origin I will not allow us to break through such barriers."

Remus nods firmly in response at that. "Actually, he knows that, in fact is fine with that. The truth is that while he wants to explore and discover he is also a man of faith and has no interest in destroying what we have." Remus then shrugs. "Honestly, besides the adventure of it one of his major reasons for doing it is purely educational."

This gets a wide grin full of plotting on Harry's face, which also sees him leaning back in his chair
and looks at Sirius and Remus. He then says, "Well, I just had the perfect thought!"

Sirius and Remus give each other a look as Sirius says, "Do tell?"

Which Harry does.

8888

"Hey Harry, the great hall is this way." Comments first year Gryffindor student Burt Mason as he sees Harry go past him down the hall.

Harry just grins and says, "Oh I know." He then chuckles and adds, "See you back inside in a moment."

Burt, realizing that Harry is up to something, grins himself before skipping back into the great hall where he is makes sure to take a seat where he can see whatever happens. No matter what that is.

While Burt is sitting down Harry is making his way to the front of the school. As he does so he is met by Professor Flitwick who himself had just arrived there.

"Ready Mr Potter," the Professor says in a professional voice.

"Of course Professor." Harry then grins before adding, "But the real question is whether the student body of Hogwarts is ready."

Flitwick gives a grin at that before gesturing for Harry to precede him out the doors. Which Harry does with a slight bow.

Once the two are outside they walk down the path towards the entry gateway. Once at the bottom of the road they come upon a grinning Sirius and Remus and an awed looking Tony Stevens.

"Sirius, Remus, hello." Harry says with a nod towards his two senior officers and godfathers. He then steps forward and greets Stevens, "Master Stevens, thank you for coming and welcome to Hogwarts!"

"Hello Lord Potter, and thank you for providing me this opportunity to visit Hogwarts and speak to the students and staff."

Harry gives a small smile before gesturing for Flitwick to follow him. "This is," Harry starts to say but is interrupted.

By a gushing Tony Stevens who bows deeply before saying, "Master Flitwick, I am quite pleased to meet you. Your treatise on the manipulation of the Coloniae Matrices through the use of the Spring Variable was brilliant. In fact it helped to spur on my own work."

"Really, how marvelous. And I am grateful, it is always wonderful to hear that my ideas and work are being used by others." At the slight clearing of Remus' throat Flitwick grins, "Right. Let us get back to the great hall."

Stevens gives a slight bow and amused glance at that before adding, "Of course. Pardon me." Once said the small group begin making there way up to the school. Though they didn't feel it there speed was accelerated by the magics of Hogwarts.

As they reached the walk way Stevens asks, "So how long do I have to speak to them?"

"Up to you," Professor Flitwick says. "But we figured anywhere between a half to a full hour."
"Great! I should have enough material to cover that period." Stevens grins.

Harry chuckles, "Well I hope you expect questions because I have to tell you the students of Hogwarts are quite interested."

"Really great." The smile gets even bigger. "Sharing my passions with those who are interested makes it all the more fun."

As the adults nod at that Harry gestures for Professor Flitwick to go first, "Professor, why don't you go in and announce the guest lecturer."

"With pleasure Mr Potter with pleasure." The Professor says with a nod as he heads into the room.

8888

"I can't believe you got Tony Stevens to come to Hogwarts," Justin says with awe the next afternoon in the covenant section.

With a chuckle Draco comments from his seat, "Considering how we knew they knew each other I am more surprised at my surprise."

Harry grins at that before adding, "Well all I can say is that I haven't been planning it long. In fact it was more a spontaneous decision based some of my recent meetings."

"Well whatever the reason was," Justin comments, "I thank you for the opportunity you gave us to speak to him."

Harry gives a small smile at that as the conversation continues.

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Chapter End Notes

Now I have ideas floating in my head about modern day people getting transported to another World. What makes said World interesting is that its 'run' by a divine construction called The System, which is basically the equivalent of a rpg system that people actually interact with. You know character sheets, quests, even blue screens that provide updates on experience gains and what systems people have.

Due to said interest I now find myself designing said system and the nature of how such a story would flow. Which leads me to coming up with numerous potential variants, including one that starts said System being a VRMMO game that a person form our world plays but then sometime happens to showcase that said systme is actually more real than first thought.

So yeah, random ideas and such. hehe
Striking First

Date: Sixth Year, Late February

As they are running Cedric says, "So Father got your message and wanted me to double check with you personally."

A nod and a grin, "Makes sense. So what is the main question?"

"He wanted to make sure that this won't cause problems for our own lands," Cedric answers.

"With respect to your Father's worries but I'm simply asking if our forces can base in the Silverelf Hundred before the raid occurs."

Cedric nods at that as they continue to run. Then he grins before saying, "So I notice that where the raid is going to happen is being kept secret."

A chuckle, "You know it." There is a pause as the run goes on, "In fact only those directly associated with my House magics have been given leave to know."

Nod. Nod. "Your being careful, nothing wrong with that. Especially in these trying times," he then grins, "and especially with what I expect you are thinking you might find."

"Oh? Do you have some hints," Harry says with an amused chuckle.

"Obviously nothing concrete that I can talk about, but I will say that the movements of Riddle and his forces is intriguing."

"It is, it really is. As will be seeing what he does once I raid the place I'm raiding."

There is a moment of silence before Cedric says, with a fierce grin, "Why only one place? Why not raid a bunch of his sites at once."

Harry opens his mouth to refute that but then closes it and tilts his head as he gets a fierce look on his face.

8888

"Is there something I may do for you Mr Potter," Professor Snape says as he looks up from his desk when Harry walks into the room.

"How is the chatter among a certain group of people?" Is what Harry says instead.

A blink, "Normal. In fact the chatter is similar to what in the First War was his supply phase."

"Perfect." A tilt of the head curiously, "Are they still talking to you?"

"Oh yes. After almost twenty years of that it will take more than me being revealed to get them to stop."

A chuckle and a shake of the head, "Sometimes I wonder about the whole situation." A pause, "Well thank you Professor, have a nice day." Harry then grins and walks away.
"So Drusilla, do we know of other Riddle bases besides the one in the Wolfmill Hundred?" Harry says via Ring call to his High Praetor.

"Yes sir we do, though most of our information is not at the ready to strike level yet." She pauses to look over a few documents in front of her before saying, "But I do have three sites ready."

"Perfect. Send the information to Michell for I want them prepared to strike all sites at once."

"Of course sir, will do!" She then clears her throat and says, "Before you leave sir I have some other updates I believe you should personally hear about."

Harry nods at that and gestures with a smile and a hand wave for her to go on.

After listening to the report from Michell Jones, Harry gives a supporting smile. "That is quite an organized plan Michell, congrats on that."

"Thank you sir, though really it was a team effort with both administrative support and the aid of my fellow First Captains."

"Well then, once the raids are underway I will send them my formal congrats." Is Harry's response. "Now speaking of that you have one week to finish preparations and then you will strike. Benthaven is to be a mass assault, Oakston is to be an infiltration, and I am not sure on Vertfay."

"Understood sir." Michell says with a nod. "On the raid of Vertfay Hundred, well, we believe an infiltration to weaken the outer wards enough for a sustained strike would be best."

A nod followed by Harry saying, "Ah, proposed battle plan X304b, interesting." A grin at the surprised look on Michell's face. "What, you don't think I don't read the documents."

A soft chuckle, "Oh no, it's not that as I know you read them." He stops as he scratches the back of the head, "It's just I didn't expect you to remember the operation coding, as even I forget sometimes."

"Not that I want to give all my secrets," Harry says with a smile, "but it does help that I have both Head Rings and a fully developed mindscape." He then shakes his head, "Right. So that's that." He then takes a deep breath. "I do wish I could be there for the raid."

"I'm glad you can't be sir," is Michell's immediate response. At Harry's look he adds, "Your education is important and so is staying at Hogwarts and this isn't going to be something that your presence is directly needed for."

"Duly noted High Captain," Harry says with amusement. He then changes the topic by going, "So what is this request to have ritualists take a look at the House Valerius ritual?"

"Some of my spellcrafters believe a modified version could be designed that could manifest different landscapes than the seafaring version we have now."

"They want it to create new military citadels don't they?" At Michell's nod Harry simply shakes his head. "Yeah, that is what I figured. Which leads me to saying I have good news and bad news. The bad being I'm denying your request but the good is that I will have my High Warder establish a project to look into creating variants. Of course most will remain official mysteries of House Valerius, though I do figure a few will be given to my other Houses if necessary."
Michell nods at that as the meeting begins to wrap up.

"Hey Harry, you okay?" Mason asks from the door to Harry's personal office.

Opening his eyes from where he had then closed he beckons the lad to come closer while saying, "Yep." At Mason's tilt of the head Harry chuckles and says, "It's just that I have been given some interesting ritual design questions, ones which are minor now but I think could lead to mighty works in the future."

"Ah, so the Potter Syndrome, right," Mason says with a few nods. "Well don't dwell on it, what will be will be." This is followed by a wide grin. "Anyway, come on, the others want you to play games with them, and I agree!"

With a laugh Harry gets up from the desk todo just that.

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Uncovering it All

Date: Sixth Year, Early March

As they are running Harry asks curiously, "So why are you running with me again?"

Mason gives a small chuckle at that, "I told you, its because of the dueling club. Professor Flitwick told me that it would help with my magic."

Nod. Nod. A wry grin. "Well I could have told you that," Harry says with a chuckle. He then tilts his head curiously, "So is this an every day thing for you now or occasional?"

"Every once and a while," is Mason's response with amusement. "I'm not you, I'm not crazy."

"Haha, funny." Is Harry's response. "Well then, as run and talk has long been the standard of my runs, is there anything you want to talk about?"

Mason just grins, before launching into a rant on what comes to his mind.

8888

As they wrap up on their private Mind Arts training session, Harry comments, "With respect Professor, but don't you think it was a risk visiting the Bullten Hundred alone?"

With a smirk Severus says, "Who says I was alone Mr Potter?" At Harry's curious look he decides to explain further. "Whenever I leave school grounds I am always surrounded by a protective detail."

"Good to know," Harry says with his own smirk. "But its even more interesting to know that nobody realizes that." At the Professor's smirk Harry adds, "All my reports made it seem you went out alone."

A nod with a smirk is the response before the Professor says, "From what I have heard from the old crowd my continued act of walking around without a care has done much to annoy Riddle."

With a chuckle, "Oh I bet it has." A smirk, "Well, anything that annoys that creature is always good in my books that's for sure." A pause as he looks at the clock, "Anyway, I have to go as I don't want to be late for my club meeting."

Professor Snape simply gives a nod at that as Harry heads out.

8888

"Wait," Harry says with a gesture of silence at the same time. He looks up from the document he is reading and towards the projected image of his senior council. "What is this fraud situation and why am I just hearing about it now?"

It is Delaine Redmond, Harry's High Commissioner of Trade and Commerce, who answers, "Because this is the first time that Sebastian Mithe targeted someone that was not afraid of talking to someone in power about it." At the curious look on the faces of others she goes on. "Before this point he skirted the law by moving around Albion constantly. He never targeted the nobility, or those rich or with connections."
There is a long pause as Harry can clearly be seen thinking over it.

"How firm our we in our knowledge of his actions?"

"Quite firm."

"Did we use Veritaserum?" Harry then asks.

"Yes, but not only that we used the mind arts." Comments Drusilla Palma, High Praetor.

A fierce grin comes to Harry's face at that information. "Sirius," he then says, "are we going to see Ministry or ICW requests about him?"

"No from the Ministry, any of them, and potentially maybe on the ICW but it is unlikely."

A nod, "We have him in custody correct?" At multiple nods Harry gives a fierce grin that would not be out of place in a goblin. "I want him in jail, and I want it for life." He then reaches for the Potter House magic which causes his Head Ring to manifest with power. He then says, with a regal bearing, "This I so do declare under the imperium granted to me by my title as the Archduke Ravenshome. So mote it be!"

Magic flares and it flares hard. Within the special offices of the various Greater Ministries of Albion, as well as some in Gringotts, items so rarely seen activate.

Documents are written and scrolls appear.

Officers of House Potter's Guard are given their orders, with no need to pass it up the chain of command.

In front of those officers who need to be in the know thick packets of paperwork manifest in front of them, all with Harry's personal seal as the Archduke Ravenshome. Within these packets lay each and every point of action that led to Lord Harry Potter making the decision he did.

"Furthermore," Harry says as soon as he realizes he can do this, "due to the ancient pacts between the Great Houses of Albion and the Dementor Congress I am declaring his incarceration within that most ancient of prison. So mote it be!" There is a pause as silence comes over the gathering of officers. "So, any questions?"

Sirius raises his hand, in a very muggle gesture, and when given a nod he asks, "So, question, why not Prince Hightower of Emrys?"

"Archduke Ravenshome and Prince Hightower are both Princely titles," Harry says slightly amused at the question. "But Archduke Ravenshome is Potter and so leads to much less questions that a Prince title would." At Sirius nod of understanding Harry looks around. "Any official questions?" A pause. "No, alright then, let's continue with the meeting. Who wants to go next?"

8888

Harry was sitting on a couch in the covenant hall staring into space when he hears, "Earth to Harry, earth to Harry."

Blinking slightly he turns towards Blaise who had spoken, "Yes?"

With amusement in his voice, "You seemed a thousand miles away. What's up?"

"Nothing major, I was just thinking about what the Professors said in Charms, Transfiguration, and
Runic Studies today."

"Oh, anything interesting?" Is then asked by Hermione from where she is sitting nearby.

"Just how similar their talks were on the meta weaves to manipulate magical effects. A part of me has been thinking on it for hours now."

"Well good luck on figuring out whatever it is that has you dwelling," Ron says as he plays chess with Luna.

A Luna who says in a resonant voice, "Maybe it will lead to ideas that will aid you in finishing a long project of yours."

Silence at that, followed by a blink as Harry takes what she says in.

He then grins, a wide, happy grin before jumping up from his seat and saying, "I could kiss you Luna! Gotta go, thanks, bye!" He then all but runs off down the hall and to his private office.

Back in the covenant hall there is some more silence before everyone breaks out in laughter.

"What's going on Luna?" Neville asks softly. "What did you see?"

She grins and says, "Nothing. I just knew that he needed something to spur him on, and if that could be me then why not."

Multiple shakes of the head are the result of that, while Neville simply reaches over and kisses her.

8888

It was an hour later that Harry stood up from his desk with a great big smile on his face. "That's it," he then says, "I know this will work." He then takes in a deep breath while closing his eyes for a moment. When he opens them his wand is out and he is waving it in a precise and complicated pattern while expressing some deep magic.

As he looks towards his mum's trunk he sees seven locks appear and then open up. With one more wave of his wand he realizes it is done - the last of the ward levels have opened. Now, for him, the trunk is fully and completely unlocked.

He moves over to the trunk and lifts open the lid in such a way as to reveal its largest interior space. He looks inside and begins taking out its contents. At first he sees some of the same, some books, journals, and bounded spell texts. All good stuff, all important stuff, but not what he wanted to find right now.

But then, after moving some books, he found it, three portraits - and not just any portraits. No, the official portraits of his parents - one for each of them alone and one for them in a combined scene.

As he lifted them from the trunk and placed them on a pedestal near to his desk he contemplated the next step. Right now, of course, the portraits were inactive, their figures asleep. But all he had to do was tap it with his Head Ring and they would awaken.

He would get to speak to his parents, or at least an aspect of them. This he knew as a fundamental truth, their souls were not here. He sighed for once wishing that his Head Rings, plus his status as the Master of Death, didn't wipe away the illusion and force him to see the truth.

But with a shrug, for he knew him being him could not be helped, he reached out towards the
portraits and swiped his Head Ring.

As the figures of his parents, eternally frozen as 21 year olds, began to wake up, he says, "Mum, Dad, hello."

8888

"How are you alive son?" James says in shock as Harry finishes telling the story of his life from that night to this moment.

With a grin, for as it is his life and he can be amused by it, "Well its not thanks to the efforts of many that I can say. But it sees Fate, Destiny, and Magic all have plans for me. Plans which have led them to giving me the intelligence and power needed to face my enemies and survive."

"Well good on you son, good on you!" James says with a smile.

Lily then smiles, a bit of tears in her eyes, "I agree with James, I'm so glad you have the drive to go on no matter the threats faced."

"It's that drive mum which has led me to opening the last level of your trunk a year early." A sheepish grin, "Sorry."

This results in a laugh from James and a smile from Lily who says, "Oh no need to be sorry my son. Especially as it is what I figured you would do." At Harry's surprised look she adds, "You were after all summoning toys even before you were one."

Which gets a grin from Harry as their conversation continues.

8888

"Harry, would you be willing to do your old man a favor?"

"Depends father," is Harry's answer.

James chuckles at that, "You are a Lord that's for sure, never making promises unless you know what they are." He then gets serious as he reaches for Lily's hand. "My request is that you bring us to Potter Manor so that we may speak to Sirius and Remus."

Harry nods at that. "On that, yes, that is something I can do." As he moves to get them situated for the transfer he adds, "In fact I will leave you there for the next few days as my immediate schedule is incredibly busy."

They continue to talk as the trip is made.

8888

"Sirius, Remus, where are you?" Harry asks using the manor message system.

"In the Red Lounge," is Remus' immediate response.

While Sirius says, "Is everything okay?"

Harry doesn't answer as by this point he is already most of the way to the lounge they are in.

Which is why instead of it being Harry that they next hear its the portrait of James going, "Hello Padfoot, Moony, my good friends!"
So shocked are the two wizards that they don’t speak as Harry puts the portraits on the stands that just appeared. Harry gives his parents a wave before turning to Sirius and Remus and saying, "I have to head to bed but they wanted to see you both." He then walks away, letting them have their private talk.

8888

As soon as Sirius and Remus telling their side of the story of the last fifteen years Lily says, "We don’t blame you, either of you."

While James adds, "And you can stop blaming yourself as well."

"What matters," Lily continues, "is that you are there for Harry now. That he is not alone."

There is a moment of silence as Sirius and Remus take it all in. A silence which James breaks by grinning and saying, "Soooooo, tell me, what pranks have you pulled?"

"James!" Lily exclaims, pretending to not be amused.

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So There is 11 sections left for seventh year, down from the 12. Which while not seeming like a lot was important as the parts of the section I hadn't written was both important and just not coming to me. So it being written was very good.

:)
"Hogwarts, for example."

"Not as strong, of course," Nicolas says, "but that makes sense considering the whole connection to the Earth for billions of years element that natural elemental nodes have." A pause. "I would think that by tying a number of them together in a ward structure we could compensate for the lack of their individual power."

"Makes sense," Harry comments, "and I know a lot of ward structures use multiple nodes already, so that isn't new designs." A pause. "If you don't mind telling me, how were you planning on using the nodes you made."

Nicolas chuckles at that, "I don't mind answering that. I made two and they are already added to the ward structure using a Thor Class ward string. If the holding was difficult to break into before it is now pretty much impossible."

A shake of the head, "I might be sixteen but if anyone else told me they just added to their homwards a node just created I would ask if they are okay." A pause. "But you know what you are doing so I have no issues with that. Still, how was the connection like."

"Perfect. No issues at all, we hooked it up and the magic flowed between them as if they were always meant to be there. It is as pure a node as anything one might find in nature, that is how good the magic pattern of the creation was." A pause. "You are of course right, Pernalle yelled at me but then she scanned the node and was fine with what I did."

A quick laugh at that, "well I'm glad that she had no problem with it, I wouldn't want her to be angry with me." Harry then pauses. "I have to go, but it was nice hearing from you on the success. I also look forward to reading your report."

Nicolas nods at that then says, "you did well on this Harry." A pause. "Have a good evening, I will talk to you later."

8888

"Harry, Quartermaster Brethart is in my office and wishes to speak to you." Remus states as soon as the call is put through.

"Lord Potter," Alison Brethart says soon after, "we just finished recording all the resources we captured in the Benthaven raid."

"I was told it would take at least a month, but you finished it in half that time. I must congratulate you for that." A pause, "that said please tell me you didn't work overly long shifts."

A quick smile, "no sir, I didn't. I just gathered more workers, most of which were house elves who immediately jumped at the chance of helping in a project of 'the great master Harry Potter, the bestest wizard alive.'" A pause. "Their words sir, not mine."

Harry laughed, "wow, cheeky. Remus, please remind me to fire everyone and hire less cheeky people."

Harry can't see him but he does hear, in a deadpan voice, "duly noted my lord, I will do that the next time we talk."

"You do that," Harry grins, while choosing to ignore the smile on Alison's face. "Anyway," he says to his quartermaster, "that was good thinking. Especially as I know they would scan the resources for any hostile magics."
A nod on that, "oh yes sir, they did. They took great delight in scanning and searching for anything that meant harm to your holdings. They found a few things, I should note, which were promptly passed on to the proper offices - as far as I know you should be getting reports soon about them."

"Within the hour Harry," Remus says when Alison stops speaking.

"Thanks. Good work on all that." A pause. "So what sort of resources were found in the raid."

"That is what is interesting sir and what I wanted to talk to you about. The largest portion were what would be expected, thousands of pounds of foodstuffs, minerals, and other such standard resources. The second largest is a nice quantity of magical materials, wand cores, potions ingredients, household items, etc. Very standard, quite useful to us, but not outlandish." A pause. "Then we found the exotic goods, which I would divide into two categories. The first would be ingredients of a dozen different kinds, all of which would be right at home in an alchemical laboratory."

When she stops speaking Harry says, "I want a specific list of those materials sent to me as soon as possible. They are useful to me right now and so prepare them for transport to Hogwarts and my use."

"Yes sir, we will get on that immediately. The list is already done and I can have it sent as soon as we finish speaking. The goods themselves can be ready for shipment to you in a few days."

Harry nods at that. "That is good to hear, thank you Alison. Now, please continue before I interrupt you again."

"Of course sir. The last category of exotic goods are really exotic sir, like beyond this world exotic. If I had to describe them it would be supernatural rather than magical. The house elves helping us were shocked and scared sir, and I don't think I have seen them react that way before."

Even as she stops talking Harry sits there in thought, she would have thought something was wrong but Remus mouthed, "its fine, he's thinking."

"Thank you Alison for the report, I am grateful that you thought to tell me immediately." A pause. "Where have you put these supernatural resources."

"They are in a separate storage room sir, one in which we are treating as if its a vault. Among the staff I am the only one with access to the chamber."

"Excellent. Good thinking on that. That's exactly what they are, highly restricted specialty goods that only a limited few will have access to." A pause. "Okay, so these are your orders. Leave the supernatural goods alone, they are now outside of the purview of regular House resources. Package up the exotic goods and send them to me, I have a project here I want to use them for. On the rest distribute them between my various holdings using the Alexandrian Portfolio."

"Of course sir, I will get on that immediately."

"You did good Alison. Even if you never hear about it again know that what you found and brought to my attention will benefit not just the House but Albion immensely." A pause. "Now if there is nothing else you are dismissed, please leave the room as I need to speak to Remus. Thank you."

"Your welcome sir, it is my duty." A pause then, "that was it sir, so I will be heading out."

A nod and then she heads out of the room as the image moves back so it includes Remus rather than empty space.
"The raid saved the world Remus," Harry says once he is sure she is gone. "As did her bringing it to my attention the moment she discovered what she found was out of the normal."

Remus closes his eyes in a nod. "I know, the moment she started telling me, I knew you needed to hear it." A shake of the head. "So what do you think it all means."

"The regular exotic goods was Riddle trying rituals, us capturing that will aid us as I plan on using them for node crystal creation. Depending on how much of it is present I might be able to create dozens to scores to hundreds of nodes."

"That's brilliant Harry," a look of shock, "that will enhance the defense of our world." A pause. "How about the supernatural resources, which is a term I like applied to it."

"They are the materials used by the Shaped Host to live and operate on Earth. Us capturing it will benefit us by limiting how many of the Shaped Riddle can summon and use. Which is a good fact."

A nod then, "what do you want us to do with them."

"Leave them alone for now, they should be fine as the sheer magic covering Potter Manor will sustain them. I want you to lock the vault down, remove even Alison from opening it. She did good though, give her a bonus based on the parts of the proceeds we claimed in that raid."

"As you wish," Remus says with a smile and a nod.

Harry then says, "well then, I think that is it for now, we can talk again tomorrow." Which ended the conversation as their wasn't anything more to say.

8888

"Nicolas, do I have an interesting story to tell you," Harry says when he next mirror calls his tutor a few days later. After getting a nod to go on, "I was contacted by the Potter quartermaster who had been inventoring the resources captured in a recent raid."

"That sounds interesting, how ahead of quotas does that put Potter," Nicolas says.

"A lot, quite a lot and not just Potter but I spread it out between all my Houses. It was hundreds of thousands of pounds of resources in total." A pause. "But that wasn't all of it, there were to special types of resources captured. One, well we are just calling supernatural as its out of this world. But the other, now that is useful, its meerly exotic."

Nicolas gets a look on his face, "exotic as in alchemical, or exotic in a different way."

A big grin, "alchemical, of many different kinds of materials, and all of it is mine." A pause. "We tried finding where the material came from but no luck, it seems Riddle had been stockpiling for years with most of it being legitimately bought, which is hilarious to me." A shake of the head on that.

"How much material would you say," Nicolas asks trying to figure out the sheer quantity.

"Well, I would say that it is enough to make a few hundred Node Crystals plus maybe thirty Philosopher Stones as well with the excess." A pause. "If we were going to go and count using such measures."

"Of course, not like we would go and do that or anything," was Nicolas' answer to that. Which despite sounding sarcastic was entirely the truth - both because Philosopher Stones are extremely
difficult to make and because them in the wrong hands would lead to nothing but trouble. Nicolas then gives Harry a shrewd look, "So how were you planning on dividing all the Node Crystals you plan on making?"

"Hogwarts, Hogsmeade, and St Mungo’s will get one, as will the more important and at risk hundred manors within my Houses.” A pause then, "Any additional nodes I have will be given first to my allied Houses, then the other Great Houses, and finally the Ministry.” A wry grin, “Of course in which order they get them depends quite heavily on how I feel about them at the time.”

"That's extraordinary Harry," he says shocked. Of course, as he thinks about it, he really shouldn't be, this is Harry after all. He thinks about the world rather than just his own slice of it. Then, "Let me guess you will hold some aside for the other schools of magic, right?"

"Of course, but they won't be getting them unless the war gets close to their doors. Its the same with some for the allied kingdoms of Albion, I am preparing them but I won't be giving it to them."

A nod then, "Harry. I know about the Shaped, Albus told me about their growing presence." A pause. "He knows I have backup Stones, even though he still thinks my original one got destroyed. So he was not surprised that we remain in the same vibrant state of life that we have been for centuries."

Harry grins at that before getting serious. "I am not surprised about you knowing about the Shaped. They aren't the priority right now, Riddle is, but I feel that in time they will be." After a pause in which Nicolas nods Harry continues, "So, how would you like another job."

"Let me guess, you want me to make hundreds of Node Crystals," he says with humor.

"Yes, how did you guess."

Needless to say it didn’t take much for Nicolas to agree to the work, especially considering how much fun he knew he was going to have in crafting them. What made it all the more enjoyable to him, of course, was the fact that the resources to be used in the process weren’t actually ones he had to personally gather or pay for.

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Running alone was, to Harry's surprise, actually a bit relaxing. This, he thought, probably had more to do with how he was always with people and so having a bit of time all by himself was therapeutic.

Which is why the 'beep, beep, beep,' of his mirror-linked watch was not a surprise to him, as he had expected to be interrupted.

"Mirror, who is calling?"

"Ragnok!"

"Ah, okay, answer then with an illusion that follows my run."

"Affirmative," the mirror says before doing just that.

"Hey Ragnok," Harry says immediately upon said goblin's presence. "Hows it going?"

"It is going well Harry," is Ragnok's toothy grin filled response. "Especially with the reports I have recently received."

"Hence your call."

"Yes, hence my call." Ragnok says with a firm nod. At Harry's gesture he then grins and adds. "So, since I have you, there are three matters I want to go over." At Harry's nod a she continues to run, Ragnok begins explaining. "Well first. I was contacted by the Sage Business Council because one of their members, a Rihanna Williams, had a proposal that needed funding."

"Oh, do tell?"

A flip through papers followed by, "She has designed a golem but has run into resource and development problems that she feels Sage could help with. They forwarded the business proposal to me."

"Interesting. Send me the proposal and I will consider it." A pause, "But between you and me I will say there is much potential in having a more efficient and modern designed class of golem."

"That is what I figured and why I was forwarded the information and passed it on to you."

Harry nods then says, "So what's the second point?"

"An Anthony Howard has come up with a new set of ritual protocols for the design of a new more human class of Animating Intelligences." Ragnok says matter of factly. "There are many applications for this, of which Master Howard has written up numerous examples."

"Which House is his request coming from?"

"Potter. In fact he especially requested you and nobody else."

"Well that is quite interesting." There is a pause as Harry thinks on matters more. He then gives a
nod. "Please do a background check on him, I want to know why he choose me." A smile comes to his face, "But that said, there is numerous benefits to his AI project, so I would be remiss on not accepting it." He then stops and laughs widely. At Ragnok's curious look he explains, "It's just that AI in the muggle world means Artificial Intelligence and represents computer programs. For us to use the same word, but to have it applied to artificial spirits we use to enhance or portraits and paintings and magical items, well, its brilliant."

Nod. Nod. "Yes, that is intriguing." Ragnok then gives a sly look before adding, "It is also something Gringotts has investigated, since we didn't want to get caught unaware about developing muggle technology." Though Harry nods in agreement at that he isn't able to speak up before Ragnok comments, "Which leads us to the third project I wanted to speak to you about." At Harry's look of interest he goes on, "Well, as I said, we investigate all muggle technologies, mostly in an attempt to find magical ways of equaling it, surpassing it, or defeating it. I was recently informed of a House of Black funded and Gringotts organized operation which recently bore fruit."

As Ragnok stops to catch a breath Harry gives a wry grin before adding, "A weapons project right?"

"Mostly. Or at least in part." Ragnok says then gives a toothy grin. "It seems their focus was on disrupting muggle technology, which as their work developed split into two paths. The first saw them find a way to impede the operation of the chemical based weaponry the muggles use."

"Wait. Are you saying we can stop their guns from firing?"

"Yes. Much easier and with a larger area of effect than the version we were using before."

"Nice. Very nice."

"Indeed. As is the second direction of the project, which led to the creation of a set of magics designed to block mundane cameras, sensors, and recording devices in a particular area of effect."

"Fire and forget?" Harry asks curiously since he is aware of the current version, and why it is not the best.

"Yes indeed. After being cast a temporary animating spark directs the magic of the spell to manipulate mundane electronic systems as the wizard, and their allies, move about the area. With said area moving as the wizard does."

"That's actually going to be brilliant." Harry says quite pleased. He then stops to ponder the matter for a moment before saying with a nod, "Pass the information for both developments to Remus." At Ragnok's curious look Harry grins before explaining, "Well, he is going to need the information when he sets up the work team to disseminate the information to those of my Houses and, in time, the rest of Albion."

"That is all understandable." Ragnok then says with a nod. "Though your run is about to be over, if my calculations are correct, there are a few financial and business related matters I want to go over with you before you head back."

"Of course. Fire away!"

8888

As Professor Babbling makes her way to the front of the classroom she says, "Right class. So between last class and this one I went over your suggestions and picked five of them. We will spend this double period going over the magical flows that make said items work."
At the excited look at her sixth year Runic Studies class she smiles and adds. "So, without further ado, let me share which ideas were mentioned." She then stops and gives them all a look before adding, "But I won't be giving the names behind who made the suggestions as I don't feel that's fair."

She then claps her hands together. "Right, so we will be studying the quill, the communications mirror, the magical painting, the statue golem, and the lumen orb lights." She stops as a wand goes up leading to her saying, "Yes Mr Boot?"

"Well, I was just wondering aren't those items highly complex?"

"Yes indeed. Which is why for most of them we will only be looking into the outer layers of the magical structure that lets those items function as they do." She then claps her hand once more before reaching to a box on her desk and taking out a vast number of project quills.

8888

"Are you busy Harry?" James says to his son while sitting at a comfortable desk in the portrait lying over Harry's work station.

Blinking the momentary shock of sound in what had been a long quiet office Harry shakes his head. "No, at least not from you." He then grins, "So what's up?"

"It's just that I couldn't help but notice that among the documents you are going are copies of some of the projects Lily and I had been discussing."

Upon seeing the look of sadness coming over Harry's face James shakes his head and adds, "Don't worry, don't be bothered." He then smiles, "In fact I think its great. I think it's brilliant that you will be bringing to the world our ideas."

Harry gives a soft smile at that, "I'm glad you think that." He then holds up a document with the words 'Doe and Stag' on it. "It's named after you two."

"Thank you Harry, you honor us in this and in all things you do."

Harry smiles sweetly at that before his eyes widen and he says, "Oh, since we are talking about this. I meant to ask you if you could provide me some more details on Project 2.27A."

Which was a project focused on the creation of a transitory but strong set of localized and movable ward matrices.

A belly laugh is the response, "Ah, that one. That one was a fun one." Nod. Nod. "I can definitely tell you more about it, more than the notes provide."

"Thanks," a tilt of the head, "so was there a reason you didn't update the notes?"

"Security mostly. We were going on the run and I wasn't entirely sure about the loyalty of everyone."

"Hence the obvious wrong and incomplete points."

"Yes, exactly. Thankfully even as a portrait I remember what I had theorized and as you have the Head Ring I can tell you."

"Brilliant. Thanks." A pause. "So why did you choose to use the Horde Matrices rather than the standard Volumetric Dynamics theorum?"
A grin. "Because I was the Lord and Head of House Potter, the Archduke Ravenshome. As a Prince of Albion I had access to an Imperial set of ward structures."

Eyes widen in shock and surprise. "Ooooh, right, of course," a chuckle, "that makes sense." A shake of the head. "The thought of you hooking this complex into the Wards of Avalon, it's, well, unique."

"And very dangerous if given to the wrong person."

Another set of nods leading to Harry responding with, "But thankfully from what I can tell only those with House Rings and Amulets of Office of particular standings would be able to even empower the ritual set."

"Yes. But Riddle was the Heir of Slytherin." James then coughs, an a clearly blatant change of subject way, before saying, "Right. So let me lay out the actual ritual patterns."

Harry grins, nods, and takes out a sheet of paper to begin taking notes.

8888

Laying down on his bed, Harry says with a sigh to the illusionary form of Charlie reclining in the same position next to him, "I love these moments, these quiet moments." He then smiles, "Even though we are not actually in the same room, it feels like we are."

"Its the bond we share with the dragons," Charlie says immediately. He then pauses, chuckles, and grins as he adds, "Which for me doesn't take away from the beauty of it."

A grin as well, mostly for how logical and NOT romantic he first sounded, followed by a, "Me as well. It's a bit sweet on how we share a connection even before any sort of bonding."

Nod. Nod. "Do you ever feel like it was foreordained?"

"Yes and no," Harry says softly. "There is so much of my life that I KNOW has been influenced by Fate & Destiny and Magic and the Divinities that I can't complain on this." Charlie raises an eye at this which has Harry waving his hand between them before saying, "Even if the Universe influenced matters so we met it's not bad. We have each met a lot of people and yet it was to each other that we clicked." A chuckle. "I mean I was eleven when we met. A gangly. No nothing eleven year old. We bonded over a shared interest in dragons and magic."

"Which is a great foundation point for a relationship." Charlie says seriously before grinning. "Now, I'll be honest, when we first met the last thing I thought was we would be dating. I mean I knew you were cute but," he trails off.

"Yeah. I mean I didn't exactly look at you and be 'that man is my future partner'." Harry then chuckles. "Actually, I just thought you were cool, like very cool." The two grin at each other. Harry then tilts his head before barking out a laugh. "You know, I think I just realized that we kind of just began dating without actually saying we were dating."

Charlie blinks at that, then tilts his own head in thought, but then his eyes widen as the realization hits. "Oh Merlin, wow, your right. We went from friends to we have been dating for a while without an actual change moment."

A chuckle. "Oh Merlin." A shake of the head. "Right, so let's not tell anyone that."

A laugh is the response. "Okay. Sure. I'm good with that."
Wide grins and pleased laughter is what happens as conversation switches to something else.

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Lore of the Dragonlord

Date: Sixth Year, Early April

"So I was telling Chancellor Dallwins that just because it was my great great great great grandfather who first passed the law doesn't mean we have to support it in the now," Cedric's illusionary form was saying as him and Harry ran together that morning.

With a chuckle, "I can completely understand that statement. So how did it end?"

"Dallwins turned towards Father and asked him. Father simply grinned and said that as he had designated me the point man on the issue my word was final."

"Nice. That must have felt good!" Harry says with a grin. "So did the law get changed?"

"You betcha." Cedric says with a laugh. "And with such a large margin as well. In fact the amount of benefits my House gained from it puts it in the top ten of best possible decisions one can make."

"Oh Merlin, wow. That's brilliant. Go you Cedric, go you!" The two laugh in agreement. As it fades Harry adds, "It really is great."

"Yeah, especially in that I did not dance in joy and rub it in the Chancellor's face." Cedric says with a chuckle. Once again the two laugh in amusement at that. This is followed by them both running a corner of their particular locations leading to temporary silence. Once focus is achieved again Cedric asks, "So, how are things with you?"

"Not bad. Not bad at all. Socially things are great, as is my education. Politically matters are flowing well and in the war, well, I'm countering everyone of his steps and moving forward two steps against him. So its great."

A grin is given at that. "Well that's good to hear, especially considering how pulled into many directions you are." Cedric then gives a soft smile and adds, "If there is anything I can do to help you in anyway don't hesitate to ask."

A nod. "Thanks for that, I appreciate it." Harry then pauses for a moment before getting a twinkle in his eye. "Actually, there might be something that you can do for me. Your House is old, right, and has gathered a lot of secret lore?"

"Yes." Cedric says with a nod. "Why?"

A wide grin. "Well with everything going on I haven't been able to spend as much time researching the lore of the dragonlord and dragonrider."

As Cedric already knew about the whole dragon-bonding thing he wasn't entirely surprised. Which was why just as Harry was speaking he was nodding firmly. "Sure, no problem. I'll gather the information we have on all things dragon." Then he pauses, for a moment, before adding, "Did you want me to look up information on the Shaped?"

"Hmm," Harry says with thought. Then he shrugs and nods and adds, "Sure. In fact the more help on that the better. Though no rush on that as for the most part they are not the main focus of this war."
Cedric simply nods at that, fully understanding what Harry is NOT saying just as much as what he is saying.

The run continues.

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A little ways into the update meeting Harry takes a moment to look at his watch and swears. As Sirius and Remus look at him he grins sheepishly. "Sorry, I just realized that Ron asked me to attend a practice session today. Which means I am going to have to cut this meeting a bit shorter than normal."

"Not a problem pup," Sirius says with a smile. "I'll just leave you the rest of my files and we can go over the rest when we meet again later."

"Thanks Sirius, I appreciate that."

Remus grins as well, "Yeah same cub, no worries. that said, and pardon me, but there is one quick matter we need to go over before we leave."

"Of course, not a problem. So what's the issue?"

"It's about the fraud case with Sebastian Mithe. He is crying foul on what happened and is demanding that he speaks to you." There is a slight pause at that, which gets a raised eye from Harry, which leads to Remus clearing his throat and saying, "He is calling upon the ancient rites to demand an audience with the Lord and Head who sentenced him."

"Okay." Harry says simply. Then at the shocked look on the face of both men he grins and says, "Just schedule him for a meeting during the summer." He then laughs. "I hope he didn't expect to see my during the school year. I won't leave Hogwarts for him, he is not that important."

"May I say that cub?"

"Please." Harry says with firmness. He then adds, "In fact feel free to quote me. I want him to realize that he is facing someone who cares not for his name, or his importance in certain social circles. That whatever fame he had is meaningless and that he comes last!"

Two wide grins are the response as Remus says, "Will do Harry, will do." He then gives a gesture to his notes while adding, "Well, that's it. That's what I needed to go over in particular. I will send you the files on exactly what he said so you can be fully up to date."

"Thanks!" Harry says before giving both men a nod, closing up his files, and beginning the end of meeting actions.

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The illusion of Pernelle stretches a bit as she sits at her desk in her home. Giving him a look she then says, "You know Harry I think we are reaching saturation point for my tutoring."

"I'm not really surprised by that Pernelle," Harry says with a nod. He then grins, "I mean while there is always more to learn there is a point when it becomes a matter of self-discovery." A slight pause, "Unless one is trying to get a degree, which I'm not."

"I agree. So what do you want to do about it?"
Harry grins. "Well, if your still interested let us switch the focus of our talks. Instead of it being educational let it be pure discussion." The grin fades a bit as he says, "Unless you don't want to continue talking, which is fine!"

"Oh no, I wouldn't end our talks for anything." She then laughs. "Merlin knows how bored I would get without them." She then gives her own smile. "Well then, how about this. We finish the syllabus for the year and then after that our discussions became less work and more social."

"Sounds brilliant!" Harry then laughs as a thought comes to him. "Oh, so, here is a random question." At Pernelle's nod he goes on. "So what do you know about the Dragonriders?"

"Hmm," she says, "not much. Mostly heresay and myth and legend."

In a deadpan voice Harry says, "Well that's more than most people probably know."

A light chuckle. "Right. That is true." She then closes her eyes to try and bring up the information she might have learned. She then nods. "Right. So in ancient times, and by that I mean pre-Albion, the dragons, and their predecessors, flew about the world like gods." Here she stops and says, "For all that they were fully material beings that is." Another pause as both Harry and her grin at each other. "Anyway. The dragons roamed far and wide, even leaving this world for parallel worlds and alternate dimensions. In fear of the horrible things that lurked they prayed to their Divinities."

"They had there prayers answered didn't they?" Harry asks as soon as Pernelle stops for a moment.

"Yes. Yes they did. Though with a twist. And thus the first Dragonlords were born, made, not sure of which." Pernelle finishes.

"Hmm, interesting. Also useful. In fact it explains quite a lot about the exchange of power between the dragon and the dragonlord."

"Yes it does. I have always thought that the Divinities, or at least some greater power, seems to have preferred humanity as compared to the dragons." A slight pause, "For all their power."

With an amused nod Harry says, "Its probably why so many magical societies have the dragon as an iconic figure of power."

"Yes, though if you notice most of said societies also have taming the dragon as a major part of their culture." She then tilts her head before saying, "So what sort of 'powers' have you two started to notice already?"

With a grin of enjoyment followed by a chuckle Harry says, "Well the first is a draconic language ability followed by empathy and telepathy, mostly between us and the dragon."

"How about between Charlie and you?"

"Only when we are at close proximity and only for brief moments, at this time." Harry immediately answers. He then frowns in concentration before saying. "Charlie also noticed some physical enhancements," at her look he grins and adds, "he is finding it easier to physically 'play' with the dragons at the sanctuary."

"You haven't noticed anything?"

"I'm a bit faster, and I heal quicker, but its hard to pin down them being dragonlord traits."

A nod followed by a tilt of her head as she says curiously, "So any ability to breathe fire?"
Harry just stops, he is speechless, which ends with him giving out a wide laughter of amusement. When the laughter fades a bit the two switch topics for a brief moment before the call ends.

"Hey Harry, you free?" Mason asks upon knocking upon the open door to Harry's private office in the covenant section.

"No, but yes." Harry says simply. He then smiles, "What's up?"

"Wanted to know if you wanted to play a game with me." Is Mason's immediate response, rather rapidly as if he is worried that Harry will say no.

Harry gives a wide smile at that, stretches a bit, and then puts away his paperwork. He then gestures towards the nearby couch and table before getting up himself. As Mason is grinning widely at seeing the clear cut answer Harry states, "Yeah, I do."

"Great! Do you want chess or something like exploding snap?"

"Exploding snap." Harry says with a chuckle. At Mason's curious look Harry grins and adds, "I'm supposed to relax and chess is all strategic and political, I'll pass."

"Oh, okay, yeah." Mason says with a nod. "I can see that." A wide grin. "So exploding snap it is!"

As the two begin getting it set up to play Harry asks, "So, how are things with you? Anything new since we last chatted?"

"It's good. I just got the result of my Potions exam back, it was an Outstanding. I'm actually really pleased on how I did there." Mason says as he makes his first move.

Harry gives a great big grin at Mason while saying, "Well you should be, cause that is awesome. Wickedly awesome. I know how much you have been studying for the exam so its a great accomplishment."

Mason grins happily at that as both the game and the conversation continues.

"Oh Merlin, Harry," Charlie says exhaustion in his voice as soon as the mirror call activates. "Am I glad to be done with work and talking to you!"

With a smile on his face Harry answers, "While I am always happy to speak to you, what's up? What happened?"

"The day began with House business. Including a ridiculous conversation I had with some minor noble whose name doesn't matter. He was upset about a House Sidus law and demanded to speak to me. After that was delt with my officers needed my attention on a matter of economic growth. Which was followed by a small set of meetings at the Wizenemgot, which while useful was also annoying."

"Was the day over yet?"

"No, that was before lunch." He then laughs at Harry's expression. "Right. Then, after lunch, my presence was requested in a multi-ministry issue that effected a number of my hundreds. When that was done I finally headed to the Sanctuary where I helped with the dragons."

"On Merlin, wow." A shake of the head. "Now, I might be crazy for saying this, but did the dragons
"at least treat you right?"

"Nope," Charlie says while popping the 'p'. He then shakes his head, "I mean they didn't do me harm, its just that they know I can speak to them and so they have begun to make heavy use of that fact."

"Has the magic worn off on being a dragonlord?"

"Oh by the Divinities, no!" Charlie says with a chuckle. "I mean I am exhausted and annoyed but I am definitely quite glad for my dragonlord abilities."

"Oh, do tell?"

A wide full grin comes to Charlie's face at that. "I can't breathe fire, if that is what you are wondering." At the look Harry gives him he laughs. "But my body is enhanced enough that I can wrestle with a younger dragon and get nothing but a simple bruise."

A wide grin. "Now that's brilliant. Maybe I should wrestle with Hagrid, Zosterius, or one of the creatures in the Forbidden Forest."

With a bit of a laugh Charlie says, "Well you could always go wrestle Giants!"

"Brilliant!" Harry says with a laugh. The laugh fades as he says, "Honestly though, us being physically stronger is a very interesting change."

"Yeah, it really is. It's not exactly what I expected but I'll take it."

Nod. Nod. "Yep, me too, me too." The two then smile at each other for a few minutes, not really realizing how giddy it makes them look. "Right. So um," he then trails off.

Charlie giggles at that before smiling and changing the subject to something much more relaxing, like the book both have been reading recently.

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Waking the Silent Statues

Chapter Notes

So while I still have eleven sections to write before book seven is done I have done title naming and preliminary section outlines in addition to already knowing the theme of each section. Which is good as its one more step towards me 'forcing' myself to finish the book. hehe

That said, so it seems we are getting towards the end of the Sixth Book. Two more Sundays of three sections each is when the book is finished. Then a Sunday of the final Between story. Then begins the Sundays of the posting of Book Seven.

I will not begin posting Book Seven till it is fully written just like I haven't posted any other book till they were finished. With only eleven sections remaining and four weeks worth of time to get said sections done I can't see there being any major reason I don't get them complete.

But yeah, wow, things are getting to the relative end point. Which is a surprise to be honest as I hadn't expected for this happen, not really. :)

Anyway, I hope you all enjoy this and continue to stick with me, us, as my alternate Harry Potter saga continues!

Waking the Silent Statues
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Date: Sixth Year, Mid April

"Hey Ron can you pass me the plate of sausages?" Harry asks of his friend with a smile on his face.

"Sure, of course." Is Ron's immediate response. Well, those were the words he spoke, what really came out was a bunch of mumbling as he was eating food as he spoke.

"Thanks," Harry says with a chuckle, as he is completely used to Ron's antics after six years of knowing him. Which gets him an amused grin from Ron, and a less than happy one from Hermione.

Who mumbles something about 'uncouth wizards' under her breath at Ron's antics.

Which is not something that Harry was going to touch. He hadn't yet, and he wasn't ever going to.

Which was why the beeping of his mirror-linked watch was to him a gift from the Divinities. Checking the message he saw it was from Tobias Philips, his High Prefect of the Grain.

Which was a very ancient position whose responsibility included overseeing the fishing, farming, and ranching of House and Empire.

Of course that is what most people thought. The truth is that the various House Prefects of the Grain are actually descendants of the Frumentarii, the Roman Secret Service. Unlike the other agencies, which monitor external matters, the office of the Prefect of the Grain handles internal intelligence. They spy on the denizens and citizens of the Houses for their lords.
It's a dreary job, but its also an important one.

Which is why Harry was in no way going to answer the call during breakfast. Which is why he uses the tiny touch pad to write out, 'Breakfast, will call soon.'

He quickly gets the response, 'Of course, thank you sir.'

Harry grins at that before turning up to see the curious looks of some of his friends. So Harry simply shrugs and says with humor in his voice, "Oh it was my High Prefect of the Grain."

Which leads to Neville nodding and going, "Hmm, must want to talk to you about this year's grain harvest." The tone of voice is carefully not sarcastic, which makes sense, since Neville is fully aware of the nature of the work done by the Prefect of the Grain.

He after all has his own Prefect of the Grain.

So Harry nods in agreement and says, "Exactly." A shrug, "Which is why I will answer it after breakfast."

"Makes sense, makes sense."

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It was a bit after breakfast and Harry ducked into a side room after pleasantly ditching his classmates. Which was important as there was two things he needed to do that required privacy.

The first was why he was in the room he is in. "Mirror, call Tobias." He says while wondering what it was that the man had discovered. As soon as the man appears Harry says, "Hello Tobias, what may I do for you today?"

"Hello sir. Thank you for answering my call. I do apologize for calling during breakfast." As Harry nods in acceptance he continues. "But I received some information that I believe you need to know immediately."

"I see. Do tell?" Harry doesn't hesitate as he trusts the man.

"Yes. I'm receiving reports from multiple House Prefects of a sort of, well, infiltration of your lands by an outside group."

Harry raises his eyes at that. "Are we thinking good people like the shifters, evil people like Death Eaters, or something else?"

"Something else. Something widespread. Something not illegal at this time but all our predictions and analytics indicate will be. Which is why I'm telling you directly even though there is nothing that can be done at this moment."

"How are your resources on this?"

"Tight. It wasn't something we planned and so our budget and operational structure hasn't been organized to take it into consideration."

"I see. Okay." Harry says with a nod. He then shakes his head. "Honestly, I believe that whomever is planning this is taking advantage of Riddle's current war. Probably they hope he distracts us from noticing or paying attention to what is going on."

"I agree, and so does the other Grain Prefects."
Harry nods at that before taking a deep breath as he comes up with his plan. "Okay. So this is what I want you to do. On an immediate level I want you to establish a Central Desk and consider this to be of Primary Importance. That should give you access to the personnel and resources needed to begin investigating this. Additionally I am authorizing the use of the Mind Arts. If this is actually a rebellion in planning then I want to know about it and I want to know now." Harry stops for a moment as Tobias nods in both acceptance and agreement. "Additionally, I want you to gather the information you have and create two file sets. The first will contain all the information, with copies given to me, Sirius, Remus, and Ragnok." A slight pause followed, "If Remus wants my House Seneschals to have a copy then give them ones."

"Of course sir, that will be done." He then gives a nod, "What about the second version?"

"Remove House secrets but keep the data gathered. If this threat is as widespread as you are hinting at then there is every chance that it is spreading into other House lands all throughout Albion."

"Are you really planning on providing other Lords with the file?"

"Those I trust, yes. Like Sidus, Longbottom, Weasley, and Zabini. In times maybe others as well." A shrug. "This isn't something that will just effect one House, rather it will effect the whole of Albion."

"Understood sir. I will put those decisions into play. Immediately." A slight bow as the meeting ends.

Harry stands in the room alone for a few minutes as he contemplates the information he just received. Though he is not really worried, his forces are just as prepared to handle a terrorist plot as they are all out war, he also knows Albion doesn't need it.

He doesn't need it.

But then he shrugs, for he knows there is no point on dwelling on it till he gets more information.

Removing the silencing spell on the room he opens the door and runs into Neville. A quietly shuffling back and forth in the hallway Neville.

With a raised eyebrow at his friend's actions he then tilts his head back towards the room, which gets a nod in return.

As soon as they are inside the room, and Harry has established the silencing charm again, Neville speaks. "Right. So sorry to bother you. But there is something I think I should speak to you about."

"Oh? Does said subject have anything to do with the fact I got contacted by my Prefect of the Grain."

"Yes. So while I obviously didn't listen in to your call I am wondering if it has to do with a mysterious infiltration by an unknown group onto your lands?"

"Your House as well?"

"Yes." Neville says with a firm nod. "And though they haven't broken any laws at this moment my information division is not of the belief they are going to be good for my House."

"Same with mine." Harry says with a firmness. "Right. So I am having my agents investigate all throughout my Honour and collate their information into a single file. I can provide you with a copy of said file, if you do the same with your agents for me."

"Of course." Neville says firmly. He then grins. "If I wasn't planning on helping you I wouldn't have
said anything." He then pauses, "And you wouldn't have mentioned the Prefect of the Grain where I was near."

The two friends laugh in enjoyment at that as the charm is removed and the two walk into the hall. As they do so Harry says, "Oh, I need to speak to the Headmaster privately."

Before Harry can say more Neville gives a nod as he steps to the side and begins walking away, "Enough said Harry. Will see you later."

Harry grins at his friend before going to the gargoyle and saying, "Hello. Please tell the Headmaster I have a need to speak to him."

The two gargoyles give a nod, then one jumps aside to let Harry access the lift. "Thanks my friend, I appreciate it."

A moment later he walks into the Headmaster's office while saying, "Thank you Professor for your time."

With a twinkle in his eye the man gives a nod, "Not a problem Mr Potter, not a problem at all." He then leans back and says, "Now, would I be correct in saying that this is not a Hogwarts related conversation?"

Harry chuckles as he takes a seat, "You would be quite right on that Headmaster."

"Then I do believe Albus would be more appropriate, don't you think Harry."

A great grin, "Of course." The grin fades. "Unfortunately, I haven't come here for the pleasant conversation. Which is sad actually and something maybe we can change next year."

The two men grin at each other for a moment.

Harry then sighs. "It was going to be only one matter but something came up today that I feel I should speak to you about." At the Headmaster's - sorry, Albus', nod, Harry goes on, "First, you are aware of the true role of the Prefect of the Grain, correct."

Harry needs to be sure, especially considering the status of Dumbledore as a commoner.

A nod, "Yes, though that is not a bad question to ask." The twinkle grows full force, "It is a little known fact that before I took up the teaching position at Hogwarts I was a Prefect of the Grain for House Pendragon for a few years."

Harry's eyes widen at that, "Wait, really? Oh Merlin, wow. Just wow."

A pleased grin, "I know. In fact that is the reaction that most people who are aware of that job of mine react like." Here he shrugs. "Not that I can speak about what I did while the Prefect for the House."

Harry nods at that, "Understood. Well, I am glad, because it's going to make my next statement all the easier to understand." At Albus' nod Harry goes on, "My High Prefect informed me of what he, they actually, feel is an infiltration of potentially terrorist forces."

"Have they actually acted yet?"

"No, not yet, but nothing Albion has given us makes them feel that the force is going to be good for us."
"Duly noted Harry," Albus says with a nod. He then sighs. "We do not need this."

"No we do not. Which is why I'm telling you now. I figure you might use some of your low key connections to see if others."

A nod, "Of course." A tilt of the head, "Are you going to act against them?"

"Investigate yes, disrupt no, at least not yet. That said, I won't stand aside and let a potential enemy flourish in my lands when I can do something about it."

"I understand." Albus says truthfully. "Thank you for informing me of this." The twinkle is back. "So, what is the second item on your agenda?"

A laugh, "Oh, nothing much, I just need 'permission' to head out of school this coming weekend." Harry then stops and grins, "Professor Snape will be coming with me as well."

A blink, "Does Professor Snape know about this little journey?"

"No, not yet, but trust me when I explain to him the issue going on in the Grene Opal Hundred he will want to come."

"Ah, Green Opal, I see. He will definitely be interested in going, as I wish for it myself." Which is said with a chuckle, one shared by Harry.

Harry then happens to look at his watch, see the time, and see that he still has some free time left. He then tilts his head and says, "Albus, if you are free yourself, I wouldn't be adverse to us continuing our discussions. Maybe on the war, maybe on other matters."

"I am free yes." Albus says with a full on twinkle in his eye and a happy tone of voice.

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"I'm still not sure why Severus needs to come," Sirius all but whines to Remus as the two sit at Potter Manor.

Carefully not sighing, for all that he wants to, Remus answers. "Because Severus has been assisting Bill in some of the design work for the project." He then raises his hand to stop Sirius from continuing. "Because Severus knows a dozen different types of magic, many ancient, some forbidden, all useful. You know this. So stop pretending you don't."

Sirius lets out a chuckle at that. "And loose all my fun, please!" At Remus' look. "Oh come on, you know Severus and I no longer hate each other. But that doesn't mean I can't still complain." He then shrugs. "Oh, and before you ask, no he doesn't mind, and yes, he finds it just as fun."

"Your lucky that I love you Pads," Remus says with a sigh.

Which gets him another chuckle, and a quick lean to kiss.

"So, is Bill meeting us there or is he coming with us?"

"He is meeting us there. He is working on something else and needs to finish that."

"Gotcha." Sirius then stretches in such a way that it emphasizes his muscles. He then grins as he sees Remus looking at him. "So Moony, I'm bored, and horny, lets fuck!"

Remus stands up, growls, and leaps. He is tired of working and so wants to play!
"Is there a particular reason we are walking to the arrival area?" Professor Snape drawls out as he and Harry walk the road from the door of Hogwarts to its gate.

"It's such a fine day that I figured that we might as well enjoy it," is Harry's immediate answer. Only for him to stop short when Snape's arm is in front of him with a glare directed in his direction.

"I believe you should rethink that Potter!"

Harry simply chuckles, "Well, if your sure?"

"I am sure."

"Well fine then," Harry says as he holds out his hand for Snape to take. Once the other man does so Harry connects with his House magic and naturally portkeys the two to Potter Manor.

They appear just inside the outer gates of the manor, on the road leading to the manor itself.

Without breaking physical contact Snape simply glares at Harry, who grins cheekily, reaches for his magic and portkeys the two to the floo chamber of the manor itself.

"That is much better," Snape says the moment they are fully in the room.

"You take away all fun, you know that Professor."

Snape doesn't say anything at first, seeming to wait a bit as the two walk the hallways to the meeting room. Once they get close enough he states, "Yes. That is my mission in life, to be the destroyer of fun!"

Harry stops, turns around to stare at Severus, and then laughs. "Oh, oh wow. That sense of humor. Merlin, wow, its marvelous."

"Thank you Mr Potter, I do try!"

An amused shake of the head is Harry's only response as they continue walking to the room Sirius and Remus are sitting going over last minute details.

"Lord Potter, Lord Black, Seneschal Lupin, Professor Snape, we appreciate your visit." Says a Master Alastair Mordan, the recently assigned curator of the complex.

"No thanks are needed Master Mordan as there was no way that I would not have been here to see for myself all that the team has found." Harry says with a nod towards not just the curator but those around him, who he had been introduced to not long before. He then says, "While we wait for Bill to arrive please provide us a tour of the more public and common areas."

"Of course Lord Potter, of course. If you would come this way I shall show you around."

What they see is that the complex is basically a tower, one that goes into the earth rather than rising into the sky. As the floors go down they get older, much much older. The youngest, top floors, are only a few hundred years old. The middle goes a few thousand. But the oldest are five to ten thousand years old, which is a bit more precise figure then Harry had been told recently.
Not that he blames anyone for the lack of accuracy in their reports, since from what he just learned even they themselves only recently realized the older nature.

As they were walking upon the chambers of the floors of the ancient vault Harry asks, "So have you been able to figure out the actual purpose of this place?"

"Upper floors and chambers are a museum, lower is a vault for the ancient builders." Says Master Mordan.

With a slightly confused look Harry goes, "So who loaded up the higher levels if the builders were at the bottom?"

"Magicals." Is the answer given, not by Master Morden but rather by Bill Weasley walking into the room like he owned the place. He then smiles at Harry upon coming close. "We only recently discovered the records room, which is why the information wasn't given. But it seems that Magicals, both local and from the nearby hundreds, made use of the complex to store their important relics. This stopped a few centuries ago when a sequence of events led to a loss of access knowledge, for all that they didn't loose the memory of the place itself."

"Ah, so that is why some of the locals fought our access. This was for them a sort of burial ground."

"Yes exactly."

"We have tried to get the locals to realize that we have no plans on moving the relics from here but some don't want to accept that," Master Morden explains.

Harry nods at that, "Well keep up the good work but don't feel like you need to get total acceptance." At their looks he shrugs, "The power of my ward structure in tandem with the local matrix means this place is practically untouchable." Here Harry stops and points to a trident like item in a glass-like container. "So what is that?"

"We're not entirely sure," Master Morden states simply, "though we figure it started as a tool of work, became a political symbol, gained prominence as a weapon of war, and then ended up as a religious icon." At Harry's surprised look at what 'we are not entirely sure' means the curator smiles before adding, "Our info spells are quite comprehensive, but so is the records we just began analyzing."

"Nice. Well then, I look forward to the comprehensive report followed by a much more in depth grand tour where I go to every floor and visit every chamber and see all items." At the look of amusement from Sirius and Remus and the pure look of happiness on the curator's face Harry smiles in amusement. He then gestures towards the magical lift, "So, let's head down to the vault area, I want to see the locals."

Even with the group moving in a near direct line towards the lower levels it took over an hour for them to get there. This was mostly because said path was not straight, but rather zig zagged through the floors in what Bill described as a means of greater security.

"Wow," was said by a member of the group - though it was hard to say if it was Harry, Sirius, Remus, or even Severus.

What is being wowed at was the massive spherical chamber they found themselves in. A chamber with walls lined by walkways and covered in clear crystal tubes, with a being inside each container.

"Yes, wow," Bill says with a nod. He then gestures, "From what we have gathered there are a little over ten thousand of them suspended in this room." Bill then stops and turns to meet the three
wizard's eyes. "There are ten of these chambers total."

Harry doesn't answer, instead he walks over to one of the closest containers and puts his hand on the crystal. "What species are they?"

"We don't know," Morden says simply. "Their records have biological information but little in the way of cultural data. They are reptilian, a bit draconic, and purely magical."

It is Sirius that asks, "So have we tried to wake any of them up?"

"That is partly where I come in," Severus says with a nod. "I have been studying the materials used in their suspension. What I have learned is that the substance is precisely engineered and to effect any part of it causes catastrophic failure in the whole."

"Thankfully," Bill says immediately, "the system seems to have multiple fail-safes and no clear cut activation button that could be accidentally touched."

Harry nods at that, "That is quite good to hear." He then stops speaking, looks at those gathered, grins, and puts his hand back onto the crystal.

Before anyone can react he does what is required - he reaches into his magic and from that he reaches into the magic of the place. His conscious mind fades from the area around his body and he finds himself standing on a platform surrounded by a hundred thousand of the reptilian folk.

"It is not time!" A figure on a throne like platform states imperiously and with some hostility.

"Hello," Harry says with a smile and a slight bow, "I am Lord Harold James Potter and I am the Lord and Head of the Great Houses of Potter, Sage, Black, Levant, Valerius, Pevensie, Vidan, Mortis, and Emrys! I come here in peace and an attempt at communications between the Empire of Albion and yourselves."

"It is not time," the figure says again, though this time the voice is a bit less hostile. "But we will give you the reason for that statement."

"Thank you, I appreciate that. Especially as it is with knowledge that we might know each other better. Which will come in handy when it is time and your people join us back in the waking world."

"The Divinities have chosen wisely in you. Now go, it is not time, but take this gift of knowledge."

Harry then gives the lord of the species a slight bow, which he follows up with a bow directed in all directions to all of the gathered people. Who, after a moment of shock, begin to bow back.

Harry gives a smile and a slight wave and then pulls himself out of the ward structure.

Which leads him to meeting the eyes of those gathered around. "It is not time they say but in thanks for us respecting them I have some information to pass on." So said Harry reaches into his magic and basically uploads the information the species gave to him to the House magics. Which soon afterward becomes available by Curator Morden through his connection to the House via his amulet of local office.

As the information starts getting accessed Harry chuckles. "Well then, though this ended in a slightly different way then expected it still was insanely productive." He then turns to meet the eyes of those who work here. "You may continue your work here but do not attempt to interface with the suspension pods."
Since the workers of the Vault seem to be highly distracted the assistant to the local mayor, who sent him as a sign of his support, steps forward and gives Harry and company a slight bow. "If it pleases you before you head back we have a dinner planned."

Harry grins at that before gesturing to him to lead the way.

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"Hey pup," Sirius says the moment they return to Potter Manor, "so would you consider the visit to Green Opal as a success or a failure?"

"Both," is Harry's immediate answer with a bit of laughter. At the look he gets from them he explains further. "It was a failure in that the original idea we had was to awaken those in suspension. But it was a success in that we met them and gained a lot of information about who and what they are and why they did what they did."

"Okay, so now what?" Sirius asks curiously.

"Well Bill still investigates the wards of the Vault, the curator continues to study the relics, Severus studies the potions content in the hope of new discovers, and a new team begins going through the information I gained." Is Harry's response with a smile.

"I'm for that," Severus says simply and when three sets of eyes turn towards him he adds, "the substance they are using have many interesting and semi-unique properties. To continue to study it is no doubt going to lead me to some fantastic breakthroughs."

"Exactly," Harry says with a nod. He then stretches a bit before adding, "anyway, its time for us to head back to Hogwarts. It's been a long day."

"Have a good night cub," Remus says with a smile as he moves to give him a hug goodnight. "Oh, and don't worry about setting up a project team, I have already set that in motion."

Harry hugs back strongly before moving aside for Sirius to give his own hug. With that done Severus and Harry then make there way back to Hogwarts.

8888

As Harry and Severus enter back in the school upon returning to Hogwarts they stop and look at each other for a moment. Which lets Harry grin for a moment before saying, "Oh, by the way Professor please expect an updated contract to be delivered to you."

A nod then, "I assume its a change from studying the substance to finding ways to use it?"

"Yes," Harry says with a nod. "Well, that's not entirely true, you will still study the substance, it's just that you won't be attempting to find a way to wake the sleeping who are effected by it."

"I look froward to seeing the document just as much as I look forward to continuing to study their substance." He then gives Harry a slight nod before saying, "Have a pleasant evening Mr Potter!"

"You too Professor Snape," Harry says with a smile and a nod as the two part ways.

8888

"You know son," Lily says from her comfy seat in her portrait lying over Harry's desk, "even after living in the magical world for almost a decade I am still surprised but what it can do!"
A great big grin and a few nods is the response Harry gives. He then states, "Oh yeah, don't I know it." A chuckle. He then picks up some paperwork and waves it in the air. "This tells me of potential future ritual spells my people want to create, and some of them are mighty surprising." A sigh. "Especially my recent trip to the Green Opal Hundred. Now that was a surprise."

"It's a wonder, that's what it is. A wonder. To think what our world has created and continues to create." Lily says with a sigh of awe.

"I wish you could be here to be among the creators Mum." Harry says seriously.

She gives her son a soft smile, "It's okay Harry, it's okay." She then grins, "Now, don't get me wrong, if I could have lived I would have wanted to. But if it was between us I can firmly state that I am glad it was you, that you lived and continued to live." A soft chuckle and shake of the head. "Anyway, I just wanted to say that what your doing is great!"

Harry smiles at his mother before tilting his head curiously. "Is that it mum, because something tells me you have something else to say."

A loud chuckle as James comes into the portrait, "Our son definitely knows you!" He then waves at his son. "Hey Harry, hows it going." He then turns towards Lily again, "Sirius and Remus sent me to get you, it's game night."

A wide smile, "Oh, right. I forgot." She then turns towards Harry and says, "Well you aren't wrong. Anyway, I was just thinking that if you utilize the Mathias Protocols you might be able to twist their unique magical flows into patterns usable by humanity."

Wide, shocked eyes, come at that. Harry then begins to laugh mightily. So much so that tears of joy come to his face. When he calms down he says, "Oh that's brilliant. So, no offense, I have dozens of people working on it and it was you after but a second that solved it. So brilliant."

"That's Lily for you, even as a portrait she is brilliant!" James says with a laugh as he leans over and kisses his wife. When they pull back he smiles at Harry and says, "See you later!"

"Yeah love, see you later!" Lily says with her own smile as she goes to follow her husband.

Harry just chuckles at the antics, amused and happy. With a nod he takes out a mirror journal to write Bill and inform him of what his mother had just came up with. Then, well then, he can wrap up his work here and head to bed.

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Vampiric Civil War

Hey all, sorry about missing the update day. I honestly, truly, thought I did it but something must have distracted me and so I forgot to actually do it.

So yeah, by bad. But now that I realize it here is the update.

Vampiric Civil War
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Date: Sixth Year

Harry was sitting in the lounge of the covenant section when he was pinged by his Head Ring. Blinking at the feeling it gave him he stood up rapidly, said his pardons to those around him and made his way to his office. After sitting down at his desk he reached into the magic and activated the communication.

A moment later the illusionary images of Sirius and Remus appeared in front of him.

"What happened guys?" Harry asked them immediately, he knew this wasn't a simple social call.

"As you guess, something interesting happened Harry, and we aren't entirely sure how it should be handled," Sirius says first.

Remus nods in agreement, "in brief it seems a civil war has erupted in your Mortis domain."

Harry looks at them confused. "What, how? I just got the Headship and haven't even done anything with it."

"That's the thing, its not so much a war against you as it is a war between the factions that inhabit the hundreds." Sirius explains.

"Okay, this I have to hear. What is going on?" Harry questions still a bit shocked.

Remus nods as tries to figure out who to describe what is going on. "Okay, so the traditional elite of the fifteen private hundreds in the House of Mortis are vampires. But not just any vampires, no, the central halls of all the recognized great clans."

A tilt of Harry's head, "right," he drawls, "I must still be missing something."

The two nod while Sirius says, "I was in the same boat but it seems that the founder of House Mortis got mastery over all the great vampire clans, an imperium which was passed down through subsequent Heads. In fact, by tradition and law, the Head of Mortis has to be one of three things - a vampire, a dhampir, or the Master of Death. The vast majority are the first, a few were the second, and only you have been the third."

"So was it my non-vampiric state that caused the vampires to erupt in strife and civil war?" Harry asked.
"Yes, for the most part. It was long in coming from what I understand. There are multiple factions, too many in fact for us to figure out." Remus stops. "From speaking to Ragnok and tapping into the House magics my status grants me there does seem to be a faction we want. Its led by Conrad Verad, the sheriff of Widing Path Hundred. He is a six hundred year old vampire appointed by the last Head of House. He has long worked with Gringotts to maintain and support, and even enhance, the House."

"Can we really work with him?" Harry says then pauses. "No, let me rephrase that, will he work under my orders?"

"It seems so, at least that is what Gringotts is indicating. I can't personally attest that but I trust their statements." Is what Remus says.

"Well that is good to hear," Harry says then thinks on things. "So are regular magicals getting harmed as the vampire clans fight."

"No, the vampire clans are keeping their battles to hit and run attacks on their own properties and personnel. Those who work for hundred or Mortis are being left alone." Remus answers.

Harry nods and answers with, "Monitor the situation to make sure that doesn't change. If any of my magical citizens to leave the hundred see about relocating them somewhere else. We can have it be temporary until the conflict is solved." A pause then, "what are the Ministries doing."

It is Sirius that answers. "Nothing, at least for right now. They consider it a private matter as it is happening in the lands of a Great House. In fact they are waiting to see what you want to do."

"Okay, contact the ICW, Minister Bones, and Minister Constantin and seek out their opinion on what is going on. Now I am not giving up my authority to act as I see fit, but there is no harm in seeing what the official magical governments are thinking about it."

"Do you want us to stay out of it?" Remus asks curiously.

"Not really no, but I don't want us to move till we know what is going on. Sirius try and find anything you can politically, use as many House assets as you need. Remus, send House Guards to secure all of my Mortis estates and manors and speak to all the sheriffs and bailiffs that reside there. Gather data, use my special forces, heck use house elves if needed, for I want to know exactly what is going on."

Two firm nods at that, since they agree that knowing what is going on is paramount before they actually get involved.

"What happens when we learn all we can?" Sirius asks.

"I will probably force all the elders of the clans to sit down in meeting and make then establish a peace. I might be young in my leadership of House Mortis but I will not allow my holdings to descend into civil strife. But I will also not act without the proper knowledge. So go out, learn the details, but be safe and inform me of all you learn."

Two nods and little bows followed by smiles as the impromptu call ends.

It was a few days later when Harry was approached by Stephen Cornfoot as the former sat in the lounge of the covenant section. After smile in greeting Olivers aid, "Excuse me Harry but could I talk to you for a moment?"
Harry smiled, "Sure. Is where we are fine or did you want to speak in my office?"

"Office please, I need to speak to Lord Mortis," is what Stephen says.

Harry's eyes widen at that, "Ah, okay." So said he gets up and they head to the room. After they sit down Harry says, "so what up?"

"Well a lot," Stephen says with a bit of a laugh. "So some background first. My family lives in the Houndsblood Hundred located in the bottom most tip of Briton. Its a territory of the House of Mortis home to the Nox Clan of vampires. Though commoners our family is pretty old, having a record of living in the area for over a thousand years. In all that time we have been farmers though in the present day we have the honor of tending some of the largest groves of Bloodwood Trees in Albion."

"Non-vampires tend the Bloodwood Trees?" Harry questions.

"Oh we have to, vampires can't be within a grove it messes with their mind and magic. So we do it under ancient contract established by the first Lord Mortis which gives us ownership of the land and the right to sell it for profit." A pause. "The fact is though the conflict raging between the clans are causing problems for us."

A nod, This was all just brought to my attention actually, so we are still looking into it. Its a complicated matter since the reason for the hostility is pretty much as old as Albion and won't go away if I ban the fighting."

Stephen nods, "My family figured that. See even in times of official peace their is infighting and conflict between their clans."

"Hmm," Harry says nodding. "Is it dangerous living in a hundred with the vampires running about."

"Oh no, not at all. They live in their citadel estates at the edges of the hundred or in the myriad of associated outlier holdings which lay nearby and only visit us when visiting the markets. Order is maintained through a combination of the House Guard and local Watch, who work together with the vampiric inquisitors to keep the peace."

A decisive nod on that, "which I am quite glad to hear of. So they don't feed on the magicals?"

"No, they wouldn't dare." A pause. "Well except in the blood bars which are places that magicals can go to party with the vampires. But in general between the food produced with the nuts and fruits of the Bloodwood Tree that they can eat and their ability to go to the muggle world they do not target magicals."

"That pleases me," Harry says, "I would never want my people to live in fear of dark alleys and the night."

Stephen laughs a bit at that. "Funny enough there aren't any dark alleyways in the Mortis hundreds. Through a combination of local ward features and the presence of lumen orbs the night is not dark and shadows don't really exist."

"Sounds perfect," Harry then shakes his head. "I guess I will have to add the study of vampires to my projects now that they lie within my holdings." A wry smile. "Anyway, I'm sorry, but I guess I never let you say what you wanted to say."

Stephen gives Harry a smile and then shakes his head. "Oh no, I did. My family wanted me see if you knew what was going on and what you were planning on doing. Obviously you know and are
looking into it so my 'work' is done."

Harry smiles at that. "Would you be willing to write to your family and ask them to provide me with the facts and figures and information they think is most useful. They can either have it sent to me through you or to my High Seneschal Remus Lupin care of Potter Manor."

A firm nod from Stephen. "Will do, I know they want to help and I think this could help provide you with a more hands on human side of what is going on."

Soon afterward the little meeting breaks up as as the two head back to the lounge for some group fun.

8888

"So what is going on?" Harry asks to Remus and Sirius at the next mirror meeting.

Remus begins speaking in his analytical tone. "It is both as we suspected and more. The initial infighting was the rebels trying to get enough control to dominant their clans. From this their plan was to rebel against the authority of House Mortis."

"Which means you," Sirius says in a helpful tone.

"Thanks Sirius," Harry says humorously, "I'm glad that you said that or I wouldn't have understood."

"No problem pup, glad to help," was the gleeful response Sirius gave.

A shake of the head to get back on topic. "Okay then. So what phase are they now at, since it hasn't been that long."

"Some of the rebels have been put down, Aethernae for example is entirely loyalist again. Others are still fighting and a few have been taken over by the rebels, such as Diluculum. Said clan, or at least many of their members have also joined up with Riddle."

Harry thinks over things. "Does it seem like those who seek independence will leave the hundred or," he trails off in question.

"Not leave no. The indications seem to be they will turn their eyes towards the hundred itself and thus your authority."

Harry has one final question. "What is the indication of it spilling over, into other lands or to the actual public."

"Highly likely, especially if the factions rebelling manage to take control of their clans. We are looking towards all out war in that case." Remus answers immediately.

"Right," Harry says as a firmness. "If it was a bit of infighting sure, I would let them fight it out. I honestly don't care whether John or Jerry rules the clan if in the end either swore loyalty to me. But the point of all this is take the land over, to become independent." A pause. "That I will not, cannot tolerate."

The two look at each other for a second before sitting up straighter. "What is your will, Lord Mortis?" is what Remus says.

"Death will rain upon those who seek to usurp my Magic granted imperium over the House of Mortis."
Silence.

Sirius then asks, "So how direct do you want to do this?"

Harry gives the two a smirk, "The House of Mortis has a philosophy, 'death comes to all' and 'death is as silent as the shadow.' This House doesn't do flashy, it is not blatant, I will not be sending my armies. No, it strikes in the night, when least expected." He stops.

Remus adds, "When least expected death will stalk your foes."

"Exactly. Now to do this I want to use the Shadows of the House of Black. They are to use their abilities and training to discover for me the names of everyone involved in the fighting, on all side, and their place in the chaos. They are to mark my enemies using the secret magic we all know they possess."

Nods and note taking.

"How long do they have before you plan on acting?" Remus asks.

"Two weeks. It should be all they need for I know that even with vampiric magic the Shadows can act unseen." Is Harry's prompt response.

Nods of agreement.

"Then you strike," Sirius asks.

"Then I strike," Harry confirms. "As they are in rebellion against my proper authority I don't even need to go there. I can command the magics of the wards of Mortis from any holding where I have control of."

"Does Hogwarts count," Remus asks curiously.

"It does but I don't plan on doing it here as this is a place of education not war. No, I will use the Hogsmeade weekend two weeks from now as my strike time."

"Which Manor," Sirius asks.

"Probably Mortis, though I could always use Potter with zero issue."

"Dobby I want you to go to Mortis Manor and investigate it. Clean and prepare it if need be, secure it no matter what."

A second later the three hear a faint, "As master Harry commands Dobby, Dobby will do."

"Thanks Dobby," Harry says and gets the feeling of a hug back which causes him to smile. "Okay so the manor will be ready and secured even if I don't use it for this project."

"Besides us who else do you want present for your ritual?" Sirius asks.

"A unit of House Guards, say ten squads, from a mix of my Houses. Not House Mortis though, until this situation is fully delt with I cannot fully trust them." A pause. "I trust Ragnok so if Gringotts says Sheriff Verad is trustworthy then he is trustworthy, so include him."

Nods at that which leads them to begin a bit of House related business discussions for the next twenty minutes.

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This section is 10k words and was quite fun to write. So I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it. :)

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As breakfast was ending on the next Hogsmeade weekend Harry went over to the head table. But before he could speak the Headmaster met his eyes and said, "What can I do for your Mr Potter."

Harry smiles before saying, "I would like to inform you that I will be leaving the school grounds in order to complete House Mortis business."

"I see," the Headmaster says with an understanding nod. "Well good luck on that Lord Potter and I thank you for informing me of that fact."

"Not a problem Headmaster," Harry says. "I should be back before curfew but if that is seeming unlikely I will send a message so you don't panic."

"That I appreciate, Lord Potter," the Headmaster says with a nod and a smile and a gesture of dismissal.

Harry gives his own final nod before walking away. He just exits the hall when he hears, "Lord Potter, if you would hold on a minute." Is said by Professor Kept with a slight bow in greeting to showcase right off the bat it is not Hogwarts related.

Harry stops and turns towards his professor, "of course Professor, how may I help you."

"If its okay with you may we head into a private room, I don't believe what I have to say is fit for all ears," the Professor says to Harry's confusion.

Harry nods and they head into the nearby meeting room where the sit down in seats across from each other.

"I couldn't help but hear you say you have House Mortis business. If you don't mind me asking how are you affiliated with that House," the Professor says.

Harry manifests the Head Ring for Mortis and says, "I am its Lord and Head. Why do you ask."

The man sits up, "But you aren't a vampire or a dhampir," he then breathes out, "are you the Master of Death. But that's a myth."

"Obviously not Professor," Harry says then with authority, "I ask again, why do you ask."

"I am a dhampir, a status that the Headmaster fully knows. I come from the Shimmering Gale hundred, a private hundred of House Mortis."
"What vampire clan are you aligned with," Harry asks with authority.

"Aethernae, though only lightly since I am not a full vampire. My magical father is the Reeve of your Shadowvale holding, while my vampire pater serves as the chief attendant for the local House library and museum." A pause, "I say this so you know where my connections lie."

"While that is interesting I don't see how this is something I needed to know right now, none of my Houses require residents to give me personal oaths."

A nod at that, "I mention it because if you are heading there then that means you are aware of the recent outbreak of violence, of civil war. Its getting worse, from what I heard from my aunt some of the rebels are blowing up buildings."

Harry nods at that, since he heard the same thing when he got an update last night. "I know, and I am going to put a stop to it. I do not mind politicking or the fighting traditions but what is going on is a direct threat to my rule. That I do not tolerate."

"That is good to hear My Lord," a pause then head bow, "is there anything I can do to help."

"Do you have any knowledge of what clans I can or cannot trust," Harry asks him.

"Besides Aethernae I know Marius, Gray, Cervantes, and Adama should be trustworthy. I know Diluculum, Enochian, Limboael, and Tantibus are not." A pause then, "That is not to say they don't have loyal factions, but it seems from what I have heard the rebel groups achieved coups."

"That is all very good to know," Harry says with a firm nod.

A moment later his three Hogwarts Head Rings appear and glow. "Now, by oaths you gave to Hogwarts upon your employment I do require you to keep the contents of this meeting a secret. Furthermore, you may not inform others that I am dealing with House Mortis in anyway. Do you understand."

"Yes Lord Potter, I do," he says with a formal nod as the magic of the school washes over him.

"Good," Harry says then pauses. "I do hope you understand why I had to do that."

The Professor nods, "of course Lord Potter. You had to make sure that I don't tell your enemies, or anyone really, that you are planning on striking against them. Its quite logical, tactically sound, quite strategic, and very very smart."

Harry smiles at that before reaching to shake the man's hand, since this meeting was not student to professor. "I am glad to hear that. Now I have to go, there is much that will need to be done."

"Good luck Lord Potter, good luck," he says as the two head out of the room.

8888

"What took you so long," Sirius said as Harry walked out of the doors of Hogwarts.

"It seems Professor Kept is a dhampir and a resident of a Mortis hundred. After he heard me mention Mortis to the Headmaster he wished to speak to me about his status." Is the answer Harry gives. "Oh, and before you ask Remus, yes I swore him to secrecy."

"Through which House," Remus asks curiously after giving Harry a nod.

"My Founder Houses, I used his status as a Professor of Hogwarts to bind him." A pause then a grin,
"well it actually bound everyone in the school besides the Headmaster and myself. None of them can go tell the vampire clans of my plans today."

The two blink at that before looking at each other with wide eyes.

"That's a bit more protective then even I figured you would go," Sirius says.

"Well it was a safety precaution. Those who had no intention won't even realize a geas is on them so we are good." A pause then, "Anyway, come close we shall head to Mortis Manor. We need to begin."

The two men move close to him as Harry activates his Head Ring leading the three to transport to the gates of Mortis Manor. It was a similar bit of magic used when they first visited Potter and Black Manors. It was needed as Mortis Manor was in heavy lockdown, had been for two centuries - which was when the last Head had died without replacement.

As Harry stared at the clearly Gothic architecture of Mortis Manor, well castle, he couldn't help but shake his head. "It even comes with mist surrounding its deadened looking trees."

"I wonder if its a facade, an illusion to make outsiders ignore the place," Remus says.

"Its a good possibility," Sirius adds, "especially since the castle is not in its own magical space."

"I really hope so because if this is really how it is then this building is not going to be lived in, at least not by me that's for sure." So said Harry walks to the decaying gates in front of the road leading to the castle. Three drops of blood and the gargoyle statues roar in acceptance as the gate opens up.

As Harry walks the road he immediately realizes something. "Its technically a test, travelers must stay on the road no matter what they hear or see. Those who fall off it only see a dark and foreboding castle."

"Makes sense," Sirius says with a nod since he knows every House has their own means of protecting their holdings.

"Can you turn on some of the illusions?" Remus asks curiously.

Harry laughs as he tilts his head in thought, "Sure. Let us see."

Soon after that they hear the sounds of wolves, bears, big cats, and winged creatures. That then fades and they start to see beedy eyes from the nearby mist, as well as the occasional maw.

"Oh wow, that is nifty," Sirius says as he points out a beast in the nearby fog covered hedge.

"Yeah," Harry says with a chuckle as it fades. "The interesting thing is that there is more, much more. Sounds, images, smells, even feelings are capable of being projected. It would be horrible to have to face, especially for those without magic, or bound magic, or low magic." Here he pauses. "Honestly, I think even we would have had some issues."

"Which is great," Remus says with a smile at that. "If it would slow or stop even a wizard of your caliber than that means its pretty close to impenetrable which could come in handy."

"Yes it could," Harry then grins a wide grin as they get up to the main doors. Three drops of blood as well and the doors open up to a quite ornate and beautiful entrance hall.

"What, you know something, tell us," Sirius says with a whine.
Harry laughs. "Well, Mortis Manor is ancient, with foundations that go back before mundane written history. But what was most impressive is that this castle served as a major fortification against the Shaped during King Arthur's war."

"Which is why it was in utmost lockdown," Remus says with a growing understanding. "Such a location would be devastating in the hands of traitors to the House and the Crown."

"Exactly, and that is why there are so many restrictions on who can be Lord and Head of House Mortis," Harry says with feeling, as the Ring itself gives him an understanding of the House.

Moments later Dobby appears with a pop. "Master Harry, Dobby has gotten the manor fit for habitation. Do you want a tour."

"Yes please Dobby, we need to know what this castle has to offer before we can truly begin."

"What I find most sickening is how many traitors exist who wear the rings, bands, and amulets of House Mortis. Even in the absence of a Head my other House officials remained upstanding and honorable." Harry says with a frown on his face.

"Especially considering that some of your other Houses have been without a Head for far longer than Mortis." Sirius comments.

"In the almost five years I have been dealing with this I have only had to dismiss a bit over a dozen people. From out of that most were due to age rather than anything bad. The second largest category to be dismissed were those far too different me for us to work together. In fact only one was corrupt, and he now sits in Azkaban because of that. But here," Harry then trails off.

As he fast reads through the portfolio magic gave to him in his role as High Seneschal, Remus finds himself with a growing frown. "While in the case of Mortis eight of the fifteen sheriffs need to be replaced and so do many of the baliffs and reeves that oversee the various holdings of the House." A pause then, "What makes it worse is that is not even taking into consideration the various other officers."

"Well thats quite the mess," Sirius says in answer as Harry nods in agreement.

“Yes, yes it is. Made even worse since I don't really know who among the House I can trust." Harry says as they continue talking.

Manifesting the Potter and Black Head Rings on his finger, Harry speaks out. "I call High Captain Michell, Potter Captain Isaiah, and Black Captain Elena."

Not even a minute passes before the illusionary images of the three officials appear before him.

"Thank you for answering promptly," is the first thing Harry says to them. "Captain Isaiah, Captain Elena quickly gather ten squads from your Houses and bring them to Mortis Manor. You have an hour. Thank you." With a nod they disappear to begin following the orders. "High Captain Michell, you have a more long term job. I need you to gather enough troops so that the fifteen private hundreds and the vast amount of outlier holdings of House Mortis can be secured. Feel free to gather said troops from both the Guard and the Watch from all my Houses, minus Mortis."

"Ah, yes sir. Are we going to war or is this for peacekeeping operations."
"Good question, and its peacekeeping. I cannot tell you how many of the Mortis Guard or Watch will remain after tonight." A pause then, "with that said do not reduce the safety and security of my other Houses."

"I won't need to sir, especially since I can draw upon the resources of all eleven of your Houses. A few reserve and training units in addition to some primary and secondary and the temporary realignment will occur." Michell then pauses. "May I include the squads brought over by Captain Isaiah and Captain Elena."

"That depends on which squads they each choose. If its a mix then yes but if they pick the elite then no, I want some of the elite going back to tend to Potter and Black holdings."

"Understood sir. So when do you want me to present the troops and where would you like them to gather."

"You have between evening tonight and tomorrow morning to have everyone in place. I want the private hundreds and properties of Mortis to wake up to these forces going about the rounds without any notice of change. It will allow daily life to go on with as little impediment as possible."

"Yes sir, understood." The man nods firmly saluting and ending the visit when Harry gives the go ahead nod.

Turning to Sirius and Remus, Harry says, "Well that will see both Mortis Castle and the rest of the honour secured and protected."

"The people will be quite grateful for a return to their normal day to day lives without all the disruptions."

Harry nods at that, takes a deep breath, before the three return to some planning.

8888

"Oh, Sirius I meant to ask, how successful were the Shadows?" Harry questions softly.

"Very," Sirius answers with a grin on his face. "Especially after we discovered one of them was a vampire herself and we used that to get inside Clan residences."

Its Remus that asks, "I don't entirely understand how the magic of the Shadows work."

Nodding at that as its a high secret of the House, one so tightly shared that even some spouses didn’t get the full picture. Not that Remus wasn’t authorized to know, of course, rather he hadn’t bothered to research the matter in depth as it was not part of his direct purview. "Its judgment magic, they tagged every vampire, dhampir, and magical associated with House Mortis."

"Ah, I see," Remus says with a nod. "So when Harry activates the ritual it will connect with that to allow widespread judgment."

"Yes," Harry says to that. "I will let Magic judge everyone. Those guilty of treason, corruption, or high crimes will be be punished as magic sees fit."

8888

For all that Conrad Verad was old, almost six hundred years in fact, and powerful the chills he felt as he walked through the halls of Mortis Castle could not be denied. It did not fade when he was introduced to the sixteen year old Harry Potter, rather it actually increased.
As he felt the power that lay under the wizard's skin, he did what anyone smart enough should do when they come before greatness, he went down onto one knee.

"My Lord and Head, how may I serve thee," the Sheriff asked.

"Rise Sheriff Verad and sit for there is no need for you to kneel before me," Harry says with firmness in his tone.

He listens, getting up and sitting in the chair clearly designated for him. He then gazes up at his Lord while saying, "How may I serve?"

"You can tell me what is going on in House Mortis for one," is Harry's statement.

"Chaos, sir, chaos." He then pauses to try and gather his thoughts. "Unlike other Great Houses this one has three groups of people - the Magicals, the Dhampirs, and the Vampires. The first are the largest in number, the middle the smallest, and the third are the elite."

"Though I know this already I must thank you for the easy summation of the local social order." Harry says when Conrad finishes speaking. "What caused the breakdown of the status quo that has worked well for centuries."

"If I may speak frank sir," Conrad asks.

"Of course, always and forever. As an officer of my House I demand honesty and plain speaking."

"You appeared. You defeated the greatest wizard as just a baby. That was one thing but then you went and claimed the honour of House Mortis, a wizard, not a dhampir or a vampire. A wizard. How dare you," a pause, "or so many of the elite said to themselves."

"Why not you," Remus says speaking up, "why did you remain loyal?"

"Blatantly, when you put on the Head Ring I felt the magic and how it energized the House and my position. You were clearly chosen by Magic for the role, and who am I to declare I know better."

"There is more to it, I can tell," Harry states firmly.

A nod, "Yes, there is. The Head of House Mortis is a person with one of three traits - be a vampire, or a dhampir, or the Master of Death. I know the later option is not a myth, a fiction, but is in fact very very real." A pause then, "I have seen Death, spoken to him, and I know the feel of one touched by him like you are."

"Why didn't the others see this," Harry says clearly not denying the truth of what was just said.

"They want power, unrestricted unbeholden power. They serve the Dark Lord because they believe he can give it to them." A pause then, "They ally with dark powers believing that in the end when the world is torn asunder the vampires can gain dominion."

"They seek to parlay with the Dark Shaped," Harry asks looking at Conrad intensely.

"Yes, but not just them for more exists beyond this world then simply those Shaped that Albion warred against so long ago and King Arthur banished to the space between realms.

After nodding at that Harry then says, "You do realize then they will die, right." Harry says every inch the Lord and Head of House Mortis. "For neither I, nor House Mortis, can ever suffer the existence of such threats."
"Yes sir I do," Conrad says simply.

Harry nods at that before gesturing for Sirius to speak.

"Do you know which Clans are trustworthy, in whole or part, and which factions within those that are not we can get on our side."

"Somewhat Lord Black, but not entirely. I can say that all thirteen clans have people within them who are loyal, even if they are the smallest of factions."

"Do you know at least one person from each clan who is loyal?" A pause then, "It would be better if you know at least four - two vampires, one male and one female, and two dhampirs, one male and one female."

Conrad opens up his mouth then closes it in shock, he knows of only one ritual that would require that sort of makeup. Seeing that Harry is waiting he nods, "Yes sir, I do know at least one of each Clan and there are some that I know four."

"Good. I want their names so we may summon them here for a ceremony tonight."

Conrad just nods and starts naming names.

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"Thank you for agreeing to speak to me personally Lord Potter," says Riodan Bryce, the two hundred year old vampire leader of Clan Aethernae.

"Not a problem at all Lord Bryce, especially since I have you to thank for establishing the loyalist faction."

The vampire nods, "I know where the magic lies Lord Potter, and though I may not understand it, you were chosen to bear the rites. I could do no less than support you."

"A fact which I appreciate Lord Bryce." Harry nods at that then tilts his head. "But that was not why you requested a meeting was it, so feel free to speak."

"Thank you Lord Potter," Riodan says then pauses. "Fifty-two people, split evenly between vampire and dhampir and male and female. There is but one ritual that I know of that requires such a mix of participants. Do you really plan on utilizing the Censura Animus Rite."

Harry grins at that before leaning back, "What other option do you see for me to take. Would you recommend I gather my troops for a mass attack upon the clearly fortified estates of the thirteen clans."

Riodan Bryce blinks at that, "No Lord Potter I would not suggest that. To do that would lead to both massacre and retribution which would lead nobody the winner." He then pauses before saying, "but the ritual you are choosing is old magic, wild magic, with a mind of its own."

"Partly, with a partial mind of its own. Magic is the judge and I will be the conduit, while you all will be the focus. Every officer and agent of House Mortis and every member, both vampire and dhampir of the thirteen Clans, will be checked and judged. How is this bad."

"It could kill you," he says slightly raising his voice, with a bit of frustration for his worries are not being listened to.
Instead of being annoyed Harry grins at that. "So it seems you do care."

With a bit of frustration coloring his voice Bryce exclaims, "of course I do, I'm not a bad person, not only are you my Lord but you are also Harry bloody Potter. You have done so many things and will do so many things, if you live."

The grin gets even wider at that rant. "The ritual would kill a human, even a normal magical one, but remember I am the Master of Death. But that is not it, I am the Lord and Head of twelve magical Houses, all of which give me power. I am not innocent, I have killed, but I feel in my soul that Magic will not find me guilty and so this ritual is not any more deadly than anything else I might do. In fact its less deadly then some of the other options I have." Here Harry pauses before saying, "Such as my original idea to conduct the Censura Nox rite."

Lord Bryce's jaw drops in shock and, in truth, a bit of awe. "Were you really going to invoke that rite, but it hasn't been done in a thousand years."

"Yes, I was for death comes to all and is as silent as the shadows. But the option I am going with is a lot less painful for all those involved." Here Harry pauses. "Well, I should say a lot less painful for those who have staid neutral or remain loyal."

Lord Bryce nods at that before sitting back to quietly drink the bloodwine offered to him and contemplate all that Lord Potter had said.

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They were in Rose Room, one of the great halls of Mortis Castle big enough to comfortably seat the fifty-six people gathered in the hall.

"I would say thank you for coming, but we all know that most of you would rather be anywhere but here right now." There is some slight laughter at that, which Harry is happy to hear. Getting fully serious he says, "As most of you probably assume we will be conducting the Censura Animus Rite."

He waits out the cascade of calls and comments about that. When things calm down enough he continues to speak.

"Yes I know, its very dangerous, but the truth it is the best option out of the very narrow number of options we have," Here Harry pauses for a moment. "Four options, there are four options. One, do nothing, which if any of you even have a foggiest notion of who I am you know that is not really an option." Nods from around the table. "Two, the Censura Animus Rite, with all that it entails. Three, the Censura Nox Rite, which if you don't know about it ask an elder later on they can explain." Again some nods. "Finally, four. Which is a full on military assault of all rebel Clan holdings." There is gasps of horror at that. "Yes, exactly, that would be a bloodbath and would lead to only retaliation and wholesale destruction."

He stops again and looks across the vast table, at the twenty-six vampires and like numbered dhampirs. "The honest truth is that I have no issue with internal fights and competition. Its what you do, its part of your very identity, its an essential element of your traditions. That's fine, I approve of it, and as Lord and Head Mortis I understand the why of it." A pause. "But this is different, right now every one of you have factions who have given themselves to darkness, to Corruption, to the shadowy things that lay in the void between realms."

He stops again, you could hear a pin drop that is how silent the room is.

"Now some of you are probably asking 'what gives this wizard the right to intervene, to judge us.'
Well the simple truth is I am Lord Mortis, the Lord Head of this Great House. But the more complex truth is I am the Master of Death, I bear all three Deathly Hallows." Which suddenly appear around him. The cloak around his shoulder, the wand in his hand, and the stone floating above his head.

"I bear them, I am their master, and thus I am yours. Death has no hold over me."

Harry then does something that took hours and hours of discussion with Sirius, Remus, and Charlie before he got their permission. It was a permission he wanted so they would be okay with the action.

He stands up and holds out his arms in as wide a range as possible. "Cast the Killing Curse on me," he says looking at those in the room, "magic will not judge you for this."

In a flash wands come out, and then in a moment he is struck by the dazzling emerald green of the deadliest spell known. But not once, not twice, but over twenty times.

The spells all hit him, not one misses, not one is deflected by his powers.

But nothing happens. He doesn’t flinch. He doesn’t bleed. He doesn’t die.

The silence gets even stronger.

Harry breaks it by saying, "As I said, I am the Master of Death and the Killing Curse is meaningless to me. Now, do any of you still have any questions on why I am the Head of House Mortis."

Silence then one by one the clan leaders and important members all utter some derivative of 'no sir' or 'no my lord' or even the rare 'no master.'

"That is what I thought," then a pause, "let us take a ten minute break. None of you may leave the castle or communicate with anyone outside of it, but feel free to get some air on one of my decks or balconies."

Harry nods before walking out of the room, Sirius and Remus quickly behind him.

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"Come here," Sirius says as he grabs Harry in a big full body hug a few minutes later.

"I'm sorry Sirius, but it needed to happen, it needed to be shown." Harry says fully relaxed in the hug.

Sirius pulls back and Harry is only free for a moment before Remus swoops in for his own hug. "We know," he then says, "but it doesn't change how scary it is to see the act."

Harry just lets the hug happen, for he knows its just as much for him as it is for them.

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"That was," Riodan just shakes his head for he has no words.

"I know," says Conrad. "The sheer power he has, in all my years I don't think I have seen that."

"It makes me glad I sided with him," says Caedmon Kalon the leader of Clan Lenoran as he comes close. "I don't need to tell you how close such a decision came."

"No you don't," says Riodan for even among his own clan it wasn't ever a done deal.
"Do you think he will destroy the betrayer clans," asks Abel Orien, one of the few surviving high level loyalists from Clan Diluculum.

It is Leandra Dimitri of Clan Adama who answers the question. "I do not think so, it doesn't seem his style. I think its more likely he will outright forbid any violence against the survivors of the traitor clans."

Abel nods, "I hope that's true for while my clan is doing horrible things there are many of us who just want to go back to what it was like before."

The group continues to talk for a few more minutes, before the bells chime indicating its time for the meeting to restart.

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As soon as everyone was back in their seats Harry continued the meeting. "So before we actually conduct the ritual I want to explain to you all what it is that will happen." Here he pauses. "Now I don't just mean the ritual but rather of your Clans and that of House Mortis."

He stops to look at everyone before he begins again. "First things, none of your Clans will be disbanded or destroyed. The fact that at least two from each clan were found to be loyal means there are others. I want you all to consider the state of your Clans at the moment I took the Ring and before all the violence started, that is what I am accepting as the status quo. So if Clan Aethernae had Corbin Cove at that point but its now in the hands of Clan Diluculum, its going back to Clan Aethernae." He stops. "In a few years or decades when the clans are back to what is considered the traditional full strength, then, and only then, will I allow the traditional fighting to begin again."

Harry stops again. "Now some of you may be thinking that your Clans deserved the holding you took in this conflict. I say to that, maybe so, and I will surely look at such claims on a case by case basis. The status quo of yesteryear is just the starting point, not the ending point."

Looking around the room he then says, "the point is that I want you all to remain socially and economically viable. The wealth you have will still flow, the treaties and compacts made will still be in force, and life will go on."

One more stop then, "Now any questions?"

Jocasta Griswald, who will be the new leader of Clan Enochian, asks "what will happen to those who are not here."

"That depends. Through the ritual it is Magic that will judge all those of House Mortis, including your Clan members. Nothing will happen to the good, innocent, neutral, or forced of your Clans. To those corrupted or guilty of high crimes well, their punishment will fit the crimes. Those corrupted will probably die as their magic is taken back by Magic while those guilty of lesser states might find blocks on their mind, body, or magics. I can't say, not with certainty, but what I can say is that it will occur no matter where they are or what protections are set up."

"Pardon me," says the young dhampir Sky Nisha, "but how is this even possible."

Harry smiles at that, "Good question, glad someone asked. The truth is that clan affiliation is similar, magically speaking, to Great House affiliation. So just like I can reach through Potter magics to touch every Potter member I can go through House Mortis to touch every Clan magics to then contact every vampire or dhampir that is a part of it. It is part of the oaths of honor and loyalty your ancestors swore with the first Lord and Head of House Mortis."
"It is also," says Rosalie Ruby the leader of House Gray, "why the vampires of Albion were not hunted down and destroyed like some common beast. We swore loyalty through Magic to the growing House Mortis which then swore loyalty to King Arthur. It is also why the vampiric nobility is considered among the noble class of Albion." She then stops as she realizes she just lectured. "Pardon me for that my Lord, I am at heart a teacher."

Harry chuckles warmly, "not a problem, not a problem at all. Especially since you are right in all that you say." A pause then, "So any more questions?" This gets numerous negative shakes of the head. "Well then, with that done, I do believe its time for dinner. I hope you all enjoy the meal the kitchen staff have provided for us all."

Harry then sits down as dinner begins, which lasts for two hours (roughly) and is full of free flowing conversation. Which Harry is happy to hear.

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As soon as the dinner is clearly over Harry stands up one more time. "Right then, so its about to be ritual time but there are a few things I want to mention first. As the ritual will knock us participants out rooms have been set up for each of you and House Elves are present to bring you to them upon its completion if you cannot get there under your own power. Rest for as long as you wish and when you wake up call for a house elf for breakfast, and it will be brought to you."

He then stops again before grinning, "one final thing. Since the rite will judge the members of House Mortis as well I expect there to become holes in my officer corps, and Guard and Watch forces. To make sure it does not weaken House Mortis, members of my other Houses will be coming here to temporarily plug up those holes. As matters get situated we will speak further on such topics."

He then smiles, "finally, let us begin heading to the ritual room for the rite which will begin in a half an hour."

Which is the last thing to be said before the meeting ends as those gathered begin getting ready for the ritual.

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As Harry is walking with Sirius and Remus he says, "Could one of you send the Headmaster a message informing him I will not be returning tonight and that I will stop by to visit him tomorrow when I do."

"Already done Harry," Remus says with a smile, "as I knew there was no way you would be up for returning to the school tonight. Not with the ritual you will be directing."

"Thanks Remus, I appreciate that. So I guess all we have to do is wait till everyone gathers and then conduct the ritual."

Sirius laughs at that, "you make it sound so simple." Which leads to some random banter till things become ready.

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"If I may have a quick moment of your time sir," Abel Orien who knew he would become the new leader of Clan Diluculum.

Harry looked up from where he was going over a memo with Remus and Sirius at that. "Yes, of course, please come in."
As Abel moves into the office Harry waves his wand and shuts the door. He then gestures for the vampire to speak.

"Well sir, as you know almost sixty percent of my clan are working with the rebels. What I wanted to know is what should I expect to see when I go home."

Harry nods at that and then with a gentle voice he says, "its probably not going to be good. Some, hopefully a lot, will be as they were before, not changed. Others will have their magics bound, either permanently or for a period of time." Harry then pauses for a moment before continuing, "Unfortunately there will also be a lot of dead."

Abel sighs and nods, "That is what I was afraid of, though I think I knew it was going to happen." He shakes his head before gesturing, "I'm young, younger than most of the other clan leaders but I was chosen to come here because I was the highest ranked of all the loyalists found. I know what this means, and it doesn't speak well for my clan."

There is a pause as Harry tries to find the words to say. "I cannot tell you how to feel, but what I can say is that it is Magic that will both judge and sentence, which means the innocent will not suffer."

"That actually is the only thing that is making it bearable," Abel says softly. "That and the fact that those who will be found guilty are working against the very traditions that make us more than monsters."

Harry nods firmly, feeling a bit more on solid ground. "As I said earlier they are working to destroy not just Albion, which includes the thirteen great Vampire Clans, but the very world. If you have any love for the society you live in then this is the only option."

The answering nod from Abel shows his full acceptance of that. "On that I agree, firmly and fully." A deep breath before he lets it out, "well there is no point in worrying, since its less than ten minutes away."

The three wizards glance at each other at how profound that was from the young vampire, though Harry's next thought was 'who am I to judge, I'm only sixteen.'

Abel stands up and gives a little bow towards Harry before saying, "thank you Lord Potter for this personal meeting, I appreciate you answering my question. When things settle down I look forward to meeting with you so that you may inform me of your needs and the direction you wish for my Clan to head." One more bow and then he heads out of the room.

"Well," Sirius says with a bit of a laugh amused despite the nature of what is going on, "that was both exactly and different than what I expected the talk to be about."

They nodded at that as Remus turned the page on the document they were going over in preparation.

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As Harry flowed through the web that showcased everyone associated with the House of Mortis itself he found himself feeling glad. That contrary to what he had feared, that Sirius and Remus had feared with him, the number of traitors among the officers and staff of House Mortis was actually quite low. Like in the double digits, which when one considers the thousands of associates that exist that is really low.

Yes he lost a few of his senior officers but the truth was the House was still quite loyal to him, as a person but especially as their Lord and Head. What made this even more impressive is that a lot of the continuing loyalty was due to the machinations of one man - Conrad Verad.
It seems that the ancient vampire hadn’t been entirely telling the truth on what he actually had been doing. But to Harry it was fine because he could sense the loyalty to House Mortis, and thus him, behind every action he had done. Which was a lot and multifaceted and not entirely of the light.

Which was why they would never talk about it but why Harry was going to promote the vampire to the office of Seneschal of House Mortis. With him being so deep within the House magic he decided to not even bother waiting - and so with a twist and an extension of aura former Sheriff Verad became the new Seneschal Conrad Verad.

Suddenly, from where Verad was watching the ceremony, he sat up straight as magic flew over him. He could feel himself being examined, tested, and proven worthy and then promoted. Yes, promoted, which was a shock to him as he never expected that.

What made it all the more unbelievable is that he knew, just KNEW, that the new Lord Mortis knew of all his actions. Every dark, but loyal, deed he performed in order to protect Mortis and Albion from the corrupt. Knew of them and, maybe not supported them, but at least accepted the rightness of them.

But that wasn't all that made Conrad mentally gasp in shock, it was the sheer amount of knowledge that poured into his head. He now knew all the information of his position, the officers, and holdings, and actions the House were undertaking. It was a lot of information, and it gave him a headache, but it would be quite useful in the coming days as he fully gave himself over to his new job.

With House Mortis situated Harry then turned his attention to the connections he had with the thirteen Vampire Clans. This he knew was not going to be easy, though he was honestly glad he wasn't going to have to personally judge the guilt of people. He was fine with the divine entity that was Magic judging the souls while all he did was serve as a mortal channel for the magic.

'Well', Harry thought, 'there is no point in delaying.' So said, at least in his mind, he reached out with his magic and began the process of letting the magic flow. He quickly realized, to some shock, that this ritual didn't just judge persons but also things and projects. It was similar to the Department of Mysteries in that he suddenly knew everything they owned, operated, and were doing. Plots, plans, operations, councils - it was all opened to his viewing.

Harry was never as grateful for the enhancements magic gave to the titled nobility as he was at this moment. For he knew without that boost he would probably be burned out - both mentally and physically - by the magic that was going through his being at this moment.

He had to decide where to begin, at the easiest or the hardest. As he was thinking it over Magic pinged his senses, urging him with a feeling that said go with the easy first. That the more Clans he judged the greater his available magic to push his will upon those Clans which were traitor.

So Harry started with Clan Aethernae, one of the staunchest loyalist clans of them all. Out of all its population it was about one percent which were disloyal. Said traitors were also mostly far from the seat of power, except for one person, the Chief Librarian. As the magic gathered data Harry learned that the corruption hadn't been recent, it was in fact centuries old.

As that was quite an interesting discovery Harry requested that Magic not kill him. Bind his special powers, yes, and strip him of most of his free magic of course, but not kill him. At least not till he could be properly interrogated by the agents of the Department of Mysteries. Harry wanted to get to the bottom of when, how, and who the corruption was formed.

Needless to say Magic was wonderful, especially during rituals such as this when it could do acts that were normally extremely difficult or near impossible. For example, the traitor librarian found
himself bound in magical chains and transported to the cells of the Department of Mysteries, where he would stay till his interrogation.

Since Harry didn't have to change who was the leader of the Clan, as Riodan Bryce was quite loyal, he found himself able to move on. Next positive clan, that of Adama, which had a bit higher rebellious population - at five percent. No major figures of 'evil' or plots that he needed to worry about.

'Wait', Harry thought with a stop as he noticed something interesting. It seemed that Leandra Dimitri, the leader of the Clan, had been working towards a project to create a meat variant of the Bloodwood Tree. It was being blocked by some traditionalists who liked the fact that vampires fed on human blood but with some funding, yes, it could be successful.

A twist of his thoughts and Leandra suddenly knew, from where she was standing in the ritual circle, that her new Lord and Head of House was going to give her all the resources she needed to get that project up and running. What surprised Leandra was that she didn't even need to do anything, at least nothing more than what she was doing anyway.

The other full on loyalist Clans of Cervantes, Gray, Marius, and Lenoran were equally as easy. Between five and ten percent of their people were found to in various states of betrayal. Though out of them it was mostly of the lower kind, the type that gets temporary bindings on their magic, rather than that which lead to death.

Harry then turned his attention to the neutral Clans, or at least that is what he called them since he didn't entirely know where they stood. The clans of Sanguina, Necrosa, and Malachi couldn't be anymore different from each other. Sanguina was the most traditional of all the Clans and so was still going through the process of figuring out where it stood. Which meant, due to the nature of its organization, that nobody was officially recognized as a traitor.

That didn't entirely sit well with Harry and so he spurred Magic on to dig a little deeper than the official declarations of the Clan. He didn't want to punish the innocent but he was not going to accept the concept of 'the Clan didn't decide so none of its members can be declared guilty.' With this deeper probe three vampires, and one dhampir were put to death while three hundred had their magic bound. Which made a lot more sense than everyone being innocent.

Clan Malachi was paradoxically both the oldest and yet also the youngest due to a secret event. Harry soon found the information flowing into his head, and he learned why all but three of its central members had been killed off ten years ago. In a move similar to what was going on now an elder had opened the gates to the void and summoned the spectra of Darkness itself. Its current leaders, Elvira Staef and Gregory Fford, were the ones who put down that threat, as well as the lives of everyone involved.

Their neutrality in this particular situation was not actual neutrality but rather ignorance of what was going on. An ignorance based on internal focus, they were still rebuilding in the aftermath of losing almost seventy percent of their associated personnel.

Magic was pleased with that Clan, and so was Harry as he flew through their aura. Especially when he felt them doing all they can to cleanse the darkend sites of the Clan. With a burst of will Harry sent the Clan pure magic, which the two co-leaders immediately felt flow over them. They basked in the approval from Magic, from the Divinities, and also their Head of House. In that instant the two, and their whole clan, realized that they weren't alone - they had support and that it was going to be alright.

With a mental smile Harry turned his attention to Clan Necrosa, the youngest of all the clans. Which
really explained why they were neutral, they were only a few hundred years old and thus still figuring out inter-Clan politics. Yes fifteen percent of its people were judged by Magic, but the truth was almost all of them had been manipulated by the corrupt of other clans.

As Harry reached into the magic of the Clan he realized why they were still somewhat 'stunted,' they lacked the proper recognition. While the last Head of House Mortis had approved them he was in the grip of the great tiredness and so his magic was weak. Instead of the other Clans assisting they left Necrosa to its own, a fact which annoyed Harry deeply.

So, with his own magic he grabbed all of Clan Necrosa and welcomed them fully into the House. The magic flew from him and into them, securing, enhancing, and developing them in whole and part. He also sent them a message, "never feel alone, for you are just as much a part of House Mortis as the rest of the Clans."

Harry realized that he had made a faithful ally in one Tobias Sorth, the leader of Clan Necrosa, by this action.

Filled with confidence Harry turned his attention towards the traitor Clans. This, he knew, was not going to be as easy or fun filled as the others, even with Magic and oath and ritual supporting him.

Which was when he mentally said, 'screw it,' and decided to go all out.

Spinning in circle he used his power to manifest a court room in this space between the spaces of the world. With a flash of thought he brought forth the leaders of the four traitor Clans and the nine loyal Clans, each with there own seat in a rough arc in front of him. As everyone gazed in both anger, awe, and terror he manifested all of his Head Rings - gathering their power.

They had made use of corruption to bolster them, which meant he had no issue with using all of his own Houses to bolster him.

Before the four traitors could speak Harry began, "you four have been called forth to this immaterial plane by the power of House Mortis, through the oaths you all swore. You and your Clans will be judged and sentenced by Magic, what do you have to say."

Bjorn Erasmus, the current leader of Clan Diluculum, spits at Harry before saying. "You are nothing, an upstart, and will be destroyed under the boots of the Dark Lord and his great allies."

Harry just laughs, openly without any hesitation, then says. "Wow, you truly believe that." A shake of the head. "You must be mad to truly think Tom Riddle cares about you."

"You will be destroyed, I promise you that," Bjorn says once more. "My power is greater than what you can imagine."

He then tries to throw a fireball at Harry, which fizzles out even before it can leave the area he is sitting in.

Harry snorts then turns his attention to the second traitor leader, "what do you have to say."

Silas Wolfram of Clan Enochian snorts, "you are a child and not worth my time. You are meaningless to me. I repudiate you."

"No other comment, no wish to defend," Harry says in question.

"Bah, what do I have need to explain myself to you," is what Silas says.
"Suit yourself," Harry says without seeming care. He then turns to the third leader, Seraphine Persephone from Limboael. "Are you willing to speak to your defense."

"No," Seraphine says simply, "I did what I did because I felt it was the right choice, dark though it may be. I will not beg and so I say let Magic judge me. The only thing I will say is that not all in my Clan is so guilty as I am, and I hope that you show them mercy."

Harry nods at that, "of course that is something I promise. Only the guilty will be punished, with the rest being allowed to continue to live their lives. I do not seek destruction, I seek a return to normalcy. Your Clans, for all that you will not be here to see it, will continue as it always has."

"Good. That is all I can ask," Seraphine says with her head held high.

"Well then, and we come to the final of the traitor leaders. Tell me Valerian Salem of Clan Tantibus, what do you have to say for yourself."

Said vampire says clearly, "there is no right or wrong, only magic and power. What I do I do to make my Clan better, a fact which you do not understand."

"Hmm, interesting, logical, not the ranting of a madman. Tell me why do you serve Riddle."

A shrug, "he offered us the means to expand our power and defeat our enemies. It seemed logical to take him up on the offer, especially when I learned you would seek to end our traditions and way of life."

"I would do what, who told you that?" Harry said with a bit of shock in his voice at what he knew was lies and manipulations. "You have the same right to exist that any of the species of magic do, why would I change that. As for your traditions, well as long as you don't go terrorizing the muggles or harming the magicals, I will not judge what you do in your citadels." A pause then, "especially if its the old ways as accepted by the Divinities."

Valerian Salem blinks at that surprised, "how do I know you speak the truth."

"I am Lord and Head of the House Mortis through my status as the Master of Death. With my magic flowing through the bonds and oaths of the House, there are many ways you could have learned where I stood." A pause then, "you could have contacted me through the power of your office, we could have face to face conversations. But instead of that you decided to go to war."

Silence from Valerian, for he has no answer to that, for he knows Lord Mortis is right.

Harry lets it stretch on for a few minutes before he speaks again. "Yet I can be a forgiving man, especially those who see the error of their ways. Can you accept you were wrong Valerian Salem, that you should have taken other paths."

Valerian staid silent for he did not know what to say to that.

Harry had another question though, "tell me Valerian, what you think of the Shaped and other hosts from the Void."

This Valerian could answer, and answer firmly. "They are terrible, horrible things that have no place in this world. They aren't power, they are chaos and destruction without end. If they won there would be no world for us to rule over, to have power over."

"Well then, it seems that you can be reasoned with." Harry then pauses for a moment before going on with, "tell me Lord Valerian your thoughts on Albion."
"It brings order and structure to the chaos that was the world. Though it restricts slightly from the power we could have it also gives us the structure necessary to live our lives without fear of peasant uprisings."

Harry tilts his head, "your answers here make no sense in light of your activities. Yet I know you are being truthful. Interesting I would say and I look forward to the result of Magic judging you."

Harry goes silent for a moment as he gathers the magic, both his and that of the ritual. "Clan leaders what are your thoughts on these four leaders."

Guilty. Guilty. Guilty, but should be bound rather than killed. Potentially savable as events don’t line up.

Harry agreed with those findings.

"Clan leaders who were already judged and found loyal lend me your magic so we may finish this and begin the process of rebuilding."

Nine hands stretch out in representation of them giving their Lord and Head their magic. Harry accepts and begins the process of testing the four Clans.

Even with the power boosts each of the four got through deals with Riddle and enhancements through dark rituals they were nowhere near what Harry could bring to bear. For you see Harry had his own magic, great as it was, plus that of the nine loyal Clans, added to the twelve Great Houses he was Head of. But even more Harry found the very power of Magic and the Divinities aiding him in the judgment of the clans.

It was the equivalent of ten thousand soldiers going against a few hundred with each side marching in a straight line. Quickly the battle lines of Diluculum and Enochian fell to the untiring forces of Harry Potter. Limboael fought for a moment but then their troops sat down in acceptance of the loss. The forces of Tantibus, though, almost immediately threw off their traitor cloaks and dawned the symbols of the loyalists. They thus allowed both Magic and Harry to scan and study them in the same way he did the nine loyalist clans.

The results were pretty close to what was expected. Both Silas and Bjorn were quickly found guilty of all sorts of heinous crimes against the Clans, Mortis, Albion, and Magic and were sentenced to death. Clan Diluculum would have a new leader, the young but capable Abel Orien. But what amused Harry the most was that thanks to a project started by Silas the Clan would find its financial assets growing in the coming years. This would become highly important as almost sixty percent of its associated personnel were judged by Magic in one way or another. Clan Enochian didn't get any benefits but it also didn't loose anything, to the survivors benefits.

Seraphine of Clan Limboael was stripped of her leadership and found her magic bound, though she remained alive. Her daughter Adrienne would be given the leadership, with little pain since she disagreed with much of her mother's policies. In a surprising twist she would prove herself an able negotiator between different groups.

Finally Valerian Salem, which Harry quickly discovered was a unique case. He escaped judgment with his power and authority intact for it turned out he had been poisoned. It turned out his second was a Death Eater loyal to Riddle and used blood magics to force his leader down that path, without making it seem like magic was involved. The worse was that a lot of Clan Tantibus were similarly affected, which was a twist that Harry had not expected. The only reason it was discovered is that in this place that is a non-place the magics on the binds get unraveled, due to the monitoring presence of the Divinities.
While the second and his actual loyal agents were all sentenced by Magic to death, Harry did push to have the alchemist who made the blood potion be restrained. An act that Magic seemed fine with, especially when Harry learned he had been controlled himself through a different process.

Harry was just glad that the magics of the ritual and the power of the Divinities allowed him to handle it in the way he did. He wasn't done of course there was still some organization issues he needed to go through while still in this timeless place that was between places.

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Harry groaned as he opened his eyes back in the ritual chamber. Blinking he looked around to see that the others were doing similar things. Even before he moved Sirius was at his side with a hand on his elbow.

"Are you okay Harry," Sirius asked with concern.

Before he could even answer Remus handed him a cup of hot chocolate which caused Harry to grin, which got an answering grin.

"You know Remus, not all things can be solved with chocolate," Harry says amusedly.

"Quite true, but magical exhaustion is not one of those things. Now drink up and answer Sirius' question."

"Tired, sore, achy, headache coming on, and drained so you know all that which is expected," Harry says unsurprisingly tired.

"Did you want to be magicked to your room," Sirius asks after nodding.

"No, I will walk. It's important," Harry says firmly. He then turns to Remus, "please monitor and assist the rest to their rooms then meet me in mine, I have a few things to go over before I rest."

Remus nods, fully knowing how the magic works, "of course Harry."

Harry nods before begging the arduous task of heading to his bedroom. As he moves through the center of the room he stops when he reaches any of fourteen heads (as Malachi has two). There he shakes there hand and has them kiss his House Ring in a quick sign of loyalty.

This, Harry knew, was a necessary act after what they just went through.

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The first thing Remus heard when he knocked on the door to where Harry was staying was a laugh and a, "I'm still awake Remus, come in."

So Remus did and found that Harry was sitting in his office chair in his sleeping clothes with some documents arrayed around him.

As soon as Remus sat down next to Sirius, Harry began speaking. "So the ritual basically knocked me out and I will be sleeping till early afternoon tomorrow. Which is fine and magically expected so there is no issues there. Two nods at that, it is exactly what they thought it was going to be. But that doesn't mean we can just sit and wait for everything to happen on its own."

"Which is where we come in," Remus says surely.

"Yes, that is where you both come in. You will coordinate with Seneschal Conrad Verad and the
various local officers so that the death of thousands of people will not lead to mass panic."

"Which it shouldn't," Sirius says, "for when Magic judges it does so in a way that makes it clear it was divinely inspired. There will be sadness but not horror, not really."

"Well that is good to hear," Harry nods as he didn't entirely know that.

"Did you want me to contact House Priest, we could get clerics and acolytes here to provide spiritual guidance," Remus asks.

Harry tilts his head in thought before nodding, "that sounds good. First though check within my own Houses for them, but if that is not enough or you think greater ones are needed go with House Priest."

"Duly noted," said by Sirius in a way that says he is volunteering for that. "Anything else you want from us."

"Order, security, and aid. That is what I want. I want the people to feel that their lives are going to go back to where it should have been. This is not an ending but a return to the light. If you need to you may explain what happened, I know your oaths will guide you on what can and cannot be said." Harry then pauses in thought, "oh one more thing. Contact Gringotts, tell Ragnok of what went on. I want him to personally know."

The two nod at that as Harry gets up and heads to bed. As they move themselves towards the door Harry says, "as for me I will be sleeping. Have a good rest of the day and night guys, don't work too hard that you forget to eat and relax."

"We won't pup," Sirius says with a smile, "have a good night. We will talk to you tomorrow."

"Night cub," Remus says as he walks out of the door before closing it in such a way that magic secures it against outsiders.

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Harry was laying in bed while holding up the message mirror, "I did it Charlie."

"You did, great. How was it." Charlie says with a smile before looking concerned. "How are you, you seem exhausted."

"Oh I am, I plan on sleeping till noon tomorrow despite it only being six in the afternoon. But I wanted to tell you the ritual worked and that the rebels were taken out of House Mortis."

"Good to hear. Though I am thankful for you telling me you didn't need to. Now get some sleep."

Harry smiles before nodding, "good night love, I'll talk to you later."

"You too, good night my love," Charlie says with a gentle smile.

Harry gives his own before ending the call, putting the mirror on the table, and going to sleep.

It was a good day.
"What reason did you have to summon us Lord Potter?" Asked scion Marius Fawley a fourth year.

"The expected reason," stated Draco.

"The reason that we all figured would have happened sooner actually," says Theodore.

"I have been busy, as you all know, but I think its time," Harry says with authority in his voice.

"Let us assume," says Daphne Greengrass, "that anything said in this meeting is outside of our normal levels of friendship."

"I would appreciate that," says Harry with a nod and a smile. He then gets very serious look on his face while gaining an aura of authority and command. His Head Ring lights up as he speaks, "I wish to put this meeting under a secrecy ward so if you disagree please head out now. You will only be able to speak of what we discuss here with your Head, who will also be restricted on speaking about it."

Nobody gets up to leave. Nor does anyone look surprised. Nor is there any disruption as the group casts the appropriate ritual security and secrecy spells.

When Harry gets a nod to go on from Draco he then speaks again. "The issue of course is the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters and where your House's truly stand."

"We are walking a fine line," Draco says. "One only possible because of the long held belief that Hogwarts is a place where we can stretch our wings without worry."

"I understand that, and I would not ask any of you to follow the path your family goes against. What I want to know is if there is any wiggle room when it comes to an oath bound communication between the House of Potter and your House's."

"What is it you are offering Potter," Theodore says in a tone not showing his thoughts.

Harry gets a big grin on his face and then says, "I can remove the Dark Mark."

Instant uproar.

"Are you serious?" Pansy gasps in shock.

"Yes, yes I am. It is an ability, a secret ability mind you, I gained after studying the curse the Dark Lord put on Hogwarts during the whole return to children issue."

"And you are willing to use it to cleanse those of our House?" Nicolas Burke a fourth year asks with awe in his voice.

"Yes, after I get some oaths. I don't even have to physically meet everyone, just the Head of House. From that I can reach into the web that the mark creates and choose who I cleanse."

"So you can ignore certain people and leave their mark on," comments Sebastian Lestrange matter of
"Of course, I would never give up my right to choose. You can tell your Head's that nobody in Azkaban properly will be cleansed nor will anyone who I have proof is corrupt." A pause then he looks at the Lestrange, "Your uncles and aunt are not going anywhere Sebastian."

Sebastian nods at that, it is exactly what he thought.

"Even if our parents aren't evil or corrupted most of our House's are dark," says Darius Yaxley.

"Light, grey, dark they are words that mean nothing to me. What I care about is honor and loyalty - to Albion and the ideas of King Arthur. He had dark wizards under his aegis and they served just fine. In fact there were acts done by both him and Merlin that under our current definitions might be considered Dark, but they were necessary all the while. The truth of the matter is the laws of Albion care about what you do rather than what your magic is aspected towards. I am the same way, you can be dark but your magic better not be corrupt." Is Harry's response.

Draco looks at Harry, "so you are not dismissing any of our Head's as potentials?"

"No, no I am not," Harry pauses then says, "and to prove that Draco I can say that if your father comes to me with the request I will not hesitate to accept it. Even considering all that I both suppose and know of his actions int he past."

That stops everyone. To their thinking if Potter was willing to let Lucius Malfoy, noted dark wizard, be cured then he definitely was going to let most of their own fathers or uncles to be cleansed.

Nodding at them with full seriousness Harry comments, "I care about the magical world, all of its people. Your families are as much a part of it as mine is, and I would not destroy that. A few Head's ago the Potters served along side the Malfoys in the Darklight War, why can't that happen again." A pause, "the answer is, there is no reason."

The fourth year Alexander Carrow says in a shocked voice, "you are a magical supremacist."

"I am a believer in the magical world, of the richness of our society, and the fact that we should keep ourselves separate from the muggles in all ways. I also believe we should know the muggles even as they do not know us, for knowledge is important." Harry says speaking about such things to some of the gathered for the first time.

"He also believes that its magic that makes us special and that muggleborn are just as great as pureblood are," Pansy comments.

Giving her a look Milicent adds, "which means welcoming them into our world and teaching them about what it means to be a magical so they adopt our ways rather than keep the muggle ways."

Draco shakes his head, "we are getting a little away from the point." A pause as he looks at Harry and says, "so what you are saying is that you are willing to cleanse the Dark Mark from those in our Houses without forcing us to become light."

"What do you require from us?" Is asked by Frederich Travers.

"At minimum when the final battle comes the Houses who I cleanse will not answer the call of the Dark Lord. At the middle I want information on the Dark Lord's forces and plans. At best I want you to side with me, battling at my side when the final battle happens." Harry answers.

"You don't want much then," Damian Avery comments seriously for all that his words held a
sarcastic edge.

"Oh no, don't misunderstand me, I want a lot, its just not focused on the battle against this Dark Lord. For any Head I cleanse I demand an oath promising on their very magics that neither they, nor any of those of or allied to their House, will become or serve a Dark Lord while I am alive. I will not have our world torn apart by those who have no care or love for the magic that makes us special." Harry says with a voice that shows his power.

The others sit back at that, for what else could be said. It isn't long after that the meeting breaks up, with every person present promising to mention it to their Head of House. Harry had no fear that the Dark Lord would get word of the meeting for the magics woven into the oath made it near impossible for him to learn about it.

A few hours later and Harry was sitting in the personal chamber he had claimed in the covenant section. Around him were some of the Slytherins nobles in his year group.

"So I was curious why you didn't speak during the meeting," Harry asked looking at Blaise.

"There wasn't really a point since by joining you last year when the Death Eaters attacked your holding my House choose its side," was Blaise's response.

Daphne then spoke, "while I did speak because our family is traditionally neutral for all that we do have some Death Eaters in our House."

Harry nodded at that, "makes a lot of sense." Harry pauses, "well I won't ask any of you what you thought on it as that would put your allegiance into question."

"Thanks for that," Draco says with a drawl. "That said, I can say you did well on your speech and I think many of the Heads will think about it." He stops right as he was going to say something that he shouldn't, which was 'as my father did.'

"I am happy to hear that," Harry says with a smile before continuing. "As a final thing to mention before we completely change topics I don't want to give a time limit but honestly the sooner the better, and such."

Everyone nods at that as Harry then deliberately changes the subject to one of their more random school projects.

"So I got some responses," Harry says through the communicator mirror to Remus and Sirius.

"Well that was quick," Sirius says as Remus nods in agreement.

"So what did they say," Remus adds.

"The results were quite positive, though many of them are playing it cool. I do understand it of course as Riddle is still a threat, for all that I have blocked some of his attempts."

"Well," Sirius says, "don't leave us in suspense, what happened."

"I could group them into three groups, roughly. The smallest were actually those who basically told me to go to hell, all of which were Minor Houses. Thankfully do to the oaths their sons swore on
their House magics even those truly loyal to the Dark Lord can’t tell him about my offer. The middle were the ones who desired neutrality, though they did indicate a willingness to have some of the their marks removed."

"And the other group," Remus says in a 'go on," sort of way.

"They are the largest and it was led by Lucius Malfoy. They have agreed to basically betray Riddle as long as I prove that I can remove the Dark Mark. Lucius knows I can as he has seen my removal of Snape's, so there is no issue there."

Sirius nods at that, "it honestly make sense. Him and those around him have spent the last sixteen years keeping their power in the magical world. You have proven you will look past some of their dark actions in order to keep Albion strong."

"While the monster they currently serve," Remus continues as Sirius stops, "wants to destroy the very establishment which gives those purebloods their power base. You gave them a palatable option and the smart ones are taking it."

"Yep they are," Harry says and then his voice gains a regal tone. "Remus, some of them will contact you using standard offers take them up so we can meet without anyone the wiser. Sirius you are to make sure the Ministry does not get heavy handed on its attempt to ferret out purebloods, I will not see their Houses destroyed."

"Of course," Remus says.

"Not a problem," is Sirius' response.

"Good," a pause, "okay than, that is that on that." A grin. "So, how are things with you." Which leads the three to having a half an hour conversation before they go their own ways.

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Node Installation

Date: Sixth Year, Late May

Partly into his morning run Harry suddenly got an idea, one which sees him grinning as he slows
down and says, "Mirror contact Nicolas Flamel."

A moment later the image of Nicolas appears next to him, moving as he does.

"Hello Harry, what can I do for you?"

"Sorry for the unscheduled call but as I was running an idea came to me, one I needed to share."

"Oh do tell then." Is Nicolas' response.

"Well it is about nodes. See, I was thinking that with a proper ritual we could tie them into more
elements then just the defensive matrix." A pause, "Maybe through the use of the Hestia Formula."

A thoughtful look comes to his face, "Hmm, yes, especially if you connect it via a Brighid Ritual. I
could see the nodes being extended from the primary defensive matrix and be able to associate with
the other tiers."

"Exactly. Especially if add in a network matrix that allows us to add more then one of our artificial
nodes."

A blink, "Are you planning to do that?"

"For Hogwarts and some of my hundred manors yep, but otherwise no." A small smile, "I just think
being able to utilize the sheer magical forces these new nodes will manifest for more than purely
defense is going to open up so many possibilities."

"It really is, and it makes me wonder why we hadn't thought about it before."

A chuckle, "I think its because of our current state of conflict." A grin, "Which will end and thus us
looking into ways to enhance the cosmetic, comfort, and convenience matrices of the wards is going
to come to great benefit."

"Yes it will." Nicolas then gives Harry a sly look before saying, "Soo, since I have you on call and
you are still running I figure we can use the time to go over certain lessons."

Harry grins.

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"Right all, thank you for your prompt response to my call. Especially as I know it took most of you
away from your actual work." Harry says as soon as the last of those requested appear via mirror
call. "Now, pardon me for this but as I have limited time I want us to go direct into conversation. Bill
you first."

"Of course Harry," Bill says with a nod, fully in the position of High Warder. "Before we go into
detail I would like to provide a simple overview of recent events." At Harry's nod of approval Bill
goes on. "First, we finished inventorying all the alchemical supplies gained in the various raids. Those needed for node crafting have been sent to either you or Lord Flamel, while those for ritual workings have been sent to the chosen sites for future castings. The final immediate note is we have been assigning personnel to teams in order to be ready for the workings."

A nod, "Which will occur full on when after the school year ends." A tilt of the head in thought, "So how goes the ritual writing?"

It is Maria Wright, a spellcrafter, who answers, "Matters are progressing great sir."

"Even with my recent change?"

Maria nods firmly at that before adding, "Actually yes sir, especially because of that. Our original orders to keep it to the defensive matrix honestly limited us. But being able to expand it to the other matrix categories has sort of inspired us."

Kristopher Page speaks up, "In fact sir we have created so many new ritual scripts that once matters calm down we will need to check to see if which of them are superior to current ones."

A nod. "They do say war leads to innovation so I cannot say I am surprised." Harry then pauses as he thinks things over. He then says, "Right. So before you all go over in a bit more detail the work of your individual sections I do want to know how far along you have gotten on developing a multi array for node installation."

Page answers, "Ahead of schedule as far as places like Potter Manor and Hogwarts are concerned but a bit behind as far as the ward structure for hundred manors and most other places."

"When you say Potter Manor do you just mean Potter Manor or would you include the other chief manors of the Great Houses in that?"

With a nod of her own Maria says, "All your Great House chief manors. It seems due to their similar natures, even though their ages vary, there is a similar set of design features we have to hook into."

A nod. "I can see why and how that is, so it makes perfect sense." A small smile, "Honestly since they are going to be the first set of places I provide the nodes too it's good they are nearly ready to go." A small pause before he gestures to Bill and says, "Right then, let us begin the more detailed reports."

As the last of the professors invited to the meeting in the Headmaster's Tower sits down Dumbledore gestures for Harry to speak. Harry nods at that before saying, "Thank you for agreeing to meet with me today." He then gives a soft smile, "Now, for the record, I am not here as a student of Hogwarts but rather as the Lord and Head off Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Slytherin, Emrys, and Potter."

"Does the particular order matter Lord Potter," asks Professor Vector.

With a nod Harry says, "Surprisingly enough yes." At their curious look he adds, "The three Founder Houses give me power over the wards, Emrys grants me certain rights as far as Albion is concerned, while Potter represents my oversight of the Board of Governors and my influence due to some of the lands Hogwarts is built on was seeded to the Founders by the Potters."

As looks of confusion come to their faces it is Professor Sprout who asks, "Mr Potter are you saying you own Hogwarts?"
A chuckle, "Oh no, not at all." A grin. "With the exception of a particular clearing in the Forbidden Forest when House Potter gave to the Founders the land they gave it in full. In fact their only requirement was a permanent senior position in the resulting Board of Governors."

"While this is all well and good may I ask where you are going with it," Professor McGonagall asks. She is a very busy woman after all.

With a nod, "That is a good question. One whose answer is simple - I would like to conduct a ritual willworking which will enhance the wards of Hogwarts to a level that even the Founders would not have dreamed to be possible."

"May I ask in what way will you be doing that?" Professor Snape asks curiously.

With a grin, "I will be adding a series of artificial Nodes to the central core of Hogwarts as part of a multi-array."

"You will be doing what?" Asks Professor Vector, shocked.

With a twinkle in his eye the Headmaster says, "Mr Potter here has long been in contact with my friend Nicolas Flamel. Together they have been working to develop a method to efficiently create artificial nodes."

As eyes turn towards Harry he says, with a chuckle, "It's been a personal project of mine since I first realized such a thing was even possible." He then turns to meet the Headmaster's eyes, "How long have you known?"

As his twinkle gets brighter he says, "On your project, from the beginning, on your relationship with Nicolas and Pernelle, since the Steward Wedding."

As looks of shock come on many of their faces Harry lets out a bark of surprise as he says, "And your now just telling me?"

With a slight chuckle the Headmaster says, "I have long stopped trying to manipulate you. You weren't doing anything dark or dangerous and so I left you alone." His eyes then roam the room before turning back to meet Harry's as he says, "I only know due to my tradition of double checking on the students of Hogwarts." His voice then gets serious as he says, "I do not want another Riddle."

Firm nods come from many, including Harry, whose nod of agreement is pretty much the strongest among the group. "On that, as I quite agree, you won't hear any complaints or issues from me." A pause, "Even if it's my plans you were 'spying' on."

Chuckles erupt as they can clearly detect the note of humor in what Harry is saying.

Soon after Professor Babbling clears her throat and says, "Pardon me for a return to business, but Mr Potter are you really saying that not only did you design artificial nodes but also came up with the arithmantic formula and runic scripts necessary to bond them to a ward structure?"

"Yes and no," is Harry's immediate answer. "Yes in the fact that such a development now does exist. No in the fact that I didn't do it myself, I had help. A lot. And from all of my Houses." A small grin, "As well as others, such as yourselves."

"Wait," Professor Vector says sitting up. "Are you telling me that some of the projects I worked on for your Houses over the last few years have been parts for this?"

"Yep!" Harry says with a nod. "All of you in fact." A grin as he points towards the Headmaster and
says, "Your recent work with Nicolas was part of my project." A gesture towards McGonagall, "And your work with Gringotts has aided in the development of rituals to refine certain resources."

"Mr Potter," McGonagall says with shock in her voice. "How has none of this come out?"

Harry shrugs and says, "I took advantage of the fact that most masters focus on one or two fields and don't really talk to others outside of said fields about the deeper aspects of their craft." A small smile, "Once the world calms down and I release the outline of the project you will see how multi-faceted it all ended up being." The smile turns big, "You will also all gain access to a new Gringotts account I set up for every participate."

A cough, this time from Filius, who says, "So it seems once again that we have gotten slightly off track. So, Mr Potter, what is it that we can do for you?"

"Right. So while my long term plan is to provide artificial nodes on a wider basis at the current time my Hogwarts and my House Manors will be the only ones that get it." A pause, "Now this isn't because I'm holding back, but rather out of the simple fact that the flows of magic don't mesh well."

"I assume it works on House manors and Hogwarts due to their connection to the greater magics of Albion?" Asks Professor Babbling curiously.

"Exactly." Harry says with a nod. He then shrugs, "Now since I am here I figured why not start at Hogwarts."

"Hence this meeting," comments Snape in his drawl. "So what do you want of us?"

A grin, "Only your participation in the ritual as I already have gathered the resources, equipment, and nodes."

With a twinkle in his eye the Headmaster, finding it interest not being the one organizing it all, simply says, "So Mr Potter when do you wish the ritual to be conducted?"

"A week or so I think. On the final Hogsmeade weekend."

"Don't we need to evacuate the school?" Professor Vector asks curiously for she knows that is often what is done.

It is Filius who answers, "From what I have read I don't believe that would be necessary for what we are doing."

Harry nods, "Correct. See while adding new nodes will increase the magic reserves it won't automatically fill them up." He smiles as he gestures towards a bag sitting near to him. "I have a full copy of the documents for each and every one of you so you can get a full feel for what it is we are doing. Also present are the contact info for Bill Weasley, my High Warder and organizer for the project, and Nicolas Flamel."

Professor Vector sits up at that, "Are you saying we can contact him?"

A chuckle, "Yep, that's exactly what I'm saying. He gave me permission to give this to you all, since his research plays a large part of what we developed." Harry then gets a serious look on his face before saying in a tone that has those around the room feeling like they are in the presence of royalty, "One final point. While your oaths to Hogwarts have secured what we just talked about opening up the files will wrap you in even stronger oaths, one backed by my authority as the Lord and Head of Emrys. Nothing we have discussed or you read are to be shared with anybody who is not on the approved list, which is on page two."
"That is understood Lord Potter," says the Headmaster with authority in his voice, for this is something he quite firmly agrees on.

A grin, "Well then, that's pretty much it. I mean we do have a few more minutes of scheduled time but that's all I have right now."

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"Hey kit, how's it going?" Sirius says upon walking into Harry's office in the covenant section.

Mason, the only one in the room, jumps slightly before sheepishly grinning and saying, "Hey Padfoot. It's going great, but if you wanted Harry he isn't here."

A wide grin as Sirius moves to sit down, "Nope, it's not Harry I came to see. It's you!"

"What?"

A big nod, "Yep. We wanted to see you, figured it's been a while."

It was only six days since they last talked. But this was not said.

"So we cleared our schedules and decided to come and see you," Remus says upon walking out of the tent he used as the floo point.

Mason, shocked and amazed by the gesture, begins to cry. Both men move over to him and soon there is a big hugfest going on.

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It was a little later as the hugging had given way to conversation that Mason says curiously, "I did mean to ask about all the recent movement. What's going on?"

Sirius laughs, "Harry is bringing his node project to completion, as far as Hogwarts is concerned."

Eyes widen, "But I thought the problems Bill uncovered required him to delay?"

Remus nods, "Besides Hogwarts and House manors the ritual is still not ready for use."

Mason's eyes widen in understanding at the concept Harry is going with, which is why he says, "But because he is here at Hogwarts he can do the ritual without anybody knowing."

"That's exactly it kit," Sirius says with a smile.

An answering smile then a tilt of the head, "So, when's he doing it?"

"This coming Hogsmeade weekend," Harry says walking into the room with a smile on his face. "Though such a fact is absolutely a secret."

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The moment the Headmaster stood up at breakfast a hush came over the great hall. With a soft smile and a twinkle in his eye he says, "If I may have a moment of your time. As some of you may have seen, heard, or smelled there was a bit of an accident last night. Though neither it nor the spells we need to use to clean it up are harmful it will be inconvenient."

He then claps his hands in a sign of glee before saying, "Which is why I have the good fortune to tell you all that we are expanding our Hogsmeade visit today, to all students, from all years, even those without parental permission."
Cheers.

When it calms down he says, "As we will begin the process in two hours in one hour all students and staff not participating in the clean up will need to be outside of the castle. Thank you."

Once normal table talk starts up again Hermione says, "I'm glad they are doing this." As many turn towards her she adds, "I was coming back from the library and went past the practice rooms on the East Wing. The smell almost knocked me to the ground."

This leads to Seamus nodding in understanding before adding, "I was coming out of the dueling room and found myself being chased by a green blob." A chuckle, "So yeah, I'm fine with them doing what needs to be done.

8888

As he is sitting in Headmaster's Tower a few hours later Harry says, "So, which professors did the deed?"

Professor Vector sighs and says, "It was Severus, Filius, and Minerva. Which saddens me as I wanted to be the one to do it."

With a pleased tone to his voice Severus says, "As this was the first time in years I was able to make a mistake while brewing there was no way I was going to miss the chance."

With a smirk on her face Minerva comments, "I was finally able to see the result when a particular set of spells mix."

With a nod of his own Filius adds, "I have wanted to do something like that for decades now."

"Well congrats you all," Harry says with a chuckle of amusement. "I also have to say what a great decision on giving an actual real reason for everyone needing to stay out of Hogwarts today."

"The best lie I have found are those with the truth located within." Is Severus' immediate response.

Which leads to the Headmaster saying with a twinkle in his eye, "Plus this way when anyone asks we can clearly show proof we fumigated."

"Pardon me but while this is enjoyable I do believe it is time we begin," says Pomona before the conversation can get fully off the rails.

With nods eyes turn to Harry who says, "Right. Well first of all Headmaster, Deputy, heads of houses, please make sure we are the only witches and wizards inside Hogwarts right now."

Five wands come out. Five spells are cast. Five results come in. Five nods are the result.

"Perfect." Harry says with a grin. He then turns towards the Headmaster and says, "With your permission Headmaster Dumbledore may I access the ward pedestal in your office."

"Permission granted Lord Potter," is the response the Headmaster gives. Though he might not say it he is quite proud of what Harry has achieved, of what sort of man he has become. If that means he needs to stand back and let the lad take the reigns to boost Hogwarts, then that is exactly what he is going to do.

With a grateful smile Harry nods as he gets up from his chair, "Thank you." He then moves to a corner spot in the office and reaches for the magic of the wards. His ethereal call is replicated by a
physical movement mimicking raising a pedestal.

Which, moments later, to noone's shock, leads to said pedestals rise.

"So the first step is open the wards, which will both reveal a small passage from here to the great hall while also locking said room. Once that is done we will go there and access the actual power chamber for the core stone."

Without pause Harry does exactly what he just said. His hands reach down and grip the pedestal while his mind and magic pushes into the wards. A quick showcase of intention, approved by the Headmaster, recognized by Hogwarts, leads to a chime ringing out. The elevator shuts down, the great hall locks, and a passage opens between the tower and the great hall.

All this leading to the wards opening up enough to be manipulated.

Pulling back to the now Harry smiles at the now open secret door. He then gestures for them to head down it, which the group does. It's a twisting, winding passage that takes a good five minutes to walk down but in the end the group of ten make it to the great hall.

Which leads to Minerva saying, "So how do we access the power chamber?"

"You don't know?" Vector asks surprise in her tone, mostly as she figured that as Deputy Headmistress she would have known.

"Until Mr Potter gained three of the four Founder Houses nobody had that knowledge," the Headmaster says softly. As they turn to him in shock he says, "It seems that a Headmaster some centuries ago died without passing on the secret. Since then though we have access to the ward matrix we don't have the ability to enter into the power chamber."

"Which is something that I am quite glad never got out," Harry says with a shudder as he contemplates what it could have meant. A shake of the head to dispel the thoughts, "Anyway, no need to dwell on that as the knowledge is now no longer lost."

"Could you add it to the scroll of office for certain positions here at Hogwarts?" Professor Babbling asks curiously.

A wide grin and nod, "Yep, and that is exactly what I am going to do. The Headmaster, Deputy, four school house heads, the Keeper of the Keys, and the two senior leaders of the Board of Governors will all now know." A shrug, "They can't talk about it to others of course but they will automatically know."

"Contingency planning is always good Mr Potter," comments Minerva in the way of hers. She then claps her hands in a 'let's organize' fashion and says, "So how do we get into the power chamber?"

A sly grin comes to Harry's face who says, "Now before I activate it I just want to say that if one studies the four tapestries, six statues, and three paintings that lie in the great hall that contain the symbol of Hogwarts on them one might have actually unlocked the secret."

Eyes widen at that before gazes turn towards said items in an attempt to interpret it.

After letting it go on for a few moments Harry continues, "As we don't have that amount of time I'm just going to say that the access point is on the high table, behind the Headmaster's Seat." A pause, "So ready?"

Which gets multiple nods and sees Harry heading to the particular spot, with the others close at his
"Hey Harry do you need to be the one to open it?" Sirius asks curiously, them not having talked about this bit.

"This first time yes, I need to figuratively unlock it so to speak but after this no, those I mentioned earlier will be able to access it." A quick pause, "In fact in the future I would think accessing it at least once a year to refresh it would probably be good."

Once that is said Harry pulls out his athame and cuts his finger, letting three drops of blood fall upon the small bowl shaped depression in the wood. "Three drops, no more, no less."

With that said a whirring sound can be heard, a bell tolls, and gears seem to shift. Harry backs up as the head chair turns to steps as the table splits open as a shimmering curtain appears.

"This is exactly what it appears, a portal to the power chamber." Harry then grins and heads through the portal.

As the image of the great hall fades, and the sight of others following him as well, Harry finds himself in a swirling tunnel. It is a path whose sides are crystal clear and shows to him images from all throughout Hogwarts, not just the outside but interior rooms as well.

"One could monitor Hogwarts by simply walking this area," Sirius says upon walking up to where Harry had stopped in wait.

A nod, "That's exactly what they used to do." Then a grin, "And I bet that is exactly what the Headmaster is going to do in the future."

"Mr Potter," Dumbledore says aghast, a twinkle hidden, "I am shocked that you would ever suggest such a thing. Shocked and appalled."

Due to how surprised everyone is by the comment it takes a bit of time for the twinkle in his eyes to be seen. But when they do the group begin laughing. In fact even Snape gives a slight grin of amusement at the comment.

The amusement lasts long enough for them to make it to the power chamber that lies at the heart of Hogwarts.

Quiet comes over the group as they take the chamber in.

It's a domed chamber three stories tall containing a ridge walkway on all three levels and connected by stairs. In the middle there lies a massive obelisk looking to have been formed out of a dozen crystals smoothly shaped into one whole mass. Also present are hundreds of alcoves on all three floors, with each containing a pedestal where an orb sits gently.

But that wasn't all for arking between the many crystals are bolts of magic looking like strikes of lightning.

"Welcome to the power chamber of Hogwarts and the home of her heart!"

With awe in his voice the Headmaster says, "For all the many foundation cores I have seen in my life this puts them all to shame." A pause, "Even with all the knowledge of the Hogwarts' ward structure I have had as Headmaster seeing this room." He trails off in wonder and awe.

Harry lets the group, and himself, take it all in for as long as he could before he nods and says, "So
sorry all for interrupting but we need to actually begin the work."

"Yes," Professor Snape says immediately as eyes turn to him, "let us get to work as I wish to see the appearance of the spell matrix of Hogwarts."

With a soft frown Harry says, "While I don't mean to upset you, I do need to say that this meeting isn't about analysis of the matrix but rather simply adding more nodes to the foundation stone."

"Simply, he says," Sirius comments with a shake of the head. "Only you would say that."

With a grin Harry says, "Well it's true. I mean the hardest work has already been done as the rituals have been crafted. Now we just place the nodes and cast the requisite spells to link them together in an array that is then tied to the foundation crystal."

As the group take the statement in the Headmaster says with a twinkle in his eyes, "So Mr Potter, as you seem to have already figured this out how do you wish to do this?"

"Well," Harry says before pointing to particular platform points extending from the balconies on each floor. "Besides the Headmaster and myself the rest of you will stand on one of the platforms. At the same time the Headmaster will head to the platform right at the foot of the crystal while I will do the same at the cage on the top. Once all is ready we will link together in a ceremony, provide three drops of blood, and begin the ritual casting." He then says, "So any question?"

"So with all due respect, why is it you leading us?" Is asked by Professor Sprout.

Though Harry opens his mouth to answer, Professor McGonagall beats him to it. "Why we all know our parts, and Albus knows how to guide, it is Mr Potter who knows the overall magic of Hogwarts."

"It is true," Harry says with a nod. Then tilts his head and gives the Professor a soft smile as he says, "Thank you for the kind words Professor." A pause, "As to your question, over the last five years I have been studying the way Hogwarts work, a fact which got boosted in the aftermath of this Halloween when I took on full control over the wards."

With a twinkle in his eye the Headmaster says, "Thankfully the Hogwarts wards are designed for multiple masters," at the confused looks he adds, "The Headmaster and the Heads of the Founder Houses."

While nodding at that Sirius then cheekily says, "Hey, can we begin as we have plans to meet with Mason."

There is some amusement at that followed by the Headmaster giving a nod. While some might wonder about his willingness to give up control the truth is he fully realizes that in one Harry Potter there is a person who could lead the world if given the chance.

Which is why Albus simply gestures for Harry to take the lead, not just in this ritual but in many aspects of the war against Voldemort.

Harry, seeing the gesture and understanding what it truly meant gives a full nod before grinning and saying, "Right all, please begin making your way to the platforms while getting out your athame."

Without hesitation, and more than a few agreeable nods, the group begin making there way to the spots that Harry wanted them to go.

Professor Flitwick represents the charms woven into the school and those who are Ravenclaw.
Professor Snape represents the potions contained within the fabric of the school as well as those who are Slytherin.

Professor McGonnagal represents the transfigurations which built the school, those who are Gryffindor, and the authority invested in the Deputy Head of the school.

Professor Sprout covers the magic of plants that reside in the school plus those who are Hufflepuff.

Professor Vector is monitoring the arithmantic formula imbued within the school's spell matrix.

Professor Babbling covers the runic patterns and scripts that lie deep within the matrix of the school.

Remus used his status as a once-professor to connect with the defensive magics of the school. He was chosen rather than the current DADA professor for the simple reason he was fully known and trusted.

Madam Pomfrey connected with the life and health of those within the school, a highly important work for it is she who makes sure the rights amount of life energy is used.

Hagrid is overseeing the magic of the animals that live within and around the school while also serving the magic in his role as Keeper of the Keys and Grounds of Hogwarts.

Sirius is working the magics connecting the school wards to the magic of both the Board of Governors and Albion, per his position in the Wizenemgot.

Then comes the Headmaster, providing oversight and monitoring on the magics the others are using.

Finally, there is Harry, who is the one directing and shaping the flows of magic which the others are guiding. Once everyone is in position he gives them the nod which sees them using their athame to let three drops fall upon the stone lying in their platform.

That is three drops of blood for all but two of the participants.

The first, the Headmaster, let five drops of blood fall, as had been talked about.

The second, to no one's surprise, was Harry, who let seven drops of blood fall.

At the same time as Harry lets his blood fall onto his platform he extends his aura and ‘throws’ into the air the nine artificial nodes he will be adding to the school.

Before they can drop to the ground the magic of Hogwarts catches them and takes hold with a vice-like grip that would have shattered lesser constructions.

This is, in fact, a test, one which these nodes, unlike many in the past, passed.

At the same exact time Hogwarts reaches through the blood offer and into the participants which grants her the ability to touch them on a magical core and soul deep level.

An act which lets her begin gathering magic and soul energy from all twelve participants. Now while some would consider this a gross violation the fact is that as the blood magic of Hogwarts is a pure one nothing taken by her at this time is permanently lost. Though they might get a slight headache and need to rest a bit in the end they will walk away just as strong, if not a bit stronger.

A fact which separates the pure blood magic from the corrupted versions that most people think about when they think on the art of blood magic.
As this is all going on eleven of the ritualists find themselves ‘floating’ in a version of the Hogwarts spell matrix, one aspected towards the magics they linked to. Though fully conscious and able to move their vision around they also find themselves limited, they can’t change anything or even leave the category of magic they are being shown. They can ask questions though, with answers being pushed directly into their minds from an unseen source.

The Headmaster's vision is slightly different, for while he also can see the spell matrix his sight is moving between those of the other ten. But even more is the fact that he can touch portions of the matrix, which brings up for him certain options he can choose from. He, like the others, can also ask questions, which sees Hogwarts answering him directly.

As for Harry, well, he is, as expected, fully immersed in the ethereal realm that underlies the ward structure of Hogwarts. This isn't, of course, the first time he has done this and so while he is still quite awed he is nonetheless focused.

Which leads him to focusing his sight on the ethereal structure of the array that will be holding the nodes. Magic being magic meant that he didn't need to worry about an actual physical structure connecting the nodes to each other and Hogwarts. Instead spell bindings and runic scripts did all the necessary connections.

It also led to the sight of something quite beautiful - the nine nodes grew larger in diameter while also elongating into an obelisk and then began floating around the central foundation core in an indeterminable pattern. All this was possible because of the sheer amounts of magic and soul energy collected by Hogwarts as part of this ritual.

But then suddenly Harry felt a tug on his soul that pulled him deeper into the magical realm of Hogwarts. Deep within he went till he appeared in an infinite space of mirrors reflecting scenes from all around Hogwarts.

Harry was alone but then with a grin he says, "Hogwarts, Hogwarts, where are you?"

Pop.

The glass gathered about began to rise and then move all about him. They then began to stretch and flow before coming together in the form of a beautiful woman of indeterminate age.

Hogwarts.

Harry bows slightly and says, "Hello Lady Hogwarts, blessed are you!"

Lady Hogwarts bows back and says, in a syllabant voice echoing majesty, "Hello Lord Potter, We thank you for all the work you have done for us and continue to do."

"It is my pleasure Lady Hogwarts, my absolute pleasure." He then softly gestures to cover all the images of the school and its grounds around them. "Hogwarts is my home, and will always be."

With resonance in her voice she says, "Which is a status We reaffirm, not just the Hogwarts you see before you, but all Hogwarts in all Worlds. If your journey ever takes you Elsewhere and there is a Hogwarts then know you shall always gain succor and peace within Our walls."

Harry's eyes widen in shock and awe at that, at what he realizes it means, at the sheer scope of it. So he does what he can, he bows down to a level he has never done before, "You honor me Lady Hogwarts, and I promise to do my best to never let you down."

"On that We have no doubt." She then waves her hand and images appear of a thousand thousand
Harry Potter's from innumerable worlds all doing all they can to help and aid Hogwarts. All have fierce looks of concentrations on their face, and auras that crack with magical energy indicating they will not give in. "There is not a Harry Potter that We do not recognize as having our best interest at heart, even those of you who have gone down a dark and lonely path."

He gives a slight nod at that and then grins as he says, "May I say I am glad that I don't have to truly think on those particular Harry's." He stops as he sees a version of him, tall and ornate and clearly battle scarred, aiding in the repairing of his version of Hogwarts. But then he blinks and he sees the same version of Harry walking up to a different World's Hogwarts to do it all the same. A confused look comes to his face, "But, wait, he walked between Worlds?"

"His fate ceased to be within his birth World and so he joined a Hogwarts in another." There is a deep beat of chimes followed by Hogwarts saying, "But his journey is not yours nor is the door he used open to you."

Harry grins as he points to the clearing that said other Harry used, "I can see why, the glade he used to travel between Worlds is far different here, as you are no doubt are aware."

A soft echoing laugh, like that of children at play, "That We are."

Harry gets a firm nod on his face. "As you can read from my very soul, I have no interest in leaving this World, not when there is still so much I can, and will, do to make it better. His fate might have let him journey, but mine I know is bound to Albion!" He then gives one more bow and says, "My Lady Hogwarts, though this is a most pleasant conversation, and I am awed and grateful for your presence, I do believe it is time we end it." A pause, "For now!"

The Lady Hogwarts gives a gentle smile, and a pleased nod, before saying, "You are of course right. We will say this, between the magic and spirit energy of you twelve plus the added benefit of nine Nodes of Power the capability I now possess is second only to the Wards of Camelot! With this in time there is little beyond Our ability to do when Hogwarts is threatened."

"Good," Harry says with firmness, and power, and authority in his voice. "In time I know we will be tested and so I want Hogwarts to be the place people go when they think of safety and security." He then takes a deep breath as he feels a ping on his soul. "Well then, it looks like you have collected all that you can from us, for now. All that you will have to do is take that energy and begin to let it flow down your channels." He looks between the mirrors, which are not focused solely on this Hogwarts, "I assume that there will be changes to the what people see?"

"Though We will try and hide the more blatant of them yes, there will be changes."

"That actually sounds perfect." A deep breath. "Right so let me finish casting my set of spells and rituals to make everything fully stable and then we can pull out."

In this timeless place the casting of rituals which would have taken hours, no days, could be completed in a matter of mere moments from a real time perspective. Which is why Harry did not go easy on the rituals he had his Warders work on, they are all high tier and magnitude rituals.

That said, eventually even such work ends, and so Harry began pulling out of the ward structure of Hogwarts. First from the deepest level which had him meeting the level where the Headmaster was 'visiting'. He then grabbed onto him and pulled both out, heading to the level where Hagrid and the four school house heads were, as their access gave them greater authority over the ward structure. Then Harry reached to the level of the others, grabbed onto them, and left the wards.

Pop.
They felt there bodies, and they ached and throbbed.

"How long was that?" Asks Professor Vector curiously.

"Thirty minutes real time," Harry says simply, "but days realm time."

Madam Pomfrey takes out her wand and begins casting detection spells on them. "Hmm, a bit of magical fatigue but nothing worse than that." She blinks as he feels something from Hogwarts, which has her eyes widening and a grin coming to her face. "Well, it seems that Hogwarts just informed me that a pepper up potion can in fact be administered."

Said potions are soon distributed, from the personal stashes of both herself and Professor Snape (who never goes anywhere without some).

As they are doing that the Headmaster says, as he gazes at the now nine floating crystal obelisks centered around the foundation stone, "Well I see that this was a success."

"Complete," Harry says with a smile, "which also means we are good to go for now." There is a slight pause then, "In fact we should head out for now as being here in our fatigued state is not entirely a good thing."

As they are walking Professor Sprout comments, "So, did anyone else get informed of a small personal ceremony we should be doing to trickle energize Hogwarts?"

As the three other heads nod Professor McGonagall says, "I do believe it is Hogwarts way of respectfully telling us to not let it get this bad again."

Just as they enter into the tunnel that leads back to the great hall they all feel a warm hug which has then laughing in good humor.

The walk back through the tunnel is mostly silent, as is Harry closing the entrance way and opening up the school once again.

When all that is done the Headmaster says with a twinkle in his eye, "Well then, I do believe the fumigation of the school is complete. So you may all go about the rest of the day as you see fit. Thank you for your help, both I and Hogwarts appreciate it."

Smile and nods and all about good cheer is the response given as the eleven depart from the Headmaster Tower.

As Harry, Sirius, and Remus reach the entrance doors Sirius says, "Well, let us go find Mason so we can give him his promised fun."

8888

"Oh Charlie, do I have a tale to show you the next time we physically meet." Harry says later that night while in mirror call to Charlie while laying in bed.

"A tale I am most interested in seeing," Charlie says with smiles, "though right now you look like you need a good night rest, so it can wait."

A soft smile, "I could sleep yes, but before I do, talk to me. I want to hear your voice."

Charlie grins, touched by what Harry is asking, and so gives a small nod, before beginning to tell about his day.
Middle Finals

Date: Sixth Year, Early June

As they are running Cedric tilts his head and then chuckles. As Harry raises an eyebrow at him he says, "I just realized its finals time."

"Thanks for reminding me Cedric," is Harry's answer.

Cedric scoffs in response, "Please don't try and tell me you aren't prepared. In Merlin's name there is no possible way you are nervous about this."

Harry chuckles at that before giving a grin and saying, "You know it's not fair that you know me so well because if I was anyone else you would show sympathy."

A laugh is the response as well as a longly extended, "Right." He then grins. "Soooo, seriously, how are things?"

A smile, "Pretty good. Glad the year is wrapping up soon," a pause, "not that my summers are that quiet."

Cedric chuckles at that, "No. No they really aren't." A grin. "But at least you get freedom to go wherever you need to go."

A great big grin. "Oh yeah that I like." He then chuckles. "Not that I am really constrained in my travels."

This gets a wide grin from Cedric who then says, "Oh, so speaking of travels, Terence and I are all set for our vacation in New York City."

"Oh really, nifty. When you get back you have to tell me all about it."

"Will do, will do," Cedric says as the run continues.

8888

"Students," Professor McGonagall says with a a bit of a smirk as soon as the sixth years all sit down at their desk, "you are about to have the hardest final ever known in the history of Hogwarts." She then takes out her wand and casts a security spell which blankets the room in protection. With a pleased grin she then says, "Your final is to take on an aimagus form!"

Pop.

From where there was once forty humans there instead became forty animals.

"As I said earlier splendid work, quite splendid." She then gazes at the class for a minute before nodding, "You may transform back." Forty pops. "Thank you." She then gazes at the class before saying, "This was your practical while the assignment on human transfiguration you handed in a week ago was your written. So you are free to go."

"Wait, really?" Ron asks shocked and surprised.
"Yes Mr Weasley you are in fact free." McGonagall then turns towards those who seem intrigued on the nature and says, "The skill of an animagus is in fact a dozen other skills combined, any of which I can use as an explanation for your grades." Predicting the next question she says, "Mr Boot please perform an Assisting Series transfiguration."

Terry's wand comes out and after a second to figure out what he wants to do he casts the particular spell. Its a spell that doesn't cause any physical changes but to a person like McGonagall she can sense the accuracy of the magic.

"That is exactly what I thought. I could ask any of you over a score of questions on a dozen subjects and you would know at least one if not multiple answers." She then smiles, a rare expression on her face. "So yes, your practical is finished and thus your exam is complete."

With that said she waves her wand removing the security spell, gives all a nod, and walks out of the room.

"Now that's how you make an exit!" Says Seamus with a grin.

8888

As he walks into the classroom Professor Snape says in his smooth drawl, "Your assignments are on the board. For the next hour you will brew as many of them as you can. Your final grade will be both on quantity of the potions made, and their quality." He looks around the room. "Any questions?" A wand light, "Yes Ms Patil?"

"Do we have to follow the order on the board?"

"You do not, no. But I will be watching how you brew." As she nods he turns towards the rest raises an eyebrow sees no further comment and says, "Begin!"

With nods the class then immediately begins working on their potions.

It is at the end, after all their potions are turned in to the Professor that Harry says, "Please tell me that what order we choose to do the potions in was part of the exam."

Snape simply nods, "Order is a very important aspect of potion making for time management is a skill most necessary."

A grin, "That's what I thought. Thank you Professor!" Harry then walks out of the classroom whistling.

8888

"Mr Potter if you would stay behind please," comments Professor Vector as he is about to head out of the classroom.

"Of course Professor," Harry says with a smile. He then waits till they are alone in the classroom before saying. "What may I do for you?"

Holding up his exam she says, "Are you sure you want these equations to be your assignment?"

A tilt of the head, "Is there something wrong with them?"

"Not at all Mr Potter," is her immediate answer. "It's just that by handing this in I become duty bound to show it to the WEA if they ask."
Harry's eyes rise up in understanding, leading to a grin. "I see." A smile. "No worries though, the formula I wrote up was designed specifically for Ministry consumption." A sly smile, "So if you need to show it to them do not hesitate."

A wide grin comes on her face, "I see, I see. Well then that was all, you may head out."

As soon as Harry leaves the room she glances down at the paper and shakes her head in amusement while thinking, 'Of course you would write a final paper that would shake up the Ministry'.

A statement fully accurate for the arithmantic formula in Harry's final exam paper was designed to be added onto rituals performed by casters with ties to the Great Houses and improve them many magnitudes.

8888

As the sixth years were walking out of the DADA exam Harry says with a laugh, "I love how the practical is a duel. It's so fun!"

"For you may," says Hannah with a laugh.

"Yeah not all of us like dueling as much as you do," adds Lavender.

"Oh come on, what's not to like. Being able to use a vast assortment of spells in a safe but active environment. It's wicked!" Harry responds immediately.

"Well I'm just glad we didn't have to duel you," comments Stephen, "as that's not fair, not fair at all."

This gets some chuckles as the gathering of friends continue to make their way to the great hall.

8888

"Hey Remus, Sirius." Harry says with a smile as they begin their House meeting.

"Hey pup." Sirius says with an answering smile.

"Hows it going cub?" Is Remus' greeting and question.

"It's going well. Finals are not kicking my ass, which is not a shock I know." Harry says with a chuckle.

"Well that's great," Sirius says with a smile.

"Even so cub we won't keep you that long." Remus states.

"Thankfully matters are slightly quiet at this time."

With a wry grin, "Well that's nice to hear. So what is going on?"

"I have two main points I want to go over today," Remus says.

"And I have one," Sirius adds. "It's a quick update."

Which has Remus nodding at that and gesturing for Sirius to go first. With a smile he does, saying, "So the education committee has written a second draft of their proposal. It has been approved and is now waiting for a presentation slot in front of the whole Wizenemgot. We are thinking early summer."
"That's perfect as that means I can be there and actually give my Potter votes." A grin. "In fact there is many benefits to having my first time voting being on an education expansion law." At the shared nods of agreement he smiles. He then tilts his head, "Send me the current draft as I want to make sure its exactly what I want."

"Will do Harry," Sirius says with a smile before sitting back and gesturing to Remus to speak.

As eyes turn towards him, Remus says, "As I said I have two main issues. The first of which is that there is a bit of a trade dispute going on in the eastern American hundreds. The problem we have is that we have many hundreds in the region, of different Houses, whose merchants are basically on multiple sides of it."

Harry takes it in, "Oh wow, that's going to be fun to unravel."

"Which is why I already established a team to look over all the information we have. I will forward you their results, as well as the bare information."

"Thank you. I will read over the material and we will discuss this further. I have a feeling though that some of our Houses are going to loose out on this."

"I will have the team work out various programs we could establish so that even those hundreds don't benefit from the trade war will still remain economically viable." At Harry's nod he then says. "The second issue I have is a bit more bookkeeping. I would like to go over the changes to the organization and personnel of your House Mortis holdings."

With a stretch and a lean back Harry nods at that and gestures for Remus to go on for this was a conversation he had long expected.

8888

"You know Harry you already took your final for Charms, so there is no need for our regular meeting," Flitwick says with a smile soon after the lad sits down in front of his desk.

With a chuckle, "Oh I know that and in fact I have little worry about my grades." A small shake of the head, followed by a grin. "No what I wanted to talk to you about was the article in the Charms Century magazine."

"Are you talking about the article on arcane defense systems or the one on the utilization of spontaneous wizard space charms."

A laugh, "Both actually. I read the articles and while I understand most of what they are saying there are some questions I have." A shrug, "So I figured that this would be a perfect opportunity to learn more about it."

Flitwick grins at that, "It is a perfect opportunity, one I am quite happy to explain further."

8888

Harry sat back on his desk after nearly an hour of work on his runic assembly - which took the shape of a wooden ship. A ship which was designed to fly through the air while also serving as a mobile home, House headquarters, trade center, and military camp. Not only did it contain hundreds of runic scripts but Harry made sure at least one of every category they learned the past year had been included.

With a nod he finished double checking and so got up to hand it to Professor Babbling. As he did so
he couldn't help but softly say to her, "While this works on this scale I just wish the flows worked efficiently enough to sustain a life sized copy."

She grins at that before waving her wand to 'lock' the project from further modification. Once that's done she then says, "Well Mr Potter if you continue to work on your personal projects I do believe you might be able to achieve such a goal."

Harry chuckles at that and says, before heading out of the class, "Oh Merlin that would be sweet."

Which gets a grin from the Professor, right before she turns to focus on Blaise who also just finished and is handing in his project.

8888

A few minutes into his mirror call with Charlie, Harry gives a loud sigh at the same time as he stretches out.

"Tired?"

"Yeah." A soft smile, "Though the finals weren't difficult they are tiring to have nearly all at once." A pause, "I mean they did take place over a few days, but still. It felt nonstop."

"That I can understand. But just think, this is your last set of finals."

A chuckle, "Yeah, because next year are my NEWTs. All twenty-five of them. Which is going to be even more of a pain in the rear."

"You did the OWLs you can do the NEWTs. On that I have no doubt. Especially when you begin your year wide study sessions backed by your private tutoring. So yeah your going to be fine!"

A soft grin, "Thanks Charlie. I am glad I have your support." He then takes a deep breath. "Anyway how are things with you?"

"Great. Spent a few hours today with my Chancellor and Seneschal at Sidus Manor going over boring but important business." Harry chuckles at that as he knows what he means. "Then spent even more hours at the Sanctuary working with the dragons." A pause then a grin, "Now I say 'working' but really it was a bunch of us playing with the dragons."

"Oh wicked, tell me more!" Harry says with a wide grin.

This is an 'order' that Charlie is more than happy to comply with.

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An Ending

Chapter Notes

Well here it is, the final section for Book Six. With this posting this book - the sixth of the lot - is done.

Wow.

What an interesting experience it has been so far.

BUT, it's not done yet. Nope. Not yet. For there is one more between story and then the start of Book Seven, the final book of this particular saga.

*static as there is an interruption*

Pss. By the way, Book Seven isn't the last story I am posting in this saga. There is a post-between, a very special wedding, and an even more very special coronation! Yep. I said it. Both parts are coming.

*static as the interruption fades*

What was that. Anyway. Yep, book six is now done. Which as I said leads to one more book left!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An Ending

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Date: Sixth Year, Mid June

"No run today Mr Potte?" Professor Snape questions as he comes upon the other walking to the great hall for breakfast.

A shake of the head, "Nope, not for the next few days actually. I find to run is more stressful then relaxing."

With a nod, "That makes sense Mr Potter. Well then I wish you a happy year end and a good summer."

Harry gives a grin-filled nod before saying, "You too Professor." A sly smile then appears, "Though we both know we will be seeing quite a bit of each other over the course of this summer."

"A fact I dread Mr Potter," Severus says with his drawl.

Harry laughs then gestures for the Professor to go first into the hall. With a slight bow of the head the man does so, followed by Harry.

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As the book discussion part of the meeting ends Harry says, "With that the final meeting of the book club is complete!"

Cheers erupt from among those gathered, for they had quite a lot of fun this year.

Once the comments faded Dean speaks up, "So, what theme do we want to read over the summer?"

Nobody turns to Harry, which actually pleases him as he has often said he is happy to let them decide for the club.

It is Hermione says, "With everything going on may I say not war."

"I second that," Ernie says with a nod of agreement.

"How about muggle and magical?" Lisa questions softly.

This leads to numerous intrigued looks coming on to their faces as the meeting continues.

8888

"So Harry if you had too how would you sum up this year?" Blaise asks him curiously as a bunch of them sit in a couch corner of the covenant section.

"That the year started out strong with the antics on Halloween, stabilized mid year, and then ended for me with a bang."

As Harry says the last bit a number of people sit up, which leads to Stephen saying, "Oh so you are finally going to talk about the whole House Mortis situation?"

A chuckle, "Well among us, yeah. Though I admit to trying and keeping it a bit of a secret."

"You can't really expect your status as a Head for Mortis to not get out." Comments Tracy surprised that Harry would be seemingly naive.

"Well not so much the fact I am the Head, but I will try and not explain the deeper meaning of why I am the Head."

This has Theodore asking, "Will you tell us?"

"No. Sorry." Is Harry's immediate answer. "I need to keep the truth under wraps. In fact I will say that only my most senior House officers know the truth."

"Understood," Draco says into the quiet but then tilts his head and asks, "So what is your official answer as to why, if people ask?"

"Well, officially, it has something to do with the whole Halloween event. I won't be going into detail but I will say that at least."

"That's true isn't it?" Neville asks curiously. "I mean there have to be deeper reasons but wouldn't a truth spell say that you are being accurate?"

A chuckle, "Actually yep, it would, and yes, I am." There is a slight pause followed by, "Anyway, so that's my description how about yours?"

The group then share ideas for some time.
Dinner was ending and Harry heads towards where Professor Snape is standing. "Professor, may I speak to you for a moment?"

"Of course Mr Potter, should this be public or?"

"Or, at least from the student body."

"I see," Snape says as he gestures for Harry to head into the room behind the teacher's table. Harry and Snape are followed by both McGonagall and Filius, who are quite intrigued.

As soon as they are in the room Harry grins and says, "So Isis was telling me that she would like to spend the summer with you. If you are willing of course."

"If I am willing," Snape repeats incredulously. "Of course I am willing Mr Potter. Isis is a beautiful serpent and I would adore having her with me for at least the summer, if not longer."

A grin, "That is what I thought. So be prepared for her to be laying on the mantle of your fireplace when you get back."

Snape nods at that, trying to hide his shock, but in the end mentally shrugs and says, "Thank you Mr Potter for allowing her to serve as my companion, even if it's temporary."

"That is not a problem Professor, not a problem at all." Harry then waves at the other two and heads out of the room.

As soon as he does so Minerva says softly, "Are you okay Severus?"

A nod. "I am yes. I was just awed by his gesture."

"Do you care for Isis, Severus?" Filius asks softly.

Severus nods at that before saying, "Between us I would not mind having her as a familiar." A pause, "Though as she is Mr Potter's I do not believe that is possible."

"I do not think she is Harry's Severus," Filius says. "I know all about familiar bonds and while he has strong ones with both his owl and Loki I do not believe his with Isis is as strong."

Eyes widen as the possibility comes to him.

Minerva says, "I agree with Filius, mostly because if they had a tight bond he would not be that comfortable with her staying with you for an entire summer."

Nod. Nod.

"Does that mean Friend that Isis might not be staying with us?" Loki hisses as Harry heads back to Gryffindor.

"In the long term yes," Harry says simply. He then raises his hand up so Loki and he are looking eye to eye. "Are you really surprised?"

A soft hiss then a body wiggle followed by, "No, not really. Isis likes that one most."
"And Severus likes Isis quite a lot as well. In fact I figure by the end of summer he will tell me they have bonded." Harry gives a soft smile before adding. "What bothers you Loki?"

"I don't want to leave you."

"And you never shall Loki. Our magic is bound together in accordance with the old ways."

"Good!"

Walking into the Gryffindor common room Harry stops, spreads his arms out, and says, "So, last night before end of year. What shall our group activity be?"

Lots of ideas are shouted out in response.

Which leads to Harry laughing, "Come on, come on, you know shouting out ideas isn't the best way. Let's do this rightly!"

Many nods at that before the gathered masses begin a much more structured method of choice.

"I love the leaving feast," Ron says while eating breakfast.

"You just like feasts," Dean says simply, to the laughter of others.

"Nothing wrong with that," Ron adds. He then grins and throws a number of tater tots at Dean, who catches them all in his mouth.

"While that was quite skillful Dean," Hermione says, "can we not throw food."

"You're no fun Hermione," Ron says with a chuckle in his voice showing he is kidding.

She just sniffs the air, in a manner quite similar to Percy.

In fact so familiar that Ron stares then rolls his eyes before going, "You know dating Percy has given you some bad traits."

Which leads to laughter among those of Gryffindor who heard it.

"Hey Mason are you joining us or your friends for the train back?"

"Friends," Mason says with a big smile. He frowns, "Cause I have to see your ugly mug all summer long."

"Hahaha, so funny you are not!" Harry says with a grin and a ruffle of Mason's hair.

"Get off," Mason says as he pretends to dodge away from the gesture. He then grins before adding, "See you at the station."

Neville, who had been standing by says, "It's better to say, 'see you on the train when he knocks on your cabin', like he does on all cabins."

In response Harry mutters something about getting new friends.
After playing a bunch of games and having some fun conversations with his immediate friends Harry sighs and then stands up. As he does so Luna looks up and says, "Starting your rounds of greeting?"

"Yep," Harry says with a nod. "If I start now I will be done an hour or so before the train arrives and thus I can relax again."

"Well have fun, good luck, see you then," Ron says as he is playing chess with Hermione.

Harry grins at the completely unbothered nature of the response.

It is at the same exact time as the train pulls in the station that Harry and Ron wrap up their final chess game.

Hermione nods at that and says, "Well let's go do our last prefect check of our sixth years."

Harry gives a grin at that, "Yeah lets."

Neville then speaks up, "Especially as the quicker you do the rounds the quicker you can get to the perfect spot to be there to give a goodbye greeting before everyone heads out."

Ron blinks at that, not so much at what Harry is doing, as that is not unexpected, but as he realizes something. As they look at him he says, "I just realized we have only one more year of this. One more start and one more end, and then that's it."

Silence fills the room which is broken by Luna singing, "Not me!" Which leads to a spontaneous break of laughter as the heavy air gets lifted.

"Ready to go pup?" Sirius says as the last family, minus the Weasley's, finish talking to him.

"Or are there more cub," Remus adds humorously.

"He better be done," Mason says from where he is standing next to both men, "as I'm bloody tired."

"Language," comments Sirius, Remus, Harry, and Molly without pause.

"Really all?" Is Mason's response to that as those still present simply laugh.

While Sirius ruffles Mason's hair Harry simply chuckles, "Yeah I'm done, so let's head home!"

The End of Sixth Year!

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Chapter End Notes

Oh hey. One slight quick update.
Soooo the plan. This Sunday is the last three sections of Book Six. Next Sunday is the last Between story. Then the Sunday after that is the first few sections of Book Seven.

I currently have 12 sections of Book Seven to write left but said sections are titled, outlined, and given plot points in my notes. Soooo once I sit down, clap my hands to focus, and just put my attention on it, they should get written.

Now, this does mean that technically the posting of book seven will be started before the end but I can say that between section 1 and the last twelve is 12 sections for the summer period and 21 for the school week. With two to three sections per week that is many weeks before we get near the point where the last twelve sections are required for posting.

Soooooo, basically, there should be no worries!

But yeah. That's it. That's a wrap for Book Six. All sections are done and all words are now in.

I hope you all have enjoyed this story and stay with us as the conclusion soon begins!

Later all!

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End Notes

Thank you for reading to this point. Remember comments, thoughts, criticisms are all welcome - as are ideas for potential plot points, ideas which might be accepted and turned into full blown sections of there own. :)

Honestly, and truthfully, thank you for continuing to read and enjoy my works.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!