Triumph Between

by OhHamilton

Summary

Harry Potter's 17th Birthday rolls around as per usual with him working to the bone at the Dursleys. A wave of pain washes over him and the next day he wakes up with wings among other things. A letter from the Goblins and the carefully constructed life he has been living begins falling apart. Discovering his inner creature, his mates and his true parentage leads Harry on a new adventure with some old and some new friends.
I would like to thank Amoryxya for her wonderful fic Perfect Bliss which kicked off my writing once more. It has been years since I picked up a pen so to speak and something in her incomplete fic called to me. So I copied the text and started writing, just for myself, with no intention of releasing it. But as the hours I spent working on this fic ticked on, part of me wondered if I could release it. So I reached out to Amoryxya, explaining to her how she had inspired me so, asking if it was possible I could release the work. With a little discussion and a lot of help, we found a middle ground.

If you have read Perfect Bliss, you will probably recognise chunks of text at the beginning of the fic, but I have changed a bit of it to fit with the story I continued on with. Please, please, take the time to go read the original, which I have linked this to.

This story has been completely finished by me, so I will be posting a chapter every other day, unless I get lazy or something comes up, which is possible. I will update the tags as I go as well because there is a fair amount of content to get through and I have already read and edited this story so many times I don’t want to read through it again in one hit to figure out all the tags. A lot of the creature types referenced have been lifted from Grimm the TV show.

Of course, I do not own any of the Characters, they belong to JK Rowling, I simply have had fun playing with them.

The original version:

**Perfect Bliss** (69908 words) by Amoryxya
Chapters: 19/
Fandom: Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Underage
Relationships: Harry Potter/Severus Snape/Draco Malfoy/Lucius Malfoy, Remus Lupin/Hermione Granger, Bellatrix Lestrange/Voldemort, many more
Characters: Ron Weasley, Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy, Lucius Malfoy, Severus Snape, Hermione Granger, Remus Lupin, Teddy Lupin, Many OC, Voldemort, Bellatrix Lestrange, Albus Dumbledore
Additional Tags: Mpreg, Moresomes, Threesome, Be weary, Just...be ready for anything, Creature Fic, I don't actually do rape or non-con., but - Freeform, just in case, Please be be weary of triggers, Violence, Incest
Chapter 1

It was a dark, peaceful night in Little Whinging. Carbon copy houses lined Privet Drive, some yards were decorated, some were simple, but all were neat and tidy.

One house was different from them all; Number four held an average and very normal family. A man and a wife whom had a son that looked just like his father. Except they had a secret, there was another boy who lived under their roof who was kept hidden during the day. During the evening though, the boy was sent out to do the gardening, the trimming, and, just as the sun was rising, the mowing. He took care of everything so that the house would look like a perfect picture out of Home & Garden Magazine.

Harry Potter was down on his hands and knees in the garden squinting to see the weeds that he was currently pulling. Since the end of his fifth year, his body had started to change, he had finally gotten his overdue growth spurt, stretching out to 5 ft, 10”. His scrawny undernourished frame had filled out, muscles hard-won from manual labour taut beneath his skin. His hair was still short, and jet black, shining like obsidian in the moonlight. His eyes green pools were more world-weary than the average almost 17-year-old.

Harry looked at his old, worn out watch on his pale wristwatch and sighed, it was midnight already.

“Happy birthday to me,” Harry mumbled as he returned to working on the garden.

A pressure began to build between his shoulders as if someone was pushing and pulling the bones. The pressure gradually faded, being replaced by the twitching of his muscles. A second later he could feel muscles at the base of his spine twitching too. Harry shook the twitches off, assuming they were muscle spasms brought on by overworking his body with too little food.

Moments later, Harry cried out as pain coursed through his back and legs. Howling in agony, it felt like his bones were tearing him apart from the inside, lengthening, reshaping, changing. Collapsing, need and pain washed over him, but it wasn’t his, he could sense three separate sources from himself.

His instincts screamed at him, he needed to find them, his mates, to claim them, make them his so no one could take them from him. His senses heightened, overwhelming his already taxed mind. It became too much for him, as blackness took over, right on top of his Aunt’s daisies.

Malfoy Manor, Third Floor, Master Suite

Lucius Malfoy rolled onto his stomach in his sleep, groaning in pain as his grey triple tail extended,
his ears elongated into long, furry points. His eyes shot open, the colour an unnatural molten silver. The elder Malfoy panted and stretched his back as the links in his mind flared open. They had finally unlocked. His Dominant mate had just received their inheritance. The man winced before growling loudly into the night as he tested the three new links attached to his mind, feeling relief when he got small tremors in response.

The bed beside him shifted and a head of long blonde hair peaked over the covers at him. Narcissa jerked upright as she saw her husband’s state.

“Lucius, calm down. What’s wrong?” She murmured, tucking some hair that had fallen in her husband’s face behind his ear.

Suddenly, she felt the bond between her and her husband break, and she knew what had occurred. Lucius had responded to his mate’s first transformation. Narcissa smiled softly as Lucius turned his head to her, his cat-like ears twitching in pain. He growled as he tried to sit up, but his muscles were too weak from the forced shift.

“I’ll let you rest, I’ll be in my bridal suite if you need me.” Narcissa said softly, “Try to relax and go back to sleep. We still have to pick Draco up from the Zabini Manor tomorrow afternoon.”

Lucius couldn’t stop a contented purr from escaping his chest when he heard his son’s name. Slowly he settled down enough to slip back into sleep, mentally caressing the light thrum of the bonds that had recently formed.

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Zabini Manor, Fourth Floor, Fifth Door on the Right

Draco awoke from a deep sleep screaming. He was flat out on the bed, shoulder-length white hair splayed out on his pillow, back arching into a bridge. His change was forced, ears lengthened into snow-white furry points and a long fluffy white tail grew out from the base of his spine.

Hearing his best friend scream Blaise awoke, his eyes instantly turning a feral red as he searched for what or who was hurting his brother in all but blood. No one hurt a vampire’s coven. When he looked at Draco his eyes calmed a little, shifting towards his natural golden brown. The blonde’s tail was bent at an odd angle underneath him, ripples of pain running down the slender frame.

Blaise jumped off his bed and knelt beside Draco just as Clara, his mother ran in.

“What’s going on?” Clara exclaimed as she saw Draco panting and whimpering as Blaise rolled him over onto his stomach, freeing his tail.

“I don’t know,” Blaise gasped Draco’s shoulder attempting to waken him. “This has never happened
Clara pulled out her wand and cast a diagnostic spell over the blonde, “Poor thing,” she said, “It looks like three bonds have awakened in his mind. We’ll just have to try and get him to sleep again. We can tell his parent’s what happened when they come for him tomorrow afternoon.”

Draco was trapped in his own mind, awash with pain as the links flared to life. His mind bombarded with new information, sleep claimed him before he could focus on it too hard though.

**Snape House, First Floor, Potions Laboratory**

Severus Snape was standing in his lab quietly brewing when he collapsed on the floor. A pained whimper escaped his lips as he felt all the links in his mind throb before flaring wide open. The sudden onslaught of sensation and emotions caused his legs to shift, melting together as his pants tore and fell to the stone floor beneath him. He clung to the workbench, gently lowering himself to the ground as his dark magenta tail could no longer support him. He groaned as the dry air hit his scales. Mermen were not supposed to change out of water.

He stripped off his shirt and apparated out of his lab and to his indoor, freshwater pool. A slight feeling of annoyance settled in his gut as his mind counted the seconds it took for his potion to spoil. Taking a deep breath in he let go of the aggravation and began to swim around the pool. After swimming for a few moments, the throbbing in his head and tail lessened and he realized exactly how tired he was after the transformation.

Severus swam over to a large rock that lay just behind the magical waterfall coming from high up in the air of the room. Pulling himself up onto the rock he kept the delicate tail fin in the water while the rest of his body was sprawled out on the cool rock, mist from the waterfall dancing over his exposed scales. He lay his head on his arms before he closed his eyes and smiled; a faint purring filling his mind from one of the links. He fell asleep as he listened to all of his mates in his mind.

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Harry woke with the morning sun, groaning at the bright light streaming through the daises. The muscles in his back and legs protested loudly as he forced himself to his knees and off the ground. He noticed that the muscles around his shoulder blades and lower back were particularly stiff as he moved toward his Aunt and Uncle’s house. With his muscles screaming at him and an odd headache throbbing in his skull he forgot about the yard work he was supposed to finish the night before.

By the time he got to the large closet that his relatives had called his bedroom he had begun to feel twitching in his shoulders and lower back muscles; reminding him of the familiar sensations from the night before. He must have overworked himself and passed out. It had been unusually hot outside the night before.
Slumping onto his cot, he worked at convincing himself he was fine and that nothing odd had happened to him in the night. Suddenly, his entire back began twitching again, streaks of pain shooting through the muscles and down into his bones. Slipping forward onto his hands and knees, he gasped at the sensation of something snapping out of his shoulders.

When his breath finally returned with a more bearable level of pain, he reached a hand back over his shoulder. His hand made contact with something. Fingers lightly travelled down the protrusions as his head whipped to the right, coming face to face with a large, leathery, black and green wing. Something shifted behind him as he knelt back, and he looked down by his hip. Below the bottom edge of another wing, he could see a tail that matched his wings. Dense black scales on the top, rich forest green underside.

He had wings and a tail. What in bloody hell?

He fought a surge of panic down and tried to remember what Hermione had told him about her research into wizarding culture. Something about an inheritance that occurred on a magics 17th birthday. Some people had creature ancestors and the genes that had been passed on could be activated by their magical inheritance on their first adult birthday.

He crawled to his school trunk at the foot of his bed, rummaging until he found a small hand mirror. He stared at his reflection in shock. His eyes were no longer a bright green, now they were a dark jade colour with swirls of silver and black. His face was more angular than before, black and dark green scales creeping over his forehead, cheekbones and jaw from his hairline. It was odd though; from the pictures of his parents, he didn’t remember either of them having a square chin.

His hair hadn’t changed much. It was still short and spiky, the same shade of midnight black as before. His skin, on the other hand, had changed, it was now a rich golden brown instead of the previous creamy pink. Looking down at himself he could see he had bulked out, his muscles larger and more defined as well. More scales traced down his throat, fading out over his shoulders and chest. He noticed scales around his joints mostly, wrapping around his hands, feet and hips.

Hearing his Aunt begin to move around as she got ready for the day dragged him from his thoughts. He relaxed a little as he heard the shower start; he had time. His Aunt took long showers, and it was a Saturday, so his Uncle and cousin wouldn’t be up for a few hours. His poor attempt at working in the garden wouldn’t be discovered until then. His Aunt hated punishing him herself, leaving the dirty work for her husband.

An odd twinge of amusement filled him. He was worrying about being punished for not doing his chores when he had wings and a tail. It was absurd!
Harry knew he had to get rid of his new appendages before his relatives saw them; Merlin knew what they would do to him. As he considered how to get rid of them, his muscles began flexing painfully. A strange pulling sensation began around his shoulder blades and tail bone and he turned his head to watch his wings disappear into his back. A final twist proved that his tail had hidden itself too. Well, that solved that problem.

He was brought out of his thoughts by a tapping at his window. A regal looking brown owl was sitting on the only remaining bar attached to his window. He went over and opened the window. It swooped in, dropped a letter, and swooped back out without waiting for a reply or a treat. Harry raised an eyebrow at the odd bird and shut the window before collecting the letter from the floor.

The first thing he noticed was the Gringotts seal, which he promptly cracked to open the letter.

\begin{center}
\textit{Dear Mister Potter,}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
We have found some discrepancies within your records and accounts. You are required to attend a meeting in order to validate and correct the records. Please gather any relevant documentation and prepare to be portkeyed to Gringotts. Once arrived, request to see your account manager: Matterhorn. This letter is a portkey and will activate two minutes after the seal is broken.
\end{center}

\begin{center}
Sincerely,
\end{center}

\begin{center}
Secretary Clawsbeard
\end{center}

Harry was confused, since when did he have accounts at Gringotts? As far as he knew he only had the one vault that his parents had left him. Knowing he didn’t have much time and that this could be his only chance, he waved his wand, directing all his possessions into his trunk. Another wave and the trunk locked itself, before shrinking down and flying into his palm to be tucked into his pocket.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the letter begin to glow. He reached out and grabbed his letter just in time to feel a tug behind his navel, and then he was gone from his Aunt and Uncle’s perfect house.
He staggered as he landed in the main entrance hall of Gringotts. As Harry walked up to the podium where a goblin was glaring down at him, he noticed he could see the world with remarkable clarity which was totally foreign to him. Instinctively, he moved to adjust his glasses, only to realise they were no longer on his face!

Harry refocused on the goblin who was sneering at him from a few feet away after he heard the creature clear his throat.

“Can I help you?” The goblin’s gravelly voice was strangely loud to Harry’s ears, making him wince a little and the goblin to grin at his discomfort.

“I was supposed to meet with my account manager,” Harry paused to peer at the letter still in his hand, “Matterhorn.”

The goblin frowned, holding out a spindly hand. “Letter.” He ground out.

Harry passed it over and watched as the goblin’s frown deepened as he read the contents. The goblin’s eyes flickered up to Harry.

“Follow me.” The goblin hopped down from the podium and walked toward the back of the bank without waiting for Harry.

The goblin was quite fast for someone with such short legs and Harry found himself speed walking to keep up. He was led toward a large stone door at the very back of the bank. The nameplate sunk into the stone said, “Matterhorn,” in all capital letters; without knocking the goblin pushed open the door.

Harry followed the goblin through the door and into the ornate office on the other side. The goblin that sat at the desk across from him was a little bigger than the one that led him in and his eyes were even crueler.

“Sit down Mister Potter.” The goblin gestured to a chair in front of the desk.

As Harry made himself comfortable, the goblin continued. “I am Matterhorn, Account Manager for the Potters. Do you have the documentation?”

Confusion washed over Harry’s face. “Documentation?”

Matterhorn’s eyes narrowed. “Yes, documentation; a birth certificate, a license of some sort, school transcripts. Some proof of your identity; documentation.”

“I never received any of those.” Harry said, taking on a ‘sir’ at the goblins deepening frown.

“Your guardian never gave you your birth certificate? He never provided you with copies of your school grades?” Matterhorn queried. Harry was certain if the goblin’s eyes narrowed anymore they would be shut.

Harry’s eyebrows snapped together. He didn’t even realise he got final grades. He was always told by his teachers and the headmaster that he had passed the year. He never had the mental capacity or opportunity to ask with the ‘adventures’ he had always happening at the end of the school year.
“My Uncle doesn’t have anything do to with my schooling and he never mentioned my birth certificate, sir.” Harry ventured.

Matterhorn scowled at Harry before opening a folder on his desk, scanning a paper he pulled out from inside, “Your guardian is not one Albus Dumbledore?”

Harry froze, blinking in astonishment. The goblin began looking impatient, so he coughed, pulling himself together. “No, sir. I have been living with my Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon Dursley since I was a baby.”

Anger settled over the goblin’s face as he referred to the sheet in front of him again. “Lily Potter nee Evans will specifically stated that you were to not be placed with Petunia and Vernon Dursley in the event of their death.” Matterhorn clarified, “You were to be raised by your godfather Sirius Black, and if not him then by Albus Dumbledore.”

Harry breathed through the anger welling up within him. He was never meant to live in that place, never meant to be subjected to their tender mercies. He didn’t even notice his eyes sliding shut over the pain stabbing through him as he realised Dumbledore had placed him with his Aunt and Uncle even though he wasn’t supposed to. Some part of him hoped it had been a mistake.

As the silence stretched without Harry responding, Matterhorn huffed and moved on to the next topic of business, “Why did you order your owl to change the path of your mail to Gringotts?”

“My mail?” Harry’s eyes snapped open, confusion replacing anger. “I never had Hedwig change my mail destination.”

His confusion only seemed to increase the goblins irritation. He growled and pulled out a large piece of parchment and a clean quill.

“Very well Mister Potter. Please prick your finger with the quill and sign your name at the top of this parchment.” Matterhorn indicated the appropriate spot.

Harry sighed, wincing as he stabbed himself and signed his name. Matterhorn pulled the parchment away and scanned the writing that was appearing.

“There you are Mister Potter,” Matterhorn said as he handed back the parchment, “Now I am free to discuss your accounts.”

The goblin began riffling through one of his desk drawers, extracting folders as Harry looked down at the document in his hands. He felt his stomach drop; this couldn’t be right.

“This says I am adopted. That my name is Dominick Corvus Black, not Harry James Potter.” Harry felt numb. When Matterhorn didn’t reply he continued, looking up. “This says that my parents are Roman Thomas Alexeev and Bellatrix Black. Isn’t that Bellatrix LeStrange’s maiden name? Black? And who is Roman Alexeev?”

Matterhorn blinked, perhaps he should have read more of the parchment before handing it over. He held out his hand, requesting the document back for his perusal.

“Well, that explains a few things.” The goblin murmured as he studied the wizard before him, “Let me tell you a story Mister Potter, or Black if you prefer. When I was a younger goblin, I worked in the Olde House branch, where only the oldest wizarding houses kept their accounts. I worked for many old families and I knew the heads very well. I grew to know Bellatrix and her sisters well, they would often come to explore their family vaults.
“You can imagine my surprise when I heard of Bellatrix Black, now LeStrange, torturing and permanently damaging a young couple in front of their infant son. The girl I knew would only kill someone if they were a threat to her family and loved ones. It was also a surprise that she had married Rodolphus LeStrange, as I had recently filed the engagement paperwork between her and Roman Alexeev. Who seemed to have vanished overnight.

“It was around the time of her marriage to LeStrange that whispers of a man named Tom Riddle, calling himself Lord Voldemort, began circling. Curiously, no one could really remember much about him other than that he was dangerous. His appearance coincided rather nicely with reports that Mr. Alexeev had disappeared while searching for a child that had been taken from him. Curious is it not that one man disappeared, and another appeared in his place?

“The goblins who worked alongside on the Alexeev accounts shared the same suspicions as I. They infiltrated Voldemort’s followers, doing so at great risk to themselves because they had to seemingly cut all ties with the rest of us. I only received one report before they too disappeared.”

Here the goblin’s face saddened as memories assaulted him, “The man who called himself Lord Voldemort, before his face was so deformed, had similar features to that of Roman Alexeev. They reported that there seemed to be some sort of heavy glamour, which could not be pierced or lifted, covering his face.

“They also spoke of Voldemort’s insanity, though it wasn’t as obvious back then, and the odd moments of almost clarity when the Dark Lord would look upon them and those Roman had known with almost recognition. He would apparently get terrible headaches after such moments. They commented on the way he spoke, and the way he moved…”

Matterhorn trailed off, becoming lost in his thoughts before he shook himself and refocused on Harry. “There was a plan, scheduled for the night that my fellow goblins disappeared for good, to steal genetic material from Voldemort. We needed proof of who he was, but as I said my brethren vanished and as such, nothing could be done.”

“You’re saying that something happened to my…” Harry swallowed heavily, “parents. Something made them turn into the insane people that they are now. Something that made my own father try to kill me over and over again every year since I came to Hogwarts.”

Matterhorn handed back to inheritance parchment. “Look again, I believe you may find some answers there.”

Inheritance Test
Subject: Dominick Corvus Black
Birth Father: Roman Thomas Alexeev (Dämonfeuer – Dominant)
Birth Mother: Bellatrix LeStrange nee Black (Witch – Neutral)
Adoptive Father: James Potter (Illegal, Deceased)
Adoptive Mother: Lily Potter nee Evans (Illegal, Deceased)

Creature Inheritance
Dominant Dämonfeuer - humanoid dragons with leathery wings and a tail; heightened senses, claws, and sharpened upper and lower canines. The Dämonfeuer is a pack creature and has sufficient mates to stabilise the Dominants magic. Inheritance is usually triggered on the 17th Birthday of the Dominant when bonding links are opened, and the first transformation takes place.

Homes
Potter Manor, Edinburg, Scotland
Potter Cottage, Godric’s Hollow, England
Black Manor, Hertfordshire, England
Black House, Grimmauld Place, England

Primary Vaults
Potter Family Vault: 1,280,432 galleons
Black Family Vault: 19,197,099 galleons
Alexeev Vault (Access Pending): 5,832,973 galleons
2,500,000 USD
8,500,000 GPB
1,500,000 Euros

Secondary Vaults
Harry Potter School Vault: 2,638 galleons
Alexeev Child School Vault (Access Pending): 7,500 galleons

Withdrawals
Harry Potter – Harry Potter School Vault: 2,120 galleon (total)
Albus Dumbledore – Potter Family Vault: 461,000 (total)

Block(s)/Spell(s)
Magical Core - 50% - Preformed by Albus Dumbledore at 11 years of age.
IQ - 50% - Preformed by Albus Dumbledore at 11 years of age.

Potion(s)
Loyalty - Given by Albus Dumbledore
Hatred - Given by Albus Dumbledore towards Severus Snape, Lucius Malfoy, Draco Malfoy, Bellatrix Black, Roman Alexeev.
Love Potion - Given by Albus Dumbledore towards Ginny Weasley
Obedience – Given by Albus Dumbledore
Felix Felicis – Given by Albus Dumbledore

Harry sighed and studied the document. He glanced at the miniature family tree at the top. The names on his mother’s side were familiar. He had seen it before at Grimmauld Place on the tapestry of the family tree that Sirius’s mother had partially destroyed. His father’s side of the tree was new. He was pleasantly surprised to find that he had grandparents, and three of them, oddly. He had aunts and uncles too; five uncles and two aunts. He had a family, and quite a bit of it, at least on his father’s side. His mother’s side was looking a little sad since more of his relatives there had died already. His eyes widened when he caught something else that he hadn’t expected to see on the Black family tree.

“Narcissa Malfoy was adopted?” Harry asked, looking up at the goblin who was leafing through paperwork on his desk.

Matterhorn nodded, “She was blood adopted by Cygnus and Druella Black after close friends of theirs died in a sudden storm. Narcissa Malfoy is by blood adoption a Black, but the adoption does not continue on to her children. Draconis Malfoy is still eligible in title to receive some of the Black fortune, but he himself is not a Black by blood.”

Harry nodded numbly and went back to the parchment. Below the family tree was a paragraph that stated his father was a full-blooded creature; a Dämonfeuer. It provided a brief description of the creature attributes associated with the inheritance and confirmation that it was supposed to come
through on his 17th birthday along with the opening of his bonds with any mates.

Well, that explained the foreign feelings and the need he had felt the night before. Harry, curious, mentally felt around for the links, upon finding them he prodded them hesitantly receiving two separate feelings of happiness while the third one remained tightly closed.

He moved on and saw his accounts listed below the ‘creature facts’ and his eyes narrowed.

“Dumbledore’s been taking money from the Potter vault? What for?” Harry asked, suspicion growing inside of him.

“The transactions where declared for school tuition and housing fees,” Matterhorn said as he looked at the contents of a folder on his desk, “Though no other Hogwarts student has ever had to pay so much for tuition and judging by the state of your clothing you have not received much, if any, of the money he declared as housing fees.”

Harry disregarded the insult to his clothing, they were Dudley’s ratty castoffs, but he had resisted spending money on clothing not wanting the Dursleys to take them off him, nor waste what little was left in his vault on clothing.

“So, he’s been taking my parent’s money for other reasons.” Harry stated his brow furrowing.

“Most likely for himself.” Matterhorn growled, “Albus Dumbledore is well known to us goblins. We do not think highly of him as we can see his tricks and manipulations of the wizarding population. If there was something to gain, I would not put it past him to be the cause of Bellatrix Black and Roman Alexeev’s sudden change in personality.”

“What about this at the bottom, Blocks, Spells, and Potions?”

“Yes, Dumbledore is known for using various methods of controlling his pawns.”

Rage filled Harry once more. Not only was Dumbledore stealing from him, preventing him from growing up with any kind of family, but he was also controlling him with potions! While he was glad he had known Remus and Sirius over the last few years and had called them his family, he now knew he could have had a whole lot more.

He was now questioning everything in his life to date, nothing had really been real! He focused on his breathing, willing his magic to still. The past was the past, and all he could do now was move forward. He would find a way to save his parents and hopefully put the old man in Azkaban.

Harry hadn’t felt his fingernails and teeth elongating into sharp points, but when Matterhorn cleared his throat to get his attention he sure as hell felt them return to their normal length. He hid another wince as he looked the goblin in the eye.

“Can we do anything about the spells and potions against me?” Harry almost begged.

Matterhorn inclined his head. “We have cleansing ritual facilities. I will organise it presently for you.” The goblin summoned another, speaking quietly in gobbledygook before Harry was led from the room.

He was shown into a closet of a room, asked to strip off and walk through the other door into the ritual space. He was directed to lie in the circle carved in the stone floor as the rest of the goblins came in. The ritual passed in a blur of pain and relief. Wild magic snapping around him, tearing through, ripping him apart; vomiting up weird substances as his body purged everything.
Eventually, time reinserted itself and the pain stopped. He was summarily cleaned up and sent to get dressed. Another goblin soon led him back to Matterhorn and Harry couldn’t help but marvel at how light and free he felt.

“I am curious, do you have any documentation that would highlight any illegitimate activities by Dumbledore? I would be willing to pay handsomely for it, after all, the destruction of his reputation would be a terrible punishment for the old bastard.” Harry’s grin was feral as he settled back into his chair.

The goblin inclined his head. “I would be able to collect documentation together, but it will take time, and will cost. Though we of the Nation would happily see Dumbledore taken down and put away. He has been taking far too many liberties for far too long.”

Harry nodded. “Alright, I look forward to further correspondence on the matter. For now, let Dumbledore keep the money he has taken, let him continue to think he has control over me. Once the time is right, I want the money retrieved, but for now, let him have it. Just make sure to block him from accessing more. As I’m now of age in the wizarding world, tell him the accounts have been sealed or some such nonsense as an excuse. I am sure you’ll think of something convincing to tell him.”

Matterhorn’s frown morphed into a wicked grin. Maybe he was starting to like this wizard. It would be a first for him.

The goblin shuffled together a few of the folders before snapping his fingers. A small pile of letters and a key appeared in his hand. “Where will you be staying Mister Black? I can arrange a portkey to take you to any of the Potter or Black properties if you require somewhere to stay.”

Harry glanced back at the parchment again, thought about it for a moment, choosing to ignore the change in his last name, “Potter Manor, I’ll be staying there from now on.”

Matterhorn nodded before looking intently at the key in his hand. The golden key began to glow before a pop echoed in the room and the goblin was handing it to him along with his letters.

“And Mister Black,” Matterhorn said as Harry stood to leave, “Do remember to have your owl change your mailing path. Goblin King.”

Before Harry could say anything, he was once again hooked behind his navel and pulled away. Hopefully, he would like where he landed, he was going to be living there for a while.

Harry landed in a heap on a stone walkway. He stood up, brushing off his pants and gathering up the paperwork he had dropped on the ground. The manor was a small, stone mansion. He walked up to the door and unlocked it; quietly stepping into the house.

The door clicked shut behind him as he gazed around the entryway of Potter Manor. He was surrounded by black marble, the ceiling spelled to show the sky above. Harry ventured further into the oddly clean house. More black marble lined the stairway up to the second floor, the balustrade contrasting white. Black ornate wall scones were staggered along the walls.

Harry paused at the foot of the stairs, amazed at the stark beauty of the house. He had thought that it would be dirtier, considering that it wouldn’t have been inhabited for at least 16 years. He whirled around, wand snapping out when a gasp echoed from behind him. Peering out from a doorway to his right, he saw a house elf, its hands twisting in its uniform.

“There is a person!” The little elf squeaked before it half fell into the room, another dozen elves
“Hello?” Harry called, a little perplexed.

“What can Motsy be doing for Mister?” The first elf peered up at him.

“I am Harry, the Head of House Potter. I would like to make this my home before I go back to school.” Harry crouched down to peer at the elves.

The little elf tilted her head to the side before snapping her fingers. A bright light shot through his chest stinging a little, but otherwise not causing any damage. The elf’s eyes widened, and her face lit up with joy.

“You passed the test!” She cried, bouncing on her toes before turning to face the other elves, “We have a new Master!”

The elf turned back to Harry, “Motsy will be doing whatever Master needs!” She jittered about in excitement, “What can Motsy and the other elves be doing for Master?”

Harry couldn’t help but smile. “Please, call me Harry, but if you feel that you have to call me Master you may. Could you tell me about the house?”

Motsy smiled back. “There are three storeys to this house sir, and basement. There is a kitchen, indoor hot spring, main bathroom, sitting room, library, and living room on the first floor.

“The second floor has six bedrooms, each with their own ensuite, two studies and a smaller library. The basement is mostly storage space and a nice sized potions lab. Outside there is a greenhouse and extensive grounds.”

Harry blinked. “Motsy, could you show me to the master bedroom? I would like to settle in before I make something to eat.”

“Of course Master Harry!” Motsy said before she paused, “Master wants to make breakfast for himself?”

“Unless it bothers you?” Harry said, suddenly realizing that he might have offended his new elves, “I like cooking for myself and for others.”

“Master is worried about bothering us.” One of the other elves said in awe.

“Of course it doesn’t bother us Master Harry! Just let us know if you wants our help!” Motsy said before bouncing up the stairs. “Follow me Master. I’ll show you to your room!”

Harry followed Motsy up the stairs drinking in the warm homey décor. Dark woods complimented the black and white marble. Motsy happily chatted away about the quirks of the house, how the hallway had a tendency of changing, rooms shifting in size and location as it suited the house. The Potters had always been a bit of a quirky family and that personality, their magic had seeped into the house making it a bit more sentient than a traditional manor.

The bedrooms were charmed to adjust according to the tastes of the person living in them. Motsy took Harry’s belongings once they reached the master suite and began putting it all away. The California king bed dominated the room, but there was a small sitting area by the fireplace and a desk tucked against a wall.
Once he had settled into his new room, Harry moved to the desk, sitting down and opening the mail that Matterhorn had given him. He was starting to wish he hadn’t sent Hedwig to Hermione at the beginning of the summer. She didn’t have an owl herself and it was easier, and safer, to let her borrow Hedwig than for her to have to rent an owl for the summer.

Harry opened the first letter of the pile and a gift card from Flourish and Blotts slipped out. It was from Hermione.

\[Hello Harry,\]

HAPPY BIRTHDAY! I’m so sorry for not writing until now. My parents picked me up from the station at the end of the school year and we immediately went to France. They wouldn’t let me do anything magic! They wanted a magic-free vacation. Though they did let me babysit Hedwig for you, or at least that is what I told them I was doing.

I tried to send letters to you and Ron, but my father caught me every time. He says that he is sorry, but he just wanted to spend time with me and my mom before she has the baby.

Yes, my mum is pregnant! I’m going to have a little brother! I’m so excited.

Well here is your birthday present. You can write to me anytime now. I promise!

Love,
Hermione

P.S. If you get a letter from Ron please tell me. He hasn’t been answering any of my letters. I’m getting worried.

He opened the next envelope rather quickly since it was practically falling apart. It looked like the owl that had delivered it had pecked at it one too many times.

\[Harry,\]

Sorry I haven’t written. I can’t explain now. The family and I are all right. I must keep this short. Tell ’Mione not to worry. I’ll see you at school.

Ron

Harry frowned at the letter. It was unusual for his best friend to not write about his entire summer, complaining about his siblings and telling wild tales of the things they had all gotten up to. He also
usually got a present from Ron and his family for his birthday, but all he had was this scrap of parchment. He moved onto the next letter, trying not to think about what could be wrong with his best friend.

**Dear Harry,**

How are you doing? Dumbledore has been keeping everyone so busy lately. I haven’t had time to get you anything for your birthday, but hopefully, I will deliver one to you soon. Something foul is in the air. My wolf can sense it and he hardly stops growling anymore. Be careful Cub and only trust those that you know for sure that you can. Dumbledore is not one of them. He’s not himself anymore. He’s become too wrapped up in the war. I’ll see you soon Cub. That is a promise I intend to keep.

Remus Lupin

Harry smiled he was glad that he wasn’t alone in not trusting Dumbledore. He hoped that Hermione and Ron would be willing to listen to him when the time came to tell them all that the old man had done to him. He didn’t know what he would do if he lost his best friends to that bastard.

The last letter was from the Ministry of Magic confirming that he was an adult in the eyes of the magical government and noting his inheritance. He was no longer monitored by any spells and was permitted to use magic outside of school.

Feeling a little stressed out from worrying about his friends he asked Motsy to show him to the hot spring on the first floor. When Motsy opened the door; Harry’s eyes widened in shock. Inside the dimly lit room was a large natural pool that the house had clearly been built around.

The sides of the spring were covered in small plants and stones where a person could sit and just dip their feet in. He could see steam rising from the far end, while the end closest to him had a mist on top. Harry dipped his hand into the misty water, jerking back at the chill temperature. He walked forward a few yards and tested the temperature again, discovering it was room temperature.

“The ceiling be charmed to be the night sky at all times. The moon and clouds change though.” Motsy said.

“Thank you Motsy, I’m just going to relax for a little while then I’ll be down for something to eat.” Harry replied, heading towards the far end where the steam was. Once Motsy left, he stripped down and sunk into the water, allowing his body to relax and the aches from his inheritance to melt away.

Harry spent the day relaxing and getting to know his new home and the house elves that lived there. He made sure they were happy and ensured they were lacking in nothing. The library was a goldmine of information, old tomes he was looking forward to investigating. While he wasn’t as dedicated to his studies as Hermione, he did enjoy learning and having his own library was a heady treat.

*****
For the first time all summer, he woke up in his own time feeling refreshed. He enjoyed a simple breakfast with the house elves before sitting down to pen replies to his letters. He knew that by now Hermione would be driving herself insane with worry, as would Remus.

Dear Hermione,

Everything is fine, but I’ve been busy lately, so I have not been able to write back. I moved from my uncles’ house. I’m happy now, and yes, I am very safe. I came into a creature inheritance on my birthday. I’m Dämonfeuer. Enjoy researching something new. I am sending you a portkey for you and your parents to come and stay with me for a while if they are willing.

Some things have changed in the wizarding world and it might not be safe for you and your parents to live by yourselves anymore. I really like the present you gave me, too. Thank you. Hopefully, I can use it when we go shopping for school. I’ll see you soon.

Love,

Harry

After finishing the letter Harry called for Motsy who popped in with a tea tray.

“What can Motsy be doing for Master Harry?” Motsy tucked the tray onto the corner of the desk for him.

“I need a couple of untraceable portkeys to send to my friends. Do you know how I can get them?” Harry asked the little elf.

Motsy nodded, her ears flapping. “Motsy can make very good portkeys, sir. How many is Master Harry be needing?”

“Just two please.”

Motsy clicked her fingers and two buttons appeared in her palm. “Here be Master Harry’s portkeys. Where would you wish for them to go to?”

“I want them to lead to the entryway and be activated by the word ‘lion’,” Harry said.

Motsy nodded and snapped her fingers again, the buttons glowed gold for a second.

“Is Master Harry be needing anything else from Motsy?”

Harry shook his head taking the two portkeys. “No thank you Motsy.”

Motsy curtsied before popping out of the room.

Harry wrote a quick letter to Remus and added the activation word and portkey to both Hermione’s letter and to his honorary godfather’s. He tucked the letters into the envelopes and whistled loudly twice out the open window.
A moment later two brown barn owls were sitting on the edge of the window with their legs sticking out. Harry quickly tied off the two letters to the respective owls and watched as they winged away.

He relaxed back onto the couch by his fire when another owl flew in through the open window, he removed the letter and it flew off before he could do anything further. Shrugging, he cracked the Gringotts seal.

_Mister Black,_

_I have continued investigating your accounts and the circumstances surrounding your adoption and subsequent placement following the death of your adoptive parents. I have discovered that your actual birth date is December 31, 1979, but due to your adoption and the spells that were placed on you during the ceremony, you were spelled to receive your inheritance on July 31st of this year to hide your actual age._

_Matterhorn_

Harry stared incredulously at the paper before groaning and throwing an arm over his eyes. It was just one more thing to add to the ever-growing list of misinformation and lies in his life. With an aggravated sigh he rubbed his forehead, closing his eyes to will away a headache.

After leaving his relatives’ house Harry had been much happier than he had been in a very long time. It was still hard to believe that his parents were ‘Voldemort’ and Bellatrix LeStrange, but as he mulled over the evidence to hand, he was growing more comfortable with the notion.

His connection to Voldemort, the fact that he could speak to snakes, it all fitted. His need to jump into dangerous situations could be linked to his mother; the Black madness manifested itself in different ways after all. It was likely she was at least a little crazy without the curse, or maybe she was just that devious naturally.

As Harry continued to run through the information he had, he felt a tug on one of his links. He sunk deeper into his mind, focusing on that feeling. Suddenly, a flood of happiness washed over him, but it wasn’t his own.

“A did it.” A voice whispered tiredly through his mind.

“Who are you?” Harry replied.

“Your Mate. I did it. I finally connected with you.” The voice sounded exhausted but joyful. Harry couldn’t help but smile. “What is your name?”

“Draco, my mother calls me Dragon though. Making this connection exhausted me.”

Suddenly Harry recognised the voice. “Draco Malfoy?”

“Yes.” Draco replied hesitantly. “Do we know each other?”

Harry paused; his answer could ruin any initial trust that his mate already had for him. “Don’t worry
about that now. You should rest, you sound tired.”

There was a pause before Draco said. “Very well.”

Then the link quieted, but it didn’t close. Harry couldn’t help but be torn between apprehension and joy as he thought over this discovery. He just hoped that Draco wouldn’t outright reject him when he discovered exactly who his mate was. Just thinking about being rejected had his creature whining and struggling.

Harry left Draco’s link and searched through his mind for one of the other two. He concentrated on the first one he found and smirked as it opened for him.

The first thing he felt was a spike in pain. A flash of a man sprawled on the floor, wincing as his legs melded together into a large magenta fin filtered into Harry’s mind.

“I’m so sorry!” Harry blurted out through the connection.

Next, he had a flash of a beautiful man, onyx black shoulder length hair, light purple scales dusted the sides of his forearms, face, and throat, his eyes a mix of purple and black. His nose was long and delicate, giving him an elegant look.

Harry was in awe of his beauty. He could see a striking resemblance with his Potions Professor, but everything was softer, sweeter.

“Please refrain from doing that again. I have already lost one potion and would appreciate not wasting any further ingredients.” Exasperation and irritation laced the Potion Masters voice.

“Apologies for disturbing you, I was investigating the bonds.” Harry’s voice was stiff with discomfort. “I did not realise making mental contact with you would cause you to lose control of your form. I will not bother you again.”

Harry began to withdraw from the bond but paused when the rich velvety voice begged him to wait.

“I am… sorry.” The statement was stilted, but the emotion behind it was genuine, so Harry waited. Severus sighed heavily, frustration washing over the bond. “I did not mean to be rude, it is not your fault I lose my form when you contact me in this manner. I have avoided my creature form for many years and as such it has become rather rebellious.”

Harry couldn’t help but be amused a little at the thought. “Thank you for the apology, I know it is difficult for you. I will avoid communicating with you in this manner if that is your preference.” Harry paused, softening his tone. “Perhaps you should consider spending a little more time with your creature so it is less temperamental?”

“Perhaps.” The Potions Master acknowledged, but when Harry shifted down the link, he called out again. “Wait! Who are you?” His voice was rich and deep.

“You’ll find out who I am soon, I promise.” Harry tried mentally reaching out to brush his fingers across the merman’s cheek.

Severus jumped at the phantom touch before leaning into the fingers. “I am at the Apothecary in Diagon Alley most days.” The older man murmured just before Harry retreated from the link.
His life just seemed to get stranger and stranger. Harry reached out to the third link but met a wall, frowning, he pressed against it to no avail. Shrugging, he relaxed, deciding to try again later. Perhaps one of his other mates would have better luck contacting their other bond mate.

He drifted, enjoying having nothing to do, when suddenly, Motsy popped into the room and nudged him. Harry’s eyes snapped open in surprise and scared the little elf.

“Motsy is very sorry Master Harry. Motsy shouldn’t have touched Master Harry like that, but Motsy needs to tell Master Harry that there is someone in the entryway. Motsy wonders what she should do?” Motsy’s hands gripped her ears, beginning to twist them.

Harry sat up and gently stopped the elf. “It’s all right Motsy, please don’t punish yourself. You can get my attention however you want, as long as you don’t hurt me. Is it a man in the entry?”

Motsy nodded vigorously.

Harry smiled. “I will go see him. Thank you Motsy.”

Motsy smiled. “Thank you, Master Harry.” And she popped away.

As Harry made his way down the stairs, he spotted Remus waiting for him. He looked battered and worn, but his face lit up with a smile when he spotted Harry.

“Harry!” Remus called, rushing over to wrap him in a bone crushing hug. “I only recently got back to England when I got your letter. I came right away!”

Remus stepped back, holding Harry at arm’s length to take him in. Something must have caught his attention because his eyes fluttered closed and he inhaled heavily. Golden eyes snapped open to regard Harry.

“Creature inheritance?”

Harry nodded, smiling a little when Remus moved forward and inhaled deeply again.

“You smell… Almost like a dragon?” Remus’ eyebrow quirked when Harry snickered.

“Dämonfeuer.”

Remus’ other eyebrow joined the first, creeping into his hairline. “Can I see?” Curiosity laced his tone.

Harry took a couple of steps back, closing his eyes and focusing on his creature. He could feel his body shifting as his wings and tail snapped out. Fangs protruding and claws breaking free, scales creeping over his skin. His eyes popped open once the change had finished and gave Remus a toothy grin who smiled back.

“Thank you, Harry, it’s good to see you again! It seems we have a bit to catch up on yes?”

Harry willed away his creature form and clapped Remus on the shoulder before leading him into the house. Settling into the library, he requested a tea tray from Motsy and started explaining what had been going on. Remus’ angry rumbles filled the room as Dumbledore’s betrayals were detailed. The sun went down, and darkness descended as they caught up.

“We need to bring Dumbledore down.” Remus said finally.
“Yes, but how? The goblins are willing to provide information, but they are limited on how much they can help. Can’t we just… arrange for him to die or something?” Harry smirked at Remus.

Remus couldn’t help but roll his eyes. “No Harry, you can’t kill him. We start by collecting evidence, proof of the things he has done wrong. Once we have real information to work with, we can go from there.”

Harry nodded before his stomach growled loudly. “Dinner?”

Remus laughed, and Harry called for Motsy, requesting a light dinner for the two of them.

As they were enjoying a quiet meal together, Harry commented that Hermione and her parents would be dropping by in the next couple of days depending on when Hermione received her letter. Remus nodded, estimating it would be late the next day.

Finally, the two decided to call it a night and Harry showed Remus to his room which was just down the hall from Harry’s.

Gesturing to the door, Harry smiled. “Just say your name before opening the door and then walk in. The House has a bit of a habit of making the room fit the inhabitant’s tastes, so hopefully, it works.”

Before Harry fell asleep, he prodded at the closed-off bond to no avail and sent a wash of affection and hope down the other two bonds. Imagining he was brushing a kiss against each of their foreheads, He received back appreciation and hope, falling asleep with a smile on his lips.
Late the next afternoon, Motsy advised Harry he had more guests in the entry. Wandering out of the library, Harry was almost tackled into Remus by a bushy haired witch.

“Don’t you ever do that to me again Harry Potter.” Hermione cried. “I was so afraid that you had been captured or killed. You ever run away and not tell me again I’ll… I’ll… Oh, I don’t know what I’ll do, but it will be painful.”

Harry chuckled, earning himself a smack upside his head. Harry blinked a couple of times, rubbing the back of his head.

“Ow ‘Mione! Not cool. Hedwig diverted my mail to Gringotts, I only got out of the Dursleys because the goblins sent me a portkey about account discrepancies. I wrote as soon as I could.” He couldn’t help but scowl at his ‘sister’. “Next time, see if I have an explanation before you assault me please?”

Hermione had the grace to look abashed and hugged him in apology. “So what’s this about it not being safe? I mean, more than usual.”

Harry couldn’t help but sigh as he exchanged a glance with his godfather. “It’s a long story, best shared over tea.”

“Or something harder.” Remus muttered, flashing a grin at Harry.

“Oh! Hello professor!” Hermione finally noticed Remus behind Harry.

“Hello Hermione, and please I’m not your professor anymore, it’s Remus.” He smiled gently at her. “And who is this behind you?”

Hermione jumped, having completely forgotten her parents were there. “This is my parents, Richard and Jean. Mum, dad, this is Harry and his godfather Remus. Remus was our Defence Against the Dark Arts professor in our third year.”

They all exchanged polite greetings and Harry lead them towards the sitting room.

“Welcome to Potter Manor, we are currently in Edinburgh Scotland.” Harry didn’t even look around, instead throwing over his shoulder, “Over tea ‘Mione.”

Her mouth snapped shut and Remus chuckled at the blush that stained her cheeks.

Once everyone had finished their first cup of tea, Harry turned to the Grangers with a gentle smile. “Mr. and Mrs. Granger, you might not be able to follow what I am about to share. I’ll understand if
you want to find a room and get settled in.”

The Granger’s shared a look before Mr. Granger nodded. “We’ll go find our room and let the three of you talk.”

Harry gave the couple a smile before calling for Motsy.

“What can Motsy be doing for Master Harry?”

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, “You have house elves working for you!? What is wrong with you?!”

“Oh noes Master Harry’s guest,” Motsy cut in with a glare for Hermione. “House elves need their wizards, our magic works together. Master Harry is a good Master. Motsy loves helping out Master Harry. Master Harry is very nice to Motsy and the other elves.”

Hermione blinked a few times. “What do you mean your magic works together?”

“Mione?” Harry interrupted. “Can we do that later? Your mother looks like she needs a lie-down and you are holding her up. Suffice to say, I checked, and the elves are happy.”

She wilted a little under his stern gaze.

“Motsy, can you please show the Grangers to one of the guest rooms?”

Motsy nodded vigorously before leading the older couple away.

Harry smiled at Hermione. “You can interrogate the house elves later, but no giving them clothes without talking to me first ok? Anyway, don’t you want to know what’s been happening with me?”

Hermione nodded vigorously, opening her mouth to begin asking a million questions, Harry raised a hand to forestall her. “Story first, questions after, yes?”

She flushed again. “Alright, Harry.” She murmured, fixing herself another cup of tea. Remus couldn’t help chuckling at Harry’s expert handling of the feisty witch. Normally you couldn’t get a word in edgewise but Harry’s creature inheritance seemed to have given him a quiet strength, a dominance that Hermione was instinctually responding to.

“I came into my inheritance on July 31, and as I explained, I am a Dämonfeuer. I got a letter from Gringotts advising there were issues with my accounts and providing me with a portkey to reach them. I packed up all my stuff because I had no intention of ever returning to the Dursleys if I could help it and next minute, I’m with the goblins.” Harry began.

“My account manager asked for proof of ID documents, of which I have none, so instead he had me sign a parchment in blood.”

“A heritage parchment?” Remus asked.

“I suppose so. It showed my family tree as well as my creature and title inheritances.” Harry shrugged.

“Anyways, it seems that Dumbledore has been stealing money from me since I was born, but that is the least of it.” Harry couldn’t help but sigh and rub his eyes. “To get straight to the point, ‘Mione; I’m not Harry Potter. Harry Potter never really existed.”

Hermione looked startled. “So James and Lily Potter were not really your parents?”
Harry nodded. “They adopted me, though I have no idea how I ended up with them or why. My parents are both still alive, though are unaware of my existence or their relationship with each other.”

“Then who are your parents?” Hermione whispered, fingers pressed to her mouth in horror.

Harry exchanged a heavy look with Remus and Hermione’s eyes widened.

“Is Remus…?” She trailed off as Harry shook his head.

“’Mione, Remus isn’t my father. He’s only my godfather, just like Sirius was.” Harry said.

“Though, if I was able to, I would have taken Harry in once James and Lily died,” Remus sadly added, “Being a werewolf made it illegal for me to care for children by myself.”

“Then who are your real parents Harry? Or…What is your real name?”

“My real name is Dominick Corvus Black. I was born on December 31, 1979. My parents are,” Harry exhaled heavily. “Roman Alexeev and Bellatrix Black, or as you know them Voldemort and Bellatrix Lestrange.”

Hermione sat there for a moment, wide-eyed in shock. “What?”

“But they’ve tried to kill you!” Hermione jerked upright and began pacing. “This is terrible! You must feel awful! We must stop them! How is it ok that they have tried to kill you!” She continued to rant, her shrill voice washing over the two men.

“We believe they have been cursed, it’s the only explanation. They aren’t in their right minds so can’t help what they are doing! It’s not their fault that they are acting the way they are!” Harry growled, his eyes turning black from the anger and sadness thrumming through him. He could feel two of his mates sending soothing waves of calm and reassurance through the bonds.

Hermione froze at the tone, fear coiling in her stomach as she saw his eyes flash with silver and black. Harry breathed slowly, revelling in the care from his mates. He sent waves of appreciation back through the bonds.

“I’m sorry for yelling, Harry. It’s just, it’s a lot to process.” Hermione slumped down into her chair again. “And It’s not even happening to me. I can’t imagine how this is all affecting you.”

“We believe Dumbledore is involved, taking away their memories and sending them insane by closing off the bond.” Remus quietly interrupted, drawing attention away from Harry. “The thing we don’t yet know is why.” He mused to himself.

Remus’ eyes fluxed gold and all of a sudden, his head whipped toward Hermione. Harry followed his line of sight, his eyes widening in surprise. Hermione was quite literally fuming, smoke rising off her head and shoulders. Her eyes were a bright mix of light brown and fire orange.

“’Mione?” Harry asked hesitantly, voice low and soothing.

Hermione’s focus snapped back and her face relaxed, her eyes turning back to their normal chocolate brown, and her body cooled off. A bright blush stained her cheeks.

“Sorry,” She mumbled, “I guess I should have warned you about that before. On my birthday I inherited creature genes too. I’m an Excandesco, or a Fire Elemental. So when I get really upset I
tend to start smoking,” She winced, “or I set things on fire.”

“I thought you were a muggle-born Hermione.” Remus said, his voice sounding a little rougher than before as he tried to keep Moony in check.

“I am!” Hermione said, “Both of my parents are muggles, but I looked into our ancestry and it turns out a few of my old relatives had affinities for nature. My great, great Aunt Margy could plant anything and make it grow, and my great, great, great Grandpa Albert apparently liked setting things on fire.”

Harry raised an eyebrow at his ‘sister’. “Hermione do I have to be worried about my house burning to the ground?”

Hermione wrinkled up her nose at him. “Oh hush Harry.” Realization dawned on her face a moment later and she asked, “If your name isn’t Harry do you want us to call you by your birth name now?”

Harry had been thinking about that very question for a few days now. He knew that it would be easier for everyone if they just stuck to calling him Harry, but he didn’t want to leave his real name behind.

“For now, you can just call me Harry,” He shrugged. “Maybe in time we can switch to Dominick, if I get my parents back.”

“We’ll get them back Harry,” Remus tried to reassure his godson. “If anyone deserves a family it’s you.”

There was silence for a few minutes as the information that was just brought to the table settled into their minds.

“Dämonfeuer have predestined mates, don’t they?” Her head was tilted curiously. “At least that’s what I read. Have you found yours yet? My research said something about mental links between mates after the Dominants first transformation.”

“Yeah, we have bonds that link our minds together.” Harry sighed, not meeting their eyes. “I have three mates from what I can tell.”

“Three?” Hermione and Remus asked, sharing a shocked look.

“It’s uncommon for wizard/creature hybrids to have so many mates, a Dominant only needs as many submissives to ground their magic. One mate is considered the norm.” Remus worked to drag his gaze away from the brunette girl.

Harry shrugged, “When have I ever been normal Remus?”

The werewolf barked out a laugh. “Good point.”

“Do you know who they are yet?” Hermione asked unconsciously snapping her fingers and making a little flame appear on the tip of her index finger before making a fist and putting the flame out.

Harry shifted his gaze to out the window. “I know who two of them are, but you won’t like it.”

“Come on Cub, it’s us. If we could survive finding out whom your real parents are, I think we can survive knowing who your mates are.” Remus urged.

“Besides Harry, if they are your mates then they are our family too.” Hermione added, “Wait, it’s not
Ron is it?” Horror washed over her face.

“No, it’s not Ron, Hermione. He’s too much like a brother to me.”

“Then who?” Hermione asked still playing with a little flame.

“Draco Malfoy, and Severus Snape.”

Hermione’s eyebrows shot up to her hairline before she burst out laughing. Harry couldn’t hold back the growl that rumbled out of his chest. No one insulted his mates!

“Calm down Harry,” Hermione choked down her giggles, “I’m not laughing at them. I’m just laughing because of how obvious it is. You three have enough chemistry and drama to power Hogwarts. Plus, they do seem like your other halves, opposites attract all that. Now I’m just wondering who your third mate is.”

“So am I.” Harry said.

Remus looked at the worn-out watch on his wrist, “We should get going to bed. Harry mentioned he still needed to do his school shopping. We were planning to go tomorrow, does that suit you, Hermione?”

She nodded in agreement and they all stood to stretch, preparing to head to their rooms. The werewolf didn’t want to admit that it was getting progressively harder for him to be in the same room as the bushy-haired Excandesco. Her scent was driving him mad and after decades of waiting, Moony wanted to break free and claim his mate.

Harry led them upstairs but couldn’t help noticing a distinctive scent oozing off Remus. It took him a few inhales to realise he was smelling arousal. Sniffing the air a little more he realized something else; his best friend and his godfather smelt quite similar. Harry inwardly cringed when he thought about what that could possibly mean. He wasn’t going to think about them having sex. He would be happy for them though if they did come to terms with whatever was happening between the two of them. They deserved happiness.

Harry walked over to the doorway across the hall from Remus’s room and explained to Hermione how the rooms worked before wishing her goodnight and shutting her in. Once they were alone, Harry rounded on Remus with a knowing smirk.

“What?” Remus frowned.

“Nothing, “Harry responded lightly, “I’ll see you in the morning. G’night Remus.” With that Harry disappeared into his room, leaving a confused Remus in the hallway.

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Remus growled as he lay on his bed in only a pair of pyjama pants, desperately willing his hard-on to go down. Moony was howling for him to go across the hallway and claim his mate. He was contemplating tying himself to the bed, but that seemed a little excessive. He didn’t want to hurt her, and he didn’t trust himself during the next full moon if he did claim her.

He didn’t stop himself from thinking about her though, agonizing over how young she was irrespective of the legalities. Merlin, she was beautiful. Her curly chocolate coloured hair begged for him to wrap his hands in it. Her strength amazed him as well; most Elementals couldn’t control their powers fully until later on in their lives.
In a moment of weakness, he found himself standing outside her door. He barely had to inhale, her scent already permeating the area. His eyes flashing gold before he forcefully shoved Moony back. While he could stop himself from opening the door, he found his feet refused to take him back to his bed. Exhaling heavily, he rested his forehead against the door. He felt like a teenager again, sneaking out in the middle of the night to do something that would no doubt get him into enormous amounts of trouble.

He rubbed a rough hand over his face, desperately trying to snap himself out of his hormone-driven state. Her parents were asleep down the hall. He hadn’t even properly tried to court her yet. Did they still call it courting? Maybe it was just dating nowadays. And just because he recognized her as his mate didn’t mean she recognized him. What was he thinking! As his thoughts ran around in circles, the door that he was currently leaning against opened and he staggered a little.

Hermione stepped back in surprise, her eyes wide as she took in the shirtless man standing in her path to the kitchen. Her eyes trailed down the tanned sculpted flesh on display before she realized what she was doing, jerking her eyes up, she tugged her navy-blue robe over her chest.

“Remus,” She said quietly, not sure exactly how soundproof the other rooms were, “Did you need me for something? Is Harry all right?”

“No,” He reassured her quickly, “No, everyone is all right. I was, um, I was wondering…”

As the silence stretched, Hermione’s expression shifted from relief to patience, to concern. He could see she was resisting the urge to reach out to him, to check if he was ok.

Eyes fixed firmly on the ground, he rubbed the back of his neck before he forced out, “I need to talk to you.”

Her concern didn’t fade a whit. “I was just about to go to the kitchen for some water. Would you like to come with me?”

“Sure!” Remus said a little too quickly, he smacked his palm into his face in exasperation. He really was turning into a teenager.

“Um,” Hermione looked a little taken aback by his behaviour. “Maybe a shirt?”

Remus glanced down at himself, alarmed; he hadn’t realized that he was bare-chested. “Of course, I’ll just go get one.”

He darted off to cover himself, returning quickly so they could head down to the kitchen. He hoped that he was doing the right thing. She was a highly intelligent woman who was well read, surely they could work something out.
Harry groaned as he tossed and turned in bed. The bonds in his mind were throbbing, calling to him. His animal instincts demanding he find his mates and claim them. He moaned as a primal hunger washed over his sweat-soaked body. Gods he needed them; he was so hard but no matter what he did, release escaped him.

Finally, giving up the fight, he sunk into his mind, one of the links brighter than the others, calling to him. Allowing himself to fall into the bond, he was suddenly in a room he had never seen before. Moonlight leechcd into the room, silvers and greys dappled the generous four-poster.

Harry was brought out of his musings when he felt someone press up against his back, hands slipping around his middle, a nose tracing up his spine between his shoulder blades.

His whole body went rigid before his ears focused on the purring noise that was coming from the person behind him. He willed himself to relax as he realized that it was one of his mates. This dream world they had somehow created within their link was odd, but he couldn’t bring himself to care with the expanse of warm skin against his back.

“What took you so long to come back?” His mate sounded irritated.

Harry recognized Draco’s voice instantly, his hands shifting to trace patterns on Draco’s arm where it was wrapped around his torso. A growl rumbled through his chest at being questioned by his mate. Draco’s whimper was sufficient for him to stop as he pushed away his inner creature.

“I thought you were tired from making the connection earlier.” Harry replied, keeping his tone calm and soothing.

He felt the arms tighten and he wondered if Draco knew just who he was touching. Exploring fingers traced over his skin; brushing against his arousal by accident. Harry let out a low moan at the surprise touch and Draco’s hand jerked away.

Harry wished he was behind his submissive and suddenly found he was. At his sudden disappearance, Draco looked around frantically. Harry reached out, tugging the slightly shorter man to his chest, settling his chin into the crook of the blonde’s neck.

“I’m right here.” Harry murmured, feeling the blonde relax. “Sorry, I’m still getting used to this dream world of ours.”

Draco sank into his Dominant’s embrace, pushing away his concerns and worries, simply revelling in their closeness. He bit his lower lip as he felt something hard press against his lower back. Feeling a little devious he shifted in his mate’s arms, his hips rotating and rubbing his ass against the hardness behind him.
Harry groaned at the sensation, tightening his grip on Draco’s hips, “Oh, don’t do that.”

Draco couldn’t help smirking, ignoring his Dominants request, he ground back harder. Harry moaned louder, a shudder ripping through his body. He couldn’t help pressing back, biting down on the shoulder in front of him. Draco gasped and tried to continue only for his hips to be held tightly in place.

“Not tonight,” Harry’s breath caressed his ear. “Be patient.”

Draco pouted but conceded, instead, looking down at the arms wrapping around his waist. He quite liked the contrast of his pale skin against the golden tan of his Dominant. The muscles were thick and strong where they rested against him.

“How old are you?” Draco desperately wanted to know more about his mate.

“17.” Was the reply, he could feel a nose pressing against the skin behind his ear. “You’re warm.”

“My species run naturally warmer than most others,” Draco explained. “So you’re not in school anymore?”

Harry trailed lips down Draco’s shoulder; Merlin the blonde smelt good.

“I’m in my last year.” Harry smirked at the gooseflesh that rose at his touch. “It’s a long story.”

“Well, we do have time.” Draco caressed the arms around him, slipping his hand into the larger one pressed against his abdomen.

As the silence stretched, Draco began to get nervous that he had crossed some line he hadn’t seen. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have pressed.”

“It’s fine,” Harry replied, rubbing a thumb against the skin as he thought how to approach this. He refused to lie, but it was too soon for the whole truth. “I was adopted, but only recently found out about it. I’ve also just been told that my date of birth is actually six months prior to what I previously believed it was.”

Draco considered the different directions he could take that statement. Sensing his mates’ distress, he took the easy out. “What school do you go to?”

He lifted their entwined hands, noting they were about the same size, but his mates were work-roughened, callouses lined the palm from manual labour or sports while Draco’s long and thin fingers were meant for the piano or the violin.

“Hogwarts.” Harry answered automatically before realizing that he might have just helped Draco in figuring out who he was.

Draco’s head was spinning; his mate had been so close this entire time. He could hardly believe it.

“That’s where I go to school.”

“I know.”

Draco’s eyes widened, “You know who I am?”

Harry sighed against Draco’s shoulder, “I recognized your voice.”

The Slytherin felt fear pool in his gut. He had been very cruel to many of the other students at
Hogwarts. What if his mate was being kind to him in order to hurt him later and get revenge for some wrong that he had done to him?

“W-was I mean to you?” Draco asked, mentally berating himself when his voice stuttered.

“Yes,” His mate said and instantly Draco’s stomach felt like it was filled with lead.

“I’m sorry.” Draco apologized though he knew that it probably wasn’t even close to easing any pain he had caused.

Harry huffed in amusement, “It's fine now. I started just as many fights as you did.” He paused was a wicked idea came into his mind. He moved until his lips just barely touched Draco’s ear, “Do you not recognize my voice.”

Draco shuddered as pleasure shot down his spine and for a second, he wasn’t sure if he could calm down enough to actually process the question he was asked. The voice was familiar, but in this dream world everything sounded off; his voice even sounded odd to his own ears.

“This place makes your voice sound distorted a bit,” Draco explained.

Harry hummed before saying, “You should go to sleep Draco, it’s getting late.”

Draco quite liked his mate saying his name and was all for trying to start something physical again, but he did feel tired. He could feel his head begin to ache at the strain of keeping the link open and connected for so long.

“All right,” He gave in.

Harry chuckled at the put-out tone in his mate’s voice as he pressed a kiss into Draco’s temple, “Good night Draco.”

Then he was lying in his own bed staring up at the ceiling. His erection had gone down while he was stuck in his head and he had found that his entire body was relaxed. It wasn’t long before Harry was sound asleep.

****************************************************************

Draco’s eyes shot open after the connection dulled into a restful state. Emptiness settled in his chest and he began to feel loneliness creep up on him. With his parents’ recent annulment of their marriage, he wasn’t sure how his family was doing anymore. It didn’t help that he had discovered that his own father was also his mate.

It hadn’t been difficult to figure out. After finding out that his father had felt his mate’s presence on the same night that he had, overhearing his father say that he felt three bonds in his mind, it had been a matter of putting two and two together. Now Draco wanted to go to his father, to find comfort in the only mate that he had physical access too. He just wasn’t sure he would be wanted or how his mother would react to the new development.

Deciding that he had to try he got out of bed, his pyjama pants long enough to cover his feet against the cold air in the house. He quietly shuffled towards his father’s room, hoping he didn’t stumble across his mother or any house elves.

It wasn’t a long walk, but he still had goosebumps by the time he reached the closed wooden door. He hesitated before reaching out and opening the door as quietly as he could.
Inside, moonlight streamed in through the balcony window, the Malfoy patriarch limned in silver. His long limbs were tangled in the bedsheets, white hair strewn across the pillows. The sheet was rucked up around his waist, barely covering his hips, one lean leg bared to the night air.

Draco sighed quietly when he saw that his father’s eyes were closed, just being in the room eased the ache in his chest. Perhaps Draco could curl up on one of the armchairs in the room instead of disturbing his father.

At the snick of the door closing, Lucius’ eyes fluttered open, snapping to his son who lingered by the door looking painfully unsure.

“Draco? What’s wrong?” His father sat up, reaching out to him.

Relief washed over the younger Malfoy who slipped forward, crawling into bed next to his father who wrapped his arms around Draco.

“I was just lonely.” Draco explained, burying his face into his father’s chest. When his father didn’t say anything he continued, “Have you talked to him yet?”

The older Malfoy exhaled, savouring the delicious scent of his son. Lucius slowly let his body relax as he carded his fingers through Draco’s silky blonde hair, enjoying the feel of one of his mates being so close after waiting for so long.

“No, I haven’t.” Lucius pressed his lips to the top of his son’s head.

Part of him wanted to submit to his Dominant’s authority, but part of him was a proud leader and powerful wizard. He didn’t want to bow down to some young creature’s commands. He wanted to be his Dominant’s equal; a beta to their alpha. But the chances of his alpha agreeing to that were slim, he had been trained from a young age on what to expect from his Dominant.

Lucius was brought out of his thoughts by something hard poking into his hip. He could feel the moment when Draco realized he had noticed his problem. The air in the room got hotter and heavier; quickly becoming permeated with the scent of Draco’s arousal.

His son tensed, murmured an apology and practically threw himself away from the other man. Lucius’s own cock hardened in response to his son’s scent and the lingering sensation from the skin on skin contact.

“There is nothing to be sorry for,” Lucius reached out again, caressing his son’s blushing face, “Do you want me to help you?”

Draco peered at him through pale lashes, still hesitating. Lucius couldn’t help the small sigh that escaped him. He reached out, grasping his son’s hand and tugging him back to his side. His fingers traced patterns over the soft skin of his son’s back, waiting for the tension to ease. Lucius brought his other hand up, capturing his son’s free hand and tugging it over so that Draco would realize he wasn’t alone in his excitement.

Suddenly Lucius was pressed back into the mattress, his son straddling his hips, their silk pyjamas trapped between heated flesh. A blush stained pale cheeks at the feeling of Lucius’s hardness under Draco’s hips. The elder man slid his hands up to his son’s hips, gripped them tightly as he rolled up into the younger man mounted on him.

Draco’s mouth dropped opened as pleasure spiked through his body, automatically rolling his hips in tandem with his father, their hot flesh sliding against each other and their pants. He surrendered completely, allowing his father to set a slow tantalizing pace. Quiet moans began to fight their way
up his throat as they rocked together.

Lost to their mutual pleasure, neither man noticed Draco slipping forward until Lucius’s hard cock brushed against a tingling rosebud still hidden behind cloth.

“Papa!” Draco cried out, his hand flying to his mouth. Embarrassment filling him at the use of his fathers’ old title from when he was a child.

Lucius couldn’t help but smirk a little. “No, my Dragon, I enjoy hearing your sounds, don’t hide them away.”

Another hard roll of his hips had Draco falling forward, hands pressed into his chest. Draco’s eyes locked on his father’s as the older man’s thumbs hooked into the waistband of his pyjama pants. Lucius smiled reassuringly at the nervous look on his son’s face, tugging the pants down to expose the twitching member beneath. One hand slowly began working his son’s prick while the other reached up and cupped Draco’s head, pulling him into a luxurious kiss, catching the whimpers of pleasure on his tongue.

Sensing his son was nearing completion, he quickly let go of Draco’s cock and pushed his own pants down, freeing his erection to the hot air of the room. He guided Draco’s body closer, their abs providing friction on their heated lengths as they continued to rut against each other. Lucius let out his own moan at the new stimulation. He pulled away from the kiss to catch his breath and watch Draco’s face as his arousal grew. The younger man’s eyes were heavily lidded, lower lip caught between his teeth.

Draco’s mind gave out at the overwhelming sensations, sinking into the pleasure his father was providing him. Part of him desperately wanted to feel his father’s hard cock fucking up into him, but his instincts told him he should keep his virginity for his Dominant.

He let out a startled moan as his father’s large hand slid down to cup his ass, fingers making their way to his entrance where they caressed him. Draco could feel his body’s natural lubrication begin to saturate his channel, leaking out onto his father’s fingertips. Harsh panting filled the air as they continued thrusting and grinding against each other.

Fingers teased at Draco’s entrance, the muscles loosening, allowing his father’s finger to dip inside.

“Papa!” Draco cried out again as the long finger breached him fully, slowly pressing in before pulling out and returning to the previous rubbing. “Please.”

“Please what Draco?” Lucius’s voice was husky with arousal.

“Please,” Draco moaned as his father’s finger pressed into him again, thrusting a few times before retreating once more, “Please stop teasing.”

“Very well,” Lucius captured his son’s lips again, pressing two fingers into his entrance; as he thrust them in and out, he sought that perfect bundle of nerves. Draco moaned against his lips and pushed back trying to fuck himself. After a moment he was rewarded for his searching as he found the nub that made his son’s back arch and a loud cry ripped from his throat.

Draco ground down the fingers inside of him, feeling pleasure coil tight before his cum splattered over his father’s chest. His body was trembling with overexertion as his father withdrew his fingers, shifting to fist his own cock. A few harsh tugs later and he joined his son, their cum mixing together on his chest.

Lucius grabbed his wand to clean them up before tugging the blankets over their sated forms as sleep
welcomed them.
Harry jerked awake, feeling two bodies impact his bed. He found Motsy and Hermione jumping up and down in either side of him.

“Miss Hermione says to wake you up, so Motsy and Miss Hermione wakes Master Harry up, sir!” Motsy squeaked before disappearing with a pop.

Harry raised an eyebrow at Hermione, then spying a grinning Remus leaning against his door frame. He groaned and flopped back on his pillows. They were out to get him. He knew it. They were pure evil! Though, no matter how much he grumbled, he couldn’t help the happy grin that stretched across his face.

“Okay, okay,” Harry huffed. “I’m getting up!”

Hermione laughed and jumped off the bed, wandering out. Remus shook his head with a wolfish grin before leaving the doorway to follow Hermione.

Wait. Harry did a double take at the door. Remus was going the wrong direction to be going to his room. He looked at Hermione with wide eyes, who smiled mischievously.

“I do not want details.” Harry pre-empted.

Hermione laughed. “Harry nothing happened. We just went to the kitchen and talked last night. Remus told me that Moony had identified me as his mate, so we decided that we would give it a shot.”

“So you’re already sharing a room?” Harry’s eyebrow twitched up.

“Not for reasons that you are thinking of Mister!” Hermione scolded. “Remus will still have his room in case we need space, but Moony needs to be close to me while the bond stabilizes.”

Harry raised his hands in the air in surrender, “Hey, you don’t need to tell your excuses to me!”

Hermione stuck her tongue out at him before she turned and headed into her room so that Harry could get dressed. Harry rolled out of bed, stretching. Surprisingly, he felt limber and well rested. He always had stiff muscles from sleeping in odd positions throughout the night, especially when he had visions sent from Voldemort.

Harry frowned as he thought about his father. He really needed to find a way to free his parents. He also needed to find out which people in the Order of the Phoenix were loyal to Dumbledore and which ones he might be able to sway to his side. It might be difficult since most people didn’t believe him when he said something until after everything blew up in their faces, but he knew he needed help in defeating the old wizard whenever that time came and having people spy on the old man would be helpful too.

He walked over to his dresser and tugged on a pair of worn jeans and a t-shirt that wasn’t too large on him and didn’t it have any holes. He definitely needed to buy some new clothes when they went to Diagon Alley, or soon all he would have left to wear would be Mrs. Weasley’s sweaters that she knitted for him every Christmas.

When he finally got downstairs Hermione and Remus were already tucking into breakfast. Motsy was standing next to Hermione, sneaking bits of food onto the girl’s plate, as she was probably only
agreeing to eat a little bit so that the elves didn’t have to work as much.

Harry strolled into the dining room and made himself some blackberry jam smothered toast before thanking Motsy for the food. Munching quietly, he listened to his sister and his godfather talking. He sniffed the air and winced again as he got a whiff of their newly created bond. He was beginning to wonder if this stronger sense of smell was such a lovely thing to have. It wasn’t that he wasn’t happy for them, he just didn’t like the rather graphic images of the two other them that popped into his head every time he inhaled.

Hermione finished, after finally catching Motsy. “We all set then?”

Harry finished off the last of his toast and stood, nodding at Hermione. Remus took one more bite of his ham and eggs before joining them, and soon they were at Diagon Alley.

Stopping off at Gringotts, they took the opportunity to apply for membership cards that worked like muggle credit cards. Remus left them soon after, claiming that he needed to go collect an order he had placed. He had hugged Harry and had given Hermione a kiss on temple before he was off down a side alley with the two teenagers staring after him.

Seeing the curious and contemplative look on Hermione’s face Harry huffed and grabbed her arm, dragging her to Flourish & Blotts. They collected their textbooks and any additional books which caught their eye, paying quickly before heading to Fortescues for ice cream.

After they finished, the pair walked down a side alley neither had noticed before, little specialty stores lining the small cobblestoned path. They were passing a store called The Wanderer when Harry spotted a pair of pants that he liked the look of.

“Hey Hermione,” He called, “Let’s go in here, I need some new clothes.”

Hermione eyed the clothing he was currently wearing and nodded. “Yes, yes you do.”

Harry followed his sister into the store, inside there was a wide variety of clothes and robes. There was even a wall half covered in shoes, the other half displaying weapons of all sorts. At the very back of the store in a small room with a large glass window, they could see what looked like a tattoo chair and table.

As ideas began to pop into Harry’s mind a man in baggy jeans and a tight tank top walked up to him. He had short and spiky black hair and bright blue eyes. His earlobes were pierced, and his lower lip had a ring through the left side.

“Hello. I’m William Corner; I’m the owner of this shop. Is there anything that I can help you with?” The man said, looking at Harry and Hermione both.

“My brother needs a new wardrobe.” Hermione said before Harry could open his mouth.

William looked Harry over with a raised eyebrow before saying, “I can see that. I’ll hand you over to my wife Alysha. She takes care of the clothing section of the store. If you need any piercings, tattoos, or weapons you can come to the back by my studio and I’ll help you. Alysha!”

A woman about the same height as Harry with long, dark green hair walked out of the back. She wore a purple and black plaid halter top with a pair of black leather pants that looked painted on.

“Yes dear?” She cooed out as she reached up and gave William’s ear a sharp tug.
“These two need your help. The guy needs all new clothes.” William said as he winced and rubbed his now throbbing ear.

Alysha turned and gave Harry a wicked smile that had him swallowing heavily as she looked him up and down. Her hand snaked out to twist a fist in his shirt, pulling it tight to his body. She nodded to herself, measuring him up as she tapped her lips with a finger.

“Definitely needs leather, and maybe some jeans. Lots of tanks, a few t-shirts and tight long sleeves and sweaters to show off those biceps you seem to be hiding.” She motioned for Harry and Hermione to follow.

Harry looked over at Hermione who snickered and shrugged, nudging him to follow the perky witch. Harry couldn’t help feeling like a canary in a cat house.

By the time Alysha, and Hermione were done, Harry had more clothes than he could carry. He had been convinced to buy a few leather pants after Hermione had forced him into a pair. He had admitted to himself that it wasn’t too outrageous of a look, especially they were made out of wyvern hide which was spell resistant.

He also grabbed a leather vest made out of the same material. He figured that he would probably need its extra protection knowing his luck. On top of the pants and vest, he got a variety of other jeans, pants, and shirts, a jacket and a few sets of robes. He also got a pair of new boots made out of dragon hide that were guaranteed to last for as long as his feet fit into them. Who needed steel-toe boots then nothing can pierce or crush dragon hide?

As Harry paid for his clothes and gave Alysha the address to send his new wardrobe, he looked to the back of the store where William was pottering around his studio. Merlin he, was feeling rebellious today.

When Hermione and Harry finally left The Wanderer, he was the proud owner of a mountain of clothes, a new pair of boots, and body modifications. While William was magically inking a Norwegian Ridgeback that crawled over his arm and shoulder, Hermione got her tongue pierced. Apparently, she had made a friend while holidaying in France and the girl had had a tongue piercing and Hermione had begun to think about getting one herself. Harry couldn’t help but want a piercing of his own.

So, when his tattoo was finished he had gotten his nipple pierced. The initial sting of the piercing was soothed with healing charms. When everything was done, Harry couldn’t help admiring his reflection in the full-length mirror; Black dragon hide pants slung low on his hips, the Ridgeback breathing fire across his chest from his shoulder, the new nipple ring glinting below it. Hermione smirked at his moment of vanity, compulsively rolling her tongue around her mouth as she got used to the new barbell.

They had walked out of the store looking and feeling like new and improved versions of themselves. Hermione had bought a pretty, knee length purple dress that showed off a hint of cleavage after Alysha had showed it to her. She was currently wearing the dress and a pair of purple flats that Harry had sneakily bought for her to go with it. Harry himself wore black dragon hide pants that clung like a second skin, a black long sleeve shirt made of lethifold hide, and his new boots. He was barely recognisable, something which Harry revelled in.

“Come on ‘Mione,” Harry said as he rotated his newly inked shoulder, feeling the magic settle into his skin. “Let’s go to the Apothecary before I make any more spontaneous decisions.”

Hermione snorted. “You always make spontaneous decisions Harry, but maybe looking for the rest
of our school supplies will keep you from buying the rest of Diagon Alley.”

Harry rolled his eyes and grabbed Hermione’s hand as they started walking back toward the main alley. She couldn’t help but notice him fidgeting with his arm.

“How’s your tattoo?” Hermione asked.

“Almost settled,” Harry shook out the limb and the tingling finally stopped. “How’s your tongue?”

Hermione smiled and stuck out her tongue. “It’s odd, but I like it.” She bit her lip, looking momentarily unsure. “Do you think Remus will like it?”

Harry’s eye twitched. “Oh I’m sure he’ll like it Hermione. Please don’t tell me how much though.”

When they finally reached the apothecary, Harry felt one of his bonds begin to hum, the closer he got, the louder the hum. His eyes widened slightly when he stepped inside. Standing in front of a row of potions ingredients, examining a jar of herbs with a meticulous eye was Severus Snape.

Harry felt his inner animal lurch forward, trying to free itself from Harry’s morals and conscious restraint. Snape seemed to freeze, slowly turning in their direction with barely contained shock. Harry closed his eyes, forcing down his inner creature, ignoring Hermione’s questioning look.

“Good afternoon Professor Snape.”

It seemed that his voice was all that Snape needed in order to pull himself together. “Mr. Potter, Miss Granger.” Snape turned back to the potions ingredients in front of him.

Harry and Hermione split up as they set out to gather the potions ingredients on the supply list they had received from school. Harry prodded at the link that he knew connected him to the Potions Master, only slightly surprised when the link opened a little to let his thoughts through. He sent the older man the location of his new home with the addition of a hopeful invitation to visit tonight.

Harry was suddenly ripped away from the link as the apothecary owner walked up to him.

“Hello, sir. What can I help you with?” The owner said with a forced smile on his face. He clearly wasn’t sure what to make of Harry. While he was well dressed, he was still a teenager.

Harry was suddenly hit with an idea. “I’ll take a pound of each ingredient you have, and half of any ingredient that you don’t have a full pound of.”

The owner blinked a few times, contemplating the request and the size of the sale. “Yes, sir. Please follow me to the counter so that I may ring up the total. Once payment has been made I will arrange to personally collect the supplies together for shipment to your home. For free of course.” The owner gave him a little bow and ushered him to the counter where a large book was produced ringing up the sale.

While Harry was standing and waiting, he felt a prod from his link to Snape and allowed it to flare open.

“Why on earth are you purchasing so much potions ingredients considering your abysmal potions skills. Which we will need to rectify.” Snape snarked in his head, Harry had to suppress a grin.

“It’s not for me. I figured you might appreciate having a stocked potions lab at my house. It’s an empty room at the moment, if you find Hermione, she will help you gather together any tools you need. Bring them to the front counter so they can be included in the order.” Harry
sent amusement and honesty along the bond, he could feel a shocked stillness in reply.

“*That is unnecessary.*” Snape finally replied cautiously.

“Are you saying that you don’t want a fully stocked personal potions lab? I have more money than I know what to do with.” Harry couldn’t keep the incredulity from his mental tone.

“Well no, but it is too much. *What do you want in return.*” The caution remained heavy through the link.

“I would like to do this for you; no questions, no debts, no requirements. *It is a gift.*” Harry replied, hoping Snape would just accept the gesture.

“*Very well,*” There was a pause before finally, “*Thank you… Harry. I shall go find Miss Granger.*”

Then the link fell quiet, but shock and caution continued to ripple down the bond. Harry turned back to the owner who was still ringing up the sale.

“I am also purchasing the tools and accoutrements required for a potions lab, someone will bring them up in a moment, please add them to the tab.” Harry could see the concern and disbelief in the owners eyes, so Harry huffed and waved his Gringotts card at the man, running his fingers through his fringe to casually reveal his scar. The man’s eyes widened and understanding mixed with relief as he went back to his task.

“Of course Mr. Potter.” He murmured.

Harry checked that he had all he needed for his potions class this year, depositing the small bundle on the counter and watching Snape and Hermione wander around the apothecary, picking up different items and depositing them on the counter. Snape kept his eyes averted from Harry, refusing to respond in anyway in such a public place. Harry simply kept quiet, smiling at Hermione’s questioning looks and promising he would explain later. Finally, they were done and Snape departed with a nod. Hermione’s sale was processed by the shop assistant while the owner finished calculating Harry’s.

“The total sale comes to 1,870 galleons sir,” The owner said, slotting Harry’s Gringotts card into the counter which glowed briefly, confirming the sale. “Where would you like the order shipped to?”

Harry told him the address and took back his card, requesting that his school supplies and Hermione’s be included in the delivery before they walked out of the store.

“Oh Harry,” Hermione laughed as they walked down the alley, “I think you might have given him a heart attack.”

Harry chuckled, “Let’s go find Remus and show him your new tongue ring. Maybe I can go two for two today.”

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Harry and Hermione had been searching for Remus when she tugged him into a little second-hand bookshop. Hermione stopped in front of a large, floor to ceiling bookshelf that was practically
overflowing and began scanning the titles. As his sister began to gather up a pile of books hovering at her side; a book caught Harry’s eye. It was an old leather-bound tome that looked like it hadn’t been touched in years. The grey cover was caked in dust, he rubbed some away to reveal the title ‘Fideliter cibi de his domine ad Lacum’ in faded gold leaf. When he opened the book, he couldn’t read a word, but something in it called to him.

“Ready to go Harry?” Hermione called over her shoulder from the front counter.

“Yeah,” Harry said still staring at the book in his hand, shrugging, he joined her.

They walked up to the woman stood at the register. Her hair was white blonde, flowing in soft waves down her back. Her heart shaped face was lit with a soft smile on her pink lips. Her pale grey eyes glowed in the soft lighting of the store. There was something about her face that was familiar, something that tickled at the back of his mind.

She inclined her head and asked in a light Irish accent, “Are you ready to check out?”

Hermione smiled, placing her books on her counter for the woman to scan with her wand and then paid. The woman waved her wand again and the books were wrapped up and shrunk down, ready for Hermione to tuck them into her pocket. Harry then handed his book to the woman who brushed her fingertips over the title.

“Such an old book,” The woman peered up at Harry, “Can you read what it says?”

Harry shook his head, “No ma’am.”

The woman hummed, studying his face thoughtfully before she nodded and scanned the book with her wand, “Be careful with this. Not many can read it without the proper spell, but it still can be dangerous in the wrong hands.”

Harry’s brow furrowed in confusion, “What’s the spell?” he asked as he handed her his card.

The woman’s smile turned mischievous as she waved her wand then handed the wrapped, shrunken package and card back to Harry. When she didn’t say anything, Harry was about to press further but Hermione grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the store.

“Oookay,” She said just as they left the store, “She was weird, but I found some really interesting books on magical creatures!”

Harry hummed, allowing himself to be pulled out of the store. “Let’s go check out the twins store. Maybe we’ll find Remus there.”

When Harry and Hermione were out of sight the woman sighed, her eyes growing heavy with longing and sadness.

“Be careful child,” She said quietly, “Dangerous times are ahead. Keep all of them safe. Don’t make the same mistake that I once did.”

With her last words magic rippled through the air and her eyes closed, a single tear slipping down her cheek as memories of past mistakes and losses fluttered through her mind. Suddenly her body melted away, turning into a downpour of water that soaked the floor behind and around the register counter.

An older woman came out of an office toward the back of the store, marking away at a paper in her hand. When she looked up as she reached the front of the store and saw the water she gasped in horror.
When they finally got to the joke shop Harry was surprised when the twins didn’t immediately recognize him; he didn’t think he had changed that much. The place was packed, and Remus was leaning against the counter chatting with Fred while he rung up sales. He waved them over and as Harry walked up, he could see recognition dawning, first in George, then in Fred. George darted around the counter, grabbing him before he could even give them a proper greeting. Harry was quickly hustled into another room with a +16 sign on the door.

“Harry!” George wrapped him in a hug. “How are you doing mate?” He asked, stepping back.

“I’ve been fine.” Harry grinned.

George whistled as he looked Harry over. “Bloody hell, you look good.”

“I came into my inheritance. It seems I’ve got some creature blood in me.” Harry explained.

“Wicked.” George replied, “Anyway, we have some stuff for you Harry. Test products.” His grin turned decidedly mischievous.

Harry swallowed and followed him deeper into the back of the room. As they walked, he looked around at all the shelves and raised an eyebrow. Apparently, the twins were delving into adult products.

George tugged down a nondescript box, glancing over his shoulder at Harry. “Straight, gay or mixed?”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Gay.” He replied simply.

George nodded and began filling the box with different items; lubes, oils, toys, cuffs and ropes of different lengths. For each item, a small piece of parchment was tucked into the box. Harry’s eyes widened but held his tongue.

“Now that you are old enough Harry, we know what it’s like to want to experiment, figured you might be interested in helping us test some of these for us.” George winked as he tucked in a string with beads increasing in size along it.

Harry forced himself not to flush, an image of Draco laid out on a bed with those beads being pushed slowly into him came into his mind and he groaned. They were trying to torture him. He knew it.

George finally stopped, looking around to make sure nothing was missed before closing and shrinking the box for Harry.

“Thanks, I’ll let you know if I have any feedback.” Harry laughed. “Anyway, how is Ron?”

George sighed, guiding them out of the room. “Dumbledore’s trying to get information out of us all.” He frowned, glancing at Harry. “None of us have told him anything though, not that we knew what
you had been up to since the end of term.”

Harry nodded and sighed. He needed to get them away from Dumbledore. He didn’t know what the old man was willing to do if he got desperate enough and didn’t get the answers or results that he wanted.

“Thanks George, I’m not sure what’s going on with Dumbledore, but I’m staying at Potter Manor, we have enough space for you all to stay if you want? Talk it over with your parents either way ok? Just let me know.”

George gave him a grateful look, sliding behind the counter to relive Fred who came and gave Harry a hug. They said their farewells and Harry, Hermione, and Remus left the shop, heading towards the Leaky to floo home. Concern creased Hermione’s face when they arrived back at Potter Manor.

Harry wrapped an arm around Hermione’s shoulder. “George said that Dumbledore is putting pressure on their family, so I invited them all to stay, we have more than enough space after all. Don’t worry ‘Mione, we’ll get this all sorted soon.”
Harry was pacing in his bedroom. It was just after dinner, getting close to 8 pm and he still hadn’t heard anything from Severus. He was beginning to wonder if the Potions Master wasn’t going to show up when Motsy appeared at his doorway.

“Master Harry has a guest!” She said sounding excited.

“Thank you Motsy!” Harry hurried towards the entryway.

Coming down the stairs at a more moderate pace, he took the time to observe his potions professor. Severus Snape was waiting, heavy black robes fitted across his chest tightly, flaring over his hips and falling to the floor. His hands were tucked into his wide sleeves, expression carefully neutral.

“You came.” Harry breathed out before he could stop himself.

Severus inclined an eyebrow. “You invited me into your home. Of course I came, Potter.”

“Harry,” Harry said stepping up to Severus, “My name is Harry, or, well, it was.”

Severus blinked, a question forming in his eyes.

“It’s a long story. I can explain, but we should sit.”

Harry held out his hand for Severus to take to lead him to the living room, but after a moment when the other man didn’t take his hand Harry’s stomach dropped. He lowered his hand and looked away.

“If you’ll come with me to the sitting room we can talk.” Harry’s spine was rigid as he led the way.

Severus followed the younger man to the room, allowing himself a moment to admire the attractive youth in front of him, black pants hugging his ass. Once they reached the sitting room, Harry gestured to the second wing backed chair by the fireplace as he lowered himself into the first.

“It is a bit of a long and weird story, please allow me to tell it all first, then you can ask questions.” Harry sighed. When Severus inclined his head, he slumped back into the chair, deciding where to start.

“First of all, my parents were not Lily and James Potter. I don’t know how I ended up with the Potters, and I am sure that they loved me, but they were not my birth parents, though they did illegally blood adopt me. We believe my birth parents were cursed as they no longer remember me or their relationship with each other.”

Harry could see Severus was biting his tongue to keep from asking for more information, so with a sigh, he blurted out, “My real name is Dominick Corvus Black. I was born on December 31, 1979. I came into my creature inheritance this summer, apparently, I am a Dämonfeuer.”

“You? You’re the child of Bellatrix LeStrange and Roman Alexeev?” Severus’ eyebrows almost disappeared into his hair, incredulity so heavy in his voice it dripped.

Harry growled at the mocking from his submissive. He knew he shouldn’t have expected anything better from the Potions Master, but somehow, hope that this could work had wormed its way into his heart. He loathed being treated like the Dursleys had by one of his mates and had to resist the urge to force submission from Severus. Harry’s eyes slipped shut, wishing that his dad wasn’t insane so that
he could teach him self control.

“Yes I am,” Disapproval laced his tone. “I can prove it with a heritage parchment or potion if you require it.” His expression suggested that asking for it would be a bad idea.

Severus suppressed a wince. “No, I believe you. It’s just hard to believe that when Alexeev disappeared almost two decades ago, Bellatrix was pregnant.”

“You don’t know who Roman Alexeev became?” Harry blinked. It seemed that information had been kept very quiet.

Dark brows snapped together. “I know he was a teacher’s assistant at Hogwarts around the same time that Bellatrix and Lucius went to school. It is said that he quit his job in order to court Bellatrix. Other than that, I don’t know much about him.” Severus said.

“Roman Alexeev is Voldemort.” Harry said, “The goblins believe that some sort of ritual was carried out to erase their memory of me and each other, not to mention to make my father believe he is someone who he isn’t and drive them both insane.”

Severus leaned back in his chair, contemplating this new information. It had been a shock when Bellatrix had suddenly started killing and torturing people. She had always had the Black madness, but she had been a moderately kind person when she wasn’t protecting someone she loved. Roman Alexeev had mysteriously disappeared from Bellatrix’s life and the rest of the world, and then Voldemort suddenly appeared was very odd.

“Do you know who did this to them?” The Potions Master asked.

“Dumbledore,” Harry said, “He’s the only one that would gain anything from this. If someone wanted the Black fortune all they had to do was kill them. This, this is a means to gain power and put Dumbledore in the spotlight. The whole wizarding world thinks he’s a hero and he’s gaining more power as my parents continue to suffer.”

Severus’ expression darkened at the mention of the headmaster.

“Severus? Is everything alright?” Harry couldn’t help but query.

“Severus? Is everything alright?” Harry couldn’t help but query.

“He’s the reason why I was late tonight,” Severus replied, staring into the fire. “I didn’t give him information that he wanted on the Dark Lord and I paid the price.”

Harry couldn’t fight the need to go to the dour man. Gentle fingers traced over his face, down his arms and over potion stained hands. Harry inhaled deeply but could not detect the scent of blood, only lingering traces of smoke. Once the need faded enough for his senses to return, Harry noticed how stiff his mate was and retreated quickly.

“Apologies, I could not help myself. What did he do to you?” Harry fought the urge to growl viciously.

“He destroyed my home.” Severus answered, face expressionless. “He burnt it to the ground.”

Harry felt rage flow through him, standing abruptly, he paced over to the darkened window. Breathing slowly to try and regain control of himself. He gripped his hands together in front of him to hide the claws that slid out. His mate was already reluctant, he didn’t need to make the situation worse with his lack of control.

“If you require somewhere to stay, you are welcome to stay here, there are plenty of empty rooms
and a newly stocked potions lab just for you.” Harry tried to push a smile into his voice.

Severus nodded, murmuring a quiet thank you.

“Harry, or Dominick,” Severus rushed out, “What are you expecting of me?”

Harry turned and moved back to his seat. “What do you mean?”

Severus turned back to the fire, face impassive. “As your submissive mate, what am I expected to do for you?”

“Expected to-?” Harry blinked in realisation, moving to kneel in front of the older man. “I don’t expect anything Severus. You are your own person and a pretty damn stubborn one at that. I wouldn’t want you to change for me. Though,” Hope sparked in his eyes, “It would be nice if you could treat me like a person instead of something rotten you stepped in.”

Harry couldn’t help reaching out to run a thumb along the man’s jaw. “I would like to get to know you outside of school and the classroom. Outside of the person you thought I was. I would also like to see your true face when at home. You are safe here, only those invited can access my property.”

Severus felt himself softening a little at the earnest words. With a smirk, he allowed his glamours to drop, granting this small concession to his mate. Dark purple eyes connected with jade green and Harry swallowed hard, trying desperately to reign in his inner creatures need to claim the man in front of him.

Wings snapped out from his shoulders, black leather arching forward to display. Severus raised an eyebrow, lifting a hand to caress but pausing, seeking consent to touch. Harry smiled, shifting his wing forward until long delicate fingers made contact. Arousal shot through the bond as warm hands smoothed over his wings, eyes fluttering closed Harry shuddered at the sensation.

Severus’ smirk turned devious, seeking any sensitive spots and finding that the thinner webbing caused a rumble to issue from his mate, but it was as he slid his hands down the wing arch towards the shoulder joint that the man on his knees groaned loudly, back arching and wings flaring out in delight.

Removing his hands, he was surprised at how fast Harry’s eyes snapped open. Suddenly, lightly chapped lips crashed against soft, dark cherry coloured ones; fingers tangling in long, silky black strands. Harry slid a knee between Severus’ thigh and the chair arm, tilting the man’s head up to deepen the kiss. His tongue traced over the Potion Master’s lips which opened, allowing Harry to tangle their tongues together. He could taste the mint tea Severus had drunk recently, as well as something that was uniquely Severus.

The older man responded in kind, kissing Harry back, but when Harry’s fingers slipped down to his coat buttons, fear shot through the bond. The younger jerked back from his mate, arousal fleeing. He shrugged his shoulders, encouraging his wings to retreat as he took a few steps back, face cautiously blank.

“All right,” Harry murmured, “All right, I’ll show you to your room.”

Severus stood to follow as his Dominant mate left the room. He observed the younger man curiously for a little while before curiosity got the better of him.

“Have you been able to connect to Draco and Lucius yet?”

Harry froze and Severus began to wonder if he had brought up something he shouldn’t have.
“Lucius?” Harry asked turning to face Severus, “The third bond is Lucius? I knew about Draco, but not Lucius.”

Severus raised an eyebrow, wondering how Harry knew about him and Draco, but not Lucius.

“The third link has been closed since my inheritance.” Harry began walking again, stopping when he reached the door just to the right of the master bedroom.

Severus nodded, unsurprised. “Lucius is most likely blocking his connection to you out of fear. He’s naturally quite a Dominant man and would be unhappy with his role as a submissive.”

When Harry looked confused Severus sighed. “A lot of old cultures of magical creatures see a vast difference between submissive and Dominant mates. Some believe that a submissive is only useful for breeding. From my research, Dämonfeuer has never been like this though. Most prefer equal relationships, except during intercourse. Lucius doesn’t know who you are or that you are Dämonfeuer and he had been trained since birth to be submissive. Once his father died, he was able to be dominant in all aspects of his life. He’s probably afraid you will take this away from him.”

Harry nodded, massaging his temple. Another thing wrong. “Perhaps I can use my connection with Draco to convince him to open the bond. If you have a good rapport with Lucius, I would appreciate any aid you can give in convincing him to let me in. I need to connect with him soon.” Harry gestured to the door in front of them, “This is your room. The rooms are charmed to change to suit the occupants’ taste, as you open the door, speak your name and it will be keyed to you.” He indicated the door one up in the hallway. “That is my room. My door is always open for you if you require anything come see me, or call for Motsy, my personal house elf.”

Severus nodded, turning to the door as Harry practically fled to his room. Closing the door hard behind himself so that he wouldn’t go back. Now that he had one of his mates nearby, his creature was clawing at him to go back. Now it made sense why Remus had spent the night with Hermione. Harry didn’t even want sex, he just wanted to be close to the older man. But that spike of fear that ran through the bond when he tried to touch his mate prevented him from trying anything further.

It was going to be a long night.

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Harry stared up at the ceiling of his bedroom, his body aching and exhausted. His creature had come out hours ago and refused to go away. Knowing there was only a thin wall separating him from his mate was driving him crazy. He felt like his nerves were on fire, but he knew he couldn’t cave to his instincts.

Something in his mate’s past had hurt him, Harry wasn’t sure if it was a fear of him, his adoptive father, being dominated, or intimacy in general. Irrespective, it did not bode well. Harry refused to force Severus into anything he wasn’t ready for. If he had to wait a thousand years to sleep beside his mate, that is how long he would wait.

Harry was brought out of his musings by a light knock on his bedroom door. Judging by the moon’s position on his ceiling, it was into the very early hours of the morning. Sighing, he struggled upright and called for the person to enter, not caring that he had stripped to a pair of pyjama pants.

The last person Harry expected hesitated in the doorway, Severus Snape stood quietly, without his
glamour and in his night clothes.

“Severus?” Harry asked, confused “Is there something wrong? I can call for one of the elves.”

“No.” Severus sighed, exhaustion lacing his tone. “Nothing is wrong.”

Harry watched as the other man sagged a little against the door frame, realising his mate was struggling just as much as he was.

“Do you,” Harry hesitated, bracing for the likely rejection. “Do you want to sleep in here tonight?”

Severus’ eyes flickered up to Harry’s, then back to the floor. “If I can.”

“Of course! Please.” Harry tried to temper his enthusiasm as he tugged back the bed covers.

As Severus crawled under the covers beside Harry, he finally felt his nerves settle enough to retract his wings and tail. With a relieved sigh, Harry sank back down into the bed. Turning on his side, he observed his mate in the moonlight.

“Severus, will you tell me one day what happened to cause you to be so uncomfortable around me?” Harry asked quietly as he studied the other man.

The older man went rigid before sighing. “One day.”

Harry hummed in response, reaching out tentatively. “May I hold you while we fall asleep?”

Instead of responding, Severus shifted until his back was pressed to Harry’s front, tugging his arm up to his chest, finally the pair succumbed to sleep.
Harry woke up as something moved against him. Confused, he opened his eyes and was shocked to see Severus Snape lying in his arms, snuggling closer into the warmth of Harry’s bare chest. That was until he remembered last night, and a small smile drifted across his face as he studied the other man.

Now that the sun was shining in through the large bay window, he could see tiny, white scales decorating Severus’s cheekbones and nose; almost like freckles. The man looked so much younger when asleep, the worries of the world slipping away in repose. Harry hoped that one day his mate could look like this without having to be asleep. In the midst of his staring Severus’s eyes fluttered open and his purple gaze settled sleepily on Harry’s face.

“Good morning Severus,” Harry whispered, leaning in to kiss to his mate.

His heart sank when long fingers stopped him. He closed his eyes as pain flashed through him and shifted away. The Potion’s Master huffed a sigh, muttering something under his breath that seemed to cause a tingling sensation to sweep through his mouth, leaving a minty clean feeling.

Harry felt a hand slip into his, drawing his attention back to his mate who took advantage, pressing their lips together without hesitation. Their kiss was slow and tender, curling Harry’s toes as he wrapped his arms around the older man. When they paused to catch their breath, Harry shifted onto his back, nudging his mate on top of him, ensuring he always had the option of backing away.

Severus settled on top of him and just stared down at Harry. The Dämonfeuer couldn’t help but drink in the vision before him. The sun shone against his mate’s glossy black hair and pale skin. The Potion Master was lithe and trim, scales ran from his cheeks, down his throat and under the too big shirt that hung off one shoulder. The image was tantalising, and Harry closed his eyes, swallowing heavily as he tried to control himself.

“Oh Severus…” He murmured, pushing a hand through the older man’s hair. “The things you do to me.” Harry groaned, realising quickly that pulling the other man on top of himself was a bad idea.

Clearing his throat, he endeavoured to change the subject. “So, does this mean that you are moving in here?”

Severus hummed in response, smirking. “I suppose if either one of us wants to sleep again I will have to.”

Harry wasn’t sure how to respond and the intense gaze that raked over his face and torso wasn’t helping his control either. He noticed Severus paid particular attention to his tattoo and his nipple ring, but he didn’t dare move. So he just lay there, letting Severus get his fill of apparently torturing him. He wasn’t quite prepared for Severus to move and suddenly leave the bed all together.
“I need to shower.” Was all he gave as an explanation as he walked to the ensuite and shut the door firmly behind him.

Harry groaned, convincing himself it would be a bad idea to burst into the bathroom and ravish the other man. Figuring he had a little time, he fisted his erection, bringing himself off quickly and muttering a cleaning charm while the shower was running.

While he waited for his mate to finish in the bathroom, he decided to check on the other bonds. Closing his eyes, he found Draco still asleep and the third bond still firmly closed. He pushed on it hard, frustrated, he mentally kicked the block. In his mind, he growled pressing his mind against the wall and begging for Lucius to let him in.

Still, nothing happened, so Harry gave up and opened his eyes. Hearing that Severus was still in the shower he got out of bed and cast a cleaning charm over himself. Calling for Motsy, he asked the little elf to bring Severus’s belongings into his room. As she worked, he tugged on a pair of dark-washed jeans and a long-sleeved, dark green shirt. He put on his dragon hide boots and started thinking about how to officially meet with Lucius and Draco.

He was brought out of his thoughts by the bathroom door opening and Severus stepping out into the bedroom in nothing but a towel barely clung to his hips. Harry stared as the man moved across the room to where Motsy was putting his clothes away in a large dresser, completely unfazed by Harry’s ogling.

“Motsy be making sure Master Severus’s clothes are separate from Master Harry’s!” Motsy said as Severus walked over to stand beside her, “Master Severus’s robes be in the closet as well!”

Severus quietly thanked the elf before telling her that after his clothes were put away, he could do the rest of the unpacking. When Harry noticed Severus begin to pull out clothes for the day, he muttered he would see Severus at the breakfast table and fled. He was already tempted; he didn’t think he could stop himself from taking the man if he had dropped the towel to change in front of him.

****************************************************************

Draco sat at the desk in his bedroom. He was exploring the bonds in his mind, curious about how much control he actually had over them. He knew his father had shut off their Dominant mate, but he didn’t want to do that. He also knew that he could send thoughts to his mates, but that wasn’t the same as when he had been dreaming the other night. So he was just exploring, trying to find out if he could enter his mates’ minds like his Dominant had been able to do to his.

The first person he tried to reach was his father. It took a little more force, but he eventually slipped in. Lucius was currently in his study and Draco could tell when he had been noticed when a wave of amusement, touched with irritation washed over him.

Quickly, he left his father’s mind and followed the link that led to Severus’s. When he finally broke through the barriers that Severus had erected over his mind he could tell that the Potion’s Master had been aware of his presence from the very first prod. The older man was amused and proud of the blonde’s accomplishment.

He felt even more excited and quickly left Severus’s mind and followed the link to his Dominant mate. Maybe he could find out who he was!

His Dominant’s mind was relatively easy to slip into. He could sense barriers as he passed them, but they seemed to be recognizing him as unthreatening and let him pass on through. He wasn’t ready for what he saw once he was completely inside. Instead of being able to see where his mate was, the
other man had their dream world ready for him.

They were in an open, grassy area that he didn’t recognize, but he didn’t care. In front of him stood his Dominant mate and he could see his face. Dark jade eyes stared down at him shining with weary amusement. His mate had a strong angular jaw that worked well with his straight nose and high cheekbones. The tan skin that he had thought was an amazing contrast to his before, now looked even more golden in the sunlight. All in all, his mate was gorgeous, but he still was unprepared for knowing who he was.

“Potter?” Draco asked, his voice sounding as shocked as he felt.

“Yes, Draco?” Harry said casually. He had had time to process that the blonde was his mate while Draco had only a few seconds.

“You’re,” Draco swallowed heavily, “You’re my mate?”

Harry nodded, stepping closer. “And Severus’s, and your father’s, apparently.”

“B-but how?” Draco asked, “There hasn’t been creature blood in the Potter line for centuries.”

Harry raised an eyebrow then decided he didn’t care how Draco even knew that. “Well, then it’s a good thing that I’m not a Potter isn’t it?”

“What?” Draco was sure he was close to fainting. Could someone faint in their own mind?

Seeing Draco swaying, Harry reached out and placed his hands on the other’s shoulders to steady him.

“It’s a bit of a long story like I said before. Remember?” Harry said not taking his eyes off Draco’s.

Draco nodded, recalling their previous dream conversation.

“The summary is that the Potter’s blood adopted me, though I still don’t know why; and my biological parents were cursed to forget me, each other, and pretty much any sanity that they had.”

“That’s terrible.” Draco said as he processed all the information, his heartbeat slowly calming down.

“You’re telling me.” Harry muttered, unable to restrain himself, his thumb caressed Draco’s jaw, “I want to tell you everything in person Draco.”

Draco shivered at the touch. “How?”

“I’ll send you the address through our bond. You and your father are invited to dinner tonight.” Harry answered.

“You know about father?” Draco blinked, he didn’t think his father had contacted Harry yet.

“Yes,” Harry smiled gently. “Severus told me.”

“Oh.” Draco concluded that he must still be in shock because that was all he could answer with.

Harry suddenly cocked his head to the side, as if listening to something only he could hear. His smile grew wider and Draco suddenly couldn’t breathe for some reason.

“I am being called,” Harry said looking back at the blonde, “I have to go. I will see you and your father tonight.”
Suddenly Draco was back in his own room, sitting at his desk and contemplating the revelation of his mate, and where his mate lived.

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After both Harry and Severus were done eating breakfast the Dämonfeuer quickly ushered the other man away from the dining from under the pretense of showing him around the house. What Harry was really doing was escaping the most awkward breakfast of his life. It consisted of: a happy house elf serving people food when they weren’t looking, a calm merman eating his breakfast and talking about school with Mr. and Mrs. Granger, two parents who were clueless of the werewolf currently trying not to ogle their daughter’s mouth, and a mischievous girl who knew exactly what she was doing whenever she flashed the ball of her tongue ring to her mate. Harry had no choice but to flee.

Harry had shown Severus the kitchen, then the potions lab that he, Motsy, and Hermione had set up the day before. Thankfully nothing was missing but Harry had to practically drag Severus away. Now Harry was showing Severus the hot spring, and without thinking, he suggested going for a swim.

So here he was, his back turned to grant his mate privacy as he stripped and slipped into the water. Hearing a splash, Harry stripped off and turned around to see the merman swimming below the water. The water was dark; a sharp contrast to the expanse of pale skin and magenta tail.

Harry stepped into the water, paddling further into the deeps but more focused on watching his mate twisting and turning below him. When Severus finally popped up near him, Harry couldn’t help but reach out and touch. Fingers skimming across the exposed chest, collarbone, up his throat, across cheekbones. Harry struggled to breathe, so captivated was he.

“Merlin you’re beautiful.” He groaned.

Severus failed to suppress a blush. His Potions Master glamour was intentionally unattractive, and it had been a long time since he had dropped his glamours in the company of others.

Harry could feel the merman’s fin swaying back and forth in the water as he held their bodies afloat. He didn’t think the other man realized that every movement of his tail caused soft flesh to brush against his cock; which was starting to stir.

He leaned in and pressed his lips to Severus soft, purple ones, delighting in the shiver that moved down the other man’s body. He nipped gently on Severus’ lower lip, causing the merman to gasp, allowing his tongue to enter the moist cavern and explore. Severus’ moaned as Harry’s tongue massaged his own.

Severus’ resolve faded, he could only feel genuine emotion from his Dominant, and for once in his life, decided to relax and sink into the moment. He tugged Harry to fit hard against him, mouths locked together. The Dämonfeuer tightened his arms around the merman’s waist; fingertips teasing the sensitive transition between skin and scales. Severus gasped as the cold metal of Harry’s piercing rubbed against his own nipple as he moved.

Harry’s hand slid down pressed their hips together, grinding his hardening cock against the mound of Severus’s own arousal. The older man broke away from the kiss with a moan, his breath coming out in pants as he felt pleasure coursing through his body. No one had touched him like this before. He hadn’t even let Lucius be intimate with him while in his creature form, but now when he had found his Dominant mate; it no longer felt uncomfortable.

Glancing around, Severus towed his mate over to a large rock sloping out of the hot water. Harry
helped the merman spread out on the rock, his fin remaining in the water while their hips and torso was exposed to the humid air. Severus’ eyes slid closed as he revelled in the comfort of the space they were in and the nearness of his mate. Fingers traced over the scaled pouch that his cock was currently peeking out of and he moaned. The merman’s back arched as the fingers drifted down, discovering the slit of his opening just below. The fingers shifted away, settling on his hip.

Harry waited until his mate’s eyes fluttered open.

“Severus,” Harry breathed his control a tenuous thread in the face of his mate’s arousal. “I need you to know I will never do anything without your consent. As such, I expect you to speak up if you are not comfortable with something.”

Harry watched as gratitude washed over the submissive's face as he nodded slowly. Severus reached up, carding his hand through his mate's hair, tugging their mouths together. While they kissed languidly, he trailed his fingers down Harry’s arm that was resting on his hip, shifting it until it spread across his erection and slit.

“Touch me, please.” The merman whispered.

Harry couldn’t help the moan that rumbled out of his chest, slipping his fingers around his mate's arousal. Stroking firmly, Harry revelled in his mate’s desire thrumming through the bond. The quiet surrender of such a strong and powerful man was a heady thing.

Sliding his fingers down, they dipped into the slit, feeling the soft wet walls suck his fingers in. Severus back bowed at the unexpected touch, shuddering in pleasure. Pushing his fingers in deeper, they twisted, exploring the depths until they found an odd ridge at the top. Experimenting, Harry rubbed at it and fluid gushed out, his mate’s eyes rolling back into his head. Harry couldn’t help but grin, continuing to rub on the ridge, varying speed and pressure until he seemed to hit the right combination.

Shifting so that he was kneeling over his mate, Harry wrapped his other hand around Severus’ erection and began stroking, matching the pace of his rubbing. Gasping moans fell from the merman’s lips, fluid streaming from his slit and precome oozing out of his cock. Harry was relentless, stimulating the older man until his whole body went rigid, mouth locked open in a silent scream. Severus came, his internal walls fluttering and massaging Harry, a sucking sensation on the tips of his fingers; his cock throbbed at the same time, cum splattering over the pale chest.

The older man slumped lost to the pleasurable after haze; he had never cum so hard in his life. Harry simply watched, fisting his own erection lazily until he too climaxed.

The merman slowly came to, reaching over to cup the side of Harry’s face, thumb brushing over his bottom lip.

“Thank you, Harry. Thank you for respecting me. Thank you for granting me such pleasure.”

Harry waved away the gratitude, pressing a kiss to the thumb still on his lips with a small smile.

“As I said Severus, I am happy to take this at your pace. Just because we are mates doesn’t mean jack to me. I just hope we can find a way to develop an amicable relationship based on mutual trust, rather than one of mutual loathing.” Harry smiled, taking the sting from his words and Severus couldn’t help but smile back.

Settling down, the pair lay together, their touches light and exploring, learning each other without starting anything. Eventually, Severus willed his creature form away, allowing his Dominant to drink
in the long clean lines of his body.

Time stopped being relevant until finally, Severus sighed. “If we don’t want to have to explain why we are naked when Draco and Lucius get here, we might want to get out of here and change into some fresh clothes soon.”

Harry chuckled and slipped back into the water, Severus following closely behind him as they went to get out of the spring.

***************************************************************************

Harry had just finished getting dressed when Motsy popped into the room, advising their guests had arrived.

“Please show them to the dining room Motsy, we will be down momentarily.” Harry gave himself a cursory glance in the mirror.

The little elf bounced as she curtsied with a bright smile on her face before she popped back out of sight.

Harry let his eyes slide shut, fighting the warring nerves in his stomach. He was wearing a nice pair of black dress trousers; a long sleeve, black button up shirt; and a red leather vest. He had been informed by the house elf staff when he told them about the dinner arrangement that a proper formal dinner in pureblood societies required the participants to dress for the occasion. When he had just stared at them, Hermione had laughed and told him that since the dinner was going to be a meeting in which his mates would be introduced to him and his family is was considered a formal affair. Meaning Lucius and Draco would no doubt be following the protocol of dressing correctly. Now he was worried that he wasn’t dressed up enough.

He was fidgeting with his hair when he noticed Severus standing behind him, a knowing smirk on his face. Harry’s breath caught in his throat at the gorgeous sight. He wasn’t sure he would ever get used to Severus’s natural form, and Merlin he hoped not. The merman was dressed in tight black dress slacks, a white button up shirt and a simple black vest with red trim. Over that he wore a black robe that hung open, long, black hair swinging free around the pale scaled face. Harry realized that his mate’s attire matched his own and was grateful to see that subtly that posed as a united front.

Harry turned around and kissed Severus lightly on the lips, cupping the side of his face with a gentle hand.

“Thank you,” Harry said, butting their noses together.

Severus hummed and replied, “I’m sure I don’t know what you mean.”

Harry couldn’t help but grin. “I’m sure you don’t.” slipping his hand into Severus’, they walked towards the door, “Come, we better go stop Hermione from questioning our guests to death.”

***************************************************************************

Hermione had finished dressing an hour ago and was currently fidgeting with Remus’s tie – taking the opportunity to feel up her werewolf’s chest and neck - when Motsy popped into their room to inform them that Draco and Lucius had arrived and everyone was heading to the dining room.

As soon as Motsy curtsied and popped out, Hermione stood on tiptoes and kissed the man standing before her soundly on the lips, letting her fingertips ghost over his shoulders as she did so. She pulled away before they could lose themselves in the kiss, not failing to notice that Remus’s eyes were an
intense shade of gold.

“Maybe later.” Hermione whispered, letting her lip brush over his as she spoke. She knew she was playing a dangerous game, but she couldn’t help herself. It was like playing with fire, but she couldn’t get burned.

As she turned to walk to the door Remus snaked his hand out and grabbed hers. Yanking her back to seal their lips together in a passionate kiss. His tongue flicked at her lower lip and then entered the hot cavern of her mouth when she moaned. Finally, he found the strength to pull back, breathing heavily as his eyes shifted back from gold to brown.

“Later,” was all Remus said before he entwined their hands and let her lead them out of the room.
I realised I should probably put a warning in here for blood and violence? It's not... graphic? But things get a bit... messy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The first thing the two Malfoys noticed was that while their mate’s home was large, it wasn’t overly large like their manor was. Lucius couldn’t decide if this was pleasing or not. None of his inner turmoil showed, his emotions and animal instincts tearing each other apart on the inside. Denying the bond with his Dominant mate was taking its toll, but he refused to submit. He was not weak and refused to give up his life, not for anyone. Each day was getting harder to hide the inner struggle, but he did, he couldn’t worry Draco any more than he already was.

Not a minute after they arrived in the entryway, a small house elf wearing a yellow sundress appeared. She curtsied, greeting them and, offering to take their coats. The little elf advised that their hosts were getting ready and would be down soon. The Malfoy’s shared a look when the overly enthusiastic elf led them to a dining room and queried whether they required anything. They replied in the negative and the elf disappeared, leaving them to take in their surroundings.

A few minutes passed, and the door opened; a familiar man and a young woman entered, chatting. The man was head and shoulders taller than the woman, his sandy brown hair streaked with grey, muted brown eyes flashed with gold. Scars etched across the man’s face spoke of his true nature. Remus Lupin was dressed nicely, in a pair of brown slacks, a dark blue dress shirt, and a black tie.

The woman was young and attractive, warm brown hair was tucked back in a loose bun, ringlets and curls already escaping confinement. Her indigo dress was cut off at her knees but fell to mid-calf at the back. The dress hugged her curves without clinging indecently.

It was when she looked at Draco and smiled that recognition dawned.

“Granger?”

She frowned. “It’s Hermione. You are my best friend’s mate; calling each other by our last names seems childish.”

Draco swallowed hard and nodded, the prospect of having dinner under the watchful gaze of his mate’s best friend, a girl he bullied relentlessly for the past six years was not a pleasant one. She did seem willing to put their past differences aside, at least for now.

“Malfoy.” Remus inclined his head at the two men. “Harry and Severus should be down shortly.” Remus headed towards the small bar at the side of the room. Crystal decanters were filled with amber liquid. “Drink?” He tossed over his shoulder as he sniffed the different bottles, finally selecting one and pouring himself a glass.

“Yes thank you.” Draco moved to Lupin’s side, repeating the same process to get his own drink.

“Severus is here?” Lucius queried, back rigid.
“Yes,” Hermione turned at the sound of the door opening again, an older couple walking in. “He’s been here since last night.” She commented as she guided the pregnant woman to a chair.

“Mum, Dad, this is Draco and Lucius Malfoy. They are Harry’s other mates.”

The new couple didn’t even bat an eye at the odd statement. Two purebloods exchanged a look, expressing mutual surprise at how calm the muggles were at something so blatantly magical. They hadn’t thought muggles were capable of handling such realities of creatures and mates. They didn’t miss the hardening of the older woman’s eyes at their names. Evidently, Hermione had written to her parents regarding the treatment at the hands of the aristocrats.

Mr. Granger shook both of the Malfoy’s hands, easing the tension a little, before moving to join his wife.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Mr. Granger commented genially, “My name is Richard and this is my wife Jean.”

The pregnant woman quirked a smile at Draco and Lucius, she could sense their discomfort and allowed the hardness in her eyes to soften. “I’m sorry, I would stand, but moving around is getting exhausting.”

Before either man could reply the two people they were waiting on walked in, it felt as though all the air had been sucked from the room for the two blondes. It seemed that they had changed a lot since the last time either of the Slytherins had seen them. Draco was stunned because the man from his dream world was even better looking in real life. Lucius was floored, he had never seen Severus so comfortable without his glamour on.

“Sorry we’re late,” Harry apologized, pulling out the seat to the left of the head of the table for Severus to sit in, “Please everyone take a seat. I’m sure Motsy is just dying to get dinner served.”

Harry sat at the head of the table, Mr. Granger nodded in greeting as he sat down next to Severus; followed by Remus who sat down across from Hermione. Mrs. Granger stayed in her seat opposite the head of the table since she was having a hard time moving and it had been the first seat she had been able to get into comfortably. Hermione sat next to her and was followed by Lucius and Draco on Harry’s right.

Once everyone was settled, Motsy popped in, snapping her fingers the first course appeared before she popped out again.

After everyone had taken a mouthful, Lucius spoke, looking to Severus. “How are you? I heard about your home, but I couldn’t find you when I went there and I haven’t been able to reach you.”

“I’m fine Luc,” Severus pushed calm through their bond, “I’ve moved in with Harry and I am safe here.”

“You would have been safe at the Manor too Severus.” Lucius stated, not noticing the way Harry tensed.

Severus did notice Harry’s reaction, sliding his hand under the table to touch the younger man’s thigh. “Yes I would have, but I was already meeting Harry that night and he offered. I am sorry I didn’t let you know I was all right sooner.”

Lucius nodded in acceptance, turning back to his meal. The silence stretched as everyone focused on eating.
Finally, Draco cleared his throat. “So Pot-Harry. You said you would explain all of this if we came here for dinner.”

Harry swallowed, setting down his cutlery. “Most of it isn’t dinner table conversation, but I can explain a few things.” Harry took a drink from his glass of water, “To start off my birth name isn’t Harry Potter.”

“You mentioned that in the dreamscape.” Draco commented.

Harry inclined his head in acknowledgement and sighed. “My name is Dominick Corvus Black. My parents were Roman Alexeev and Bellatrix Black.”

The blondes shared a horrified look, ‘Bellatix?’ Draco mouthed to his father.

“Someone – we think Dumbledore – made them forget who they are; made them insane; made them into the monsters they are today.”

“Harry – sorry to interrupt,” Hermione cut in, “I think I found some answers to how Dumbledore would have done this to them.”

Harry’s attention snapped to his sister. “What have you found?”

Hermione looked apprehensively between Harry and the two blondes. “Maybe I should wait until after you’re done explaining everything.”

“It’s part of the explanation ‘Mione.” Harry implored. “Please?”

“Okay,” Hermione sighed. “It’s a ritual which cracks the victim’s soul. If your parents had fully bonded, then it could explain both of them going insane. Any other ritual would have been blocked by the soul bond, or Bellatrix could have closed off her end of the bond and been able to heal.”

“We don’t know that they were soul bonded ‘Mione,” Harry said, still looking hopeful, “Nor do we know that Bellatrix closed off her mind.”

“No, we don’t know that they had a soul bond,” Hermione conceded. “but we do know that their bond, their link was closed off.” She looked smug at Harry’s confusion. “Harry she’s married to LeStrange and doing Morgana knows what with him. Your father should have murdered him by now if they could still feel each other. So that only leaves the theory that their souls were bonded, and the bond has been broken.”

“It makes sense Harry.” Remus said, Severus nodding in agreement.

“There’s more,” Hermione leaning forward in excitement. “There is another ritual that is compatible with the one I just mentioned that would explain how Bellatrix forgot your father and how your father now thinks he’s Voldemort.”

Lucius jerked upright, chair chattering back, rage washing over his face. Draco lurched backward, trying not to cower away from his father. Mrs. Granger wrapped her arms protectively around her stomach. Hermione stood shifting to stand between her mother and the threat the elder Malfoy now posed, hair flaming. Remus had been the first to his feet after Lucius stood, sensing the man’s anger; his claws extending, eyes glittering gold.

Harry slowly stood, not wanting to instigate any violence from his oldest mate. He couldn’t prevent his claws and teeth lengthening, wings snapping out in a flare of dominance. He could feel fear coming from Draco in waves, putting him on edge. Severus knew that this situation could spiral
rapidly out of control, sending waves of calm through all their bonds.

“You filthy mudblood!” Lucius spat, face flushed. “How dare you speak of the Dark Lord so carelessly? You are unworthy to speak his name.” Lucius hissed, ignoring Remus’ warning growl. The blonde’s eyes shifted to Harry. “And you! You taint the Black and Alexeev names with your bullshit!”

Harry bared his fangs at the blatant disrespect from his submissive. Severus’ cool hand slid around his wrist, not to control, but to calm. It was enough to stop Harry from lunging at the blonde and putting him in his place violently.

“Lucius,” Severus’ voice was flat, “You have to admit that the timing of Roman’s disappearance and the Dark Lord’s appearance is a rather suspicious coincidence. You also know that Bellatrix’s current personality is nothing like how she used to be. Then her sudden acceptance of Rodolphus’ proposal; also wasn’t like her. She hated him.”

Lucius snarled, canines and claws elongating, eyes flaring mercury, “You would side with this boy over our Lord? Over me?”

Severus blinked, astonished at his friend’s stupidity. Sliding his hand down to grasp Harrys, he lifted his chin.

Hurt flared through Lucius, everything was going wrong and it was too much, he had to get out.

“Come Draco.” Lucius ordered loudly, holding out a taloned hand to his son.

Draco swallowed, eyes darting between his mates before slowly shaking his head. Exasperated Lucius went to snatch his son’s arm to physically drag him from the house. But before he could, Hermione stepped into his path, flames licking over her skin, eyes black. Lucius snarled, backing away cradling his burnt fingers until he was out of the room. They all heard the front door slam and the crack of apparition.

The room exhaled, the tension lowering to a more reasonable level. Harry blinked a few times, noticing Draco trembling in his chair. He squeezed Severus’ hand in gratitude before dropping it to make his way over to the young blonde. Dropping to his knees, Harry cupped one cheek with a clawed hand.

“Draco?” Harry queried, waiting for his mate’s eyes to focus on him. “Are you alright?”

Draco blinked a few times and Harry took the opportunity to inhale heavily, checking to ensure that Lucius hadn’t managed to hurt the younger blonde.

The Slytherin finally managed to nod. “I’m not hurt, just shaken.” Draco smiled weakly, “I guess I am moving in too?”

Harry’s face brightened with a grin, taking Draco’s breath away. Then he was suddenly wrapped in Harry’s arms, strong and firm around his frame. A second body moved in behind him, he inhaled and knew it was Severus, offering his own form of comfort.

Sighing in relief, Draco murmured into Harry’s shoulder. “I need to get my possessions from my room before my father can get to them, do you have a house elf I could send a message with?”

“You would send a house elf up against that man?” Hermione screeched.

“You would send a house elf up against that man?” Hermione screeched.

“The message would only be sent to one of the Malfoy house elves Miss Granger,” Severus pinched
the bridge of his nose, “Neither elf would come into contact with Lucius, and their magic could bar him from Draco’s rooms while they get his belongings.”

Hermione flushed, “Sorry. I’m still a little, um, heated.”

Harry rolled his eyes, shooting a look at Remus in the hopes he would help calm his mate. The Dämonfeuer called Motsy who suggested a house elf named Dory, who was excellent at sneaking around.

They finished their meal, the conversation pointedly light as everyone calmed down from the excitement. Harry’s creature attributes retreated as they ate. Mr. and Mrs. Granger headed off to bed early, the stress from dinner had worn the soon-to-be mother out.

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The group shifted to the sitting room where Harry and Draco shared what they knew about their own creatures. Hermione had instantly jumped on the topic and vanished with Remus into the library to do research. It was the perfect time to study more on Dämonfeuer, and now she had another creature to explore: a Kitsune. The three mates chatted, sharing what they had each been up to until Draco spoke up.

“I hope he still had enough sense not to hurt her.”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked, confused, “Hurt who?”

“My mother, she sleeps across the hall from him-” Draco began but didn’t get a chance to finish.

The stress of the closed bond, not claiming any of his mates, and the turmoil of his life since his inheritance came in, became too much. Harry snapped at the knowledge that his mate’s ex-wife was still living with Lucius. The rejection from earlier that night had cut deep and his creature could no longer cope.

He saw red.

The next thing Harry knew, pain was shooting like lightning up his arm. When his vision cleared, his arm was through his sitting room wall. Slowly removing his arm, blood poured out of the deep gashes. Ribbons of flesh and muscle fell free where broken timber had scoured his arm. He stared at his bloodied arm for a moment before a noise dragged his attention away to where Draco and Severus were standing.

Horror set in. He could have hurt them. It could be their blood on his hand right now instead of his. Harry must have blacked out because suddenly he was on his knees, dizzy from the adrenaline and blood loss. Severus moved swiftly to his side, unfazed by the growing pool of blood. He watched as Severus fished a pouch from his robes, removing two vials.

“I could have hurt you.” Harry slurred, “Could have hurt our Dragon.”

“Harry you’ve punctured an artery,” Severus uncorked a vial of murky green liquid, “You need to drink this.”

Harry couldn’t understand why Severus was willingly so close to him. He was a monster. His rambling thoughts were distracted by the blood smeared across Severus’s shirt.

“You’re bleeding.” Harry slurred, his unharmed hand jerking towards his mate.
The potion’s master looked down at himself. “It’s not mine-.”

Harry’s heart lurched; gods, had he hurt Draco? He flailed wildly, trying to see his Dragon. Severus put the vials out of the way, shooting a full body bind at his dying mate.

“Draco!” Harry cried, struggling against the bind. Quickly, Severus took the opportunity to pour one of the potions down Harry’s throat. He spluttered, half of it dribbling down his chin, mixing in with the blood pooled on the floor.

Severus cursed. “Draco!” He called, “Come here, he needs to see you!” He struggled to hold the bind, the frantic creature fighting against the magical hold, the wounds tearing further, causing more blood to leak out.

“Where is my Draco?!” Harry roared, back bowing under the pressure of the bindings.

Severus continued to curse, trying to pour the second vial down his throat, half of it spilling over Harry’s cheek. The next moment Draco appeared in his line of sight looking perfectly hale but deeply sad as tears spilled down pale cheeks. Why was he crying? Oh right, the blood. Who was bleeding again?

“I don’t have another healing potion strong enough for this wound.” Severus growled, and Harry blinked, realising that couldn’t really feel much of anything right now.

“I have Essence of Dittany.” Hermione’s voice came from somewhere behind him. Dittany? Why would they need dittany?

“Harry, you stupid prat.” Draco breathed, tears running down his perfect face, “I just found you. You can’t leave me.”

Leave? Why would he leave? His eyebrows drew together, attempting to piece together what was happening. Suddenly, thought fled at the feeling of soft lips against his own. His eyes slipped closed as he focused all his energy on responding, ecstasy running through what little of his body he could feel.

He was gasping for breath when Draco pulled away, mentally revelling in the moment he had shared with his mate, knowing he wasn’t being rejected again. It was odd though, he couldn’t seem to pull in much air into his lungs. They hadn’t kissed for that long. Maybe he was just really turned on.

Harry reached up with his unhurt arm to wipe away some of the tears on Draco’s beautiful face. Why was he crying though? He didn’t want Draco to cry. He never wanted to see tears in those silver eyes again. And why were his fingers red? Whatever was on them rubbed off in thick lines across the pale cheek. He tried to ask Draco why he was crying when coldness seemed to rush over him, eyes rolling back in his head, darkness claimed him.

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Narcissa Black huffed in frustration, her breaths short gasps. Her wand was clutched tightly in her hand, a light flush of exertion staining her cheeks from running around the Manor for the past couple of hours. She had been leading her ex-husband on a merry chase through the manor.

Earlier she had been startled by a harsh fluctuation in the wards followed by a loud crash. She had gone to investigate and found Lucius standing amidst the remains of the family’s entrance hall. The moment Lucius noticed her presence he had attacked, she had cursed, flinging a shield between them before sprinting down the hall away from him.
Narcissa had only seen her best friend fully transformed twice in her whole life; first when his final mate had come of age a week ago and just the other day when they had realized he was going feral. Submissives weren’t supposed to go for so long without a Dominant in their lives and not only had Lucius gone without one for almost three decades, but he had blocked the bond.

Normally the love and attention that she and Draco lavished on him would be sufficient. But with the bond opening and Narcissa re-entering society as a free, single woman, Lucius has been losing out. While she wasn’t surprised, she was still caught off guard by Lucius turning feral.

The key to bringing Lucius back was to first exhaust him, then to assert her dominance. Half an hour ago she had managed to down a pepper-up potion in order to continue their dangerous game of cat and mouse. He would be tiring soon. She suddenly heard a growl from somewhere close, could hear Lucius’s laboured breathing and knew that they couldn’t keep this up for much longer.

Taking a deep breath to steel herself, she flung her body around the corner to cast the strongest body-bind spell that she could conjure.

“Enough!” She screeched over her ex-husband’s angry snarls; which quickly stopped at her commanding tone.

As she paced over to her best friend, she could see the slow shift as he regained his senses. His creature attributes withdrawing, once his eyes were clear, she banished the conjured ropes binding him.

“Narcissa,” Lucius rasped, “I’m- I’m-” He coughed, mouth working.

“Oh do be quiet.” Narcissa snapped, “I signed up for this, remember?”

Lucius flushed in shame as he let her help him to his feet. She shuffled him into his room, shoving him onto the bed as she cleaned him up, banishing the shreds of his clothes.

“How much damage did you cause, Luc?” Narcissa sighed.

“I couldn’t think ‘Cissa,” Lucius slumped, pressing his hands to his face, “He started talking about the Dark Lord and I couldn’t handle it! Severus tried to reason with me, but all I could focus on was him and it was like I wasn’t in control of myself anymore. I had to get out.”

Narcissa hummed lightly. “Well you weren’t in control of yourself, and if you had just let him fuck you, we wouldn’t be having this conversation right now, now would we?”

Lucius jerked upright and frowned at her crude language, Narcissa only chuckled and tossed him a vial of dreamless sleep.

“Take this. It should help you sleep without you being disturbed by your mates’ prodding. I’m assuming Draco is with Potter as well.” Narcissa said as she walked through the bedroom door, “Oh and Luc. You should really try to let him in. I won’t be here forever and Draco is already with him. It is your only solution now.”

Then she was gone, leaving him alone. Lucius’s inner beast yowled angrily at being separated from his mates. But his mind rebelled at the thought of submitting to Harry, or Dominick apparently. Lucius knew he didn’t have a lot of time before the feral beast inside him fully took over, if what had happened tonight at dinner was any indication. He downed the potion in one shot and lay down, surrendering to exhaustion.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry not sorry?
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

A bit of fighting and fucking. I wouldn't go so far as to call it hate sex, but it's not far off. Enjoy! ;)

The first thing Harry noticed was that he was no longer laying on something hard. Whatever he was on now was soft and warm. The second thing he noticed was that he had two bodies pressed against his sides.

Opening his eyes groggily Harry stared up into the ceiling of his bedroom. Memories began filtering back through in fits and starts. His first glimpse of Draco and Lucius, so similar yet so different. The cool slide of Severus’ hand over his, calming the inner beast. Hermione’s excitement and Lucius’s blow up.

Chatting with Draco and Severus in the sitting room. His mind hesitated, then rushed over the hot flash of rage, his fist in the wall, the pool of blood surrounding him as his friends and mates tried frantically to save his life. Finally, he remembered what dying felt like and he understood now why Draco had been crying. He must have been really out of it to not understand what was going on then.

Speaking of Draco, Harry looked down on his uninjured side and saw the blonde just waking up, blearily blinking his silver eyes at Harry. Then those eyes widened and Draco sat up quickly, staring at him in surprise.

“You're awake!” Draco said his voice flooding with relief. He quickly reached over and prodded the sleeping Severus, “Sev, wake up! Harry’s awake!”

Severus groaned at the hard treatment to his ribs before blinking the sleep out of his eyes and sitting up to examine his Dominant.

“How are you feeling?” Severus asked as he unwrapped the bandaging around Harry’s wounded arm.

“Tired.” Harry answered simply as he watched Severus’s controlled movements.

“You lost a lot of blood,” Draco explained as he watched Severus as well, “We had to give you a potion to replace it, but we weren’t sure it would be enough.”

Harry shifted to get a better look as the last of the gauze was removed from his arm. He didn’t really know what he was expecting to see, but where previously unmarred skin was, a jittery web of white and red scars stretched from his fist and up his forearm.

“Your muscles have fully healed, but the dittany essence must not be completely compatible with your DNA.” Severus said after he cast a diagnostic spell over Harry’s arm, explaining the scars.

A silence settled over the three mates as they all took in Harry’s scarring. The Gryffindor raised his arm then proceeded to clench and unclench his fist; testing the newly healed muscles. Scars weren’t
all that foreign to him, but the amount of scarring on his arm did shake him a little. He was also
beginning to wake up more as he found his energy slowly returning to him.

He finished examining his arm, thanking Severus for saving him when he noticed a nervous look on
Draco’s face. Harry couldn’t help but query what was wrong as he shifted to sit against the
headboard of the bed.

“My mother sent me a letter this morning,” Draco’s eyes were downcast, “She asked me to explain
my father’s condition to you since he’s getting worse.”

“Condition?” Harry asked sharply, glancing to Severus who looked just as confused as he was.

“My father is feral.” Draco blurted out. When Harry blinked cluelessly at him he remembered that his
Dominant had only a brief education on creatures at best, “Submissives turn feral when they don’t
have a Dominant in their life for a very long time. My father hasn’t let a Dominant have any control
in his life other than the Dark Lord, and even then, it was very limited.”

Harry frowned. “I don’t want to take power away from any of you.”

“He means that Lucius is lashing out because he has too much freedom and refuses to let any of it
go,” Severus explained, “Submissive creatures can handle power and having authority, but when we
have too much we become overwhelmed and can turn feral. It is more about a lack of grounding than
anything else.”

Draco nodded. “My father has become feral because he’s had too much authority for too long with
no one to ease the burden.”

“It’s why he wouldn’t listen to my reasoning yesterday.” Severus concluded.

“So I need to dominate him?” Harry asked casually.

Draco’s face lit up in delight Severus just smirked.

“Yes, that’s about the only way to get his creature side under control. He’ll put up a fight though.”
Severus smirk took on a decidedly wicked edge.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the smirking Potions Master. “You like the idea of that don’t you?”
Severus’s mouth twitched and the tip of his tongue peeked out to wet his lips.

Harry chuckled at the man’s antics, crawling over his mates to get out of bed. He was stiff and sore,
his newly healed arm twinged with phantom pains, but otherwise, he felt fine.

“I suppose the sooner I dominate him the better, right?” Harry couldn’t help the flash of arousal that
ran through him at the thought, which was echoed by the two submissives still sitting on his bed.

Draco flushed and nodded when Harry turned to face them again, “He’s never had an episode like
he did last night. I don’t know how much longer he has before he’s past saving.”

Harry knew what he had to do. He could still feel anger boiling inside of him as he remembered
Lucius’s disrespect; the news that Narcissa was still living and sleeping so close to his mate after she
had a previous claim to him made jealousy twist in his gut. By the time he had taken a shower and
eaten something, he could feel his inner creature taking over.

After reassuring Remus, Hermione, and the Grangers that he was all right, he left Draco and Severus
explain Lucius’s condition to them. He apparated out, his instincts urging him to go to his feral mate.
He landed in an entrance hall late in the morning, immediately catching the sharp scent of his mate, a wild edge that he knew shouldn’t be there. It smelled burnt and hot, saturating his mind. Harry’s creature came forward; he stretched his jaw, accommodating his fangs, flexing his hands to feel his claws, wings snapping free and tail lashing out behind him. He stalked the heady scent out of the destroyed room and down a small hallway; pace quickening when his link to Lucius throbbed.

Harry was led to a room, the scent thick and heavy in the air. His head snapped to the bed when he heard a high whine coming from the far side. He rounded the end of the four poster and found his mate.

Lucius was curled up on the floor, knees to chest, pale skin exposed to the air. His long platinum hair cascaded around his shoulders, doing nothing to cover his long furred ears. His skin was flushed and sweaty, his creature side warring with his wizarding. Grey eyes snapped open as his nose twitched, scenting his Dominant mate. Scuttling back, Lucius hissed at Harry, a wildness taking over his eyes. Harry flared his wings as he growled, releasing a scent demanding submission. Lucius was too far gone for such an easy display and he yowled angrily. Harry quickly realised the only way this would work was if he surrendered to his creature; it would be brutal and dirty, but he knew he could win. A thrill ran through him at the prospect of the fight, the clear violent intent in his submissives eyes caused a spike of lust to rush through him.

The blonde had hunkered down, growling and hissing, but when the Dämonfeuer took a step forward, the Kitsune charged him. They landed on the floor in a pile of limbs; grunting like the animals they were. Lucius swiped with a clawed hand that Harry barely deflected. The brunet lashed out, attempting to get a grip on the blondes’ throat.

It was a mix of snarls, hisses, angry yowls, and growls that they fought each other, tearing, gripping, both trying to gain the upper hand until they were both slick with sweat and blood.

Harry finally managed to pin Lucius to the floor, face pressed into the carpet. They were both gasping in heaving breaths, Lucius was whining, and Harry was as hard as a rock. Deep gashes littered both of their bodies, but Harry couldn’t help but run a claw down Lucius’ spine, retracting it as he reached the crease of the blondes’ arse. Lucius scrabbled at the floor but was unable to move, Harry leaned a bit more weight into the hand on the back of Lucius’ throat, growling his dominance.

Harry’s fingers were coated with blood, but he fisted his erection quickly, gathering the oozing precome, his clothes long gone during their fight. With a twist, he slid his slick fingers into his mates’ entrance, surprised to find it already wet and leaking. The Kitsune yowled, bucking and struggling until Harry leant down and bit the blondes’ shoulder. Lucius went slack, whining as his hips were yanked up, presenting to the Dominant mate that was roughly working him open, using their combined blood and slick to ease the way.

Harry couldn’t help but savour seeing his strongest mate submitting to him. He was especially delighted by the pose he had manhandled him into, as well as the flash of bared teeth that showed whenever Harry shifted.

His mate was strong and intelligent, even when feral if the number of blows he had landed on Harry’s body during their fight was any proof. It had taken a fair amount of effort to finally get Lucius even halfway to submission. His other mates, though glorious in their own ways, were not as strong as Lucius. Severus was very intelligent, but he didn’t fight; at least not physically. Draco was gorgeous and sweet, but he too wouldn’t have enough to fight off Harry if he needed to. Lucius provided an exquisite challenge, strong enough to push Harry to be his best. He was the perfect beta.
to Harry’s alpha. Harry just hoped that the blonde’s ferocity didn’t vanish along with the feral state.

Harry gave a husky chuckle when the blonde tried to choke back a whimper as he withdrew his fingers. The blonde bared his teeth at the chuckle but still at the nudge of Harry’s cock at his entrance. Harry kept his hand pressed to the nape of Lucius’ neck as he trailed nips over the man’s shoulder sucking hard on the pale flesh. Lucius shuddered and arched, back bowing, tail tucked out of the way.

Curious, Harry couldn’t help but run his free hand over the tail, from base to tip, dragging a keening whimper from his oldest mate. Snapping at the sound, the Dämonfeuer thrust into his mate, sinking to his hips in one smooth thrust. Harry waited for the resistance of a virgin to grip him but when he only felt tightness that comes with not being penetrated for a long time, his blood started to boil, his mate had been with someone before him.

Harry snarled, rage blinding him as he snapped his hips forward, burying himself in viciously. The brunet loosely wrapped the tail around his forearm, gripping his mates’ hip with a clawed hand as he started to fuck into the blonde.

Lucius cried out the pleasure of being penetrated by his Dominant warring with the pain of claws at his hip and neck. He squeezed his eyes shut at the pain, attempted to surrender, hoping it would appease his angry mate.

The pained cry startled Harry, finally noticing the ribbons of fresh blood from where his claws were digging into his mate’s pale flesh. The creature side of him was satisfied at causing his disobedient submissive pain, but the greater part of himself felt agony. It was enough for him to retract his claws.

Harry released his grip on the blondes’ neck, reaching down to lave and kiss the skin in apology. He could feel the quivering muscles under him as the blonde rocked back into his thrusts, pained whines shifting to pleasured moans.

To reward such beautiful, hard-won submission, Harry reached down, grasping his mates’ arousal and stroking him in time with his thrusts. The blonde began to purr, making such sweet sounds as Harry took him apart.

Harry pulled out, flipping Lucius over onto his back and hiking his knees up over his elbows. The Dämonfeuer ensured that his submissives hips were off the ground, his tail free to lash in pleasure before plunging into the wet warmth once more. Gripping the older man’s hips, he started pounding into him, finding and holding the best angle to stimulate his mate’s prostate.

Moans and cries of pleasure fell from the blonde’s lips, through all of his lessons, he had never experienced pleasure such as this. Lucius surrendered completely, allowing the bond to break open, cock leaking copiously. The pair worked together, bringing each other closer and closer to their peaks until they came together in a roar of pleasure. Harry could feel his fangs lengthening as his orgasm approached, preparing for the claiming. Lucius’ cum splattering across his chest while Harry pumped into his channel, muscles rippling and milking his cock.

Harry fell forward as his orgasm peaked, sinking his fangs deep into his mates’ shoulder, biting viciously to show forever the hard-fought dominance as a reward and a reminder for their battle.

Lucius’s breath hitched in his throat, startled as the claiming mark was bitten into his neck. The claws on the fingertips of his other hand raked down Harry’s chest, leaving deep gouges down the unpierced side.

Harry groaned as he lapped at the wound he had made, feeling the bond settle between them, each of
them satisfied with their claiming marks. Lucius moaned softly at the pleasantly over full feeling of having Harry and his cum inside of him. He was disappointed when his mate slid free, arranging them both on the floor on their sides, facing each other. The blonde could feel his creature settling, the bond flowing freely between the two.

Without thinking Lucius summoned his wand, casting a cleaning charm over himself and Harry, removing the thick coating of blood, sweat, and cum. He left the seed inside of him, silently pleased at the full feeling of it as it coated his insides.

Then he froze, and horror began to settle in. His father had taught him to never clean himself unless his Dominant ordered it or left him for the night. He had already been punished once tonight, and he resigned himself to being punished again. He dropped his wand on the floor tucking his chin to his chest as the only sign of submission he could achieve in their current position. He felt Harry shift, the hand that had been gently rubbing up and down his side sliding up to tug on Lucius’ chin. Harry was looking at him with concern on his face that only made Lucius confused.

“Lucius?” Harry queried, fresh terror washing through their bond from the older man. “Lucius, did I hurt you?”

The blonde blinked in confusion; his Dominant was worried that he had hurt him? That was odd. Then again, he had stopped when Lucius had whimpered in pain at the start of their coupling.

“You didn’t hurt me.” Lucius said flinching when his voice came out stronger than it should have been. He needed to be soft and quiet, he was very out of practice.

Harry’s confusion only grew. “Then what’s wrong?”

Confusion began to overtake terror in their bond; Lucius’ Dominant was not acting like any of the other’s that he had met before.

“I cleaned myself without permission?” Lucius whispered; maybe this was a test.

Harry looked like he had been smacked. Okay, so maybe it wasn’t a test – Lucius was still confused. Harry reached out and brushed his fingers through the tangled hair that framed the older man’s face, frowning when Lucius flinched at the movement.

“Lucius, why do you think that you have to ask for permission to clean yourself?” Harry fought for calm.

“It was what I was taught.” Lucius answered obediently.

It was then Harry remembered what Severus had told him. Lucius had been trained to be ‘the perfect submissive’ since he was a child.

“Is that why you weren’t a virgin?” Harry asked, stroking his mate’s hair as he simultaneously tried to comfort the man and calm himself.

Lucius flushed, looking away from Harry in shame, “I was taught that experience was more important than virginity when it came to pleasing a Dominant. My father had me start such training when I turned sixteen.”

Harry fought to swallow down his rage, not at his mate, but at the people who had done this to him. “If your father was still alive I would kill him. Tear him limb from limb.”

Lucius finally looked at Harry, startled.
“I could have really hurt you when I didn’t feel that ridge inside of you that told me you were a virgin,” Harry explained, fingering the gouges on his mates’ hip. “I did.”

Lucius looked surprised, then thoughtful as he considered Harry’s words. “I suppose that explains why so many matings when I was younger resulted in the submissive being seriously injured.”

Harry pressed a soft kiss to Lucius’s lips, smirking at the dazed look on the blonde’s face when he pulled away. “I want you to do what you want Lucius, though sleeping with anyone other than me, Draco, or Severus is out of the question.” Harry looked deep into his mate in the eyes, flooding the bond with honesty. “I want you to be your own person and I want you to challenge me. I might not always be around to protect you, Sev, and Draco.”

Lucius looked at Harry with wide, hopeful eyes.

“I am going to need you to be there for them when I can’t be.” Harry continued, “I want you to be my beta.”

Lucius’ heart soared. He threw himself at his mate, pushing him over onto his back and wrapping his whole body around the younger man. He let joy and gratitude flow through the bond between them.

Harry groaned as his cock twitched at the sensation of his very naked mate’s warm skin rubbing against it. He pushed Lucius up and smiled in at the infectiously happy grin he got directed at him. The blond bit his lip at the feeling of his mate’s arousal, rubbing his hips over the younger man’s cock, the fat head pressing at his slick entrance.

Strong hands gripped his hips, not to control, it felt more like his Dominant was simply hanging on. Grinning, Lucius angled his hips until the head of his mates’ cock popped past the loosened ring of muscle. He ground backward until he was completely filled, arching upward and taking a moment to savour the feeling.

Harry moaned, drinking in the vision of loveliness before him. Pale skin stretched over taut muscles. Flushed cock jutting proudly from a nest of pale curls. Scratches still littered the man’s body from their fight, but his eyes were drawn to the mating mark on his shoulder, a possessive purr rumbled through his chest.

Lucius’ eyes cracked open, smirking down at his mate as he started to rock on the rigid length inside him. Leaning down, he laved the claw marks that stretched down Harry’s chest, before shifting to tongue the nipple piercing. He couldn’t help the purr of satisfaction in his chest when Harry arched up into the touch. Suddenly, hands gripped his face tugging Lucius’ mouth up for a passionate kiss, their rutting getting more vigorous as passion overtook them again.

“I’m guessing this means you’re moving in with me then?” Harry gasped as they moved together.

Lucius hummed in agreement, not stopping his ministrations, showing his appreciation for his Dominant how he was trained.

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Narcissa stood outside of Lucius’s room fanning herself. She had not expected to find her ex-husband and his mate going at it when she had returned home from shopping, but it was still an oddly nice surprise.

She quickly left them to it when she heard them begin to talk, feeling happy that Lucius was being cared for properly, finally. Now she just had to find a man for herself and all would be right in the world. Well, at least for a night.
Dumbledore sat behind a large mahogany desk in his office at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Around his neck hung a charm that hid his greatest secret; a charm that he was currently fiddling with; pouring his magic into it to increase its power as he let himself become lost in his thoughts. He had plans to put into action, but that brat Harry Potter was hiding, and his plans couldn’t move forward unless the child was either out of his way or in his control.

When he had discovered the boy’s creature blood, he had instantly felt glee. He initially planned to train the boy; make him pliable to only Dumbledore’s whims when he had thought he was a submissive. When he turned out to be a Dominant, Dumbledore had to quickly change his plans, plotting how to create the perfect, controlling Dominant. One of his family lines traced back to one of Dumbledore’s greatest enemy, making the ruination of the boy even sweeter.

So Dumbledore had gone to work. He had kidnapped the child, placing him in the care of Lily and James Potter. The couple couldn’t have children, and they were all too happy to take in a child whose parents had been ‘killed’ by Voldemort. Though they didn’t know at the time that the monster they were fighting was really an illusion created by the man that gave them a chance to be parents. In the end, the Potters were simply a means to Dumbledore’s end game.

After the young couple was disposed of, giving young ‘Harry’ a future reason to kill Voldemort, his own birth father. Dumbledore then placed the boy in the not-so-tender care of Lily Potter’s sister and her husband. The magic-hating couple left the boy scared and attention deprived just as planned, making it easy for Dumbledore to come to the rescue. The plan had been to ‘rescue’ the boy when his creature heritage appeared, molding him into an example for how all Dominants should be.

Dumbledore had subtly instigated training for new submissives in the previous generation, ensuring they were properly ‘broken in’ before they met their Dominant. Sometimes even before their own creature heritages surfaced. It was delicious seeing the spike in injured and damaged submissives when their Dominants lost control.

The spells he created to detect a child’s likeliness of turning into a magical creature and whether they would be submissive or Dominant had come in very handy. Now, though, those practices were being weeded out. More and more submissives were not learning their place. Some even challenged their Dominants to see if they were worthy enough to mate with them.

It disgusted Dumbledore. It reminded him of her; of the submissive who had had the gall to deny him all those centuries ago. He wasn’t a creature, no, but oh how he had wanted her. She had chosen him instead, even though she never admitted it until it was too late. She had eventually gone feral, her creature destroying her from the inside out. She had been unable to see reason until a brief moment of clarity in which she had seen all of the destruction she had wrought; all of the pain in the faces of her Dominant, her adoptive son, and her best friend. Then she had given herself over to the lake. She hadn’t even looked at him as she destroyed herself, only having eyes for her Dominant.
The old wizard had felt her recently, had felt her magic as she let herself come back and bear a child; a child that he still could not locate much to his annoyance. He had felt her as she watched over her descendants, as well as their descendants. He had nearly burst into a rage when he had felt her magic in Hogsmeade, but he had restrained himself. He had plans to act out, to punish his enemy and her who had tossed him aside. He would not deviate from them, just as his host never would. Dumbledore was a kind and loving man, but he was not Dumbledore, he was not kind, nor did he have any love left in him.

Draco, frankly, was bored. It had been two hours since Harry had left and because the Dämonfeuer had slept through the morning and early afternoon, it was getting close to sunset now. He had joined Severus in the potion’s lab for a while, but the merman had quickly become immersed in his work and Draco was unintentionally ignored.

He had left Severus to his work and had mustered up enough courage to do something that he had needed to do for a long time. Ignoring every pureblood lesson he had ever learned, he went to Hermione Granger and apologized for all the wrongs he had done to her. She had listened to him, her expression remaining blank as she paused to let his words sink in. Then a smile lit up her face and she had hugged him, accepting his apology. They had talked for a little while after that but soon she had left, needing to go back to studying, leaving Draco alone once more. Now the blonde was in his Dominants’ bedroom, exploring.

The room itself was large. It had an ensuite that could probably fit a couple of giants inside and a walk-in closet that would have made his mother insanely jealous. The large bay window was his new favourite spot in the house. He had a small bookcase put right next to it after his belongings had arrived, including his personal library. The seat of the bay window was padded with a thick, green cushion and as he continued to explore, he found two rectangular pull handles that opened the seat to reveal a storage compartment.

Tucked into the otherwise empty compartment was a large box with the Weasley Wizard Wheezes logo on the top. Curious, Draco lifted the box out and popped it open, eyes widening in surprised excitement.

Molly Weasley shook as she stared out the kitchen window at the carriage that sat on her front lawn. It had been there since that morning, arriving along with a letter from the man that she had once thought of as a dear friend.

My Dear Molly,

It pains me that it has come to this, but I fear I no longer have a choice in the matter. I warned you and your family that if you refused to tell me what I needed to know about Harry Potter, I would have to take drastic action. Now, I know you love Harry as your own and I commend you for that,
but it’s a shame to see you hurting your own family all because you care for one orphan boy.

Alas, I bring you my ultimatum. Either tell me what I want to know or a – sadly - crude gentleman by the name of Mortinson will be taking your submissive and neutral children for proper training to please Dominants. After the training is over I, regrettfully, cannot promise they will be returned to you. Mortinson owns a brothel you see, and many of his employees’ service Dominants with particular tastes. You know how Dominants can be when they use a submissive that isn’t a virgin. It seems he’s always looking for replacements.

Also, do not try to leave your home to run from this punishment. Once the carriage has arrived only I can remove the sealing spell that has been placed over your lovely home.

I look forward to your reply,

Albus Dumbledore

“Mama?” Ginny’s voice startled Molly out of her thoughts, “What’s going to happen to us?”

Ginevra Weasley had grown up a lot over the summer. She was now as tall as Molly and had the body of a quidditch chaser; all lean muscle and soft curves. Her hair had grown out and now reached well below her shoulders. She hadn’t yet reached her inheritance but Molly suspected she would be like her older brothers: Ron, Fred, and George, a submissive Siren. They, along with their older brother Charlie had inherited Molly’s creature genetics. Bill and Percy were simply wizards like their father and therefore were neutral.

That morning, after they had gotten a note, Molly and Arthur had fire called their three oldest children, glad that they were still able to floo call out, even though they could no longer leave The Burrow. Charlie was far enough away from Britain that he was safe; so Bill and Fleur, as well as Percy and his girlfriend Penelope all had gone to stay with him until the situation was resolved.

When Molly had begged her children to be careful and watch out for Mortinson or Dumbledore, Charlie had laughed, saying that if either man was spotted they would have an entire settlement of battle-worn wizards and witches to go through. If that wasn’t enough, most of the dragons that were on the reservation had taken a shine to Charlie, and he would love to see either of the wizards try to fight their way through a hoard of angry dragons. Molly was just happy to hear that half of her children were safe.

“We’ll be fine honey,” Molly tried to reassure herself as much as her daughter, wrapping the girl in a tight hug, “No one’s going to hurt you.”

Out in the garage Arthur mindlessly fiddled with his muggle objects; trying to come up with some idea of how he could get his entire family out of this situation without any of them getting hurt, Harry included.

He was partially blaming himself. He had been offered a vacation from work and had quickly taken it in order to spend more time with his family; especially since Ron was still adapting to his siren heritage. If he hadn’t taken the offer then Dumbledore wouldn’t have been able to do this. If he hadn’t taken the offer then his absence at work would be noticed and people would be sent to investigate. They would have had help coming. Now he just hoped that his oldest children were able to stay safe, and maybe, just maybe, they would be able to send someone to help them.
Upstairs the three youngest Weasley boys sat in the twin’s bedroom. They were currently trying to distract themselves from the situation by discussing the next product Fred and George were planning, but they weren’t as excited as they usually were.

Ron’s split lip from where he had been backhanded after he had not spoken a word during the recent bout of questions was throbbing, but he didn’t complain. He had to be strong for his little sister and his mum; he would wear his badge of defiance with pride.

Fred and George leaned against each other sending comforting trills of sound to one another; which Ron, thankfully, ignored. The bond between the two had grown strong. And now fear at being separated and possibly forced to be with someone else, someone who wasn’t their Dominant mate, had them in a tailspin. They were working hard not to show it though.

They were the oldest submissive sirens in the house, and they refused to let their fear take them over. They knew how to use their voice to fight, and if they had to they would kill whoever came for them. They didn’t want to kill though; it just wasn’t in their natures. So they were stuck in their room, masking how terrified being separated and possibly killing someone made them with jokes and ideas.

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Draco sat on the window seat biting his lip nervously. He had just locked the door, adding a few extra secrecy and silencing charms on top of the physical lock for good measure. Now he was staring down at the contents in the box wondering if he should really be doing this. His Dominant had hidden these for a reason, but he was curious. Both Severus and Lucius knew what pleasure felt like, especially pleasure at their Dominants hand. Draco was, for all intents and purposes, a virgin and had only gotten off a couple of times by his own hand and that one night with his father.

Inside of the box was an assortment of sex toys and aides. What had really grabbed his attention was a string of beads, increasing in size until they finished in a small flat disk. There was a piece of paper attached to the flat disk, detailing not only how to use the string, but that there was a remote that could be used to control the toy, describing the different functions and the methods of manipulation.

Still feeling nervous Draco brushed over the links in his mind, careful not to alert his mates of his presence. Severus was still absorbed in his potions and would most likely be down in the basement for a long time. The second he brushed over his links to Harry and Lucius he gasped, their pleasure filling his mind before he abruptly cut them off in order to catch his breath.

Deciding to just do it before his nerves got the best of him; he stood up and wiggled out of his pants and boxer briefs, unbuttoning his shirt and letting it hang open from his shoulders. He then rifled through the box until he found the matching remote. He was already half hard from the overflow of pleasure he had just felt and with a few quick strokes of his hand, his cock was standing at full attention.

He sat down on the window seat, slumping back against the wall adjacent to the window. The seat was wide enough for Draco to spread out, bending his knees to give himself free access.

Draco let out a deep breath as he let his hands trail over the skin of his stomach and down his thighs. He shifted a little, dropping one knee to rest on the cool window, allowing the other to fall open over the edge of the seat. He slid a hand down his inner thigh, noticing that it was just as sensitive as he
remembered it being.

Reaching behind his balls he rubbed the pads of his fingers over his wet entrance. He had only started producing slick after his link to Harry had opened. The slick seemed to reduce any discomfort he used to experience and increased his sensitivity; touching himself was a deliciously new adventure.

Now Draco teased himself with light touches, encouraging his hole to open, slick oozing onto his fingers. After a few moments, he slipped one long finger into his body and bit his lip as he rubbed against his walls. Part of him was tempted, as he thrust his finger in and out of his tight entrance, to see how many fingers he could fit before he came. His current record was three.

Draco shuddered and let out a tiny moan as he thought of his little game, but instead of using his fingers, he imagined Harry’s thick rough ones or even his father’s long dextrous ones.

Another part of him, the more curious one, ached to try some of the toys Harry had been hiding. Pushing a second finger into himself he thrust in and out in hard, steady strokes. With his free hand, he picked up the string of beads which so excited him initially.

The black beads were strung close together, but not touching. Each bead was slightly oval and placed horizontally on the string. The smallest was about the size of his two fingers. The sixth and largest was about three inches in diameter and was just connected to the flat base.

Draco couldn’t help the moan that ripped from him as he refocused his attention on his fingers. He pressed them in deep, running the pads of his fingers around his inner walls, enjoying the stretch and the feel of his slick dripping down his plump cheeks.

When he felt like he was stretched enough he removed his fingers and grabbed the toy. He rubbed the fingers covered in his slick over the beads, guiding the smallest one towards his winking rosebud. He gasped at the foreign feeling of the first bead slipping in. Slowly, he pressed the next bead in, only a small amount of resistance met it.

When he guided the third bead in, he ran the pads of his other hand around his entrance, feeling the stretch until it was greedily gobbled up. By now half of the toy was buried inside his twitching channel and the weight of it was perfect.

He pressed the fourth bead against his opening, rubbing the stretched skin with his fingertip to entice more of his slick to leak from him. He was panting, small moans slipping from between his pink lips with every exhale. As the fourth bead finally sunk in, pushing the ones already inside of him in deeper, Draco’s breath hitched, and he rolled his hips, thrusting into the air. He could now feel one of the beads press into his prostate, sending shocks of white-hot pleasure up his spine.

Draco forced himself to stop when he felt an orgasm begin to build. He quickly clenched the base of his leaking cock with his free hand and stayed as still as he could until the feeling finally went away. He didn’t want to cum until the whole toy was inside of him. A thought occurred, he remembered seeing a ring in the box. Fumbling about, he found it, slipping the ring over his cock and balls and tapping it with his wand so it sat snug against his flesh. His orgasm was immediately staved off, much to his relief.

He focused on his surroundings in order to calm his breathing and heart rate. The sun was setting now, casting a golden orange glow over his creamy white skin. Doing a quick check, hoping that he wouldn’t have to cut his fun short, he was happy to find all of his mates were still busy. He was especially grateful for his cock ring when he experienced another jolt of pleasure from his Dominant and father’s bonds.
Feeling calmer but still very aroused he began to play himself again. With the toy firmly inside of him, he only needed one hand to press the second last bead in. So he kept one hand on the fifth bead, slowly increasing the pressure as he worked it in and let the other rest on his inner thigh. He scratched himself teasingly, imagining it was Severus’s hand comforting him and telling him how good he was doing taking the toy Harry was pressing into him; guiding it into Draco’s tight hole.

He could imagine what he looked like too. His whole body flushed, eyes dilated, his heat winking as it finally swallowed the fifth bead, closing tight around the cord that connected it to the next one.

His free hand trailed along his thigh, lightly over his cock, and up his torso, pushing his shirt aside. Draco rubbed at one of his peaked nipples until it was hard, pinching and flicking the hardened nub. He slowly pulled the fifth bead back out of him, teasing it in and out of his leaking hole, encouraging the stretch as he never let the bead completely leave or enter his body.

Draco let out a string of wanton moans as he toyed with his rosebud and stimulated his nipples. He could feel the unmistakable sensation of pleasure building up inside of him; only this pleasure was focused deeper in his body.

He finally allowed the fifth bead sink into him, continuing to press the sixth and largest bead into his loosened channel. He reached down with his free hand, revelling in the feeling as his tight ring stretched over the toy, quivering under the strain. When the toy was finally sunk in and one of the beads was firmly pressed against his prostate; the base of seemed to magically tighten itself to Draco’s body, snuggly tucked up against his tightening rosebud.

Draco reached over and grabbed the remote and pressed his thumb against one of the knobs. His eyes opened wide and his mouth dropped open in a silent scream, head connecting harshly with the wall behind him. The beads were slowly expanding inside of him, stretching him in places that he had never been able to touch before. The toy stopped expanding when Draco removed his thumb to try the other knob.

This time Draco did scream, his back arching off the window seat as the beads began to throb. He sobbed, nonsense pouring from his mouth as he rolled and swivelled his hips, thrusting into the air. The movement caused the toy to shift around inside of his channel, putting pulsing pressure on his most secret parts.

Draco lost control of his human form in the midst of his pleasure, claws lengthening to scratch up and down his thigh and side, caressing every inch of his skin as heat began to pool deep within him. He wanted to cum, Merlin he wanted it so badly.

Finally, when he was just teetering on the edge, he reached up to grab a fistful of his own hair. He rolled his hips and bowed his back, pressing the bead tight against the nerve bundle inside, ripping a scream of ecstasy from him while he viciously tugged on his hair. His eyes rolled back in his head as his heat spasmed around the toy inside of him. Hot slick flooded his core as an internal orgasm ripped through him.

Draco whimpered as he rode out the aftershocks that coursed through his over sensitized channel, the toy still pulsing inside of him. His cock rested heavy and full against his belly, kept rigid by the cock ring.

Internal orgasms weren’t new to him. He had first discovered them on his fourteenth birthday when he had fingered himself for the first time. The second and only other time he had had one was after his body had started lubricating itself and he had been able to open himself up with three fingers. This was by far the strongest orgasm he had ever experienced though, and it left him feeling a little dizzy.
Draco reached over and turned the pulsing down to the lowest setting so that he could still feel the toy throbbing lightly, but so that it didn’t hurt his over-indulged nerves, reducing the size also so that the toy only occasionally nudged his prostate. He then wrapped a hand around his cock, pumping in time with the teasing throbs inside of him. He used his other hand to gently twist the head on every upstroke. With the hand that he was stroking with, he flexed his fingers, squeezing as he moved over his heated flesh.

The blonde let out another soft moan as he teased the slit with the tip of his finger, enticing precome out. He used the fluid to ease his stroking hand, revelling in the feel of his building of pleasure. He teased the slit again with his little finger as he stroked faster. When his hips began to jerk uncontrollably, he pressed his little finger deeper into his slit. The added pressure to his urethra had his gasping for air. Quickly, he undid the cock ring, freeing himself in anticipation.

Draco clenched around the toy as he stroked his throbbing cock, wiggling his little finger around just inside the slit as his hips thrust into imaginary heat. The abrupt thought of Severus moaning around his cock that had him cumming again, sticky white liquid striping his chest when he pulled his finger away.

Draco shuddered as his body calmed down from two orgasms. That had been more intense than he thought it would be, but he couldn’t deny that he loved it. Now he was wondering how much more intense it would be when it actually was one of his mates using toys on him. The blonde groaned as his cock twitched with interest but gave up on the idea when it didn’t have the energy to follow through.

He reached over and thumbed the remote so the toy stopping vibrating and slowly sat up. He was surprised when he found he could sit easily with the toy still buried inside of him. It was a good thing too, he decided, since he found he rather like the full feeling and the massive amount of slick that he had generated during his orgasms plugged up inside of him.

Draco used his wand to clean himself off as well as to clean the cushion he had been sitting on. He stood on shaky legs and redressed himself, using a freshening charm on his clothes to hide the smell of sex that clung to them, and put the box back where he had found it. He then wandered off to the kitchen to see when dinner was going to be served. He didn’t notice that the little remote had fallen to the floor.
“How did you get that scar?” Lucius asked quietly, part of him dreading the answer.

Harry stiffened before exhaling the tension. He knew Lucius was bound to notice sooner or later, he just wasn’t ready to deal with it all. He wasn’t sure what Lucius’s reaction would be when he found out the events that led up to the scarring.

Sighing, he pushed away his shame. “I let my anger get the best of me.”

Lucius frowned, trailing his fingers over the scar tissue, “That doesn’t tell me how.”

Harry’s face was unreadable. “Draco mentioned that your wife was still living with you, and I overreacted and punched a hole in the wall of my sitting room. Essence of Dittany didn’t completely agree with me, so the wound scarred.” he huffed a weak laugh, “I don’t know why it bothered me so much. It was none of my business anyway.”

“Narcissa is no longer my wife.” Lucius commented, watching Harry closely. “The bond between us dissolved the moment you came into your inheritance. She lives here still because she is my closest friend and Draco’s mother. She has been re-entering society as a single witch since, trying to find herself a new husband.”
Harry winced as heavy shame washed over him. “I suppose Draco was trying to tell me that when I snapped.”

Lucius hummed in acknowledgment, fingers still running over the scars. Seeing that Lucius was blaming himself Harry cupped the side of his face and tilted it up so he could look him in the eyes.

“This is not your fault Lucius.” Harry said honestly, “You had no control over your actions and I shouldn’t have lost my temper like I did. It was my failing, not yours.”

The blonde nodded, letting Harry reassure and calm him through their bond. Harry let the blonde’s face go after he capitulated, and they stood there in silence for a few moments.

“You said that you believed that Roman Alexeev and Bellatrix were your parents?” Lucius hesitated, afraid of starting another argument. Harry inclined his head in agreement, waiting for the rest of the thought.

When he didn’t say anything Lucius continued, “And you think that Roman had been turned into the Dark Lord by Dumbledore.” Another nod, Harry’s eyes intensely focused on the blonde, “Severus was right when he said that the timing was rather perfect. It’s just hard to believe. Roman was one of my closest friends, but I suppose Bella is evidence enough that your theory could be true. It was almost as if one day she woke up and her mind was cracked. I never would have believed that she would hurt someone if I hadn’t seen her do just that so many times.”

Harry wasn’t sure what to say. The news of his parentage had come as a surprise to him too. He wasn’t expecting Lucius to accept it so quickly after the blow up at dinner, but he had obviously underestimated the man’s ability to think things through. An elf popped in, distracting the pair, who informed them that all of Lucius’s things had been sent to Harry’s home as requested.

Before they left Harry looked around the grand bedroom around him and asked, “With you and Draco living with me what will happen to this place?”

“It’s still the Malfoy Manor,” Lucius answered as he took hold of Harry’s hand to apparate, “It will be kept in the family. I’ve granted Narcissa guardianship over it for now so that the wards will allow her to live here even without a Malfoy living in the manor.”

With that said Harry apparated them to his home.

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Mikhail Alexeev gritted his teeth as his younger brother and sister bickered back and forth in the family room, fighting over the remote to the television. Sophia was wanting to watch an ‘expecting mothers’ show for ideas in the baby’s room and Dmitry wanted to watch a basketball game. Nikita was reading a book next to the arguing duo, tapping her foot on the marble floor. Each tap rang in his ears like a bell and it, along with the arguing, was grating on his nerves. The only person in the room that wasn’t annoying him was Arthur, Sophia’s husband, who was sitting quietly on the couch next to his wife, rolling his eyes in exasperation at their antics.

A mix of anger and need surged through his body, lighting his every nerve on fire. The newest link in his mind throbbed and the second oldest Alexeev child wasn’t sure how to handle this new development. At forty-five years old he had gained another mate; he couldn’t believe it. His other mates were neutrals, so he had never felt this strong a need to claim them before. His newest mate though was submissive, and the need to claim was steadily growing inside of him. It didn’t help that only a few days after the link to his sub had opened, it had promptly closed off, and no amount of pushing and nudging could get the damn barrier to open.
He didn’t know how his elder brother Roman had done this. The man had gone for months after finding his mate without claiming her. She had even tested him; challenging him with mock duels and heated discussions about magic and their world. It had all been done in order to ensure his worthiness of her, and Roman had taken it all with a calm and grace uniquely him. By the Gods how Mikhail wished his older brother was here to guide him. It wasn’t meant to be though, as his brother and his mate had disappeared while searching for their son; a child which had been stolen from his cradle in the middle of the night. These thoughts fed the flame of to his anger, so Mikhail quickly stopped them and tuned back into his surroundings. It didn’t help much.

“Will you stop that infuriating tapping Nikita?” Mikhail growled as he rubbed his temples. He didn’t turn around to face his siblings in a poor attempt at blocking out the offending noises they were creating.

That didn’t mean that he didn’t notice his youngest sister snap her teeth at him childishly, her elongated upper and lower canines clearly showing as she defied his orders. Mikhail clenched his fists as he restrained himself from transforming. Arguments between the Dominants in the Alexeev family weren’t uncommon, but physically attacking one another had been a line that they had all tried to not to cross.

Sophia and Dmitry could sense the growing tension between Mikhail and Nikita and it was making them both edgy. Both of their Dominant siblings had discovered their submissive mates, only to have the link suddenly close off. The timing of both sets of links shutting down was too much of a coincidence and the whole family was worried about them, as well as for their mates.

“And will you both shut the hell up!” Mikhail roared in the direction of the bickering siblings, his control finally snapping.

When he whipped around his eyes were black as night. His large, black and navy scaled wings and matching tail tore through the skin of his back as his fangs and nails elongated into sharp points. His threatening stance and the growls rumbling from his throat had his siblings on their feet.

Sophia transformed in response to her brother’s rage. Her features were nearly identical to her older brother’s, except for the more feminine cast; her colouring tending towards purple instead of blue. Her arms wrapped around the soft swell of her belly protectively, instincts telling her to keep her baby safe.

Arthur’s skin was pale blue, matching his eyes. His hair had changed from dark blonde to frosted blue. Water was gathering at his fingertips as he stepped in front of his pregnant wife, alongside her brother, to block her from the angry Dämonfeuer.

Dmitry’s eyes bled red as he carefully watched everyone in the room, his senses heightening. He honestly didn’t remember a time when he had seen Mikhail this mad. Of course he would get frustrated, but he was usually the one telling everyone else to calm down. Even when Nikita had tried to start pissing contests in the past he didn’t get angry.

This was completely new to Dmitry and he was a little freaked out since he had no idea what his brother would do now. It also didn’t help that he was the only one in the room that wasn’t consumed by their emotions and baser instincts. Vampires didn’t have animal instincts like other magical creatures, just bloodlust, and Dmitry had made it his personal mission to never let his emotions control his actions like some vampires did.

The vampire’s head shot to the side as his youngest sister snarled at Mikhail. Nikita’s eyes were a sickly yellow colour as she stared down the angry Dämonfeuer across the room from her. Her upper and lower canines were protruding her from lips as she drew them back, snarling. She was crouched
down, like a cat ready to pounce.

Dmitry cursed and flung his arms out at his sides as he backed Arthur and Sophia behind him. He knew the two could hold their own but the baby couldn’t, and if things took a turn for the worst, like they looked to be going, well neither of them really stood a chance if they got in the middle of the two Dominants fighting. And since Nikita’s skin was shifting and her ears becoming pointed like a feline’s, he was already planning an escape route.

Sadly, Mikhail was standing between them and the only door out of the room. Dmitry decided that he would break a hole in the wall behind them if he had to. Sophia’s wings would be able to carry her and her mate to the ground a full story below them, and Dmitry’s strength would protect him from the fall. He wasn’t sure his mother’s rose bushes would survive though.

Suddenly Nikita screamed, the sound turning into a roar as she transformed. Skin tore and thick black fur took its place. Matching furred wings and tail ripped from her back and she shook herself. Dmitry had only seen his little sister’s form when she was younger and had not developed control enough to stop the instinct-driven shift. The giant winged cat creature that was a Bastet was unforgettable. Dmitry could still remember the pain of those sharp claws catching his chest when she was four years old and had gotten out of her room. He had been the first to find her and she hadn’t wanted to go back to her room. Now Nikita crouched before him, her haunches at his thigh. Then she sprung.

The ensuing fight made Dmitry cringe, blood saturating the air. Mikhail found the advantage early on, using his wings to launch himself at Nikita and pin her to the floor. The vampire wanted to try and stop them, but he knew that someone had to stand between the fighting duo and Arthur and Sophia. He could feel both his sister and her mate shaking as they hid behind him. Sophia was pregnant and terrified for her child and her submissive mate Arthur.

Fear and relief simultaneously shot through him as Marcellus, his father ran into the room. The older vampire’s eyes widened at the sight of his two children tearing each other apart. He looked over to Dmitry, locking eyes to communicate silently, before nodding toward the fight between them.

Dmitry’s stomach dropped. He had learned to read his father from childhood. He knew what the man was telling him to do, after all 33 years was enough time to learn to read someone. Why couldn’t his father have come from a peaceful empire like the Atlantians? No, he had to be Roman. Dmitry gritted his teeth and nodded back.

The younger vampire turned his head to speak over his shoulder at his siblings. “Stay back as far as possible. Arthur, try and form a wall of water between you and the fight. It will at least keep Nikita away from you.”

Then, he leapt. His father following his movements on the other side of the room, charging into the fight. Dmitry grabbed Nikita’s tail and used all of his strength to throw the Bastet into a wall. Nikita snarled at him as she drew herself onto her knees in an attempt to stand up. Dmitry didn’t give her a chance to stand up though and tackled her, a sharp hiss escaping his lips.

They scrapped for a few minutes and Dmitry was sure his back was bleeding and that at least one of his ribs was broken, but he had finally managed to wrap his legs around his sister’s stomach and his arms around her neck, putting the large cat in a choke hold.

Nikita snarled and roared in anger as she struggled to escape the hold Dmitry had on her. Her wings beat furiously, hitting Dmitry in the sides, bruising him in the attempt to dislodge. She tried swiping at him, but he quickly dodged, her paws couldn’t reach that far anyway.
“Nikita calm the fuck down you asshole.” Dmitry hissed into her ear, squeezing tighter.

His voice must have registered in Nikita’s head because the Bastet slowly stopped struggling after that. Then her wings and tail were disappearing into her back; her body shrinking and losing its fur. Nikita groaned in pain once she was completely back to her normal self. Dmitry winced, the smell of her blood thick over the pair; his blood lust rising inside of him.

“You going to stay calm now?” Dmitry asked, waiting for her weak nod before releasing her.

Nikita crawled away, slumping against the wall. She was a right mess. Not one inch of her was clean and blood pooled on the floor around her. Dmitry was about to bite into his wrist to give his sister his blood - to help her heal - when Nikita shook her head.

“I’ll be fine. Help Dad.” She said, gestured to the fight still raging in the middle of the room.

Marcellus was bleeding from claw marks on his arm but ignored it as he zipped around his son with his vampire speed. His eyes a rich crimson, fangs bared as he dodged swipes and lunges. Dmitry was preparing to leap onto his brother’s back when Vasily and Nikolaus, his mother and second father, arrived. Mikhail took advantage of the distraction to strike; a well-aimed swipe had Marcellus hitting the wall behind him, sliding to the floor as he gripped the deep gashes in his chest.

“No!” Vasily cried.

Nikolaus stood, palms out and began chanting in the ancient dragon tongue, making Sophia, Vasily, and Mikhail; the Dämonfeuer in the room, cringe. His voice was deep and guttural as he commanded his transformed son. Mikhail snarled, dropping to his knees and covering his ears with his hands. Nikolaus continued to speak, talking down the enraged creature who snarled one last time before transforming back into his humanoid self.

Mikhail slumped, panting as the adrenaline slowly faded, blood pattering from his open wounds onto the floor. Sanity restored itself slowly, finally, his head shot up looking to where Marcellus now lay.

The vampire’s head was lying in his wife’s lap as she fed him her blood. The deep gashes on his chest slowly knitting together as his third mate and children gathered around. Sophia was peering over her mate at her brother and sister, her instincts still on high alert for danger. Nikita was limping and wincing as she moved, but her wounds; like her eldest brother’s, were healing slowly too.

“Dad, I am so sorry.” Mikhail said as he crouched next to Marcellus, “I didn’t mean –“

Marcellus pushed Vasily’s arm away and grabbed his son by the collar of his shirt, pulling him in for a hug that clearly said that he was forgiven.

“You’re both too old to ground anyways. Kicking your ass seemed like a good enough punishment.” Marcellus joked, reaching out for Nikita who had been standing beside them scuffing her foot.

Nikita quickly joined the hug, wrapping her arms around both her father and brother.

“I know you are both worried about your mates.” Vasily commented, “But you need to keep yourselves in control. You could have killed each other. You could have killed your siblings and your nephew.”

Mikhail and Nikita cringed, shamefaced as their mother scolded them.

Vasily looked at Mikhail, “You need to focus on the mates that you do have. How do you think Alistair and Braiden would feel if they had come home from their shopping trip to find that you were
dead?” Mikhail looked a little green at her words.

Rounding on Nikita, Vasily continued, “And you are going to start meditating with your father in the mornings and evenings.” Nikita groaned, she hated meditating but held her tongue. “After the Dämonfeuer Gala we will look for your mates, and we will find out why you can’t connect with them. For now, you must keep yourselves in control.”

“Yes Mama.” Both Mikhail and Nikita chorused.
Chapter 13

Bit of a sidebar to start off with, then some more delightful smut for you. Sorry if it's late, is it late? I am losing track of time...

Charlie Weasley sipped from the bottle of butterbeer in his hand as he looked at the group that had gathered around the bonfire outside of his tent. Everyone was chatting on merrily like they weren’t all prepared and armed with swords, daggers, and bows for an attack that could happen at any moment. Bill had his arms wrapped around Fleur, his chin resting on top of her white-blonde hair. Percy was holding Penelope’s hand tightly as they huddled close together to try and fight the cold.

Charlie was wearing a blue flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows and a pair of blue jeans. He had long ago grown accustomed to the cold nights of late Romanian summers. A simple warming charm on his clothing was sufficient. A leather wand holster was looped around his back and across his chest, his wand sticking out from between his ribs and his arm.

On his left thigh, he wore a long leather whip, a tool that came in handy when working with dragons. Not only was it useful as a weapon, but it could also be tied into a harness, and many a time he had wrapped a chicken carcass in the whip and lured a baby dragon into a pen. What he really liked about this whip was that it had a tie on the end for a specialised blade. It had been a gift from his dragon trainer upon his graduation, and Charlie had loved the whip instantly.

That night he had attached the blade and was ready for anything. He would die before he let some barmy old jackass take his siblings away from him. Upon finding out his family’s situation, his co-workers had used their contacts to try and help, to no avail. People either laughed at them when they suggested that Dumbledore was behind the threats, or they advised the man was untouchable. Mortinson was impossible to find. It seemed his brothel, office, and home didn’t exist on this plane. His business was strictly ‘invite only’ and you had to have his card in your possession to be able to enter the brothel. It was a smart idea, but really annoying when you wanted to beat the man’s face in.

He had just taken a swig of his beer when Amora, his taming partner, whipped her head around to look behind his tent. The short, spiky-haired woman had a scar down her face that made her look rugged. It didn’t help that the number of tattoos on body and her dark hair and eyes already made her look like a punk. She had been facetiously flirting with Percy and Penelope; at least he thought she was just joking when she had turned her attention to the dark space in the distance.

“Did you hear that?” Amora asked, her eyes squinting into the darkness.

Charlie followed her line of sight as he said, “No.”

Amora’s hearing had always been stronger than most people’s, but her eyesight was shit. If she heard something, then something was out there to be heard.

Charlie tensed as he saw a piece of darkness shift in the firelight. He drew his wand out of his holster, noticing that everyone else had gone quiet at Amora’s words. Then he saw them.
Stalking steadily closer was a group of about twenty men. They had their wands drawn and were spreading out to surround their gathering. Charlie glanced over at his siblings. Bill and Fleur were standing together, an eerie glow in their eyes as they glanced between the darkness and Charlie. Percy had wrapped his arms around Penelope, hunkering down close to the fire. They weren’t the fighters in the family.

When the group of men got close the one at the front spoke, “Give us the submissive and the neutral Weasleys and no one will be harmed.”

Charlie was about to tell the man where to shove it when Amora placed a hand on his shoulder. The second oldest Weasley looked at her in shock; betrayal welling in his chest.

“What do you mean submissive?” Amora queried, Charlie jerked around, ‘That’s right,’ he thought, ‘there weren’t any submissives here.’

The man leered, nodding towards Bill and Fleur, “She’s a Weasley isn’t she?”

Bill snarled, eyes flashing gold as he pushed Fleur behind him. The man that had spoken laughed loudly.

“Seems Dumbledore was wrong, boys. We got ourselves two Dominants, not just one.” He crowed to the rest of the group, “Oh well. We’ve dealt with worse odds. Right boys?”

The rest of the men laughed and called out their agreement. When their leader’s wand hand twitched, Charlie tightened his grip on his wand and whip. He could feel his throat tighten, siren vocal cords growing next to his human ones. He could feel the skin growing hot on the flat of his nose and the hollows of his cheeks as his creature markings rising to the surface.

“Well boys, I suggest that you turn around and go back to where you came from because I highly doubt you have dealt with odds such as this.” Amora cooed at the intruders, fingering the small flute hanging from a thong around her neck. Her calm in the face of adversity always amazed Charlie.

The leader scowled, jerking his head. “Get them. Kill whoever gets in your way.”

Charlie was moving instantly, flinging his wand arm out as he cast a strong shield over Percy and Penelope, the magic glimmering green as it wrapped around them. Around him the rest of the eight dragon trainers attacked, sending out spells to disable the men. Drawing blades when the fight got close enough for hand to hand.

Bill and Fleur joined in the fight as well, tearing through the men that got too close with claws and teeth. Shril veela cries and deep wolf-like snarls rang from their direction. Charlie jerked his whip free, the long thong coming loose with a flick of his wrist. The end snapped out to wrap around the neck of a man charging at him. Another flick and the whip was sliding free, the blade cutting into soft flesh as it circled. The man slumped, blood spewing from his lips, before crashing to the ground.

Charlie was already onto the next attacker, the blade slicing through the backs of the man’s knees and forcing him to the ground. The redhead whirled, the whip following him as he moved. He threw his arm out in a downward arc and the whip cut through the air, the blade removing the man’s head from his shoulders.

The Siren spun to see another man approaching him from behind. Knowing he couldn’t get his weapons to move fast enough, he pursed his lips and whistled. A high-pitched sound escaped his lips, barely audible, but the effect was immediate. The man about to plunge a dagger into Charlies’ back, dropped it, eyes widened, hands moving to claw at his ears. His eyes squeezed shut as pain...
spiked, heart racing, his eardrums ruptured. Then the man collapsed as his heart failed.

Charlie stopped whistling and he looked up, coiling his whip. Amora was just a few feet in front of him twirling, jumping, flipping; moving with a grace he hadn’t seen her use before. She had two gleaming, sharp daggers in her hands and her arms and chest were splattered with blood as she whirled behind a man and plunged a dagger into his back, the other sinking into his throat. As the man dropped Amora looked up and grinned at Charlie, blood smeared over her face. Her smile fell away as her eyes focused behind him.

Charlie turned to look, his stomach dropping. Behind him outside the circle of firelight, he could see at least fifty men approaching. There was no way in any of the nine levels of hell that the nine dragon trainers, Bill and Fleur would have a chance against fifty more men. He looked at his siblings who were all still safe, then back at Amora, fear showing on his face. The dark-haired woman clenched her jaw and nodded.

Amora lifted the small flute around her neck to her lips, playing a series of sweet-sounding notes. A loud roar echoed through the air making everyone who wasn’t expecting it jump, but the rest of the dragon trainers relaxed as they recognized the tune and the roar. Amora used the tune during training with her dragon; Targe.

Wind began swirling around everyone, the bonfire flickering as it tried to stay lit. The charging men hesitated a few yards away from the rest of the group. Amora continued playing, the notes twining around a second, deeper roar; the wind picked up even more. Charlie recognized the second roar; his dragon Kali was pissed.

Charlie hunkered down at the thwump thwump of dragon wings beating over his head. “Brace yourselves!” He cried to his siblings and fellow dragon trainers, who all mirrored his actions.

Dual roars echoed through the air as two enormous dragons flew overhead toward the group of attacking men. Amora never stopped playing; many of the attackers tried to run as Targe and Kali circled over their heads.

Liquid fire rained down. Men screamed in agony. The dragons landed and soon finished the rest of them off with their teeth and claws. It was a disturbingly magnificent sight as the attackers were brutally taken out.

With a few last notes, Amora finally stopped playing, letting the small flute fall as the dragons took to the skies; flying back to their pens. Relief and exhaustion flooded over Charlie as the adrenaline rush faded. All around him dragon trainers cheered and shouted their victory. The redhead dropped the shield from around a shaking Percy and Penelope. Both of his brothers and their partners ran up to him, falling into a hugging dogpile of relief.

Charlie glanced over at Amora to see her grinning at him. Something raw rose up inside of him and he pulled himself away from his siblings. Stumbling over to her, his body feeling a little weak with exhaustion.

The moment he reached her he grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her towards him. She looked confused until Charlie crashed their lips together in a fierce kiss. Wolf whistles and catcalls sounded around them as Amora wrapped her arms around Charlie’s neck and gave as good as she got. When they finally pulled apart, both of them were panting.

“Damn, dragon boy.” Amora exhaled, sharing a broad grin with Charlie.
Dinner had just started when Draco felt the toy shift inside of him. He paused, not sure if it was his imagination or not. When nothing further happened, he began eating again.

He relished in having his father there, interacting with their mates, the Grangers, and Remus. It had taken time, but eventually, Lucius’s previous condition and situation had been explained. Apologies were made and accepted, though he could tell that Mr. and Mrs. Granger still weren’t quite sure what to make of the older Malfoy.

Draco’s breathing hitched when he felt the toy move again, lightly pulsing inside of him. His cock twitched with interest at the stimulation and he slowly put his silverware down. Reaching for a glass of water, he swallowed hurriedly when the toy stopped again. The reprieve was short and soon the toy throbbed again. He lost track of time, focusing on trying to continue to eat while the toy was flicked on and off at random intervals. He watched the faces of the people around him, looking for any sign of who could have the remote.

Draco could feel a flush beginning to creep up his neck and finally gave up. Indicating he was full when his father gave him an imploring look and tried to focus on the conversation around him. The blonde bit his lip to stifle a moan as the toy began to slowly swell as it throbbed.

The next few moments were a blur of pleasure, barely managing to excuse himself from dinner. He staggered towards the master bedroom, tremors of ecstasy rolled through him, with every step.

Now he was sprawled out on the bed, naked as sweat had soaked through his clothing. The toy was still vibrating inside of him, pulsations rocking through his whole body, toes to ear tips.

His skin was flushed, his cheeks to his torso and every touch was just on the pleasurable side of painful. His nipples were peaked and his cock hard against his stomach. The blonde had already had two internal orgasms and he could feel a third coming on. His stomach was swollen with the massive amount of slick trapped inside of him.

Draco’s legs were splayed wide, trembling from exertion and the pleasure coursing through him. With one hand braced against the headboard of the bed and the other on the base of the toy, the blonde tugged once more. His previous attempts at removing the toy had been unsuccessful, each had triggered an eye-rolling orgasm, but this time he focused, yanking the largest bead out of his puffy entrance. He sobbed as the resulting orgasm ripped through his body. He didn’t even hear the door to the bedroom open.

Harry quietly shut the door behind him and cast a silencing charm on the whole room. He had left dinner to check on Draco; having an inkling what his young mate was going through as he pocketed the remote.

He was rock hard in an instant, taking in the delectable view of his submissive. Harry caught the moment the largest bead popped out and the resulting orgasm, fascinated to see that Draco’s cock remained hard. He marvelled at the obvious evidence of an internal orgasm, his mate was even more perfect than he had realised.

Harry must have groaned because Draco’s eyes darted to him, his creature attributes rippling over his body. His ears grew to their white furred points.

Harry began stripping, grinning when he noticed Draco’s darkening eyes trained on each inch of revealed skin.

“What do you want Draco?” Harry unbuttoned his pants, shoving them to the ground.
Draco swallowed thickly as he looked over Harry’s muscular form, “Help. I can’t…” His voice was cut off when the toy suddenly stopped moving making him moan in relief. It was then that he noticed the small black remote in Harry’s hand. “You had it this whole time?!”

Harry’s grin turned feral, showing off his elongated canines, “It’s not my fault you left the remote sitting out where anyone could find it.”

Draco didn’t respond, distracted when Harry’s naked form climbed onto the bed. His mate’s cock was larger than he expected, hard and heavy, hanging between thick tanned thighs. Lips pressing open-mouthed kisses from his knee to inner thigh brought him out of his mental rambling.

“Are you going to help me or not, Potter?” Draco tried to snipe, but it was more of a plea.

Harry looked up at Draco with a raised eyebrow, “Back to surnames now are we?” Harry licked a long stripe up the blonde’s cock when he looked like he was about to snark some more, “If so, you might as well use them correctly. It’s Black, not Potter, Malfoy.”

Draco bit his lip in a failed attempt to hold back a moan. “Please.”

Harry caved, he hadn’t planned on teasing Draco for long anyway. Shifting back, he couldn’t help noticing the swell of Draco’s belly, rubbing a thumb over it the blonde moaned. Harry quirked an eyebrow as his submissive flushed.

“I’ve had so many orgasms, I’m full up of slick.” The Kitsune covered his face in embarrassment.

“Hush pet,” Harry tugged the hand away and kissed the palm, “No need to be embarrassed, you are perfect.”

Draco flushed a little more, biting his lip and nodding in acceptance of his Dominant’s gentle rebuke. Harry couldn’t help the glee that filled him at the thought of his mate full; full of his seed, full of his babies one day too. Leaving one hand splayed over the small bump, he finally turned his attention where it was needed. The blonde’s entrance was red and puffy around the toy, a single brush of a finger caused Draco to choke back a moan.

Draco gripped the sheets tighter as Harry began to touch him, one hand petting his bump, the other caressing his over-sensitized entrance. Finally, his Dominant grabbed the base of the toy and gently began pulling it out; going back to sucking and kissing the sensitive flesh on the inside of Draco’s thigh. The blonde’s breathing got heavier and Harry could see the muscles in his arms and legs flexing as he tried to hold still.

Harry moaned, rutting against the bed as Draco’s opening stretched obscenely over the second largest bead. The Dämonfeuer couldn’t resist licking around the rim when stretched at its widest, the Kitsune almost screamed at the sensation, more slick filling his belly.

Finally, the bead shifted far enough and slipped out the rest of the way. The sudden shift of the beads inside of the blonde cause another orgasm to rock through him, back arching off the bed. Harry could almost feel Draco’s abdomen swelling under his hand; he licked his lips at the thought of the slick that would gush out once freed.

Once the blonde calmed, Harry tried to pull out the third bead, causing Draco to arch once again. Harry groaned, cock aching to be buried deep in his submissive. He tugged a little harder and the bead shifted further out. Harry couldn’t help pressing the bead back in, eliciting a whine of protest from his mate as his prostate was nudged again.

Taking a moment to look around, he spotted the pull handles on the bay window seat.
“Draco can you stand?” Harry asked, gesturing to the window seat.

The blonde shook his head, so Harry simply picked him up, walking over to the window seat. The Dämonfeuer arranged his submissive, knees splayed wide on the seat, hands pressed to the window panes.

Standing behind the blonde, Harry ran a hand down his spine, the other moving back to his belly. As he moved to grab the toy again, the blonde arched his back, muscles shivering as his tail grew, hanging limply over his hip.

By the time Harry had the third to last bead out of Draco the blonde was a moaning and whining mess. Seeing how easily the previous bead had slipped out, Harry caved to his wicked need, kneeling below Draco, tilting his face up to look at his submissives entrance and the bump filled with slick. Harry pressed up on the bump at the same time as tugging the rest of the toy out. Slick gushed out, pouring over Harry, the window seat and onto the floor. Draco’s thighs and entrance were drenched, rivulets continue to rush down until he was kneeling in a puddle.

Harry growled low in his throat and gripped the base of his cock tightly to stave off an orgasm. The scent of his submissive wrapped around him, calling his creature forth.

Tossing away the toy he rose, glancing through the window to see the sitting room below where his guests and mates were all having after dinners. Draco was slumped against the window, eyes closed and breath misting across the glass, completely unaware of their possible audience.

Stroking a hand down his mate's spine, all the way to the tip of his fluffy white tail, Harry murmured, “Do you want me to claim you Draco? You have to tell me ‘No’ now, or I won’t be able to stop myself.”

The blonde’s eyes flew open and he looked over his shoulder at Harry. The couldn’t help the desire and need that coursed through him at the sight of his Dominant in full creature form, coated in his slick, glistening in the muted light from the window. Draco was wrecked but knew he was ready. The Kitsune rolled his hips, flipping his tail up over his hip and exposing himself to Harry’s view.

“Yes.” Draco’s voice was hoarse from screaming.

Harry’s eyes darkened and he looked down at his mate’s heat. He slid three fingers easily into the gaping opening, finger fucking him slowly until Draco whined and begged for his cock. Smirking, Harry guided the thick head to his mate’s entrance, sliding in with little to no resistance. His inner beast howled in delight, feeling the virgin ridge in his little mate brush over his heated rod.

Draco whimpered at the stretched heavy feeling of his Dominants cock sliding home. It was different than his fingers or the toy. Harry was relentless, pressing in until the blonde rolled his hips to try and relieve the discomfort of the ridge inside him snapping.

At Draco’s pained whimpers Harry paused, gulping down air to calm his need, “Draco?”

Draco groaned at the sound of his mate’s voice. Why was that a turn on?

“I’m fine Black.” Draco did his best to drawl.

Harry raised an eyebrow, smirking at his little mates’ audacity, “Whatever you say Malfoy.”

With that Harry gripped Draco’s hips and pressed forward, sliding to the hilt in one long, hard thrust. Draco cried out, cheek pressed against the window to brace himself as pleasure suddenly overwhelmed any pain he had been feeling.
Looking out the window Draco could see the sitting room where his new family still sat. Any of them could look up and see him, see Harry mounting him. Draco moaned as Harry pulled out and thrust back in, starting up a steady rhythm. As if he heard Draco moan Lucius looked up and directly into Draco’s eyes. The younger blonde felt a thrill of pleasure as he locked eyes with his father. He had been caught and when he mewled after a well-aimed thrust to his prostate made him see stars, he knew Lucius knew what he was doing. The older blonde raised an eyebrow before turning back to his conversation with the Grangers, pretending like he hadn’t seen anything.

Draco moaned again and pressed his hands against the window as he rolled his hips, meeting Harry’s thrusts.

“That’s it Malfoy,” Harry purred, encouraging Draco to fuck himself on cock, “You should see yourself, all stretched out over my cock.”

Draco’s breath hitched at Harry’s words. He never pegged the other wizard for a sex-talker. He found that he liked it.

Harry chuckled before rubbing his hands over the mounds of Draco’s arse, spreading the creamy globes so he could watch himself sink into his mate, “You like the sound of my voice?” Draco moaned again throwing himself back onto his Dominants hard rod. “Tell me what else you like.”

Draco gasped, “The stretch. I like the stretch.”

Harry hummed in thought, he had seen Lucius notice his son, now he wanted Severus to, so gave his mate a little mental nudge. He squeezed the round bum in his hands, causing Draco’s hips to stutter a little before they picked up their pace again. Harry couldn’t help but feel satisfied when Severus’ casually glanced up, the only hint that he had seen them was a slight widening of his eyes before he went back to his conversation with Remus.

“So you like being opened up. How much?” Harry continued as if his submissive wasn’t fucking himself silly on his cock.

“A lot.” Draco moaned out, slowly coming to the realization that fucking himself wasn’t enough. He needed more. “Move.” He begged.

Harry raised an eyebrow, reaching forward to fist the blonde’s hair, causing his back to arch obscenely, hands pressed to the glass. He imagined that Severus could see the straining red cock of the blonde if he glanced up again.

He slammed forward into his little mate just as Draco began to press back again. The blonde screamed as Harry started viciously thrusting, his other hand on his submissives hip, controlling their pace.

“Does a lot mean like the toy, or maybe my fist?” Harry growled.

“Bloody h-ahh!” Draco choked out, an internal orgasm ripping through him, making him squeeze his eyes closed and smack a hand against the window.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Harry said his voice husky as the heat around him began to flutter.

Draco whined, Harry pistoning in and out of him. It shouldn’t have been a big turn on to have his body used like this, but it was. He clenched around Harry’s cock and smirked as his Dominant moaned. He repeated the action, letting his core massage his mate’s cock.

“Please.” Draco attempted a smirk, “Is that all you got, Black?”
Harry growled, pulling out to flip Draco over. The blonde whimpered at the sudden emptiness, but then he was on his back, legs wrapped around his Dominant as his mate shoved into him in a single thrust.

Draco’s eyes widened, muscles going taut, “Fuck!”

Harry latched his teeth onto the long column of throat that was presented to him as he pounded into the smaller blonde. Draco was moaning with each thrust, his fingertips raking over Harry’s back as he tried to hold on. Each thrust rubbed past his prostate and almost had him begging, but he held back, just barely.

Feeling a little devious – because fucking yourself with a beaded toy and then getting thoroughly laid tends to do that to a person – Draco moved his tail to drape over his knee at Harry’s hip. The Dämonfeuer was so lost to his pleasure he didn’t notice the tail brushing over his ass. When the thin, furred limb rubbed against his entrance he growled and nipped at Draco’s throat in warning.

The threat of teeth at his throat didn’t scare the Kitsune though. He knew that Harry would never hurt him; restrain him yes, hurt him no. So he let the tip of his tail press past the tight ring of muscle that guarded Harry’s entrance. He wasn’t ready for Harry’s reaction though.

Harry reared up, lifting Draco off the bench, hips still pounding against the blonde. Draco wrapped his arms around Harry’s neck, keeping their chests pressed together. The blonde couldn’t help pressing his tail in deeper, moaning in pleasure. He hadn’t realized how sensitive his tail was, the tightness and heat of Harry’s arse gripping the limb deliciously.

Every thrust of Harry’s hips had Draco’s trapped cock rubbing between their stomachs and the blonde was quickly becoming overwhelmed with pleasure. Between the friction on his cock, Harry pounding into him, and the tight heat around the tip of his tail, Draco came screaming. His claws dragging down Harry’s shoulder blade claiming the other man. Harry growled and bit deeply into Draco’s shoulder before he slammed into the blonde once more and filled him with his seed.

Harry staggered over to the bed, laying Draco down, resting his own body on top of his mate’s, as they calmed. He licked the claim mark he had placed on Draco’s shoulder causing the blonde to whine. Satisfied, he leaned up and sealed their lips together. Draco sighed into the lazy kiss and Harry responded with a quiet growl.

When they finally broke apart Draco was worn out and satisfied, “Not bad Black.”

Harry snorted at the use of his surname, “It’s Harry or Dominick, Draco.”

Draco frowned in thought before smirking, “Domy?”

Harry nipped at Draco’s throat teasingly, “Call me Domy and you will get the spanking of your life.” Draco pouted up at Harry, causing the other man to chuckle.

“Now can you get your tail out of my arse?” Harry snarked, clenching the muscles in his bum for good measure. Draco moaned at the sensation but moved his tail, letting his creature attributes shift away.

“Shower, I think, then bed.” Harry tugged Draco up and towards the shower, knowing their other mates would join them when they were ready.
Chapter 14

Arthur Weasley was holding his wife as she sobbed into his chest. His nerves were shot, but he had to be strong for his family, what was left of it anyway. It had all happened so fast. One moment they were quietly eating dinner, and then the next a flash of white light blinded all of them. When they had regained their vision Molly wailed. In a moment, everyone noticed Ginny was missing. On her dinner plate had been a note saying, ‘Choose wisely.’

The message had been short, but clear. It had terrified the entire family. They knew Dumbledore wanted information on the whereabouts of Harry Potter, but they had no idea. They were unwilling to betray Harry and Dumbledore wouldn’t accept ignorance. Irrespective, Ginny was now missing; most likely with Mortinson.

A soft dirge twined throughout the room coming from the three sirens curled up on the lounge room couch. Fred was wrapped around George whose head was resting on his twins’ shoulder. George carded his fingers through Ron’s hair, the younger boy’s head on George’s thigh.

They all knew they had to decide who would be next, but the choice was not an easy one to make.

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When Harry woke up the next morning he almost laughed. Draco was sprawled out on top of him, head resting just over Harry’s heart. Severus was curled up right next to them; his leg wrapped around one of both Draco and Harry’s. Lucius was taking up the most space by lying on his back with his arms spread out; one underneath Severus's head.

Harry looked back to Draco when he heard the blonde mutter something, his breath brushing against Harry’s bare chest. Slowly Draco’s eyes opened, blinking blearily up at Harry.

“Morning Draco.” Harry breathed.

“Morning Domy.” Draco said, still half asleep.

Though, he was fully awakened when Harry reached down and smacked his bum for the use of the forbidden nickname. Draco squeaked and sat up, straddling Harry’s hips. The movement woke Severus up, causing the man to glare sleepily at the two younger men.

“Look what you did.” Harry quietly teased.

“Me?” Draco hissed, “I’m not the one smacking people.”

“I warned you not to use that name.” Harry smirked, “Besides, I like this position it got you in.”

Harry rolled his hips, grinding his half hard cock into Draco’s bottom. The pained moan he got killed
his arousal.

“Sorry, still sore.” Draco mumbled as he curled up on Harry’s chest. Harry grimaced, rubbing circles into Draco’s hip.

“I’ll see if I have any pain poultices that can help with that.” Severus murmured.

Draco summoned his wand and cast a cleaning charm on all of their mouths before leaning over and kissing Severus. Harry grimaced at the tingling in his mouth; he was surprised Lucius was still asleep. As he watched Severus and Draco kissing, he felt his arousal grow. When they broke apart Severus looked at Harry and smirked.

“Morning Harry,” His cool lips captured Harry’s in a soft kiss.

“Are we each taking turns with Harry this morning?” Lucius purred, breaking the kissing couple apart.

Lucius rolled onto his side to watch his three mates greet each other. His hair was dishevelled and sexy; smirking at Harry’s pained groan. The older blonde knew what they were doing to their Dominant. They were distracted from ‘Let’s torture Harry’ when Motsy popped into the room.

“Sirs, Miss Hermione has asked me to tell you to get your lazy arses out of bed because Miss Hermione needs to be talking to Master Harry.” Motsy said, curtsying low and popping out of the room.

Draco and Severus were the first to move, climbing over Harry on their way to the bathroom. Lucius was about to climb out when Harry tugged him back, pressing their lips together in a passionate kiss.

Harry carded his fingers into the blonde’s long hair, gripping firmly to control the kiss. Lucius gasped, opening his mouth for Harry to plunder. Harry tongue fucked his mate’s mouth as a hand drifted down, thumbing a peaking nipple. Lucius moaned and shifted closer to Harry, just as the blonde was pressing his hips down into the brunet, the Dämonfeuer pulled away and pressed a quick kiss to the corner of the Kitsune’s mouth.

“Morning Lucius.” Harry smirked, rolling away and walking to the dresser.

Lucius watched – transfixed – at the shift and flex of muscles beneath his Dominants skin. The dragon crawling over his shoulder roared at the scrutiny. Harry pulled a pair of snug black trunks on, followed by a plain, black, long-sleeved shirt that stretched taut over the young man's chest. He noticed Harry frowning down at himself, tugging at the shirt. Was it his imagination or were Harry’s muscles larger than before?

“You should get dressed Luc,” Harry, now fully dressed, headed for the bedroom door, “Unless you want to go to breakfast in your pyjama pants.”

Once Harry left the room Lucius heard a snort and a laugh from the bathroom doorway where his son leaned. He buried his face in the bed covers; his mates were going to be the death of him.

When Harry got downstairs, he saw Hermione pacing in front of the fireplace in the sitting room. He swallowed, this was not good. Remus was also looking particularly grim. Definitely not good.

“’Mione?” Concern laced Harry’s voice.

Hermione spun to look at him. “Morning Harry.”
“What’s wrong?” Harry reached out for her hand.

“I’m really worried about Ron,” Hermione said, “I’ve sent him multiple letters, but they’ve all come back unopened. I even sent a few to the twins and Ginny, but I can’t reach any of them. Do you think we could go to the Burrow and check on them?”

He had wanted to check on his best friend since he had gotten that weird letter, but with everything that had happened, he hadn’t yet had the chance.

Harry nodded, “Yeah ‘Mione, we’ll go check on Ron today after breakfast.”

“Did someone say breakfast?” a voice called from the down the hallway.

Harry turned and saw Draco, Severus, and Lucius walking into the sitting room and couldn’t help the soft smile that crept over his lips, eyes stubbornly refusing to relinquish their worried creases.

Noticing Harry’s worried expression Severus asked, “Is something wrong?”

Harry shook his head, “We don’t know for sure, but we are going to the Burrow to check on the Weasleys. They haven’t been getting any of Hermione’s letters.” Harry gestured, and started leading the group towards the dining room where breakfast was waiting for them.

“When are we leaving?” Draco asked.

“You don’t have to come with.” Harry said, “I know that you don’t get along with them.” The group entered the dining room.

“They are your family,” Lucius said as he walked over to grab a cup of coffee, “Family is the most important thing to a Malfoy. We will go with you.”

“I will go as well,” Severus agreed, “Ron may have been miserable at potions, but his siblings weren’t too bad. We’ll have to get used to being around them eventually Harry.”

Harry felt his heart swell at the care his mates were taking to make him happy. He hadn’t expected them to be willing to make amends with his family. Hermione smiled at him knowingly. Maybe he could have the large dream family he had always hoped for. He tried to refrain from gazing lovingly at his mates and knew he failed when he heard Hermione snicker at him.

After a quick breakfast, Hermione told her parents where they were going. Then they were apparating to The Burrow, landing a few feet away from the front door. Hermione immediately strode the door, knocking loudly. Harry joined her, followed by their collective mates.

They could hear shuffling and a sad lilting melody from inside. Harry and Hermione exchanged a concerned look. Next minute, the door cracked. A blue eye peered out at them, widening in surprise before the door was fully flung open to reveal a tired looking Arthur Weasley.


“I’ve been sending Ron, Ginny, and the twins’ letters but none of them have been delivered. We had to come and check on you. We were worried.” Hermione explained, “As for why the others are here – It’s a long story. Can we come in?”

Arthur suddenly pulled the door tighter to his body, blocking the way in as he glanced past the group on his doorstep.
“Mr. Weasley?” Harry turned to see what could be spooking the man, “What is it?”

Sitting by the front gate was a carriage without a horse. It was an elegant whitewash with elaborate black detailing around the edges of the door and window.

Remus’s eyes flashed gold and he growled. “Is that what I think it is?”

Lucius’s eyes turned molten silver and he hissed, “Why is that here?”

Arthur swallowed as the group rounded on him. “Dumbledore – He – He wants to know where you are Harry.” Arthur looked towards a confused Harry, “He’s going to take away the kids if we don’t tell him where you are. Ron told him that we didn’t know, but he wouldn’t believe us.”

“He took Ginny.” Ron tugged the door out of his father’s grip, filling the gap.

“RON!” Hermione cried out in relief and was about to lunge forward to hug him when Ron put his hands out to stop her.

“You can’t come in ‘Mione,” Ron said sadly, looking for all the world that he desperately wanted to hug his best friends. “They’ve got the house spelled. Anyone who comes inside is trapped here.”

“Wait,” Harry completely lost now, “I don’t understand. Where would he take the kids? Dumbledore’s not here is he? What does that have to do with the carriage?”

“He’s not here, yet.” Arthur answered, “The carriage is owned by Mortinson. He’s –“

“He owns a brothel.” Lucius cut in, “Its invite only and specializes in magical creatures; of whom he usually kidnaps from families that have angered someone with money. His ‘business’ is located on another plane so that only those invited can enter it.”

“And he already took Ginny?” Harry asked, and at Ron and Arthur’s nods he continued, “How do we get her back?”

“Dumbledore said he would leave us alone if we gave you up Harry.” Arthur said quietly, looking at the floor.

“No, he won’t Dad.” Ron said angrily, “He’ll never leave us alone once he knows how to get us to do what he wants.”

Arthur rubbed his face. “I know. I know. I’m just – so tired.”

Ron patted his father’s shoulder, “Why don’t you go back to sleep Dad. I’ll talk to Harry and Hermione.”

Arthur nodded, turning around and disappearing into the depths of the house.

“He didn’t mean it, Harry.” Ron sighed. “He just hasn’t slept much since this all started. He’s been blaming himself.”

“We’ll get her back Ron. Then you all can come and stay with me and ‘Mione.” Harry reassured.

Ron finally noticed the rest of the group on the doorstep as well as the changes his best friends had gone through.

“What in Merlin’s name?” Ron blinked in confusion.
Harry glanced behind him, “Why don’t you all stay here and explain things while Hermione and I try to find a way to get Ginny back.”

“I’m coming with.” Lucius stepped forward.

“No, you’re staying Luc,” Harry shook his head, “I need you here to protect the others.” Harry reached out to cup his face, smoothing away the blonde’s frown. “Please Luc, I won’t be able to concentrate if you come with me. I need you to stay here, I trust you to protect the others. I’ll be fine and if anything goes wrong Hermione can burn everything.” Lucius huffed, looking away but not arguing further.

“They’ll be trapped if they come inside.” Ron looking hesitant at letting the Slytherins into his home.

“It will be easier to guard a smaller space than standing out here and guarding the rest of the fields.” Harry explained.

“Fine.” Ron grumbled and opened the door wider, allowing the four men in.

Draco and Severus kissed Harry while Lucius stalked past. Harry mentally sighed to himself, he would have to make it up to the older man. Remus kissed Hermione softly before smiling at her and nodding at Harry. Once all four of the men were inside the Weasley house Ron raised his eyebrows at his best friends.

“Do I want to know?” He asked making both Harry and Hermione snort.

“Whether you want to or not you’re going to find out.” Hermione grinned before tugging Harry towards the carriage, “Come on Harry, we don’t have a lot of time.”

Harry pointed at Ron, “Lock the door. Identity check everyone.”

Ron nodded, quickly shutting the door and locking it.
Harry cautiously opened the door to the carriage and peered inside. A man sat in the corner, head hanging back against the wall as he snored, sound asleep. Instantly the duo began casting spells. In the end, the man had been stunned, silenced, body-bound, and petrified. Was it overkill? Probably. Was it effective? Yes.

They began efficiently searching the cabin and the man for any clues. When Hermione cheered Harry turned; she was smiling, holding up a key.

“Where does it go?” Harry asked, looking around for something locked.

“Maybe the door.” Hermione tugged the door shut, turning the key. When it clicked, she looked up at Harry, both of them feeling suddenly nervous.

“Here goes nothing.” Harry whispered as he turned the handle after she removed the key.

The handle gave way and the door opened to reveal a musty, dungeon hallway instead of the front yard to The Burrow. They cautiously stepped out of the carriage; the hallway was dirty and water dripped down the walls, adding to the moldy smell. The faint sound of sobbing could be heard over their footfalls.

Hermione frowned and loudly whispered, “Ginny?”

The sobbing stopped, and a tiny voice called back, “Hermione?”

The duo shared a look and picked up their pace, looking into cell’s as they went. Harry glanced into one and was about to move on when he saw a flash of orange.

“’Mione!” Harry hissed, “Over here.”

“Harry?!” Ginny called from inside of the cell, “Please get me out of here!”

“We’re coming Ginny, stay calm.” Hermione called quietly as Harry tried the handle.

When it didn’t budge, he growled. His eyes flashed black as he used his increased strength and yanked the handle. The locking mechanism groaned under the pressure as Harry gritted his teeth and pulled harder. Finally, the handle gave, and Harry was able to pull the cell door open.

Hermione and Harry rushed inside, the Excandesco instantly going over to check over Ginny while Harry covered her, assessing the room. Ginny had a cut above her eyebrow and a bruise on her cheek, but other than that was unharmed. Hermione drew her wand and aimed at the shackles tying Ginny to the floor. All Hermione’s unlocking charms failed, then blasting charms.

Exasperated, she rounded on Harry. “Harry, can you break these?”
Harry had been edging his way towards an odd shadow in the dark corner of the cell when she demanded his attention.

“Yeah.” Harry tore himself away to walk over to the two girls.

He grabbed the chains and instantly dropped them with a hiss of pain; the palms of his hands blistering red where the chain had touched.

“Oh, gods Harry!” Hermione exclaimed.

“The chains are warded against Dominants.” A voice from the corner Harry had been staring at earlier said.

Harry stepped between the voice and the girls, pointing his wand, “Who’s there?”

Hermione cast a lumos minima, enough to gently light the room. They could now see a man not much older than them, chained to the wall by his wrists and throat.

The man had short, wavy brown hair that hung in lank ropes over his glowing green eyes. He was a little taller than Harry with black flame tattoos crawling up both arms. He wore a filthy white tank and a pair of torn jeans. His feet were bare on the stone floor. He was covered in scabbed cuts and bruises, dirt caking his exposed skin.

Harry inhaled; something in the man’s scent was familiar, it felt like home, the need to protect this man struck him hard. The young Dämonfeuer was deeply unsettled, he had only felt this way for his mates, but this man wasn’t linked to his mind like his mates were. Who was he?

“M'name’s Remington.” The man said, “And if you don’t want to be killed or trapped here, I suggest you figure out how to get your friend free and leave.”

It was then that Harry could hear footsteps in the distance, running in their direction.

“Someone’s coming” Harry glanced back at Hermione.

“Bloody hell.” Hermione cursed, smacking herself in the head and ignoring her friends in favour of gripping the chains.

Ginny’s eyes widened as the chains heated up, melting away under Hermione’s touch. The Excandesco then moved to Remington, quickly melting through his chains as well, much to the man’s surprise.

“Why did you do that?” Remington asked in shock.

“I couldn’t very well leave you behind now could I?” Hermione flashed him a smile, “Now we have to hurry. Can you walk?”

Remington pushed off the wall slowly but his legs buckled underneath him and he fell. Strong arms wrapped around his chest, helping him stand. Harry threw Remington’s arm over his shoulder, wrapping an arm around his waist and the newcomer hit with the scent of the boy. He hadn’t expected to smell that. Ever.

They left the cell, shuffling towards the carriage, but the footsteps rounded the corner.

“Stop!” Someone yelled from behind the group.

A hoard of guards was running down the hall towards them and Ginny whimpered in fright. There
were at least twenty of the men filling the corridor and they were pissed off. Spells began shooting past them and Harry was thankful the guards seemed to have terrible aim.

“Leave me.” Remington gasped, “You won’t make it out of here if you have to carry me.”

Harry growled, tucking Remington against the wall beside him, “Not a chance.”

Harry glanced at Hermione who was already covered in black flames; she had already settled Ginny behind herself. They shared a look before rounding on the guards. Sinking into his instincts, he roared, wings and tail ripped from his back; his eyes turning black as his nails lengthened into claws.

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Delicate, long fingered hands gripped the edge of the table in shock as white sightless eyes opened wide. Long, pale gold hair framed an oval face as pale lips fell open with a gasp, a vision playing across his mind.

“What is it Cayce?” A rough voice called from the overly decorated bed behind him. A grunt and a moan followed, but Cayce paid it no mind.

Cayce jerked around; staring blankly towards where Phobos and Deimos were, “It’s time to leave.”

Phobos chuckled as he tangled his hand into a head of silky black hair that matched his own, forcing the mouth on his cock down deeper. Deimos moaned and hollowed his cheeks, sucking the thick member in his mouth, letting his older twin fuck into him.

“What makes this time any – ah shit – different – fuck Deimos your mouth – than last time?” Phobos almost lost the thread of the conversation as pleasure coiled in his gut.

The older of the twins tightened his grip on his little brother’s hair and bit his lip when the responding moan sent vibrations down his cock. Deimos shoved himself forward until his nose was pressed into a curly thatch, working his pierced tongue over the thick vein of Phobos’s cock.

Knowing his brother was getting close Deimos let his mouth relax a little, letting his teeth brush over Phobos’s sensitive flesh on the way back up to the head; just enough to send him over the edge.

Phobos groaned and pressed Deimos’s head back down hard as he came down his little brother’s throat; his hips bucking.

“Fuck yes,” Phobos groaned, “Such a good little cocksucker aren’t you.”

When Phobos let go, Deimos sucked back up his brother’s dick, making sure to catch any remaining cum along the way before he let it go with a dirty pop. He stood, kissing his twin deeply. Phobos quickly dominated the kiss, letting his tongue slide in so he could taste himself on the younger’s tongue.

“Remi’s with them.” Cayce said after the brother’s finished kissing.

Phobos’s eyes darkened, and his grin turned feral as he looked at Deimos, “I guess we better get dressed then, huh?”

Quickly, the twins dressed, gathering their meagre belongings, as well as Cayce’s, the Seer still trapped in the vision. Phobos considered the best way to escape as Deimos tucked Cayce’s hand into his elbow, tossing their bags over his shoulder.

Deimos looked up at his brother and nodded, “Ready.”
Phobos smirked and walked over to the door before pounding on it with his fist, “Hey guard! Cayce is having a seizure again!”

He could hear footsteps approaching and jingling as the guard got out his keys. Phobos felt his fingernails grow, turning into two-inch-long black talons. As soon as the door opened Phobos grabbed the guard, plunging his hand through the man’s chest. The guard sputtered, blood welling out past his lips, eyes wide at the sudden attack. Phobos ripped his hand free of the man’s chest, taking the heart with it. The guard crumpled to the floor dead, blood pooling rapidly.

“Dumbass.” Phobos muttered stepped over the corpse, dropping the heart to lick clean his hand. He held the door open for Deimos and Cayce to walk through with his other hand.

Hermione and Harry tore through the guards that were attacking them. The smell of burnt flesh and blood filled the air, making Ginny gag from her hiding spot behind the angry Excandesco. Harry had cuts on his arms that were slowly healing as six guards swarmed him.

“Harry!” Hermione cried and was about to roast the bastards alive when she saw a new group of guards running down the hall.

Harry felt despair grow in him when suddenly, one of the guards choked and stiffened. Foam poured out of his mouth just as the same happened to another; a third was ripped off him. Enough space was cleared for Harry to see Remington standing beside him.

The newcomer’s eyes were glowing green, white scaled wings arching over his shoulders. Twitching behind him hung a white tail with a barb sticking out of the end. Remington’s tail shot forward, stabbing the barb into another guard as he ripped the other two off Harry. The guard that had gotten stabbed began to choke and foam like the others.

Harry was confused. Remington looked like a Dämonfeuer, all except for the barb at the end of his tail. What was he?

“Harry, we have to go!” Hermione cried out, drawing his attention to the fresh hoard of guards rushing up to them.

Springing into action Harry grabbed Remington around the waist and started running towards the carriage with Hermione and Ginny at his side. They were about ten feet away from the doorway when screams from behind them caught their attention.

Turning around they saw that the guards were no longer focused on them, but on three men moving through the mass. One of the men laughed, grinning wickedly as his claws tore through a guard. The twin of the first man was holding a third. The third man had one hand pressed to his temple while the other was held out in front of him. The men closest to him were gripping their heads and screaming in agony as they collapsed onto the floor. Once the last guard dropped the three men focused on their little group and Hermione readied two fireballs in her hands, just in case.

“Leaving without us Remi?” The grinning one said as they approached.

“Phobos.” Remington acknowledged before looking at the other two, “Deimos, Cayce, you alright?” Cayce was slumped against Deimos but he smiled softly in Remington’s direction, “We’re fine.”

Phobos had long, straight black hair, the sides of his head shaved. A dark red shirt hung unbuttoned over a pair of torn dark blue jeans. He had light grey eyes framed by thick, dark lashes and arched
eyebrows. He had a barbell through his right eyebrow and stretchers and other piercings littered in his ears. As he walked his shirt moved to show the glint of a nipple piercing.

Harry couldn’t help but notice the ropey scar that wrapped around his throat and the curving scars that ran from the corners of his mouth to almost his earlobes. What the hell had happened to this man?

The Phobos’s twin, Deimos, looked exactly like his brother. Only his hair wasn’t shaved – instead drawn back in a loose ponytail – and he only had two small hoops through his earlobes as far as visible piercings went.

The last man, Cayce, was wearing a white long-sleeved shirt that clung like a second skin, a red corset covered in black lace pulled in his waist. His pants were long and black, covering his bare toes. His skin was almost as white as his shirt, his hair was a pale golden colour that hung loosely around his face. What really stood out were his eyes. Framed by long dark eyelashes and pale brows, his eyes were completely white against his face.

All in all, Harry wasn’t sure what to make of the men, but if Remington cared for them, then they could tag along on their escape.

“There’ll be time for introductions later.” Harry started hustling the group towards the carriage. “Right now, we have to get out of here.”

Hermione looked between Harry and the newcomers hesitantly but ultimately followed her brother’s lead. She nodded at the men and ushered Ginny inside the carriage. Once everyone was jammed inside Hermione shut the door and turned the key. When she opened the door, Ginny cheered in relief and bolted out of the vehicle.

The door to The Burrow opened just as Harry was helping Remington out of the carriage. Ginny stopped just before the door where Molly was pressed against the barrier, crying with joy.

Once everyone had exited the carriage Hermione smirked at it, raising a hand she grew a fireball. When the ball was the size of a large beachball, she threw it at the carriage and watched the magical vehicle burst into flames. She dusted off her hands and walked towards The Burrow, ignoring the pained screams from inside.

The moment the carriage crumbled to the ground the haphazard house glowed a shimmery blue before the barrier broke. Suddenly the yard was filled with people.

Draco was the first one to reach Harry and the only thing preventing him from tackling his Dominant was the man he was currently supporting. The blonde settled for grasping the brunets’ free hand.

“Who’s this?” Draco asked, looking suspiciously at Remington.

Harry smiled gently, rubbing his thumb over Draco’s hand, “This is Remington. He was in the same cell as Ginny when we found her.”

“Call me Remi.” The man cut in.

“Bringing home strays Harry?” Severus said as he and Lucius finally reached them.

The older blonde’s eyes flashed as he scented the air, his eyes widening as he took in Remington, “There’s a parent bond between them.”

Harry’s eyebrows shot up, “Parent bond?”
“My mates must be your parents.” Remington breathed.

Harry was torn. On one hand, he was happy that he technically had a parent with him now. On the other, he knew that Remington might never meet Harry’s parents, his mates. Seeing Harry’s troubled expression Remington made a small noise of inquiry.

“It’s a long story.” Harry began with a sigh. “We should go somewhere more comfortable.”

Before they could move, growls ripped through the quiet chatter. Everyone looked to see Phobos crushing a wide-eyed Fred and George Weasley to his chest. Deimos handed Cayce off to Hermione and rushed over to his brother. They had never thought they would find their mates, but the five links flaring to life in his mind proved Deimos wrong. He didn’t know how his older twin would react to the new bonds.

Deimos and Phobos fell on the redhead twins, a pile of nuzzling, crooning men. When hands started wandering, Molly walked over with a disapproving glare and coughed loudly, getting hisses from the dark-haired twins. When she stepped into their space with the intent of dragging her boys away, Phobos snapped. Growling he reached out, but his younger twin stepped in the way. Instead of choking the Weasley Matriarch, Deimos ended up with Phobos’s hand wrapped around his throat.

“’bos stop, it’s me.” Deimos gasped, wincing when Phobos’s hand tightened. His brother’s eyes were dark grey with slitted pupils. His brother was edging on feral, they had gone too long without their mates and some woman had attempted to interfere in their bonding. “Please, it’s Deimos.”

Recognition flickered in Phobos’s eyes until one of the red-headed twins whimpered. A low hiss escaped from parted lips and Deimos squeezed his eyes shut, not exactly sure what his brother would do to him but sure that it wouldn’t be pleasant. Then Deimos heard a grunt from Phobos and suddenly his throat was free.

The younger of the dark-haired twins opened his eyes to see Remington swaying behind the slumped form of his brother. Deimos blinked at Remington in surprise and saw his friend’s barbed tail twitching slowly behind him.

“You knocked him out,” Deimos rasped. He had never been on the receiving end of one of Phobos’s feral blackouts, but he had witnessed almost all of them.

Remus just shrugged and gladly accepted Harry’s support when the boy came up beside him.

Remus stalked over to Molly, gripping her arm and dragging her away to start whispering frantically. From what everyone could see he wasn’t letting her get a word in edgewise as her expression slowly shifted from anger and fear to shame and embarrassment.

After an awkward silence Arthur cleared his throat, “I think it would be best if we all went inside and explained a few things.”

The next few hours had been a haze of new information, intense emotion, and the Weasley’s packing. Harry cut across the burgeoning discussions and connections once they entered the house. He reminded everyone they were running on limited time and that the Weasleys needed to pack with the intent of never returning. They knew they only had borrowed time before their little stunt at the brothel would be reported back to Dumbledore, but Molly insisted on feeding anyone who was hungry as the rest of her brood packed up the house.

Harry stuck by Remington, ensuring he didn’t make himself sick with food after so long without. He did request that everyone begin referring to him by his birth name, promising detailed explanations to
the Weasleys. Finding out that most of the Weasleys were sirens was a bit of a shock. Discovering that Fred and George were mated to another set of twins was downright terrifying, much to the amusement of Harry.

While the Weasleys were running around, Harry sat with Remington. After the parent bond was discussed Harry found out that Remi had never even felt the links in his mind awaken since he had been sold to the brothel before his maturity. The older man explained that he was a Dämonfeuer, but a submissive one. He was similar to a Dominant Dämonfeuer, but his frame was slighter, colouring lighter and he had a tail barb filled with neurotoxin.

Eventually, they came around to Voldemort and Bellatrix. The brunet detailed their relationship to Harry, and their current mental states. Remington got very quiet as the realization washed over him that he might never be able to be with his mates.

It was then that Hermione seemed to just burst with information. She had found a way to help Harry’s parents, but she hadn’t believed it would be possible before. The ritual required Harry, as well as one of his parental figures. Before there had only been Bellatrix and Voldemort, which was never going to work, but now, there was hope.
Once the Weasleys and their other guests had been settled into rooms at Potter Manor, Dominick retreated to the hot spring to relax and process. He stood under the heavy stream of the waterfall, letting it pound down on his neck; working out the knots that had developed throughout the day. He closed his eyes and groaned in pleasure as his muscles were finally able to relax. He hadn’t realized how tense he had been all day.

It had been a bit of a tight squeeze, but they had managed to find space for everyone. Dominick was bunked with his mates, Hermione and Remus were sharing, Hermione’s parents were still in their own room. Now, the two sets of twins were sharing, Molly and Arthur had their own room, while Ron, Ginny and Cayce took the last room. The house elves had converted one of the unused studies into a bedroom for Remington to have on his own. It wasn’t until everyone had headed off to bed that he felt the knots in his shoulders and decided to take a dip.

So here he was, standing underneath a waterfall, relaxing as the tension left his muscles. He was so lost in thought that he didn’t hear the door open, nor did he hear the soft splashes of someone entering the spring and swimming towards him.

When a hand lightly touched his arm, Dominick’s clawed hand snapped out, grabbing tightly onto the arm of his would-be attacker. When he looked down at the intruder Dominick’s eyes changed back and his claws quickly retracted. He felt bile rise up in his throat as he looked down at Severus who was cowering away from him.

Dominick sighed as he watched as his mate’s long tail changed back into human legs and his glamour began to transform his face. Slowly, Dominick reached down and cupped Severus’s cheek. His mate’s fear was thick in the air and his mind. The Dämonfeuer quickly sent waves of remorse through their bond as he tried to coax Severus out of the water.

Eventually, Dominick simply sank into the water, sitting on the ledge he had been standing on. He loosely wrapped his arms around Severus’s waist, tugging the merman between his legs. Dominick whispered apologies into the skin of Severus’s shoulder, mentally kicking himself. Their relationship was already so fragile, and he had lost control, again, in front of the dour Potions Master.

Slowly, Severus settled into his mate’s hold, slipping his arms around the younger man and sighing into his shoulder. The fear slowly dissolved to be replaced with something complex and messy.

“It’s all right Dominick, I know you didn’t mean to.” Severus’ voice was flat and empty. The older man startled when Dominick jerked back to stare at him incredulously.

“No Severus, It’s not all right.” Dominick said, “I could have really hurt you. Merlin! I almost did!” He squeezed his eyes shut. “I should have been aware of my surroundings. I should have paid
attention to your scent before I reacted. You’re right, I didn’t mean to scare you, but that doesn’t make it all right.” A fresh wave of remorse tore through Dominick, fear twining through it; had he irreparably damaged the relationship?

Confusion rippled back through the bond and instantly, the Dämonfeuer was on edge.

“Severus,” Dominick asked cautiously, “You know that this wasn’t your fault, right?”

“Well, of course, it wasn’t my fault.” The words were snarked out, but there was something in the bond which said the man was lying, that he didn’t believe that he wasn’t at fault.

Dominick’s stomach dropped; this did not bode well. What had happened to his mate to make him think that someone attacking him was okay? Even if it was an accident? He knew the man had been a Death Eater, but shouldn’t that make him angry at the situation, not confused? Now that he thought about it, Dominick wondered why Severus had replaced his glamour. Why did he even have a glamour? When he voiced these thoughts, his mate’s face shuttered, emotions exploding through the bond before it abruptly shut down. Dominick felt his heart shudder.

“Severus?” The Dämonfeuer asked cautiously.

The merman turned away. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Dominick cupped the older man’s cheek, turning his face back, “Please Severus. How am I supposed to support you, to avoid the things that you don’t like if you don’t let me in at least a little?”

“I do not require your assistance.” Severus sniffed, and Dominick could see his features hardening into a mask.

“Please.” He begged once more, looking into his mate’s dark eyes.

Severus studied his mate for a moment before sighing and allowing his mask slide away, the bond to open again so Dominick could feel the turmoil within. He had thought this was behind him. Had thought that he had gotten over the fear of his childhood, but apparently, he had been wrong.

“Your earnestness is irritating to the extreme.” The man held up a hand to forestall any comment from Dominick. “My father was a muggle.” Severus began, “When he married my mother and found out about the magical world and that she was a mermaid he went from being a loving husband to a greedy monster.” Severus swallowed thickly as he remembered, “He sold her scales to potion makers and apothecaries.”

Severus huffed at Dominick’s bewildered expression. “He pulled them off her body instead of waiting for them to fall off by themselves.”

There was that nauseous feeling in Dominick’s stomach again.

“When I was born my mother watched me very closely. Luckily when I transformed for the first time my father was away. She was able to teach me how to make a glamour and to keep my human form.” The older man exhaled heavily. “When I was 14 my father went away to sell my mother’s scales. I thought I was safe, so I went to the pond outside of our house for a swim.”

Dominick had a sinking feeling, swallowing down his rage, knowing releasing his Dämonfeuer at this time would not be helpful.

“My father had forgotten something and had returned from his trip early. He found me in the pond and – “
Severus swallowed thickly, and squeezed Dominick’s shoulders, unaware of his nails digging in, bloody streaks trickling down his Dominant’s skin, “And he tried to catch me, but my mother had seen him coming and dove into the water in front of me. My father hit her, and she used her magic to tie reeds from the bottom of the pond together around him.”

Severus looked Dominick in the eye and when the Dämonfeuer saw the pain on his mate’s face he wrapped his arms tighter around his waist; his thumbs rubbing circles into the merman’s hips.

“She strangled him.” Severus said bluntly, “But by the time he was dead she had too many wounds and I couldn’t heal her. That’s the day I lost my parents.”

Dominick was speechless for a few moments. “I’m sorry you lost your parents like that. That’s why you hide your appearance when you are scared?”

Severus didn’t answer. He just floated there in Dominick’s arms, studying his mate’s face. The reaction to his story was unexpected and something in him screamed to stop fighting, to just relax and let go of the anger and pain and resistance to his nature that was his life.

Then, suddenly, he lunged forward and sealed his lips against the younger man’s. The Dämonfeuer froze in shock for a moment before kissing his mate back with a happy sigh. When Severus pulled away, he whispered a thank you against Dominick’s lips.

Dominick hummed, before finally collecting his scattered wits and registering what the black-haired man has said, “Why are you thanking me?”

“Most people pity me. They don’t try to understand. They just look at me sadly and then go on with their judgment of me.” Severus explained even though most of his attention was focused on wriggling until they were pressed together from shoulder to hip.

Dominick couldn’t help but let a small frown slip onto his face as Severus rolled his hips into his Dominants, “Severus, you don’t—“

“I want to.” Severus said; his voice firm and determined, “Please.”

Then Severus’s lips were on his again. Dominick tried to resist, he didn’t want Severus to do this out of some odd form of gratitude. But Dominick’s last resistance gave in as tender emotions and need washed through his link to his dark-haired mate.

Dominick responded to Severus’s kiss, letting his hands drift over his mate’s smooth skin. He paid careful attention to how Severus reacted to his touches. An arch of his back into Dominick as his fingertips ghosted over shoulder blades. A roll of the hips as Dominick’s fingers trailed down his spine. A soft gasp as the Dämonfeuer brushed his fingers over sharp hip bones and down into the ‘v’ of his pelvis. Dominick could feel small scales rising up at his touch, the older man’s creature form coming forth once more.

Harry licked his way into his mate’s mouth, swallowing the sounds that were escaping Severus’s throat as he continued to brush over the small, attention seeking scales with the back of his fingers.

“Dominick.” Severus moaned against his lips.

Dominick was startled by the use of his first name, still getting used to the switch, but the desperation in the tone had his cock rising to full hardness.

“Yes Severus?” Dominick kissed down the man’s jaw to his neck, where he nipped at his pulse point.
Suddenly Severus shifted, his tail fading away to legs, which slid up on either side of Dominick’s hips. The younger man slid his hands down, cupping his mate’s arse and rocking them together.

“I’m bored.” The Potion’s Master drawled with a smirk.

Dominick growled low in his throat, reveling in the shiver that racked Severus’s body in response. “I suppose we will have to do something about that.”

Before Severus could respond, Dominick stood, Severus still wrapped around him. The pair moved across to a nearby boulder that was being sprayed with a gentle mist from the waterfall. All he could do was gasp when Dominick laid him back and settled between his legs, sucking a pebbled nipple into his mouth. Severus threaded his long fingers into the Dämonfeuer’s hair, arching up into the hot mouth.

Dominick rubbed his thumbs up Severus’s legs, caressing the tender inner skin. He released the nipple he had been torturing and began pressing wet, opened mouthed kisses down Severus’s chest. As he kissed down Severus’s stomach the man arched, bucking his hips so that his neglected cock rubbed against Dominick’s chest.

Aware of where Severus thought he was going the younger man smirked and bypassed his mate’s swollen member to kiss down his left hip. Nipping and sucking the tender flesh in the crease of his thigh, moans fell constantly from Severus’ mouth. His grip tightened in Dominick’s hair as a love bite was sucked on his inner thigh.

The merman was on the verge of begging when he felt a thick finger brush his entrance, a murmured spell slicking the way as he slowly pressed into his heat. When the finger didn’t move any further Severus groaned in frustration, but then he noticed that the hand on his thigh was squeezing tighter than before and that Dominick had frozen.

Severus propped himself upright to look down at his mate. Dominick had gone rigid, jaw gritted, and his eyes closed.

“Dominick?” Severus hesitantly asked, crying out in pleasure as the finger inside of him drew back, only to return with a second, probing around his inner walls.

“You’re not a virgin.” Dominick said. Severus could suddenly feel the restrained animalistic rage emanating from his Dominant. Then he realised, some creatures were extremely territorial over their mate’s virginity.

“Merfolk don’t have a hymen, or –ah! – Dominick stop. I can’t think straight.” Severus started, barely able to concentrate as the younger man’s thick fingers speared him again. Only when the Dämonfeuer stopped moving the digits did he try speaking again, “As I was trying to say, mermen don’t have the internal ridge that most male magical creatures have. It’s our scales that show whether we are virgins or not. I can show you after if you want, but right now I would appreciate if you would just fuck me already.”

Dominick looked up at Severus with a raised eyebrow. He had never heard the older man curse before and he found that he wasn’t that opposed to it

The Dämonfeuer pressed gentle, teasing kisses to his mate’s lips until they were both panting. Severus was now half lying on his back with his hips sideways. The leg that wasn’t pressed against the rock was draped in front of him, exposing his entrance to his mate.

Dominick positioned himself so that he was straddling the leg Severus had stretched out, leaning
over the older man’s hip as he moved to press a heated kiss to his mate’s lips. Reaching down, he
rubbed his engorged cock head against the twitching rosebud waiting for him. He leant his forehead
against his mate’s, gazing deeply into dark pools. He watched Severus suck in a quick breath and bit
his lower lip.

Then Dominick was pressing in and Severus’s lips parted to let a low moan escape him. When the
head was finally in the younger man groaned at the tight heat suddenly encompassing him. It was
almost like Severus’s core had a life of its own as it tried to suck him in.

“Gods,” Dominick gasped, “You’re so tight”

Severus just responded with another moan as Dominick began to thrust the head of his cock in and
out, letting the ridge of the head tease Severus’s entrance. After a few more thrusts he had Severus
whimpering; pressing a breathy kiss to his mate’s lips, Dominick sank in further.

When their hips were pressed together firmly, he broke their frantic kissing to listen to the moans
issuing from the older man’s mouth. Dominick drew out a fraction before thrusting back inside.
Severus cried out, rolling his hips and arching. Dominick repeated the movement, gradually adding
more length to each thrust until he was almost completely pulling out before plunging back in.
Dominick was growling low in his throat as pleasure washed over him. Every time he pulled out
Severus’s body eagerly sucked him back in.

Severus was lost in a haze of pleasure, he never thought that sex would feel this good. The only
other pleasure he had experienced was when he had snogged Lucius a few times during their school
years at Hogwarts. No one had ever really caught his attention and after Lucius was forced to marry
Narcissa, he had just lost interest.

The waterfall mist caressed his skin, increasing his pleasure; the slick rub of skin against skin driving
him into a frenzy. He tangled fingers into Dominick’s thick hair, pulling him down for another
heated kiss as they both moaned with the thrusts.

“Harder.” Severus mumbled.

Dominick rose up, his hands on Severus’ hip, using the leverage to thrust roughly into his mate,
snapping his hips back and forward, driving deeply into his submissive.

“Dom!” Severus threw his head back with a loud, pleasure-filled cry.

Dominick was a man possessed, relentless until Severus was a sobbing mess, rocking back onto
Dominick’s cock.

Suddenly the hand on Dominick’s shoulder developed wicked claws, dragging down his shoulder
blade as the merman came without his cock ever being touched. Dominick groaned as his mate’s
heat gripped his cock painfully through his orgasm.

Suddenly Severus was moving, twisting his body so he was face down, hips pressed back into
Dominick. Bracing himself on his arms Severus began to fuck himself on Dominick’s cock.

The Dämonfeuer couldn’t help but be captivated by the sight, marvelling at seeing himself disappear
into his mate until the intense suction on his rod became too much. He gripped his mate’s hip and
began thrusting again, fast and deep, making Severus whimper and push back harder. Dominick
could feel his orgasm quickly approaching as the suction intensified the sensation on his cock.

Severus cried out again and the Dämonfeuer could feel a second orgasm rip through his mate’s body
as his channel clenched around him. This finally sent Dominick over the edge and he spilled his seed
deep inside of his mate, lurching forward to sink his elongated fangs into Severus’s shoulder.

When he finally calmed down enough to pull out, he sat back on his heels, looking over his mate who was still giving little moans and judders of pleasure. Watching his cum slowly leak out of Severus’s opening Dominick smirked. He wondered if he could bring Severus through a third orgasm; diving back in, he put his tongue to work, sucking and licking his mate clean.
Dmitry winced as he listened to his little sister screaming from outside the room she was giving birth in. Sophia had gone into labour unexpectedly in the middle of the night and now he was waiting in the hallway. He had wanted to stay with her, but the moment he had stepped into the room her creature had deemed him a threat and she had tried to attack him. It had taken Mikhail and their mother pinning her down and Arthur whispering in her ear to distract her long enough for him leave.

Once outside, he noticed his father Marcellus standing to the side of the door. He had been in such a hurry to get to his little sister that Dmitry hadn’t even seen him standing there. Marcellus smiled sadly at him, his eyes betraying his agony.

“I supposed it is only natural,” Marcellus said quietly, his old Latin accent thickening with pain, “We feed off of life and she is bringing a new one into this world.”

“Father,” Dmitry stopped, not sure what to say. It hurt to have his sister not want him near her while she gave birth, but he couldn’t imagine what his father was feeling; not being able to see his child in one of the most terrifying yet beautiful moments of her life.

Marcellus pushed himself off the wall, “I’m going for a walk around the gardens.” Then he zipped away before Dmitry could stop him. Not that Dmitry couldn’t catch up to him if he tried, but he could see his father wanted to be alone.

So Dmitry waited in the empty corridor, nursing his bruised ego. Then Nikita had rushed past him and into the room. He heard a shriek that would have made a banshee jealous and a crash of something flying through the room. And Nikita ran out of the room as quickly as she had entered it, the door slamming shut behind her.

“You too?” Dmitry asked as he watched his youngest sibling growl and restrain herself from kicking and punching the stone wall. His comment got a glare for his trouble.

Nikita huffed after a few minutes as she turned around and leaned against the wall she had wanted to beat up; sinking to sit on the floor directly across from him. A sudden scream from the room they had been kicked out of had Dmitry tensing and Nikita’s eyes flashing yellow. Neither of them liked hearing their sister in so much pain, and it was intensified by the link between their minds; a link that Dmitry had been desperately trying to hide since it awakened two days ago when his kid sister had gone through her full inheritance.
About two days ago, one of Nikita’s submissive mates had suddenly opened up and she had nearly gone catatonic from the overload of information from the links. Dmitry had been the only one to break her out of it after she had collapsed. Their parents had given him a searching look before pushing whatever thoughts they had aside and making sure their daughter was alright.

That hadn’t been the first time Dmitry had noticed the link between himself and Nikita, but it had been the first time he had used it to influence her. Part of him felt disgusted for doing it, especially when he didn’t know if she had even recognized that it was him. It had been his only option though. Shaking her, talking to her, and using a variety of energy-boosting and revival spells hadn’t worked. So he had delved into their link and forcibly dragged her out of there and back into reality. Then he had quickly covered it up by thumping her on the nose and telling her to, “stop being an idiot and wake up.”

That had gotten him a right hook to the jaw for his troubles.

Dmitry had always been protective of his youngest sister, and sometimes he would catch their parents watching them interact, but he had never thought anything of it; at least not when he was younger. As he grew up though, he began to realize there was something more, hiding and waiting for Nikita to grow up enough.

He had tried - in the beginning - to distance himself from her; just enough to dull the random throb in his chest. After a while he began to break down, especially when she would come to him first – out of their entire family - for help with homework, or when she would look at him with puppy dog eyes until he read her a story while she tried to take a nap.

Instead of worrying about the future, he focused on being the best big brother a girl could ask for.

“So,” Dmitry said, drawing out the word awkwardly as he caught the Bastet’s attention, “Any luck with your mates yet?”

The look Nikita pinned him with could scrape scales off a dragon. He gulped.

“A little, but whatever had blocked access to one of the links must have worn them out. They’ve been quiet and calm since a couple hours after it opened.” Nikita answered.

Dmitry nodded, assuming that she hadn’t noticed theirs yet. He was about to ask if she had tried entering the links when she spoke again.

“There is one that is a little more active though,” Nikita said, her eyes still pinning him to the wall, “Kind of quiet and shuffling around in the background like he doesn’t want me to notice him, and if he’s quiet enough maybe I’ll forget that the bond is there. Of course, I think he’s being a dumbass, but that’s what happens when you have access to your brother’s mind.”

Dmitry froze and nearly choked on the words that he had been about to speak. He just stood there, staring with wide eyes at Nikita, his mind running in frantic circles. What the hell was he supposed to do now? He hadn’t prepared for this moment. He hadn’t even thought that this moment would happen.

“Oh.”

Nailed it.

Gods he really was a dumbass.

“Oh?” Nikita said sarcastically, “Oh? That’s all you could come up with?”
“It was short notice.” Dmitry mumbled, the phrase coming out as more of a question like he wasn’t sure that was the right answer.

“Oh for the gods’ sakes.” Nikita groaned, marching up to him.

Their eyes connected and suddenly the link between their minds flared wide as Nikita brushed off the metaphorical cobwebs. He cursed as his senses were overwhelmed by their shared emotions, causing him to jerk and almost fall over. Then sharp nails grabbed him by the shoulders, digging into his skin, and lightly chapped lips were pressed against his.

Just like that, the massive hurricane of emotions and thoughts flowing through the link evened out and an odd sense of peace flowed over him.

When Nikita pulled away her cheeks were red and Dmitry had to force himself to stop breathing before the sweet scent of her blood overwhelmed him. After the emotional bombarding he had just gone through he didn’t know if he could control himself enough to not hurt her. That’s what he got for thinking he could hide from their situation forever though.

The vampire was pulled away from his thoughts as Nikita wrapped her arms around his torso and laid her head on his shoulder. He hesitated for only a moment before he enfolded her in his arms and held her probably tighter than what was comfortable for her.

“You think we’re going to get into trouble for this?” Nikita asked quietly, her tone expressing her nervousness over the possibility of their parents not being happy with their bond.

Dmitry didn’t answer immediately as memories of the searching looks their parents had given both him and Nikita whenever they were together. Then he remembered the times when those searching looks turned into knowing ones.

“No, I think they’ve known about us for a while now.” He finally answered. “If they were upset about it, they would have talked to me by now.”

They were broken out of their little moment by a loud roar followed by the sound of a baby crying.

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The moment he got a fire call from his mate, Mikhail, at in his office in Zagreb, Braiden Alexeev nee Halloway quickly rescheduled his appointments and floo’ed home. He had been waiting for his sister-in-law to go into labour for days now and it seemed his instincts had been right; she had been late. He was just glad that he was a trained midwife and healer otherwise Sophia would have had a big problem around the fifth month of her pregnancy. She had become extremely territorial around anyone who wasn’t family to her. He doubted another midwife or healer would have been able to get close to her, let alone close enough to actually do an examination.

The moment he stepped out of the fireplace he was met by Alistair, his second mate. The man’s appearance shocked him at first, but he quickly pushed his worry aside for a second and cast a sanitation spell over his whole body and his clothing before walking up to the vampire.

Alistair’s eyes were dark red and blood shot. His fangs were peeking out over his lower lip and his complexion was almost ashen.
“How is she?” Braiden asked, wondering what had set his mate off so badly.

“She stumbled when her water broke and cut her arm on the banister by the stairs, luckily she wasn’t actually on them yet. It healed fast enough, but there was quite a bit of blood.” Alistair said his voice sultry as an after effect of his transformation.

Braiden easily brushed off the wave of euphoria that always came with that voice. He had quickly adapted and become used to vampiric powers after he had discovered that he was mated to a one. He had no problem ignoring his mate’s magic when it was needed. Their Dominant mate - on the other hand – couldn’t, but that was a topic for another time. Now he had a baby to deliver and a mother to make as comfortable as possible.

“She isn’t letting Dmitry, Marcellus, or I into the room. She nearly took my head off when I tried to help her.” Alistair added, and Braiden’s stomach dropped.

Alistair may have acted like he didn’t care about them in the past, but Braiden knew that the Alexeev family was the only family that Alistair had; and they meant the world to him. He had been rejected and almost killed by his biological family after he had been turned into a vampire, this rejection would have opened old wounds.

It shocked Braiden even more that Sophia wasn’t letting her brother and father into the room with her. Dmitry would get over it easily, but Marcellus he worried about. The elder vampire had a problem with trying to take everything onto his own shoulders. He tended to blame himself for the smallest of mistakes; he just hid it very well underneath a carefree and jokester facade.

“She didn’t mean it Alistair.” Braiden said hoping he sounded reassuring, “Her instincts are making her do things she normally wouldn’t do.”

The smile the vampire put on his face was clearly faked; only there for Braiden’s benefit.

“Come on, I’ll take you to their room.” Alistair said as he held out his hand, “This way is faster than running over there.”

Braiden sighed. He wanted to comfort his mate, but there wasn’t much he could do until the baby was delivered. He smiled at the man as he took his hand, and instantly was sucked into shadows. He was always uneasy travelling this way, mainly because he couldn’t see anything and had to hand over complete control to someone else. He trusted Alistair though, implicitly. The next moment he was stepping out of the shadows and directly in front of Sophia’s room.

He could hear Arthur and Sophia talking and Vasily guiding her daughter through breathing exercises from outside of the room. Movement to the side of the door caught his eye and Braiden looked over to see Dmitry standing there, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest. The young vampire looked dejected, but he didn’t have time to take care if the two vampires had been hurt by their sister; he had to take care of the sister first.

Braiden sighed again, sometimes he wished he could just snap his fingers and make everyone happy, but that sort of magic wasn’t possible, even if he was a wizard.

“I better get in there.” Braiden said as he turned to Alistair.

The vampire nodded and began to pull shadows around him to go gods knew where until the birthing was done. The wizard reached out and grabbed him by the arm to stop him, and then pulled him into a deep kiss, shadows snapping back into their natural places. It wasn’t full of fire like most of their kisses. Braiden made sure that it was softer and more intimate as he tried to pour every ounce
of love that he felt into Alistair through his lips.

When they pulled apart Alistair’s eyes had changed back to navy blue and he had a small smile on his face, “Go on Brai,” Alistair said softly as he began pulling shadows around him once more, “They need their super-healer.” The term of endearment wasn’t lost on Braiden as Alistair disappeared and the shadows in the hallway began to grow back.

This time Braiden’s sigh was wistful as he turned back around, only to turn beet red as he was pinned with a smirk from his brother-in-law.

“Oh be quiet you.” The wizard huffed as he walked into the birthing room.

Braiden ignored Dmitry’s chuckle as he assessed the situation. Vasily, his mother-in-law, and Arthur, Sophia’s mate, were sitting on either side of Sophia who was propped up on the large bed, Nikolaus, his father-in-law, was standing off to the side with Mikhail who looked more of a nervous wreck than anyone else in the room.

Braiden couldn’t prevent the sigh escaping his lips; it was going to be a long night.
Chapter Notes

Eh, not much to say about this one. Lots of plotty plotness. Some of the threads of the story are being drawn together and we have a bit of a time jump.

As dawn approached, the baby was born and was declared healthy by Braiden. The naming ceremony had been performed, though this had been tense since Sophia was still guarded around the vampires and Nikita. Mikhail and his mates were now laying wrapped around one another in their own bed as they slept.

In his mind, Mikhail was drawn into the newly opened link to his submissive mate. Immediately upon entering the link, his mind was sucked into a dream world. Around him was a shabby room that was cozy and comfortable. The walls were covered with posters of Chudley Cannons; a quidditch broom, various school books, and a dark red blanket covered a soft looking bed.

Sitting on top of the blanket, staring out a window was a young man with dark orange hair, pale skin, and freckles. Mikhail's heart skipped a beat as he looked on at the person who was apparently his new submissive. He was so young, especially compared to Mikhail.

The Dämonfeuer was half tempted to back out of the link as quietly as possible, hoping that his little mate would never know he had been there. The other half wanted to run up and wrap the young man in his arms and never let him go. After having the connection suddenly cut off, his protective instincts were in overdrive

"Well damn," A sultry voice from beside Mikhail startled both the Dämonfeuer and the young man staring out the window, "Doesn't he look tasty."

Mikhail turned just in time to see Braiden elbow Alistair in the stomach, hard. The wizard glared at the vampire intently, challenging him to say anything else. Alistair just grinned unrepentantly and raised his hands in defeat.

"Wh-Who are you?" The red headed man stuttered, drawing the three men standing in the room's attention back to him, "Why are you here?"

"We aren't here to hurt you." Mikhail said as softly as he could; taking in the frightened look on the ginger's face, "Do you know where you are?"

The red head's brow furrowed as he looked around the room. He opened his mouth to say something before seeming to realize that something was wrong, and fear flooded his face.

"No, this isn't right." He said clearly panicking, "No, Harry got us out. We aren't here anymore. How did I get back here! Why am I in my room?"

"Calm down." Braiden said, his voice soothing over the entire room, "You are safe. Think, what was the last thing you remember?"
The red head took in a deep breath to try and calm down before he spoke, "I was going to sleep. Mum said I should try to call for my mates, but my voice wouldn't travel far enough. I was tired. I remember closing my eyes and feeling something in my head. Like a string. I pulled on it and then I ended up here."

"Do you know what the string was?" Braiden asked stepping forward slowly so that he could crouch down by the redhead.

The young man’s brow furrowed again as he thought, looking down at his hands in his lap. Then his eyes suddenly shot up to Braiden’s face before jumping over to look at Mikhail and Alistair, "The link...You're my mates."

Braiden smiled gently and nodded, "My name is Braiden. I'm a wizard. The man with the overdone eyeliner is Alistair, he's a vampire." At this, the redhead stiffened so Braiden quickly added, "He won't hurt you. I promise."

When the young man in front of him relaxed a little bit, he continued with the introductions, "and the big hulking man over there is Mikhail. He's a Dämonfeuer, a Dominant, but I promise he's the biggest teddy bear you will ever meet."

The red head’s eyes lit up, "You're a Dämonfeuer?"

The three older men shared a surprised look. Mikhail was expecting to have to explain what a Dämonfeuer was. They weren't exactly a well-known magical creature, not like the Veela were.

"Yes." Mikhail answered, not really sure what to say.

"My best friend Harry is a Dämonfeuer!" The red head seemed suddenly excited.

Mikhail was confused now. He hadn't known that there were any teenage Dämonfeuer in existence. And since his mother was in charge of keeping record of the Dämonfeuer line for all of the clans and he was first in line to inherit that responsibility, he certainly should have known.

"Your friend is your age?" He asked.

The young man nodded, "Yeah, we were supposed to be starting our seventh year at Hogwarts this year." His face fell.

Noting the young man's accent and the mention of Hogwarts Mikhail guessed he was somewhere in the United Kingdom. It would be just his luck that his mate would be thousands of miles away from him. Then the rest of his mate's sentence registered in his brain.

"Wait, were?"

The youth ducked his head, fidgeting with his jumper cuff. His face was pale and drawn, Braiden couldn’t help but reach out to steady him.

"Um, yes, we aren't going back this year," The red head focused out of the window, "My name's Ron by the way. Ronald Weasley."

"Ron?" Braiden asked, his gentle tone washing over Ron, calming the trill that was starting to rise in the red head's throat, "Why aren't you going back to school? Did something happen?"

Ron swallowed harshly as he looked from Braiden to Mikhail to Alistair, then back to Braiden. They all looked concerned, though Braiden seemed the most worried. That could have been just because
he was so close though.

"The headmaster," Ron started, pausing to clear his throat, "He threatened my family to try and get information."

Mikhail started to growl, startling Ron and causing fear to spike through him. Braiden was still next to him though, and quickly began rubbing Ron's arm as he tried to comfort the boy. The older wizard looked back at Mikhail with a stern expression, only turning back to Ron when the Dämonfeuer finally stopped growling.

"He didn't mean to scare you." Braiden said, "He was growling at that idea of you being threatened. Please continue. I promise he won’t hurt you."

Ron looked at Mikhail hesitantly, but when he saw the apologetic look sent his way he relaxed again.

"My best friend is," Ron paused, not sure if he should tell them who Harry was. He didn't know what side of the war they were on. He figured if they really wanted to know though, they could force the answer out of his mind. So he decided to just put the information out there, "My best friend is Harry Potter." At this Braiden's eyebrows rose into his hair line, "Well, sort of. But that's not really my story to tell. He was the one who saved my sister from Mortinson."

Suddenly Mikhail was growling again, and Ron couldn't hold back the trill in his throat. A high-pitched tune sang through the air making Alistair cringe as it hit his sensitive ears. Mikhail seemed to relax at the sound though, his growls lowering down to quiet rumbles from the man's broad chest.

"How was Mortinson involved in all this?" Alistair asked, his voice pitched to soothe.

"The headmaster threatened my family with him." Ron whispered, not wanting to cause Mikhail to start growling again, "If we didn't tell him where Harry had disappeared after his inheritance – though at the time we didn't know what had happened to him – then he was going to have all of the submissives and neutrals in my family taken away."

Ron closed his eyes and called his siren markings forward. When he finally spoke, his eyes had changed to swirls of sky blue, purple, and seafoam green and he had thick blue flowing lines on his cheeks and down his neck, "My family is made up of wizards and sirens. So we would have been quite the gain for Mortinson I think."

Alistair's eyes flashed red and he turned around so he didn't frighten the submissive siren, his fangs elongated, embedding in his bottom lip. He couldn’t stand to be rejected again. Not so soon after Sophia had done it, and not by one of his mates.

Mikhail was focusing on breathing in an effort to keep calm, gripping Alistair’s hand in solidarity and support. Braiden had moved so that he could sit closer to Ron and wrap his arm around the younger man's shoulders.

This really was going to be a long night.

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Three weeks after the Brothel Incident
Remington stared down at the sleeping form of Dominick… his son? He shook his head, messy hair falling in his eyes. He couldn’t wrap his head around having a son, not now. The kid was only a few years younger than him. It would be difficult enough to get the younger Dämonfeuer to see him as a relative, let alone a parent. Still, it had been three days since the ritual to heal Dominick’s mother – Bellatrix – and Dominick had yet to wake up.

The ritual had not gone as planned. They had spent the last three weeks getting to know each other and preparing for the ritual, but they had miscalculated somewhere. From the worried, stoic attitude of Dominick’s friends – well, either they had expected it to be a difficult ritual, or it was normal for things to go wrong for the trio. Remington wasn’t sure which was more worrisome.

The ritual had only required a small amount of blood to be let from both Dominick and himself. The blood mixture of a biological son and a mate would aid the magic of the ritual in connecting to Bellatrix’s magic, and thus her mind. But the magic changed; it demanded more.

At first Remington had just felt weak, which was common in most magical rituals. He had realized a little too late that the ‘weak’ feeling he was experiencing wasn’t reciprocated in Dominick. His so-the younger man’s expression had quickly changed from hope and concentration, to worry, then to full blown panic. The realisation had occurred when the small cut along Remington’s life line, had suddenly lengthened so blood gushed out.

A magic had latched onto theirs during the ritual; it was foreign, old, and very dark. Once he had fought through the initial haze, he realized that the outside magic had also latched onto Dominick as well, a grimace of pain spreading across the younger Dämonfeuer’s face. Instincts that he didn’t know he had kicked in and Remington began pulling on the intrusion, antagonizing it enough to make it leave his so – no – Dominick alone and focus strictly on him. He should have known better.

Remington had gotten brief glimpse at how protective Dominick was toward those he considered family. Once the younger man realized what Remington was doing, he snarled, his own magic tearing through the foreign one and wrapping around Remington like a warm shield. After that everything was a mixture of chaos and screaming. He remembered Dominick’s eyes flashing black, matching his own, as the ritual snapped into place.

Then everything was silent inside the ritual circle, he could sense Dominick’s friends and family outside, panicking, unable to enter but wanting to help. Then he heard a scream. A woman’s scream. Echoing through his mind. He had never heard such a scream before. It reminded him of the agony he had endured at the brothel, of the cell he had been living in, of watching his own parents murdered right before his eyes.

Fire erupted in his mind as two doors he had never known existed were flung violently open. Pain, so much pain. But he didn’t care. It only made him angrier, more vicious. Blood. Fire. He could smell death on the air, taste it on his tongue. He revelled in it. He dealt it with glee. Then his mind was cracking and healing, cracking and healing, over and over and over again until he thought he was going to die from the agony.

Suddenly peace. He could breathe again. Tears were running down his face, but they weren’t his. By the gods. Oh why. Flashes of faces he recognized, but didn’t know – no, that’s not right – he had never seen these faces before. Death, more death. Why was he surrounded by death? What had he done? Why had he done this? A link. Follow it, push it out, push him back.

Suddenly Remington was back in his own mind. His whole body was shaking; eyes wide open in horror. He felt a soft, yet hesitant caress over his mind before one of the doors was firmly shut.

The circle had been broken; the sea salt that had made up the circle scattered over the floor. The
room was lit by the light creeping in from the doorway, the candles that had been used scattered. He could see a couple of scorch marks where small fires had started from the candle flames. In front of him, at his feet, the bowl they had been using in the ritual had been overturned on the hard-wood floor. Blood mixed with clumps of crushed blackthorn berries, wormwood, and orris root had been left to stain the timber.

At the sight of the blood on the floor Remington remembered the pain in his hand. He looked down only to be surprised when the cut that had been ripped open to the length of his hand was now a simple, bright pink scar.

Remington shook the memory away, looking up from Dominick’s still, breathing form as he heard soft footsteps approaching the door. A second later a soft knock echoed through the room and the door opened to admit Hermione. The Excandesco shut the door behind her and paused for a moment before she approached the bed.

“How is he?” Hermione asked; her voice soft and purposefully unthreatening. There was something else though that took Remington a moment to recognize. Worry. But not for her friend, for Remington.

That was when he realized how terrible he probably looked, sitting in a hard, wooden chair for who knows how long. He knew he hadn’t slept, though he honestly wasn’t sure if a day had even passed. He felt drained though, like he should have slept a good thirteen hours straight at some point recently. He also had the vague impression that he had been head-butted by a hippogriff, but he was good at ignoring pain. He just couldn’t bear to draw himself away from his – DAMN IT – his mates’ son – there, that phrase he could deal with – it would go against everything his instincts were screaming at him.

Instincts. He clenched his eyes shut in disgust with himself. When he had realized that Dominick was no longer near him after the ritual, he had begun hunting for him. When he had seen smears and splatters of blood leading out of the room something inside of his snapped.

He couldn’t remember climbing the stairs or running down the hall, but he did remember bursting into Dominick’s room through the open door. He did remember tearing the small, light coloured male – who he now recognized as Draco – from Dominick’s side, snarling at the creature that dared touch his mates’ wounded son.

He hadn’t been able to understand anything that was being said to, or around, him as he searched Dominick’s body for wounds. He remembered being relieved to find that the cut that had been opened further on the younger man’s hand had been healed. He remembered snarling and slashing his sharpened nails and spiked tail at anyone who dared get close enough, because he just couldn’t risk letting anything else happen to Dominick. Slowly another light one – Lucius – and a dark one – Severus – had seemed to calm everyone down and make them leave.

Remington rubbed his cheeks, trying to wake himself up. “I’m not sure.” He said, then he asked, “How long have I been in here?”

Hermione gave him a searching look before a small smile raised the corners of her mouth, “Three days.”

Remington suddenly felt even more tired.

“Parental instincts seem to be really intense,” She continued, though Remington could swear there was a hint of humour in her voice, “Not sure if I could handle it myself.”
He felt so very, very tired.

“I’m not his parent.” He stated, “How are his mates?”

Hermione hummed in response as she took out her wand and begin to scan Dominick for his vitals.

“Draco’s upset, though I don’t necessarily blame him under the circumstances. He understands though, he just doesn’t like it. Severus and Lucius are both all right, though Severus has been debating the pros and cons of charging in here, stunning you, and scanning Dom himself; which is why I volunteered by the way.”

Remington looked at her in confusion, “How did you know that I wouldn’t try to tear you to pieces the moment you walked through that door?”

Hermione smirked, “I know you have heightened hearing, so I kept my steps calm. Severus would have rushed in here as fast as he could, and his quickened pace would have startled you and probably have been seen as a threat. You would have been on him before he even got the door opened. Had you tried to attack me…” She shrugged, “I would have singed you; which would have startled you enough to allow me to stun you.”

Remington just stared at her, a new sense of respect overcoming him, “So you didn’t know I wouldn’t attack you.”

“Not one bit.”

He didn’t know whether to bury his head in his hands or to clap for her.

“Ron would have come in, but he doesn’t really have control over his siren call yet.” Hermione continued, and then gave a casual one shouldered shrug, “And the only medical spells he knows is the one to heal small cuts and one to remove a headache.”

Correction, Remington had a whole new respect for the entire trio.

“You three have gotten into a lot of trouble, haven’t you?”

“Not for a lack of trying to stay out of it,” Hermione grumbled, startling a small chuckle out of Remington.

The silence settled between them until Hermione finally broke it. “You are his parent you know.” She cut across Remington’s half formed protest, “You may not think it, but you are. Before we rescued you from Mortinson’s I had been his support, his go to for everything, but he’s been coming to you more and more these past few weeks.”

Remington didn’t know what to say. Everything she has said was true, but he still didn’t see himself as Dominick’s parent.

Hermione sighed. “Has he told you anything about his past? I know he told you about his birth parents, but did he tell you about his adoptive ones?”

Remington shook his head, his brow furrowing. Dominick had mentioned that he had had them, but that was where he had left it. Remington had been curious, especially since everyone seemed to become sad or angry at the mention of Voldemort and Dominick’s adoptive parents, but no further explanation was given. He knew he was missing something, something they hadn’t had time to explore further.
Remington had been in his cell in the brothel for so long that he had missed most of recent history; he had also hesitated to pry on what seemed to be a painful topic. Now, though, it seemed like he should have.

“Voldemort killed James and Lily Potter, Dominick’s adoptive parents, making Dominick – or Harry as James and Lily named him – the prophesized child that would defeat the Dark Lord. Though now we believe the prophecy was false, created by Dumbledore – or at least forced out of the Seer who made it by the old man.”

Remington’s mind froze in shock. Dominick’s birth father had killed his adoptive parents?

“Even worse, Bellatrix killed Sirius Black – the man James and Lily Potter named as Dom’s godfather. Dom actually got to know Sirius, he got close to him. Then he was killed by Dom’s biological mother.

“He was raised by Lily Potter’s sister, a magic hating muggle. His aunt and uncle weren’t very kind to Dom. I believe the term for their treatment of him could be ‘slavery’. He was forced to cook, clean and do all the housework as soon as he could walk with little food as repayment. His cousin is a bully and would beat Dom up throughout their childhood. Dom left them shortly after coming into his inheritance. It was around then that he also found out that Dumbledore had been manipulating him, making his life miserable this whole time.”

Remington wanted to shred something with his claws, wanted to scream and cry. He couldn’t help but wish he could have done something about it.

“Dom had his biological parents ripped away from him, and then he had his adoptive parents taken from him too, and then his godfather. Now he knows that his biological parents exist, but he can’t reach out to them because of some damned curse that altered their memories and drove them insane – not to mention that they both want him dead, though hopefully we were able to fix that in one of them with that ritual.”

“We did.” Remington blurted commented absently, “I felt her mind re-break and then start to heal.”

“Re-break? Oh.” Realization dawned, and Hermione grimaced at the imagined pain, “At least we know she’s healing now.”

“I felt their madness. It was like being torn to pieces and set on fire, and then being forced to enjoy it. I don’t believe they will ever be able to fully heal from what has been done to them.”

“They?” Hermione asked, “You mean you could feel Volde- I mean Roman too?”

Remington nodded, forcing away the memory of Roman’s madness and bloodlust sweeping over him. “The ritual forced open both doors to my mates. I think it used me as a tether.” He blinked, “Do we know what happened to make the ritual go out of control like that?”

Hermione frowned as she nodded, “Someone – most likely Dumbledore – used the fading connection to you to attach their magic to the ritual. The magic seemed to attack you first and then go after Dom as an afterthought. When it went back after you a second time Dom flipped out and made it focus on him. Between the protection spell that he threw up around you and fighting the foreign magic at the same time as he continued the ritual, he drained his magic pretty fast. His core was almost depleted.”

His heart clenched; Dominick could have died if he had completely depleted his magical core, or worse, his could have lost control on the beast inside of him and hurt someone. To a Dämonfeuer the
magical core was the anchor between human and beast. Most Dämonfeuer weren’t wizards or witches; they would die when their core was depleted. It was a better fate in the long run.

It took time, but eventually a non-wizarding Dämonfeuer would gain a stable amount of magical energy to obtain control over the beast again. Unfortunately, most were driven insane because when they lost control, the beast would attack those closest, often their mate.

It was rare but sometimes a wizarding Dämonfeuer would suffer insanity instead of death; though seeing as how Dominick seemed to defy all odds Remington wasn’t sure what fate he could have suffered.

A hand on his shoulder brought him out of his thoughts.

“He’s fine now.” Understanding filling Hermione’s eyes, “His core is almost full again. He’s just resting while he gets his magic back.”

Remington nodded. Good, Dominick would be all right. That was a relief.

“I would recommend letting Dom’s mates in to see him soon.” Hermione smirked, “I wouldn’t put it past them to gang up on you.”

Then she turned to leave, only to pause and look back at him from the door.

“He needs you Remington, and regardless of what you personally believe yourself to be, he considers you family. We don’t know how long it will take to get Bellatrix here, or to heal his father. You are all he has. Just think about it.”

Then she was gone.

Part of him wanted to believe what she said, but the other part cringed. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to be a parent; he just didn’t know how. He especially didn’t know how to parent a kid who had lost every parental figure he had ever known. Though he supposed that he big brother-ed Phobos and Deimos enough to know how to bridge the gap.

This was different though. This was the son of his mates. People who he hadn’t even met yet. He had not been there to bond with Dominick after he was born. He had not been there to protect him when this Dumbledore came and stole him away.

Then there was the small part of him that he stamped down on desperately. The teeny, tiny part that still wished he could have a child of his own. The teeny, tiny part of him that wished Dominick had been his own. But he is your own. He’s your child too. The larger part whispered, and as much as he wanted to deny it, he wanted it so much to be true. He just had to hear it from Dominick first.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Ok, excitement plus! The families are colliding!! Also, we are coming up to the stuff I have written on my own, so let me know what you think?

“Uncanny how she always says the right thing, right?” Dominick’s hoarse voice startled Remington from his thoughts.

For a moment Remington thought his heart was going to explode; then he managed to push past the fact that Dominick was awake and was able to process what he had said.

So this is what a heart attack felt like.

Okay, don’t die. Dominick is still talking.

“She’s not wrong,” Dominick said, “Part of me is used to not having a parent, a real parent. Sirius tried, and Remus is doing the best he can, but it’s not the same. Another part of me wants to have a parent more than anything, but I wouldn’t know what to do with one if I got them.”

Dominick glanced over at Remington with a chagrined smile, “I’m afraid I wouldn’t be a very good son. I tend to break rules a lot and I don’t usually think things through before I jump into dangerous situations.”

Suddenly Dominick’s face turned a bit red, “I wouldn’t mind trying though.”

Remington swallowed thickly. He wasn’t prepared for this conversation. He wasn’t sure how his mates would even react to him stepping in. There were so many ‘what ifs’ that he thought his head would spin off this neck. Still, when he spoke next, he wasn’t terribly surprised with himself.

“What would you call me?”

Dominick’s face cracked into a smile, “I don’t know. We’ll have to figure it out as we go… Pops?”

Remington’s mouth twitched, “No.”

Dominick choked on his own laughter.

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Alistair was dreaming, imagining, something. He was sure of it. Why else would Mikhail’s – no, not just Mikhail’s - his submissive be here, standing not two feet away from him. The red-head was staring up at him wide-eyed and red-cheeked, making his freckles across his nose and cheeks stand out even more.

“What are you doing here?” Alistair asked, his voice sounding neutral despite the shock that was
flowing through him.

The redhead's Ron - eyes widened as the vampire spoke, his face turning even redder. If that was
even possible.

“I-I was just, uh, exploring…” He began; then something changed in his face. His eyes seemed to
darken, and Alistair could see the faint beginnings of his siren markings coming out on his skin,
“Sorry,” Ron began, his voice sounding anything but sorry, “I suppose I followed the wrong link. I’ll
just go to one of the others.”

As Ron turned to leave, Alistair sighed, reaching out to gently grab the young man’s elbow.

“Wait,” His voice softer, “I’m sorry. I’ve had a terrible past few days, but I had no right to take it out
on you. I was honestly shocked that you sought me out. Mikhail and Braiden are much less…
abrasive.”

After a moment Ron turned back to Alistair. “I wasn’t looking for one of you in particular. Like I
said; I was exploring.”

A comfortable silence settled as they stood and drank each other in. Alistair fought the growing urge
to reach out and touch his new mate, convinced it would be unwelcomed, especially because of the
last few days.

Ron was tall, maybe only an inch or two shorter than Alistair who stood at 6 ft 2”. His hair a shade
of red that reminded the vampire of blood oranges; it curled over his ears and down the back of his
neck, falling forward into the younger man’s eyes. Ron was more lithe than his other three mates, but
the subtle outlines of his body beneath rather baggy clothing – which Alistair was definitely going to
remedy – showed a fairly toned build. Ron wasn’t as fit as Mikhail of course, hardly anyone was.

Alistair was taller than Ron, though not by much. Ron found that he could look the other man in the
eye without much trouble. Where Ron’s skin was fair, Alistair was lightly tanned. The vampire’s hair
was dark brown, short on the sides and back, but long enough on top to be styled out of his eyes in a
loose coif. His face was all hard angles and defined lines that Ron was pretty sure would cut
someone if they touched. Alistair’s eyes were pools of dark blue that seemed to swirl as you looked
into them.

Alistair sighed softly, wishing that Ron had decided to do his exploring at any other time. The
vampire wasn’t in his normal flirtatious and playful mood. Mikhail had been very enthralled by the
latest addition to their already giant family and had had little time to spare for his immortal mate.
Especially when Sophia was still hostile towards the vampire whenever he walked near.

Marcellus and Dmitry had been allowed to see the mother and child a few days ago, but Alistair was
different. They were not blood related, nor did they get along under the best circumstances. She had
become aggressively territorial whenever Alistair came around her baby. So, the vampire had taken
to hiding in the bedroom that he and his mates shared.

Braiden was playing mediator and doctor; making sure that Alistair was alright, scolding Mikhail for
unintentionally ignoring the vampire, and tending to Sophia and the baby. It had gotten to the point
where Braiden was becoming so frazzled that he didn’t even recognize when Alistair was lying to
him anymore.

Alistair may have been tough, but it still hurt to be ignored by both of his mates. The mixture of
hostility and ignorance brought up memories of the family of his sire that he had left behind. All of
this made him wish he could just be somewhere else.
The vampire had only turned to the large bay window for a moment, intending to gather up what little courage he had left to start a conversation with his youngest mate.

He hadn’t felt the shadows pulling towards him.

The soft trill that came from Ron sounded shocked and scared; which made Alistair tense. When he whipped around to see what had bothered the siren he blinked in shock. No longer was he standing in his own room, but in a bedroom that he had never seen before.

The walls of the bedroom were a pale gold colour with redwood trim around the windows and the floor. Outside of the windows was an unfamiliar landscape. The bed was much too small, but it was what was on the bed that had his eyes widening.

It only felt like moments between the shadows wrapping around Alistair and Ron waking and sitting up in his bed. For a second, he was disoriented, then his eyes locked on the other figure – the vampire – his mate – that was standing next to his window looking just as shocked as he was.

“Alistair?” Ron said, his voice hesitant, was he still dreaming? Then all hell broke loose.

Suddenly four house elves appeared in Ron’s bedroom and charged at Alistair, tiny brooms in hand. They began smacking their brooms against his legs, shouting things like “Be gone intruder!” and “How dare you enter Master’s house without permissions!” Then Ron’s door was flying open.

Harry ran into the room, his eyes black as night, claws and teeth extended. His eyes caught sight of Alistair and a low growl ripped from his chest. Seeing Alistair’s eyes bleed red, Ron acted on instinct. Jumping up to wiggle his way between the house elves and stopping in front of his mate. Heart pounding, Ron threw up his arms showing he was unarmed and warding off his best friend.

“H-Dom! Stop!” Ron yelled, not noticing a low hum lacing his voice. “It’s okay! He’s my mate!”

Slowly Harry relaxed, eyes fading back to their natural jade green, but the suspicion didn’t leave. The house elves had seemed to stop attacking as well once their master had calmed down. At least, there weren’t any brooms trying to get in between the siren and the vampire anymore.

“Calm down, love,” A velvet voice spoke softly in Ron’s ear, causing shivers to run up his spine, “You’re affecting the elves.”

Ron’s brow furrowed, glancing down at the little creatures who were now twirling and stumbling, around their tiny brooms. A gentle touch from two cool fingertips to his throat brought Ron’s attention to the vibration of his vocal cords and the low trill he had been sending out unconsciously. Alistair coaxed Ron to stop the sound, whispered words caressing his ear.

“Sorry, guys,” Ron said, apologetic as he looked down at the house elves who were now blinking up at him in tired confusion.

Alistair himself was having a bit of trouble focusing, and it wasn’t just because of his little siren’s close proximity. No, his eyes were practically glued to the face of the Dämonfeuer that had broken into the room in a protective rage. If the similarity of this young man to that of someone he knew and thought to be long dead wasn’t disturbing enough, the fact that Ronald had called him “Dom” made the vampire’s stomach clench and twist.

This couldn’t be who his mind was screaming at him that it was. But the evidence was there, literally glaring at him from across the room. This kid looked like a younger version of Roman with a more delicate nose, fuller lips, and a broader jaw.
“Your name.” Alistair rasped, drawing a concerned look from Ronald and a hard look from the Dämonfeuer, “What is your name?”

“Alistair…” Ron’s voice held a warning that the vampire ignored.

“Harry Potter,” The Dämonfeuer sneered at him, but Alistair immediately shook his head. He knew that name. Ron had told them that was who his friend was, but the vampire wasn’t going to buy that for a second.

“No,” Alistair firmly stated, “Your real name.”

The glared narrowed, before finally, begrudgingly he was answered. “Dominick,”

All the air seemed to be sucked out of the room.

“Dominick,” Alistair breathed, “Dominick Corvus….”

He trailed off as memories assaulted him. A tiny little baby, so small that Mikhail hadn’t dared to touch him for the first few days. The big oaf had been afraid he was going to break the infant. Alistair had stayed back in the shadows, knowing full well how territorial Dämonfeuer could be over their children. Then Bellatrix - beautiful Bella with a smile so bright it made his eyes hurt – had called him over to meet his nephew and Roman – the sarcastic asshole of a best friend if he ever had one – had just raised an eyebrow as if to question why the vampire felt the need to hide from a baby.

Dominick had been the first baby that Alistair ever held, and it had been terrifying, awe inspiring, and heart wrenching. Roman had started joking with Mikhail that Alistair wanted one of his own; which honestly had been the furthest thing from the truth and yet everything he had ever dared to dream about all at once.

Then Dominick - little, tiny, itty bitty, infant Dominick - had been stolen away in the middle of the night. They had all been looking, searching far and wide, for so long that no one had noticed that after a few months Dominick hadn’t been the only one missing. Vasily had nearly torn apart the entire country looking for her son, and considering they lived in Russia that was saying something.

Confusion followed surprise on Dominick’s face only served to further confirm Alistair’s thoughts.

“Fucking hell….” Alistair sank backwards, slumping onto Ron’s bed with his face in his hands.

“Dominick…” The vampire sighed, Dominick and Ron shared a look before the red head moved to his mate’s side. Hesitantly, the siren wrapped an arm around his waist, leaning his head on the bowed shoulder while humming soothingly.

Dominick leaned against the door frame, waiting for the stranger to collect himself. There was something at work here, and being patient was the only way he would get any answers.

Eventually, the vampire looked up, gaze filled with pain and longing when it finally met the Dämonfeuer’ gaze.

“You have no idea how long we have looked for you. Vasily tore apart Russia searching for you. And then… then we realised Roman was gone too and she just…” He sighed again, turning away to look out the window.

“Roman?” Dominick hesitated, “You knew… My father?”

Alistair nodded slowly. “He was my brother-in-law of sorts. My mate, Mikhail, was his brother.
Roman was the protector of his siblings; his loss broke all our hearts. No more than losing both you and Bellatrix. She had quickly become the light of our family and when you all vanished… Well… Something in the family was lost too. We eventually gave up looking, but we never stopped hoping you would find your way back to us.” The vampire blinked and refocused. “They should be here for this. Would you be willing to meet them? Even if we will never see Roman and Bellatrix again, they would cherish any kind of relationship you are willing to grant.”

Dominick cocked his head. “What do you mean never see Roman and Bellatrix again?”

Alistair narrowed his gaze at the younger man, flicking a look at the siren who was smiling gently at him. “Well, we assumed after all this time and hearing nothing that they were dead.” He trailed off, trying desperately to strangle the welling hope within him. “Are you… Are you saying they are still alive?”

Dominick sighed, massaging his temples. “It’s… complicated. I think this will require a more in-depth conversation than should happen in a bedroom in the middle of the night. I would really rather not have to repeat myself. Either we can move to a more appropriate room and you can go get who you like because clearly you can access some form of transportation that gets you through the wards, or you can come back tomorrow and we can all face this in the light of a new day.”

“It’s complicated? What does that mean? We have waited so long, I don’t know that when everyone finds out, they will be able to wait any longer. Would you be willing to host us? Here? Now?”

Alistair was practically begging, fingers tangled together tightly.

“Alright,” Dominick quirked a smile, “I can’t begrudge the desire to know, go collect everyone and return. I’m assuming you can?”

Alistair strode to Dominick, taking his hand in both of his. “Thank you, we will return soon.” Letting go, he moved into one of the corners and disappeared into the shadows.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

OK! So those who have read Perfect Bliss would have noticed new content at the end of the last chapter. Well, this is now getting into the content that is completely my own!! Excitement plus! Let me know what you think. I managed to jam some feels in there, fair warning though, I suck at emotional stuff. My idea of consoling people is to pat them on the shoulder but I tried. It’s a bit of an awkward spot to cut off, I know, but I had to do it somewhere, the chapter was getting a bit lengthy.

Slumping back against the doorframe Dominick rubbed a hand over his face and grinned at his best friend.

“If it’s not one thing, it’s another, huh Ron.” He laughed, Ron joined in and next minute they were laughing hysterically, propping each other up.

Eventually, the pair calmed and shared a look. “Well, I guess I should go round everyone up and ask the elves to make coffee. Lots of coffee.” Dominick sighed.

“Shall we meet up in the sitting room?” Ron gripped his shoulder, giving it a squeeze before moving past his friend and into the hallway. “I’ll get Hermione and the twins.”

Dominick leant back against the doorframe again, finally noticing both Ginny and Cayce were awake and watching him. He smiled tiredly, “You are welcome to join us in the sitting room?” They nodded, and Dominick headed over to his own room to wake his mates.

Walking in, he found Lucius up and waiting for him.

“You left in a hurry, I was worried, so I checked on our bond, but it was a mess.” The older man’s back was rigid, controlled; he would never ask a question, but the concern was there.

Dominick moved to his side, kissing him hard, pouring all of his pent-up frustration, confusion, and conflict into his mate. Eventually, they broke apart with a sigh.

“So, you remember how Ron found his mates?” Dominick waited for Lucius’ nod before continuing. “Well, turns out that they are related to Roman. Alistair somehow turned up in Ron’s room and the wards screamed at me, so I went to investigate, and he recognised me. Apparently, the family were looking for me, for us, since we disappeared 17 years ago. They are coming back so we can all meet and discuss what is going on. We need to wake everyone, especially Remi.”

Dominick could see Lucius was struggling with composure, his eyebrows creeping higher and higher on his forehead until the younger man couldn’t help but laugh.

“Welcome to the wild ride that is my life!” Still chuckling, he pounced on the two submissives. Severus was awake in an instant, wary of danger while Draco just grumped and burrowed deeper into the blankets.

“Come on, both of you up. We have fresh drama to consume.” Dominick smirked. Tugging down the blankets, he couldn’t help but mercilessly tickle the youngest submissive who shrieked and
immediately tried to hide behind Severus. Exasperated, Severus looked to Lucius with a raised brow. The blonde mutely shook his head and got up to begin dressing. With a sigh, the dark-haired man moved to follow as Lucius called over his shoulder at his son.

“Come Draco, out of bed, there are new people to meet.”

With a squeak the young blonde pushed his Dominant off and ran to his wardrobe, throwing clothing on. “Who are we meeting now?” He demanded.

“My family apparently.” Dominick leant against the bed post, enjoying the glimpses of flesh he got from his mates. “We are meeting in the sitting room. They will be joining us momentarily apparently. I should go wake Remi, he will want to be there for this.” Pushing off he strode out of the room without another word, knowing Lucius would chivvy the other two down to the sitting room in short order.

Heading down the hallway, he knocked on Remington’s door before letting himself in.

“Remi? Are you awake?” Dominick called.

“Yes, I could hear a lot of movement outside. Is everything ok?” He replied, Dominick clicked and lights gently came on so they could see each other.

“Everything is… Fine. There has been some… Developments I think you will want to participate in.”

“Developments?” Remington queried, scrambling out of bed and tugging on a jumper over his sleep pants.

Dominick sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I really don’t want to explain this more than I have to; suffice to say, I have stumbled across a… Connection to my family you will be interested in. We will be meeting some people downstairs in the sitting room so join us down there when you are ready.”

Dominick could see Remington was biting his tongue, curiosity burning but the knowledge that all would be explained soon staid him. He simply nodded and moved to his wardrobe to get dressed properly. The younger man let himself out, heading to the sitting room before he called the house elves, requesting a tea and coffee service be delivered for a large group of people, much to their delight.

Alistair stepped out of the shadows and rushed over to Braiden and Mikhail who were still asleep, used to their vampire mate keeping odd hours.

“Braiden! Mikhail! Wake up!” He grasped their shoulders and jerked them awake.

Immediately, Mikhail went on the defensive, Dämonfeuer attributes flaring. “Alistair? What is it? What’s wrong?” His eyes darting around the empty room.

“Mikhail, you won’t believe me, but I found him!”
“Found who? What are you on about?” Was the exasperated reply from a groggy Braiden.

“Dominick! I found Dominick! Quick, we must gather everyone!”


“Our sweet mate! He lead me to Dominick, oh I promise I will explain, but first, we must gather everyone. Please, trust me.” Alistair begged. The conviction and joy in his voice convinced his mates. Nodding, they scrambled up, tugging on clothing.

“Alistair, you wake Dmitry and Nikita; Braiden, wake Sophia or Arthur, they both don’t need to come as they have the little one. I will go gather our parents. Let us meet in the kitchen.”

The three scattered quickly throughout the house, gathering up their family members with varying degrees of difficulty. Eventually they were all in the kitchen, cradling warm beverages in their hands.

“Alistair? What is all this about? Mikhail said something about you finding Dominick?” Vasily queried, her hands white knuckled on her coffee mug.

Alistair stepped forward, joy suffusing his face. “Earlier tonight, we went to bed, the next moment I had been drawn into a dream scape by our newest mate. As you know, Ronald is a siren and is based in the UK, we have been making plans to go meet with him in the next few weeks, he had wanted to wait until something on his end had been finalised before we arrived. Anyway, while we were in the dream, I found myself wishing to be with him.” Alistair swallowed around the lie before quickly moving on.

“Suddenly I found myself travelling by shadows to him in reality. Before I had a chance to process what had happened, a young Dämonfeuer burst into the room, ready to defend Ronald. Now, our little mate had previously told us his best friend was Harry Potter, that boy hailed by the UK as a hero of some kind for defeating a Dark Lord. I recognised him and once we had all calmed down from my abrupt arrival, I convinced the Dämonfeuer who was known as Harry Potter to give me his real name.

“He is Dominick! He wouldn’t explain much to me, claiming it was too complicated, stating that he didn’t want to repeat himself. He did intimate that Roman and Bellatrix are still alive though. He requested that I return with you all so we could discuss the situation together. I think he hoped that we would come over tomorrow, but I knew we couldn’t wait. We can travel by shadow to join them now at his home.”

Silence descended over the kitchen once Alistair finished. A minute passed while everyone processed the influx of information.

Chaos descended, everyone started talking at once, asking questions, demanding answers, crowding Alistair who shied back at the sudden noise, shifting behind his larger Dominant.

Mikhail could feel his mate’s distress and cut through the noise with a loud wolf whistle.

“All right everyone! We are not going to find answers here. The only place we can find answers is where Ronald is. Dmitry, Marcellus, can you follow Alistair through the shadows?” They both nodded. “Ok, Sophia, will you be joining us or staying with your baby?”

Sophia shook her head. “No I must stay, please keep me updated though, I would appreciate knowing what happens.” She nodded her good nights and made her way back to bed, leaving Mikhail to finish coordinating their family.
“Dmitry, take Nikita; Marcellus, you will of course take Vasily and Nikolaus; Alistair will take Braiden and myself.”

Everyone swallowed down their drinks and moved to their respective vampires. The vampires shared a look and Alistair took a step into the shadows, feeling Dmitry and Marcellus right behind him. He exhaled and allowed the tug of his mate to pull him through the darkness and stepped out into a warm sitting room which was already half crowded with people. Dmitry and Marcellus stepped out next to him with their attached mates.

The room stilled as each group assessed the other.

Ron broke away first, making his way towards his mates. Reaching out he grasped Alistair and Mikhail’s hands, a brilliant smile lighting up his face.

“Everyone, I would like you to meet my mates.” He turned to face the rest of the room. “Alistair, Mikhail and Braiden.” He gestured to each in turn.

Mikhail took the opportunity to step forward. “I am Mikhail Alexeev.” His eyes zeroed in on the young dark haired Dämonfeuer standing in the middle of the room, clearly positioning himself between the new people and everyone else.

“Dominick?” Mikhail finally choked out.

The young Dämonfeuer simply raised an eyebrow, arms loose at his sides, posture defensive.

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“The room held its breath, watching as fear and trepidation washed over Dominick’s face. His posture was rigid until her hand caressed his cheek, when all of a sudden, he inhaled, assaulted once again with the smell of home and he crumbled. Falling forwards he wrapped his arms around the woman who buried her face in his hair.

Marcellus and Nikolaus rapidly moved to their mates’ side, wrapping their arms around the pair and sinking slowly to the ground in a hugging pile.

The tension that filled the room broke. Dmitry, standing quietly to the side, took the opportunity to inhale, there were so many new scents in the room. Unaware, Nikita had gone still next to him, eyes closed, nose tilted to the air.

They noticed the same thing at the same time. Mate. Their missing mate was here. Their eyes made contact before they shifted forward. Stalking towards a young red headed woman sitting with a pale haired, white eyed man. Dropping to their knees in front of him, they each grasped a hand, unaware of the struggles going on around them. The other red heads in the room had moved as if to intercept but had been restrained by various people. Remembering that the last time Molly had tried to interfere, Deimos had been injured.

With a soft smile, Cayce cupped a cheek in each palm, cradling the faces of his two awakened mates in his hands.

“Hello, I have been waiting for you.” The seer slipped off the chair and onto his knees, between his two mates, revelling in being with them for the first time in his life. He had known this moment would come but had never known when or how. Just like he knew they had a fourth to find still.

Ginny smiled down at the trio and shifted away to give them some space. She almost felt something
twinge in her chest, almost a tugging, but dismissed it. Afterall, her inheritance wasn’t due until next year.

Eventually everyone settled down, the groups of mates cuddled together on couches and settee’s, house elves making their way through the room offering coffee and tea.

Finally, once everyone was settled, Dominick cleared his throat and began to explain. Detailing how his parents had been cursed by Albus Dumbledore, forced into believing they were someone else, forgetting their bond and going mad. He explained how his father had been coerced into being Lord Voldemort, how Dominick had been stolen away and given to the Potters to blood adopt under false pretences.

He detailed how his biological father killed his adoptive parents before he was destroyed himself, becoming a wraith until two years ago when he had returned through a dark ritual. He commented how Bellatrix had been imprisoned in Azkaban for being a Death Eater but how she had escaped and had been wreaking terror on Britain.

Dominick moved on, explaining how he had come into his creature inheritance, how the Goblins had shed light on so many of the things wrong with his life. He detailed briefly, finding his own mates, then describing rescuing the Weasleys, resulting in the two sets of twins finding their mates as well as Remington being found.

He took a moment to explain that Remington was the third in the triad of his parents but had never been able to complete or even access the bond as he had been taken by Mortinson before he had reached his inheritance.

From there, Hermione took over, explaining how she had discovered the ritual to restore the sanity of Dominick’s parents but that it required a parent figure and Dominick to complete. With the arrival of Remington, they were able to carry out the ritual a few days ago. She commented that while there had been some complications, they believed the ritual had been successful and hoped that in time, Roman and Bellatrix would reach out to them. Remington noted that the bonds were open, but that no contact had been made as yet, though he could feel the growing stability of his mates and hoped that soon, they would be united.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

A whole lot of plotty plotness at the start, some smut at the end. All the love for shower sex!!

The room exhaled, the Alexeevs struggling to assimilate all of the new information. The tale that had just been spun was wild but the calm solidness of those around Dominick suggested that none of this was new or unusual.

Vasily shifted and Dominick’s eyes snapped to her. “You all seem remarkably calm about all of this. I have to say the tale is quite unbelievable; I’m not sure what to think.”

Severus couldn’t help but snort from where he was, sitting next to Draco who was tucked hard up against their Dominant. “Of course we are calm. Each year it is something new with the wonderful Boy-Who-Lived, Dumbledore made sure of that.”

Vasily blinked, the heavy sarcasm concerned her. Flicking her eyes between her grandson and his submissive she frowned. “Excuse me? What on earth does that mean.”

Dominick and Severus exchanged a look and the younger man shrugged a shoulder, indicating for his submissive to continue.

“Each year, Dumbledore would orchestrate tests for his golden boy to complete. The first year, he hid the philosophers stone in the school and set up a series of challenges and traps to test Mr. Potter and his friends,” He gestured to Ron and Hermione, “Culminating with Mr. Potter facing, alone, the wraith of the Dark Lord.

“The second year the Chamber of Secrets was opened.” Here, the dark-haired man cut his eyes to Lucius. “Ultimately, Mr. Potter went down into the chamber to rescue Miss. Weasley,” A negligent gesture to Ginny, “who had been possessed by the wraith of the Dark Lord. Defeating the Basilisk of Salazar Slytherin and the Dark Lord almost cost him his life.”

With a huff, he now looked to Remus. “Third year was a blast from the past with Lupin returning to the school as a professor. Sirius Black, Mr. Potters godfather, had broken out of Azkaban to assumedly track down his godson and kill him in revenge for destroying his master, the Dark Lord. After a delightful confrontation with a werewolf on the full moon and a horde of dementors, it was confirmed that Black had never betrayed his friends the Potters. In reality, the fourth member of their little gang,” A sneer twisted his face, “Pettigrew had been the one to betray the Potters to the Dark Lord. He had never died, as the world believed, at the hand of Black. Instead, he hid out as a pet rat to the Weasley boys and Black had gone to Hogwarts in the hopes of killing the man who had caused him to go to Azkaban unnecessarily. Before anything could be accomplished though, Pettigrew escaped, Black was captured again, and all the while Dumbledore stood by. Mr. Potter and Miss Granger orchestrated an escape for Black and he went into hiding.”

Dominick gestured for Severus to stop and the man massaged his temples. The Alexeevs were rather lost, Braiden felt like he should have been taking notes to track the convoluted stories.
“Ok, just to confirm, when you talk about Mr. Potter, you are in fact referring to Dominick.” At their nods, Braiden frowned. “I’m not sure what to do with the dissociative tendencies in that whole monologue, but how do you know all of this? Have you all discussed this previously?”

Laughter scattered across the room, particularly from the younger people. Ron nudged him and he looked down at the redhead sitting between him and Aлистair.

“He is our Potions Professor.” Ronald gestured to the dark-haired man across the room. “Severus Snape, youngest Potions Master in the world.”

Braiden couldn’t help but perk up “Severus Snape? I read about you in Potions Monthly, you made the improved Wolfsbane Potion! I have to ask how! Werewolves are notoriously recluse, especially in England.”

Severus smirked, “It helps to have a pet werewolf and a dismissive headmaster.”

The older man with the brunette woman mock growled before finally chuckling. “Ah Severus, never change.” He turned to face Braiden with a smile. “I consented to let Severus experiment on me while teaching at Hogwarts. I knew that he wouldn’t actively seek to kill me, after all, I’m not worth going to Azkaban over on murder charges.”

“I wouldn’t call euthanising a rabid dog murder, but whatever helps you sleep at night Lupin.” Severus’s sneer was harsh, but his eyes softened into amusement.

“Whatever Snape, I knew you were craving the challenge and it’s not like I was in a position to argue.”

The Alexeevs were watching the exchange with varying degrees of bewilderment.

Marcellus coughed. “If we can get back to the point? The real question of the moment is what next.” He looked around, waiting to see if anyone had a plan.

Dominick laughed. “Ah planning, my old foe. We often plan, don’t we ‘Mione?”

He smiled over to the fuzzy brunette who laughed and shook her head. “Make the plan, execute the plan, expect the plan to go off the rails, throw away the plan.”

The room filled with laughter, Ronald joining in as the Alexeevs shared more confused looks. Aлистair looked down at his little mate with a smile. “Are we ever going to get the joke?”

Ronald grinned up at him. “Nothing ever went to plan for Harry and it doesn’t look like it’s shaping up much better for Dominick.”

Mikhail frowned. “Ok, you all keep talking like Harry Potter and Dominick Black are two different people. Aren’t they both you?” He gestured to Dominick who sighed.

“Well yes, I was known as Harry Potter. But Harry Potter was hated by the men who became his mates, he had no blood family except for a few muggles who loathed his existence. He was a scared little boy who was manipulated and controlled by forces much larger than himself.”

Dominick couldn’t help but stare at his hands, shrinking in on himself a little until Draco gently touched his forearm, drawing him out of his memories.

“Now though,” He continued finally, “I am a Dominant Dämonfeuer with three wonderful mates
and a large family. I am no longer allowing those in positions of authority to manipulate me, I am taking control of my own destiny. Honestly, it is easier for all of us to see Harry Potter and Dominick Black as two separate people.”

Mikhail blinked, well that was… something. “Ok, putting that aside, back to the question of what next? And ignoring your previous struggles with planning.”

Dominick and the fuzzy-haired brunette shared a look, she huffed a sigh before taking on a lecturing tone. “When Dominick initially met with the Goblins to discuss his inheritance, they advised they were able to collect documentation together detailing any illegitimate activities that Dumbledore had carried out. Over the past month they have maintained communication with us, but have not yet provided anything, though we expect something to come through soon.

“Beyond that, we are simply playing a waiting game with Roman and Bellatrix, but it has only been three days since the ritual and Dominick has been unconscious for most of it. Our two main focuses have been trying to bring Dumbledore down and restoring sanity to Roman and Bellatrix. Though now that I think about it, Dom, we really need to look at a bigger place, we are a little crowded in here.”

He nodded, considering their options. “From memory, I have access to the Black properties, including their Manor. Lucius, love, did you ever visit Black Manor? I believe it is in Hertfordshire.”

The blonde man sitting on the couch frowned at the pet name. “Yes, when I was courting Narcissa I visited her numerous times at the Manor. It is more of a castle, larger even than Malfoy Manor, approximately three times the size of our current residence.”

“Well that’s something at least, we should look at relocating. I’ll have to arrange an inspection to make sure the property is in good repair. I can’t imagine Kreacher was able to maintain it on his own.” Dominick finished that train of thought before looking up, his eyes shifting over his new extended family.

“Do you all have somewhere to stay? Did you want to stay?” The hope in his voice was painfully strangled, he coughed and refocused. “I’m sure you are all busy with your lives, we can keep you updated on the Roman situation. Once he makes contact we can let him know his family is looking for him.”

A noise of distress issued from Vasily who quickly got up, moving over to kneel in front of Dominick. Reaching out slowly, she took one of his hands in hers. “We have searched for you for so long, don’t think for one moment that you are not wanted, that we would not drop everything to be here with you.” She rubbed small circles on the back of his hand. “I can see that you have a bit going on at the moment. Unfortunately, we do not have any properties in England, but if this Black Manor has the space, we would gladly come and spend time getting to know you and helping however we can. We just hope you can find some space in your life for our mismatched family.” Her smile was filled with gentle longing.

She watched earnestly, as something broke in her grandsons’ eyes before he slid off the couch and onto the floor with her where she wrapped her arms around him, holding him close. Vasily felt his shoulders judder with suppressed emotion and began petting his hair, soothing the overburdened young man.

“We are family,” She murmured, “You will soon learn that Alexeev’s never abandon their own.”

Everyone eventually trailed off to bed, agreeing to meet again later the next day to coordinate things further. Goodbyes were a struggle all around with Ron reluctant to let go of his mates now that he
had finally found them and Cayce trying to soothe Dmitry and Nikita with promises they would be together soon. Eventually, exhaustion won over and the Alexeev’s departed.

As Dominick towed his mates to bed, he could see questions in their eyes that he knew he would have to answer. After they had stripped off and cuddled up under the warm duvet, Draco tucked under his chin with Lucius and Severus on either side, he sighed.

“I know we have a lot to talk about and you all have questions about some of the things brought up tonight. We are all exhausted, I promise when we wake later, we can discuss it all then. But we need rest now.”

He could feel the reluctance from his mates to let it go, even temporarily. “Please, just let me sleep to process and I will tell you anything you want.”

Draco huffed, tilting his head up to kiss the underside of Dominick’s chin. “Of course, it can wait a few hours.”

With that, they sunk into blissful rest.

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Dumbledore was furious.

Potter was still missing. Lupin had stopped responding to him. Mortinson was dead, meaning the spell on the Weasleys had failed and they had all escaped somewhere. Everything was falling apart, and he wasn’t sure where to begin putting his carefully constructed pieces back together.

Pacing his office, he fidgeted with the medallion which rested on his chest, feeding a little more ambient magic into it. He still hadn’t managed to find Nimue, though he knew she had birthed a child, he had felt the magic surge sixteen years ago that tasted so like his lost love. He had hoped the child would attend Hogwarts, but he had yet to get a hint of anything like his old protégé.

Added to all that, the Goblins had sent him a letter explaining that he no longer had access to the Black and Potter accounts. Grimmuld was closed to him and his best source of money was shut off. He would have to use his own money, or money pilfered from Hogwarts to fund his ongoing war against Alexeev. He refused to allow the spawn of his hated rival to succeed.

Just the thought of Alexeev and Black mating to make a child filled him with such rage that he picked up one of the useless spindly objects scattered around the room and threw it at the wall.

He loathed the idea of his line being spoiled by his rival. All of his plans had been ticking along nicely until the bloody Potter boy had gone through his inheritance.

It was only two days until September First. Once the boy was back in the castle he could potion him and bring him back under control. His hand slipped down to his pocket where a vial was tucked away. The recipe was ancient, only he and Nimue would know it, so it was unlikely any modern-day spells would reveal it. No one would be any the wiser, he just had to get it into the boy and everything would be back on track.
Dominick woke to the sensation of something wet and warm sucking the life into his cock. He moaned, arching into the heat, tangling fingers into silky hair. Looking down he couldn’t see anything except for a mound under the duvet. Closing his eyes, he revelled in the moment, feeling love and contentment washing through his bonds as a tongue lovingly caressed the underside of his shaft.

The delicious mouth worked its way over his cock, lips massaging sensitive skin. His fingers spasmed with delight in the silky strands when a hand reached to fumble and tug at his heavy balls. He couldn’t help but thrust up into the warmth surrounding him, slipping down his mates’ throat who hummed and swallowed hard much to his surprise. With a shout he came, the throat continuing to work around his cockhead to coax all the come out of it.

Once he was clean and soft, his mate pulled off with a dirty pop and kissed his way up Dominick’s torso. With a smirk, the covers were tugged back, and Draco’s head popped out, pink tongue darting out to lick bruised lips.

“Good morning my naughty little fox.” Dominick pulled him into a rough kiss.

Breaking away to nuzzle at his Dominants throat, Draco murmured. “It’s afternoon. Father and Severus are in the shower, shall we join them?”

Dominick’s chuckle turned into a groan when he felt his little mate rut against his hip, hard cock leaking.

“A shower sounds like an excellent idea.”

With a grin, Draco shoved back the covers and dragged Dominick towards the ensuite. Pushing open the door they were hit with a wall of steam, eventually clearing enough so they could see Lucius pressing Severus hard against the shower wall. Rivulets of water ran down their bodies, hands roaming over pale flesh. Their mouths were locked together, hips rutting furiously against each other.

Draco and Dominick shared a look before creeping into the shower. Sliding up next to the pair, Dominick leant over to breathe into Lucius’ ear.

“You know, I haven’t had the pleasure of watching you fuck your son.”

Severus and Lucius lurched apart, silver eyes widening in surprise before they darted to the other side where Draco was fisting himself slowly under the shower spray. He looked back to Dominick who smirked and kissed him roughly before shoving him away, towards the younger blonde.

The Dämonfeuer left the blondes to their play, turning his attention back to his exquisite merman. Light purple scales littered his mates’ body and violet swirled through black eyes.

“Do you want to watch them my pet?” Dom ran his tongue over the curve of Severus’ ear.

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“Do you want to watch them my pet?” Dom ran his tongue over the curve of Severus’ ear.
As the wet muscle probed his hole, a moan was ripped from his throat attracting the attention of the two blondes. The elder was now leaning his shoulders casually against the tiles, the younger on his knees sucking down his father’s cock with hungry vigour. The pair paused, watching their Dominant take apart their mate with nothing but his tongue.

Whimpers and cries echoed around the bathroom as a tongue licked deeper into Severus. Fingers tugged his cheeks further apart as the object of sin traced around his loosening hole. The merman gasped and rose up on his toes when he felt a finger join the wet muscle, teasing his entrance, pressing in, opening him further.

Once the finger had fully sunk in, he felt the mouth drift away, more spells murmured against his arse cheek filled him with slick. Teeth grazed his sensitive flesh as a second finger was pressed in, toying, teasing stretching. Once he was loose enough for a third, he could feel the fingers twisting, seeking the delightful bundle of nerves. Small sparks of pain ignited pleasure up his spine as Dominick nibbled over his arse cheeks, nails lightly scratching at his scales.

Severus groaned loudly as a fourth finger was roughly shoved in, the burn a delicious counterbalance to the consistent nudging on his prostate. Babbled pleas fell from his lips, begging Dom to take him. He needed the feel of his Dominants cock.

Eyes screwed shut, Severus was unaware of the frantic coupling next to him. Lucius had finally shoved his son off him, lifting him up so that the younger’s back was pressed against the tiled wall Severus was leaning on. Lucius tapped Dom on the shoulder, drawing his attention from where it was avidly watching his fingers disappear into his mate’s arsehole.

“Sir,” he drawled, “If you would be so kind?”

He gestured to Draco’s exposed ass with a raised eyebrow. Smirking, the Dämonfeuer traced his free hand up the crease, plunging his fingers into the slicked heat, revelling in the feeling of wet tightness. Quickly, he worked Draco up to four fingers, remembering his little submissive ached for the stretch, all the while slowly pumping his other hand in and out of Severus.

The young Kitsune shrieked, legs wrapped around Lucius’ hips, back arching off the tiles. With a smirk, Dom withdrew his fingers, slapping his eldest submissive on the ass as he stood. He and Lucius made eye contact, positioning themselves before plunging in at the same time. Loud moans ripped through the room as Severus and Draco were taken simultaneously, cockheads nudging past rims to slam home. They both set up a brutal pace, taking their pleasure viciously under the hot water.

Reaching out with one hand, the Dämonfeuer wrapped a hand around the neck of the elder Kitsune, tugging their mouths together in a sloppy kiss as they both chased completion.

With a shout, Draco and Severus came at almost the same time, thick ropes of come splattering over their chests. Dom continued thrusting into Severus, insistently nudging his prostate to draw out the orgasm. Once the merman slumped against the tiles, spent, the Dominant slipped free. Lucius was doing the same for Draco who was still shuddering through his orgasm when Dom stepped up behind the older Kitsune. Ensuring that Lucius was still sunk deep into his son, the Dämonfeuer nudged his cock into his slick arsehole.

With a groan, the blonde allowed his head to fall back onto his Dominants shoulder. Revelling in the rough push as the massive cock was shoved into him, the tight warmth of his son still wrapped around his cock. Dom set up a punishing rhythm and Lucius knew he didn’t have much longer left in him.
“Come for me Lucius.” The quiet demand was whispered in his ear and he exploded with a cry. Pleasure spiking through him at his willing submission, pouring his seed into his son who moaned quietly.

The rippling clenching around Dominick’s cock was enough to tip him over the edge, pumping his release into the older Kitsune. Sated, the trio slid to the floor of the shower, joining Severus who had already slumped to the ground. The warm water rinsing away their coupling as they all separated with soft touches and tender kisses.

Sprawled out over the warm tiles, Dominick smiled lazily at his mates. “Magnificent. You are all magnificent.”

The three submissives tried to act like it was their due, but delighted flushes stained their cheeks.

Lucius coughed finally before rising. “Perhaps we should wash up. I believe you promised us an explanation.” He shot a penetrating look at his Dominant who sighed and rose to comply.
Kicking off with one of my fave smut scenes. I think there is something lovely about the interaction between Mikhail and Alistair. I know it is a little sad, but just because someone is a Dom does not make them perfect all the time. They are people too and can get distracted. As always, it is about how things are resolved.

There is going to be some... emotional junk? I will reiterate that I suck at feels, so you know... Anyway, there will be a discussion of child abuse and neglect. Nothing graphic, just an overview of Harry's/Dominick's childhood.

Mikhail eventually roused, a warm body pressed to his front, cool body at his back. With a sleepy smile, he rolled onto his back, tucking his two mates under each arm, holding them close to his body. It took a moment from the memories of that morning to settle into his mind. Remembering meeting his nephew and his hodgepodge family tore the last of the cobwebs away.

Blinking, he looked down to see that Alistair was smiling at him while Braiden was sleeping still, face pressed to Mikhail’s chest, hand splayed over his hip. The Dämonfeuer pressed a loving kiss to his vampire mate, saddened by the delighted surprise in his mate’s eyes when they finally broke apart.

“I’ve been a terrible Dominant lately haven’t I?” He admitted with a sigh.

Alistair pressed a kiss to his shoulder. “You have been distracted. Even I can feel the pull to our little submissive, it would be worse for you. With that and Sophia giving birth on top of everything, it’s no wonder.”

“No, Alistair.” Mikhail frowned, lacing his fingers through long hair he tugged, forcing Alistair to look him in the eye. “There is no excuse. I love you, I always have, and it is not ok that I have neglected you. You should never be forgotten or pushed aside.” He sighed heavily, releasing his grip. “How can I make it up to you?”

Smiling gently, Alistair lent over to press a loving kiss to his Dominants mouth. Eventually they broke apart and the vampire’s smile turned wicked.

“It has been a while since you allowed certain intimacies?”

There was a pained note of hesitation under the husky tone of voice that Mikhail kicked himself for.

“Of course my love, do you just want a feed, or would you like me to take care of all of you?” He slipped his hand down, caressing the vampires lower back.

With a moan, their mouths crashed together, teeth clashing and tongues twisting. Gasping for breath, Mikhail gently extracted himself from under Braiden, tugging Alistair on top of him. The lithe man took no time in casting cleansing, preparing and lubricating charms on himself, hurriedly throwing a silencing charm over their sleeping mate.

Grasping the Dämonfeuer’s cock, the vampire sank down without hesitation. Revelling in the burn
of the stretch and the shout of surprise of his Dominant. Rocking gently, Alistair allowed the minimum time needed for his body to adjust before beginning to roughly fuck himself with his mates’ cock.

Mikhail finally managed to catch up with the assault on his senses by his determined mate. Gripping the older man’s hips, he began thrusting hard into each bounce, driving his cock deep and hard into the vampires prostate. They worked together, chasing their pleasure.

Suddenly Alistair tipped forward, nuzzling at his Dominants throat, licking tentatively in an oddly tender counterpoint to the rough fucking. Mikhail tilted his head to the side, granting free access while he slipped a hand up into his mates hair, pressing his mouth closer. Their rhythm never faltered, Mikhail familiar with managing both the sex haze and blood lust from mating with a vampire.

Fangs grazed his heated skin and sank in, just as he felt Alistair orgasm, cum splattering over his chest. Back arching, Mikhail screamed his release, the pleasure from the bite and feed heightening his experience.

Time faded out as they swam in mutual pleasure, Alistair slowly feeding, savouring the taste of his Dominants blood flowing across his tongue and down his throat. It had been too long, but Mikhail had been so distracted he hadn’t wanted to ask. His fangs still aching with need, the vampire forced himself to withdraw, licking the wounds closed.

Embarrassment washed over Alistair’s face when his fangs refused to retract, concern lit his Dominants eyes.

“It has been too long hasn’t it?”

Alistair could only mutely nod, looking away. With a frown, Mikhail held out his hand, a potion vial slapping into it a few seconds later. The vampire blinked when he recognised the blood replenisher before his face was being tucked back against his Dominants throat.

“Drink your fill, my love. Next time, no matter how distracted, ask for what you need rather than waiting this long. I will always make time for you.”

With a soft whimper, Alistair sank his teeth into Mikhail once again, drinking freely, revelling in the feeling of their bond humming in harmony once again.

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Eventually, Dominick and his three mates made it back into the bedroom, The Dominant curling up in the lone wingback by the fire, the three submissives spreading out over the couch.

“Motsy!” Dominick called, and the little elf appeared promptly. “Can we please have a tea tray with coffee and sandwiches?”

While they waited for the house elf to reappear with the tray, Dominick lost himself staring into the flames, unaware of his mates exchanging worried looks as they saw him retreat further into himself.

He blinked a few times when he heard Draco call his name. turning back Dominick saw that the tray had arrived and all his mates had mugs in their hands. A steaming cup of coffee sat on the table in
front of him.

“Oh sorry, lost in thought.” He insistently rubbed his thumb over the back of his left hand, remembering the scar that had once sat there; I must not tell lies. “What would you like to know? I’m not sure where to start.”

The three exchanged looks before Severus leant forwards. “I was told by Dumbledore that while you had been kept isolated from the wizarding world for your childhood, it was still blessed. You had been raised like a prince, he told us. Wanting for nothing, educated in our ways and on your place in society.” The other two nodded in agreement.

Dominick’s laugh was bitter, pain twisting over his face. Severus’s stomach sank, that reaction was eerily familiar.

“Of course.” He rubbed a hand over his face. “That explains so much.” The Dominant shook his head, going back to unconsciously rubbing the back of his hand. Waving away their queries he sighed. “I guess that is as good a place to start as any. From what I have been able to piece together, Hagrid picked me up from Godrics Hollow after the attack. I’m not sure where he went beyond delivering me to Dumbledore, but he took me to Surry where my Aunt and Uncle live. He left me on their doorstep, at night, in November, in a basket with only a letter explaining what had happened. My Aunt found me the next morning.

“They never wanted me and made that abundantly clear. They were a very middle-class family, but I was kept in the cupboard under the stairs. That was where my Hogwarts letter was addressed to, so I assumed someone at Hogwarts had to know what had happened, but they kept sending me back.”

Dominick continued staring fixedly at the fire, ignoring his mates and the cooling coffee on the table. “They never beat me per se. Their particular brand of abuse was aimed more towards neglect. I would be punished for imagined slights; locked in the cupboard for days without food, little water and barely any access to a bathroom. When I was little I would often mess myself, my Aunt would only berate me, take me out the back and hose me off.

“She was a very house-proud woman, so I was always kept busy cleaning their four-bedroom house, tending the gardens. She was always so proud of the rosebushes, I put so many hours into tending them, but she acted like they existed due to her hard work. I always enjoyed gardening, it was a way to get out of the house, away from my cramped, smelly, dirty cupboard.

“They were horrendously lazy, forcing me to cook for them since I was four. I wasn’t even tall enough to reach the stove so had to use a step stool. My Uncle and Cousin ate enough to feed a quidditch team.” He chuckled bitterly. “I would try to cook extra in the hopes that they would leave scraps on their plates for me to eat but they figured that out pretty quickly and instead, they would always work to finish their plates completely.

“If I failed to cook things to their taste, was too slow in serving them or anything, they would give me a clip over the head or smack me around a little. Nothing to leave bruises. Vernon would enjoy giving me spoiled or rotten food, punishing me if it made me sick.

“They encouraged Dudley to bully me, creating a game called Harry Hunting where they would chase me down and if they caught me, he and his friends would beat me black and blue. I guess that’s where I got my seekers reflexes from.

“Once my Hogwarts letter arrived, my Uncle became paranoid and moved me into Dudley’s second bedroom which was filled with all his broken and discarded toys. They shoved Dudley’s old toddler cot in there and that was my bed. At least while I was in there, I had things to amuse myself with. I
had toys for the first time in my life, even if they were broken.”

Dominick heaved a sigh, thumb still rubbing over the back of his left hand. “After I started at Hogwarts, it got better and worse. They stopped hitting me, worried it would leave permanent marks, I guess. Instead, they ignored me more. Early on in my first summer back, there was an incident with Dobby, they locked me in my room and fed me through a cat flap. Each day I was granted a cold tin of soup. Once a day my Aunt would let me out to use the bathroom but I was never permitted to bathe. Dobby had been stealing my letters, so eventually, my friends became worried. The Weasley twins came and rescued me in their dads flying car, tore the bars from the window. They tried to tell their parents what was going on, but no one believed them. No one would listen. Who would believe the great Harry Potter was kept like a house elf?

“Each year at Hogwarts something happened, something went wrong, there was some mystery to solve. First, there was the Philosophers Stone, then there was the Chamber of Secrets, Sirius escaping Azkaban to go after Pettigrew, the Triwizard Tournament, Umbridge and the Hall of Prophecy. Last year was the most normal year I have had at school and it still involved training for my face off with ‘Voldemort’ and perpetual rumours about me becoming a Dark Lord in my own right because everyone discovered how good I am at wandless wordless magic.”

Rubbing a hand over his face, Dominick fixedly stared at his hands, refusing to look up at his mates, knowing they would pity him now, knowing that he wasn’t good enough to be their Dominant, no matter how hard he tried. With a sigh he closed his eyes, allowing his head to thunk back against the chair back.

“I apologise, I shouldn’t have bonded with you all before telling you the truth. I guess I got so caught up in it all that I had hoped to forget about my past. I’m sure Hermione can find a ritual that won’t cause madness in you if you want to leave.”

A strangled noise issued from the couch, Dominick imagined it was horror; the realisation that his submissives were saddled with a defective Dominant. He waited for the sound of the door opening and closing but it never came.

There was a rustle of fabric and he felt someone move towards him. He braced for an assault of some kind but instead felt cool hands tenderly taking his own.

“Dominick,” Severus’ voice was low and soft, issuing from somewhere by his knee, the Dämonfeuer blinked and looked down in surprise. “I am so sorry. I failed you, I should have noticed the signs, but I was blinded by my hate of your father. Slytherin often collects abused children as childhood abuse often results in the survival instincts favoured by my house. As your Professor, as an adult in your life, as your mate, I failed you.”

Dominick was stunned. This was not what he had expected at all. “I’m sorry, what?” He finally looked over at the couch and saw Draco pressed hard against his father, tears streaming down his face. Both wore expressions of anguished regret.

His attention was drawn back to Severus when his cheek was caressed by long potion stained fingers. “Beloved, you are so strong to have survived so much. Why would we want anyone else?”

Dominick couldn’t help his jaw falling open. They didn’t hate him for the lies? They didn’t judge him? Wordlessly, he shook his head in disbelief.

Severus moved to kiss him tenderly, pouring all his love and affection through the bond. Finally, he broke away. “Now, there were some things in there that you mentioned about Hogwarts that I was unaware of, perhaps we can all curl up in bed together and you can regale us with your school day
escapades? I was only ever given Dumbledore’s version, which I’m sure is somewhat different from the truth.”

Tugging on Dominick’s hand, the older man towed him to the bed, stripping off their clothes as he went. Lucius simply picked up Draco, vanishing their clothes once they reached the bed. Dominick was tucked in the middle, Draco across his lap, Severus and Lucius on either side. Their touches were tender and loving as they coaxed his story out.

He told them about receiving his Hogwarts letter and meeting Hagrid. His first train ride and befriending Ron. Acknowledging that while their meeting had clearly been orchestrated, genuine affection had grown over the years, even with Ron’s jealous streak.

He explained how they were set on the path of the Philosophers Stone, resulting in him facing off with Voldemort’s wraith, killing Quirrell and saving the stone, which Dumbledore destroyed. Lucius snorted at that.

Dominick was sent back to the Dursleys.

Dominick moved onto the second year, explaining how Dobby visited him, trying to convince him not to go back to Hogwarts but not explaining why. He couldn’t help but frown at Lucius who had the grace to look abashed. He detailed how the barrier for Platform 9 ¾ was locked so they took the flying car and made their own way to Hogwarts, crashing into the Whomping Willow and breaking Ron’s wand. He couldn’t help but admit it wasn’t the best decision, but that Ron had been so excited about having his own flying car adventure Dominick hadn’t been able to think beyond that.

He briefly touched on the early happenings of that year, they were all familiar after all. He explained in detail how they figured out it was a Basilisk, eavesdropping on the professors and finding out that Ginny had been taken. Ron insisting they go and rescue her before they went and collected Lockhart, taking him to the girls’ bathroom that was haunted by Myrtle. She confirmed how she died, and Dominick found the sink that led to the Chamber. The three descended where Lockhart stole Ron’s wand then tried to obliterate them but only resulted in his own memory loss and a cave in that separated Dominick from the other two.

He tried to move quickly over entering the Chamber, finding Ginny and conversing with the shade of Tom Riddle. He barely touched on the panicked battle with the Basilisk only noting that he had been bitten when killing it with Godric Gryffindor’s sword. Fawkes had come to his rescue, crying into the wound and saving his life, granting him enough time to stab the diary that Tom Riddles’ shade had been attached to, ending the spell which was sucking the life from Ginny.

Dominick was sent back to the Dursleys.

Third year Sirius Black escaped from Azkaban; everyone had believed it was to hunt Harry down who he apparently blamed for the death of his Master, Voldemort. He started with how he had accidentally blown up his Aunt Marge, fleeing via the Knight Bus to the Leaky Cauldron where Fudge met with him and swept the whole thing under the rug. The warning from Mr Weasley about not doing anything rash. The Twins giving him the Marauders Map so he could escape the castle resulting in the overheard conversation at the Three Broomsticks. He explained noticing Peter Pettigrew showing up on the map, being caught with it out of bed by Severus, confiding in Remus about seeing Pettigrew on the map and being forced to leave it with the Professor.

He briefly retraced his story, noting the attack with Buckbeak and how Hermione was adamant about helping Hagrid with the case. Ultimately failing and them going to console him just prior to the execution. Them finding Ron’s pet rat and being forced to flee when the ministry officials turned up. The rat trying to escape and their little group being attacked by a Grimm. Ron had been dragged off
by it and Hermione and Harry had raced to follow, under the Whomping Willow where they ultimately found themselves in the Shrieking Shack.

He touched on their argument with Sirius, the arrival of Remus, then Severus. Following Severus being knocked unconscious, Pettigrew was revealed, he confessed to the whole thing and they went to head back to Hogwarts with the intention of clearing Sirius and the hope that Dominick could stay with him. Unfortunately, Remus had forgotten to take his Wolfsbane potion that night and transformed under the full moon. Pettigrew took the opportunity to escape while Sirius tried to distract Remus from the rest of the group.

Ultimately it ended with Sirius and Dominick almost being kissed before passing out and waking up in the infirmary. Ron and Hermione were already there, unfortunately, Ron had broken his leg and was bedridden when Dumbledore entered, obliquely suggesting that more than one life could be saved that night. Hermione revealing that she had a time turner which they used to go back in time to before Buckbeaks execution.

They saved Buckbeak, waited until Sirius and Dominick were almost kissed by dementors before Dominick realised that he had cast the fully fledged Patronus to ward them off. The pair headed up to the room that Sirius was subsequently locked in and helped him escape.

Dominick was sent back to the Dursleys.

Dominick skimmed over the World Cup, touching on his wand being nicked and being used to cast the Dark Mark in the sky after the Death Eaters had attacked. He explained the terror he had felt when his name was drawn out of the Triwizard cup, how he was forced to compete unwillingly against people three years his senior with vastly greater magical knowledge.

He noted how the entire school had turned on him once again, the only person sticking by him being Hermione and even then it had been tentative. His fear of facing the Dragons. He explained how he had never been taught to swim and having to go in the Black Lake to rescue Ron, only to discover that Hermione was down there too. The overwhelming feeling that someone had been orchestrating everything and how he had felt so terribly alone.

He skimmed over the maze, focusing on the decision to take the cup with Cedric which ultimately resulted in his death. Watching and participating in the ritual with Pettigrew to return the Dark Lord to his true body. The arrival of the Death Eaters, their mock duel and the resulting priori incantatem cage which formed, seeing the shades of people Voldemort had murdered. Escaping and making it back to Hogwarts with Cedric's body. He explained how he was taken away by Professor Moody, who wasn’t Moody at all, but Barty Crouch Jnr polyjuiced to look like Moody. He had been stealing from Severus all year to make the potion and had orchestrated everything so that Dominick would be there for the ritual.

He explained how Fudge had brought a dementor with him who promptly kissed Crouch Jnr, obliterating any corroborating evidence to Dominick’s story that Voldemort had returned, resulting in Fudge refusing to believe him and launching a smear campaign against him.

Dominick was sent back to the Dursleys.

He spent the summer completely isolated until he was attacked by Dementors again, forced to perform the patronus charm in front of his cousin and being temporarily expelled. How he was finally collected and taken to the full Wizengamot trial for underage wizardry where Dumbledore turned up long enough to defend him and vanished.

Finally, Dominick was dumped at Grimmuld Place where everyone actively kept him in the dark
about everything that was going on. His connection with Voldemort had been strengthened through the ritual and the madness and rage started leaking through. Dominick was unaware of this of course, all he knew was that he was so angry over being abandoned time and again.

On arriving at Hogwarts, Umbridge was there, ready and willing to punish him for speaking out against the Ministry. Here, Severus had to take Dominick’s left hand to prevent him unconsciously tearing the skin off with his nails. Dominick explained how Umbrage used blood quills in his detentions, forcing him to write ‘I must not tell lies’ hundreds of times until the words were carved so deep into his hand that nothing would heal it.

He explained how Voldemort sent him a vision of the Hall of Prophecy, how he accidentally caught glimpses of his and Nangini’s activities. Mr. Weasley being attacked and how it resulted in the failed Occlumency classes with Severus.

Finally, Dominick focused on his History of Magic exam where Voldemort sent a vision of his torturing Sirius to lure him into the Hall of Prophecy. Their attempt to use the floo connection in Umbridge’s office, being caught and Hermione’s brilliant ploy to lead Umbridge into the forest where the centaurs took care of her. They then flew to the ministry on thestrals, meeting up with the Death Eaters and the subsequent battle. He swallowed hard around Sirius dying by Bellatrix’s wand. Their race through the ministry and his possession by Voldemort before Dumbledore stepped in.

Dominick was sent back to the Dursleys.

Finally, he touched on the previous summer where once again he had been abandoned and ignored, only being rescued in the final weeks of the summer so that he could get his school supplies and head to Hogwarts. Dumbledore arranged for ‘training’ to take place, which was him sharing memories explaining the background of Voldemort that he now knew were completely fabricated.

He explained how, in DADA, they had started studying wandless and wordless magic. Dominick hadn’t even realised how rare the skill was until whispers started about him becoming the next Dark Lord. The school remembered how he had been a Parselmouth, questioning how he had survived and won the Triwizard Tournament, commenting on his magical power. The school abandoned him again, culminating in him being shunned by everyone except for Hermione and Ron.

On the last Hogsmeade weekend of the year, there had been a Death Eater raid, as the others well knew. They had come out generally unscathed, but still, the mounting tension, the sense of time slipping away was oppressive.

Dominick was sent back to the Dursleys.

Finally, he commented on how he had been treated prior to his inheritance, how Gringotts posed the perfect opportunity for him to escape early resulting in him being where he was now.

He sighed, finally winding down. His throat was raw from talking, his head was pounding from having to relive the worst of his life, but his heart felt lighter. It had been the first time ever he had shared his full story and he was so grateful that his mates had sat through it patiently.

Seeing how exhausted he was, his mates simply tucked him into bed, curling themselves around him, reminding him that he was no longer alone and they drifted off to sleep.

Dominick didn’t see the hard looks shared by Lucius and Severus who waited until Draco and Dominick passed out tangled together before extracting themselves.

Quietly, the older pair moved back to the couches and sat up planning. While everyone was focused
on taking down Dumbledore, they had another target just begging to be dealt with. The Dursleys were not going to get away with their treatment of their Dominant.
The house awoke the next day, refreshed and determined to get things moving. Sitting down to breakfast, Dominick advised his intention to check in with the goblins at Gringotts. Explaining that he needed to collect the keys to Black Manor so that they could inspect it and move in if possible. Mikhail and Alistair turned up, Braiden having to go to work like the rest of the Alexeev’s.

Many of the Weasleys were still shaky about being in public and possibly being caught by Dumbledore, so only the Twins were willing to venture out, needing to check in on their shop since their extended absence.

Hermione requested to join, she was itching to head to Flourish and Blotts to see if there were any books she needed, and Remus had promised to take her to a good book store in Knockturn.

Mikhail opted to stay with Ron at the Manor, hoping to get to know him better while Alistair requested to join Dominick. Dominick’s three mates also wanted to join, Lucius and Severus both had errands to run and after the emotionally fraught day before, Draco was unwilling to be parted from his Dominant.

Finishing breakfast, The Weasley Twins, Dominick and his submissives, Remus, Hermione, and Alistair all floo’ed through to the Leaky, making their way into Diagon Alley.

Splitting up, Dominick, Draco, and Alistair headed to Gringotts knowing that everyone else would make their own way back to the Manor when they were done. The trio was ushered into Matterhorn’s office with surprising speed. The goblin was already seated behind his desk, working on some papers and waved them to the chairs.

Dominick waited for Matterhorn to finish and look up. “Good morning Matterhorn, may your gold ever flow.”

The goblin blinked and grinned toothily. “And may your enemies cower at your feet. How may I assist you today?”

“My little family has been growing exponentially, I wanted to gain access to the Black Manor as I am told that it is far larger than Potter Manor.”

The goblin inclined his head, turning to rifle through a drawer before withdrawing a key and a set of folders. “The access key for the Black properties.” He passed it over before sliding the folders towards Dominick. “It will act as a portkey; the activation code will need to be spoken by you as the Head of House and is Toujours Pur. I have also collated together the investment portfolios for both
the Potter and Black families for you to review. Included is an updated bank statement for all vaults as well as details of all heirlooms, properties and investments.”

“Many thanks.” He took the offered items, tucking them away for later review. “Last time I was here, we discussed the illegitimate activities of a certain old man? I was perhaps wondering if you had any success collating documentation for review. I now have at my disposal certain people who are able to assist with the removal of a particular thorn in all our sides.”

Matterhorn sneered. “I have been working with some of the other departments in Gringotts; the information we have gathered is quite comprehensive, but as yet, is incomplete. I expect it to be finalised in the next week or so. I will send you an owl once it is ready for collection.”

“We are grateful, as always for your assistance Matterhorn. May your enemies flee from your might.”

“May your vaults fill with gold.” Was the curt reply as the goblin returned to his paperwork.

As they stepped out of Gringotts, a misty voice called out.

“Dominick Black.”

Turning, the Dämonfeuer spotted a head of white hair and rushed over, picking up the tiny girl, he spun her around laughing.

“Luna! I’ve missed you!”

“Dominick, it is wonderful to see your eyes open at last.”

Alistair and Draco joined them at a more reasonable pace and as Dominick went to introduce them, Luna interrupted him with her usual dreamy tone.

“Hello Cousin, it is so wonderful to see you happy at last.” Luna reached out to press his hand with her own before turning on the bewildered vampire. “Your family will be whole again soon, do not fret.”

She turned back to Dominick, ignoring the gobsmacked looks from the other two. “I know it will be a little crowded, but I was hoping to come with you. My time with my father is done and you will need me in the days to come.”

Dominick couldn’t help grinning and hugging her again. “Of course Luna, you are always welcome, we will make space until we move to a larger premises. Wait, how did you know about my name change?”

Luna just smiled at him. “I always knew Dominick, it was you who didn’t.” She paused, eyes glazing for a moment. “The castle stands proud and tall as it always has, there will be little to no delays that your friends cannot assist with.”

He couldn’t help but laugh as he led the four towards The Leaky to head home.

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Lunch had been a brief affair, Lucius, Severus, Hermione and Remus were all still away running
errands. Dominick took the time to introduce Luna to everyone. She immediately took to Cayce, their convoluted conversations quickly loosing those around them.

Dominick asked who wanted to investigate Black Manor with him, and again Alistair and Draco volunteered. Mikhail pulled Alistair aside for a quick chat which he returned from looking flushed and happy. Everyone else elected to stay at Potter Manor.

The Dämonfeuer reminded them all they were welcome to explore, the only thing out of bounds were bedrooms that weren’t their own. He did warn that if someone incompetent touched Severus’ potions lab, they were guaranteed a reaming by the Potions Master, much to Draco’s amusement. He commented that there were hot springs that everyone could enjoy, a greenhouse outside and extensive grounds they were welcome to wander, noting only that they should not go outside the wards as they would be unable to return without him.

Plucking the key from his pocket, he, Alistair and Draco all touched it and were soon whisked away to Hertfordshire. Staggering slightly with the landing, the three paused to look up in awe.

Lucius had rather undersold the whole castle aspect. A large blocky mass of red stone loomed over them from the top of a hill. It was heavily fortified and from the front, the building was purely functional for defence. The three exchanged a look before trooping up the drive to the large gates. As they approached, they felt heavy wards slip over them, not exactly welcoming, but they weren’t forcefully rejected from the property either.

Dominick only had to press a hand to the gates and they swung open, revealing a large paved courtyard leading to wide stone stairs and a massive double door at the front of the manor. Moving brusquely, he approached the door and pressed his hand to the timber. The door resisted him at first before he felt a sharp pain in his palm and the door sung open. With a yelp he retracted his hand, looking from his bleeding palm to the door and back again.

“Bloody Blacks, mad the lot of them.” He muttered to himself, Draco just snorted.

Dominick couldn’t help but notice Alistair stare at his palm, with a shrug, he offered it up. “Vampire saliva has healing properties yes?” He queried.

Surprised by the casual offer, Alistair nodded mutely before swiping his tongue over the small wound and watching it close. He swallowed convulsively and almost staggered at the flavour that hit him.

Concerned, Dominick and Draco rushed to hold him up.

“I’m so sorry! I thought it was ok! I didn’t mean to hurt you.” Dominick rushed out.

Alistair chuckled weakly. “No no, you did nothing wrong little one.” He replied affectionately. “Vampires can taste the power in blood, and you, my nephew, have very powerful blood. I was expecting something similar to Mikhail, but you are something else.”

Relief washed over the Dämonfeuer before curiosity kicked in. “I wonder why that is. I’m nothing special.” He missed Draco’s look of disbelief.

“Well,” Alistair began, straightening himself and gesturing to the door, “The Alexeev line is one of the last remaining lines of King Arthur. Perhaps the Black line is descended of someone.”

“Merlin.” Draco breathed as they walked into the entry way.

“Yeah, wow all right.” Dominick agreed.
“No,” Draco turned to frown at him, “Well yes, but what I meant, was that the Black line is one of the last remaining lines of Merlin. That’s where the Black madness stems from after all.” At their confused looks he huffed. “Merlin was in love with his assistant and student, Nimue. Eventually she left him for someone else after bearing him a child, he went insane and she had to imprison him in a tower. Apparently, she also went a bit mad and retreated to the lake, becoming known as the Lady of the Lake.”

“I really should have listened in History of Magic shouldn’t I?” Dominick groaned.

“No, Binns was an idiot. He only ever ranted about the goblin wars; useless he was. We should talk to father about giving you the lessons you should have received as the Heir and Lord to powerful noble houses.”

Dominick hummed in agreement, gazing around at the vaulted ceilings and marble floors. While the outside of the building was function over form, the inside was disgustingly opulent. White marble covered the floors, dark stained hardwood on the walls, gold leaf was everywhere from the wall sconces to the picture frames and the door handles. A wide sweeping staircase off to their left lead up two stories and into the depths of the house. A wide archway in front of them seemed to lead to a sitting room while there were doors around the perimeter, presumably leading to the rest of the rooms on the ground floor.

At this point when he had arrived at Potter Manor, the house elves had appeared, but judging from the thick coating of dust on everything and the lack of their arrival, they were alone.

“Motsy!” He called, the tiny elf appeared with a pop.

“What can Motsy be doing for Master today?” She queried.

He gestured around. “As I’m sure you noticed Motsy, Potter Manor is getting a little overcrowded, as such we are looking to move here. There don’t seem to be any house elves in residence, do you think you and the other Potter elves would be willing to help out here? You can of course continue to reside at Potter Manor as is right, and we are happy to cook for ourselves, but some help getting the place in order and set up would be appreciated.”

Motsy squeaked in excitement, bouncing on her toes. “Potter Manor only requires two elves to maintain it when empty. The rest of the elves can move here to work for the large family!”

Dominick frowned, that seemed lonely for the two left behind. “Would you need to set up a roster so that the elves left behind at Potter Manor don’t get lonely?”

She giggled and shook her head. “We have a newly mated elf pair, they will be happy to watch over Potter Manor alone for a while.”

He chuckled with her. “Alright, if you wanted to get everything happening with the elves that would be fantastic, we are going to explore, see if there is anything significant that needs looking after here. Find me if you need anything Motsy.”

With a curtsey, she popped away and he shared an amused look with the other two. “Shall we?” He gestured to the archway which indeed opened up into a large sitting room.

Wandering around the manor with Draco and Alistair was enlightening. Draco was quite familiar with the standard practices of English nobles while Alistair had a long understanding of aristocracy. They ventured from room to room, floor to floor, stumbling across any number of bizarre and bewildering artefacts. On the ground floor, they found the library, an extensive duelling room, the
ballroom, large and small dining rooms, the Gentleman’s lounge, Ladies parlour, sunroom and sitting room. A side door in the Large dining room lead down to the kitchens, a potions lab, dungeons and small underground hot spring.

Standing in the kitchen, it became obvious the house was on a sloping plot because a door opened out into a large garden and green house. In the distance, they could see a shimmer of water

The first floor had the second story of the library and was otherwise a mix of studies and guest bedrooms with ensuites attached, of which they counted six studies and seven bedrooms. The second and final floor included the master suite which has its own bedroom, bathroom, sitting area and study cum library. Also included on the floor was another six bedrooms which all had their own small sitting area cum study and ensuite.

Generally speaking, the property was in fair condition, if a tad neglected. The furniture was alright, though the elves would have fun cleaning it up. After consulting with Motsy, she advised that the elves would have it clean in a few days without pushing themselves. He agreed immediately that that was acceptable, stressing that they would be able to cope at Potter Manor for as long as they needed.

Finally, the trio left, heading back to Potter Manor to update everyone on their findings. There was a lot of excitement at the prospect of the added space.

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While everyone was running around, Phobos and Demios were curled up together in the room they shared with the siren twins. As soon as the submissive twins had left, the pair had felt an ache settling in their chests and were trying to distract each other.

Deimos had pinned Phobos to the bed and was working his mouth over his twins’ body. He couldn’t help the memories that came tumbling through his mind as he sucked his brothers cock down. His heart ached for the red-haired twins, it ached for their missing fifth.

-Flashback-

They had just arrived at the manor; the red-haired twins had been oddly silent and submissive. He couldn’t help but be concerned at the way they shied away.

Finally, they were alone together, and the sirens were curled together on the bed, watching him and Phobos. The dark-haired twins shared a look, Deimos would always defer to his older brother who sighed and approached the bed.

“Fred, George? Is everything ok?” he queried gently.

The pair exchanged a look and Fred swallowed hard. “Of course, our Dominant.” His eyes were firmly fixed on the coverlet at the foot of the bed.

Phobos threw a perplexed look at his brother who just shrugged. “Then why are you huddled on the bed away from us?”

The pair exchanged another look, this time George spoke. “We are waiting for instruction our Dominant.”
“Instruction? Instruction on what pet?”

The red-haired pair flinched at the name, curling tighter into each other. Fred eventually opened his mouth, voice a hoarse whisper as a heavy dose of fear washed through their bonds. “What would you like us to do, our Dominant?”

Frustrated, Phobos tried his best not to snap. “Ok, what is going on here? Why do you keep referring to me only as your Dominant? Why did you flinch when I called you pet?” They flinched again. “Why are you cringing away from us?”

The pair didn’t respond, but the fear ratcheted up a notch. Totally bewildered, Phobos looked to Deimos who huffed and made his way onto the bed.

“Fred, George,” He started softly, waiting for them to look at him. “Why are you behaving like this? You were different when we were around other people. Did someone instruct you to behave this way?” He hoped his suspicion was wrong or this was going to be unpleasant.

He watched as George whispered something into Fred’s ear who looked terrified, until it shifted into a more determined expression.

“We were told that we should be submissive for our Dominant. It is what we are after all.”

Deimos very pointedly did not look at his brother. Slowly reaching out, he gently took George’s hand, rubbing it soothingly as it trembled in his grip.

“I heard rumours, even at the brothel, that in England it was common practice for submissives to experience training of some kind prior to their inheritance.” He began gently, mentally instructing his brother to be silent. This was going to be painful.

George swallowed hard and finally made eye contact with Deimos. “Of course, our Headmaster insisted that all submissives should receive training. Dominants prefer their submissives to be experienced and obedient rather than untouched and untrained.”

It sounded like a practiced line. My god, was all of Britain brainwashed? He hesitated, not sure where to start with that little gem. Closing his eyes, he twisted slightly, drawing his wand to throw a binding spell at his brother, tying him to the bed post and gagging him. His brother’s explosive temper would not help this situation.

“My lovely little sirens,” He began, realising that pet was likely a trigger word, “How far along in your training did you get?”

The pair exchanged a bewildered look before Fred answered. “Our training is designed to be completed prior to our inheritance.”

Deimos couldn’t help the pained noise that escaped his throat. Unable to resist, he wrapped the pair up in his arms, crushing them in a fierce hug.

“Oh my loves, I am so sorry.” He whispered. He waited for the pair to slowly relax in his arms before releasing them.

“I don’t know what your Headmaster was thinking, but whatever he taught you is most likely wrong.” He saw them exchange disbelieving looks. “Honestly, each Dominant is different, just like each submissive is. There is no way to train for your inheritance or meeting your life mate. One of the biggest issues with creature inheritances is if a submissive has been intimate with someone else prior to their mating with their Dominant.” Fear washed through the bonds and Deimos’ heart sank.
“Many Dominants are territorial about their submissives virginity, when lost in the moment, overcome with their creature instincts, Dominants often accidentally hurt their submissives if they are experienced, as you put it.”

The red-haired pair exchanged a terrified look, retreating into themselves as they turned their eyes to their Dominant. Phobos had completely succumbed to his creature in his anger, black and cream scales ran over his cheekbones, jaw and throat, disappearing down into his shirt. Clawed hands gripped the bedpost and fangs had sprouted over the gag.

With a sigh, Deimos shifted, blocking the twins from his brothers view, looking deep into his eyes before leaning in to whisper in his ear.

“Brother, brother hear me.” He waited for the squirming form to still. “They are terrified, taught to fear their Dominant. While I share your anger at what has been done, they need your gentleness and kindness right now. If you don’t show them love, our bonds could be forever broken. I promise we will get revenge on the bastard that did this, but now is not the time. Now you need to control yourself and not succumb to your creature. Now, you need to accept the fact that our submissives are not virginal as they should be and love them anyway.”

He pulled back to stare deeply into his brothers’ eyes, tracing his fingertips over cheekbones so like his own. “You can do this, I know you can brother.”

He watched as sanity defeated rage, watched as Phobos went lax in his bindings to show he understood. With a smile, Deimos released the bindings, pressing a tender kiss to his brother. It quickly grew heated with Phobos pressing his submissive brother back into the mattress next to the sirens.

Deimos allowed Phobos to pour all his rage and pain into their kiss, pulling him close and working his hands over his brother like he knew best. Nibbling his bottom lip, the submissive tugged his brother shirt off, breezing his fingertips over the newly exposed flesh. Slipping a finger into his nipple ring, he pulled, causing his brother to wrench his mouth away, gasping.

Licking along the newly exposed jaw, Deimos continued tugging and twisting at his brothers nipple. Pressing his hips upward, he shifted until Phobos fell between his legs, rocking their cloth covered erections together.

Deimos knew he needed to show their new submissives what love making was like, show what he could get away with, show that their Dominant would not abuse them. Tangling his free hand into his brothers hair, he tugged hard, causing his Dominant to arch up, freeing his flies to be quickly undone. He went to shift in order to work his brothers pants off when he suddenly felt another set of hands.

Looking around, he realised the red-haired twins had scurried forward to help them shed their clothes, smiling at the pair gratefully, he maneuvered Phobos until the dark-haired twins were naked. The siren twins quickly scurried back to the head of the bed, watching with wide eyes.

Suddenly Phobos moved, shoving Deimos onto his front, face towards the twins, tugging his hips up so the submissives arse was presented. Deimos saw fear wash over the red heads faces so smiled reassuringly and winked, knowing what was coming next.

The next moment he felt hands roughly grip his ass, tugging the cheeks apart so a tongue could roughly swipe over his hole. Deimos moaned loudly, the sounds filthy and delicious. He submitted as his brother loved best, revelling in the attention as he felt his asshole laved, nibbled and worked loose. His brothers tongue was so talented, he couldn’t wait to watch.
When he was a moaning begging mess, he felt his brother stop; heard the muttered lubrication spell and next the cool slick press of two fingers into him. His brother ran his free hand down Deimos’ back, knowing how to soothe and excite him as he worked the submissive open. He couldn’t help but groan at the stretch as his brother stuffed a third finger in a little too soon, he loved the burn. The next moment, the Dominant crooked his fingers, jamming into his prostate and Deimos couldn’t help but scream in pleasure, hands scrabbling at the coverlets, cock rock hard and dripping.

He felt hands tentatively take his own, concern washing through the bond once the overwhelming pleasure eased. He squeezed the hands in his, sending reassurance and pleasure back.

The next moment, he felt the fingers inside him retreat and his brothers slicked cock line up with his entrance. The Dominant rocked his way in, inch by inch filling up his brother who moaned and begged for more.

Once Phobos was fully seated, he felt him shifting around, tucking knees up under Deimos on the bed, tugging Deimos so that he was sitting on his brothers’ lap, back to chest cock still deep inside. The submissive moaned, sinking down a little further on his brothers’ cock, his own a rigid length flushed red leaking over his stomach.

Rocking slowly, Deimos opened his eyes, seeing the twins watching them, a million emotions flitting across their faces. He saw desire, hope, lingering fear, confusion, and a deep aching need. Deimos gave them a blissed out smile before his eyes slid shut and he lost himself in the moment.

He began riding his brother, sliding up and down on his cock, rocking into his prostate. One of his brothers’ arms snuck around his chest, wrapping up and gripping the opposite shoulder; the other began lazily stroking his cock, spreading the oozing precome until his length was slick.

Deimos revelled in the love he had for his brother and mate. The submissive had hoped his Dominant would take the opportunity to show them at their best, show their new mates all the pleasure they could have. The red-haired pair needed to know they would be safe and loved, protected and cherished.

While the dark-haired brothers didn’t want to rush, they also didn’t want to draw this out. They had all the time in the world for lengthy lovemaking sessions, their point had been made with this one.

Succumbing to the growing pleasure, Deimos rocked harder, clenching around his brother the way he liked. Cursing, Phobos tugged harder on his submissives cock, the pair moving in practiced tandem until they came, Dominant filling submissive, submissive splattering his release over the bed.

Slumping back, Deimos allowed his brother to cradle his body as they came down, head rolling over a broad shoulder. Phobos running his hands over his brother, peppering soft kisses over the bared shoulder in front of him, both completely unaware of the astonished looks shared by the red heads in front of them.

Eventually, Phobos softened and slipped from his brother, ending their moment. As they blinked aware, they remembered their audience and Deimos smirked a little. Their submissives were interested, no longer cowering in fear.

He sent smug satisfaction through the bond to his brother. Now, he just needed to make sure that the Dominant didn’t fuck up the bonding.

Then, they would find their fifth.

-Flashback End-
He hadn’t even noticed his Dominant tugging at his hair until he came with a shout down his throat. Swallowing reflexively, Deimos licked Phobos clean before crawling back up his twins body to press tender kisses to his mouth.

“I miss them already and it has only been a few hours. Perhaps next time we should go with them?” Phobos murmured, Deimos could only nod.

“We need to find our fifth. Perhaps Cayce can help point us in the right direction.” Deimos responded, Phobos just hummed. The pair tangled together, allowing sleep to claim them while they waited for their missing mates to return.
Lucius knew that Severus was planning on collecting potions ingredients from the apothecary while they were visiting Diagon Alley, so moved brusquely out of view, tugging the dark-haired man with him.

Pulling him into an alleyway between a second-hand bookstore and a luggage store he exhaled at not being caught. Turning to face Severus, the man quirked an eyebrow at him in mute query.

“The Dursleys.” The blonde man knew his friend would understand and from the darkened expression, he was right.

“Dominick will not want the hassle of pressing legal charges, we shall have to take the Slytherin method.” Severus’ smirk was feral.

Lucius inclined his head in agreement. “I will speak with the Granger girl, see what can be found out. There has to be some way my influence and money can reach across the divide to destroy them.”

Severus smirked. “I have been mentally running through some spells I know which will be perfect for this situation. If you can cover for me tonight, I will pay a visit to our unsavoury relatives. The very least we can do is inflict the pain and suffering they did to our Dominant.”

The dark-haired man glanced out of the mouth of the alley, preparing to leave but he was tugged back and pressed against the wall. Gasping, he looked up into the eyes of his long-time friend which were glittering with desire.

Long fingers trailed over his jaw, tangling in his hair so that warm lips could press against his own. A tongue swiped along his bottom lip, sucking it in before pressing in. Loving and passionate, his mouth was devoured until they broke apart gasping.

Lucius pressed soft kisses along his jaw, making his way towards his mate’s ear. “Once you have finished your errand tonight, I have every intention of rewarding you.”

The blonde man rocked his hip against his mate, grinding into his erection. Severus shuddered and moaned clinging to the older man’s shoulders.

Smirking, Lucius extracted himself, pressing a brief kiss to the dark-haired man’s mouth before sweeping out of the alley.

Groaning, Severus slumped against the rough brick wall. His mates would be the death of him. A
few minutes of collecting himself, he straightened his clothes, pushed back his hair and checked his
glamours before striding out of the alley towards the apothecary.

Entering, he gave the owner a curt nod, moving to collect what he needed, taking his time to select
the best, freshest ingredients. Finally, after an hour or two of browsing, he headed to the counter.

“Good Morning Master Snape.” The owner greeted, beginning to ring up the purchases.

With a frown, Severus saw just how much he had collected and with a sigh realised he would need
to have it delivered.

“I will need to organise for this to be delivered.”

“Of course, where will I be sending it?” Was the absent reply.

The Potions Master gritted his teeth, this was not ideal. “Potter Manor.” He watched the owner blink,
register what he had said and snap his head up.

“P-Potter Manor?”

The dark-haired man simply glared, nodding curtly. The owner swallowed heavily and went back to
ringing up the purchase. Severus paid and swept out without another word. The owner was an
interminable gossip, it would be over the alley by the afternoon that he was staying at Potter Manor.
Thankfully, they would be moving soon so no one would be able to find him.

Striding towards the Leaky, he spotted Flourish and Blotts, with a mental shrug, he changed his
course, soon pacing the shelves to see what was new.

He stumbled across the section devoted to Hogwarts current years textbooks and paused. They had
quite a few underage and unqualified wizards and witches staying with them now, none of whom
would be returning to Hogwarts. It was far too dangerous.

While the school was a trap, education was important to success. Picking up the current seventh-year
potions textbook he couldn’t help the sneer that curled his lip. The book had been outdated when he
had attended school. Casting an eye over the other books he realised that they were all obsolete.

Mentally debating whether he should defer to his Dominant, he shook his head. Dominick
appreciated independent thought, it was unlikely he would be reprimanded for considering the
education of him and his friends. Decision made, he began perusing the shelves, selecting books he
felt were appropriate covering most of the subjects Hogwarts offered; Potions, Herbology, Defence,
History, Charms, Runes, Transfiguration, Arithmancy, Astronomy and the Dark Arts.

While contemplating the best books, he couldn’t help but consider who else he could rope into
teaching. He wouldn’t be able to teach everything, he specialised in Potions, Herbology, Defence
and the Dark Arts of course, but that was a bit much for one person to teach, even with a small class
size.

Lupin, putting aside his personal issues with the man, was an excellent teacher and could most likely
be prevailed upon to assist. Hopefully, some of the other adults floating around the manor could lend
their expertise as well.

Finalising his purchases, he headed back to the manor, discovering that Dominick had been and gone
to Black Manor already. Depositing the books in the library, he decided he had some time to brew
before dinner.
Everyone reconvened for dinner, Mikhail, Alistair and Braiden joining them. Braiden had finished work earlier and had decided to join his mates for a little bonding time with their new submissive.

Everyone was laughing and joking around, excited at the prospect of moving into Black Manor once Dominick had told everyone that it was in good, if slightly neglected condition. The elves had promised to have it ready by the end of the week.

Dominick couldn’t help but notice the chemistry between his sister and Remus. They were sitting very close together, whispering in each other’s ears, stealing food from each other’s plates. Remus leant in, tucking some hair behind Hermione’s ear and murmured something to her, making her flush.

He forcibly cut his eyes away, it was still weird for him, seeing his sister with his uncle. As he glanced around the table, he couldn’t help but notice the Grangers. They were staring at their daughter, exchanging worried glances. He could see the suspicion growing in their eyes and they did not look happy.

The Dämonfeuer wished there was something he could do to help, to head off the brewing storm, but knew that this was coming. Hermione and Remus had been becoming less and less subtle, she should have had a conversation with her parents, but it was unfortunately obvious she had not.

With a sigh, Dominick put it from his mind, he had enough drama on his plate. Sliding his hand to the right, he rubbed his hand up Lucius’ thigh, fingers trailing along the inner seam. He heard his mate inhale sharply as Dominick turned to face Severus with a soft smile.

“Severus, love, I noticed some new books in the library this afternoon. Were you going on a bit of a shopping spree?” Dominick continued rubbing Lucius’ thigh, slipping his hand up higher.

The dark-haired man’s expression stilled, fear trickled through the bond. “I… It seemed appropriate to obtain books to continue schooling for you and your peers.”

When Dominick did not respond, the fear became more pronounced. “I hope I did not overstep.” Severus’ voice was small, he began toying with his food and Dominick couldn’t help frowning, hand stilling on the crease of Lucius’ thigh.

“Severus?” He queried.

“I know we all agreed that no one would return to Hogwarts this year, but there are quite a few of you here. Draco, yourself, Ronald, Hermione, Luna and Ginny all have yet to complete your schooling and it would be remiss of me to ignore this.” His eyes flicked up before fixating back on his plate where he was destroying his roast vegetables.

“I walked by Flourish and Blotts and the thought occurred that we hadn’t done anything about your education, so I went in to look at the school books that were on sale for this year.” The dark-haired man couldn’t help but sneer. “So, I wandered around the store, selecting books that I felt were more appropriate for the subjects offered by Hogwarts.”

He paused, hesitating over Dominick’s lack of response. “I also had some thoughts on who could teach each subject, but of course, I will defer to you, Dom.”
Dominick couldn’t help but sigh, the training his older submissives had received was frustrating to say the least. He loved the men they really were, not these doormats someone taught them to be. He squeezed Lucius’ thigh, removing his hand so he could reach over and grasp Severus’ hand.

“Severus, look at me.” He waited, feeling Lucius throw up a muffling spell around the four mates, he sent a look of gratitude at his oldest mate. Finally, the dark haired man looked up, fear hiding in the depths of his eyes.

“Severus, why do you keep doing this? Have I ever indicated that I wanted you to be subservient to me?” He waited for his mate to shake his head.

“Have I ever indicated that I expected you to defer to me in everything?” Slowly, another shake.

“Have I ever made you feel like I didn’t love and appreciate your snarky Potions Professor attitude, since we mated.” He had to tack on the qualifier at the dark haired man’s quirked eyebrow, he shook his head a little more confidently now.

Dominick squeezed the hand he was grasping. “We are all damaged, but this meek persona you put on when you think you are overstepping is bullshit and you know it. You are a strong man Severus, able to think all on your own. I appreciate your forethought and concern regarding mine and my friend’s education. I know it can be hard to break habits ingrained from life, but please, I don’t want a doormat as a partner in life. I am not one for romantic outpourings, so I will say this once. I am falling in love with you, with all of you. Do not doubt my affection. I want each of you, the real you, warts and all.”

He waited, watching as Severus absorbed his words. He saw the man’s spine stiffening, expression firming. Severus squeezed his hand once, then withdrew it, picking up his cutlery to finish his meal with precise elegant movements. Dominick exchanged an amused look with Lucius who dismissed the *muffilato*.

“As I was saying,” Severus began with more confidence, “Your education is important and if none of you are intending on returning to Hogwarts for this year, we will need to organise classes for you all to take here so that you may all complete your NEWTs.”

Dominick smiled. “Of course, you are correct Severus. I couldn’t help but notice you collected some books today from Flourish and Blotts, they look like they relate to Hogwarts classes. Perhaps we can all retire to the library to discuss classes and tutoring after dinner.”

Severus simply inclined his head in agreement, returning to his meal. Dominick shook his head with a smile, slipping his hand back under the table so he could go back to fondling Lucius.

Coughing loudly, Dominick drew the tables attention. “Family meeting in the library after dinner everyone.” Everyone nodded, accepting the announcement before returning to their previous conversations.

Dominick continued devouring his dinner one handed, slipping his hand inside Lucius’ robes, rubbing the palm of his hand over his mates growing erection through the fabric of his pants. He could hear Lucius’ breath shorten, but the man’s expression didn’t shift as he continued eating calmly.

Slowly, with one hand, he began undoing the older man’s flies, giving the man a chance to stop him. All he did was flick his grey eyes up, alight with amusement and arousal, before focusing back on his plate. Taking it as permission, Dominick finally slid his hand inside, biting down on his tongue when he realised his mate wasn’t wearing pants.
Wrapping his hand around his mate’s cock, he began stroking. Keeping the movements slow so that it wouldn’t attract attention. They continued playing, Lucius stoically ignoring him, cock leaking copiously, while Dominick pretended he wasn’t doing anything as he swiped a thumb over the top of his mate’s rigid length.

Minutes tickled by, Dominick could feel his mate struggling not to make any noise, breath almost panting now, but his expression was fixed, no other tell that something was going on beyond his elevated breathing. The Dämonfeuer forced himself to maintain control, revelling in the moment, knowing they were surrounded by others while his mate fucked his fist. Realising that at the very least, the werewolf at the table would soon be able to smell what was going on, he quickly cast a scent dampening spell with his other hand, followed by a notice-me-not.

He felt a wave of amusement come through the bond from Severus, the man had figured out what was going on. Spurred on by the small semblance of privacy afforded in such a public space, he picked up the pace a little, teasing the engorged cockhead. He heard Lucius swallow down a moan when he squeezed gently until finally, he came with a shiver. Dominick continued milking the man, his own cock pressing hard against his inseam.

Finally he released his mate, tucking away the softened cock, casting a wandless, wordless cleaning charm and dismissing the notice-me-not.

Finishing off his meal, Dominick tugged his casual robes closed and rose.

“I’ll see you all in the library when you are done.” Dominick nodded to the table before sweeping out.

Rushing to the library, he headed to the back of the room, there was a small area tucked away that no one would see, but he could hear if anyone came in.

Just as he reached it, he heard the door open and close. He froze, flies halfway undone. Steps paced towards him and he hastily tugged his flies closed and folded his robes over himself. Lucius strode around the end of the bookcase, shoving him back against the wall and dropping to his knees.

Dominick stilled, watching his mate as he yanked open his flies, pulling down his trousers and pants before fisting his cock and roughly sucking it down. The Dämonfeuer couldn’t help the moan that escaped him at the rough handling. He loved the fight his mate had, revelled in the challenge. He had hated it when his second in command had acted all submissive and demure.

His thoughts stuttered to a halt when he felt his cock hit the back of his mate’s throat, another moan slipping out of his mouth. He saw exasperation and amusement in the Kitsune’s eyes when he looked down only to have two fingers roughly shoved in his mouth, obviously acting as a makeshift gag.

He felt precome leak from his cock. Tucking his hands behind his back, he allowed his submissive to control the moment in return for the trust from earlier. Suckling on the fingers in his mouth, he revelled in the feeling of his mate’s mouth, tongue laving the underside of his rigid length. He felt a hand tug harshly on his balls, tipping him over the edge as he was sucked down deep again. He couldn’t help rocking into the wet warmth as his release pulsed from him.

Lucius licked him clean, slipping his fingers from Dominick’s mouth before tucking him away and tidying him up. Standing, Lucius paused, unsure of what to do next. Smirking, Dominick wrapped a hand around the back of his neck, tugging him forward into a messy heated kiss. The Dominant could still taste himself on his mate’s tongue as he licked in. Rolling their tongues together, he grasped the other man’s hip, pressing them hard together.
Breaking apart, he breathed into his submissives ear. “Tonight, I’m going to fuck you while you fuck Draco. I want to hear him moan your name as you fill him with cum, clenching around my cock.” He felt the blonde shudder against him, a wave of lust washing through the bond.

He could hear everyone trickling into the room, so plucked a book of the nearby case, casting a cursory look over the title before striking up a conversation with Lucius over it with a wink.

Walking back into the main part of the room, he saw Severus hovering over the textbooks he had bought. Squeezing the Professor’s shoulder, Dominick moved to settle himself beside Draco, tucking the smaller man under his arm and nosing his hair. The blonde almost purred at the show of affection as they waited for everyone to settle and Severus to begin.

Once everyone was settled, Severus straightened and looked out over the group.

“As it is no longer safe for anyone to return to Hogwarts, we will be planning our attack from here or Black Manor. Irrespective of what is happening with the war, the education of the young people we have is important. As such, while I was at Flourish and Blotts today, I picked up a selection of textbooks that I felt would be best to support those going through their NEWTs. I know that Miss Lovegood and Miss Weasley are both in their sixth year, but I don’t see why we can’t include you both and if you are confident, you can join your peers in taking your NEWTs.”

He paused, sweeping his obsidian gaze around the room. He couldn’t help but feel encouraged that everyone was hanging on his every word, his Dominant gazing lovingly at him.

Warmed, he continued. “What we need to discuss, is who, out of those who have completed their education, is able and willing to regularly tutor our small class.”

He paused but no one said anything. With a huff, he continued. “On considering those skill sets available, I propose the following: I am willing to teach Potions and Herbology. Remus, you have some history teaching Defence Against the Dark Arts and from memory, you have a love of History. Lucius, I believe you would be best to teach them the Dark Arts, for how will they be able to fight without knowing how they work?”

He separated out the piles of books into those allocated and those unallocated. “What we have remaining are Charms, Ancient Runes, Transfiguration, Arithmancy and Astronomy. I open the floor to volunteers.”

At this Molly stood. “I am a dab hand at Charms, got the highest scores at the time for the class, I would be more than happy to teach the children.”

No one else stood for a while, finally Mikhail rose. “While I am new to this group, and received my education elsewhere, I am excellent at Transfiguration. I would be happy to review the requirements of the NEWTs course and put something together if no one else is able.”

Silence greeted this pronouncement, after waiting a few beats, Severus inclined his head “Much appreciated. Anyone else for Ancient Runes, Arithmancy and Astronomy?”

Alistair finally unfolded himself from his seat. “Ancient Runes and Arithmancy for me. As Mikhail said, I am willing to do the same for both classes.”

“Thank you, Alistair; as no one seems to be willing to volunteer for Astronomy, Draco?” He cut his eyes to his little mate with an affectionate look.

“Me?” The blonde squeaked.
“Yes, Draco,” Lucius cut in. “Your obsession has taken you far beyond the NEWT requirements for Astronomy. I see no reason why you cannot tutor the others.”

The young blonde flushed but when his Dominant whispered in his ear, his expression firmed, and he nodded. “Of course, I will be glad to assist the others.”

“Excellent. Lucius, while you are at the Ministry tomorrow are you able to stop in to the educational department and collect the guidelines for NEWT’s? Unfortunately, I need to begin brewing a potion tonight and won’t be able to go to the Ministry tomorrow. Considering it is September First tomorrow, I feel this should be actioned as soon as possible.”

Everyone descended into general conversation and Severus tucked himself up with Lucius in a loveseat near Dominick and Draco. Mikhail, Alistair, Braiden and Ron were curled up on a couch. The four twins ended up sprawled out on the rug in front of the fire while Ginny, Cayce and Luna were chatting by the bay window.

Remus and Hermione hunched over the Defence Against the Dark Arts book, murmuring and laughing together. It was when Remus nuzzled into her hair that her mother finally broke.

“Hermione Jean Granger!” Her shrill voice cut across the room.

Hermione blinked and looked up in surprise. “Mum?”

“What is the meaning of this young lady?” The heavily pregnant woman levered herself out of her chair.

“The meaning of what mum?”

“I’m not stupid Hermione, I can see there is something going on. He is old enough to be your father! He was your professor! This is entirely inappropriate!”

Hermione flushed, exchanging a look with Remus before rising to stand in front of her mother, hands on hips, legs akimbo.

“Mum, I love you, but I am a grown woman. I can have a relationship with whomever I like. It is none of your business who I am with anymore. Irrespective, I am Remus’ mate, we were destined to be together, and he compliments me perfectly.”

Jean gaped at her daughter. “Mate? Mate?! You are mates?! In what realm is that ok? He was your professor! How long has this been going on!” She rounded on Remus who was beginning to look alarmed. “Did you start this? Grooming my daughter while you were teaching her? This is not ok Hermione! Not –“

She cut off abruptly, pressing her palms to her belly she gasped. Concerned, Hermione jerked forward, grasping her mother’s elbows to hold her up.

“Mum!” She cried, helping her sit down. “Are you ok?”

“No, I’m not ok!” She groaned, agony rippling across her face. Suddenly distress lit her face and she looked down, Hermione followed her gaze, spotting the slowly spreading stain.

“Oh my god.” Horror washed over Hermione’s face. Her eyes connected with her mums before she stood and looked around. “Help! Someone!”

Braiden rose, rushing over. “All right, everyone remain calm, I am a healer. I delivered a baby about
a month ago, so we will all be ok.” He began casting diagnostics on the pregnant woman, calling over his shoulder. “Dominick, we will need her room prepared if it is nearby. All sheets should be stripped from the bed. We will need towels and a basin of warm water.”

He didn’t pay attention as Dominick summoned an elf passing on the instructions, he was busy reading his scans. Nodding to himself, he conjured a stretcher, levitating the contracting woman onto it and following Dominick down the hall.

It was going to be another long night for Braiden.
And here is your second chapter as an apology for being shit.

Starts off with some pretty heavy smut ;) Continues with some delicious revenge. I'm not massively happy with how it came out but hey, gotta roll with some crappy bits...

Shameless use of a seer to move the plot along, and Dumbledore's reaction to his missing seniors

Everyone drifted off after the Grangers disappeared with Braiden. Motsy was instructed to assist and it was left at that.

The twins remained lounging in front of the fire, Ron disappearing with Mikhail and Alistair; Ginny, Cayce, and Luna remained by the bay window, Molly and Arthur went to bed, so did Remington.

Lucius gleefully lead Dominick and Draco off to their suite. Once they were safely past the birthing room, he watched as their Dominant pressed his son against the wall, kissing passionately. Smirking, he pressed himself up against Dominick’s back, beginning to work on their clothing, unbuttoning shirts, undoing flies, caressing exposed skin.

With a groan, Draco shoved at the pair. “I refuse to have sex in the hallway when there is a perfectly good bed up the hall.” With a sniff, he stalked off, ignoring the fact that his shirt was completely off one shoulder and his trousers were hanging dangerously low off his hips.

Dominick and Lucius exchanged an amused look before shadowing their prey, following him into their bedroom quickly. The Dominant threw up silencing spells around the room before stalking to Draco who had been lounging against the bedpost. The young blonde looked delectable, shirt gaping revealing a sculpted pale hairless chest; trousers slung low showing off tantalising flesh and a thatch of white blonde hair. His arms were folded, muscles lean and long, pale feet peeking out from the bottom of his pants.

With a growl, Dominick almost threw himself at his submissive, pushing rough hands into fine hair, lips slammed together in a passionate kiss. The blonde submitted immediately, wrapping his arms around his Dominant’s shoulders, simply hanging on for the ride.

The Dämonfeuer revelled in the submission, knowing he could do whatever he wanted and his little Kitsune would agree. Tearing the shirt from his shoulders, Dominick began trailing kisses and bites over his shoulders and throat. Coarse hands shoved trousers and pants to the floor, revelling in each new expanse of bared flesh.

Lucius leaned against the wall by the door, palming himself slowly, enjoying watching his son being dominated. He had struggled at first, seeing his heir abandoning himself so freely to submission. Just like when he had found out he was a submissive, Lucius had struggled then too.

The month they had spent together had opened his eyes. Just because he submitted didn’t make him weak or powerless. There was courage and strength in trusting another to know what was best. What
made it easier was the respect that Dominick granted so freely.

When he had initially sat down with Dominick following their mating, they had discussed their mutual expectations of the relationship. His Dominant had exceeded even his wildest hopes. He had been granted the Beta position, the second in command, expected to step up and protect the other submissives should Dominick be away.

He had been granted the freedom to continue working in politics and business, to continue living his life. The only stipulations from Dominick were fidelity and consideration. Lucius was to be faithful to his mates and to communicate his plans and activities.

He took a moment to breathe in how lucky he was, how easy he was finding falling in love with his oldest friend, his new Dominant, and even his son.

He knew society would have a fit when they found out, if they found out. But he didn’t care, he had always loved his son, and now it was just a little different. His creature wouldn’t allow silly concerns of societal expectations to get in the way of their mating.

Shaking his thoughts away, he shed his clothing, watching his Dominant devour his son. He closed his eyes for a moment, sinking into his creature and revelling in the feeling of his form changing. His tails fluffed and swished, grey fur tracing over his pale form. His ears twitched, settling his hair around them, claws flexing.

Stalking over to the bed, he could see Dominick was toying with Draco, fingerfucking his slicked opening ruthlessly while sucking the submissives cock down deep. Smirking, he trailed his claws up his Dominants spine, bending over to murmur in his ear.

“*I believe your request for this evening was to watch me fuck Draco while you fucked me?*”

He got a rumble in response until finally, the Dämonfeuer pulled off the younger Kitsune. Dominick turned to him and rose, taking in his creature before grinning and closing his eyes.

Mesmerised, Lucius watched as scales rippled free, teeth elongating, claws extending, massive black and green wings snapping free and tail thumping on the ground. The Dämonfeuer’s eyes opened, silver and black swirling with green. The older Kitsune reached out, tenderly tracing the scales over his Dominants face, along his jaw, up his cheekbones, forehead before finally crashing their lips together.

They lost themselves in the moment of pleasure, kissing and rutting against each other until they heard a disappointed whine from nearby. Breaking apart, they looked to the bed where Draco was naked and squirming in desperate need, his first orgasm already splattered over his chest, cock hard and leaking again.

Dominick bowed him towards his son and Lucius couldn’t help but leap to. Sinking onto the bed he tested the readiness of the younger Kitsune, finding him leaking and stretched. With a groan, he arranged his son, tracing claws down his chest.

“Draco, join us, release your creature.” And with a sigh, Draco relaxed into his pure white Kitsune form. Lucius draped pale thighs over his hips, elevating his sons back enough that his tail could move freely. Lining up his cock, he sank in, revelling in the wet heat that sucked him in.

Setting up a steady rhythm, he felt Dominick move up behind him, thick fingers trailing down his back to sink into his entrance without any preamble. After all, he and Dominick had been carrying out their foreplay over the evening. Lucius moaned, throwing his head back onto his Dominants
shoulder as he fucked into his son and was finger fucked by his mate.

He let all his worries and cares fade away as his Dominant worked him loose until he could feel a blunt cockhead pressing at his entrance. Lucius fell forward, hands by Draco’s shoulders as he writhed in pleasure. Flipping his tail up and over his hip so it was out of the way, he stilled as Dominick sank in.

A scream of pleasure ripped from his throat. This feeling was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. The sensation of being filled while filling another was exquisite. Pleasure flooded his mind and time ceased to mean anything as he rocked between his Dominant and son.

He lost count of how many times he felt Draco clench around his cock until he was whimpering in pleasure, completely overstimulated. Lucius knew he needed to finish, finally succumbing to the pleasure battering at his mind and he came with a scream, sinking his teeth on his son’s unmarked shoulder.

The older Kitsune’s orgasm seemed to trigger Dominick’s, who came with a shout, his release filling the blonde man. They continued rocking together until they all collapsed in a pile of limbs on the bed, Dominick’s wings draped over their bodies to keep them warm as they drifted off to sleep.

Lucius couldn’t help but wonder if something would come of this latest coupling with his Dominant. He couldn’t help but secretly dream of carrying a child. He drifted off with thoughts of being pregnant to his Dominant, wishing for their family to only grow larger.

****************************************************************

Severus made his excuses, he had several significant orders that needed to be filled for his new owl-order business. Heading down to the potions laboratory, he waited for Lucius to sufficiently distract their Dominant.

Glancing at the waiting orders, he selected one which could be completed in an hour. Setting it up, he sunk into brewing, monitoring the bonds in the back of his mind. As the potion was finishing, he could feel the waves of pleasure washing through the back of his mind ratchet up a notch.

Nodding to himself, he decanted the potion, sealing, stamping and labelling it. Tidying up his station, he made his way out of the house, crossing over the boundary he disapparated with a crack.

He reappeared moments later in an alley tucked away at the end of Privet Drive. Making his way through the dark, he approached the house at number four. The gardens were a little wilted, front path unswept, paint a little worn. He sneered, the family were so lazy, once their slave labour was taken away, they let the property fall apart around their ears.

A whispered charm opened the front door and he silently made his way up the stairs, he paused by the first door in the hallway. There were six locks on the outside and a cat flap in the bottom. With a growl, he succumbed to curiosity and opened the door.

The room was bare, tiny cot tucked in one corner, bars embedded in the wall of the window. A built-in wardrobe in the corner was stuffed to overflowing with broken toys and the detritus of a spoiled life. A wonky desk and barely repaired chair completed the furniture in the room. Closing the door behind him, he refocused on his mission.
Easing open the next door, he found a room full to the brink of teenage junk, computers, tv’s, gaming consoles and clothing littered the room. A large mound snored on the bed. Sneering, Severus aimed his wand at the lump, whispering a string of Latin under his breath. The small wale of a human snorted and rolled in his sleep but otherwise didn’t move.

Slipping the door shut, he tried the next one and found the spare bedroom. Closing that door he found the next one led to a large bathroom. The final door at the end of the hall revealed the master suite.

Severus slipped in, hovering over the pair sleeping in the bed. Taking a moment to look down at the sister of the woman who had once been his best friend. Petunia had tormented him even before Hogwarts. Shaking himself out of his memories, he began to cast.

On the whole family, he cast spells of hunger, it wouldn’t matter how much was consumed they would forever be unsated. Spells of loneliness, no matter the company they kept, their chests would ache with a sense of abandonment. Spells of claustrophobia, forever they would be terrified of small dark places.

Finally, this one was a personal favourite that he had created, a spell which would gently waft the scent of human waste past their noses; it didn’t matter how much they scrubbed or cleaned, the smell would never go away.

Satisfied with his work, he quietly retreated removing all trace of his presence as he went until finally, he was back in the alleyway where he disapparated back to the Manor, letting himself in and retreating to his lab where he began the potion that would take him through the night. After all, the best cover stories are based in truth.

*******************************************************************************

September First dawned fresh and bright with the cry of a new born child tearing through the Manor. The Grangers had given birth to a baby boy dubbed Hector Granger. There were no further complications beyond the early labour though the mother had been far enough along that there were no concerns over the continuing health of the child, much to the household’s relief.

Once everything had been cleaned up and finalised, the mother resting with her husband, Braiden fell into Ron’s bed and promptly passed out for the next twelve hours.

Out of habit, all of the students trooped down to breakfast early. Half way through, Severus stumbled out of his lab and tried to drown himself in the coffee pot. The students remembered that they were not returning to Hogwarts today and the tension in the Manor ratcheted up a couple of notches.

They had the rest of the day still to wait for Dumbledore to notice that they were all missing. If only they could see his reaction to ‘Harry Potter’ not turning up for his final year at Hogwarts. Irrespective, they had to be careful now, Dumbledore would soon know that they were no longer his.

After breakfast, most people migrated to the library, seeking distraction from the coming storm. They all knew nothing would happen today but the general anxiety persisted nonetheless.

Dominick was sitting with Draco, quietly chatting about quidditch when Luna stood abruptly from the table near them. Her eyes unfocused and she reached out blindly, gasping.
Lurching up, Dominick grasped her shoulders, holding her upright.

“Luna?” He queried.

“It's time. The lost brother shall be reunited. The Notts will be tied, finding freedom together.” She gasped again, slumping into Dominick's hold.

“Luna?” He repeated, picking her up and depositing her on the couch with Draco who immediately began carding his fingers through her hair.

“I am OK, I believe it is time for us to collect the next member of our little group.” She tipped her head back to smile up at her cousin. “Your friend requires rescuing.”

“My friend? From Hogwarts? I didn't have many friends, just Theo and Blaise.” Concern flashed across his face. “Are they OK? We must go now! Do you know where they are?!”

Most of the room watched the exchange in confusion. Her tinkling laugh flitted through the room.

“Send them each an owl, they will guide us.”

******************************************************************************

Dumbledore watched as the students poured into the hall for the start of year feast. He fought tooth and nail to control his rage. His pet Potions Master had vanished after putting the man in his place. Perhaps he had gone a little far by burning the man's house down, but he just didn't seem to grasp how devastating losing the Potter boy would be to the light. He hadn't been able to get a hold of the dour Potions Master since that night much to his irritation. The only thing he had received was a letter of resignation from a nondescript barn owl.

The bloody man forced his hand and so the Order had been informed that Snape had gone dark, again, and Slughorn had been prevailed upon to come out of retirement for the year.

And now, as all the students settled into their tables, he could see some of the upper years were missing. As the sorting was dealt with, he noticed the two remaining Wesley's were notably absent, the shock of white blonde at the southern table was also missing. Scanning the crowd carefully he couldn't see the head of messy black or fuzzy brown that belonged to his favourite pawns.

Perhaps he had pushed the Weasleys a little hard, but there was no reason for the Malfoy boy, Potter or the Granger girl to be absent.

Irritated beyond belief, he plastered on a smile, gave his cursory nonsensical greeting and tucked into the food. That was one of the good things about this time, the food was excellent.

He couldn't help but hope that some drama had ensued at Kings Cross which prevented the missing students from attending but as the feast drew to a close, he had to admit the truth.

He rushed through the start of year notices before sweeping off to his office. Entering, he ensured the door was closed before screaming, picking up the nearest stupid ornament and throwing it at the wall.

Pacing furiously, he tried to plan, tried to figure out the next step. Most of his pawns had disappeared
and no tracking spells would locate them. His plans were crumbling, years of careful orchestration and coordination, manoeuvring people into the correct position. It was all falling apart, destroyed. All because some pathetic teenager decided to grow a brain.

He had to find the Potter boy. Everything would fail, his revenge would fall apart without him. Nimue would be drawn out only to protect her heir. And finally, after all these years, he could put her in her place. Under him.

His face twisted into a gruesome mask; rage, loathing and anticipation destroying his kindly grandfather expression.

He would find a way. He had to.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Smut stuff, time for the move, plottyness blah blah blah... I'm not sure why I'm bothering with these AN's anymore?

The week crept by, everyone hiding out at the Potter Manor, waiting for the Black residence to be ready. Lucius continued venturing out, maintaining his contacts in politics, managing his business investments and attempting to lay the groundwork for their case against Dumbledore.

Severus instituted a timetable, heavy in defence and duelling but covering all topics enough that the students would be able to pass their NEWTs by the end of the academic year.

Phobos, Deimos and Remington were all invited to join in the classes; while they had completed their schooling, time passed strangely in the pocket universe that the brothel existed in and their knowledge was most likely out of date by now.

The Twins were prevailed upon to join the NEWT’s class as well as they had left before sitting their exams and it was no longer safe for them to leave the wards. They all knew Dumbledore would be on the hunt and the first place he would look for any of the Weasleys would be at their shop. The last thing any of them wanted to do was grant leverage to the old man.

Instead, the Twins sent one of the house elves to collect their experimental products and they set up in the basement to continue making merchandise for their store which was ferried to their assistant Verity to sell.

Draco had reached out to Blaise and Theo but had not yet received a reply, much to his growing agitation. If they didn’t hear back from the pair by the end of the weekend, which should be once they had settled into Black Manor, they would have to go looking.

Different Alexeev family members ventured in and out of the Manor, getting to know the hodge podge family that was currently residing there. Vasily in particular was there most afternoons, spending time with her grandson and relishing in the opportunity for them to get closer. Dominick loved the family connection and a sense of home settled over him gently as the week slid by.

Mikhail and Alistair soon became fixtures, only leaving when everyone went to bed as there was no space for them and returning for breakfast the next day. Alistair was old enough that he didn’t need employment so relished in the opportunity to help new people and to expand his rather limited circle of friends. Molly had been rather cold towards him, but Arthur had taken her aside at one point and she had returned cowed and at the very least polite.

Mikhail worked as a lawyer but had enough flexibility with his work that he could take extended leave on short notice. He and Lucius naturally gravitated to each other and could often be found pouring over documents together in the library when they weren’t teaching.

Lucius had taken over the desk in their master suite as the last study had been converted to a bedroom for Ginny and Luna when the blonde had moved in. It was the Thursday before their move to Black Manor when Dominick approached his mate. He needed help and hoped his Beta would be
willing.

“Lucius? Love?” Dominick approached, the blonde man held up a finger, finishing writing his sentence before turning.

“Yes Dominick?”

“As you know, Albus prevented me from having any knowledge of the wizarding world, let alone my inheritance. I find, through my ongoing interactions with the Goblins that my lack is becoming an issue.” Here he paused, embarrassment flushed his cheeks. “I was hoping… Well… I was hoping you could…” Dominick huffed and looked away, somehow, asking for help from his Beta pained his creature.

Lucius’ expression softened, sometimes he forgot how young his Dominant was. “I would gladly teach you everything you need to be a Lord. I already have lessons with Draco, I am sure he would be more than happy to assist also.”

Relief washed over Dominick, wrapping his hand around his mates’ neck, he tugged the older man up into a passionate kiss. Pouring in his gratitude and relief. Pulling away, a sudden wicked desire to show his mate his appreciation overtook him.

Shoving his mate down into his chair, Dominick crawled under the table, tugging Lucius so that he was sitting normally at the desk. Pushing aside the submissives robes, he tugged open the flies and, without preamble, slipped the hardening cock into his mouth.

He heard Lucius groan, then a shuffle of papers and the scratch of the quill took up again. Dominick moaned around the cock, feeling precome slide over his tongue.

Slowly, he began to work. Moving gradually, he worked his tongue and lips over the shaft, pausing once the head hit the back of his throat. He kept it there for as long as he could until his body was screaming for oxygen, before retreating to inhale through his nose. Lovingly, he traced his tongue around the head, over the ridge, pressing into the slit.

When he heard the quill stop, he did, simply holding the cockhead between his lips lightly. Once it started up again, so did he, gently sliding his mouth down the shaft to swallow again around the head.

The process was repeated, the pace slow and steady, pausing whenever Lucius did. After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, he could sense his mate’s mounting need and frustration. Taking pity on him, Dominick slid his hand to cup and tug at the blondes balls before trailing his fingers back, easily slipping two into his mate. He heard a gasp and a moan from above as the older man slumped in his seat, widening his legs to give the Dominant better access.

Finally, Dominick picked up his pace, sucking harshly as he slid up and down while fucking his fingers into his Beta roughly. With little to no warning, Lucius came with a shout, a hand tangling in messy black hair. The Dominant licked the blonde man clean before finally pushing the chair back so he could get up.

The older blonde looked wrecked, slumped in the chair, gazing up at him in wonder. While Dominick had been under the desk, Severus and Draco had joined them and the pair were on the bed together, naked and kissing while Draco rode Severus.

Desperate for release, Dominick strode over while stripping. Pressing one hand to Draco’s back, he kissed the blondes’ shoulder and slid a finger in beside Severus’ cock. Pushing the Kitsune down so
that he lay on top of the Merman, he worked his entrance loose, slipping a second, then a third finger in next to the cock filling his mate. Draco remained still, moaning loudly, revelling in the stretch.

Once Dominick fit four fingers in next to Severus, he withdrew, pressing his leaking cock into the gap and steadily working his way in until the head popped past the ring of muscle. The three of them moaned loudly, the two submissives remaining still. Severus reached up, stroking the blondes back and sides to help keep him relaxed, peppering kisses over his face and throat as a distraction.

Soon, the Dämonfeuer was fully seated, cock pressed close against Severus’, their balls almost touching. The tightness and heat took their breath away. Draco came with a gush of slick when Dominick rocked the trio for the first time.

The three moaned again, Dominick and Severus using gradually increasing movements to fuck the blonde sandwiched between them. Soon, Draco had loosened enough for them to fuck into him in tandem. They lost count of the number of orgasms Draco experienced, his cock running dry before either of the dark-haired men was finished.

The blonde was soon reduced to a whimpering crying mess. Finally, Dominick looked at Severus over the Kitsune’s shoulder, tangling his fingers in long silky hair without breaking his rhythm. With a growl, he commanded his submissive to come and the pair exploded their release together, the sensation of warm come sliding over their cocks enough for their eyes to roll back.

Panting, the trio collapsed onto the bed in a tangle of limbs, Lucius wandered over to slump onto the bed next to them. Pressing a kiss to Draco’s shoulder, Dominick hoisted himself up, wandering over to the bay window and lifting the seat to withdraw the box of toys. Selecting the anal beads that had resulted in Draco’s claiming, Dominick paced back to the bed, slipping them into his exhausted mate who squirmed at the sensation. Only the last bead posed any resistance he had been fucked so loose but with a little gentle coaxing, he took it in. With a pat to the blondes’ ass, the Dominant spelled them all clean and the blankets to cover them all before passing out.

Friday morning dawned bright and fresh, Motsy advising everyone at breakfast that Black Manor was ready for them to move into. Everyone sighed with relief, Potter Manor was getting very crowded.

“Once you have finished breakfast, pack everything you want to take with you and meet in the sitting room. Once everyone has gathered, I will organise a portkey for us all to take to Black Manor.”

Soon, breakfast was finished, and everyone headed off back to their spaces to pack and prepare for the move. Once Dominick had finished in the bedroom, shrinking everything he owned into his trunk except a scarf which he draped around his neck, checking to make sure that Draco was being a good boy and slipping the remote for the beads into his pocket. He planned to make the blonde squirm all day.

Next, he headed off to the library. Conjuring a box, he began picking through the books, trying to decide what to take and what to leave behind. Smacking himself in the head, he called for Motsy.

“What can Motsy be doing for Master?”
“Motsy, did any of the house elves do an inventory of the Black library while you were cleaning?”

“Yes Master, Binky refurbished the library.”

“Thank you Motsy, you may go.” Once she popped away, he called again. “Binky!”

A young house elf that he had never seen before popped into the library, looking up in surprise.

“How can Binky be helping Master today?”

“Binky, Motsy said you completed an inventory of the Black Library?”

The house elf nodded so vigorously that his ears flapped. Dominick turned to the box he had conjured, casting a bottomless extension charm on it.

“Binky, can you please select all the books in here that are not already in the Black library and place them in this box? Please mark them with the Potter Crest so I know to return them once I am done with them.”

With a wide smile and another vigorous nod, the elf snapped his fingers and books began floating off the shelves and into the box, the Potter crest emblazoned on the spine.

“Please bring me the box when you are done Binky.”

“Yes Master, Binky will be done as soon as he can.”

With a nod, Dominick left the little elf to his work, heading to the sitting room where he found everyone waiting. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him; turning to Hermione’s parents and their new baby, he smiled gently.

“Mr. and Mrs Granger, you are welcome to join us at Black Manor, but I understand you might appreciate some privacy with your new child. While it is unsafe for you to return to your home, you are welcome to remain at Potter Manor. We are leaving a pair of house elves here to maintain the property who will be able to assist you and contact us should you require it. Which would you prefer?”

The pair exchanged a look before Mr Granger nodded. “We would like to stay if it is not too much hassle?”

“Not at all, I believe Itsy and Bitsy are the elves remaining behind, they can help you settle into the Master Suite and will serve you faithfully.”

With a final expression of gratitude, the pair hugged their daughter before taking a seat on the couch. Tugging the scarf from his neck, Dominick turned it into a portkey to take them all to Black Manor.

“Alright, everyone here?” He called, a chorus of yeses followed. “Grab onto the scarf and we will head off.”

Once everyone had a hold, he called out ‘Black Manor’ and soon they were whirling through space to land in the entry way.

The Manor looked infinitely cleaner than it had last time they had been. Tugging the scarf from slack hands, Dominick threw it around his neck once more before calling to Motsy again.

“Yes Master?” She queried.
“Motsy, you and the house elves have done a wonderful job thank you.” Turning to the group, he eyed them all. “Everyone, cluster together with those you are willing to share a room with.” There was some shuffling and murmuring before everyone was grouped together.

“Motsy, please have house elves show everyone to the best rooms for them.”

She nodded and began calling out house elves names, moving between the groups who gradually peeled off.

“Everyone! Remember the names of the elves that are assisting you now, they will assist you in future so Motsy isn’t forever running around for you all.”

The little elf gave him a grateful smile as she continued pairing groups with elves.

Dominick turned to Alistair who was waiting with Mikhail and Ron. “Alistair, if you wanted to lead the rest of the Alexeev’s here once you are allocated a room, we can also get them settled in too.”

With a thought he turned around, shouting at the retreating groups. “Don’t forget to tell the elves if you need additional space to accommodate missing mates, they can help make sure your rooms will fit everyone.”

Tugging his hand through his hair, he turned to his mates. “Did I forget anything?”

“When will we regroup?” Lucius smiled.

Cursing, Dominick called again. “Regroup for dinner in the small dining room!”

The three shook their heads in amusement. Motsy finished allocating elves to groups and came over to the four, leading them to their master suite.

Everyone took the day to settle into their new rooms, familiarising themselves with the Manor before finally meeting up for dinner in the small dining room. Which they soon discovered was insufficient as the rest of the Alexeev’s had arrived so they all migrated to the large dining hall.

Settling in to the opulent room, they couldn’t help but be stunned a little at the beauty of Black Manor. Dark hardwood covered floor, cream walls with white and gold accents, an elegant chandelier lit the room. The short end of the room farthest from the ballroom let out onto a small covered patio through a floor to ceiling glass wall.

The table was a massive oak structure, dominating the room even with twenty-eight of them filling the space. Dominick seated himself at the head of the table, Lucius at his right and Severus at his left with Draco tucked at his side. The rest of the group scattered around the table with Mikhail taking pride of place at the other end.

As the meal wound down, Dominick stood.

“Family meeting in the Library tomorrow after breakfast. Get some rest everyone.”

As instructed, following breakfast the next day, everyone began slowly migrating to the Library, it’s massive space easily accommodating the large group. Moving over to a bit of wall that was devoid of
bookcases, Dominick took down the pictures stacking them gently together before conjuring a whiteboard and some markers.

“Alright everyone, we are now more comfortable, it is time we start planning. Let’s go around the room and everyone throw in what they are working on or are concerned about.”

Items were soon called out and Dominick noted them down on the whiteboard, soon they had a list to tackle.

- Restore Bellatrix and Roman
- Take down Dumbledore
- Locate Theo and Blaise
- Classes for students

Starting with the first, Dominick turned to Remington. “Remi, how are your bonds feeling? Anything we can do to help?”

The submissive closed his eyes, sinking into his mind to examine the bonds, he could feel Bellatrix throbbing peacefully in the back of his mind, a thread of yearning in there. When he touched on Romans though, he flinched back, madness and pain still laced the connection, no better or worse than before.

With a sigh, he opened his eyes. “Roman is still mad, we will need to leave him a little longer unless someone wants to help me with research? Perhaps there is a potion or something that can assist him. Bellatrix on the other hand, seems to be almost back to normal. I will endeavour to reach out to her tonight and if possible, we can arrange for her collection tomorrow, all going well.”

Lucius coughed. “If Bellatrix is indeed better, she will not need to be collected. She is a Black by blood. Simply tell her you are at Black Manor and she will find us.”

Relief washed over Remington’s face and he nodded in acknowledgement.

“Alright, good, let me know how it goes Remi.” Dominick replied, making notes under the header on the board. “Does anyone want to help research on restoring Romans sanity?”

Severus, Remus and Hermione all called out their interest in assisting, Braiden commenting that he could help once they had a better idea of what they had to work with as their resident healer. Nodding, Dominick moved on.

“Ok, next up we have Dumbledore.” Hisses and growls filled the room. “Yes yes, I know. We should soon be receiving paperwork from the Goblins which will do wonders for our case. What can we do to support it further?”

Mikhail turned to Lucius. “Does the Wizengamot accept pensive memories as evidence? Only an extremely powerful Occlumens can tamper with memories so they are accepted in Russia.”

Lucius looked thoughtful before nodding. “Yes, I believe so, though it is not commonly done. I am unsure if the Ministry has their own pensive so we may need to supply our own.”

“If that is the case, arrange for everyone to place memories of clear illegal activities perpetrated by Dumbledore into vials for our review, from there we can begin building a case.” Mikhail responded. “Lucius and I have been working together on the case, discussing different aspects of it, we are happy to work together to bring him down.”

Dominick nodded, making more notes on the board. “Pick one of the studies upstairs and claim it as
your own. I’m sure you will have a lot of paperwork to go with the case. Ask one of the house elves if there is a pensive in the Manor, if there is, you are welcome to use it. Otherwise, we can take a trip to Gringotts, surely someone will have a pensive in one of their vaults. Perhaps it is worth contacting others to see if they also have evidence against the old man?”

Lucius nodded. “I have already been laying the groundwork with many of my contacts. Most people know of illegal activities, but finding proof is harder. With the pensive suggestion, I will now have more luck bringing people around.”

“The last items on the list are relatively straight forward, we still need to locate Blaise and Theo. Draco?” Dominick turned to his submissive who looked worried.

“I have not yet heard from them. The last time we spoke they were both intending on returning to Hogwarts. As Slytherins, they are mostly ignored by Dumbledore and are excellent at going without notice.”

“If they are not at Hogwarts, where would they be?”

“Blaise would be staying with his mother at the Zabini Manor. My owl should have gotten through though. I’m not sure what could have happened there as the Zabini’s are notoriously neutral in the wizarding world. Theo could be hiding out at Nott Manor; his parents are dead so if he needed to avoid anyone, he could just lock down the wards. That could be why he hasn’t responded to my owl yet. I’m not sure how we would get in, as only someone with Nott blood could get through the wards.”

Dominick watched as Draco sank into his thoughts, holding up a hand for silence as he watched something flicker across his face.

Draco was thinking furiously, something about Theo kept niggling the back of his mind. Something new, something familiar. When had he first felt it though? Thinking back over the past few weeks, he didn’t notice everyone watching him intently. Then he remembered, the trip to the Weasleys! The first time he had met Remington, something had felt familiar about his face, his voice. His eyes slid to the man in question who cocked his head to the side in mute query. The motion was so vividly Theo he gasped.

Rushing over, he dropped to his knees in front of the man, tracing fingertips over cheekbones he knew so well, light brown eyebrows, confused hazel eyes. The shapes were all there, similar, older, but just different enough that he couldn’t place it. Remington had been emaciated when they had first found him, but now with a little more weight, the resemblance was uncanny.

Dominick frowned, watching his submissive trace fingers so lovingly over someone else’s face. He fought to hold his tongue, clearly, Draco was following a train of thought and interrupting it could be disastrous.

Draco continue to stare deeply into eyes so like his best friends. “Theo once mentioned to me something he had overheard his father say once when he started Hogwarts. His mother had died in childbirth, but his father was around until two years ago when he caught Dragon Pox and died.”

The blonde reached out to grasp the older man’s hand. “Theo was baffled, there had been little to no evidence to support it, but apparently his father mentioned having another son. They had a portrait painted, hidden away in the corner of their gallery, of the missing son, but it had never activated. The family tapestry had never shown a date of death either. His father knew he had an elder son, born before he had left Hogwarts. Unfortunately, all memory of the boy’s name had been erased, Theo’s father knew he had been taken, but he couldn’t remember why or how, just knew there was
During his little speech, Remington had stilled, something in his mind trembled. Examining the memory he had of his parents death, he noticed the inconsistencies for the first time. The fuzzy edges, the jerky blurred transitions, the memory wasn’t real! Diving deeper, he tore through his memories, searching for the fakes, ripping them away until he could almost feel the shape of the lock. Battering against it, he had no success. He needed help, someone to bring it down for him.

Looking around frantically he finally responded. “I have a lock on my memories, is anyone here a Legilimens?”

Dominick had to suppress a laugh, cutting a look to Severus who stood and brusquely moved to sit next to the distressed man. “Calm down, look me in the eye.”

Once the younger man had, Severus murmured the spell, sinking into his mind with ease. He could see where the false memories had been torn away, leaving gaping holes. Focusing instead where the tugging was leading him, he was confronted with a formidable door. Brushing his magic up against it, he recognised the signature and prepared to attack. A thought stopped him. This was a perfect opportunity, too perfect to pass up.

Withdrawning he smirked to his Dominant. “There is indeed a memory block in place. I believe a trip to the goblins before I remove it would be best.”

Dominick blinked, mulling over the implications before grinning. “An excellent idea Severus. Would anyone like to join us?”
Let's try this again shall we? I really need to start saving my AN's so when my browser crashes on me, I don't lose whatever I've already written. Let's see if I can remember hrn?

Alright, so I have scrounged some enthusiasm from amongst the all-pervading exhaustion that is my life. Perhaps it is the remaining caffeine in my system? One Redbull, a coffee, and an iced coffee have somehow kept me going. I'm sure I'll crash at some inopportune time...

Right, the story, so we get confirmation of Remington's identity and discover more of how much I hate Dumbledore as a character. Like seriously, I don't see how anyone thinks his behaviour is ok...

Oh yeah, definitely still running on a caffeine high, my typing has gone to shit...

Also, I have to say, you bloody Americans and your allergy to the letter 'u' what did it ever do to you guys, like really?! Grammarly keeps trying to correct my use of it when really, Grammarly is wrong, just sayin'.

We finally get some interaction with a long referenced character. Granting a little hope to Remi, but be prepared, I'm not a fan of happy endings and easy joinings ;)

Also, an epic smut scene to finish things off. I infer something to do with their bond in the final section, but I'm not sure if I missed the mark, let me know your thoughts? I guess you could consider there being a bit of dubious consent at the end? Having sex with half-asleep people?

“We will return shortly” Dominick called over his shoulder as Lucius, Severus, and Remington moved to the sitting room and the floo.

Arriving at Gringotts, Dominick quickly requested an audience with Matterhorn and a goblin lead them to his account managers office.

Dominick waited for Matterhorn to look up from his paperwork. “Good evening Matterhorn, may your gold ever flow.”

The goblin blinked. “Back again Mr. Black? May your enemies cower at your feet. How may I assist you today?”

“Some information has come to light that will assist in some of our endeavours. I require an inheritance test be carried out for this man.” Dominick tugged Remington forward.

The goblin narrowed his eyes at the man before collecting the parchment and quill. “Please prick your finger with the quill and sign your name at the top of this parchment.”

Soon, the parchment began to fill, starting with a family tree before text started writing across the
Inheritance Test

Subject: Remington Ambrosius Nott

Birth Father: Ambrosius Benedict Nott (Deceased)

Birth Mother: Camilla Ebony Nott nee Selwyn (Deceased)

Brother: Theodore Ebony Nott

Creature Inheritance

Submissive Dämonfeuer - humanoid dragons with leathery wings and a tail, the tail has a poison spine which can incapacitate or kill. Also inherits heightened senses, claws, and sharpened upper and lower canines. The Dämonfeuer is a pack creature and seeks to create a large family. Inheritance is usually triggered on the 17th Birthday of the Dominant, or when the submissive reaches their 17th birthday, whichever comes last. Once the inheritance is triggered, bonding links are opened, and the first transformation takes place.

Properties

Nott Manor, Buckinghamshire, England

Nott House, Oxfordshire, England

Primary Vaults

Nott Family Vault: 1,301,246 galleons

Secondary Vaults

Remington Nott School Vault: 543 galleons

Withdrawals

Remington Nott – Remington Nott School Vault: 6,957 galleons (total)

Theodore Nott - Nott Family Vault: 3,000 (total)

Ambrosius Nott – Nott Family Vault: (access no longer available)

Block(s)/Spell(s)

Animagus - 100% - Preformed by Albus Dumbledore at 17 years of age.

Soul Mate Bond - 100% - Preformed by Albus Dumbledore at 17 years of age.

Metamorphmagus - 100% - Preformed by Albus Dumbledore at 17 years of age.

Memory block – On all memories relating to Childhood and family - Preformed by Albus Dumbledore at 17 years of age.
Potion(s)

Obedience - Given by Albus Dumbledore

Remi drank in the information on the paper, eyes tracking greedily over the details. Everything that he was missing, it was right here! Getting to the bottom, he noticed the blocks, spells, and potions, glancing up at Dominick in horror.

“As I expected, I had something similar when I came in after my inheritance. Matterhorn, can we organise another cleansing? We should probably have everyone checked to make sure that they aren’t under any potions or spells either.” Dominick murmured the final comment to himself.

Inclining his head in agreement, Matterhorn produced two more parchments and quills.

Lucius held up his hand to decline. “I am protected by my Lordship ring, it is not required.”

“Your Lordship ring will protect you from potions and spells, but it does not prevent bindings being laid. I would recommend checking anyway just to be sure.” The goblin responded.

Lucius consented and both he and Severus completed their tests, nothing was unexpected beyond Lucius having a power binding placed on him at 17, preventing him from accessing 25%. Severus on the other hand, had almost as many potions, spells, and bindings at Dominick and Remington combined. Dumbledore had obviously been controlling the man to an obscene level for so long without anyone noticing.

Soon, three goblins appeared to show them each to a ritual room. Dominick settled in for a long wait, knowing the three would be exhausted once the rituals were completed.

Once the three were ushered back in, Dominick turned to Matterhorn. “Has there been any further progress on our mission? Also, may we portkey from here?”

He watched the goblin extracted a paper packet from his desk, handing it over. “Good luck in your endeavours Mr. Black.”

Soon, the four were whirled away, back to Black Manor.

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“That bastard!” Remington stalked into the library, throwing himself down in a seat and scowling at nothing.

“You will all be going to Gringotts to be tested and checked for potions, bindings, and spells. Matterhorn granted me permission to create a portkey that will deposit you all into his office so you can complete the test and be cleansed. Don’t worry, I am paying for everything. It is important Dumbledore no longer has a hold over any of us and the Black Vaults are vast. I am not interested in hearing discussion over this.” Dominick stood at the front of the group, his expression hard. Everyone nodded, even the other Dominants weren’t arguing with him over this.
With a flick of his hand, the same scarf they had used to arrive at Black Manor appeared in his hand, casting the spell, he had everyone else grasp a hold before calling out ‘Gringotts’ to activate. They all disappeared, leaving Severus, Lucius, and Remi alone with Dominick.

“Remi, tomorrow, Draco will take you to Nott Manor, I believe he knows the way unless you would like to accompany them, Lucius?” He flumped down onto the couch next to Severus, immediately starting to comb his fingers through silky dark hair. The Potions Master tried to ignore him but soon sank into the motion.

Lucius inclined his head. “I would like to accompany Draco and Remington tomorrow.”

With a soft smile, Dominick couldn’t help but agree. They fell into a comfortable silence, knowing everyone else would be away for quite a while. There were at least ten of them that needed testing, more if the Alexeev’s decided to check just in case. Though, with them being based in Russia the likelihood of Dumbledore corrupting them was slim.

Dominick realised Severus had dozed off against his shoulder, looking around he could see Remington deep in thought, probably examining all his unlocked memories while Lucius had pulled out a book to read. Realising he still had the packet from the goblins, Dominick sank into the mental link with his Beta instead of speaking aloud and risking waking the submissive curled up in his lap.

“Lucius.”

The man jerked and looked up at him with a quirked eyebrow.

“The information from the goblins.” Dominick carefully extracted the papers and held them out for Lucius to take. Understanding lit his eyes when he saw Severus asleep, the cleansing had taken the most out of the dark-haired man and he needed his rest.

Lucius retreated back to his seat, beginning a review of the extensive paperwork. Dominick relaxed back until he realised he too was dozing, looking down at Severus, he gently levitated the man so that the Damonfeuer could cradle him in his arms before prodding Lucius mentally again.

“I am taking him to bed, we are going to take a nap, join us or send Draco up if you like. We can discuss tutoring when everyone returns, probably after dinner.”

The Kitsune simply nodded in acknowledgement, deeply immersed in the papers. Amused, Dominick wandered up to the bedroom, stripping both himself and his mate with a spell and sliding them both under the covers. He tucked the dark-haired man into his side and both drifted into a peaceful slumber.

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Remington barely noticed when Dominick and Severus left, eventually making his way to his room in a haze. Lost in his released memories, he stripped and crawled into his bed.

For the first time, he found the courage to reach out to his mate. Sinking into his link with Bellatrix, they were drawn into a dream world, a soft rolling meadow with wildflowers and a clear blue sky stretched endlessly around them.

“Hello?” The dark-haired woman in front of him was stunning. Long, thick, black hair framed a
square face, thin lips and dark grey eyes pierced him from creamy skin.

He couldn’t withhold a gasp as need washed over him. He couldn’t find the words, just stood mutely, drinking in the vision before him.

“Hello? Are you alright?” She paused, waiting for an answer, when none was forthcoming, she frowned. “What is this place? It’s almost like the dreamscape I used to share with my Dominant, but you’re not him.”

Remington shook his head. She frowned harder and paced forward. “Who are you? Your face is barely familiar. Something is wrong, my memories are hazy, slowly coming into focus. I am with mad people who seem to expect me to be mad too. But I’m not. This is all wrong. He’s missing, and I can’t remember…” She trailed off, frustrated.

Reaching out, Remington took her hand slowly, tentatively. While time passed differently in the pocket universe he had been hidden in and his bonds blocked, he had ached, knew something was missing.

“My name is Remington.” He began. When she didn’t pull away, he tangled their fingers together, his heart easing at the contact. “So much has been lost to me, but today I recovered some, I am still processing so please bear with me.”

The dark-haired woman nodded, eyes fixed on their tangled hand.

“We share the same Dominant. We have never met. Before I could find either of you, I was taken, given to an evil man who ran a brothel and our bonds were blocked.”

The woman’s eyes slid up to his own, boring into him.

“You are Bellatrix, I have been looking for you since I was rescued from the Brothel about one and a half months ago. Our Dominant is Roman Alexeev.” He saw her eyes widen, lighting up with recognition.

“Your bond was damaged, Dumbledore, for a reason we are yet to uncover, carried out rituals to separate the two of you, causing you both to go insane, implanting memories with the populous of you both doing horrible and evil things. I was removed to prevent your recovery. I was rescued by your son from the brothel, his friend was able to locate a ritual to restore your sanity and out bonds. For you, it seemed like it mostly worked.” He paused, squeezing his eyes shut as he felt the madness battering at the back of his mind.

“Unfortunately, Roman was not fixed with the ritual. Can you sense his madness?”

Bellatrix nodded mutely, waiting for him to finish.

“When I was taken, my memories were locked away, I forgot who I was, my family, my mates, everything. Today, today I found out that I am Remington Nott.”

His eyes snapped open when he felt fingers caress his cheek. “Nott,” She murmured, “I recognise that… Yes, there was a boy, taken, but not. No one could properly remember, there were fragments, missing pieces…” Bellatrix trailed off. “Our Dominant, who is he? Do I know him?”

Pain flashed across his face and he looked down. “Voldemort,” He whispered, “He goes by the name Voldemort now.”

Horror painted her face, “No, he couldn’t be…” Shaking her head she sank to her knees.
Dropping down beside her, Remington cautiously reached out to her, when she fell into his embrace, he wrapped her up tight, rocking her gently as she processed that her Dominant was completely insane. That he had willingly tortured her and others the previous day. Sobs soon wracked her frame, misery welling up within her and the pair cried together, mourning the damage to their Dominant.

Eventually, they calmed, Bellatrix sitting back to look at her fellow submissive.

“Where are you, how can I find you?”

She was surprised by his soft smile. “Home.” He replied.

“Home? My home? Black Manor?” He nodded at her queries. “How on earth are you at Black Manor?”

“Your son.” Remington replied softly.

“My what?”

“I thought you might have missed that part. Your son, rescued me from the brothel and has opened up the Manor. I am waiting here for you, when you are ready. Together, we can save our Dominant.” A soft light of hope infused his face.

She blinked, finally nodding in understanding. “It’s getting late, I will stay where I am for the night, pack my things and be there tomorrow.”

Reaching out, Remington squeezed her hand. “Tomorrow.” Was all he replied before fading from the connection.

He drifted off to sleep, revelling in the soft hum of one of his bonds.

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Dominick ran his hand down Draco's back, soothing the whining Kitsune. That morning, he had expanded the plug in him to the edge of comfort. Next, he turned the vibrate onto its lowest setting, a dull throb, and locked the remote in his bedside table. Finally, he cast a nifty little spell Lucius had shown him that prevented someone from coming.

It was now after dinner.

“You have been such a good boy, my beautiful pet.” All he got was a wrecked moan in response.

Draco had managed to get through today straight faced, but by dinner, the constant low-level pleasure was wearing down his resolve. Severus was reclined on the bed, Draco’s face pressed into his chest. Lucius was lying beside the pair, gently fondling the young blonde.

Dominick continued to soothingly rub his submissive back, slipping his other hand under to see how big the swell at his belly was. The Dämonfeuer moaned, the Kitsune must have come a lot during the day his belly was so distended with slick.

“Severus, Lucius, would you like to share in our little pet? I know he is aching to be filled. I want to fuck his mouth so you are welcome to destroy his ass.”
The two men groaned at the thought, they were so lucky to have their Dominant.

“But first, my treat.” He grinned wickedly at the other two, retrieving the remote to stop the pulsing and reduce the size. Draco whined, so far gone he was completely unaware of what was going on, all he knew was that he needed to come. His cock had been hard all day, leaking all over the inside of his pants.

Dominick tugged Draco back until he was kneeling at the end of the bed, arse hanging over.

“Severus, support him.”

He waited for the shuffling to stop before he pressed a hand to Draco’s distended belly, wrapping his other hand around the end of the plug. Giving it a tug, the whole thing slid out in one go, slick gushing free from the gaping hole.

The sweet liquid poured over the Dämonfeuer, coating his hair, face and chest, it cascaded down his torso, splattering over his thighs and swollen, red erection. He felt the slick trail down his back and along the crease of his arse. Moaning, he rubbed it into his skin, licking his lips and revelling in his submissives scent. He felt something shift in his mind, the smell wrapping around him and suddenly, he was filled with a desperate need.

Lucius and Severus peered at him as he stood, coated in so much slick he looked like he was painted in shimmering gold. Dominick stroked his cock, using the slick to ease the way.

The older men exchanged a surprised look before refocusing on the whining blonde between them. Quickly, Severus reclined again, tugging Draco on top of him while Lucius positioned himself behind his son. They waited for their Dominant, who knelt over Severus’ head, cock in Draco’s face.

Lucius helped Severus slip in to the gaping entrance of the blonde, sliding in next to him they held still, waiting as their Dominant pushed his rigid cock into the slack mouth. Nodding to Lucius, the blonde began thrusting, setting up an easy pace for all of them.

Draco was soon reduced to a crying mess, his entire body overwhelmed with pleasure. The scent of his own slick mixed with the musk of his Dominant overloading his senses. Gesturing with his hand, Dominick removed the spell and watched as Draco explosively came over Severus’ chest. The two moaned as the young Kitsune’s arsehole clenched around them.

The pace picked up, becoming rushed and frantic. Draco came again, and Lucius looked to his Dominant with pleading eyes.

“Come my loves.” With a cry, Severus and Lucius tipped over together.

Watching all his mates reduced to such a messy pile, he grasped Draco’s face, fucking into his mouth. The submissive was completely slack around him, hard cock driving deep into a wet warm mouth until he came down his throat with a shout.

The four collapsed in a sticky, slick pile. The press of wet naked bodies against Dominick's skin caused him to harden again.

“Who has energy left?” He asked roughly.

Lucius crawled over the pile of limbs, shoving Dominick onto his back and mounting him in one smooth movement. The Dämonfeuer gasped, gripping the blonde man's hips and roughly fucking up into him.
The pair set a brutal pace, fucking each other until they were screaming. A hand snuck out of the pile to stroke Lucius’ bouncing cock. They scratched and bit at each other, relishing in the pleasure pain they could only find together until they both came screaming, Lucius’ release splattering over his Dominants chest, mingling with the coating of slick.

Sliding off, Lucius dozed, but Dominick was getting hard again. With a groan the Dominant knelt up, eyes flicking between the two submissives. Grinning, he dipped his fingers into Draco's slowly closing hole, collecting a mix of come and slick. Pressing Severus’ knees up and out of the way, he began working the man open to soft moans and whimpers.

Once the dark-haired man was loose enough, Dominick gently pressed in, rocking slowly and steadily, allowing the pleasure to build in both of them. Slowly but surely, pleasure crested in the pair, crashing over them with a sigh. Laying down on his submissive, cock still deep inside, the pair kissed, tongues playing as the fluids coating the Dominant mixed with the merman’s release. Finally, he slid free, hoping that whatever had come over him was done.

The next moment he felt his cock twitch and awaken again. Sighing, he tugged Draco's hips up, the blonde half unconscious under him.

Not needing any preparation, he slid in, feeling muscles reflexively clamping down around his cock. Sighing, he began rocking in, intentionally missing his mate's prostate, knowing it would be battered and sore and completely overwhelming. Rolling, rocking, riding his mate, Dominick sought their combined release. When he was nearing completion, he reached down, roughly stroking Draco to bring him off quickly, catching as much of the come as he could before finding his own release in his submissive. Smearing the come over his chest, he felt his creature revel in the scent marking, covered in his mates he hoped and prayed it would be enough.

A strange sensation washed over him. He felt his hole relaxing, a tingling trickle down his thigh, indicating he was ready to be taken.

With a sigh, his instincts demanded what he had to do next. Crawling over to Lucius, Dominick sucked him to hardness. Mounting him, he tried to guide the cock to his entrance, fumbling as he tried to imitate what his submissives knew instinctively. Shifting again, the cockhead finally popped past the ring of muscle.

A groan tore itself from his throat as he sunk down until he was fully seated on his Beta's cock. This was unlike anything he had ever experienced. The fullness, the stretch. Something inside shifted and clicked into place and he sighed in relief, he felt his creature purr in contentment.

Slowly, he began rocking, easing into the motion, lifting up and dropping down. He relaxed into Lucius’ hands on his hips. Guiding him, showing him how to find pleasure and fulfilment in receiving.

The Kitsune eased him into release, pleasure rolling up his spine as his prostate was stimulated relentlessly. He came with a cry, white ropes splattering over their chests. Lucius’ seed filling him up.

Dominick was so lost to the exhaustion and haze of pleasure, he was barely aware of rubbing himself against Lucius, spreading their combined scents over his Beta until he finally passed out. Sleep dragging him under, he wouldn't wake for another 24 hours and when he did, something fundamental had shifted and settled inside him.

He had his family, knew his place. He was home.
The next morning, Dominick's submissives tried to wake him to no avail. Diagnostic charms revealed little beyond him being asleep. At a loss, Severus had Braiden cast a monitoring charm on the unconscious Dämonfeuer and they all agreed they wouldn't worry unless it went on for longer than a day. Privately, the submissives commented on how insatiable the man had been the night previous and speculated that he had simply exhausted himself. Something in Lucius assured him that his Dominant was perfectly alright.

Severus chivvied the students into their lessons, Draco making extensive notes so Dominick could catch up. In the afternoon, Lucius went with Draco and Remington to Nott manor.

Draco grasped Remington's hand, leading him to the front gate and pressing his palm against the wards. They pulsed, rippling before Remi took a step forward and the wards stretched around him. Tugging Draco and Lucius with him, they slid through and onto the drive.

Together, they strode up the wide gravel drive, fixated on the huge front doors of the hulking manor in front of them. Lucius caught a curtain flicker next to the front doors and the next moment they were flung open. Theodore Nott came striding out, wand up.

“I won't! I won't take the mark, you can't make me!” He cried, “I don't know how you got in, but you can leave without me. I am staying here, tell me when the war is over, and Potter has defeated the Dark Lord.” The youth stopped, panting, ten feet from them.

Draco stepped forward, hands up in a gesture of peace. “Theo, you know me. You know how I felt about the war. Give me a little time to explain. For the sake of our friendship.” His eyes were beseeching.

Theo still looked reluctant, wand not wavering. Exasperated, Draco ran through different scenarios to try and quickly convince his friend they weren’t there to take him to the Dark Lord.

Inspiration struck.

Spinning on his heel, he tugged his father into a passionate kiss. He felt surprise, then amusement ripple through the bond. Strong arms wrap around him, holding him close. For a moment, just a moment, the two allowed themselves to get lost.

A cough sounded to their side. Remington watched them break apart with amusement, eyes flicking to his brother, taking in his shocked expression.

Draco turned back to his friend, cheeks flushed. “Theo, please? Trust me?”

Nodding mutely, eyes impossibly wide, the young Nott heir turned and lead them back into the...
manor. Not wasting any time, he led them into the sitting room, calling a house elf to bring them tea.

Remington tuck himself into a chair, Draco and Lucius sitting on the couch while his little brother sat in the armchair opposite him. He couldn’t help but drink in the sight of his brother, his family. He thought he had none left, none by blood anyway. He could see the resemblance, could see what Draco had finally noticed the day before.

“Theo,” The young blonde began, “Do you remember, years ago, you told me how you had overheard your father talking about a missing son?”

Remington’s eyes were fixated, watching Theo still at Draco’s words, he nodded slowly.

“Will you listen to a rather wild tale? Save your questions to the end?” The blonde continued.

Another nod.

So Draco began, explaining how ‘Harry Potter’ had come into his creature inheritance on his birthday, how he had gone to the goblins and everything had begun unravelling. The web of lies created by Dumbledore collapsing. Harry’s real identity as the illegitimate child of Bellatrix LeStrange nee Black and Roman Alexeev. That he had been illegally adopted by the Potters.

The issues the Weasleys had had. Harry and Hermione going to the brothel pocket world to rescue Ginny. Them bringing back a horde of hangers on. How they had all retreated to Potter Manor. Finding new connections, stumbling onto Harry’s father’s family.

He watched Draco hesitate before admitting that Harry’s father was actually Lord Voldemort. Rushing on to explain that long ago Dumbledore had carried out a ritual, forcibly separating Bellatrix from Roman, sending them insane before stealing their third and final mate to send to the brothel pocket world.

Remington watched his brother’s eyes widen, disbelief warring with hope.

Draco paused, explaining how they had moved to Black Manor, that they were trying to bring Dumbledore down, to restore the sanity of Harry’s parents. He explained how Luna had seen that Theo and Blaise needed help, that it was time for them to reconnect. Draco apologised for falling off the face of the planet, commenting that being in the orbit of Harry Potter was like running from one crisis to another.

Remington watched as Draco reached out to his father, tangling their fingers together when he admitted that he, his father and Severus were all submissive mates to one Harry Potter.

Finally, the young blonde looked to Remington before turning back to Theo. He explained how they had picked up a submissive Dämonfeuer from the brothel, the submissive was the final mate to Bellatrix and Roman and had allowed them to carry out a ritual in order to begin restoring their sanity.

Draco went to his friend, kneeling and taking his hand. Explaining how they had waited for a response from Theo after sending the owl. The feeling he had that Theo was hiding behind the impenetrable wards of Nott Manor and how he knew only a Nott would get in. How he had remembered the story and finally, something in his mind had clicked into place. He finally knew where he recognised the submissive Dämonfeuer from. The resemblance between Theo and the man they had rescued was uncanny.

He explained how they went to the goblins, who carried out an inheritance test. The test confirmed it, they had found the lost Nott Heir, Remington Nott, who had been stolen so long ago.
“That is quite a story Draco.” Theo finally murmured. “I am not sure I believe it.”

Lucius smiled gently. “Theodore, I know it is unbelievable. I did not believe it myself to begin with either.” He reached up, unconsciously rubbing at the side of his neck. “We can provide whatever proof you require, or you can join us at Black Manor and there are those there who can confirm the story.”

Finally, finally, Remington’s brother looked at him, really looked at him and saw the truth. His eyes darted back to Draco who nodded with a smile, moving back to give his friend space.

“Are you…?” Theo choked, unable to complete the sentence.

“Hello, brother.” Remington murmured, standing, but not moving any closer, letting the younger man decide what to do next.

Theo lurched upright, pacing over to stare into the eyes of his brother. Noticing how similar their colouring was, the shape like the paintings of their mother. Reaching out tentatively, he grasped his older brothers’ shoulder before tugging him forward into a desperate embrace. They hugged, revelling in the knowledge of family being found.

Eventually they broke apart, the brothers eyes suspiciously bright.

“Alright Draco, let’s go to Black Manor. I’m in.”

The blonde grinned, moving over to the floo to lead them back to their home base.

****************************************************************

“Phobos,” Deimos tugged his brother back into bed, the twins had just disappeared into the shower to start their day. “You need to claim the twins. I know you are worried about losing control, but I can help. We can't draw this out any longer, they are as comfortable as possible.”

The Dominant slumped back onto the pillows. “I know brother, I'm just terrified I will lose myself to the rage when my creature feels I am not their first.”

The submissive reached out, massaging his brothers’ shoulders. “I know, but you know what happened. I must believe you have enough control. But I have an idea on how to make it work. Trust me?”

Staring deep into his brothers’ eyes, Phobos finally nodded. Kissing him tenderly, Deimos slipped from the bed and into the bathroom.

“Fred, George?”

“Yes Deimos?” They chorused back, and the sound of water cut off as the pair exited the shower. The dark haired submissive had to suppress a moan at their lithe wet bodies, he could do nothing about his rising arousal though.

Moving forward, he took one of their hands each, smiling reassuringly. “I know you both have felt the strain on the bond, Phobos needs to claim you. I know you are frightened, but I have a plan. Will you trust me to know what is best?”
He waited while the siren pair exchanged pensive looks. Their expressions firmed up and they turned back to him.

“We trust you.”

With another reassuring smile, he led them back to the bedroom, encouraging them to lie down side by side on the bed.

“Phobos, I need you to follow my lead; my sweet sirens, I just need you to relax and trust me.”

The pair grasped hands and smiled up at the dark-haired twins. “We trust you, we trust you both.”

Phobos’ smile lit up the room as Deimos summoned the jar of lubricant. Placing it between the red headed twins, he knelt between George's legs, encouraging his brother to do the same to Fred.

“First, the preparation.”

Trailing his hands up George's calves, he pushed his knees gently open until he was exposed. He watched Phobos copy the movement and Fred tangled his leg with Georges’.

Leaning forward, he began trailing kisses and touches up George's thighs, caressing the sensitive flesh. Reaching the rising cock, he licked a trail from root to tip before leisurely grasping the delectable rod. Wrapping his lips around the head, he began slowly sucking and tonguing the sensitive area before sliding his mouth down.

As he began sucking, Deimos dipped his fingers in the lubricant, nudging his brother to remind him to do the same. Making sure the digits were thoroughly coated, he swallowed around the cockhead to distract from the tip of one finger slipping inside. George bucked up into his mouth with a shout before bearing down.

Gradually, Deimos worked George open, sucking and tonging his cock all the while. Flicking his eyes around he was pleased to see George was losing himself to the pleasure and Phobos was as dutifully working Fred over in the same manner.

Once Deimos had worked his way up to four fingers, relentlessly nudging the sirens prostate all the while, he slid free to a whine of protest.

Phobos soon pulled off with a dirty pop. Conjuring a makeshift plug, Deimos fitted it to George, ensuring none of his hard work went to waste.

Pausing he sat back on his heels. “Do you trust me?” He asked the other three; they all nodded.

“Fred, I need you to sit up for a moment.” The red head compiled without complaint so that Deimos could slip in behind him. Tugging Fred to lie back against his chest, he nudged the other submissive hips up to slide a pillow underneath. Once Fred was comfortable and Deimos could see his brother over the sirens shoulder, he beckoned Phobos forward. Understanding lit the Dominants face and he shuffled into place, first pressing a kiss to his brother, then to his new submissive as he lined himself up and started easing in.

Deimos monitored the bond and as he saw the creature attributes taking over, he tugged on his brother’s hair, forcing Phobos to stare him in the eye. Sending waves of calm through the bond, Deimos watched his brother continue to press in until finally he was seated.

“That's it love, you can do this, the hardest part is over now. Now you just have to pleasure your submissive.” Deimos’ smirk was wicked.
Phobos began rocking gently, testing what worked best to pull moans from the red head while Deimos slid a hand around to tug on his neglected cock.

Nibbling along the exposed throat in front of him, Deimos watched his brother find his rhythm, reducing the siren between them to a moaning mess until finally he came, triggering his brothers orgasm deep inside the red head. The Dominant lunged forward, sinking his teeth deep into the exposed throat, causing the siren to trill loudly, biting back into the side of Phobos’ neck.

He wriggled out from under the siren as they licked the claiming marks, taking the pillow, to settle in the same position behind George who was looking much more relaxed. He could see his brother was still recovering from the claiming, Deimos couldn't help but have a little fun while they waited. Tugging the red heads knees up over his elbows, spreading George wide, as he wrapped one hand around the sirens cock. Nibbling at the ear lobe in front of him while his other hand grabbed the base of the plug.

A guttural moan tore itself from George's throat as he was pleased more than he had ever experienced before. They had been trained in how to give pleasure and been shown how to take being owned, but never had any of them known that sex could be loving and pleasurable. Soon the siren was lost to the haze until he felt the plug slide free, hole gaping wide and empty.

A little clarity crept in when a blunt cockhead pressed at his entrance but the stroking on his cock and tongue in his ear kept him distracted enough that he didn't notice as the cock of his Dominant slowly sank into him.

It wasn't until he felt the tongue in his ear retreat, sounds of a passionate kiss next to his head, that he realised what was happening. His Dominant was filling him up, taking him completely, without pain! Cautiously, he shifted his hips, rocking his body onto the cock, feeling it slide deeper with a moan.

Phobos groaned at the sensation as he rocked back, Deimos still spreading the submissive wide between the pair.

George was pinned, realising he was secretly loving it, he sank into his submission, allowing his Dominant to take and give what he wanted. Relishing in the love and care given by his fellow submissive below him.

Feeling a thumbnail press into the slit of his cock, he shoved down on the cock in his arse, coming with a loud cry at the unexpected pleasure pain. He felt his Dominant ruthlessly pound into his prostate, drawing out his orgasm until finally it faded into over sensitised nerves. The dark-haired pair worked his body like their favourite instrument, riding the edge of pain and pleasure in a way he never knew he would love as he babbled and begged, not knowing if he wanted them to stop or to keep going forever.

Suddenly, he was coming again. This time, it was enough to tip his Dominant over the edge with him. He felt Phobos lurch forward, sinking his teeth into the exposed column of pale skin and George felt the need to respond in kind. He was barely aware of Deimos wriggling out from under him, leaving the pair tonguing and kissing at the fresh claiming marks until they eventually drifted off to sleep.

Deimos shifted to curl around Fred who was dozing on the bed. Laving over the fresh claiming mark to ensure it was sealed, they cuddled in together, revelling in the bonds humming happily between them all as they also sank into Morpheus’ embrace. The only thing missing now was their fifth, the balance between them all.
Naughty submissives? Sorry, not sorry?

On a scale of 1 to 10, how pissed do you think the Dominants will be? How about punishments, any creative thoughts?

Draco led Theo and Remington into the Gentleman’s Lounge instead of the library to give them a little privacy. Before he left them to get to know each other, he turned to his friend, concern painting his face.

“Theo, have you heard from Blaise? He hasn’t responded to my owl."

The man frowned. “I spoke to him just before September First to tell him I wasn’t returning to Hogwarts. He said he was going back, that he would owl me as soon as he could, but I haven’t received anything.”

“Alright, thanks, I will sort something out. Get to know each other ok?”

With that, the blonde headed for the library, hoping he would stumble across one of his mates. Instead, he found Hermione reading by the fire.

“Hello.” He greeted gently, still a little unsure over his reception with the bushy haired witch.

She held up a finger, mouth moving rapidly as she read. A minute or two passed before she finally looked up, putting her finger down. A smile of gratitude lit her face.

“Thanks, I was just trying to finish my paragraph, I hate stopping in the middle. How did your trip to Nott manor go?”

“We got Theo, he is in the Gentleman’s Lounge with Remi getting to know each other. I’m worried about Blaise though. According to Theo, he had gone back to Hogwarts, so I should have gotten a reply to my owl by now.”

The young woman looked pensive, before her eyes lit up. “Have you seen Dominick’s school trunk around anywhere?”

“Yes,” The blonde hesitated, a little perplexed at the segue. “It’s in our bedroom.”

“Well then, lead the way!” She stood, not providing any explanation.

With a sigh, the blonde led the way to the master suite and to his Dominants trunk which was tucked into the bottom of his wardrobe.

He watched with consternation as Hermione knelt and tugged the trunk to herself, casting a minor *diffindo* on her thumb and smearing the blood over the locks. They clicked open and she immediately began rummaging, tossing out old sweaters, odd socks and wads of crumpled parchment.
“Ahah!” She cried finally in satisfaction, pulling out a large, heavily folded piece of parchment that looked like it had seen better days.

His bewilderment only grew as she roughly tossed everything back in the trunk before locking it and moved over to the small table and chairs by the fire. He moved to the seat next to her as she spread the parchment out and grinned at him.

“The secret to our success.” She winked as she tapped her wand to the parchment and stated, “I solemnly swear I am up to no good.”

[And at once, thin ink lines began to spread like a spider’s web from the point that Hermione’s wand had touched. They joined each other, they criss-crossed, they fanned into every corner of the parchment; then words began to blossom across the top, great, curly green words, that proclaimed: Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs Purveyors of Aids to Magical Mischief-Makers are proud to present THE MARAUDER’S MAP.

It was a map showing every detail of the Hogwarts castle and grounds. But the truly remarkable thing was the tiny ink dots moving around it, each labelled with a name in minuscule writing.] *lifted from Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban – JK Rowling*

“What?” He asked, his brain refusing to believe what he was seeing.

Hermione smirked, smugness radiating off her. “This is a map of Hogwarts, it shows everyone, where they are, what they are doing, every minute of every day” *Adapted from Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban – Warner Bros.*

Draco blinked a few times before… “This explains so much!” He exclaimed, and Hermione laughed.

“I knew you would appreciate it, anyway. The dungeons, the Slytherin common room is near the Potions Classroom yes?”

Draco nodded, watching as she began flipping through pages, lifting sections of parchment, until finally she found the Potions Classroom and began tracing the hallways until she found it.

“All right, Slytherin, the dorms, can you help?”

She nudged the parchment towards Draco who immediately hunched over, tracing his eyes over the lines and shapes, associating it with the spaces he was so familiar with, eventually finding the dorm he shared with his class mates.

“There!” He exclaimed. Blaise was alone in their dorm, most likely lying on his bed. “Why is he in the dorm at this time of day? He should be in class. What if he is hurt?!"

The brunette nodded, folding the map back up but keeping the Slytherin dorm to the front. “Now we need a plan.” She frowned over at Dominick who was still unconscious in bed. “Are there any secret Slytherin entrances to Hogwarts?”

Draco shook his head. “Not that I know of, perhaps Severus will know? He was the Head of House after all.” Pausing, he sunk into his mind, brushing over the link he shared with the Potions Master. “He’s brewing, shall we go see him?”

Hermione nodded, tucking the map in her pocket before leading the way to the laboratory.

Draco knocked on the laboratory door and waited for the curt ‘enter’ before stepping in. Severus was focused on the potion in front of him, dicing an ingredient while watching the colour shimmer over
“Severus?” Draco ventured.

“Yes?” Never one to mince words, he remained fixated on the potion.

“Blaise is at Hogwarts, we need to get him out of there. Do you know of any ways into Hogwarts?” Draco held his breath.

“Not the Whomping Willow.” Hermione cut in quickly, she did not want to repeat that experience.

Black eyes flickered over to the pair. “I thought you hadn’t heard from Mr. Zabini?”

“Well no, I haven’t but…” The blonde hesitated, looking to Hermione for guidance.

The brunette huffed, there was no point in hiding it. “The Marauders Map.”

The dark-haired man froze, after a few beats he cast a stasis charm on his potion before turning and facing the pair fully, expression stony.

“The what?”

Hermione sighed, pacing over to the work bench and spreading out the map. “The Marauders Map.” She repeated, watching a sneer curl the Potion Masters lip.

“Of course,” He responded bitterly.

She ignored his tone, there was little she could do about it. Gesturing to the dot that indicated Blaise she waited.

Draco, impatient, cut in. “So, do you know any ways we can get into Hogwarts?”

“That doesn’t involve the Whomping Willow.” Hermione repeated.

“Why do you keep saying that?!” The blonde couldn’t help exclaiming.

Severus snorted. “There is a path between the Shrieking Shak and the Whomping Willow. Miss Granger is aware of it because in her Third Year, we had an unfortunate encounter with a werewolf, a grim and a rat there.”

Draco’s jaw dropped, that was not what he was expecting.

“If you will recall, Dominick shared the story with us all, he just didn’t explicitly mention the Whomping Willow was over the entrance. It certainly spiced up the experience, wouldn’t you say Miss Granger?” Amusement glittered in black eyes. “Irrespective, I know of no other entrances.”

“Ah well, worth a shot, we will just have to use the one behind the one eyed old crone’s hump.” Hermione gathered up the parchment, tapping it and murmuring ‘mischief managed’ before either man can respond.

“The what?” Severus’ tone was flat.

Hermione blithely ignored him, turning instead to Draco. “Now, Dominick will probably kill us if just the two of us go without him, but his cloak can only stretch so far. I can get us in and out, can you convince Blaise to come with us quickly? How will we get into the Slytherin Common Room, it’s not like you will know the current password.”
Draco looked pensive, mulling over their options. “I don’t want to wait, I am worried about Blaise. If we go and get back before Dominick wakes, I can just beg his forgiveness, it’s easier than asking permission. I guess we could wait outside the common room for someone to open the door so we can sneak in?”

They heard Severus groan, turning to see the man pinching the bridge of his nose. “You will not reveal to Dominick that I helped you, and Draco you will bear your punishment without complaint. I will not aid in any healing you might require when Dom is through with you. The override password is ‘The greatest of Hogwarts four’ now get out.”

The man whirled back to the potion, ignoring the two youths as they left. Hermione led Draco back to Dominick’s trunk, opening it again and rummaging to find a pool of silvery fabric.

“Alright, wands, map and cloak, we are good to go. Let’s floo through to the Three Broomsticks. If anyone asks, we are going to Hogsmeade to check out Tomes and Scrolls.”

She strode off, invisibility cloak stuffed into her robe pocket. Draco caught up, baffled by the sudden turn of events. “Why do I get the feeling this isn’t the first time you have done something like this?”

“This?” Hermione snorted. “This is nothing.” She patted his shoulder as they entered the empty sitting room. “Welcome to the mad house.”

Tossing a handful of powder in the fire place, she called out for the Three Broomsticks and whirled away, Draco following soon after.

Once they left the pub, Hermione tugged him into an alleyway, tossing the cloak over the both of them. She quickly wrapped her arm around his waist, tucking herself under his arm.

“Is this really necessary?” Draco muttered, spitting out a mouthful of bushy hair.

“Yes, the cloak is designed to cover one adult. This is the only way to make sure nothing hangs out, so stick close and try to move in pace with me. We are going to Honeydukes.” She began tugging him out of the alley.

“Heissed. “But that is in the wrong direction!”

“It’s a secret entrance to the tunnel idiot. Now this cloak makes us invisible, not silent, so shut up!” She continued moving quietly towards the sweet shop, ducking in after someone opened the door and making her way to the back room. Easing the door open, the pair trekked down the stairs where Hermione got out from under the cloak and began feeling around the floorboards.

Draco held his tongue with mounting impatience, keeping an eye on the door to the shop. Finally, he heard a quiet ‘Ahah!’ from Hermione, turning back to see her climbing down into a hole in the floor. He scrambled after her, tugging the trapdoor shut behind him and passing the cloak back to Hermione.

They both quickly cast a Lumos and began making their way along the earthen tunnel. They lost track of how long they walked for until eventually, the path began to slope up. Pausing at the bottom of a set of earthen stairs, Hermione pulled out the map, reactivating it and scanning the pages.

“Alright, Blaise is still in his room, and… No one is nearby, though Peeves could make trouble, I can see him floating about at the top of the main stairs to this floor. Once we get out of the statue, we need to get back under the cloak quickly, just in case. We don’t want the portraits seeing us and reporting back to Dumbledore.” With that, the brunette traipsed up the stairs, easing the hump open and stepping out.
Once Draco joined her, she closed the hump and tossed the cloak over them, pulling out the map once more from her place under the blonde man’s arm.

“Still clear,” She whispered, “Lead the way to your common room.”

With that, Draco set off, keeping a tight hold to the witch, trepidation churning in his gut. Dominick would kill him if something went wrong. Oh, he was going to be in so much trouble for this! Intentionally putting himself in harm’s way without speaking with his Dominant first. Ignoring logic and reason to rush in, but something, a feeling deep in his gut, told him that he had to get Blaise out and soon. Strengthening his resolve, he accepted that he would be punished for his recklessness, but it would be worth it. His friend would be safe.

They reached the common room and Draco murmured the override password, slipping in and easing the door shut. The mood in the room was sombre, the few seniors that had returned clustered around the fire whispering to each other. The younger years were huddled together, seeking comfort. They saw black eyes, bruises and gashes on most of the students.

Draco froze, horrified. It had been bad before but this, this was awful. Dumbledore was clearly permitting the systematic abuse of the Slytherin students, and without Severus there to act as a deterrent and buffer, they were being destroyed. He felt Hermione tug him forward, heading towards the dormitories, shaking himself, he followed. This could not stand, he would not see his house, his family crushed.

They followed the familiar path to Draco’s dorm, slipping inside. Blaise sat up, face swollen and purple, crusted blood caking his cheek.

“Who is there?” He called, voice raspy.

Draco shrugged off the cloak, running to his friend. “Blaise! What have they done to you!!”

The dark-skinned boy stared at his friend in astonishment, jerking in alarm when Hermione slid the cloak off and tucked it into her pocket.

“Draco, we don’t have time. We can get healing for him at the Manor. Braiden will help.”

The blonde nodded, tugging his friend up. “Blaise, pack your things, you’re coming with us.”

The other boy shook his head. “I can’t leave Draco.”

“Why not?” Exasperated, Draco moved to his wardrobe, pulling out his trunk and beginning to dump things in.

“They will tear him apart.”

“Who Blaise?” Hermione cut in.

“Neville. Gryffindor have lost it, Dumbledore isn’t even pretending to rein them in and with Professor Snape gone, we are crumbling. Slytherin won’t survive much longer. But Neville, they found out we were mates and they have been beating him relentlessly. I don’t know where he is, but he is hiding somewhere in the castle. I can’t leave without him.” Blaise begged.

Hermione sighed, pulling out the map and spreading it over the bed, scanning the whole thing carefully.

“I know where Neville is, finish packing, the two of you will go into the crone to wait for me. I will
go fetch Neville and meet you there. Draco, we will need to apparate the two of them to the Manor. Floo won’t work this time.”

Relief washed over the dark boys’ face. “Thank you! I have no idea why you are doing this but thank you!”

The brunette witch snorted. “Someone had to keep this idiot from getting himself into too much trouble.” She jerked a thumb at Draco, who had his head stuck in the desk, checking it was empty.

“Hey!” He cried in indignation, Blaise just gaped.

Finally, they had tidied everything up, Blaise’s trunk shrunken and stored in his pocket. The three squeezed under the cloak after Hermione had checked their path to the crone, it was still clear. As they began making their way through the common room Draco stopped.

“I can’t let this stand.” He murmured before stepping out from under the cloak.

Gasps of shock rippled through the room.

“I am sorry you are having to suffer, brothers and sisters. I know it feels like you have been abandoned, but you are not alone. Severus is sorry he was not able to return this year to act as your protector and guide, but his duties required him to be elsewhere. We are working, striving to pull down those who keep us downtrodden. Find strength in each other, know that you are not forgotten, that different avenues are being explored to restore the balance.

He paused, looking around, seeing the pain and suffering of his house. “We will send aid when we can. Remember, Strength in Slytherin.”

He nodded, striding to the door before anyone could comment, Hermione and Blaise scrambling to catch up. As he stepped out the door, they slipped the cloak over his head, making it look like he had vanished before allowing the door to swing shut on its own.

Quickly, the trio made their way to the crone, Hermione whispering *Dissendium*, allowing the two Slytherins to slip into the tunnel.

“I will return, I am closing the hump, but stay close.” The pair nodded, retreating to the bottom of the steps and sitting down.

Crouching, she checked the map while huddled under the cloak before hurrying up to the seventh floor. Neville hadn’t shown up on the map and as far as she knew, only two areas didn’t show up; the Chamber of Secrets, which he couldn’t access, and the Room of Requirement. She tried not to hurry but the sense that time was running out was growing.

Finally, she reached the stretch of hallway on the seventh floor and began pacing, mentally begging the room to understand her need. ‘I want to help Neville let me in, I want to help Neville let me in, I want to help Neville let me in.’

She held her breath as a nondescript door appeared, throwing it open she stumbled into a small bedroom. Her friend and fellow Gryffindor was passed out on the bed. He was a mess, she couldn’t see an inch of him that wasn’t black and blue, caked blood traced over hard flesh. She pressed a hand to her mouth. They really had lost their minds.

She gently eased herself down onto the bed next to him. “Neville? Neville please wake up, we need to go.”
The man stirred slowly, one eye creaking open, the other was glued shut with blood.

“’Mione?” He rasped.

“Yes Neville, I am here to rescue you.” She smiled gently.

“Blaise!” He cried, jerking up.

“Shhh, calm down. Blaise told me about you, that’s how I knew to find you. He is waiting for you. Can you walk?”

He nodded, she helped ease him upright, tugging his arm over her shoulder and wrapping her arm around his waist. He hissed in pain, but there was little choice in the matter.

“I’m sorry Neville, I don’t have the time to get your things.”

“S’ok, all destroyed anyway.” He mumbled.

She yanked the cloak over them, checking the map one final time. Dumbledore was stirring from his office. They were out of time. Opening the door, she coaxed Neville out the door, trying to move him as quickly and quietly as she could. It still took an interminable amount of time to get to the statue and she could swear she could hear running feet in the distance.

Muttering the password, she resisted the urge to shove Neville down the stairs, waiting impatiently for him to ease himself down. Following, she yanked the door shut and began casting all of the locking spells she could think of. Time bought, she used her wand to begin carving runes onto the inside of the hump, chanting as she went, before cutting her thumb and smearing blood over it all. The runes flared and they could hear a thump from outside.

“We must hurry!” She gasped. “Draco, help Neville, you are the strongest right now.”

The blonde nodded, alarm washing over his face as he hoisted the injured Gryffindor up.

The four set off at a fair trot, *Lumos* lighting their way. Hermione pulled out the map, watching as Dumbledore, McGonagall and Flitwick clustered around the entry to the tunnel. She held her breath, trotting along when suddenly a bang reverberated down the tunnel.

“Run!” She cried. Spinning around she cast blasting jinxes at the ceiling and walls until there was a rumble and the tunnel caved in behind them. Panting, she ran to catch up with the others, finding them at the bottom of the stairs to Honeydukes.

“We don’t have time, hurry!” She practically shoved them up the stairs. Whirling around once in the storeroom to begin casting locking charms again. Repeating the runic locking process with more blood on the trapdoor.

Stuffing the map and cloak away, they abandoned subtlety and pushed their way into the shop. The shop assistant froze in surprise at four students barrelling out of the storeroom, two of them beaten to a pulp.

They raced out of the shop to shouts from the assistant.

“Draco, you take Neville, I have Blaise. Meet at the wards at the Manor.”

The blonde nodded, spinning on his heel and disapparating with a crack that was soon echoed by Hermione.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

As there have been no discussions during the fic about punishments between the members of different mateships, I have tried to walk a line between traditional 'punishment' between dominants and their submissives and what I think would be acceptable in this situation.

The next couple of chapters will deal mostly with the punishments of our wayward submissives, but I still manage to throw some smut in the next one ;) You will also soon get to find out the fifth in the twins mateship soon!!

Absolute sidebar to this whole thing, all of my work is unbeta'd, instead I have Grammarly installed on my browser, does wonders. If you write and don't have a beta, I seriously suggest getting it. it's free and does make a difference.

“Lucius.” Severus leaned in the doorway on his office. The blonde looked up, taking in the stony expression.

“Severus?” The Kitsune immediately got up and went to his mate. “What is wrong?”

The dark-haired man sighed. “Draco has left the manor with Miss Granger.”

“He… What?”

“Draco and Miss Granger came to me half an hour ago with a map and a plan to rescue Mr. Zabini from Hogwarts. They requested information regarding secret passages into the school, but I was unable to assist. They formulated a not entirely unreasonable plan but were stuck on how to access the Slytherin Common Room as neither knew the password.” The dark-haired man paused, guilt and shame twisting in his gut. He had done something wrong in a fit of exasperation.

“Severus.” The tone was hard, the blonde shifting back to create space between them.

“I gave them the override password and they left. I made Draco swear not to tell Dominick I had assisted him, but I cannot bear the guilt.”

The silence was heavy. “Draco knew he would displease our Dominant with this course of action and still continued on anyway?”

The dark-haired man nodded, eyes fixed on the ground. “He believed Blaise was running out of time. He wasn’t willing to wait for Dominick to wake.”

He felt the heavy sigh from Lucius. “Thank you for telling me. If they don’t return in a few hours, we will have to do something, but for now, it is best to allow their plan to play out. If we go in there wands up, we could make the situation worse. There is a fair chance they will be able to get in and out successfully; those Gryffindors have ridiculous luck.”

The blonde stalked back to his desk, conjuring a cushion next to his chair. “Sit. I will not punish you, but Dominick will be informed. If you require something, you will alert me but otherwise, you will
sit in silence and think about what you have done. You have risked your mate, allowing him to freely
go into danger with little regard to the consequences.”

The dark haired-man sank down onto the cushion, retreating into his mind.

The four teens stumbled into Black Manor, Hermione screaming for assistance. Neville was fading fast. Mikhail came running into the entryway, paling when he saw the condition of the two new comers.

“Alistair!” He screeched out loud and in his mind, running over to Neville and gathering the unconscious teen into his arms.

The Vampire appeared moments later, taking in the situation before removing Neville from his Dominant and fading back into the shadows, allowing the bond to tug him to Braiden. The wizard had taken over one of the studies, converting it into a medical bay.

Laying Neville down, he left Braiden already leaping into action. Sinking back into the shadows, he moved back to Mikhail and took Blaise from him, repeating the process, placing the dark-skinned man down on the bed next to his mate.

The stench of blood was thick in the air, so Alistair retreated once more, moving through the shadows to Mikhail. He had migrated to the library, the two teens with him clutching tumblers of whiskey.

“Perhaps we should call a family meeting, I can’t imagine you want to repeat your story more than once.” Mikhail frowned at the shaken pair before stalking out to the stairwell.

Casting a sonorous, he called “Family meeting. Everyone to the Library immediately, exempting those injured.”

Crashing doors and running feet greeted his pronouncement and soon, the household was flooding into the room.

Last to arrive were Lucius, who strode in, and Severus who trailed behind him. Spotting his son, Lucius plucked the whiskey from his hands, placing it down on the table before moving over to an empty wingback chair. Placing a cushion on either side of the chair, Severus sank down on one easily while Lucius glared at Draco. The young blonde swallowed heavily before moving and sinking down onto the cushion on the other side, head bowed.

Lucius folded himself into the chair, finally turning his attention to the bushy-haired woman still clutching her glass. “Explain.” His eyes were flinty, brooking no nonsense.

The brunette swallowed, fixing her eyes on her glass, missing the agitated stare of her Alpha. Huddling in on herself she began. Explaining how Draco had found her in the library after they had retrieved Theo. How Theo had told Draco that Blaise had gone back to Hogwarts and so the blonde was concerned at the lack of response from his friend.

Pulling out the map she laid it on the coffee table, hearing Remus inhaling heavily behind her and shrinking in on herself a little more. She explained the purpose of the map, how they had checked
and had located Blaise on it, but Draco was still worried.

They decided to fetch him from Hogwarts and had had the brilliant idea of asking Severus if he knew of any secret Slytherin passages into the school. The dark-haired man shrank back against the chair. How he had denied any knowledge but had provided them with the password override to get into the Slytherin common room and told them to get out.

They had retrieved the invisibility cloak from Dominick’s trunk, she tugged this from her pocket and laid it out also, before floo’ing to the Three Broomsticks. Hermione explained how she knew of a secret passage beneath Honeydukes and how she had guided them to it. Once they reached Hogwarts, she had checked the map again ensuring Blaise was still in the same place before heading down.

After they had collected Blaise, who had refused to leave if they did not also rescue his mate, Neville, Draco had paused in the common room. Severus whimpered at the news that his snakes were being beaten, that they had felt abandoned. She explained Draco’s inspirational words, promising aid.

When she admitted to leaving Draco and Blaise at the statue and venturing off on her own, a growl reverberated through the room and she barely suppressed a whimper at the audible rage of her Alpha.

She continued on, detailing how she had known Neville was in the Room of Requirement, how she had made her way there, collecting him and quickly making her way back down to the statue.

Hermione hesitated, finally admitting that Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Flitwick must have realised someone had gotten into the castle because they appeared on the outside of the statue once they had gotten in. She cast every locking charm she could to buy them time before urging the boys to run. When she heard the statue explode, she had caused a cave in to buy them more time, locking and warding the trapdoor at Honeydukes before escaping out the front and apparating to the manor.

Silence descended.

Lucius’ tone was icy when he finally spoke. “You apparated directly here from Hogsmeade?”

She nodded mutely, Draco hunched down on his cushion, he tried not to startle when he felt his fathers’ fingers tangle in his hair and pull taut.

“Do you realise, that Dumbledore is able to track apparition residue?”

Hermione whimpered and shook her head.

“I didn’t think so. Regardless, you have now given away our base of operations. The wards will hold as they are blood-based and a Black resides in this house. Unfortunately, Dominick will no longer be able to leave the Manor to ensure the wards will hold against whatever assault Dumbledore stages. Well done for giving away our advantage.”

Lucius cut his eyes to Remus, conveying that he expected the Alpha to take care of his wayward mate. Finally, the blonde stood.

“Myself and my mates will be retreating to our suite. We are not to be disturbed unless the situation is dire. Mikhail, if you require anything of me, send an elf and I will respond as soon as I am able.”

With that he strode out, the two submissives trailing behind him.

Entering their bedroom, the older Kitsune whirled on his two mates, fury painting his face. “Strip.” He commanded before pointing to the rug by the hearth. “Kneel.”
He stormed out of the room. The pair exchanged saddened looks before dutifully stripping off and moving to kneel on the soft rug, one on either side of the warm fireplace.

Time slipped by before the blonde returned, a large bundle of papers in hand. Stripping off his robes, leaving himself in trousers and a button-down, he sat down in the wingback chair by the fire. Tugging a side table over, he set up the papers beside him, conjuring a knee desk and placing a few pieces of parchment on it.

“I will be explaining to Dominick what you have done, and he will decide your punishment. Until he awakes you will remain naked and kneeling unless instructed otherwise. You will remain silent unless you require something. You will seek my permission before doing anything. You will address me as Sir until Dominick awakes. Am I clear?” His tone was icy with disappointment.

“Yes Sir,” The two submissives chorused.

“When was the last time either of you ate?”

“Breakfast.” Draco murmured.

“Lunch.” Was Severus’ reply.

Silence greeted their statements, the only sounds was the soft breathing of their Dominant on the bed, the crackling of the fire and the rustle of parchment and quill.

Both submissives allowed themselves to sink into their minds, finding a place of acceptance. They had behaved poorly, now it was a matter of waiting for their Dominant to resolve the situation.

Lucius forcibly put aside his frustration and hurt at the submissives behaviour. After last night he felt more confident and comfortable in his position as Beta, the coupling with his Dominant had been exquisite, nothing could have prepared him for being permitted to take Dominick. He would cherish the memory always.

Now though, the amazing sex had been tarnished. Their submissives had turned around the next day and intentionally behaved poorly, knowing their Dominant would be unhappy and would be forced to punish them. He was at a loss.

Setting an alarm for 6 pm, he refocused on his paperwork with a sigh. They were not having any success drumming up support for a case against Dumbledore. No one at the ministry would hear of it. Dominick’s inheritance test passed in front of him and he paused. No, it couldn’t be. Dumbledore wouldn’t. Surely not. But the more he pondered it, the more it made sense. The blind faith was unnerving, even from the most suspicious and untrusting of ministry workers. It only pointed to one thing.

He began contemplating the best way to counteract the obvious loyalty and obedience potions that the ministry had been dosed with. Surely there was a general purgative that could cleanse a large number of people. If he got it into the water supply…

The alarm on his wand went off and he blinked, glancing over at the two submissives who were still sitting by the fire, expressions slightly glazed they were so lost in thought. Setting aside his paperwork, he rose to check on the pair, pressing the back of his hand to exposed flesh briefly. They were a little cold, so he spelled the room warmer. They were being punished for poor behaviour, that definitely did not include privations or cold.

He went to the bathroom, once finished, he quietly called for Motsy.
“Master Lucius, how can Motsy help?”

“I require dinner for three, please. I would like whatever you have going for dinner tonight, the other two will need a few ham cheese sandwiches each with glasses of water.”

“Of course, I will bring it right up.” She disappeared with a pop, reappearing moments later with the tray.

Taking the tray, Lucius thanked her and moved over to the couch, setting the tray down on the table. Walking over to his son, he lightly touched his cheek, watching as grey eyes blinked slowly to refocus on him.

“Sir?”

Lucius smiled a little at his son remembering the rules. “Do you require anything?”

“The bathroom, and I am a little hungry.” The young blonde lowered his face.

“Come.” The older man reached out, helping his son up and guiding him to the bathroom. Contemplating not granting him privacy, he nudged his son into the room and eased the door mostly closed.

Moving back to Severus, he repeated the process, receiving the same tremulous greeting.

“Do you require anything?” He repeated.

“The bathroom, I will be hungry in a little while.”

“Once Draco has finished in the bathroom you may go, once finished, you will kneel at my side and wait for my attention. If you require something further, let me know.”

The dark-haired man nodded and settled back down to wait. Draco soon emerged, walking to Lucius who was already seated on the couch eating a hearty beef stew. He indicated a cushion on the ground at his feet and Draco folded himself down.

Lucius let the silence stretch, continuing to eat, making sure the submissive knew his place. Eventually, he reached out for one of the sandwiches, breaking off a bite and offering it to the young Kitsune.

He watched his son hesitate and quirked an eyebrow, waiting. Lucius watched as young shoulders tensed as he stared at the mouthful before he finally slumped and lent forward, gently taking the food in his mouth.

Severus returned, sitting quietly at Lucius’ other side, watching as Lucius would take a bite of his food, then offer a piece of sandwich to Draco. The process repeating until Draco sat back on his heels and looked away. He watched as Lucius contemplated the glass of water before taking it and offering it to his son. The older man’s elegant fingers spidered around the rim of the glass, making it clear it was acceptable for Draco to take, which he did. Gulping greedily.

Finally, Lucius turned to Severus, repeating the process, offering him a mouthful of sandwich for every mouthful of stew he took. Once the dark-haired man was full he copied the movements of Draco, receiving a glass of water for his compliance as Lucius finished off his dinner. Collecting their glasses, he stacked all the plates back on the tray.

“Take your cushions, you will stay by the fire but are not required to sit. Silence will be maintained
unless you require something. You are not permitted in bed tonight, nor are you permitted to sleep on
the furniture. You may make yourselves comfortable any other way you please.”

The pair acknowledged him with a soft ‘Yes Sir’ and moved to do as bid, creating for themselves a
little nest in front of the fire with cushions and blankets, curling up together and falling asleep. Lucius
returned to his paperwork, casting a spell to ensure that if they tried anything during the night, neither
would be able to find their release.

He began plotting out Lord lessons for his Dominant, filling out notes on everything he would need
to know, reviewing the time table Severus had provided the students and fitting in when the classes
would be. He needed to get Dominick up to speed and fast.
Alright! Fresh chapter for you all :) 

We have Hermione and Remus, with a bit of smut thrown in. It's a Het scene of course, so if it bothers you, skip it.

After the smut scene, we have the reveal of the fifth for the twins!

Violence warning? Dumbledore is going bonkers and he goes a little crazy with a flogger. It's not much and I don't really go into detail but hey, fair warning.

The whole chapter is rounded off with a lovely claiming scene for one of the mateships. Enjoy your smut!!

Remus stalked into their room, a miserable Hermione trailing after him.

“Do you regret this? I know I am older than you, I tried not to rush any decisions, but I get the feeling that you don’t actually want a relationship, don’t want to be my mate.” His wolf howled at the thought, but he pushed that aside.

The girl paled and shook her head. “No, Remus I-!”

“Well, I can’t come up with any other explanation.” He cut her off, not interested in excuses. “Not only did you completely disregard me, but you also disregarded your safety, I was right here, in the house, and instead of coming to me to discuss a plan like a responsible person, you went haring off with Draco, convinced you knew best.”

He sighed, “I know you were the responsible one when it was just you, Ron and Dominick, but it’s not anymore. I thought you were more mature than this Hermione. I thought we had a stronger bond than this.”

Remus turned away from her, disgusted. “You went to Hogwarts, Hogwarts! You know what Dumbledore has been doing and yet you still went there, without any backup, without any backup plans, without telling me where you were going. What if something went wrong? What if he had caught you like he almost did. What then?”

“Severus knew.” She whispered.

“Severus is not your Alpha!” He roared, rounding on the witch.

She flinched, staring at her feet. She knew there was no excuse, she had allowed herself to get caught up in the excitement of the chase, not considering the consequences and now Dumbledore knew where they were and Dominick, her brother, couldn’t leave the Manor. Sorry would not be enough for this.

“I don’t want to see you tonight. Sleep on the couch and we will talk in the morning. I am so disappointed in you Hermione.”
The witch nodded, retreating to the couch by the fire, tugging the blanket over herself and drifting off into a fitful sleep. The adrenaline had abandoned her system and now she was crashing hard.

Remus slumped onto the bed, his head in his hands. He couldn’t help but remember the first time he had claimed her.

-Flashback-

It had been another long day of dusty library tomes with no light at the end of the tunnel. They had been researching relentlessly, working on the ritual to restore the sanity of Dominick’s parents.

They had been sharing a bed for a week, but nothing had happened between the pair, instead, Remus was constantly reining in his wolf, preventing claiming the beautiful witch. She was so much younger than him and he could smell the innocence on her, so he refrained, allowing her to set the pace.

They were walking back to her room, discussing an interesting book she had found, he couldn’t even remember what he had said to trigger it, but one moment they were preparing for bed and the next, she had shoved him up against a wall and was snogging him senseless.

Gasping, Remus tore his mouth away. “Hermione? What…?”

“Merlin, I love your mind.” She pressed kisses along his jaw, trailing down to his throat and along his collarbone.

Pressing his hands to her shoulders, he nudged her back gently, creating just enough space so that he could think. He saw disappointment flash across her face as she turned away, thinking he was rejecting her.

Tightening his grip on her shoulders, he murmured her name, waiting until she looked at him properly. “I want you, I want this, but I also wanted to give you time and space to come to terms with it all. I need to know, are you sure you are ready?”

He watched as she sucked her plump pink bottom lip into her mouth, white teeth nibbling on it. Remus could see she had stopped to consider his question seriously, realising how important this moment was. Inhaling deeply, she nodded, much to his relief.

“Yes Remus, I’m ready.”

With a grin, he scooped her up into his arms, ignoring her squeak, and deposited her onto the bed. Stripping their clothing away, he shuffled her up the bed so he had room to kneel at her feet.

Trailing kisses along sensitive flesh, he couldn’t wait to bury his face in her slick center. Sliding his tongue along, he wasted no time in tasting her, caressing sensitive folds of flesh. Nose bumping against her clit causing her to moan and shiver.

He had held the wolf at bay too long and all too soon, the beast was clawing its way out. He devoured her, her cries and screams of pleasure ratcheting up a notch when he slid two spit-slicked fingers into her eager cavern. Fucking her with them, he tormented her clit, licking and nibbling until she clamped down on his fingers, her insides rippling in orgasm. She rode out the waves, fingers tangled in his hair and he continued tonguing and playing until she slumped, spent.

Kneeling up, he positioned himself over her. Now that she had come, she was a relaxed puddle of goo, making it easier for the next part.
“Hermione.” He brushed the backs of his fingers against her cheek. “Are you ready?”

She nodded muzzily in response. Swiping up some of her wetness, he fisted his cock before pressing the head against her entrance. Slowly, gently, he began to ease in. He scattered light soothing kisses over her face, murmuring reassurances to her.

At one point she cried out and squirmed, his touches soothing away the sting until finally, he was fully seated. Warm, rippling wetness clung to him and he thanked whatever deity was listening for werewolf stamina.

Slowly, he began to thrust, small at first but growing larger as she rocked into the movements, hips jerking to meet his. Soon, she was crying and moaning, begging for more, writhing under him, lost to the ecstasy.

Eventually, they crept towards their peaks. Remus reaching down to thumb her clit to bring her over first, the feeling of her walls clamping down around him enough to tip him the rest of the way. He came with a shout, filling her with his seed as he lurched forwards to sink his teeth into her shoulder, marking her as his mate. He felt her jerk in surprise before she shifted, biting down hard into his other shoulder. His hips continued to jerk and spasm until finally they both released and Remus slipped free.

-Flashback end-

Scrubbing his hands through his hair he stood, preparing for bed, mulling over the best punishment for his wayward mate. Sleep was long in coming.

****************************************************************

Silence descended in the library after Lucius, Draco, Severus, Remus, and Hermione had left.

Eventually, conversations started up, people gravitating together and chatting. Theo was at a bit of a loss, his friend had just left him in the library with people he barely knew. While he had had a good chat with Remington before the subsequent chaos, they had very little common ground, so Theo ended up lingering by the fireplace, simply observing everyone.

He couldn’t help but notice two sets of twins, all looking a little rumpled and a bit stiff in their movements. He recognised the Weasley twins from Hogwarts, but the other set was unfamiliar. Watching them, he felt something tug in his chest. Disconcerted, he focused elsewhere, scanning for someone who looked like they had some idea what they were doing.

He knew Blaise was in the house somewhere, he just had to convince someone to take him there. Going for broke, he decided to approach an older man sitting with Ronald Weasley. At least he was a familiar face in the crowd.

“Weasley.” He greeted, trying to not be entirely stiff about it.

“Nott.” The redhead inclined his head.

“Granger mentioned that Blaise was here somewhere. Do you know where he is? I would like to see him.”
The older man unfolded himself from the couch, extending his hand in greeting. “Mikhail Alexeev, Blaise and Neville are with my mate Braiden, I can take you there now.”

They shook hands and Theo was led out of the room, he couldn’t help but linger, glancing back to see the four twins staring fixedly at him. He supressed a shiver and ducked out, jogging to catch up with the older man.

He mulled over different things that he could say but drew a blank. His entire life had changed today, and he had no idea what to do. Apparently, he was now on the Harry Potter train of crazy and was simply along for the ride. He suppressed a sigh, resolving to try and go with the flow as much as possible.

He was ushered into an office the next floor up where a Healer was working over Blaise. Longbottom was asleep, coated from head to toe in different salves. He couldn’t help but wince at the small patches of bruising he could see under it all. Apparently, the Gryffindors had turned against one of their own in the worst way.

Blaise looked like he had copped his fair share, but nothing like the quiet Gryffindor. At least the other Slytherins would have helped Blaise while Longbottom was left to fend for himself against a hostile house.

Blaise’s eyes flickered to him as he entered. “Theo?” He rasped, struggling to sit before the Healer pushed him back down.

Moving towards the bed, he gently grasped Blaise’s hand.

“How did you get here?”

“I could ask you the same thing, but I just got to enjoy the whole tale from Granger. Draco came to me this morning, brought me here. Apparently, I have a brother now, he was locked away in a brothel on a pocket universe.”

Blaze just blinked looking lost.

Patting his hand, Theo tried to smile reassuringly. “We have joined the crazy train, it’s full of Gryffindors. I’m excited for the next crisis we get to face.” He smirked. “Anyway, I will come to see you tomorrow, you look like shit. Get some rest and follow the Healer’s orders you hear me?”

Blaze just blinked at him again. Huffing out a laugh, Theo gave his hand another squeeze before letting go and moving back out of the room. Looking around, he realised his guide had left.

With a sigh, he began wandering in what he hoped was the direction of the library. He rounded a corner and accidentally walked into one of the dark-haired twins.

“Oh! I’m so sorry!” The man exclaimed, he had long straight black hair and grey eyes, standing about the same height as Theo. The man’s hands came up, grasping his shoulders to prevent Theo from falling.

Theo regained his balance, stepping back hastily. That tugging in his chest had gotten worse when they touched and when the man looked into his eyes, something pressed against the back of his mind.

Reflexively throwing up extra walls in his occlumency shield, Theo plastered on a smile. “No
worries, I was just trying to find the library.”

When he tried to step around the man, he stepped into Theo’s path.

“My name is Deimos.” He greeted, “What’s yours?”

“Theodore Nott, but please call me Nott.” Theo couldn’t help but back up a step, the man, Deimos, kept encroaching on his space.

“Nott, why won’t you let me in?”

He felt the pressure again and looked up fearfully. “What do you mean?”

He had no idea what was going on. His father had died over a year ago now, so he had no one left, well he had Remington now, but when he had turned 17, there was no one around to help him. He remembered the change, the pain, remembered the weird wings and the tail. He worked to suppress it all, walling it all up in his mind along with the four spots in the back of his head.

Draco had been talking about weird things, creatures and what not yesterday but he hadn’t been able to make any sense of it. When he had spoken with Remington earlier, he hadn’t mentioned anything either.

“You know what I mean, why are you fighting us?” Deimos aimed for soothing, attempting to coax the terrified submissive to him.

Instead, Theo turned and ran. It was all too much. Blindly bolting through the house until he found a room at the end of a hall, discovering it was empty, he threw himself inside, locking the door behind him. Panting, he paced as nausea swirled in his gut. There was something wrong with him. Some kind of half blood freak.

Spinning on his heel, he ran to the bathroom, collapsing in front of the toilet just before he threw up. How did they know? What would they do if they found out he was some kind of abomination? His father had always talked about pure blood being the most important, but he clearly wasn’t pure. He was dirty, a creature of some kind. Sub-human.

He curled up on the floor of the bathroom, rocking himself until he fell into a fitful sleep.

****************************************************************

Dumbledore screamed in rage, throwing ornament after ornament at the walls. Someone had broken into his school and taken two students. After his race to the one-eyed old crone and down into the tunnel, he had called a school assembly, ordering the Heads of House to do a head count, find out if anyone new was missing.

Blaise Zabini and Neville Longbottom had both been taken.

While they weren’t key players, they had acted as an excellent focal point for the hatred between Gryffindor and Slytherin. He had spiked the drinks on the Gryffindor table with rage and hate potions keyed to the Slytherins in revenge for Severus abandoning his post. If the Potions Master insisted on leaving, his precious snakes would be punished in his absence.
He had revelled in the chaos, savoured stoking the embers of rivalry between the two houses into a roaring flame. The madness in his mind was quietened when chaos reigned around him.

The cave in in the tunnel had prevented him from moving forward to chase the wayward students. Instead, he had raced back to the surface, taking shortcuts to reach the edge of the wards before apparating to Hogsmeade. He had tried to figure out who it had been and where they had gone. Unfortunately, he wasn’t sure where the tunnel let out and there were so many layers of magic and apparition trails that he couldn’t place the signatures.

Exasperated, he had given up, heading back to Hogwarts, trying to assuage his rage with destruction. Turning, he took in the student in black and green cowering on the ground. He had no idea what his name was, only that he was a senior.

Flicking his wand, he removed the boys robes and shirt, leaving a large expanse of pale skin for his view. Moving behind his desk he retrieved a flogger. With another flick of his wand, the boy was yanked up and pressed against the stone wall, toes scrabbling on the floor, arms stretched out taut above him.

The madness in his mind could only be soothed by the screams of others. He felt knots loosen in his shoulders as he tested the flogger before settling into a steady rhythm. The spray of blood on his skin was delicious, the screams, cries and begging of the student a delight.

Yes, this was what he needed. Control and pain. Just like any good Dominant.

Alistair had to withhold a chuckle, after the Nott boy left, his little siren had dozed off, tucked against his side. Shifting, he cradled the submissive to his chest, quickly walking through the shadows to reach their rooms.

Laying Ronald down, he was surprised to feel the red head grip his hand. Half asleep the siren pulled him back onto the bed and on top of him. Alistair couldn’t resist, he had waited so long. They all had, knowing how sweet and scared their submissive had been of fully mating with them all.

They had allowed Ronald to set the pace of their explorations, sating their needs with each other until he was ready. Feeling the submissive arch under him, pressing his lean body close, the Vampire couldn’t help but respond.

Leaning down, he devoured the sirens mouth, pouring all his need and desire into the kiss, using all of his self-control not to strip the man and take him then and there.

They broke apart, panting and moaning, Ron’s erection pressed hard against Alistair’s hip.

“I’m ready.” He whispered, gazing up into reddened eyes with hope and hunger.

The Vampire couldn’t help but moan, nuzzling into the pale throat in front of him. He knew Mikhail had to go first as the Dominant so he sank into his mind, tugging viciously on their bond, knowing the Dämonfeuer would come running. He allowed arousal and desire to flood through the bonds, hoping Braiden would join them soon.

His duty done, he fixated on slowly stripping away the clothing on the submissive, exposing pale
creamy flesh to his mouth and tongue. The siren moaned so prettily, trills and warbles filling the gaps, driving his desire and hunger higher until he was lost in a haze of pleasure.

Moving down, he stripped trousers away, revealing a flushed cock nestled in red curls. Pressing his nose into the wiry thatch, he couldn’t resist laving the thick artery running up his mate’s thigh. Trailing his tongue over furred balls and along the shaft of his cock. Lost to the pleasure, he barely noticed their Dominant entering the room, taking in the sight of his Vampire mate slowly taking apart the submissive siren.

Fighting down jealousy, Mikhail stalked forward, stripping his clothes of before banishing what was left on his two mates. Pushing aside the Vampire, he crawled up to stare deeply into his submissives eyes.

“Are you ready my pet?”

Ron moaned, tugging his Dominant down for a kiss, letting his legs fall open and pressing up against the hard length of Mikhail.

“Yes.” He gasped. “Please.” He begged.

“You have made me wait, my pet, and while I respect that, my patience is thin.” Quickly casting a spell, the submissive was loosened and lubricated in a moment.

Ron gasped as Mikhail plunged three fingers into his entrance, ensuring the spell had worked sufficiently before replacing his fingers with his cock. Once the head popped past the ring of muscle, he paused, he knew this must be taken slowly, at least at first. So the Dämonfeuer began thrusting, tiny at first, easing out a little to push back in just a bit further until finally, he was fully seated inside. Hot silken walls clamping down around his cock testing his limits.

Panting, he waited for the siren to calm, to relax into the moment. He could see Alistair lying next to them, petting the red head, coaxing him to relax, scattering kisses over heated flesh, praising how well he was doing. Finally, he felt the muscles loosen a little. Shifting, he began rocking, sliding in and out, adjusting his angle until…

“Mik!” Ron screamed, arching up into him, nails clawing at his Dominants back.

Mikhail smirked, maintaining the angle, he began pounding away at the sirens prostate until suddenly he came, release splattering over their chests. Mikhail rode out the clenching spasming around his cock, relishing in the pleasure of his submissive. Trills layered around moans and cries of pleasure, driving him higher and higher until he tipped.

He exploded, filling Ron with his come, lurching forward, he sank his teeth into his submissives throat, feeling the submissive bite him back. Jerking and shuddering through his release he finally retracted, laving over the wound and slipping free, rolling to the side and watching as Alistair slid into his place.

With little to no preamble, the Vampire slid home, revelling at the sensation of being encased in his submissive. Kissing the red head passionately, he began rolling his hips, fucking into the siren. Capturing his knees, Alistair pressed them towards his mate’s chest, fucking into him deeper. Ron screamed in pleasure, overwhelmed by the new angle he came again, white ropes coating his chest.

Alistair smirked down at his mate, picking up his pace chasing the peak. Wrapping a hand around the red heads cock, he began coaxing it back to hardness, smashing repeatedly into his prostate. The siren began wailing with pleasure, as Alistair continued rolling into him relentlessly.
The pair raced to completion, Alistair came with a shout, falling forwards to bite deeply on the unmarked side of his throat. Pleasure coursed through Ron from the bite, tipping him over the edge again. Panting, the pair rocked together, Alistair savouring each sweet mouthful. His new mate tasted like honeysuckle and home. Sighing, he felt something deep inside untangle, unwind, untense. They were whole, finished, bonds humming happily.

Tipping to the side, he saw Braiden finally enter, take in the scene and rapidly strip off, joy warring with relief and eagerness. Alistair rolled into Mikhail who had been lying, watching. Climbing on top of his Dominant, Alistair nuzzled into his throat, pausing to seek permission.

He felt a hand slip up his back, tangling in his hair and pressing his mouth down. Moaning, he sank his teeth into the Dämonfeuer and drank freely. Listening to the sounds of Braiden and Ron coupling. Slowly he relaxed into the moment, the sounds of passion next to him, the loving caress of his mate, the taste of blood over his tongue.

Finally, he knew home.
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Things are not good, not good for Remington, not good for Dominick/Harry and his mateship, things are certainly not good for Hermione.

Warning, Suicidal thoughts, discussion of punishments, very brief depiction of physical punishment

Sorry guys, no smut in this one, it's all plotty!!

Remington was curled up in a chair in the corner of the library, staring out the window. With the excitement of collecting Theo and getting to meet his brother, he had almost forgotten Bellatrix was supposed to be arriving today. It was getting on in the afternoon now and the small flame of hope was guttering out.

He was tainted, used goods, he knew that his mates wouldn’t want someone like him. He had been taken from his own time, kept isolated and used by so many. His heart ached with the knowledge that he would forever be alone and unwanted.

Once Dominick had his parents back, he wouldn’t be needed anymore. Once Theo found his mates, he wouldn’t be needed anymore. Roman and Bellatrix would have each other. They had each other before he came along and they would be fine without him once they had their minds back.

He wasn’t even sure why he was bothering, he had done everything he could to get Dominick his parents back, his purpose was complete. His life had been filled with so much pain, so much loneliness, and loathing…

Maybe he just wanted it to end.

He sighed, pressing his face into the leather, closing his eyes he sunk into his mind. He didn’t touch his bond with Bellatrix, the knowledge that she was abandoning him before meeting him in person hurt too much. He turned to his link with Roman. Perhaps, perhaps he could help somehow, he wasn’t worth much, but he was willing to give whatever he had to save his Dominant.

Bracing himself he pushed forward into the swirling insanity that was Roman. The dreamscape was chaotic, flashes of black and white, bleeding red around the edges. A swirling vortex of clouds, rain, and lightning filled the sky. A man hunched against himself on the ground, rocking slowly.

He cautiously approached. “Roman?” The figure didn’t respond. “Tom?” He flinched but didn’t look up. Remington hesitated. “My Lord?”

The figure finally looked up. “Who are you?” He rasped.

Remington knelt in front of the man. “My name is Remington. There are a lot of people looking for you.” He paused. “I have been looking for you.”

“Looking, looking, always looking. No one can find me, where am I? Lost, so lost. Wild hair, dark hair, screams, so many screams. The pain, the pain fills the hole. He tore it away, tore it all away, so
empty. Lost, lost… lost….” He trailed off, eyes glazed.

Remington felt his heart sink. Reaching out, he touched the other man, who froze, staring at him wide eyed. Encouraged, Remi shuffled forward, tilting the man’s face up, some crazy fairy tale idea possessing him. Slowly, he pressed their lips together. Waiting.

For a moment, one shining moment, the storm paused. Remington thought he had done it, but then.

“No!” Roman shrieked, shoving his submissive away.

Remington didn’t pause, didn’t wait for more madness to come pouring in. He now knew, he was a failure. Fleeing the connection, he slammed back into his own body.

Rising from his seat, he calmly made his way to his room. On the inside, he was screaming, crying, battering at the walls.

Once in his room, he stripped off, walking into the shower, he turned it on scalding hot and slumped to the ground, letting the water wash away his tears. Unfortunately, it would never wash away the taint.

********************************************************************************

Dominick awoke gradually, feeling more alive and refreshed than he had felt in a long time. He stretched, feeling a body pressed to his side but no others. A little perplexed, he finally opened his eyes to see grey staring back at him.

“Good morning Dominick.” Lucius’ voice was husky with sleep.

“Morning Lucius. We seem to be missing a few appendages.” He grinned, remembering the crazy lovemaking they had done the night before.

Something dark flittered over Lucius’ face and Dominick frowned.

“After your athletics, you slept for twenty-four hours Dominick.”

The Dämonfeuer blinked, “I’ve been asleep for a whole day?”

“Yes, unfortunately, there has been an incident.” The blonde continued.

Lurching upright Dominick frantically looked around. “Draco, Severus! Where are they? Are they ok?!”

Lucius pressed a hand to his chest. “Calm. They are fine. They have been… disobedient.”

Dominick slumped back onto the bed, frowning at the other man. “Disobedient. I don’t understand Lucius.”

The blonde sighed. “Yesterday, I went with Draco and Remington to retrieve Theo as agreed.” The dark-haired man nodded, impatient.

“Afterwards, Draco was concerned about Blaise. Apparently, Theo confirmed Blaise was returning to Hogwarts and as such, Draco became convinced he was in imminent danger. He went to Miss
Granger.” Dominick’s eyes widened in surprise, but he did not interrupt.

“Miss Granger went to your trunk and retrieved a curious map.” Dominick paled, lurching out of bed and racing to his trunk. Tugging it out he rifled through it, finding the map and his cloak missing.

Horror painted his face as he returned to the bed. “Please, continue.”

“They confirmed that Blaise was at the school, but this was insufficient to ease Draco’s mind. They went to Severus, hoping he might be able to give them a secret entrance to the school that would take them into Slytherin territories. Severus could not help them. Instead, he provided them with the Head of House override password for the Slytherin commons then told them to leave as he was in the middle of brewing.”

Dominick looked sick as the story continued.

“Draco and Hermione retrieved your cloak and left, floo’ing to the Three Broomsticks, going down through Honeydukes and into Hogwarts. They successfully rescued Blaise, who was injured. Hermione also retrieved a barely conscious Neville Longbottom who had been beaten to within an inch of his life, apparently by Gryffindors if Blaise is to be believed. As they were leaving, Dumbledore noticed their presence and went after them.”

The dark-haired man went white.

“She locked the entrance to the tunnel before they ran, delaying Dumbledore, but he broke through, so Hermione caused a cave in in the tunnel and locked the trapdoor at the other end. They ran through Honeydukes, were seen by the shop assistant before apparating directly to Black Manor.”

The Dämonfeuer ran his fingers through his hair. Processing, emotions washed over him. Anger, hurt, frustration, devastation. His submissives hadn’t trusted him, hadn’t trusted their Beta.

“Severus did come to me after he finished his potion, half an hour after Draco had left him to inform me of what had happened.”

Pain lanced through Dominick’s chest and he saw it reflected in the grey eyes staring at him. Casting his eyes around, he realised he needed a moment to process. Tugging Lucius down, he yanked the blankets over their heads, covering them in darkness. He wrapped himself around the other man, nuzzling into soft blonde hair, allowing their intermingled scents to soothe his wounded heart. They took a moment together, filled with soft touches and gentle caresses, revelling in the growing love they shared.

Eventually, they sighed, tugging the covers back but remaining tangled together.

“What did you do?” Dominick asked lightly. He knew that Lucius would not have let such behaviour stand unpunished but would not have gone very far with him unconscious.

The blonde sighed, curling up tighter against his Dominant. “When Severus owned up, I had him kneel at my feet, silent, all day. Once the troublesome four returned, I met with everyone in the library where Draco joined him at my feet as Miss Granger told the story. I have to tell you, Remus was not happy with her, not that I blame him.”

“Once she had finished her story, I advised everyone we were retreating to our rooms and were not the be disturbed. I had them strip and kneel by the fire while I worked. I hand fed them and told them they were not permitted on the furniture but allowed them to get comfortable and go to sleep in front of the fire.” He gestured towards the fireplace where a mass of blankets could be seen.
“You did well, my love. I couldn’t have asked for more.” Dominick pressed a tender kiss to his lips.

Lucius felt something in him loosen. He knew he had done the right thing, but hearing it was wonderful.

“What will you do?” He queried.

“I am open to your input of course, but I was thinking of a spanking, something immediate. And then taking something away from them for a period of time. To make sure the lesson sticks.”

“I believe Severus’ punishment should be lesser. Perhaps you should revoke his brewing privileges?”

Dominick hummed in agreement. “What about Draco, perhaps orgasm denial? He is a bit of a slut for it and I would hate for anything to interfere with his studies. He will of course, remain available to service us.”

Lucius nodded. “I agree, it is a good compromise.”

Silence descended over the pair, just existing in their moment again.

“Lucius?”

“Yes Dom?”

“Will you be my proxy in the Wizengamot? I do not have the time to manage my votes until after I get my NEWT’s, I trust you to do what is best and it will give you additional leverage, which we desperately need.”

“Thank you for your trust. I will not abuse it.” Was the simple reply.

With a sigh, Dominick eased himself out of bed, encouraging Lucius with him. “Time to get to it I guess.”

The pair moved towards their wayward submissives, bracing themselves for a hard conversation.

****************************************************************

Awareness crashed into Remus. He was alone in bed. Alarm spiked through him until he remembered, and pain lanced through his heart. Sighing, he rolled out of bed, spotting his mate curled up on the couch.

Roughly, he shook her awake, she sat up blinking.

“Your punishment for your disobedience and disregard for your own life and my concerns.”

She nodded, remaining silent.

“You will spend your free time researching the different ways you could break our bond; find out what the repercussions are. You will prepare an essay detailing it all. You will not go off on tangents as you are so prone to do. You will focus and provide me with a concise document detailing how you could tear us apart. You will understand what you have done to me. Until the essay is done, I don’t want to see you, speak to you, nothing. Exempting of course in class where you will refer to
me as Sir and nothing else.”

He sighed, the weight settling heavily on his shoulders. “I am going to breakfast now. Take some of your things and find a spare bedroom to sleep in until your punishment is done.”

After breakfast, Lucius left Dominick to deal with their submissives, instead going to the office he shared with Mikhail. They were working closely together to prepare the court case against Dumbledore but had been stymied by the lack of response from those at the Ministry and the Wizengamot.

Mikhail eventually joined him, looking much more relaxed and calm than he had ever before.

“A thought occurred to me last night when I was reviewing some of the papers. What if the controls and potions Dumbledore used were more extensive than we originally anticipated? What if he has controlled most people with low level obedience and loyalty potions?”

The Däomonfeuer blinked, considering the possibility. “We would never be able to convince that many people to take inheritance tests to gather the proof.”

“Well no, but I don’t believe we need the additional support for the case. What we need is people to be receptive to the possibility of Dumbledore being a conniving bastard.”

Mikhail mulled it over, nodding. “We would have to slip a purgative into the ministry’s water supply, hope to catch enough people.”

“Precisely what I was thinking. Do you or Braiden know of any general-purpose purgative potions?”

“I do not, one moment and I will ask Braiden.”

Lucius turned back to his papers as Mikhail’s eyes slid closed. The Däomonfeuer sank into his connection with Braiden, giving it a gentle nudge.

“Yes love?” Came the response.

“Brai, are there any potions that can be slipped into a water supply to purge control potions from people’s system?”

“Of course. They are quite simple to brew, but you will need a lot if you are dealing with a large quantity of people. I can provide you with the recipe.”

Mikhail opened his eyes and refocused on the blonde. “There is a potion, Braiden will give us the recipe. He said it is quite simple to brew so perhaps we can have the students brew it. We will need large quantities for it to be effective.”

Lucius hummed in thought. “Perhaps, there is no rush on this is there? We still have to collect everyone’s memories yes?”

The Däomonfeuer nodded, watching, perplexed as the blonde rose and stepped out of the room. Striding towards the master suite, Lucius let himself in to the sound of his sons cries of pain.
Glancing around, he could see Severus was gingerly kneeling by the fire, naked, tears staining his cheeks. Draco was stretched over Dominick’s knees, bottom cherry red as he wailed.

Lucius stopped within Dominick’s line of sight and waited for him to pause. Draco counted Nineteen and Twenty swats as Lucius stood there.

“Lucius?” Dominick finally looked up, taking his hands away from the blonde in his lap to resist the urge to soothe the sore skin.

“Dominick, I have been discussing something with Mikhail. We believe that Dumbledore has poisoned the ministry for obedience and loyalty. As such, we intend to slip a purgative potion into the water supply. Mikhail asked Braiden who said he knows of a simple potion that will suffice in large quantities.”

The Dämonfeuer inclined his head in acknowledgement but didn’t respond.

“Have you advised Severus of his full punishment?”

“Yes, he will not be brewing for a week, as we discussed this morning.”

“We have a little time to play with before we must purge the ministry. I propose we have Severus brew the simple potion in the required quantities once the week has passed before he is permitted to resume his normal brewing.”

A whimper could be heard from the fireplace. It would be mind numbing and tedious. After a week of no brewing he would be desperate to sink his teeth into something fun, instead he would have to spend days brewing a second-year purgative before being permitted to brew what he wanted.

Dominick grinned. “An excellent suggestion Lucius.” He beckoned the blonde forward, granting him a passionate kiss. “Is that all?”

“Yes, I will take my leave now.” With that Lucius turned and strode out, returning to Mikhail.

Sitting down behind his desk, the blonde smiled. “Severus will not be brewing this week, but once the week is up, he will brew all of the potion we require to cleanse the ministry.”

Mikhail blinked, supressing amusement at the creative punishment, looking down at the papers in front of him he considered what else they had left to do. They had all of the inheritance tests showing the controls placed on most of those in the house. They had the financial statements from the goblins.

“We need to set up a schedule to have everyone come and submit their memories.”

“Yes of course. Where should we begin?”
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

Not an overly happy chapter, but really *someone* had to struggle with their creature status, not everyone can think it's awesome.

Warning for attempted suicide, nothing gory, but you know, depression, etc

He was cold, lying on something hard, and the light was harsh against his closed eyelids. Rolling over, Theo groaned.

Then he remembered, going to see Blaise, bumping into one of those dark-haired twins, Deimos he said his name was.

The feeling of pressure in the back of his mind, running, hiding in the bathroom. Sighing, he rolled up, hugging his knees to his chest and pressing his forehead to them. The tightness created by the position made him feel safe, secure. Theo closed his eyes, sinking into his mind, just looking at the four holes in the back of his mind. He could feel concern leaking out of them all, but he refused to touch them.

Shivering, he hugged himself tighter, wishing he wasn’t a freak, wishing he had a home.

“Theo?” A quiet voice called from the door. He didn’t recognise it so didn’t respond.

“Theo, I know you are in there. It’s Fred Weasley, will you let me in?”

He hesitated, the Weasley Twins were notorious at Hogwarts and while they were consummate pranksters, they had never been malicious, equally pranking their house as well as the others.

“It’s open.” He rasped finally.

The door creaked open and the redhead shuffled in, quickly closing the door behind him. Finally, he paused, taking in Theo tucked in the corner, hugging himself into as small a ball as possible. Eyes traced over the exposed skin that was white with cold and goose-pimpled.

With a huff, Fred looked around, spotting a cupboard in another corner and yanking it open. He dragged out a bunch of fluffy white towels and made his way to Theo. Without asking or pausing, Theo was soon swaddled in fluffy whiteness and some feeling began to return to his extremities. Falling asleep in a bathroom was not one of his best ideas.

Theo watched as Fred made himself comfortable with more towels nearby, just at the edge of touching distance. The redhead scrubbed a hand over his face and through his hair.

“So, you met Deimos, and it didn’t go well.” Fred said out of the blue.

Theo blinked and nodded slowly.

“He seemed a little bewildered to be honest. Not sure what happened, I’m hoping we can figure it out?”
Theo went rigid. Shit. Fred was going to find out, they would all find out. Wildly, he began looking for exits, not even aware that Fred had shifted closer until he felt a hand gently touch his arm. Theo flinched away, tucking himself further into the corner.

Fred sighed. “I’m not sure what the problem is Theo. I want to help you. Will you please let me?” The redheads' expression was open and beseeching.

Theo paused. Perhaps Fred could help keep Deimos away?

“He asked me to let him in, but I don’t know what he meant.” He eventually rasped. “Will you keep him away from me? I don’t like him.”

“Of course.” Fred agreed with a frown. “Nothing without your consent. Always.”

Relief washed over him, perhaps he could keep his secret a little longer. He watched Fred, who seemed to be thinking furiously.

“Theo,” The other man hesitated, obviously mulling over how to say something. “Please don’t take this the wrong way, but did something happen on your birthday? Something you hadn’t expected?”

He could only squeeze his eyes shut, shrinking back into the corner and shaking his head in rough jerky motions. He heard Fred sigh again and curse. Somehow, Fred knew, knew that there was something wrong with him, that he was an abomination.

Eventually, Fred spoke again. “In most pureblood lines, somewhere along the way, someone fell in love with a creature and bread with them. Now, their spawn was rarely a true creature, instead, they inherited traits, traits that normally don’t manifest until they come of age. In most pureblood families, you can find a particular creature trait that is more common.”

Theo’s eyes cracked open, he peered at Fred suspiciously.

“For example, the Weasley line heavily favours Sirens.” The red head closed his eyes and Theo’s widened as he watched Fred change. He watched swirls of sky blue, purple, and seafoam green trace over the man’s cheeks and down his neck. When he opened his eyes, they were the deepest shade of ocean blue.

“From what I have seen, the Alexeev line favours Dämonfeuer’s, and possibly…” Here, he hesitated again, “Possibly the Nott line does too.”

Theo’s eyes widened. “What?”

“Did no one explain to you about creature inheritances?”

Theo shook his head. He knew, of course, in an abstract way, that creatures in the lines had happened, but had never believed that it would be him of all people.

Fred stood, holding out his hand. “Will you give me a chance?”

Theo stared at the hand, before looking up, tracing the lines and swirls over the red heads face before finally, taking the hand and allowing himself to be hoisted up.

Fred tangled their fingers together, leading him out of the room, and Theo couldn’t bring himself to pull away.

Eventually, they wandered into the library, people were scattered all about the place.
“Does anyone know where Mikhail is? Actually, who is willing to pull out their creature for a minute, I just need to prove something.” Fred tightened his grip on Theo.

Everyone blinked and looked up. Lucius, Lupin, Mikhail, Braiden and Alistair were all sitting with Ronald. George was with the two dark haired twins who also stood and made their way over, but Fred threw them a sharp look and they stopped a little distance from the pair. Granger was writing furiously on some parchment, books scattered around her, but at Fred’s request, she stood and moved into an empty space.

“Bit of an odd request Fred, but alright.” Ron commented and soon he was showing similar markings to his older brother.

Next, Lucius shrugged off his robes and loosened his trousers, Soft furred ears extending, and a triple foxtail appearing from his back. Alistair allowed his expression to darken, fangs extending, and eyes gleaming red. George had exactly the same markings but mirrored to his twin. The two dark haired twins grew scales in cream and black, split tongue flicking out and claws flexing at their fingertips.

He watched Granger suddenly burst into flame. While Lupin’s eyes turned gold, the man yawned, showing off sharpened teeth, claws raking through his hair carelessly.

Mikhail stepped up, shrugging off his robes and shirt before black and blue leathery wings snapped out and a long tail thumped on the ground.

Theo couldn’t help flinching, his jaw dropping open. “Wait, what…?”

“He is a Dämonfeuer Theo.” Fred murmured. “Are you like him?”

Theo shrugged, sort of but not really, he couldn’t help but think. The one thought that kept reverberating though, was that he was not alone. Sighing, he relaxed, mirroring Mikhail’s actions before allowing his creature to take over.

Pure white wings snapped out, a long white tail with a barb on the end broke free, scales decorating exposed skin. Theo hesitated to open his eyes, still afraid of the revulsion from those around him.

He felt Fred squeeze his hand and finally looked at him. The red head was wearing a soft smile.

“You are magnificent Theo, do not be ashamed.”

Theo flushed, completely missing the hungry looks George and the other two twins were sending his way.

“My, Mikhail called, retracting his creature. “Would you like to come sit with me after lunch? I can explain a little for you?”

Nodding, Theo squeezed Fred’s hand in gratitude before retracting his creature, the process was slow and painful, but he got there.

He was not alone.

****************************************************************

Eventually, everyone made their way to lunch. Neville was left in the medical bay under a
monitoring charm. Braiden had given him a sleeping potion so that he wouldn’t have to be conscious as his injuries healed. Severus, Draco and Hermione were very subdued as they picked at their food. Remington didn’t show up, but Dominick figured he was probably busy and would chase him down later to check on him.

Dominick felt a firm yank on the wards followed by a ripple of homecoming that had him standing abruptly, eyes trained on the doors to the dining room.

Everyone stopped, watching to see what had disturbed him so.

The doors smacked open and a woman filled the gap. She was rather tall, beautiful, with long, thick, shining black hair. She had thin lips, dark, heavy-lidded eyes, and a strong jaw.

Her eyes wildly tracked around the room before focusing on Dominick who was still standing at the head of the table.

“Where is he?” She demanded.

“Who?” Dominick replied, not even bothering with other questions, they could keep for later.

“Remington! The bond, something is wrong, he’s fading. Help me!” She cried at last.

“Motsy!” Dominick called. When the little house elf appeared, he cut off her usual greeting. “Take us to Remington.”

The little elf grasped his hand, reaching out to take Bellatrix’s and they disappeared with a soft pop. Moments later, they re-appeared in a bathroom. The shower was running, but there was no steam, the water had gone cold. The pair exchanged a look before venturing further.

Stepping around a clawfoot tub, they could see a figure slumped on the ground. Streams of red twirled away down the drain. They could see gouges littering his arms and legs, tearing across his torso and across his face.

Bellatrix dropped to her knees, checking for a pulse. “It’s weak but there, he is so cold, must have been here for a long time.”

Dominick waved his hand, turning the water off before rounding on Motsy who had been staring at the scene with wide eyes.

“Motsy, fetch Braiden please, he will need his medical kit.”

The house elf vanished. Looking around the room, Dominick spotted the towel cupboard, yanking it open, he began pulling out piles of towels.

“Bellatrix, here.” He threw some at her, bringing more over. Together they dragged him from the shower onto a pile of towels that Dominick had laid out. With more towels, they began briskly trying to rub some life back into his limbs.

Braiden arrived with a pop, taking in the room before dropping to his knees and yanking his bag open. With one hand, he began casting diagnostic charms while the other rummaged in the bag, pulling out different vials and bottles. Catching the parchment that appeared, he nodded a few times before tucking his wand away.

Checking the potion vials he had, he passed three to Bellatrix. “Get him to drink these, massage his throat if he doesn’t respond.”
Starting at his feet, Braiden began smoothing a salve over the gouges that littered Remington’s body. Dominick, watching this, scooped up some from the pot that was between them and began on the arm he had been trying to warm. Together they worked their way in, covering the battered torso, as Bellatrix forced potion after potion down the unconscious man’s throat.

Finally, when all the wounds had been covered and the potions administered, Braiden cast again.

“He is out of the woods, so to speak, but will require constant monitoring. I am assuming you will want to stay with him?” He turned to Bellatrix who nodded. He cast a few more spells, monitoring charms and the like before nodding and leaving.

“I will show you to his room. Once he is stable, we can talk.” Dominick stood, flicking his wand Remington levitated gently and began floating after him.

They reached a warm, cozy room that Remington had been sleeping in. Settling him on the bed, they arranged him as comfortably as they could.

“Thank you.” Bellatrix murmured, hovering at the bedside. Not even looking at the man who had been helping her. She had no idea who he was but nothing was more important than her mate.

“Of course, keep him safe alright, I want to know what happened with him. I am in the Master Suite just down the hall. If you need me, don’t hesitate, otherwise call Motsy and she can assist.”

Dominick lingered a moment, before turning and striding from the room.

Bellatrix immediately began stripping off before crawling under the sheets and curling up against her unconscious mate.

Their Dominant was insane. Her fellow submissive had tried to kill himself. She had felt such a wave of sadness and longing, this crushing sense of being alone and abandoned in the world. She had had this sinking feeling that something had gone wrong and so had rushed to Black Manor.

She kicked herself mentally for taking so long to arrive. She had promised to turn up the day pervious, but Voldemort – Roman – had been ranting, cursing everyone, babbling about a man in his head and the lies spun by others.

Bellatrix had watched him, dying inside, but hope had flared, there had been a moment when their eyes had connected, and recognition had been there. She had lingered with him, hoping it was a sign her Dominant was improving but nothing further had happened beyond her being cursed again.

Suffering the after effects of the Cruciusatus, she had fallen asleep. That morning she had awoken to a feeling of wrongness, prodding her bonds she felt the usual wave of madness from Roman and a cold nothingness from Remington. There lingered a sense of abandonment and her stomach had sank. Gathering her things together, she had fled, arriving at Black Manor and rushing about in the hopes of finding someone to help her.

She had found the house alive and full of people, something she hadn’t seen in so long. Then a boy, a young man really, had helped her without question or hesitation. She couldn’t help but wonder who he was, but the thought slid away before she could grasp it.

Pushing it all aside, she would find her answers later, she allowed herself to drift off to sleep.
Hermione had immersed herself in the library that morning, searching through all of the books to dig up anything about bonds. Shame curled in her gut remembering the dressing down Remus had given her last night. She knew she had fallen in love with the man, and while she hated being put in her place, she knew he was right.

Draco had come to her, so sweet and so worried, excited for a new adventure, she led them on the trail, each expression of concern from Draco egging her on. Severus’ dismissal of them had surprised her, but undeterred, she had continued on.

She had ignored Severus’ warning to Draco about Dominick being unimpressed, not even considering how Remus would feel. While Draco had an excuse in that his Dominant was unconscious, Hermione had none. Remus had been in the house, working on classes for everyone in the study the teachers had adopted.

They had rushed off with a half-formed plan, flying by the seat of their pants. They had been lucky, she couldn’t deny that. But over the years, Dominick had conditioned her to rely on a certain level of luck. But now, now she had to think beyond herself, beyond her two friends.

She sighed, resting her forehead on a particularly dusty tome. She had begun reading and researching this morning, making notes as she went. She hoped to finish the essay quickly, devastated by the coldness between her and Remus.

While she had been exhausted last night, waking up alone this morning caused her heart to clench painfully. Knowing that she would not be permitted back into their bed until her punishment had been served only spurred her on to finish it sooner.

She turned back to her books, flicking through passages, making more notes beginning to mentally draft her essay. She wouldn’t begin until she had everything in order. She hated the fact that the Wizarding world was so far behind, having to re-write everything over and over again was tedious in the extreme.

Time slipped away as she lost herself in the challenge, pushing away the underlying sense of shame. She had barely eaten over lunch, too aware that Remus was sitting away from her, not looking at or acknowledging her presence. Never before had she relied on someone like this, never before had she had someone stand so solidly at her side.

Now, she couldn’t help but be aware of his absence. She felt a firm wall along the bond they shared which had never happened before, not since they had mated, and she hated herself for making him put it there. It would have taken no time at all for her to stop and go talk to Remus. He was one of the maps creators after all, he knew all the passages in and out of the school. She had no idea what had come over her.

Dinner was eventually called, but she summoned Dibby, the elf she and Remus shared, requesting a couple of sandwiches and a pitcher of water. She couldn’t stomach facing everyone for dinner, the distance between herself and Remus. She shuddered, forcing herself to eat the food given, continuing to read.

People came and went from the library as she worked, until, eventually she was alone again. Checking the time, she realised it was well after midnight. She knew she wasn’t going to be sleeping tonight, so pulling out a fresh sheet of parchment, she began to write, detailing every way their bond could be broken and the repercussions for each.
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

Here, have a chapter. Originally I had planned to gush about the research I did to get this scene right, but I'm having a blue day, so I guess it's lucky I posted the chapter at all.

Enjoy.

Dominick returned to the dining room following the rather exciting entrance of Bellatrix at lunch, noticing everyone had resumed their meals. He assumed Braiden had explained the situation. Something tight in his chest was distracting him though as he tried to swallow down the remainder of his meal.

“Are any of you available after lunch?” He murmured to his mates.

“I am working on the Dumbledore case.” Lucius looked up, concern in his eyes.

“I was hoping to do research on some potions.” Severus kept his eyes firmly fixed on his plate, still cowed from his spanking that morning.

“I was hoping to read, I found an interesting book in the back of the library.” Draco’s voice was soft.

“Draco, when you have finished eating, will you join me in the master suite?”

The blonde nodded, and Dominick stood, waving away the looks of concern from the table. Once in the suite, he rummaged through his wardrobe, digging out the box given to him by the twins, seeking inspiration.

He needed something. He didn’t know what but hoped he would find it. He could feel something in his chest, his mind, swirling out of control. The feeling made his fingers itch and his teeth ache.

Tucked in a corner of the box from the Twins, was four bundles of soft black rope. Tugging the piece of parchment tucked amongst them he read. They were for bondage, spelled to control and manipulate the body without injury. Designed to hold their place without slipping or tightening unless specifically directed. All he had to do was push a little magic into them as he wrapped, tied or constrained and they would hold. An additional perk was that they could sense distress from the person tied up. If they thought one of the three key words, the bindings would light up in that colour. Green, Yellow or Red.

Something in his brain, his shoulders, loosened. Yes. This was what he needed. Control. Mind already conjuring images of his blonde submissive flushed, bound and begging.

He began stripping, when a thought struck, he needed to set the scene. A shiver ran down his spine in anticipation. Striding over to his wardrobe, he tugged on a pair of his dragon hide pants, the feeling of the leather sliding over bare skin was delicious. Looking around the room, he darkened the space, transfiguring the footstool the couch into a large ottoman that he shifted to the centre of the room.

The door eased open and Draco entered, head bowed.
“Strip and kneel.” Dominick pointed to the ottoman, having to adjust himself in excitement.

The blonde complied without hesitation, once his pants fell to the ground, Dominick could see his erection already red and straining. He watched as Draco crawled onto the ottoman, kneeling in the centre. Dominick chucked a finger under his chin, drawing his eyes up.

“I have a need. I will bind you and take what I need.” He held up a bundle of rope. The blonde swallowed. “Do you consent?”

Dominick watched trepidation and arousal battle in his mates’ eyes until finally, he nodded.

“Press a little of your magic into them. I will gag you. If you need me to pause to give you a moment. Think Orange. When you are ready to go again, think Green. If you need me to completely stop and release you at any time, think Red and I will. This is non-negotiable. If you need me to stop, I will, without hesitation or question. Though I would like to, at some point, discuss what went wrong so that it won’t be repeated. Do you understand.”

The blonde nodded again, reaching out a hand to press a little magic into the bonds. Dominick’s expression softened, and he pressed a gentle kiss to Draco’s mouth.

“Relax my pet, and just feel.” The Dämonfeuer watched as something in his submissive shifted and unwound.

Pacing around the ottoman, he considered his options. With gentle touches and nudges, he arranged Draco, knees splayed wide near one edge, sitting on his heels, hands resting on his thighs.

Trailing a finger down milky pale flesh, Dominick mulled over his options, extending the legs of the ottoman, he brought the top to hip height. Folding one of the lengths of rope in half, he centred the rope on the wrists, wrapping around and around, allowing each line to fall next to the previous until he had a wide stack. Twisting the ends over each other, he crossed them around the column and began tying off, leaving the ends loose.

Gently, Dominick tucked Draco’s hands between his knees, moving to the side to ease the man down so his chest was pressed to the ottoman, allowing his hands to slide between his legs, wrists by calves. Immediately, the blondes arse popped into the air, the vision a delight to his Dominant.

Massaging Draco’s lower back Dominick paused. “Pet?” He queried softly.

He received a murmur in response so moved around to crouch down at Draco’s head, pushing blonde hair out of his face. Repeating his query, he waited for Draco’s eyes to flutter open. Expression slightly glazed, he struggled to focus.

“Colour?” Dominick asked gently.

“Green.” Was the reply.

Pressing a kiss to his forehead, Dominick moved to his submissive arse, massaging the perfect globes for a moment before focusing. Looping and tying, he began at one ankle, pressing down on Draco’s hips a little, he looped the rope around the top of his thigh, bringing it back towards the ankle before looping it around itself with a twist, trailing towards the knee a couple of inches, he created another loop, pressing calf to thigh and twisted again. He repeated this until he had three binds, calf to thigh. Working back towards the ankle, he tensioned the ropes, adding to the ties and loops until he ran out of rope. Going back over his work, he checked to ensure none of the binds were too tight, creating just the right amount of tension and friction.
“Pet?”

It took a little longer this time, but eventually eyes opened.

“Colour?”

“Green.” Was the slightly slurred reply. Another kiss and Dominick was moving again, beginning to bind the other leg the same as the first, checking the bindings as he went. He felt himself settling into the mindset, revelling in the moment.

He had stumbled across rope bondage a year ago and had been captivated by the beauty of the art. The tension between rope and flesh, the sense of control and freedom. He had read how submissives found bliss in the bindings, sinking into the freedom of being controlled. Some part of him recoiled at the thought but relished in the power granted to him. The knowing submission of his mate, who was strong and powerful in his own right, to his will. The submission of another was truly a gift in his eyes.

While his arousal was there, the moment existed outside of any sexual need. He needed to feel in control, with life spiralling so far out of his grasp, so many things changing, the wilful disobedience of his mates, he needed to be grounded. His little mate was granting that freely.

Finishing the other leg, he stepped back, admiring the perfect sets of knots, the stretch of rope over skin, the balance and spacing calming. He noticed a sheen of sweat over Draco’s skin, sliding a hand between his thighs, Dominick found the blondes balls tucked tight to his body, cock hard and dripping.

Moving back to Draco’s head, he crouched down. Checking in with Draco again, grey eyes hazy with pleasure and submission. Unable to resist, he tugged Draco into a passionate kiss, the response was slow, sloppy and wet, but absolutely perfect.

He stepped back to admire his work, frowning, he realised something was missing. Toying with the last rope, inspiration struck. Tying one end to the foot of the ottoman, he fastened one ankle down. Looping the tail between the wrists, he fastened that too, running the rope from the first foot of the ottoman across to the second before going back up to the unattached ankle, fastening that one down too.

Checking the binds, he confirmed there was very little movement. His submissive was entirely compliant and resting in the bonds. A shiver ran down his spine. He marvelled at the contrast of pale soft skin against the harshness of the black rope.

Stopping by the box, he could see three different types of gags, one was simply a strip of leather with buckles, the next had a ball in the centre for biting on, the third had a ring. The note attached explained that it was a ring gag, designed to keep the subject silent, but still available for oral use. Perfect.

He crouched down in front of Draco again. “Pet?”

All he got was a hum and a flutter of eyelids.

“Can you give me a colour?”

Slowly, the ribbons glowed green before fading back to black. He smiled, petting blonde hair.

“I am going to gag you now love. Is that ok?”
A green glow was his response.

Gently, he maneuvered the ring into the slack mouth, smoothing down the hair before buckling it closed, checking to make sure it wasn’t too tight. Drool immediately began pooling under Draco’s face, sliding over his lips and chin onto the ottoman. Unable to resist, he pressed another sloppy kiss to Draco’s stretched mouth, tongue sliding over unresisting wetness.

Eventually, he stepped back, drinking in the vision of loveliness before him, wishing he had a camera to keep this memory for ever. A wicked need filled him, mentally capturing the image, he pushed it through his bonds to Lucius and Severus, relishing in the surprised arousal that filtered back.

Trailing his fingers over Draco, he savoured the feeling of rope and skin, the knots exquisitely formed. Fingertips caressed over perfect globes, slipping down the crease of the blondes’ arse, ghosting over the quivering entrance.

“Pet?” He called. “Can you give me a colour?”

The bindings flared green.

Spelling the ottoman again, it rose so his mate’s arse was at the perfect height for his viewing pleasure. Dominick lent forward, trailing his tongue over exposed flesh. Swirling his tongue around Draco’s entrance, he began licking, sucking, nibbling. He could hear moans and cries sliding from Draco’s lips, his cock steadily leaking precome. Dominick worked him open, sliding his tongue in deep, revelling in the taste of his mate’s slick filling his mouth. Working with relish, he felt the muscles loosen under his ministrations. Losing himself in the moment, he didn’t immediately notice his submissives garbled begging and pleading.

Stepping back, he checked in with Draco again and got a strong Green glow in response, chuckling, he gently tugged on his mates balls and cock, getting a wail.

He moved back to Draco’s head, arranging the ottoman and his face so that his mouth was exposed. Unbuckling his belt and pants, Dominick pulled free his cock, stroking it briefly before pressing it into the stretched mouth. The overabundance of drool slicked his way, he slowly nudged his way in, feeling his cockhead hit the back of Draco’s throat, feeling it open up so that he could press further. Finally, his cock was lodged deep in his submissives throat. Pausing, he felt the muscles convulse around his cock head, so he drew out. Setting up a rhythm, he would press in steadily, holding at its deepest point, before pulling back out again.

Draco’s face was completely slack, an expression of bliss lingering. Satisfaction radiated from the blonde, he was able to satisfy his Dominant, he had been selected to gift what was needed. He stopped caring about whether he would come, simply revelling in being needed and used by his love. He sank deeper into the bliss of giving.

Dominick felt his orgasm approaching and pulled out, gently rearranging Draco so that he was more comfortable, neck no longer strained. Gently he checked in again, receiving a green glow in response. He could see the Kitsune had completely surrendered, allowing the bonds to hold him in place, trusting his Dominant completely.

Moving back around to admire Draco’s arse, he moaned, his submissive was leaking slick, it trickled down his thighs in shining rivulets. Trailing his fingers through it, he pressed one into his mate. It slid in easily, so withdrawing, he pressed in a second which met little resistance. Finally, he slid in a third, feeling a small stretch.
Remembering that his little mate loved the stretch, he began pressing his saliva slicked cock in. Dominick could feel the resistance, listened to the exquisite moans of his submissive. Eventually, the head popped past the tight ring of muscle. Pausing, panting, he checked again, receiving another strong green glow.

Relishing in the moment, Dominick continued pressing in, one painstaking inch at a time, allowing Draco to feel the full extent of the stretch, the muscles slowly surrendering to him. The sense of control and power was heady, tingles running up and down his spine.

Eventually, after what felt like an age, he was fully seated. Hot muscles clenching tightly around his cock. He felt them flutter and ripple, drawing him in deeper. Moaning, he took a moment to breathe, checking in with Draco to a green response.

Gripping the blonde’s hips tightly, he began rocking, rolling his hips in an out as he took his pleasure. He could feel the softness of his submissives skin under his palms, running his hands over the lines of rope. He kept the pace slow and steady, maintaining control as his orgasm built.

Draco was tied down, so his usual impatience could not rush the moment. Revelling in it all, Dominick continued to fuck into his mate to the sound of his moans and gurgles. Orgasm approached, spooling low in his gut.

In a moment, Dominick knew that he needed to feel Draco come around him so just as he was reaching his peak, he released the spell preventing Draco’s own orgasm and he came with a shout, Dominick following after, revelling in the contracting and clenching muscles, his orgasm so perfect, his vision whited out.

Eventually he came to, still rocking in an out of Draco, who seemed to be on the verge of orgasm again. Dominick quickly reapplied the charm, not stopping his movements. Eventually, he softened, withdrawing, he lent down, drinking in the vision of his mates ruined arse, come and slick leaking out. Scooping some up, Dominick pressed it back in, allowing his fingers to ghost over his mates’ prostate. Smirking at the moan he got in response.

Grinning wickedly, he stepped away, going back to the box and pulling out a largeish plug. It slowly fitted into the stretched arsehole, trapping all the come and slick in there. Checking in with Draco one last time, he got a sluggish green in response.

First, he moved to take off the gag, knowing it would be the most uncomfortable aspect of the bindings. Gently, he massaged Draco’s jaw, wiping away the drool, pressing a gentle kiss to his bruised lips. Moving back down, Dominick began unbinding the blonde’s legs, massaging away any soreness.

Finishing with his legs, Dominick eased Draco up onto his heels, back resting against the Dominant’s chest. Grasping slack hands, he quickly released the bonds, massaging them to ease any tension.

Gathering his submissive up, he moved over to the bed, a gentle cleansing charm washed over the both of them. Arranging Draco on the bed, he crawled in next to him, tracing fingers over the red marks marring the perfect skin. Each knot or twist showed up so beautifully. Eventually he stopped revelling in the art he had created, shifting to cradle the blonde to his chest.

He waited for Draco to come back, he could feel the subspace humming at the back of his mind, washing love and bliss over all three mates.
Lucius was in the middle of a discussion with Mikhail on the evidence they had been given so far and the memories they would need to start collecting. They were just discussing when they would announce to the group it was time to start submitting their memories when an image was pressed into his mind.

He had to suppress a moan, the sight of his son spread out and waiting to be taken was almost too much to bear. He shifted in his seat, eyes fluttering closed as he gasped out a breath.

Lucius heard Mikhail stop talking. Eventually he managed to regain control and opened his eyes. Mikhail was smirking at him. Frowning, Lucius picked the conversation back up, pretending that his Dominant hadn’t just given him a raging hard on. Perhaps later he could seek Severus out for a little time together. Knowing the dark-haired man, he was a little sad and sore from the spanking and would appreciate the tender touch of his Beta.

Severus had been left to his own devices. Lucius was working on the legal case, Dominick was doing something with Draco, and he was… Well not sulking, Severus did not sulk.

He shook himself, allowing the sense of shame to settle over his skin. His Dominant had punished him, and he would bear it with dignity. While he hated pain, he understood the purpose of the spanking he had received. He acknowledged that there had been no requirement, no contract, no obligation, but the trust that existed between them all had been damaged.

Severus should have prevented Draco from leaving, should not have been so distracted by his potion. No potion was worth Draco’s life and safety, but he knew that now. Just the thought of Dumbledore getting his hands on Draco made him sick.

Sighing to himself, he discarded the idea of doing any new research for potions. Instead, he headed to the teachers office, he would take the time to plan out lessons for the students. Pulling free his notes, he began adding and refining, remembering the weaknesses of each of his students from Hogwarts, tailoring their education to get the most for each. It was the easiest way he could give back to his Dominant.

One part of him was resentful for the ‘revoking of his brewing privileges’. He sneered at the thought. Another part revelled in the knowledge that once his punishment had been served, it would be over. The Incident put aside and their trust re-established.

He was meticulously making notes when an image was pressed into his mind. Draco bound and spread out on an ottoman, mouth stretched wide, arse exposed for use. Instantly he was hard, while the idea of being bound made him break out in a fearful sweat, seeing Draco submitting so beautifully was exquisite.

Casting a locking charm at the door, he undid his flies, taking himself in hand. Feeling a little devious, he closed his eyes and slipped a little into the connection he had with Dominick, allowing the sensations and emotions to wash over himself as he stroked. Not bothering to hold back or draw it out, he quickly brought himself off.
He did not envy Draco, the no orgasm rule for the next two weeks would be tough for the submissive to take, he thrived off the intimacy of sex, the feeling of coming was his favourite high.

Chuckling to himself, feeling more settled, embracing his punishment, Severus turned back to his work.
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

I know you have all provided a lot of comments, and I promise I will respond, still not doing great so you'll have to wait a little longer for a response.

As a side note, there have been growing comments about the punishment arc. I am not, nor have I ever been in a Dom/sub relationship. If I were to consider myself anything, I would say I have sub tendencies but my partner is so not interested in the lifestyle so humours me when I have a craving. Irrespective, the sequences were my interpretation on what I thought were acceptable punishments for the situation. A certain amount of it all should be attributed to the characters' instincts, after all they are creatures and that does play some part in it.

If you don't like the way I handled things you are entitled to your opinion. You are also welcome to express it in a well thought out manner. I can't promise I will care or change my story, but I will probably try to explain, whenever I find the words. Feel free to imagine an alternative, something that fits better with your perspective on how punishments and Dom/sub relationships should be.

From what I understand, Dom/sub relationships are a very personal and private thing so what works for one person will not work for another.

Whatever, rant over. Have a chapter. Het sex ahead, some voyeurism? Sequences with just Lucius and Draco, so if their pairing bothers you, feel free to skip it, the only plotty thing happening there is the collection of memories for the case against Dumbledore.

Dmitry and Nikita had been circling Cayce since they had met a little over a week ago. Cayce couldn't help but be amused by their trepidation. He could see that the pair were still working out their dynamics. Their hesitation to touch in front of their family showing how unsure they were in something romantic. They were clearly waiting for a reprimand of some sort, not realising that their family seemed to have been expecting the two to have a mating bond.

They had to figure it out on their own after all. He had a sneaking suspicion that Nikita had not yet claimed Dmitry and so Cayce wasn’t about to get in the way of their little mating dance. The elves had placed the three of them together in a room and while they shared a bed, no intimacies had been exchanged.

Cayce could see how frustrated Nikita was getting, she would continually try and talk to Dmitry, but he would evade, slink away, disappear into the shadows. Cayce had to be impressed.

He could see that Nikita was soon going to reach boiling point. He could only feel amusement; the Bastet was going spare at the evasions of her first neutral mate. Unfortunately, the familial angle made the Vampire deeply uncomfortable so was fighting the bond he shared with his younger sister to tooth and nail.

They had finished lunch and had ended up retreating to their room, Cayce was curled up in an armchair by the fire, reading a text on British history. Dmitry was sprawled out on the couch, reading
what looked like a potion’s textbook. Nikita had been sitting down in the other armchair, but she had
gotten up and was now pacing. He could feel the agitation through their bond and was waiting for-

“Dmitry.” She stopped in front of her brother and Cayce had to suppress a smirk.

The Vampire finished his paragraph and looked up warily. “Yes?”

“What are you doing?” Nikita demanded.

Dmitry blinked and pointed to the book. “Reading?”

Cayce watched Nikita suppress the urge to scream. He waited, the sense of _happening_ coming over
him. This was the moment. Putting down his book, he focused on the pair. They had forgotten about
him, but that was fine, he would watch the battle for dominance.

Nikita screamed in rage and frustration, grabbing Dmitry by the collar, she dragged him off the
couch and onto the floor, throwing him down on the rug in front of the fire. She shifted, wings
exploding from her back, tail growing, canines extending.

She flicked out razor sharp claws and began tearing at his clothing, shredding it on his body. It took a
few beats for Dmitry to realise what was going to happen and to start struggling.

Cayce sighed to himself, the man was seriously an idiot.

A wicked thought occurred, casually, he picked his feet up, tucking them into the seat of the chair so
he was entirely out of the way. Next, he pulled out his wand, conjuring a bundle of rope next to the
chair.

The Vampire and Bastet had devolved into a wrestling match and even though they were both
naked, there was too much frustration for it to work out well. It took a few tumbles before Nikita
noticed the rope and a feral grin lit her face.

He watched her begin to work Dmitry towards the chair, rolling and fighting until they were close
enough that she could pin him and snatch up the rope. Roughly, she gripped his wrists together as
she bound them tightly. Looping and tying over and over again until most of his forearms were
encased.

The Vampire continued to struggle, but she was enough of a match that with him bound, he couldn’t
get the upper hand. Without hesitating, she took the end of the rope and tied it to the leg of the chair.
They were so far gone in their dominance fight that neither noticed Cayce sitting quietly above them
watching.

By now, they were both completely naked, any remnants of clothing shredded and torn away.
Nikita, once satisfied with the binds, wriggled down Dmitry’s body and took his cock in her mouth.

He had been half hard through the fight and the feeling of her wet warm mouth encasing his cock all
of a sudden made him jerk. Ruthlessly, she worked him to full hardness. Once satisfied, she crawled
back up and without any preamble, roughly impaled herself on his cock.

Cayce couldn’t hold back a flinch, that couldn’t have been pleasant.

Neither seemed to notice or care though, as she began riding him, finding confidence as she worked.
Eventually, Dmitry stopped struggling, pleasure washing over him and stealing what little resistance
he had felt.
Nikita threw her head back, body arching, breasts bouncing as she fucked herself on her mates’ cock. Bliss washed over her expression, tail lashing and wings fluttering. Dmitry’s fight completely fled, watching his Dominant take the pleasure he had been denying her. Cayce watched his surrender, watched as slowly, the Vampire began responding, rolling into the movements.

His arms were still bound, stretched tight above his head but the man planted his feet, tipping the Bastet forward and began thrusting hard into her. She wailed at the new angle, shoving herself back.

The tang of copper filled the air, shifting just a little, Cayce could see where claws had dug into the exposed chest, rivulets of blood slipping over pale skin. With a shout, the pair came, shuddering together. The Vampire’s fangs extended and he bit viciously into her throat, drinking deeply.

They rocked together slowly coming down from their mating. Now that there was no concern over the pair being interrupted, Cayce pulled out his cock and tugged himself off quickly, coming with a sigh.

Leaning forward, he peered down at the pair, grinning wickedly.

“Better?” He asked.

Dmitry retracted his fangs as Nikita jerked up and the pair looked at him with identical shocked expressions. He couldn’t help laughing at the pair who had completely forgot he was there. Pulling out his wand, he banished the ropes.

Nikita looked from him to the rope and soon joined him in laughing. Dmitry frowned, massaging his wrists, trying to maintain a cranky expression, but seeing the delight of his mates, he soon caved, joining them in their laughter.

One hand snaked up, wrapping around Cayce’s ankle, tugging him down onto the floor where the pair cuddled into him, still chuckling.

Yes, he sighed to himself, this was how it was meant to be. Soon, the pair would take him, and all would be well. They would then only have to wait for their fourth, and what a fourth she was!

The next day at breakfast, Lucius stood, announcing to the room that it was time for everyone to submit their memories of Dumbledore doing anything illegal. He advised that he would be sending an elf for them, so could everyone take some time to consider whatever they would like to submit for the court case knowing it would be viewed by the full Wizengamot.

As everyone is departing off to their errands, Lucius can’t help but pull Draco aside, requesting he come first to the law office. The pair trotted off, the young blonde confused, he had little to no interactions with Dumbledore, what could his father possibly need him for.

The pair entered the room, Lucius throwing up a quick locking and silencing charm before rounding on his son.

“Strip.” He commanded, moving around to sit in his chair to watch the show. He sees grey eyes widen, a small grin flickering, before the blonde complied. Once the youth was naked, Lucius flicked his wand, banishing the clothes to the cupboard.
Beckoning his son over, he waited for the Kitsune to round the table before pointing to the large space under it. “Kneel.”

Eyes went as round as saucers, flushed cock filling rapidly. Shuffling in, Draco situated himself on his knees with a small grimace, if he was going to be there for any period of time, this would suck. A cushioning charm sent as the floor under his knees made him smile gratefully up.

“Are you warm enough?” Lucius asked, unbuttoning his trousers and slipping free his cock. Draco considered for a moment before shaking his head, a quick warming charm on the inside of the desk caused the muscles in his back to relax.

“Excellent, now that you are warm, you will return the favour. I have a lot of people coming through today to give me memories. You will keep me warm. You will be silent. I will not be casting any silencing charms, and we don’t want anyone asking any questions.” The older blonde quirked an eyebrow, smirking down at the submissive who nodded vigorously, shuffling back into the cavity so that Lucius could position himself at the desk.

He felt hands slide up his thighs before a warm mouth slid over his cock, pressing down until just before his cock head nudged the back of the younger blondes’ throat. He felt Draco shuffle a little, arranging himself, then it stopped, the submissive completely relaxing.

Smiling to himself, he allowed warm appreciation to ripple down their bond. Casting a silencing charm anyway over the desk, he dismissed the charms on the door.

“Motsy!” He called, and the elf appeared. “Please tell Severus to come up and ask him to bring as many small potion vials as he can with him.”

The elf nodded and disappeared with a pop.

Soon Severus entered, passing over a crate with the vials. The man sat on the other side of the desk and began extracting memories and dropping them into vials for review. Soon he was done and departed with a gentle kiss. Lucius couldn’t help but murmur that he hoped Severus would find a little time for him later. The dark-haired man left, a delicate flush creeping up his throat.

Before he summoned the next person, he reached a hand down to gently card it through fine blonde strands. Draco almost purred around his cock. Drool had been collecting, dripping down his balls, slicking his cock. Grasping the back of his head, Lucius thrust in a few times, relishing the slide in and out of the slack throat, tongue soft on the underside of his cock. Petting his hair again, Lucius withdrew his hand and summoned the next person.

The day continue as such, obtaining memories from everyone, in between gently fucking Draco’s mouth, keeping himself hard throughout. Oh his orgasm was going to be incredible at the end of the day.

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Hermione was a mess, she had fallen asleep at some point during the night on her essay, a pool of drool ruining one of her painstakingly written paragraphs.

With a sigh, she cut off the ruined end, pulling out a fresh piece to rewrite the section before moving on to the next point she had wanted to make. Eventually, she realised she should probably be
hungry. While she was too distraught and distracted to feel hunger, she knew from past experience that if she didn’t have something to eat, her brain function would decrease, and she would start writing gibberish.

Casting a tempus, she realised that breakfast has been and gone. People would be coming into the library soon. Thankfully she tucked herself away in a corner table, so it was unlikely she would be bothered. Calling the house elf she and Remus shared, she requested another tray of sandwiches and water.

She forced herself to keep eating as she wrote, words flowing from her quill onto the page. She made sure to not get lost in any of the interesting tangents she had found, knowing Remus had hated when she did that as a student and doing it now would be even more disrespectful. Her gut churned at the thought and she had to put down her sandwich.

Sighing, she pushed away the tray, settling into the task she had been set. Hoping, praying, it would be enough to mend what she had broken.

Eventually she heard voices in the library, but she ignored them, instead flicking between the six books she had open in front of her. Cross referencing and double checking everything she put down. It cut at her heart having to plan out the different ways that she and Remus could be separated, knowing in her heart that she would never accept the loss of her Alpha.

At some point during the day, Motsy popped in, saying the Lucius required her presence. Begging off, she said she was busy and would come by tomorrow to give her memories. The elf frowned at her but left.

She finally finished, sometime after lunch, which she had also missed. Reading over it again, she began the arduous process of editing the essay. By the time dinner edged closer, she was ready to write her final version. Taking extra care to avoid sloppy hand writing or ink splatters.

It was well into the evening when she finally called for her elf again, asking where Remus was. She was directed to their rooms.

Steeling her nerves, she cast a drying charm on the parchment before rolling it up and walking to her mate. Knocking cautiously on the door, she entered at the harsh command.

Remus was sitting by the fire reading, the soft glow of the flames highlighting his features. Silver hair glinted, the scars that he seemed to hate glowed in delicate traceries across his face. She ached to touch them, run her lips over them. Moving over she hesitated before kneeling at his feet, offering up the scroll.

He left her waiting, finishing his page before finally taking the parchment, still not looking at her. Instead he simply waved her away and with her heart in her stomach, she left, wandering the manor but eventually going back to the only place she felt safe when in turmoil. The library.

It must have been later than she realised because no one was left in the room. Curling up in the wingback by the fire, she fell into a fitful doze, worry and guilt churning in her gut. She could only hope that what she had done was good enough.
Remus was the last for the day, Lucius was sure the werewolf knew, his nose had twitched when he had entered the room but had refrained from commenting. Once the man left, he reached down for the final time, caressing Draco’s face and hair, gently thrusting in and out, working his cock back to full hardness before withdrawing and sliding his chair back.

Draco looked wrecked, hair mussed, drool sliding down his chin, over his chest and splattering on his thighs. Grey eyes were glazed with the pleasure of submission. Gently, Lucius helped him out, the younger blondes legs had gone numb at some point from kneeling so long, but he didn’t seem to mind.

Drawing him upright, Lucius turned him and bent the youth over his desk, casting a cursory locking charm on the office door. Before focusing on his son. Golden slick was already oozing out of Draco, entrance winking eagerly.

Testing, Lucius slipped one, then two, then three fingers in, roughly jabbing into the blonde’s prostate, causing him to arch and moan beautifully. Without hesitating, the older Kitsune began pressing his cock in, relishing the pop as his head slipped past the tight ring of muscles but not stopping.

Draco wailed when he was fully seated, and Lucius reached around to tug harshly on his balls. Knowing the submissive wouldn’t be coming, he relished in taking his time, slowly building up a rhythm as he fucked in and out, velvety walls clinging to his cock. It was so hot, so tight, even more so when Lucius roughly tugged on the submissives balls again. The counterpoint of gentle pleasure to rough touches was exquisite.

If he had been able to, Draco would have come numerous times already, instead, his cock leaked copiously, slick oozing out of his arse as he was used thoroughly by his Beta, his father. While he missed orgasms, there was something beautiful in not worrying about reaching the peak, he could simply focus on providing pleasure to his mates.

Draco could feel the thrusts coming a little faster, the motions slightly jerkier as Lucius got closer. Another harsh tug on his balls caused him to clench, tipping the older blonde over the edge, shouting his orgasm as he spilled into the younger. Draco could feel his cock still leaking, but it was secondary to the bliss that washed over him at pleasing his father. This was what he had been made for and he relished in it.

Eventually Lucius finished riding out his climax, sliding free and straightening, leaving Draco spread out over his desk. Cleaning up the youth, he redressed his son, giving him a pat on the arse and sending him off to dinner, looking well fucked.

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Dinner had been a quiet affair, Hermione hadn’t shown up again. Remus squashed the guilt in his gut. He had not told her to work through meals. He had only set her a task, the way she carried it out was her own prerogative. He repeated this thought to himself several times, not really able to believe it.

He knew what she was like, knew what she would do when set the essay, but no other punishment seemed appropriate, nothing else would have gotten through to her. She was too proud, too independent. They hadn’t had a conversation about physical punishments yet so that was out.

He made a mental note to speak with her about corporal punishment once her penance had been
completed. It was so hard to maintain distance, knowing she wasn’t sleeping, was barely eating. His wolf was screaming at him to go and look after her. He knew he had to stick with this though. If he caved now, the entire exercise would be pointless, and she would just repeat the behaviour.

Resolving himself, he headed back to their rooms which were empty without his mate. Picking up a book he was part the way through, he settled in a chair by the fire. Trying to focus, his mind continued to wander until he gave up, simply sitting and staring into space.

Suddenly, he heard a knock at the door. Inhaling deeply, he realised it was Hermione, closing his eyes he grappled with his control. Focusing down on his book, he picked up where he had lost the thread, calling out for her to enter as he read. He forced himself not to respond, to not speak, to continue reading the page as she knelt at his feet. Something in him ached at seeing such a strong woman kneeling in supplication for him.

Eventually, he took the scroll without looking up. Knowing that if he looked at her, he would crumble. Feeling his convictions wavering, he waved her away, seeing devastation wash over her face from the corner of his eye.

She departed and he finally allowed himself to look away from his book, head falling back onto his chair with a thunk. Unrolling the scroll, he realised how long the essay was, so called for an elf to bring him some tea. Settling in, he summoned a quill and some red ink, beginning to edit what was generally a well put together essay.

Hours slipped by as he worked his way through her incredibly detailed, but generally on point work. His edits were minor and scattered throughout. He can’t help but be a little impressed at the depth of her research. Checking the time when he finished, he realised it was almost dawn. Rubbing his eyes, he set the essay aside, falling asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Waking late the next morning, Remus sought out Hermione, handing back the parchment. Her eyes were filled with confusion and he allowed a gentle smile to light his face.

“I have edited your work, please correct the errors, rewriting the whole thing. I want you to cast a preservation charm on it when completed and keep a copy, to remind you. Once this has been done, you will be welcome back in our rooms. Your punishment will be completed, and the incident put aside.”

He could see her struggling and permitted himself to reach out and brush his fingers across her cheek. Hermione’s eyes slid shut and she leant into the contact. Remus pushed away the guilt and left before he ruined everything by kissing her.
Thankfully the punishment arc is ending soon, I never expected it to get such a reaction. I'll have to remember that for next time I decide to write something Dom/sub.

Anyway, we have a fresh chapter! Thank you to all those who sent kind words over the past week or so. They cheered me up while I was blue :)

Has anyone picked up the growing problem with Bellatrix?

Enjoy some smut of course, slash and het at the end. Emotional turmoil thrown in there too.

The week slipped by, Remus and Hermione made peace and reconciled, the students settle into their classes. Everyone’s memories are submitted, and Lucius and Mikhail begin the arduous process of reviewing each memory and cataloguing the different crimes they discover. The list grows.

Each evening, Lucius and Dominick had taken Draco in every way they could imagine. Severus was permitted to watch and enjoy himself but was denied pleasure through the blonde submissive.

The twins worked to coax Theo closer but the only one with any degree of success was Fred. Fred had somehow wormed his way into the reticent teen’s good graces and the two sets of twins agreed that it would be easiest if Fred spent as much time as he could with Theo. The younger boy seemed to revel in the loving attention the gentle redhead lavished on him and the pair quickly became inseparable. Slowly but surely, Theo learned to accept his creature side and Fred knew it would only take a little while before the teen would be more open to spending time with all his mates.

Cayce enjoyed leading Dmitry and Nikita on the same merry chase Dmitry had. He knew, had seen, that driving them to distraction would only make the claiming sweeter. He had to maintain meticulous control, if they realised he was aware, simply playing at innocent, rather than being innocent of their attempts at intimacy, they would be… cranky and irritated to say the least.

Bellatrix had come down the following morning after Remington’s breakdown. She had explained there was something wrong with their mateship and they needed time to build a bond, any kind of bond, without their Dominant. Dominick couldn’t help but be hurt at the exclusion, just like he could see Theo was, but they granted the request none the less. Instead, Dominick ensured that a house elf took them three meals a day and checked in that they were being consumed and had not killed each other.

Dominick ensured he spent a little time each day with Theo, getting to know the boy who should be another brother to him. Vasily also enjoyed spending time with the pair, getting to know them and regaling them with stories of her family, including them in the life neither had ever known.

Neville had healed up under Braiden’s expert ministrations and he and Blaise had claimed a room to themselves, slotting in easily with the other students. Draco seemed particularly grateful to have another Slytherin on his side, there was an uncomfortable amount of Gryffindors in the house after all.
Two days had passed since Remington had attempted to kill himself and he hadn’t spoken. While he obviously hadn’t admitted it, and no one else had suggested the idea, she knew, deep down, that that was what he had tried to do. There was this echoing sense of desolation rippling down their bond. His eyes were dead, lost, unseeing.

Her frustration mounted, and she was moments from slapping the man. She had tried apologising for being late, unsure if that had tipped him over the edge. She had tried talking to him, telling him about what it had been like before, hoping that sweet memories and moments would draw him out.

In desperation, that morning, she had tried to coax a reaction out of him with physical affection. While there had been some response, as soon as she had stopped, so had he. She was at her wit’s end, and their Dominant was still insane. She could feel that in the back of her head too, an uncomfortable itch that could not be scratched. She was not designed to deal with this, it was their Dominants job to hold them together and he was more broken than either of them combined.

Staring across at her mate, her fellow submissive, who she had almost lost before they even knew each other, she finally snapped. Stalking over, she slapped him across the face and those dull eyes finally, finally blinked up at her.

“What the fuck is going on Remi?” She demanded.

He blinked a few more times, sighing. “What do you want?” His voice was hoarse from disuse.

Well, this was something at least. Forcing down her irritation, she considered the best way to get him talking, to keep him with her.

“You, Remi, I want you.”

He looked at her with surprise. “Why on earth would you want me?” His nose wrinkled in disgust.

“Because? You are my mate? My other half? I want to know you Remi.” She resisted the urge to reach out, to push.

“If you knew me, you wouldn’t want me. I’m…” He trailed off, eyes getting lost again.

“Remi.” She cut in harshly, his eyes refocused on her. “Don’t you think I deserve a chance to figure out whether I want you or not on my own?”

He shrugged, she could see thoughts flickering in his eyes, eventually, a resigned sadness settled in. “You won’t want me, dear Bella, because I am useless, I am tainted, used up. I am simply a good for nothing whore who can’t get anything right. I was trying to save you the pain of having me in your life, but apparently, that was unacceptable.”

She blinked, processing the heavy self-loathing in his little rant. “How are you useless Remi? What didn’t you get right?” She asked softly, ignoring, for the moment, his comments about his life at the brothel.

“We tried to fix you both Bella, I tried to give you back your Dominant but failed. Then, you didn’t show up, which I don’t blame you for. If I were you, I wouldn’t show up either. Anyway, I tried to
talk to Roman, went into our dreamscape, and he…” Something in his eyes quivered. “He doesn’t want me.”

Bella sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “He is mad, love. You know that. He doesn’t know what he is saying or doing.”

“He doesn’t want me!” Remi screamed, and Bella blinked in surprise. “You don’t want me either! Why would you? I’m just a washed-up old whore. Why didn’t you let me die?” He is panting now, she just watched in silence as he eventually calmed and slumped back.

“Why couldn’t you just let me die, I just wanted it all to be over. Theo will soon bond with his mates, Dominick has you back and Hermione will find a way to restore Roman to you both. I have done all I can, and I just want the pain to be over.” He is almost whispering at the end, a stark contrast to his previous outburst.

Cautiously, Bella approached, slipping his hand into hers. Wide-eyed, he stared down, seemingly astonished that she is willingly touching him.

“Remi, I need you. Roman will need you too, once we fix him. If you were to die, we would be left with a hole that nothing could fill. When Roman and I were together, before we even knew about you, I always felt something was missing. There has always been a hole in our lives where you should have stood. Remi, please.” She begged, eyes wide and glossy. “I am sorry for being late, I was so excited to come and meet you, but Roman had a meeting, he was ranting about a man in his head and for a moment, he recognised me. But then it faded, and he cursed me. I fell asleep before I could get to you. I am sorry love. Please, don’t try and leave me. I couldn’t cope on my own.” She was laying it on a little thick. While the emotions and sentiments were genuine, some part of her cringed at such an outpouring of feelings.

Remington continued just staring at her mutely, but the sense of abandonment had faded, and she could almost feel a cautious flare of hope. Taking a risk, she shuffled forward from where she was kneeling on the carpet at his feet. Rising up, she slowly moved closer, allowing him a chance to pull away. He didn’t, and soon, their lips were pressed together. She tried to pour as much sweet tenderness as she had into the kiss and felt him sigh against her.

The knots in her stomach unwound when he reached out to slide his fingers into her hair. Their lips worked against each other, encouraged, she swiped her tongue over the crease of his lips and they opened, allowing her to lick in. Their tongues slowly slid against each other, gently pressing and tasting. There was no urgency, no demand, just gentle kindness and intimacy.

He sighed again, reaching down without breaking away, to tug her up and onto his lap. The pair allowed themselves to get lost in the kiss, learning each other, settling in.

There would be time for talking later, for getting to know each other. For now, though, for now they would just be together in this simple moment outside of the chaos that was their lives.

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The Monday signalling the end of Severus’ punishment dawned and he tried to tamp down on the excitement of being able to brew again, even if it was the tedious purgative potion.

Potions lessons during the week had been interminable, unable to touch or interact with the potions at
all, all he could do was watch. Just like all he could do was watch as his Dominant and Beta fucked Draco. What had been a nice surprise was Lucius being particularly attentive during the week, taking the time to show him affection and love during his punishment. It had warmed him at the consideration shown, the blonde had known how many bad memories he had associated with being punished so had eased the way as much as possible.

Rolling over, he could see Dominick gently fucking Draco next to him on the bed. The shower was running, so Lucius must be getting ready for the day. Immediately becoming aroused, he rolled onto his side and began fisting himself. Dominick realised he was awake and reached out a hand to stop him. Sadness and pain washed over Severus at the gesture. He had thought the punishment was over today, but before he could slink away, Dominick grabbed his hand, pulling him closer for a kiss while still buried in the young blonde.

“Wait and trust me Severus.” Green eyes were hurt and beseeching.

Severus nodded mutely, shuffling back to give his Dominant space and watching. It was exquisite, the golden tan skin of Dominick pressed against the pale alabaster of Draco. The submissive was unashamedly writhing beneath the dark-haired man, grinding his cock into the mattress even though he wasn’t allowed to come.

Severus drank in the vision, growing hard again but this time, not reaching down to touch, as instructed. He marvelled at the flex of Dominick’s muscles in his back, the way thick fingers wrapped around narrow hips as he thrust. He was captivated by the sway of Draco’s back, the way his plush arse pressed back against Dominick’s hips, hands fisted into sheets, white blonde hair mussed and sprayed over the pillow.

With a growl, he watched as Dominick threw his head back, hips stuttering as he came. He jerked a few more times before pressing a kiss to Draco’s spine and slipping free. Severus’ eyes were immediately drawn to the come sliding out of Draco’s arse. Clearly, Dominick hadn’t been the first to go through the youth.

Blinking, he realised his Dominant was holding out his hand. Curious, he slid his in and was tugged up. Soon he had been positioned behind a panting Draco. A golden hand wrapped around his cock, placing it at the young blondes’ entrance and the other hand pressed on his lower back, causing his cock to slide home.

He couldn’t help the moan that escaped him. It had been a week since he had fucked anyone, while Lucius and Dominick had both readily taken him, he had not been permitted the pleasure. Dominick pressed a quick, sloppy kiss to his mouth, giving his arse a slap before heading off into the shower, leaving him seated deeply inside Draco.

“Draco, my love?” He called softly, getting a moan in response. “How would you like to be taken? Rough or gentle?”

Another moan echoed through the room and the blonde shoved back. Taking the cue, he fist one hand in the blonde’s hair, the other gripping his hip before beginning to roughly fuck into him. The youth cried out in pleasure, back arched beautifully, Severus could just see the curve of his throat over his shoulder. Looking down, he watched as his cock disappeared into the young Kitsune. Unable to hold back, he kicked up the pace, ruthlessly taking his pleasure, revelling in the sounds gifted to him by the submissive.

All too soon, he felt his orgasm building, twisting his hand in Draco’s hair, he hauled the youth up so that his back was pressed to Severus’ chest, the angle perfect for Severus to bite down as his orgasm rushed over him. He heard Draco cry out, fingers reaching back to tangle with Severus’ hair, hips
bucking uselessly in the air. Riding out his orgasm, he eventually released the blonde, allowing him to tumble down onto the bed.

Only now did he realise Lucius was standing at the side of the bed holding a rather large plug in his hand. With a grin, the older blonde scooped up the come leaking out, pressing it back into the stretched hole and following it with the plug. The onyx disk resting between Draco’s arse cheeks is a perfect contrast to his pale skin. Severus felt his cock give a feeble twitch at the vision before him. Exchanging a grin with his Beta, they kissed for a few moments before Severus was nudged into the shower to prepare for the day.

Once breakfast had been completed, Severus made his escape to his potion’s laboratory, removing the short recipe from his pocket and setting about brewing sufficient quantities of the required purgative to dose the entire ministry. He allowed the monotony and simplicity of brewing to wash over him, it was home in a different way to being surrounded by his mates.

He had always found solace in brewing. The actions familiar and comforting, his punishment had hurt, but really, he had to grant Dominick that the man knew what to take away to ensure that his message sank in. Never again would Severus be so careless with his mates’ lives. Never again would he care more about a potion than one of the people who made him whole. After all, he was no longer poor and the loss of ingredients in a ruined potion did not mean he would not be eating. Material things were replaceable, his mates were not.

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After an arduous twenty-four hours spent brewing the purgative, it took another two days for Lucius and Mikhail to have everything in order to potion the Ministry. Using a spell that was not quite legal but wouldn’t get him a one way trip to Azkaban if discovered, Lucius compelled strategic ministry workers to slip the potion into the water, ensuring that all the sources that are consumable were contaminated.

Then, later the same day once everyone had started throwing up to expel the potions in their system, a different worker advised the Ministry that a bug had gotten into the water and was making everyone ill, but that it would pass quickly. As such, no one suspected that they had been slipped a purgative potion.

Lucius was interminably smug the next day after the successful potioning, especially when he could see people beginning to look more alert, starting to disagree more, and casting suspicious glances at Dumbledore.

Thankfully, with the ground work that Lucius had laid previously, people started approaching him to support the case against Dumbledore. The ball was finally rolling, and Mikhail took to the task of getting everything in meticulous order for their presentation. Lucius finally began communicating with Amelia Bones and the pair orchestrated how best to stage the case.

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Nikita was becoming increasingly suspicious. She knew Cayce was a seer; knew that he could see
significant events. She and Dmitry had been trying to warm the man up, but he remained stubbornly oblivious.

The first couple of days, she believed Cayce’s ignorance of their overtures, but it had been more than a week and it was becoming increasingly ridiculous. Cayce was curled up by the fire reading. Again.

Exasperated, Nikita walked over and plucked the book from the pale man’s hands. Cayce blinked up at her with wide innocent eyes and Nikita knew. She knew that the seer had been leading them on a wild chase all week. With a smirk, Nikita grabbed him by the collar and hauled him up. Cayce squeaked in surprise and a knowing glint flitted across his eyes before returning to surprised innocence.

“Nikita!” He gasped, clinging to the Bastet’s shoulders.

“I am on to you Cayce, the jig is up.” Nikita nuzzled down the pale throat in front of him.

She only got another gasp in response and the tightening of long fingers on her shoulders. Pressing gentle kisses, Nikita made her way up to soft pink lips. She was tender but demanding, no longer willing to play games. She felt Cayce melt in her arms, fingers sliding up to tangle in her hair, lean body pressed hard against her. The scent of the seer filled her mind, tantalising and musky, so different from Dmitry.

Groaning, the Bastet tightened her grip on her mate, beginning to shuffle them back towards the bed without letting go. Nikita couldn’t help but nibble on the plump lips, and when the seer gasped, she slid her tongue in, tasting and caressing. She felt when Cayce’s knees hit the bed and ever so gently laid the man down. The pair shuffled up, still attached at the mouth, their kisses lighting a fire within their bellies.

Something in the perfect submission of the seer made her ache, everything was so different from Dmitry. He was all fire and passion while Cayce was like sinking into a warm bath. Sighing into his mouth, Nikita began stripping Cayce of his clothes, gently unwrapping the man. Each inch of tantalising pale skin only made her hungrier.

Soon, the seer was bare, laid out on the bed like a feast. The lines of his body were clean and firm, slim muscles rather than the bulk her brothers enjoyed. He was practically hairless and what little hair there was, was a pale blonde. Dusky pink nipples were a small flash of colour on the otherwise alabaster torso. Allowing her eyes to drift down, Nikita supressed a moan at the flushed and ready cock nestled between smooth thighs.

Finally, she dragged her eyes away to find Cayce smirking at her gently.

“What’s going on?” The seer’s smile was suddenly plastered on and Nikita frowned. “How would you like me? I am well versed in how to grant pleasure to others.”

Suddenly the seer turned coy, tossing away the pillow and pushing Nikita back so she was lying
down. Nimble fingers began briskly stripping her, clothes disappearing in a flash until she was also
naked. With no hesitation what so ever, Cayce began kissing his way down before burying his face
in Nikita’s centre. Horror washed over her. The brothel, how had she forgotten.

She felt arousal flee.

Cayce continued working at her clit, trying to coax a response from her rigid body before finally
stopping. Nikita watched his face grow cold and hard, their bond shutting down before the man
quickly got off the bed, picking up a robe thrown over a chairback and belting it quickly.

“Apologies, my Dominant. I misread the situation.” The blonde moved rapidly away, standing by the
fire with his back to the room.

Nikita exhaled heavily. Shit. She had to smooth this out, and now, but how to start, where to start.
Standing, she made her way to the submissive. Reaching out, she took Cayce’s hand, the seer
whipped his head around, dropping to his knees. A lance of pain shot through Nikita's chest. She
dropped to her knees, cupping Cayce's face in her hands.

“What are you doing? What is this? You have been leading me on a merry chase all week and now it
was time for your claiming. I thought you wanted this, wanted me and Dmitry. Did I misunderstand
Cayce?” Nikita searched the pale eyes in front of him.

There is no response so Nikita sighed. “I know we haven't had a chance to talk about your time in
the brothel, but I wanted you to be comfortable, settled in our bond before we deal with it.”

She watched as Cayce's eyes dropped away, the submissive slumping in her hands. “Please, Cayce
work with me here. I want you, Dmitry wants you, we don't think you are a whore or anything. We
don't want to use you, just love and care for you. Will you let me show you love?”

Nikita waits, heart in her throat for Cayce to look up. Finally, he does, a small flash of hope in the
seers’ eyes. Without hesitating, Nikita scooped her mate up, who squeaked and was forced to cling
to her.

Laying him out on the bed, the Bastet slowly unpeeled the robe wrapped around Cayce. Keeping a
close eye on the submissives expression. Every time he tensed, Nikita would pause, pressing tender
kisses to the seers’ face and lips, whispering sweet nothings in his ear until he relaxed again.

Time slipped away as the Bastet worshipped the body beneath her. All she was focused on was the
gradual unwinding, untangling, unsurprising. Cayce lay compliant under her touch, occasionally, he
would twitch as if to move, to take control, to actively submit, but Nikita would soothe him, and he
would relax again.

The Bastet worked her way down, caressing every inch of pale skin as she went, murmurs filled with
love. Her mouth followed fingers, laving nipples, and creases in muscles. Slowly, Cayce began
responding, allowing the moment to sweep him away.

His cock was hard and leaking when Nikita finally got there. Pausing, she drank in the vision before
her, pale hair mussed, long alabaster limbs sprawled, red flush stained cheeks, chest, and cock. The
Bastet didn't bother trying to suppress a moan.

“You are a vision, perfect and beloved. Will you trust me to show you love and pleasure? I have no
interest in using you, in removing your consent.”

The glaze faded a little from Cayce's eyes. They fixated on Nikita’s face, fear mixing with hope.
“Yes.” The man breathed.
Grinning unabashedly, the Bastet immediately sucked him down. Cayce shouted, limbs jerking, fingers tangling in her hair as Nikita began relentlessly pleasuring the seer. Saliva slicked the way, tongue caressing sensitive skin, teeth tucked away. She sank down further, allowing the cockhead to slide into her throat where she swallowed repeatedly until Cayce was a begging babbling mess. She could feel his orgasm approaching and pulled off, squeezing the base of his cock to stave it off.

Grinning at Cayce’s obvious dismay, she shuffled up until her soaked core was positioned above his straining cock. Locking their eyes, Nikita ever so slowly eased herself down, moaning at the sensation of being filled so exquisitely. The seer wailed when he was fully encased in her wet heat.

She tipped forward, kissing the submissive ferociously. Once Cayce was breathless, the Bastet pressed her lips to a pale ear, whispering more endearments and love as she slowly began to slide up and down on the cock seated deep inside her.

Nikita worked constantly to remind Cayce of where he was, who he was with, how cherished he was. Not once was pleasure demanded, simply given, lavished until the blonde was weeping with it.

As the pair neared climax, Nikita knew she had to seek one final permission.

“Cayce my love, for our bond to settle, I will need to bite you at the moment of climax.”

The haze of pleasure eased for a few moments, long enough for Cayce to nod his consent, pulling his Dominant down for a passionate kiss. The pair rocked and moved together, chasing their mutual release. Cayce came first, crying out and arching up. The pulsing heat of his release tipped Nikita over the edge and she sank her fangs into the exposed throat below her.

The pair came down slowly, touches tender and sweet. Eventually, Nikita curled up on his chest, tugging the blankets up over them, the pair drifted off to sleep, content for the moment in their connection.
Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

I’m sorry in advance? A sweet moment of hope smothered by misery. But then I followed with a little more kindness.

Anyone getting a sinking feeling about Bellatrix yet?

Neville was sitting by the fire in their room, Blaise’s head nestled on his thighs. He had stumbled across an old book of poetry in the library and the soft lull of words fills the space. The crackle of the fire created a soft counterpoint to Blaise’s breathing.

Neville paused in between sonnets and gazed down at the dark boy sprawled out on the couch next to him.

“Blaise?”

He received a hum in response, indigo eyes lazily blinking open.

“I love you, thank you for getting me out. I don’t know what I would have done without you.” The words are soft as they drift down to his Dominant.

“I would never leave you behind love.” Dark fingers tenderly caress pale skin.

Silence settles over the pair until Neville calls again. “Blaise?”

“Yes, my love.”

“Do you think something is missing? I feel like there is a space, a hole, something that should be there but not? Almost…” He trails off but Blaise smiles gently for him to continue. “Almost like what is missing isn't ready yet? Or I’m not ready? It is a ghost of a gap so that when all is ready, we will know something was meant to slot into place. You know what I mean?”

Blaise huffs out a chuckle, sitting up only to tug the younger boy onto his lap. Pressing a tender kiss, he can’t help but smile.

“Our third mate. You are feeling the space of our third mate, but they have not yet come of age.”

Neville can’t help but blink in surprise. “How do you know?”

“I have always known I would have two submissives, just like when you came of age, I knew you would be mine. I do not know who our third is as the link has not yet been activated, but once it does, we will seek them out and claim them.”

Neville nodded, it made sense, of course, he just wanted to understand. Blaise was always so patient with him, he was so lucky to have been paired with such a wonderful Dominant, the perfect counterpart.

He is dragged from his thoughts when Blaise kissed him again. The pair dissolved into laughter,
revelling in the privacy afforded them outside of Hogwarts. There was no one here to judge them, no one here to hurt them. They were finally free to be together and boy, did they intend to take advantage of it.

“Remi, love?” Bellatrix called from the sitting area by the fire. All she got was a shuffle of blankets from the bed in response.

“Remi you need to get up and eat. We need to talk.” She huffed, today was a better day than those previous, but it was time for them to move forward.

Eventually, the blankets were thrown back and he stumbled out of bed, sinking down into the armchair across from her.

“Cayce keeps coming to see you, and Theo, they are worried. You need to show your face to the rest of the house. Talk to them love.”

He grunted as he scooped up a mug of coffee from the tray on the table.

“Irrespective, I had a thought about Roman. I was wondering if you would be willing to help me try something? I know it might not work, but it is worth a shot.” She cut off her rambling, waiting for Remington to look up at her from his mug.

“You mentioned that when you went into your dreamscape with him, there was a moment of recognition before insanity took over. I believe that that moment translated into real life, when he looked at me and recognised me for a moment also. Now, I don’t think we should actually go to him; that would be suicide at this stage. But we could go together into our mindscape and try to jolt him together?”

She watched as he tried to smother the hope that sprung to life at the idea. She had done the same when the thought had occurred to her.

“Do you think it will work?”

The hope in his voice was painful. She sighed, kneeling in front of him, she took his hand in hers. “I cannot be sure, but I hope and pray every day that he is returned to us.”

He nodded, swallowing heavily, sad eyes turning back to his coffee.

She returned to her seat, picking up a plate of food. “First we eat, then we try to contact Roman.”

Quiet settled over the pair as they ate their meal. Finally, Bellatrix set down her plate and cup, looking over at Remington who had been picking at his toast and sipping coffee slowly.

Sighing, she stood, reaching out to take his hand and the pair moved to the bed. “Let us relax and retreat to our mindscape.”

The pair curled up together, sinking down together. Soon they were again immersed in their mindscape, pressing into the insanity of their Dominant. Chaos swirled around them, black and white bled into red. The storm raged, screaming at them.
Roman was pacing furiously in the scape, muttering to himself. As the pair moved closer, the could hear him. “Left, left, abandoned. She left me, why? Something is wrong, missing, lost. Must find, must stop, where? Where did they go?”

Nudging Remington slightly behind her, Bellatrix stepped forward.

“My lord.” She bowed.

“You!” He screeched, stalking over he gripped her chin and yanked her face up. “You left…” He had started out yelling but had trailed off when her dark eyes had slid up to meet his.

“Hello Roman.” She whispered, he was hypnotised and something in the chaos stilled.

Bellatrix reached out to caress his face, their eyes still locked together. With her other hand, she reached out for Remington, pulling him to beside her. Roman's blood red eyes flicked to the other man before focusing back on Bella.

“We have been waiting for you Roman,” She continued softly, “We have missed you, ached for you by our side. We are lost without you, my love. Do you remember us?”

He blinked slowly, eyes flicking between the pair. Remington slowly reached out a hand to touch his other cheek, tears trickling down his face.

“Something from a dream. Something barely remembered…” Roman reached out to touch each of their faces, rubbing away the tears on Remington’s cheeks.

“Roman please,” Remington sobbed, “Please remember us!”

There was a moment, one beautiful moment when they thought they had gotten through the madness, but a darkness on the horizon roiled, stretching out hateful tendrils and the man’s face hardened. His hands slipping down to their shoulders and pressing down.

“You will kneel before your lord and not address me in such a familiar manner.”

The pair slumped to their knees, heads bowed. Their hands tangled together, gripping and white knuckled. With a sneer, Roman looked down at them.

“Bellatrix, you left without permission. Why?”

“I had to save our mate, my lord,” She whispered, “He was dying, and I couldn’t bear to be without both of you.”

Roman blinked a few times, part of his mind cried out at the thought of the death of his submissive, but it was soon overridden by something else, something dark and insidious that dampened everything except the reigning chaos.

Turning away, he began muttering to himself. “Death, dying, must flee from death, killing, pain, the chaos will only be quietened by their screams. Screams, pain, make them bleed.”

He drifted off, unaware of the submissives he had left behind. The pair clung to each other, their sobs barely heard over the sound of the raging storm. There had been a moment when they thought they had gotten through to him. But no, he was still lost.

Perhaps once Dumbledore had been taken down, they might have more luck.

Dejected, the pair retreated, barely regaining consciousness before allowing sleep to pull them under.
The next day was a Saturday, so the household had turned out in force for a lazy breakfast. Everyone was laughing and joking together, plates being shared around when Bellatrix and Remington shuffled in. Dominick couldn’t help but jerk upright. He hadn’t seen the pair since Remington had been found in the shower and Bellatrix had arrived in a rush. His heart ached to see them look so lost, clinging to each other.

He felt a cool hand on his forearm and looked down to see Severus touching him. “Remain calm love.” He murmured, and Dominick swallowed and nodded, exhaling his own worries and concerns.

Gesturing towards two empty seats further down the table, he invited them to sit. There was something broken in their eyes that killed him to see. Some part of him knew it was because they were missing their Dominant. He couldn’t help but look down at his own submissives, seeing at last how they would suffer without him. Bella barely acknowledged his existence, Dominick couldn’t help but hope it was because Remington had not yet told her of his existence, but some part of him knew something was wrong.

He grasped Severus’ and Lucius’ hands in his own. “I will never leave you, I promise.” He swore to them, all he received was a superior ‘Of course’ from the pair and chuckling they turned back to their meals.

Remington ended up sitting next to Theo, Bella on his other side.

“Brother, I have been worried.” Theo commented quietly, attention still focused on his plate.

“Oh?” Was all Remington could say as he played with some eggs on his plate. He struggled to believe his little brother had missed him at all. He had his friends back and his mates as well.

A cool hand gripped his and he blinked, looking up. “Remi, of course I missed you, I have been worried sick. I only just got you back. I need you.”

Remington cocked his head in surprise. “Why would you need me, you have your friends and mates.”

Theo looked completely taken aback. “For one, you are my brother and nothing could ever take your place, not even my friends. Secondly, what mates? I haven’t found my mates.”

A frown washed over the older Notts face, eyes sliding to the two sets of twins sitting near by but not close. Looking harder, he could see an edge of desperation around their expressions and understanding lit.

“When did father die Theo? Was it before your birthday? Were you alone for your inheritance?” Remington demanded, watching as Theo jerked away in alarm.

“He died before my birthday, I was alone, I…” Theo trailed off, emotions flitting across his face too fast to process.

Remington frowned, grasping his brother’s hand. “Theo, you are like me, a submissive Dämonfeuer. You are hurting your mates by pushing them away you know.” The man ignored Bellatrix whacking him on the arm.
“Fred and Mikhail have been helping me with my… Creature, but I don’t have any mates Remi.” Theo stated stubbornly but blinked in confusion when the twins all whined in distress.

“Oh Theo, why are you fighting this? It is completely normal and natural. Let your mates in, they only want to love you.”

Bellatrix whacked him again and he had to frown at her. He finally noticed the table had gone quiet as Theo became more and more distressed at their topic.

Turning back to the younger man, he peered into his brothers’ eyes. “Can’t you feel them? In the back of your mind, calling to you. They need you Theo, by denying them you are only hurting yourself.”

Theo shook his head. “No, while I may be working towards accepting the abomination that I am, I will not drag anyone down with me. I am supposed to be pure!” A collective intake of breath rippled around the room, but Theo ignored it. They might all be ok with their tainted blood, but he had been raised to believe in the purity of wizardkind.

“There is nothing purer than a creature Theo, we are magic, we don’t just have access to it. Take down your walls and let them in. Just try, please?” Remington begged, he could hear the distressed whines from the twins, realising that they hadn’t even been able to get close to his little brother.

Fear washed over Theo’s face and Remington turned fully to face the other man, grasping both of his hands. “Please Theo, I promise you will not regret it.”

Theo took a breath, allowing his eyes to slide shut as he moved to the back of his mind where those four spots battered at his walls. He pressed a hand to the wall separating them and felt the pressure ease. There was a sense of waiting, hoping. Slowly he found the courage to let the wall fall and a sense of belonging immediately wrapped around his heart. A soft sigh escaped his lips.


His eyes snapped open, cutting over to the two sets of twins sitting across the table from him. “Fred?” He asked aloud.

A joyous laugh echoed around the room as the submissive siren practically ran around the table to kneel at his side. The rest of the room sighed in relief, the stress of the unmated twins had been driving them all crazy.

“Yes beloved, we have been waiting, hoping, praying you would let us in.”

“We?”

Theo watched as Fred hesitated before gesturing across the table at the remaining twins and the younger Notts' eyes widened. Eyes darting between Fred at his knees and the other three.

“Four of you?” He squeaked eventually, and everyone couldn’t help but laugh.

“Yes beloved, the four of us have been waiting for you. You are our fifth, our centre, our balance. We have much to discuss, will you come?” Fred rose, holding out his hand. Theo slipped his in slowly, eyes still darting between the four.

Wrestling with his impatience, Fred tried not to pick up the younger man to drag him from the room. Instead leading him away to their quarters, knowing the other three would follow.
The madness clinging to his mind was getting harder and harder to control. He had almost killed a student last night he had beaten the boy so heavily. Poppy was so dosed up on control potions that she was only barely able to do her job anymore, the effort of preventing her from questioning why he kept sending her bloody and beaten students taxing him to the extreme. He knew he couldn’t let one of them die though, that would raise too much suspicion and with the Wizengamot and Ministry no longer obedient, he felt his perfectly constructed little world spiralling out of control.

Sitting at dinner, Albus devoured his meal with a hearty appetite. Taking apart people always made him hungry and the screams of pain soothed something broken deep in his soul. It was Nimue’s fault that he was broken after all. All he wanted was her, and she had had the audacity to deny him! He was Merlin! No one should deny him anything.

He was lost in his musings, considering taking whores and muggles off the street as playthings instead of using students. At least then it wouldn’t matter if he killed them. The old man completely failed to notice that the Great Hall was rather light on senior students.

The Slytherins had almost completely withdrawn to their common room, only leaving en masse for their classes. Only select few of the Ravenclaws were still making an appearance, moving together in little clusters.

The Gryffindors were holding court, their boisterous antics filling the gaps in the hall. He smiled benevolently down at the little morons, the students who had come into their inheritance had been
encouraged to show the younger years their place. He watched as a second year was yanked onto a seventh years lap, the kiss vicious and punishing before the younger was shoved onto the ground, pushed down into kneeling where he belonged. The silver tear tracks made him happy. No one even commented anymore, the little display so common place. He saw a third year Hufflepuff being smacked harshly across the face for daring to try to eat with his own two hands.

The loss of control at the Ministry and the Wizengamot bothered him, made him wonder if something more was at work but the madness clawing at his mind made it hard to focus, hard to think what could be going on. Instead, he started planning how best to abduct someone to ease his need.

Blaise was exploring the Manor. It had been almost two weeks since he had been rescued from Hogwarts and dragged into the bizarre world of Harry Potter, except he wasn’t. Everyone was calling him Dominick now and apparently, his old Head of House, best friend and best friends father were his submissives. Wasn’t that an absolute mind fuck.

Bellatrix LeStrange was wandering around the Manor and apparently wasn’t bat shit crazy, instead she seemed to be trying to hold together her submissive mate without their Dominant. It was all a bit much and he was looking for something to take his mind off of everything.

Neville had discovered the greenhouses and had fallen in love. While Blaise couldn’t begrudge his little mate his joy in plants, the Vampire did not have the touch. So he was alone for the moment. He realised he had just wandered into the library which, for once was mostly empty and made his way to the fire place, thinking it might be nice to just sit and mull over all the changes his life had gone through.

He was surprised to find one of the wing backs already occupied, one of the many people he didn’t know curled up and staring into the fire. Something in his mind sang at the man by the fire and realised he was a fellow Vampire. Red eyes eventually focused on him and he knew he had guessed right.

“This place is a mad house isn’t it?” The other man asked as Blaise sank into the other chair.

“You’re not wrong. Blaise Zabini.” The dark boy held out his hand.

“Dmitry Alexeev.” Was the reply, pale hand grasping his. “So you’re the reason why the little blonde was so disobedient huh?” The other man smirked, and Blaise couldn’t help but flush a little.

“While I am grateful for the rescue by Draco, if he had been my submissive, I would have smacked his arse cherry red for that little stunt. Imagine that! Going out into a dangerous situation without even letting anyone know what was going on!”

“Clearly your friendship means a lot to him, though from the tender way he was sitting the day after your rescue, he was not spared.”

“No, you are right. Draco is a wonderful friend, even if he has spent too much time with Gryffindor’s.” The dark-skinned boy couldn’t help but chuckle,

“What do you mean? I keep hearing you all refer to Gryffindors and Slytherins, but no one has
explained it to me.” Dmitry turned so that he was facing the other Vampire fully.

“Oh! It’s a Hogwarts thing. The school has four houses, and all of the students are separated into them based on their dominant qualities. Gryffindors are brash and brave, Slytherins are cunning and ambitious, Ravenclaws are witty and intelligent and Hufflepuffs are loyal and steadfast. There is a pretty significant house rivalry between Slytherin and Gryffindor as we are considered polar opposites.” He could see the confused curiosity in the pale man’s eyes.

“For example,” Blaise continued, “Dominick is a Gryffindor while Severus, Lucius and Draco are all Slytherins. I am a Slytherin, just like Theo, while Neville, Hermione and all the Weasleys are Gryffindors. See the pattern?”

“I guess, but wasn’t Draco running off after you and Neville something a Gryffindor would do?”

“Exactly!” Blaise crowed with a grin. “My point, is that he has been spending too much time with Gryffindors, thus taking on their behaviours and no longer acting like a proper Slytherin.” He paused, seeing the dawning understanding. “It is becoming a bit of a running joke in this house, but it used to be cause for hexing at Hogwarts. I’m beginning to think there is something wrong with that school. I have been getting along marvellously with all the Gryffindors here while at school all I wanted to do was jinx them all.”

“You were probably all potioned to be honest.”

“I’m sorry what?” Horrified understanding began to creep in.

“Dumbledore potioned the entire Ministry and Wizengamot. Do you really think he didn’t potion Hogwarts too?”

“Oh my god…” Blaise stared off into the fire, thinking over the years.

“Perhaps you should organise for yourself and your mate to go to Gringotts for an exam and most likely a cleansing. The rest of us went through it and it was alarming what was found.”

Blaise nodded mutely, slumping back into his chair. It was a bit late in the day and Neville was busy in the greenhouse. One more day wouldn’t make much of a difference. Putting it aside for the moment, he shifted to consider the other man.

“Do you remember your first feed?” Blaise suddenly asked out of the blue and Dmitry nodded slowly.

“I haven’t met another Vampire I wasn’t already related to yet; can’t help but wonder at your experiences.” Blaise explained.

Dmitry lit up, and happily began relaying the story of his first feed, his anecdotes amusing, allowing Blaise to set aside his worries for a brief time, simply enjoying the company of his own kind.

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Sunday crept on and Draco was becoming more excited and agitated, much to the irritation of his mates. Finally, Dominick had enough, directing the excitable blonde to kneel at his feet, hands bound behind his back, blindfolded, gagged and naked. Dominick and Lucius ignored him pointedly as he
squirmed, the pair focusing on the Lordship lessons they were going over.

Draco was so excited, while he had revelled in his submission the past two weeks, tomorrow his punishment would be over and he would get to come, he would be fully forgiven for his terrible choice.

The last week had been enlightening to say the least. He had discovered that his father loved to use him as a cock warmer, taking him apart slowly at the end of the day. Dominick preferred to take him submission, relishing in his obedience. Severus had been a surprise, the man had been passionate, demanding, fierce. His erection hadn’t gone down the last few days and he ached, deep inside for release.

Time slipped away, Draco slowly settled on the cushion beside Dominick, much to his Dominants relief. The Dämonfeuer exchanged a look with his Beta, both of them sighing. The blonde had been insufferable since he had awoken this morning. They still had the entire evening to get through and Dominick was seriously considering dosing the irritating submissive so that they could have some peace.

It seemed gagging the young Kitsune had done the trick though. Dominick reached down to gently pet the head at his knee, receiving a soft purr in response but nothing else. Leaning forward, Dominick captured Lucius’ hand, whispering in the older man’s ear. Mercurial eyes widened, and a wicked grin crept across pale features. Oh yes, the morning would be exquisite.

Afternoon faded into evening and Draco remained settled, Dominick gently hand fed him, ensuring he was hydrated and content. Eventually, evening wore on and the blonde was bundled up into bed, tucked in between his Dominant and Beta. The wrist bindings and gag had been removed but the blindfold was left on. A large part of him relished in his submission and as he drifted off to sleep, he knew he was safe, loved and appreciated.

Draco slowly drifted into consciousness, attempting to stretch and realising that his limbs were already stretched to their limit. He opened his eyes, only to discover his blindfold was still on. Twisting his wrists and ankles, he could feel soft rope around each joint, with a gentle tug, he realised he had been bound to each post of the bed. A soft breeze across his skin confirmed he was still naked, and alone.

Part of him thought he should panic, but a check on his bonds with his mates showed they were all calm, if somewhat aroused. Considering his options, he decided to take a gamble.

Swallowing, he licked his lips. “My Dominant?”

Satisfaction rolled through the bond and he knew he had chosen right.

“Yes Pet?” Came the soft reply from his left.

Considering his words carefully, he swallowed again. “Have I completed my punishment to your satisfaction Sir?”

“Do you regret what you did?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Do you understand why you were punished?”

“I disregarded my own safety by intentionally placing myself into a dangerous situation without notifying anyone of my plan or intentions.”
“Will you do it again?”

“No Sir.”

“Then your punishment is complete. You may come at any time.”

Suddenly he felt a rush of magic coil over him; he shuddered, the intimate caress enough to make the edge he had been dancing on for the past two weeks crumble. He was falling, flying, screaming, coming. His release was so overwhelming that he passed out, his body unwinding with relief.

****************************************************************

Ron woke slowly, awareness dawning gradually. He was so calm, so comfortable, his heart settled in his chest. He had found his home at last, after all the struggles, all the pain, all the pressure.

He wriggled a little, realising that he was practically cocooned in his mates. Braiden was curled up behind him, Alistair pressed to his front and he could feel Mikhail’s hand on his hip. He considered his mates, what he knew of them and their relationship.

Alistair was the strong silent type, often retreating to the shadowed sidelines, unwilling to bother his mates. Ron knew that the man had been cast aside by his family so hated being a bother, so to speak, forever convinced that everyone else would leave too.

Braiden seemed to act as mediator, attempting to juggle the needs of the other two while holding down his job. Ron could see that it was exhausting for the man, taking on more than he could handle just to try and hold everyone together.

Mikhail was a proud man, devoted to his family and his mates but somewhat distractible. He had a tendency of charging in without thinking. Ron could see the family resemblance with Dominick which was amusing and disturbing all in one. He knew that his three mates needed balance, needed to work together to find harmony.

Humming to himself, he set aside the problem for now, a wicked need inspiring him. Slowly, so as to not wake anyone, he wriggled down the bed under the covers until his face was pressed into Alistair’s groin. Grasping his semi-hard cock, the Siren sucked it down. Tonguing and playing, Ron worked it to full hardness.

He knew the moment Alistair woke, feeling long dextrous fingers tangle in his hair, pressing him further down so that he could swallow around the engorged cock head. Ron could feel Braiden pressing closer in behind him, the sounds of sleepy kisses coming from the head of the bed. Working faster, he could feel that Alistair was getting close and with a gentle tug of his balls, the Vampire came, salty warmth running down Ron’s throat. Once he had finished licking the cock clean, he allowed it to slip from his mouth, ignoring the hand trying to pull him up. Instead he rolled over, turning his attention to Braiden whose rod had been pressing into the back of his head.

He could hear someone protesting above his head but they died when he licked a long stripe from base to tip on the flushed cock before his eyes. Grasping the base in one hand, he popped the head into his mouth, licking and suckling it like his favourite sweet treat. The body before him shuddered at the delicious pleasure and finally stopped resisting.
Relaxing completely, he set to, laving and caressing the magnificent cock before him, devouring it. He sucked it down, working it all the way down his throat until his nose was buried in a thatch of brown curls. Working his tongue and swallowing repeatedly, he eventually retreated to breathe before plunging in again.

All too soon, Braiden was coming, filling his mouth as he tried to swallow as much as he could. He could feel a little dribble out the corners of his mouth, but focused on cleaning up any mess, leaving Braiden laying soft and quiescent.

Again, the hands tried to pull him up, but stubbornly, he crawled over the wizard, wriggling over to his Dominant whose impressive member was already leaking copiously. There was no resistance from him, no trying to get him to come up, just a body laid out for him to please.

With relish, Ron set to, feeling how much his Dominant was enjoying his attentions. He lavished kisses and kitten licks over the massive cock. Working up his courage, he stretched his mouth over the head and began bobbing slowly. He could feel the body go tense under him, realising that Mikhail was resisting the urge to thrust, to grab him and take control. He sent gratitude through the bond and refocused on trying to fit as much into his mouth as possible.

His jaw was stretched to its limit, tongue softly pressed to the bottom of the length as he eased it in and out. Disappointment washed over him, he could only fit about half into his mouth before he couldn’t breathe, couldn’t even move around it. Instead he worked the remaining length with his hand. A hand slipped over his head, petting him gently as he sucked and played.

The fingers in his hair tightened, hips twitching when suddenly he was yanked off, the load splattering over his face and in his open mouth. Spluttering and laughing, he threw back the covers and pretended to pout, knowing his mates would love seeing him covered in their come.

All three moaned and he knew he must present an amazing image, hair mussed, face flushed, lips bruised and covered in release. Unable to resist, he licked his lips, giving them a cheeky grin. The next minute, all three had tacked him, pinning him down onto the bed. Laughter filled the room as they rolled and tumbled, kissing and touching like they had not a care in the world.

This, Ron thought to himself, this is what he had dreamed of. No matter what happened in the outside world, when they were together, like this, it was magic, it was home.
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

We are moving into the end game now. I don't really do happily ever after? So not everyone is going to get their happy endings, fair warning.

Anyway, enjoy!

Dominick exhaled heavily. Bellatrix and Remington had been making an appearance around the house more often in the last couple of days but he had been unable to see them. The pair had not sought him out, which he couldn't deny hurt, but they also had not been avoiding him.

He had settled his resolve after watching Draco pass out from his first orgasm in two weeks this morning. His heart hurt with the pain of being set aside by his mother. He couldn’t understand how she didn’t feel this, how she hadn’t come to him. While he understood that helping Remington was important, she could have called for him at any time, he would have gladly gone to them.

With a sigh, he knocked, waiting, heart in his mouth, the door eventually opened. Remington was on the other side and Dominick couldn’t even begin to hide the pain in his eyes. The older man flinched, stepping aside and letting him in. He was ushered over to a chair by the fire, Remington curling up in the corner of the couch next to Bellatrix who blinked at him curiously.

“And you are?” She asked finally.

Dominick withheld the pained gasp at her question, reduced to just rubbing his chest where it felt like a hole had been punched.

“Dominick.” His voice was hoarse, throat closing over before he could get anything else out.

Bellatrix exchanged a perplexed look with Remington and him. “And you’re here why?”

He was reduced to making a pained noise. Remington curled himself into a tighter ball, not making eye contact with either of them. The silence stretched and Dominick could feel Bellatrix’s mounting irritation.

“Alright, what is going on here? You came here just to rasp a couple of words at me and reduce Remington to silence. I don’t know how any of you got in here, the wards are limited to those with Black blood, but I am grateful as it kept Remi safe until I could get to him.” She huffed, crossing her arms.

Dominick had lost the ability to speak, he knew he should leave, this was clearly a mistake. Why would any parent want him after all? He was a screw up, a mistake, unwanted and unloved. Useless.

Gathering what little strength he had left, he stood.

“Apologies for disturbing you.” His voice was choked, and he resisted the urge to run from the room, walking calmly until he was out the door. He ignored the half-formed questions as he left.

He began walking, completely lost in thought, unaware of those who tried to gain his attention. Walking outside, he wandered, making his way through the forests but knowing he could never
cross the ward line. He was trapped once more. His thoughts spiralled down. He had always dreamed of having a family, and when he had found out about Roman and Bellatrix still being his parents, hope and joy had bloomed. But the reality was far from what he had dreamed of. He had had Remington in his life briefly, but with Bellatrix returning to his side, Dominick had lost him also.

Dominick knew he at least had the Alexeev family, they had all accepted and welcomed him with open arms. Vasily taking great pains to make him feel loved and included. Having such a caring grandmother was a gift. He tried to wrap that love and care around his broken heart but failed. Desolation set in and as darkness descended over the property, he sank to his knees.

Perhaps his mates would be better without him too, perhaps they would all be better without him. He was at the centre of everything and if he was taken away, perhaps the house of cards would fall. He was too demanding, too controlling, forcing such awful submission onto his mates. After all, he was broken, fundamentally. They deserved better.

Severus had been focused on brewing, retreating to his potions lab after enjoying the show of Draco’s orgasm this morning. Dominick had been particularly attentive to him following the display and he revelled in the affection of his Dominant.

So lost in his brewing, he didn’t initially notice the mounting distress coming through the bond. Pausing, he tested the links, finding Draco still asleep, Lucius was concentrating, probably on the court case, while Dominick… He dropped the stirrer with a clatter.

Allowing the bond to pull him towards his Dominant, he cast a hasty stasis charm on the potion and left. Making his way up through the manor, he watched Dominick walk out of Remington’s room and past him without seeing.

Severus tried to gain his attention but the man was so lost in his own mind that the Merman couldn’t get through. With a distressed noise, he threw open the door and stormed in.

“What have you done?” He demanded, seeing Bellatrix seated next to Remington on the couch.

The dark-haired woman looked confused while Remington was curling himself so far into the couch corner he looked like he was trying to disappear.

“What do you mean? That boy came in here, sat down, barely said a word and left! I didn’t do anything Severus!” Bellatrix sounded supremely irritated.

“That boy? That boy!” Severus pinched the bridge of his nose. Perhaps the curse had damaged her brain. “Are you fucking stupid Bellatrix?”

The woman rose from the couch and strode over to him, getting in his face. “What is going on here? I demand answers! This is my home, and you are all guests here, I can have you all removed from this property at a moments notice so you had better check that tone Severus.” She snarled.

The Merman didn’t even bother to suppress the sneer that curled his lip. “Oh Bella, take a moment and think would you. I know it is difficult but please, do try.” She began spluttering, but he ran roughshod over her.
“Now, the wards to the manor are keyed to Black blood yes?” Condescension was heavy in his tone.

With an irritated pout, she nodded, impatient for him to get to the point.

“Ergo, we would require someone of Black blood to get into the manor, yes?” He continued.

“Draco, his mother Narcissa is a Black. He could have gotten you in.” She snapped.

“Narcissa was adopted, while she could access the Black properties, the ability did not pass to her son. Try again.” Severus strove for patience.

The woman looked surprised, then confused, then simply at a loss.

With a huff, Severus rolled his eyes. “Let’s try a different angle. When you arrived at the manor and burst into the dining room, one person was standing. Who.”

“The boy, that was here, Dominick he said his name was. He was standing.”

“Yes, and how would he have known to stand, how would he have known that you were coming.”

“He heard me?” She hazarded.

“No Bellatrix.” He sneered. “Try again.”

“Well I guess if he was keyed to the wards…” She trailed off, Severus gestured impatiently for her to follow through with the thought. “But only those with Black blood can be keyed to the wards.”

“Yes!” His tone was one that you would normally use with a dog that completed a trick successfully. “So, if he has Black blood, who could he be?”

She hesitated. “Andromeda’s son?”

Severus couldn’t help the noise of irritation that escaped him. “No, try again.”

“Sirius’ son?” She attempted again.

“Are we really going to play this game Bella?” Severus demanded. “No Bella, he is not Sirius’ son.”

Bewilderment welled in her face. Severus finally rounded on Remington who was still huddled on the couch. “You did tell her, didn’t you?”

Remington nodded. “I have tried, but she keeps forgetting.”

“Perhaps the curse did damage your brain, I will have to get Braiden to check you out. Irrespective, I will finally illuminate you as you seem to have lost your mind.” Anger mounted in her face and she opened her mouth to protest again, only for Severus to cut her off. “That was your son you absolute moron. Your son who you have ignored since you arrived, too busy with your mate. Your son that, judging by the level of distress coming through the bond, you just rejected. Well done Bella, you could have just destroyed everything.”

With a final sneer, he swept from the room, sending a message to Lucius that he would be going to Dominick and to not worry. He received gratitude back and focused instead of following the bond to his Dominant.

He felt Draco in the back of his mind, concern ratcheting up. “Severus?! What is happening with Dominick!”
“Be calm Draco, I have Dominick under control. Lucius is happy to trust me with this. Will you?”

There was a beat. And then; “Of course, let me know if you need anything.”

Darkness set in as he paced the grounds, trying to locate the man that had held them all together and was now falling apart alone. Severus ached for the pain radiating down the link, hoping he would be able to help. He knew he wasn’t the best to deal with this, but he would do what he could.

He had been quite hateful for most of his life, abusive, angry and vindictive. Then the goblins had cleansed him and the heavy cloud that he had assumed was due to his spying activities and loathing for teaching had lifted. He was still snarky, sarcastic and somewhat emotionally stunted, but he was no longer the cruel Potions Master of Hogwarts.

Eventually, he found the man. He was kneeling amongst a stand of trees. Dominick was slumped over, staring at the dirt, the picture of dejected loss. Slowly, Severus made his way over, crouching down in front of his Dominant who looked so lost his heart broke a little.

Reaching out a hand, he gently caressed Dominick’s cheek. “My love? Can you hear me?”

Green eyes blinked lazily, eventually focusing on the Merman. “Severus?” Came the quiet question. “What are you doing here?”

“I am here for you.” He fought to keep his tone gentle, to not snark, it would not help at this juncture.

“Of course. Apologies, you are here to help me break the bonds?” Resignation flooded pained jade eyes.

“Break the bonds? What are you talking about love?”

“Lucius will make a better Dominant, he can look after you both.” Dominick nodded like it made perfect sense.

Severus did everything he could to stop from snapping. “What on earth are you talking about Dominick?”

The younger man blinked in confusion. “You are here to break the bonds between me and the rest of you? I am a failure as a Dominant, too controlling and demanding, I can’t even protect you all. I have been broken fundamentally by my life and am unworthy of you three. Yes, you all did perfectly fine without me, I don’t see why you can’t continue to do so. Lucius knows what he is doing, he can keep you safe.”

Severus was stunned into silence. Dominick took that as agreement and nodded, casting around for something. “So how will this work? Will there be bloodletting? A ritual? Perhaps I need to die to save you all?”

The pained hope in the last question snapped Severus out of his stupor and without thinking, his hand lashed out and he slapped Dominick across the face.

“We have no intention of breaking our bonds you moronic child. I thought we had solidified our bond successfully. Bellatrix is an absolute twit and I am convinced something is broken inside her. I don’t know how she failed to realise that you have a parent bond but clearly the failing is on her end, not yours.”

Dominick just sat there, staring at him. With a huff, Severus pushed into his space, pressing a rough
kiss to his mouth. Severus loathed feelings, he hated trying to express himself emotionally, trying to connect with others. He hated the outpouring of emotion he had to face on a daily basis at the school. It made him uncomfortable on a fundamental level.

But his Dominant was falling apart, and Severus had to do something, words were required. Dominick had been abused and needed displays of genuine emotion to break through the funk that took over. Severus would know. Not only had he been a child of abuse himself, but he had helped abuse the man in front of him.

Breaking away from their kiss, he pressed their foreheads together, cupping the back of Dominick’s neck.

“Dominick, we need you. I need you. Please don’t leave us. Are we not enough? Regardless of Bellatrix, and whatever has gone terribly wrong with her mind from the curse, are your mates not enough family for you? We would stand by your side when all else fails. Not because we must, but because we love you. The four of us are so tangled in together that we would never be able to figure out where one finished and another began. Please Dominick, you are our heart, our home, don’t take that away from us.”

The declaration made Severus feel nauseous, but he pushed that away. He waited for some response, some acknowledgement from the man in front of him. The body under his hand shuddered and suddenly, Dominick was clinging to him as sobs tore from his throat.

Severus couldn’t withhold the sigh that escaped, gathering up the other man into his arms, he conjured a cushion for them to lean against. Wrapping himself around Dominick, he rocked the younger man. Severus allowed all the grief and pain the Dämonfeuer had suppressed and pushed aside from necessity for so long to pour out. While displays of emotion made his skin itch, he understood that sometimes, it was important to simply let it out so one could feel cleansed of the muck and move on.

He rubbed Dominick’s back, murmuring sweet nothings into his ear and waited for the storm to ease. Eventually, the shuddering sobs passed and soon the man was resting, sleeping in his arms. With an amused huff, Severus hefted himself up, cradling the larger man to his body and began walking back into the Manor. Eternally grateful to magic for making the whole process easier.

He ignored everyone as he made his way to the master suite. Dominick had been such a powerhouse, a force to be reckoned with, guiding everyone through the storm. They were all distressed at seeing him laid low. But with a few well-placed sneers and stinging hexes, he made it to the suite.

Draco was curled up in bed asleep already and he could sense Lucius was focused intently on something elsewhere in the house. Spelling away their clothes, he sandwiched Dominick between himself and the young Kitsune and allowed sleep to claim him. They would deal with everything tomorrow.

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Draco awoke for the second time that day. He was swaddled up in warm fluffy blankets, he could hear the fire crackling in the grate and the scent of coffee wafted to him.
Checking his bonds, he could sense focus from his father and Severus, but Dominick was a mess. Reaching out quickly, he was reassured by his mates and settled back into bed.

Cupping the mug of coffee and inhaling, he allowed himself to think over everything that had happened since Dominick’s inheritance. So much had changed in his life and while it was certifiably crazy, he wouldn’t sacrifice any of it to go back to the way it was before.

Mulling over different aspects, a thought struck him. He had promised aid to the Slytherins and had not yet done anything. Resolved to act today, he finished off his coffee, dressed and went in search of his friends. As he walked, he revelled in the freedom of his body. He hadn’t realised how much he could feel the constricting spell laying over him. While he had relished in the comfort and caress of his Dominants magic, it was a relief to have control of his body once more. He knew in his heart he would never do something so cruel to earn such punishment again.

Wandering into the library, he found most of his peers scattered about. Blaise was reading by the fire place and Theo was ensconced with the Weasley Twins. Taking the easy way first, he strode to Blaise.

“Blaise. Do you have a little time?”

“Of course, what do you need?” The dark-skinned boy looked up from his book, setting his mark and placing it down on the side table.

“It is time we show the Slytherins at Hogwarts they are not alone.”

Blaise’s eyebrows snapped together, but he rose and followed him to Theo.

“Theo? Do you have a minute?” Draco hesitated at the edge of the table where the other boy was sitting with the Twins.

“What’s wrong Draco?”

“When I went to Hogwarts to rescue Blaise, the Slytherins were… not in a good way. I promised them aid and I think now is as good a time as any to plan some assistance.” Draco frowned at the memory of his house mates. Their pain and suffering chaffed at him.

Theo gestured to two of the empty chairs at the table and so they sat, the Twins lent forward, eyes alight with this new challenge.

“So what…” Fred began.

“…were you thinking?” George finished.

“They were all showing signs of physical abuse. At the very least we need to send them medical supplies. Perhaps some books with healing charms that they could all learn.” Draco rubbed his thumb over his lip in thought.

“We were being hunted by the other houses, it was difficult to get enough food. Meal times were particularly dangerous as the rest of the school were gathered together and the Professors did nothing.” Blaise’s eyes were dark with the memory.

“So just to clarify, we are sending food and healing supplies…”

“… To the Slytherins of Hogwarts.”
“That is the general idea yes.” Draco agreed.

“The One-eyed witch passage…”

“…Has been destroyed yes?”

“Yes, Hermione had to cove it so that we could escape.” An embarrassed flush stained Draco’s cheeks.

The Twins exchanged one of their looks and turned back to the table.

“You could use the Shrieking Shack.” George began this time.

“Wait, wasn’t there a House Elf that loved Dominick? Could he secretly take a care package to the Slytherins?” Fred interrupted.

“Dominick had a House Elf at Hogwarts?” Draco queried.

“Yes! It was… Dobby!” George replied and there was a crack of the House Elf appearing.

“Master Wheezies, how may Dobby help?” The little house elf was dressed garishly with socks on his ears and feet, tied around his mid-section.

There were a few beats of astonished silence before Fred shook himself. “Dobby, the Slytherins at Hogwarts are being hurt, can we send a care package with you to them?”

“Of course Master Wheezy, when it is ready, call and Dobby will deliver it for you. I must be getting back before mad Headmaster notices Dobby is missing.” He bowed and disappeared with a crack.

“So that’s where he went!” Draco exclaimed. “He was a Malfoy House Elf, but was half crazy, I was honestly relieved when he disappeared.”

With a shrug and a laugh, the group set about collecting supplies and packing them into a basket before calling Dobby back again to carry out the delivery.
I deviate a little from my normal writing style, but I seriously did not have it in me to write a trial. I know very little about legal proceedings, let alone english/wizarding legal proceedings, so let's not even pretend yes?

I hope you guys are happy with what I do here? I think by this point it was pretty obvious how it was going to go down, feel free to comment and leave feedback though.

They were ready. All of the evidence they could find had been gathered, organised and assessed by Lucius and Mikhail. He had contacted Amelia Bones yesterday and had advised her that all was ready for her to call an emergency Wizengamot meeting. She had been the first one after the purging potion had been put through the Ministry to come to them. She knew immediately what had happened and was willing to do whatever it took to see Dumbledore locked away in Azkaban for life.

The meeting was set for 10 am today and Dumbledore wouldn’t stand a chance. They had been so very careful to ensure that nothing leaked. Having everyone who contributed, outside the family, swear vows of secrecy until the trial was done. Most were only too willing. The crimes Dumbledore had committed in the name of his Greater Good were atrocious and he would have no defence.

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Wizarding Worlds Greatest Hero Fools Us All!

Yesterday, an emergency Wizengamot meeting was called with little to no warning and even less explanation. This correspondent managed to uncover the scoop on the closed session which lasted until Midnight last night.

Lord Lucius Malfoy and an unknown lawyer levelled charges against Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts, Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards. Those charges went from unbelievable to downright insane. Incredibly, the pair had the evidence to support the charges levelled and as such, Albus Dumbledore, the leader of the light and bastion of goodness has been sentenced to two lifetimes in Azkaban.

The charges levelled are such:

- Theft from Noble Houses,
- Keeping an heir ignorant of their inheritance,
- Withholding heir training from a minor,
Abandonment of a minor,
Child neglect,
Coercion,
Bribery,
Destruction of property,
Blackmail,
Business dealings with illegal entities (brothel owner),
Neglect of students while under his care,
Permitting torture to occur to students under his care
Mass potion coercion of a government body

We will be running a series of articles over the next several weeks covering each of the accusations and the evidence provided to support such claims. Suffice to say, the Wizengamot found what proof submitted to be compelling.

It is worth noting the initial charges, and how they relate to an heir being withheld their right to training and information regarding their inheritance. It begs the question, which heir, and why? This correspondent will provide further details tomorrow in a follow-up.

Everything had gone wrong, and for the first time in years, Merlin felt fear. Someone had figured out what he had been doing and now, they were taking him away from Hogwarts. They had put him in a cell, taking away all of his things, including his amulet, and left him. He had tried demanding, tried bargaining, tried begging but no one was listening anymore.

He had tried telling them who he was, that he required his amulet back, must be allowed to stay at Hogwarts, but they had only laughed. This was all that Potter boys’ fault, he knew. But he was out of time. Out of luck. With his revenge incomplete too.

At least he was safe in the knowledge that Alexeev would never regain his memories or his mind. The curse had taken too tight a hold, the man had continued to fight even after everything had been torn to pieces.

He tried not to panic as he felt the charm holding him out of his body and out of time fail. He could feel himself being torn away, thrown through the vastness of time and space, sent back to the cage in which he had been kept for so long. He screamed at the futility of it all. Vowing one day, one day he would get his revenge and next time, he would simply hunt Nimue down and kill her for her sins.

St Mungo for the Mad?

My faithful readers, I know I promised further juicy details regarding the charges levied against one Albus Dumbledore which resulted in a one-way ticket to Azkaban. Unfortunately, you will have to wait as a new development has occurred.
Late yesterday, after being sentenced and placed into a Ministry holding cell for processing and incarceration, a Healer was called to attend to Dumbledore. Aurors reported he had spent the hours prior ranting and raving about being the next Merlin, about needing his belongings returned, about being returned to Hogwarts. Of course, these pleas were ignored until suddenly, they stopped.

As the ministry worker tasked with taking meals to Dumbledore approached, he found the man laid out on his bed, vacant and unresponsive. Medical professionals were called in and their assessment is astonishing to say the least.

Albus Dumbledore showed signs of long term possession, the amulet he demanded be returned to him had a spell structure which indicated that it had held an entity out of time and space while it inhabited the light wizard. Perhaps now we should be asking the question of who or what took over the greatest wizard of our time, and for how long? This correspondent will endeavour to find out.

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Poppy had seen a lot of things in her many years as a Healer and Mediwitch, but the past month had rocked her to her core. With the war gathering, she had been invited to a Healers retreat during the summer. It was designed to allow qualified healers to update their skills as well as take some time out of their busy lives to relax and connect with those with similar interests.

Two days in, there had been a seminar on potioning within the wizarding community. They looked at how it was condoned and the insidiousness of love, compulsion and obedience potions. Excited, she had attended, looking forward to a lively discussion.

Somehow, she had ended up on stage being tested. To the horror of everyone in attendance, the laundry list of potions she had been placed under was revealed. She felt blessed that the other Healers had rallied around her, working together to clear her system.

A fog that she never knew existed lifted from her mind and she realised with awful gut clenching clarity that there was something very wrong at Hogwarts. Horrified, she began trying to investigate quietly, knowing that it would only be too easy to end up dosed and compliant again.

Unfortunately, she hit blocks and walls at every turn. No one was willing to listen, no one was willing to help. Hogwarts was almost like a city-state, impenetrable to the outside world. Vowing to bide her time, preparing to slowly gather evidence and protect the children, she returned.

Things were worse, much worse than it had ever been before. Dumbledore appeared to lose his mind, half of the seventh years and some of the sixth did not return, including the golden trio. Severus, one of her favourite faculty members abruptly handed in his resignation. With mounting horror, she watched the school descend into madness.

The Gryffindors quickly took over the school, using and abusing the other students. The Slytherins caught the worst of it. While she was willing to admit that she was a little prejudiced against the house of green and silver, Voldemort had killed her husband, children were out of bounds as far as she was concerned. They had not committed any crimes, and irrespective of who their parents were or what they did, the children of Hogwarts were innocent until proven otherwise in her eyes.

She realised very quickly that the school was being dosed with potions. There was little she could do, with the Headmaster in such an inscrutable position of power. Instead, she enlisted the help of the
house elves, helping to pick up the pieces left behind. She organised for healing potions to be sent down to the dungeons, arranged for regular meals to be provided and hoped they would survive somehow. Poppy knew that the Slytherins would never come to her for help directly, the trust had been broken long ago, instead the intermediary of the elves offered the perfect solution.

She gathered what evidence she could, hoping that one day soon she could provide it to someone who could see the truth like she did. And then everything changed.

Dumbledore had called an emergency staff meeting, advising that he had been summoned for a Wizengamot meeting and had never returned. The next day, the Daily Prophet had run an article talking about Dumbledore being charged and something in her relaxed. The school had been saved and now it was up to her to clean it up.

Considering her options, she decided on what she hoped was her best bet. She had a letter to write.

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Two days later, at lunchtime, Hogwarts was taken over. Poppy had sent her letter to Severus, requesting his assistance with the cleansing of Hogwarts. Severus had simply sent a reply acknowledging her request and the advice to wait. That he would attend soon.

Severus strode into the school at the head of the missing students and a mass of other adults. It was the most curious hodgepodge of people that she never would have believed could happily cohabit. Draco Malfoy was practically clinging to Harry Potter, Lucius Malfoy flanking his other side. Ronald Weasley was in between three different men, none of which were familiar. Hermione Granger was comfortably under the arm of Remus Lupin. Ginny Weasley was guiding a rather pale man along with Luna Lovegood on her other side. The Weasley Twins seemed to have found another set of twins and her heart sank at their mischievous grins. Neville Longbottom was clinging to Blaise Zabini, both looking much better than the last time she had seen them, Theodore Nott striding alongside his dark-skinned house mate.

Several crates were floating along behind the mass and all the teachers could do was blink. Minerva had stepped up as Headmistress in the absence of Dumbledore.

“Severus Snape you are no longer welcome in these hallowed halls. Please remove yourself from the premises immediately!” The older woman screeched.

Poppy saw Harry Potter flick his hand, and Minerva was soon silenced and bound in place. He held out his hand and Severus placed a potion in it. Without hesitating, Potter strode to the podium, pried the woman’s mouth open and poured the potion down her throat, clamping a hand over her mouth to force her to swallow.

Potter must have seen something in her expression because while he was standing, forcing the woman to drink something she obviously didn’t want to, he smiled at her.

“Madame Pomfrey.” He nodded at her respectfully. “You called, we came.”

Minerva began twitching, then convulsing, the next minute, Potter had conjured a bucket and held it under her face just as the woman began violently throwing up. Poppy couldn’t resist the urge to jerk to her feet, preparing to run to the woman’s aid.
“Just as we suspected. Patience, Madame Pomfrey. I have just given her a purgative potion, it should cleanse her system of all controlling substances. We have enough to dose the school.” The boy, no man, gestured to the cases floating behind the group who had all stopped at the foot of the podium and were looking around the hall.

“Can you confirm that all of the students in the school are currently in the hall?” He asked over the sounds of retching.

Shaking herself, she shook her head. “No, many of the Slytherins and Ravenclaws are missing.”

He unbound Minerva, easing her to the ground so that she was cradling the bucket as she continued retching.

“Draco? Luna? Take someone with you each and fetch your house mates please.”

She marvelled that he hadn’t even looked around, just expected to be obeyed and to her astonishment, he was. Draco and Lucius Malfoy peeled off, while Luna Lovegood disappeared with one of the men standing by Ronald Weasley.

Potter finished settling Minerva on the floor with a pat on her head and turned to face the hall.

“The Pumpkin juice has been contaminated, you are all at risk of becoming sick. We believe the bug which went through the Ministry has now infiltrated Hogwarts. Thankfully, we have the purgative potion which will cleanse your system and ensure you do not get sick and succumb to the symptoms. Please remain seated, please stop eating, we will be coming around to you to provide the cleansing potion. Be aware that your reaction may be as severe as Professor McGonagall’s. It is not pleasant but is necessary. Thank you.”

Silence rang out, he waved his hand again as the noise began to swell. Poppy couldn’t see any particular result but soon realised he had stuck the student body to their seats so they could not run.

She watched as he turned to his group. “Alright guys, pair up and get to work as we discussed. Remember to give buckets to everyone as you go. Severus and Braiden, with me.”

Poppy was struggling to get a grip on what was going on, when she had requested assistance from Severus, this was the last thing she had expected.

“Madame Pomfrey, we will need to go through the school after the potion has been administered. We are giving everyone a standard purgative which will cleanse their systems of the control potions administered by Dumbledore. We used this same potion with the Ministry to great success. Each student will need to have a deep scan run to check for blocks and spells. We have found that Dumbledore has a penchant for controlling students heavily. Braiden is a qualified Healer and as you know, Severus is a Mediwizard, they will show you the correct spell to use. Will you help them scan the students of the school?”

She blinked, processing the information provided and nodded. “Of course, Mr. Potter, these are my students after all. Come gentlemen, let us check on the students.”

Dominick blinked and watched as the Mediwitch moved away with Severus and Braiden. That had gone a lot smoother than expected. Turning away from the school for the moment, he grabbed the one remaining crate and moved towards the Staff table who were all watching him warily.

Moving to the end of the staff table, he offered a vial of the potion to Professor Flitwick who eyed it suspiciously.
“It is simply a purgative Professor, if there is nothing in your system, nothing will happen. If there is you will simply vomit the contaminants up. I would recommend conjuring a bucket and downing the potion.”

With a huff, the man actually complied, creating a large ceramic pot and downing the potion in one. Dominick began moving up the table, handing out the potion to the staff. Once he had finished, he looked back at the hall and had to suppress a smirk. Half of the student body was throwing up violently, the other half was waiting with a mixture of fear or anger as the potions crates made their way along.

Draco arrived first with the missing Slytherins who were directed to their house table and sat down meekly, waiting for their turn. Next, the Ravenclaws arrived, peppering Luna and Alistair with questions. Once everyone was in, Dominick waved his hand once more, and the doors to the hall closed, locking everyone inside.

As people stopped throwing up, laying weakly against the table tops, Braiden, Severus and Madame Pomfrey would move along behind, casting deep scans. Once the parchment had materialised from their wands, it would be tucked away into one of the empty potions crates for later review and action.

Dominick sighed to himself, it would take time and a lot of work to get Hogwarts cleaned up. Hopefully, the rest of the Wizarding community would follow suit, admitting themselves to St Mungo’s for checking. They had done the best they could for the Ministry, they could only hope that the children of the Wizarding world would lead the way forward now that they had a chance to think for themselves.

Lucius had spent the day previous with the Board of Governors, convincing them that should McGonagall be proven incompetent or unable to reside over the school, Severus would be instituted as interim Headmaster. Judging by the horrified look on Madame Pomfrey’s face when the Headmistress had been scanned, it would only be too easy to prove Severus was the best choice for Headmaster.

With Severus at Hogwarts, it would be safe for them to return and something in Dominick ached to come back to his first home. While his time at Hogwarts had always been contentious, it was the first place he had felt any kind of acceptance and so the place held a special spot in his heart.

The students which had been purged and then scanned were starting to pull themselves together a little, and so Dominick opened the Teachers entrance, directing those that could to depart, recommending that they go to bed and rest. Their bodies had been through a terrible trauma and now needed a chance to recuperate. Once he was done here, he planned to go see the House Elves to discuss how the potions had gotten into the food and drink and to ensure that it never happened again.

Hogwarts would soon be cleansed and then the only thing left would be restoring his father. Thinking of his father brought up a whole mess of feelings. His rejection by Bellatrix still tore at his heart. Severus had found him and had painstakingly put him back together. They were closer for it, their trust deeper and while he would never give that up, the deep yearning to have parents that loved and approved of him would not go away. Bellatrix’s rejection of him had cut deep and even though Severus had assured him that it was a side effect of the ritual, that she could not remember she had a son, it didn’t ease the pain at all. It still felt like his fault, still felt like there was something wrong with him.

With a sigh, he pushed it aside, pressed it away, now was not the time to be dealing with such things. He had to focus on being a leader for his peers, had to focus on supporting them. About a third of the student body had left by this point and he noticed the ghosts hovering on the fringes, inspired, he
called to them.

“Hogwarts ghosts, we need your assistance in this time of difficulty. Can you please search the school and send any students who were not here for lunch to the Great Hall? They are in desperate need of medical attention and I would hate to miss anyone.”

He watched the spectres straighten up with pride, promising to scour every inch of the school from top to bottom. Time slipped away, students came and left in dribs and drabs. The staff left to lick their bruised pride in private, they had realised only too quickly what had been going on after they stopped vomiting. That none of them noticed what had been done to them was a sore spot and so Dominick allowed them to leave in peace. Lucius came to stand at his side as he surveyed the hall. The blonde man’s presence was firm, comforting, solid. Dominick wished he could sink into his Beta’s embrace and allow his worries to fade just for a few moments, but that was not possible. He had to be strong, so firming his stance, he watched and waited.

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The cleansing had taken the rest of the day, Severus had been instituted as interim Headmaster the next morning and Poppy had worked with Braiden to set up a cleansing ritual schedule for all of the faculty and student body. It would take them the rest of the month to remove all of the spells and bindings on everyone within the castle and the prospect was daunting, to say the least.

With Severus being granted the Headmaster position, he had been given access to the Headmasters office and the findings had been horrifying. There was clear evidence that the Headmaster had been torturing people, a hidden chamber off the main office was filled with tools and implements of pain but then they had stumbled across the bodies. A trunk in the corner had been opened and a secret chamber found, in it were piled the mangled corpses of muggles, some appeared to be prostitutes, others simply homeless. None had been dead for longer than two weeks.

The group began tearing apart the library, finding many dark tomes hidden amongst the more traditional ‘light’ books. Dominick fought tears when they found the book where Dumbledore had planned out the rituals for Bellatrix and Roman. While the information was helpful, nothing indicated that there was a way to fully reverse what had been done. While Bellatrix had regained her mind, her memories were damaged and she continued to be incapable of remembering that she had borne a son.

The large group migrated from Black Manor to Hogwarts, the adults stepping in to help support the professors during the time of transition. Whole sections of the castle were opened up so that all the mated groups could stay in their own quarters. Many in sixth and seventh year came out of the woodwork in the following weeks, no longer concerned about being beaten and abused as Blaise and Neville had.

The wounds inflicted by Dumbledore were healing slowly, but they worried some would never heal.
So here we are! I tried to figure out how to extend this chapter, stretch out the plot a little more and it just... Wouldn't happen.

The last chapter is a delightful bit of smut for an epilogue, it was a scene that I wrote about halfway through and wanted to include but it never fit anywhere, so making it the epilogue seemed to work.

For those who were asking, here is your Luna back again :) Um... I'm sorry? I'm happy with the direction but not overly with the writing, unfortunately, I can't seem to find any other way of writing it all.

Remus flicked through yet another dusty book pilfered from Dumbledore’s library. The man had been sick, no one had realised the full extent of it, but Remus could smell the madness in the air when they had entered the Headmasters office the first time after Dumbledore had been removed from the school. The lingering stench of corruption had wafted through the school and he hadn’t even noticed it until it had started to fade. Almost like there had been rotting rats in the walls that had finally been expunged.

He and Hermione were the only ones left doing research to try and restore the sanity of Roman Alexeev. Everyone else was busy putting the school back together. The other students had thrown themselves back into their studies to try and encourage the rest of the school to settle back into a normal rhythm and it had been successful to a large degree. That wasn’t to say Hermione hadn’t gotten into her studies with her usual vigour, but the woman loved a challenge, and a challenge that required her to spend copious amounts of time surrounded by books was right up her alley.

The werewolf couldn’t help the fond smile that lit his face when he looked up to see just the top of her curly mass of hair poking out from behind a stack of books. Since the incident with Draco and their ill-advised trip to Hogwarts, their relationship had strengthened, she was more willing to rely on him but still maintained her fierce independence. Her consideration of him eased the ache in his chest from her initial inconsideration.

He couldn’t help but worry a little though. As solid as his relationship with Hermione was, he could see the threads fraying in others. Something had gone terribly wrong with Dominick and Remington. The pair had been virtually inseparable prior to the ritual but had begin drifting apart with their move to Black Manor. When Bellatrix had arrived, the divide had been bigger until just before they came to Hogwarts when Dominick began actively avoiding Bellatrix and Remington. Those two were almost joined at the hip, barely seen by anyone and when they were they barely spoke. Ignoring the fact the pair were lacking their Dominant, something was wrong.

And so, Remus and Hermione had taken it upon themselves to continue their research into the rituals done to Roman and Bellatrix. They were desperately trying to find a solution, something to restore the sanity of Roman in the hopes that it would settle the bonds down between the three and restore whatever had been lost with Dominick. So far, they had come up with little to nothing.

They were investigating the notes and writings of Dumbledore, which Severus had been only too
glad to hand over, it seemed that Dumbledore had been possessed by the spirit of Merlin. So they had delved into a world of myth and legend, scrounging up anything and everything to do with the iconic wizard. Unfortunately, fact was so closely intertwined with fiction it was difficult to differentiate.

What they could agree on was that Merlin had had a relationship with his apprentice, Nimue. Nimue had left him for another man, who was unfortunately unclear. She had had children with both men and shortly after had gone insane, retreating to the Lake. She had had an adoptive son, Sir Lancelot. Looking back through genealogies and the stories passed down through the families that they could find. They confirmed that the Black line was a direct descendant of Merlin while the Malfoy’s were descended of Sir Lancelot and Guinevere.

The missing piece of the puzzle was the other man and his line with Nimue. Remus had the sinking feeling that it was important but there was no evidence of who she had left Merlin for. Irrespective of who the third line was, they were coming up with next to nothing that could fix Roman. The ritual had been centred around him, the most damage was done to him and so while the ritual they had performed during the summer break helped mostly fix Bellatrix, it’s didn’t solve much else.

“Waters of the Lake!” Hermione cried suddenly.

Remus jerked his head up, watching as the brunette shoved the stack of books between them to the side. She flipped around a book and pressed it towards him, pointing to a passage. He began scanning it as she babbled.

“The Waters of the Lake are known to have healing properties! The Lake that Nimue retreated to, this could be our solution, we haven’t found anything else that could even remotely help.”

Remus nodded along with her explanation, finally looking up. “The only problem is, is that we don’t know where the lake is. Nothing here says where to find the Waters.”

“At least we now have something to look for!” She retorted, looking a little hurt at his lack of enthusiasm.

“Of course, this is something, you have done well Hermione.” He reached out to take her hand and she flushed a little, looking mollified. “Perhaps we should call a family meeting? Someone else might have a better idea than we do.”

Everyone had assembled in the Room of Requirement, Hermione and Remus were talking quietly at the front of the room as they all settled in. Finally, everyone quietened down and the pair continued talking, entirely unaware that they were now holding everyone up.

Dominick coughed, smirking when Hermione jumped and flushed when she realised everyone was staring at them. Remus grinned wolfishly and stepped forward.

“As you all know, following the partially successful ritual to restore Bellatrix-”

“What do you mean partially successful?! There is nothing wrong with me!” The woman cut in.

Dominick had to resist the urge to shrink in on himself. The woman refused to acknowledge his
existence. She could not remember having a son, was not able to comprehend how they were connected. The only way he could continue to function with her disregard so heavy was to simply ignore her. Unfortunately, it meant that he no longer saw Remington. The man had fallen apart, and Bellatrix had helped pick his pieces up; he was unwilling to go against the woman and so the relationship between Remington and Dominick had crumbled. Dominick had found yet another parental figure who abandoned him after he had been promised it wouldn’t happen again.

Remus frowned at the woman before ignoring her. “Regardless, we have been looking for a solution for Roman and have found something. Now it’s not much, and its certainly not a solution, but it’s a start.”

The werewolf paused and looked around the room. “From what we have discovered, Dumbledore was possessed by the spirit of Merlin. How or why continues to elude us, but nevertheless, he was here. Merlin was the one who cast the rituals cursing Bellatrix and Roman. So on a deeper investigation, the only thing that seems to offer a solution is his assistant Nimue. Now, Merlin and Nimue were together and had a child, which was the beginning of the Black line. Nimue apparently left Merlin for another man and had another child. From what the lore tells us, the Waters of the Lake have healing powers but the question is, where do we find the lake?”

He stopped and looked around the room, stunned silence filling the space.

A quiet misty voice issued from the back. “Mother loved her king very deeply. The waters soothed the madness she was cursed with.”

Dominick twisted in his seat, looking towards the sweet blonde. “Luna? Do you know where the lake is?”

She shook her head, blue eyes wide. “The lake is lost to time, mother will be able to help though.”

Neville blinked and frowned. “But Luna… Isn’t your mother dead?”

Her expression softened as she looked at the brown-haired boy. “Sometimes truth and lies get tangled together. Sometimes what was thought to be lost is simply hidden.”

Dominick held up his hand, forestalling any other questions and their oblique answers. “Luna, can you get your mother or find the aid she could offer?”

“Of course Dominick. She will be here in three days.”

“Well then.” Dominick pasted on a grin. “It looks like in three days, we will find a solution.”

He could feel how taken aback the room was, but they didn’t know Luna like he did. When she said definitively that something was going to happen, it would. The rest was all open to interpretation until after the fact. He rose and left, knowing that the rest would follow or continue the debate without him. As far as he was concerned the discussion was closed.

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The three days crawled by. The rest of the group tried to pester Luna for more information but she either responded with some absurdly oblique statement or drifted away without saying anything at all. Their mounting frustration was amusing for Dominick to witness. It was easier to focus on how
funny she was making the situation than the hope that perhaps he would finally get his parents back. He knew Luna, Neville seemed to accept her like he did, but that was about it.

He continued avoiding Bellatrix and Remington, saddened that the man seemed unbothered by the development. Vasily continued visiting, splitting her time between Dominick and Bellatrix. She worked hard to make sure that Dominick didn’t feel abandoned by his extended family and while the love of his grandmother helped, it did not truly ease the ache in his chest. Instead, he threw himself into his studies, going back to a normal class structure was a mixed blessing. On one hand, the structure and routine were soothing after the chaos that his life had become. On the other, their accelerated learning before Hogwarts had set them ahead of their peers, meaning that classes were rather boring.

Instead of complaining or shirking, it was easier for Dominick to immerse himself into study, revising and going above and beyond the curriculum requirements. He worked so hard, he would fall into bed and pass out each night. He knew he was being unfair on his mates but after his breakdown because of Bellatrix, he just couldn’t face any of it anymore. For a little while, he just wanted it all to stop, wanted to be a student and a teenager. Lucius and Severus could see that he was cracking and had, without asking, taken up the slack, for which he would be eternally grateful.

Severus was relishing his new role as Headmaster, reviewing the old classes offered by the school and preparing to institute some of them the following academic year. He discovered that the overall standing of Hogwarts as a wizarding school had fallen significantly under Dumbledore’s tenure and so prepared to rectify the situation. As he didn’t have to deal with rebellious children trying to kill themselves in the potion’s lab, he was much happier. His system was also cleansed of the awful things Dumbledore had done to him, so it was easier to work with the more negative aspects of his personality.

Teaching assistants were hired as a part of their masteries and Minerva admitted herself to St Mungos for stress. He ensured that none of the core subject professors were Heads of House, redistributing the workload so that it was easier for the overworked professors to cope.

Draco was leading the Slytherins again, ensuring they reintegrated successfully with the rest of the school after their isolation. He was so focused on ensuring his housemates were coping that he barely noticed the absence of his Dominant. As long as Dominick continued being intimate with the blonde, everything would keep ticking along.

Lucius had successfully inserted himself as a power behind the throne at the Ministry, helping Amelia Bones and Kingsley Shacklebolt get things in order. Unfortunately, Voldemort was deteriorating. The loss of Bellatrix, Lucius and Severus had crippled him, and he had taken to lashing out. Many of his outer circle defected as they watched him struggle to distinguish between ally and enemy.

Finally, after three days of waiting, a woman arrived. Looking closer, Dominick realised it was the same woman from his trip to Diagon Alley, the one that sold him the weird book he still couldn’t open or read. She wafted into the Great Hall at dinner time, wandering through the students murmuring words into ears here and there as she went. He could finally see the resemblance between her and Luna and knew that this was her mother.

Rising from his seat at the Gryffindor table, he strode towards her.

“Welcome to Hogwarts, Luna foretold your coming. I am Dominick Black.”

Blue eyes filled with sadness turned on him, she reached out to cup his cheek tenderly. “Sometimes those things we wish for, come to pass, sometimes they do not. A fresh page, like crisp snow can be
He felt a punch in his gut, terrified he knew what she was talking about, but was pushed to the side as the rest of the family descended, Bellatrix leading the way.

“Can you fix him?!” The dark-haired woman cried, gripping Luna’s mother’s hand.

“Somethings can never be returned as they were, but this is repairable.” Was the reply. “I will need him here to mend what was broken.”

“I am able to summon him.” Lucius stepped forward. “I hope you know what you are doing.”

The blonde woman simply inclined her head and swept out of the room, heading towards the edge of the lake. The group followed eagerly, Dominick hanging back to the fringes. Soon, the whole school had poured out onto the grass, watching and waiting.

Lucius stopped by the blonde woman and they spoke together quietly. The woman stepped into the lake and positioned Remington and Bellatrix behind her. The moon was just creeping up over the horizon. Lucius remained on the bank with Severus beside him. Dominick watched as his oldest mate rolled up his sleeve, revealing the Dark Mark and pressed his wand tip to it.

His inner creature loathed the fact that two of his mates had been marked by another. His only hope was that the Mark would dissolve once Roman removed the magic.

Suddenly, he felt the wards shudder and glanced towards the gates of Hogwarts. Voldemort was there, just at the edge of the property, and he was alone. Without hesitating, the man strode in, his snake-like face filled with rage and madness. He stalked towards Lucius who stood tall and proud with Severus at his side. Dominick couldn’t help but feel overwhelming love and pride. His Beta was such an incredible man, so strong and resourceful. He would never be worthy of such a man, it still confused him that they had happily accepted him.

Voldemort strode up to the cluster of people by the lake, disregarding everyone else but before he could reach Lucius, the blonde woman stepped into his path, gripping his elbow and dragging him into the water so they were standing ankle deep in the shallows. Dominick could see her grab him, one hand fisted in his robes over his chest, the other palm pressed to his forehead. She began to chant, her voice was soft, twining through your consciousness and stealing the will to resist. He could see Voldemort relax, the fight going out of him as magic began to twine around the pair. White light wrapped around Bellatrix and Remington, the three mates’ points of a triangle around the blonde woman in the centre. Soon the light became blinding and everyone had to look away.

When the light disappeared, Roman had wrapped Bellatrix and Remington up in his arms, the three kneeling in the water with no regard to their clothing. The snake-like appearance he had been sporting was stripped away. The man was tall and handsome, silver flecking his dark hair, luminous green eyes staring out at the world. The blonde woman was moving towards Luna, talking with her briefly before she nodded to Dominick and walked away to leave the grounds.

The whole thing couldn’t have taken longer than an hour, the moon hadn’t reached its peak yet. Dominick watched the trio for a time as everyone else drifted away. His heart finally broke as he realised that they did not remember him. That it was unlikely they would ever remember him and that even though Remington knew who and what he was, he was willing to let go of that for the sake of his mates.

He left. Striding back through the castle, he retreated to the Room of Requirement, requesting that no
one be able to get to him. He shut down the bonds, knowing that his mates might seek him out if he left them open.

Dominick raged, asking for furniture he regressed to his creature and destroyed everything he could. Timber splintering, fabric rending, nothing compared to the realisation that even though he had finally found his parents, they still didn’t want him, still didn’t know him. He screamed and cried, beating his fists bloody on the stone floor until finally, he passed out.

Bellatrix, Roman and Remington all left the next morning. Heading back to Black Manor without acknowledging Dominick at all. He saw Remington saying good bye to Theo, but the man had not made eye contact with him. He ignored how everyone watched him, waiting for some reaction. He was empty after venting last night.

He had done so much, everything he could, and it still wasn’t enough. He wasn’t enough, would never be enough. He didn’t exist to his family, to the parents who birthed him, had apparently loved him enough to search for him until they too were taken. But the man he was now? He was lacking, too broken, too fragile. He was sick to his stomach, sick of himself, of the world, of everything.

Heartsick, he stopped responding to the name Dominick Black, instead reverting back to Harry Potter. While the name had been cursed, at least he had been comfortable in it. The reality of being unwanted by his parents and using the name they had granted him too painful to bear.

With deep sadness, his friends and family agreed. He could see the confusion from Roman with how close his siblings and parents were with the random young man who had inserted himself into their lives, but something in the man set it aside every time, ignoring the oddness.

Once more Harry Potter, he pushed aside the pain of rejection, allowing his NEWT's to consume him for a time. Draco even noticed his absence, complaining at the lack of attention from his Dominant. Lucius and Severus worked together to distract the young blonde, trying to fathom how to fix their Dominant. Nothing worked.

The year slipped by. Lucius and Amelia Bones managed to control the Ministry. With Voldemort abandoning his cause the purebloods were no longer whipped into a frenzy, instead a balance between light and dark was reached.

Hogwarts was on the path to restoration. Unfortunately, it would take a full generation to go through the school before the results would be clear but already the prejudice between the houses had diminished. Relationships were flourishing and students were no longer judged for having mates in other houses.

The British Wizarding World found it’s centre following the fall of Dumbledore and Voldemort. Most took themselves to St Mungo’s or Gringotts to be tested for control potions and spells. A spate of divorces swept the nation, people splitting when they realised that they were wrong together. More people married, finding their life mates, their other halves, and there was a boom of child births over the next few years, much to the joy of Britain.

Once the NEWT’s had been tackled, with much stress and frustration, everyone retreated to their own lives. Ron left with the Alexeev’s, moving back to Russia with his dominant. Hermione and
Remus moved in together, buying for themselves a cute flat in the middle of London. The Twins moved to a larger premises, the dark haired twins and Theo joining them and the five of them soon began wreaking havoc on the wizarding world with their pranks.

Luna ended up being the third in the triad of Neville and Blaise. The three left, moving to the amazon so they could study the native life, much to the amusement of Blaise who endlessly humoured his nature inclined mates. Ginny was the final mate for Cayce, Dmitry and Nikita. Once she finished school a year later, she was head hunted by the Holly Head Harpies and the other three settled in Britain to support her.

Harry and his three mates settled into Potter Manor as Black Manor had been taken over by Roman, Bellatrix and Remington who were already working on creating a new family for themselves.

It had taken time, and a lot of work for Harry to accept that his parents would never know who he was. He would forever be an orphan. But he had found his family, had found his home and it would be enough. Draco became the business manager for the Potter and Malfoy portfolios, Lucius continued being the political power house he always was. Severus was encouraged to open his own Apothecary in Hogsmede, at which, Harry was his assistant and was happy doing it. Being an Auror was no longer his desire and as much as he could admit it would be nice to travel, being with his mates, his family, was more important.

Life went on, filled with drama, conflict and arguments. He was the Gryffindor Dominant of three Slytherins, nothing would ever be smooth sailing, but after a little time, Harry wouldn’t have traded his life for anything.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Well, this is it! The last chapter for Triumph Between!! Thank you all for coming on this journey with me, and thank you again to Amoryxya for the use of her story.

If there are any particular scenes you guys want to see, I could be inspired to write some one shots like this one. I loved this scene so much that even though I couldn't work it into the story, I just had to include it. Especially after the not-so-happy ending I gave you all!!

So, without further ado, I give you some closing smut ;)

Severus towed Harry to the spring room, Draco and Lucius trailing behind. With a coy smile, the Merman quickly shed his clothes, slipping into the water and allowing his creature to come out. He could see his mates hungrily watching him in the water and revelled in their attention.

After showing off, not that he would ever admit that was what he was doing, he surfaced and gave his mates a heated look. They all stood dumbly by the water’s edge, forgetting to get undressed they were so mesmerised. His creature side preened.

He quirked his eyebrow. “Are you planning on just standing there or are you going to join me?”

His mates blinked awake before exchanging a look and hurriedly stripping. Harry was the first in the water, trying to capture Severus for a kiss but he was off like a flash. The other two joined and he led them on a merry chase, drinking in being the centre of attention.

Twisting and turning in the water, his instincts took control in a way they never had before until finally he was performing for his mates, dancing through the water in flashes of pale skin, magenta scales and black highlights. He could feel the frustration and mounting arousal from his mates.

Finally, Harry managed to pin him to the edge of the rock pool, stone rough against his back. He arched into the contact, delighting in the feeling of his Dominants hard cock against his hip.

Their mouths crashed together, more hands trailing over Severus’ body, mouths and tongues licking and kissing. With a gasp, he wrenched his mouth away.

“I have a gift for you all.” He panted, and his mates paused. “Submissive Mermen are able to bear children as you know. What you don’t know, is that if we mate while I am in this form, I can bear multiple children from more than one farther.”

Stunned silence greeted his pronouncement. As it stretched, he became nervous.

“I thought that as things have now settled down it might be something you all would be interested in but if I am wrong…” He trailed off, shrinking in on himself. He had been so sure that they would be happy, that they would want this! None of them had seemed bothered by his form so had hoped they wouldn't be repulsed by the thought of making love to him in it.

He was so lost in his spiralling thoughts, he missed his mates exchanging excited looks.
Harry realised his beautiful submissive was spiralling, so did the only thing he could think of. Tugging Severus' chin up, he pressed a loving kiss to his cool lips, his throbbing cock against the Merman’s hip while his fingers slid down to the wet, open slit.

Harry revelled in the gasps and moans he tore from his mate. Forgetting for the moment his two other submissives who had moved to sit nearby, kissing and touching each other slowly as they enjoyed the show.

Pulling back, Harry assessed the best way to demonstrate to the Merman just how much he appreciated the offer. Spotting a rock nearby that was half in the water, he maneuvered them so that Severus was sprawled with his chest out of the water.

Impatient, Harry crawled over the top of his submissive; rubbing his cock over the slit. The Dämonfeuer glanced up, seeking permission to rush a little and he got a gentle smile in return. With no preamble, he allowed his cock to sink into the warm sucking hole. Eyes rolling into the back of his head at the sensation, the Dominant furiously worked to stave off coming immediately.

Panting and gasping he finally looked down at Severus who was looking worried of all things.

“You,” He panted, “Are wonderful, amazing, delicious, magnificent.” Each word was peppered with a kiss to his face.

Finally, Harry started to move; every time he pulled out, his mates body sucked furiously at his cock, as if unwilling to let even an inch slip free. He tried desperately to not come, but ultimately the sensation was too much, and he came with a shout.

Slumping to the side he beckoned Lucius over who gladly slid into his place, mounting the Merman and sinking in while capturing Severus' lips in a searing kiss.

His groan echoed throughout the room as he set up a steady rhythm. Their moans created a beautiful melody, reverberating throughout the space. Just as Lucius was about to come, Severus spasmed under him, come spurting from his cock over their bellies. The sucking sensation increased, ripping the blondes’ orgasm from him.

Harry shuffled back, tugging Lucius off when he was done, kissing languidly as he watched Draco take his turn. The young Kitsune scrambled over eagerly, kissing Severus passionately, pouring all his love and affection into it. Angling his hips, Draco slid his cock home, savouring the sensation wrapping around him.

Sealing their mouths together, Draco palmed the Merman’s hardening length, thrusting as he tugged. Working his hips in tandem with his hand, Draco managed to stave off his orgasm until he felt Severus shudder with release under him, his sheath sucking hard on the blondes’ member until he came too. Slowing down his thrusts, he revelled in the moment, watching his father and Dominant kiss and touch each other while he did the same with Severus.

With a sigh, Draco pulled out, surprised to realise that the slit had closed up behind him. He watched as Severus trailed a hand over where it had been, a beatific smile lighting his face.

“I'm pregnant. We won't know with how many or who the fathers will be at least for a few months, but it took.”

They all stopped to share a look, revelling in the joy of their little family growing.
“I will need to stay in the water for a while, to ensure it takes. You may leave if you want to.” The dark-haired man trailed off.

Shifting over, Harry lovingly trailed fingers down the man’s cheek, down his throat and chest before resting a hand over his flat abdomen.

“Don’t be silly Severus, as if we would leave. You are giving us all a wonderful gift. Why would we want to be anywhere else?”

The smile Harry got in return was worth them staying in the water for however long Severus needed.
Bonuses - One shots

Chapter Notes

So as requested, I have done a few little one-shots. I was going to try and get a few more out but inspiration has deserted me. I hope you all like what little I have scrounged together for you!! I give you, babies!!

It's not nearly as polished as I normally am, as it's barely edited, but hey, it's all I got in me.

One and a half years after NEWT’s graduation…

It was 3am and Harry was pacing, just as he had been for the past half an hour. Corvus Malfoy-Snape whimpered in his ear, snuffling his stuffy nose as the Dämonfeuer tried desperately to soothe his son. Severus’ first clutch was six months old and the three of them had all caught their first head cold. While magic could cure it, it was important to allow little illnesses to run their course during the formative years for infants so that their immune systems would develop.

Harry was exhausted, it was the second day in, and they had been takingturns looking after the children throughout the night. Unfortunately, with Draco pregnant, he didn’t have the energy to help, Lucius had a meeting with the Wizengamot tomorrow morning and Severus had his apothecary to run. This all left Harry with the lion's share of sleepless nights and cranky babies. Thankfully he had gotten Rigel Malfoy-Snape down a little while ago and Isaac Potter-Snape hadn’t yet woken from his restless nap.

His eyes drooped with tiredness as he rubbed and patted Corvus on the back. Eventually he settled down and drifted off into a restless sleep. With a sigh of relief, Harry gently put him down in the cot. Moving over to the rocking chair in the corner, he sank down gratefully and allowed sleep to claim him for whatever short time he would be granted.

Following the completion of his NEWT’s, his Beta had taken him to task for neglecting them as he struggled with the rejection of his parents. Eventually he found acceptance and as a reward, Severus had told them all about how he could bear multiples from different fathers. Their bout of lovemaking had been passionate, and the following nine months had been unendurably sweet as Severus demanded increasing amounts of affection from his mates. Apparently when Mermen became pregnant, they turned into puddles of needy mush. The man had been beautifully swollen with the triplets, one for each of his mates, much to their delight. Flushed with life and joy.

The Potion Masters personality had violently reasserted itself as soon as he went into labour; the string of curse words unleashed was still joked about. The birth had been terrifying and incredible to witness. Their three babies had been perfect. The two Malfoys had both carried on the traditional blonde hair and eyes that shifted from a light dove grey to dark charcoal. The Potter son had come out with a thick shock of black hair and eyes so dark green they were almost black. They had all fallen in love immediately.

There had been ups and downs as they settled in with the three children, juggling night feeds and trying to work out a balance where none of them lost their minds from exhaustion. Now though, they had found something of a rhythm that worked. Harry loved being a dad, loved the idea that more
were on their way. He was happy for his mates having their jobs and going out to do their thing while he got to shower love and affection on the beautiful children in his life.

Harry woke to the sound of a quiet cry from Isaac. Hauling himself up, he immediately collected the infant, settling back down in the rocking chair and setting it moving. Patting the little one’s bottom, he listened to the snuffling and whining with as much patience he could muster. He heard footsteps and looked up at the doorway of the nursery to see Draco shuffle in.

“Couldn’t sleep.” The blonde mumbled, rubbing the side of his belly. He was pregnant with four babies, apparently large numbers of multiples were common for Kitsune and his year mate was struggling with the changes in his body as the pregnancy progressed.

The moonlight from the window caught the silver blonde hair, still mussed from sleep. Harry’s eyes trailed down of the flat chest which contrasted sharply with the rounded, distended belly that sat low over Draco’s hips. His sleep pants were tucked underneath and his robe hung open over his shoulders.

With a soft smile, Harry transfigured the rocking chair into a large ottoman and beckoned Draco forward to sit on the edge. Handing over the restless infant, he summoned a jar of cream Severus had brewed to help with the tightness of the skin and settled behind his mate. Scooping a generous portion out, he began gently massaging the taut skin. Draco sighed and slumped back against him, patting gently Isaacs bottom as Harry worked his belly.

Scooting back a little as he finished with Draco’s front, the blonde leaned forward so that Harry could begin working on the lower back and up. Slowly loosening knots and easing tension. Isaac whined loudly, so Harry pressed a kiss to Draco’s shoulder, getting up to fix a bottle quickly with the supplies they had set up on a side table. Spelling the bottle to the correct temperature he handed it over and went back to massaging his youngest mate.

The three cuddled together, Harry’s arms wrapped around Draco’s belly, taking some of the weight off as they gazed lovingly down at their son. While they may have named the children after their biological parents, all four of them shared in the child rearing.

Harry smiled softly to himself. It didn’t matter how exhausted he was, how cranky or needy his mates were, this was enough. This was his life and he was content with it. He peered over Draco’s shoulder and got a sleepy, gummy smile from his first born in return. Pressing a kiss into Draco’s cheek, he went back to gently massaging Draco’s belly as he continued feeding the black-haired infant.

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Neville was gently pawing through a new batch of seeds he had collected when Luna started him from his focus.

“It is time, beloved.” Her misty voice was a little strained. “Get Blaise and I will meet you both by the old oak.”

Jerking upright, Neville watched, astonished, as his heavily pregnant wife stepped over to the clear spring pool by the old oak tree. Coming to himself, he darted off to their cabin.

“Blaise!” Neville panted, the dark-skinned man looked up when his husband called for him. Quill
posed over his paperwork. “Luna! It’s time!!”

Blaise immediately shot to his feet, scooping up the bag stocked with potions they would need and darting outside. Neville followed on his heels, wending their way through the garden until they reached the back of their plot where they found Luna, standing naked, ankle deep on the edge of the pond humming to herself and rubbing her belly. The afternoon light caught on her silvery blonde hair and made her glow, her rounded belly beautiful and ethereal.

She looked up as they rushed over, her smile beatific. “Beloveds, you may want to strip down, it will be messy.”

The men exchanged a look, quickly stripping down to their pants and moving towards Luna. Blaise and Neville helped her down into the water, Blaise settling behind her, their skin a perfect story of contrasts. Neville knelt before her. He had been taking birthing lessons from their local healer, Luna had been insistent no one else be present.

Slipping between her bent knees, Neville checked how far along she was, realising that everything was moving very quickly. As the sun set, Luna’s voice lifted, singing, humming, crying out. Pale fingers gripped dark hands, blonde hair sweat slicked to her skin. Time ceased to mean anything as pain rippled through her body in increasing frequency. All Neville could do at this time was watch and wait.

Checking again, he knew she was ready. “Luna, my moonflower, it is time.”

She gave him an exasperated look. Of course she knew it was time. With the next contraction, she bore down and he watched, seeing a dark head begin to crown. Her screams cut through the shafts of amber light that were cast over their yard. With trembling hands, Neville guided the tiny body from his wife, washing them both clean in the cool spring water. Blaise immediately began feeding potions to Luna who lay lax in his arms. Neville tied off the chord, separating mother from infant and breathed a sigh of relief when the little one cried.

Trembling arms reached out and Neville happily handed over the tiny bundle. He shared a loving grin with his husband as the tiny dark-skinned infant rooted around and immediately latched to his mother's breast.

“Cyfnos Zabini.” Luna murmured, sharing an exhausted look between her husbands. “Our son.”

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“Potter! I swear to fucking Christ if you try to stick your dick anywhere near me again I will cut it off!!” Draco screeched as another contraction wracked his body.

Due to the number of children that Draco was bearing, Braiden had been called in to assist with the birth. The poor man was more midwife than healer these days with the number of emergency births he had been called in on.

Harry cringed as Draco’s grip on his fingers tightened.

“Draco, I am going to cast a spell so that you can no longer feel anything below the chest. We will need to begin the caesarean now as a natural birth will not end well for you. Please try not to move.” Braiden asked as he stepped forward to where Draco was sprawled out on one of the spare beds they
had converted into a birthing suite.

“T’ll show you keeping fucking still! You goddamned asshole, I’d like to see you keep still while you’re being torn apart!” The blonde huffed.

The next minute he stilled as the pain disappeared and he slumped back against Harry. The brunet suppressed a sigh of relief when his hand was no longer being crushed.

Braiden was brusque and efficient, moving Severus into place so that he could staunch the blood flow as the Healer cut into the kitsune with precision. All too soon, Lucius was being handed a tiny wailing infant. The man quickly deposited the baby into one of the nearby bassinets before moving back to collect the next. Finally, when all four had been settled did Lucius go back and begin cleaning them up, taking their measurements, before handing the first one to Draco.

All the while Braiden had removed the placenta and begun putting the blonde back together. Once he was done with Severus, the dark-haired man joined their Beta to finish cleaning up the infants. Soon the four were bundled up, one to each mate with a fresh bottle prepared. The four suckled gustily, their dark thatches of hair sticking out of their swaddling.

“Four daughters, quadruplets, though they could be two sets of twins, it will be difficult to tell at this stage whether they are Potters, Snape’s or both. Did you want me to test?”

Harry glanced up, before looking back down into wide blue eyes. “Yes please.”

With a nod, the Healer produced a piece of parchment. Walking up to Lucius, he spelled a drop of blood from the infant. Making his way around the four parents, he collected a drop of blood from each baby, spelling them onto the parchment.

“Alright, you have two sets of twins, congratulations. Lucius, Harry you are both holding the Potter twins. Draco and Severus, you are holding the Snape twins. If that is all, I will be going gentlemen.” With a nod Braiden departed, leaving the four new fathers to gaze adoringly at their new children.

“Cassiopeia Potter-Malfoy.” Stated Lucius.

“Athelas Potter-Malfoy.” Harry continued.

“Aquila Snape-Malfoy.” Draco sighed.

“Amarantha Snape-Malfoy.” Severus murmured.
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

This is for all of you who complained so much about the ending. This fits before the previous one shot. I fixed it. So stop fucking complaining.

Thanks to those commenters for making me miserable for a few days. This is freshly written and not edited so you know, enjoy or whatever.

It had been one year since Roman had been restored and Bella, Remi and their Dominant had spent the intervening time getting to know each other, settling their bonds and trying to get comfortable in the strangely empty Black Manor.

Bella had seen flashes of pain and sadness whenever Remi walked into certain rooms, or particular things happened, but she didn't pay it too much mind. Her fellow submissive was still recovering from his stint as a prostitute and would talk to her when he was ready. Roman’s recovery had been slow, but steady.

She had successfully instigated intimate proceedings a few months ago and their triad bond had fully settled, much to their combined relief. Bella had woken feeling… off. Lightheaded and dizzy, she had had a house elf bring her tea in bed as she tried to mull over what could be wrong. She tested her bonds, feeling that Roman and Remington were content but focused, probably in the library again.

Eventually finding the will to rise, she staggered into the bathroom and found herself quickly on her knees retching into the toilet bowl. The niggling sense of familiarity grew.

Humming to herself as she rinsed out her mouth, she cast a cursory diagnostic over herself and blinked in surprise. Though why she was surprised she wasn’t sure, this was right, this was how it was meant to be. Joy suffused her as she dashed towards the library, following the tug of her bonds. Strangely enough, there was an empty ache, that sense of… not wrong, just something off. The thrum of familiarity almost overwhelmed her when she burst into the room and Roman looked up, wide eyed.

“I’m pregnant!” She gasped out, watching as Roman and Remi lurched to their feet and dashed to her side. All too soon, she was wrapped up in her mates arms a wave of warmth and joy flooding them.

A few moments past and a thread of sadness wound through their bonds and yanked. She pulled away frowning.

“Did you feel that?” She asked, unconsciously rubbing her chest, not noticing Roman doing the same.

“The sadness?” Roman whispered, distress painting his features.

“Yes! All morning something has been… off, like something is missing, but I can’t figure out what it is!” Bella cried.

Remington still before reaching out to grasp their hands, a light tremble running over his body.
“Bella,” He began softly, “does this all seem familiar to you? Like you’ve done this before?”

“Yes! That’s it! But I can’t remember.” Frustration filled her as she reached for the sense of off, the feeling of something missing and it slipped between her fingers once more.

Remi exhaled heavily and closed his eyes, pained hope washing over his face.

“Remi? Do you know what is happening?” Roman asked softly, watching as his submissive nodded slowly.

“Do you remember Dominick?” The man asked quietly.

Bella could feel the vast majority of her mind recoil from the name, but that thread of sadness strengthened and tugged at her heart again. “Yes.” She finally responded.

“I tried to tell you so many times, but the curse damaged you, and when I tried to push the issue you both would get so upset!” Remi cut himself off with a distressed whine.

Roman was unable to resist the need to hug his mate tightly. “What does Dominick have to do with this Remi?” He asked as Bella clung to her fellow submissives hand.

"He’s your son. From before you both were cursed. Can you remember?” Remi asked finally, sounding heartbroken.

Bella reached for the thread of sadness, the hole in her heart and mind and grasped it finally. Her mind rebelled, trying to break the connection viciously but she hung on with everything she had.

The two men watched in horror as she sank to her knees, complexion ashy. Roman reached out to try and help but Remi grabbed his hands, tugging him away.

“No, she is trying to remember, if you disturb her, she might loose the thread. Please, trust me on this!” Remi begged.

Roman looked down into wide pleading eyes and trusted that his submissive knew what was going on. The sense of familiarity was there, but there was only a hole, nothing for him to grasp onto. The two waited and watched as Bella swayed where she knelt on the floor.

Eventually her eyes fluttered open and she moaned pitifully. “Remi, I am trying, I’m holding on, but it’s so hard!”

Remi dropped to his knees in front of her, pulling her into a hard hug. “It’s ok, I’ll help you remember, just hand on ok?”

Roman watched on in confusion, he hoped that at some point, it would make sense. Something told him to trust and wait. So he resolved to do so.

*****

The pregnancy progressed normally, and to Remington’s overwhelming joy, Bella seemed to be doing better at remembering her existing son. It seemed that with her body going through the changes it once had before, the release of new parenting hormones, connections were firing that had been broken for so long.
Roman was continuing to be bewildered by what was going on, but seemed happy enough to trust that his two mates knew what was happening, that nothing was wrong, and that all would hopefully make sense in time.

They were finishing their fourth month and has well and truly moved out of the danger zone of the pregnancy and Remington was resolved. It was time to write a very overdue letter.

*****

Harry was curled up on the couch, with his arms wrapped around his very pregnant mate. Severus was cuddling into him, belly protruding excessively, and humming to himself. Harry couldn’t help but smile as he massaged cream into his mate’s stretched skin. Severus was seven months pregnant, and very uncomfortable and incredibly needy, demanding almost constant contact from his mates.

A tapping at the window made Harry frown and Severus whine in annoyance. Knowing he would not be let up any time soon, Harry waved open the window and gestured, hoping the owl would fly over to their couch. The next moment, he felt the bird alight on his fist which has still been in the air.

Blinking in surprise, he managed to extract his arm from Severus and sit up. The other man complained loudly before huddling against his side, pouting. With a fond smile, Harry removed the letter and watched as the owl fluttered down onto the table to wait. Carding his fingers through Severus’ hair to apologise for disturbing him, Harry unrolled the scroll one handed and began to read.

**Harry,**

I know you are angry and hurt with me. There is no excuse for my behaviour and I hope one day you will understand, if not forgive me for what happened. I want you to know I tried desperately, for so long, to remind your parents of your existence, but they kept getting angry and distressed. They were so suspicious of why I kept wanting to spend time with you. I know it was wrong of me to give up, but it was just so hard to keep fighting them.

Irrespective, I have news which I hope will make you happy. Bella has fallen pregnant, she is four months along and since the discovery of her condition, the bond seems to be… healing. It is as if, with the growing bond between her and the new baby, it is bleeding over and repairing her bond with you. I am helping to remind her that you are her son, that she already has a child but it is slow going.

Unfortunately, Roman has not been experiencing the same, well not to the same extent anyway. He senses something is missing, but there is no bond there for him to cling to as yet.

Based on what has been happening over the past few months, I believe that by the time Bella is ready to give birth, the parent bond will be restored. I am hoping that when Roman holds his new baby for the first time, the bond will slot into place for him also.

I miss you Harry, I cherished the bond we were developing and hope that you can find it somewhere in your heart to forgive me for abandoning you. I understand if you cannot. I hope that you will
forgive Roman and Bella as they were not aware, the lingering effects of the curse prevented them from comprehending your existence.

Anyway, I wanted to tell you what had been happening. The ball is in your court now, or so the muggles say. I would welcome any correspondence from you.

With all my love,

Remington.

Harry froze, this couldn’t be happening, not after all this time. He had just found acceptance and hope in his new family, and everything was coming back? He could hear someone calling his name and blinked aware, looking around to see Severus’ concerned face.

“Harry?” The older man asked quietly.

“Yes love?” Harry rasped out.

“Where did you go?”

Wordlessly, Harry passed over the letter, settling back into the couch as his fingers began running through silky hair once more as he considered the situation. It had been heartbreaking, devastating, when the ritual hadn’t fixed his bond with his parents. Losing Remington had been the cherry on top of the shit Sunday that situation had been. He still ached to know them, to have them in his life, but his heart was bruised and battered from the routine neglect from people who were supposed to be parents in his life.

With a sigh, he knew he would write back to Remington. Their relationship would never be the same, but Harry understood. The choice would have been impossible, but at the end of the day, the man had needed his bond mates after being without them for so long.

*****

The months slipped by and Harry took up a regular correspondence with Remington. Bella’s progress was positive but the bond was not fully repaired. They both agreed that it was likely only with the birth of the new baby, would the bonds snap fully into place.

Severus gave birth in their underground spring to their three wonderful babies, one for each mate and soon their lives were filled with bottles, dirty diapers, spit up and sleep deprivation.

Harry shared the experiences he was going through with Remington so that the man could try to prepare for what they were getting in for and before anyone knew it, it was Bella’s turn to give birth. Harry was a wreck after he received the owl with a short note scribbled across torn off parchment.
Eventually, Harry went to fly, digging out his broomstick and heading out to the quidditch pitch to perform as many stupidly dangerous seeker drills as he could remember.

An agonizing six hours passed with no news when suddenly, Draco came sprinting out onto the quidditch pitch.

“Harry!! Come inside!” The blonde cried out.

Harry dropped like a stone, tumbling from his broom and sprinting towards Draco who was already making his way back inside. Draco lead him to the main sitting room and, when he rounded the doorway, the world stopped.

Standing in his home was Bella, Roman and Remington, a tiny bundle cradled in Bella’s arms. She looked up at Harry and suddenly, the world clicked into place. Crying out wordlessly, he ran to them and soon, the four were huddled in an embrace around the new baby.

They had remembered. He had a full family at last. He was home.

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