Phoenix Year One

by RavensFlight

Summary

Petunia made a big mistake introducing Harry to the stove. If she hadn't, maybe she and her family would still be alive, "Harry Potter" wouldn't be "dead", and Harry wouldn't be an arsonist with a rapidly growing death count.
Chapter 1

Age 4

His relatives out of the house, Harry flicked the stove higher and lower, watching the flames change size and colour. He was mesmerised.

Age 5

Harry sat in his closet, reading. He should have been sleeping, but he was too fascinated by his book on flammable materials. It was wonderful, even better than his forest survival book that taught him how to make fire from sticks and rocks! He read every chapter over and over again, checking the dictionary for words he didn't understand, and memorising each and every passage. Despite his bruises from earlier that day, he couldn't help but smile.

Age 6

Harry dribbled a path of gasoline down every hallway and into every room. He snuck past his sleeping relatives quietly, dousing their room. He went down stairs, turned on the gas cooker, and let the gas pour out. He smiled while he worked, already picturing the blazing flame.

He watched the house go up in smoke with a smile. Towering flames of red filled the air with suffocating smoke and lit up the night sky. Down the street came screaming fire trucks and ambulances, come to put out the blaze. Harry dropped his smile and forced himself to cry, not hard with the acrid smoke irritating his eyes.

When he'd been finally been bundled away and deemed uninjured by paramedics, he gave his fingers a little click, and watched sparks fly between them, extinguishing them before they could fully ignite.

‘Happy birthday to me.’

Age 7

Harry just couldn't get enough of fire. First was his house, then the orphanage (that was the fire that made everyone believe he was dead, it was just that beautiful) and now the gas station. This one was really exciting him. He had never been allowed to watch movies at home, but enough glimpses over the Dursleys shoulders had taught him what happens when a gas station catches fire. This one he knew was going to be a little more tricky than normal.

He'd learnt from the other rats that places like gas stations have a load of security cameras everywhere, so leaving a trail of gasoline wasn't going to cut it. Instead, he learnt a new skill. He learnt how to make molotov cocktails. His throwing arm wasn't great, but after quite a few tries he finally managed to get the place burning. He got as far away as he could while still seeing the flames, and waited for the bang. It wasn't as lovely as a blazing house fire, but it was still absolutely beautiful.
Age 8

Given the nickname “Petit Dimoni” when he fucked up and got seen on a camera, Dominic was a right little menace. After prompting from some ‘in-the-know’ rats, Harry changed his name to Dominic Luke Akuma as a joke.

Since burning down his house just two years ago, Dom’s exploits had gotten him on a most wanted list for London. He had burned down no less than 100 properties (though killed not quite so many; a lot of places he burned down were empty at the time). He had also gotten extremely efficient after his discovery of teleporting.

He had actually been on a job when he discovered it. He didn’t usually get jobs, after all he was just an arsonist, but someone had said they would pay him for burning down a rival gangs hideout. It had been going well, at first. He had successfully covered everything in gasoline and was ready to leave, when there was a roar, and fire came flowing down the hallway towards him.

He got caught up in the blaze, and would had died if not for his very, very deep desire to leave. When he had opened his eyes, he was on a rooftop next to the burning building, his clothes scorched and burning, and his skin bubbling in places.

(He later learnt that the gang had some very dodgy wiring setup, and the building would have probably burned down even without his help. He still got paid, though.)

Though he was left burned and with less clothes (he only had so much) he had discovered a new trick. He practiced on it for a long time, eventually being able to do it in an instant. He also learned that teleporting while surrounded with fire had some… interesting effects. Dom wasn't sure what part of the teleporting it was, but something about it was making some lovely explosions.

Age 9

As Dom started getting older and more experienced, he started getting more jobs. His latest one was to burn down a neighborhood apothecary that a gang suspected was either selling or supplying drugs for another gang.

The first clue that something was wrong was that he couldn't teleport in. Every time he tried, it felt like the was some sort of barrier. So, he used some good old fashioned lock picking to get in. He started his routine of dousing literally everything in flammable liquid, and headed into the basement. Or tried to.

The door wouldn't open, no matter how hard he tried. Just like his teleporting, it felt like there was a barrier. So, he destroyed the door frame. In the basement, there were bubbling cauldrons full of liquids of every shade, and on the shelves were rows upon rows of strange… ingredients.

He did find it strange, but it wasn't any of his business. So, he burned the place down, basement and all. He teleported out, then climbed a wall and watched the place burning from a close rooftop. He was glad he stayed, because he saw something very interesting.

A group of six men and women teleported outside wearing long robes. He watched as four took little sticks out of their pockets, and started… spraying the store with water? We watched in fascination as they attempted to stop the flame. They were really struggling, because Dom had updated his flammable mixture; even a fire truck would have difficulty smothering it.
The final two robed figures waved their sticks around in strange patterns. It took them a long time to put it out, but despite that, no one came to look from the neighboring properties, and no fire trucks arrived. Once the fire was out, they wandered the area, especially interested in the spot Dom had teleported to. They waved their sticks in some more strange patterns, and shook their heads. Dom listened closely, lying flat on the roof only five metres from them.

“He's probably long gone by now. I can't pick up on his next location, so he probably fled on foot. Unless he uses magic soon, we won't be able to find him.” she sounded exasperated and irritated.

“Shit! I thought we finally had him! At least this confirms our worst fear. He's a fucking death eater. Even if we catch him, he'll probably put up a fight. Oh Merlin, why couldn't this be easy?” the man sounded old and gruff, and Dom could almost hear his teeth grinding.

“Haven't you heard? Your last job before retirement is always your hardest! Or at least that's what muggles say. Or used to.” That was another man, younger than the first.

They teleported away, and Dom ran off to make some enquiries.

Age 10

Dom’s introduction to the Wizarding world had been one of the best moments of his life. An ‘in-the-know’ rat had taken him to meet someone that dealt in some very strange things. One of these things was a sort of “Greek fire”. That was Dom's first experience with magic, other than his own flames.

Nearly a year later, at age 10, Dom was a legend. Burning down houses indiscriminately, though only killing the real scum of the earth, he was considered a professional arsonist-for-hire. He even had a costume. A skin tight fireproof suit that covered him head to toe, made of, apparently, dragon hide. It was extremely comfortable, and protected Dom from getting even more burns. (he had to admit his built in goggles made him kind of look like spiderman, but that wasn't a bad thing) The only part Dom left out was his hair, pulling a Blackbeard and setting it ablaze with fire that didn't burn.

He already had burn scars all over his body from experiments gone wrong, and any more would probably permanently restrict his movement.

His suit also had a belt, holding flasks and vials of Greek fire, flammable materials and liquids, burn salves, water, and pepperup potions, along with a couple emergency portkeys, all theoretically unbreakable until removed from his belt.

When Dom wasn't on jobs and burning down buildings, he was studying. Not for school, or anything quite that unimportant. No, he was studying any sort of magic or related subject that could help him in jobs, or just with burning things in general.

Transfiguration allowed him to turn previously unburning substances into things such as wood or wool. He studied spells that let him reveal or stun people, summon objects, and lift heavy objects. He studied curses that let him cut things in half and kill. He even studied potions, though mostly to memorise what ingredients mix to make the most potent accelerants.

He learnt that if magic was used around non-wizards, “muggles” Then someone would show up to investigate. They could also follow teleportation. So, Dom would practise, start running, then teleport while running. He would keep teleporting, forward and backwards between locations, before stopping his teleporting and just run.

He had no qualms about what he learnt; as long as it aided him, it was on the table. Few people
knew that he was only 10, most believing ‘*Petit Dimoni*’ to be a death eater. After all, his murder count was estimated to be in the high hundreds globally.

Chapter End Notes

So originally this was a cute lil pyro! Harry oneshot, but then it got... out of hand.
When his eleventh birthday finally came, Dom got his Hogwarts acceptance letter. He had wondered whether it would be addressed to Harry Potter or Dominic Akuma and was delighted to find it was addressed to Dominic, not Harry.

As per the letters instructions, Dom waited at the Leaky Cauldron for his guide. Being “muggleborn” meant that he was getting someone the school trusts to take him around Diagon and teach him a little about the Wizarding world and its culture.

Eventually, Tom, the owner of the Leaky Cauldron, brought over a stern older woman.

“Dominic, this here's Mrs McGonagall, one of the Professors at Hogwarts. She'll show you around and answer any questions you have.”

“Thanks, Tom. Hello Professor, I'm Dominic!”

Dominic smiled at the Professor, hoping to soften her.

“Hello Dominic, it's a pleasure to meet you. Now, let's get going, we have a lot of things to buy!” The old woman's face didn't soften, but she didn't sound overly nasty.

They started by purchasing his books at a store called Flourish & Blotts. While the Professor picked up his books for him, Dom browsed the shelves, but nothing caught his eye.

Then, they went to get him some robes from Madam Malkins.

“No problem, Professor!” so, Dominic entered the store alone. Madam Malkin was a small smiling lady.

“Hogwarts, dear?” she said, when Dom started to speak. “Got the lot here – another young man being fitted up just now, in fact.” In the back of the shop, a boy with a pale, pointed face was standing on a footstool while a second witch pinned up his long black robes. Madam Malkin stood Dom on a stool next to him, slipped a long robe over his head and began to pin it to the right length. “Hullo,” said the boy, “Hogwarts too?”

“Yes,”

“My father’s next door buying my books and mother’s up the street looking at wands,” He had a bored, drawling voice. “Then I’m going to drag them off to look at racing brooms. I don’t see why first-years can’t have their own. I think I’ll bully father into getting me one and I’ll smuggle it in somehow. Have you got your own broom?”
“No.” said Dom.

"Play Quidditch at all?"

“No.” Dom said again. There was no fire in Quidditch, so it was a boring game.

“Do – Father says it’s a crime if I’m not picked to play for my house, and I must say, I agree. Know what house you’ll be in yet?”

“No, but I doubt I'll get Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw. Maybe Gryffindor? I don't really embody the Gryffindor traits, but I'm probably a bit too showy for Slytherin.”

“Gryffindor!? Really?” the boy looked almost disgusted.

“I'm going to be in Slytherin, my entire family has. Slytherins and Gryffindors don't really like each other.”

“It's the closest guess I've got, sorry.” The boy changed the subject.

“So where are your parents?”

“No idea. I’m adopted.” The boy looked intrigued

“Can't you check your adoption papers?”

“Probably, if they weren't destroyed in a freak fire that burned down the orphanage.”

“But they were our kind, weren’t they? You should know that, at least.”

“No idea.

“What’s your surname, then? Do you know it?” But before Dom could answer, Madam Malkin said,

“That’s you done, my dear,” and Dom hopped down from the footstool, seeing Professor McGonagall approaching the store.

“Well, I’ll see you at Hogwarts, I suppose.” said the drawling boy.

“You aren't going to invite me to sit with you on the train? How horribly rude!” The boy sniffed haughtily, though it seemed mocking.

“You would be honoured to sit next to me! Do not push your luck.” Dominic walked way, snickering.

Dom and Professor McGonagall's next stop was to buy a wand. Dom had decided he didn't really want a pet of any kind, unless it was a dragon or phoenix. Obviously, that was only wishful thinking.

The pair was greeted at the door by a small old man.

“Ah, Miss McGonagall! Fir and dragon heartstring, nine and a half inches, stiff and unyielding! Keeping good care of it I hope? And who’s this young man?” the man smiled heartily.

“Hello Mr Ollivander. Yes, I polish it regularly. This is Dominic Akuma, he's starting Hogwarts this year.”

“Well then, Mr Akuma, let's get you a wand, shall we?” they went through quite a few wands,
before finally, Mr Ollivander brought forward a holly wand.

“I was reluctant to sell this one, you see. I was almost hoping it would go a specific someone, but maybe it will not. Give it a try.” Dom picked up the wand, and immediately felt warm and cozy. He gave the wand a swish, and red sparks spat out the end.

“11 inches, Holly wood, phoenix feather core. That wand there is the brother to another wand I sold. The person I sold that wand to went on to become You-Know-Who. I had hoped, like Professor Dumbledore, that this wand would go to Harry Potter, but it seems he really is gone. Treat your wand well, Mr Akuma!”
Chapter 3

Harry stepped onto the train with his luggage, and claimed a compartment for himself. It wasn't long before he had a visitor.

“Ello! Could I sit in here with you? Every other compartments full.” He was a tall, freckled redhead with a friendly smile.

“Sure.” there was an awkward silence for a long time, neither boy knowing how to talk to the other. Sometimes the redhead would open his mouth, but then he'd hesitate and close it.

Eventually, there was a knock at the door, and in came a tearful looking boy.

“Sorry,” he said, “but have you seen a toad at all?” When they shook their heads, he wailed, “I've lost him! He keeps getting away from me!”

“I'm sure there's at least one person on this train that knows a spell to summon things. Go ask a Prefect, one of them will know what to do.”

The redhead nodded.

“My brother Percy is a Prefect. Go ask a Prefect for Percy, then tell him Ron asked you to find your toad. He'll help you.”

“Thank you so much!” The boy ran off, nearly skidding out the door. Dom and the redhead smiled at each other.

Much later on, the boy from Madam Malkin's showed up at their door. He tipped his nose up pompously.

“I've come to invite you to sit with me in my train compartment. Remember, it's an honour.” Dom bowed low.

“Thank you thank you! I accept most graciously! You are so generous!” He simpered. The boy smiled, genuinely, obviously amused.


‘He's a little dragon! I hope he likes fire.’

“Think there's something funny about my name, do you? No need to ask who you are. Obviously a Weasley.” The redhead glared, and turned to Dom.

“I wouldn't be friends with this guy, his dad's a death eater. Apparently their entire family is full of spoiled pricks. After all, who names their kid Draco?”

“He didn't seem too bad when we met earlier.”

“You know him? Go hang out with him then. Can't believe I actually tried making friends with you.” He glared until Dom left the compartment.

Once the door was closed, Dom started giggling.

“What a weird kid! My names Dominic. Dominic Akuma. And no, before you ask, that's not my
original family name.” Dom and Draco headed to Draco’s compartment, which was empty.

They took their seats.

“So who was that? And why does hate you so much?”

“That's Ronald Weasley. He's the second youngest of the Weasley family, a pureblood family. My
dad was a death eater, but he was under the Imperius curse. Basically he was mind controlled. The
Weasley dad keeps trying to get my family in trouble, and get my dad either kicked off the Hogwarts
Board of Governors or put in prison.”

Dom and Draco talked until finally the train arrived across a lake from Hogwarts.

The first years were greeted at the door by Professor McGonagall, dressed in emerald robes. She led
them inside, and they lined up, ready to be sorted. Dom was one of the first called.

“Akuma, Dominic!” He went and sat on the stool, looking out at all the students watching. The hat
was placed on his head, and heard its voice.

‘Harry Potter… or now Dominic Akuma. ‘Petit Dimoni’. I'm not sure what house to put you in. You
are definitely studious enough for Ravenclaw, but only when it involves fire. Hardworking enough
for Hufflepuff, but yet again, only for fire. Ambitious enough for Slytherin, but again. Fire. And the
same for Gryffindor. You have the bravery, but only put it towards fire. Where do I put you?’

‘I don't know. Which common room am I least likely to burn down?’ The hat gave a dry chuckle.
The hall went silent, waiting.

‘All the common rooms are made of stone. You won't have any luck there. The Slytherins are more
likely to have put fire repellant charms on their belongings though.’

‘Well, if Draco's going to be a Slytherin, I might as well be one too.’

‘I guess that can be considered solid reasoning. SLYTHERIN!”

Dom went and sat at the Slytherin table, waiting for Draco's turn. Student after student went by until

“Malfoy, Draco!” He went and sat under the hat.

“GRYFF- I'm kidding! Oh the look on your face, Akuma! SLYTHERIN!” Dom glared at the hat,
but he knew why it had done that. He haaad considered setting the hat on fire before he got sorted.

‘Note to self, don't piss of sentient objects. Especially ones that can read your mind.’

Draco came and sat next to Dom, his face burning.

“What was that!?? Did you ask it to sort me into Gryffindor?” He sounded like a snake.

“No! I mentioned that I only want to be in Slytherin so I can hang out with you, and I think it found
that really funny.” Dom was also getting funny looks from around the hall, everyone wanting to
know why the hat pranked that specific student.

The list kept going, and eventually got to a name that everyone went silent for.

“Potter, Harry!” there wasn't a sound in the entire hall, as the remaining unsorted students were
scanned, everyone hoping that the boy-who-lived would be present. No one stepped forward.
Professor McGonagall cleared her throat and carried on with the rest of the sorting. Once it was finished, everyone ate heartily, and the Headmaster stood.

“Ahem – just a few more words now we are all fed and watered. I have a few start-of-term notices to give you. First-years should note that the forest in the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few of our older students would do well to remember that as well.” Dumbledore’s twinkling eyes flashed in the direction of two redheads.

“I have also been asked by Mr Filch, the caretaker, to remind you all that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors. Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of term. Anyone interested in playing for their house teams should contact Madam Hooch. And finally, I must tell you that this year, the third-floor corridor on the right-hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death.”

Dom grinned. Was that a challenge?

After the feast, the first year Slytherins were led to their common room, which was hidden behind a brick wall. Dom was extremely happy with the green lanterns that hung from the ceiling.

They all claimed their rooms and unpacked their luggage. Dom left most of his things in his suitcase, which had tens of expanded compartments, and locked so only he could open it.

His first move after unpacking, was to wave his hand at a bed in one of the unclaimed rooms. It immediately burst into flames, which spread onto the rug, the wardrobe, the curtains, and the bedside tables. In mere seconds, the entire room was a blazing inferno, unnatural flames licking the stone walls.

Slytherins crowded around it, yelling about a fire. Even with the help of all the Slytherin Prefects, the fire wouldn't go out. One closed the door.

“The room will disappear tonight. Until then, no one open this room.” She addressed the first years.

“It was probably just a prank by one of the upper years, don’t worry about it. Things like this happen from time to time, but not often.”

Then they were all sent to bed.
Dom’s classes were extremely boring. In Astronomy they just studied planets (a useless skill), in Herbology they dealt with plants (usually pretty useless except for potions), history of magic was a waste of everyone's time, and in Transfiguration and charms they did simple spells Dom already knew.

At least with those final two classes, he could set things on fire and get away with it by pretending he screwed up whatever spell he was meant to be saying.

Defense against the Dark Arts, a class Dom was lightly looking forward to, despite the lack of fire, was OK. The teacher, Professor Quirrell was engaging, and he covered aspects of the war against Grindelwald as well as against Voldemort. He did promise to teach them about curses and their counters later in the year, which had Dom excited.

Doms favourite class was definitely Potions. He was working with Draco to make a Boils Cure. The Professor was on the other side of the room, insulting a Gryffindor’s potion. Dom looked around, spotting a struggling student about to put the porcupine quills in before taking the potion off the fire. He narrowed his eyes at the powdered snake fangs on the table next to him. Most powdered things were flammable, including snake fangs. (A/N probably (definitely) inaccurate but like suspension of disbelief guys.)

No one noticed the mortar fall off the table and the powdered fang fall into the fire until it caught aflame. The boy dropped his porcupine quills, and with a hiss acrid smoke went into the air, also igniting. With a bang, the entire room was filled with fire. Dom hissed as he got singed. The boy that dropped the quills wasn’t so lucky. He was clutching his face, crying. Dom flinched.

‘Oops.’ He had forgotten that specific gas was flammable. He only wanted to make the boys failure a bit more spectacular.

“Everybody out now! Anyone burnt go to the hospital wing immediately! Granger, take Longbottom.” The Professor looked murderous. Dom looked around, seeing most of the Gryffindors had hissing red skin and burnt hair. A good portion of the Slytherins did too, but they weren’t as close to Longbottom so it wasn’t as bad. At least Snape didn’t seem to suspect foul play.

Class cancelled, Dom and Draco went off to their common room with the rest of their uninjured classmates.

“What the hell was that? That was meant to be an easy potion, why did it explode?” Theodore Nott exclaimed

“Someone at the table next to them knocked over a mortar full of powdered snake fangs, and at the same time Longbottom dropped the porcupine quills in without taking it off the fire. The powdered fangs ignited, and then the flame it made also ignited the gas produced when he dropped in the quills.” Dom’s explanation got him a lot of stares.

“How did you know that?” Dom shrugged.

“I know things.”

Nearly a week later, Dom stood next to a broom, fingers twitching. He was getting antsy; he didn't
have many chances to set things on fire. And now he was standing next to flammable wood. You can't jinx a broom, but you can definitely burn one.

So he did. He didn't mean to, but one moment his fingers were twitching, and the next he was exhaling and everyone's brooms were burning. There were shouts as everyone dived away from the burning sticks. This time foul play was obvious, but since everyone's brooms, including Doms, had burst into flames, and no one had their wands or said anything, they had no idea who had done it.

Feeling better than he had in awhile, Dom wandered the school. Draco was off doing Merlin knows what, and Dom was practically floating. It could be compared to being high, which wasn't something Dom had ever been, though he had seen it in others. He walked without direction, until he had an idea.

It took a simple Alohomora to unlock the door to the third floor, and he peeked inside. He slammed the door when he saw the Cerberus. Dom blinked at the door. He peeked again, then closed the door when sure enough, there was a cerberus in there. He locked the door, turned around, and casually started walking away.

The next night, he went back. Taking a deep breath, he strode into the room. He nearly sagged with relief when the massive dog whimpered and scrambled away from him. He took a peek at what it was guarding and saw a trap door. Excited, he jumped through it.

He landed on a bed of vines that tried to grab him, until he burnt then to ash. A little disappointed but still hopeful, he headed into the next room. He had to smile a little at the massive obstacle course set up. He finished it easily and carried on into the next room.

Behind him purple flames sprang up, and at the door on the other end of the room black flames appeared. He grinned, excited. He found a table with seven potions on it. He read the paper sitting next to then and grumbled. Maybe not so exciting.

Knowing the black fire was a Pyre Ward, Dom just skipped the riddle and drank from the smallest bottle, the one that smelled like chili. He'd dealt with the ward and its keyed potion before. The next room had a massive swarm of flying keys fluttering all around. He ignored the provided brooms, and with what could barely be considered a wave, burnt away the keys wings with bright red flames. Dom sighed and started searching for the correct fallen key.

The next room was very interesting. Beside the locked door, written on the wall, was a series of seemingly random letters.

*Mpyza aopur vm aol wlywv dov specz pu kpznbpzl, Dov klhsz pu zjllyz huk alossz uhbona iba splz.*

*Ulea, aloss tl doha'z hsdhzs aol shza aopun av tluk,*

*Aol tppkssl vm tppkssl huk luk vm aol luk?*

*Huk mpuhssf npcl tl aol zybkuk vmalu ohlyk*

*Kbypun aol zlhyjo myv h ohyk-av-mpuk dyjk.*

*Uvd zaypun aoldt avnlaoly, huk huzlly tl aopz,*

*Doha ht P?*

Dom took a look at the final line “Doha ht P?” a single, capital letter. “I”. Sighing, he took a Quill and paper out of his pouch.
Dom sat on the floor, decoding the cipher. Eventually, he finished. At least the riddle was simple enough.

“A Spider.” The door groaned open. He stepped through. Against the wall, there was a cabinet full of potions ingredients, and in the centre of the room there was a table covered in potions equipment along with a cauldron next to the table. Next to the door, there was a bowl.

Dom walked over and examined the puzzle.

*Add powdered moonstone until the potion turns purple...*

*Add more porcupine quills until the potion turns turquoise...*

*Add syrup of hellebore until the potion turns turquoise...*

*Add powdered unicorn horn until the potion turns pink...*

And more

‘This isn’t a puzzle, this is draught of peace recipe... shit, man.’ Dom spent way too long in that room; he knew the recipe for the Draught of Peace because it's in a fifth year textbook, but he'd never actually had to brew it. Finally, it was finished. He poured some of it into the bowl, and the door opened.

The next room was tiny. Above the door, there was a message.

*Students turn back. The puzzles you have completed are all in good fun, but the next seven are deadly. You cannot complete them. Getting this far is impressive (Well done by the way!), but these next traps are built for defeating a dark wizard. You will die.*

*Dark wizards, keep going, thank you.*

Dom laughed at the final line. Too bad he was going to keep going. The challenge had just gotten even better. He walked through the door, which wasn't locked. The next room made it obvious how much the difficulty had just increased.

There was a pair of massive stone sentinels, more than twice an adults height. Their empty eye sockets lit up with red light, and the sentinels moved into a ready position, before charging him.

‘Oh shit! This is new!’ he slipped out his wand and released a blasting hex. It nailed his target right in the head, and Dom grinned when stone shards flew everywhere. The sentinel kept moving, missing half its head, but it was slower. Another blasting hex had it down for the count.

Dom ducked the swinging sword, and blasted the second sentinel twice in quick succession. It fell.

He heard the door open, and climbed over the stone bodies into the next room. He was still grinning. His grin turned to grimace when he saw what was in the room.

Spiderwebs covered the high ceiling, and he could hear a clicking noise. He closed his eyes, unable to believe he was about to do what he was. With a click of his fingers, fire was racing across the web, and thousands of spiders started falling. He swung his wand in a wide arc above his head, and
around him formed a tempest of flames, keeping away the arachnids, smiling despite himself. He knew it wouldn't do anything against the newcomer, though.

From the ceiling dropped a massive Acromantula, with a leg span of probably 15 feet. Multitasking magic was extremely difficult, but Dom tried anyway. His tempest sputtered as he threw exploding fireballs, but the ugly beast was unaffected. In a last ditch effort, he dropped his tempest and let out a massive wave of fire, then threw as many Goddamn blasting hexes and cutting curses he could at the things legs.

He didn't really want it dead, but he really, really didn't want it mobile. He heard the click of the door unlocking, and he sprinted past the downed Acromantula and into the next room. He looked around but he couldn't see anything… including the walls. Everything was completely black. He raised his hand to his face, but it was gone too.

His handheld fire didn't seem to give off any light, so he huffed and reached out to his sides, feeling walls either side of him.

‘A maze?’ he stepped to his right, hand on the wall. He slowly started walking forwards, left hand holding his readies wand. At each corner, he went right, and kept following the right wall, even when hitting a dead end.

He kept quiet, unsure if there were any traps hidden away. There were, and it didn't take long before he found some. Pixies bit at him and got their mouths badly burned, magical plants fled at his flames, creatures he couldn't identified blasted fire at him, snakes let him pass by, wolves ran away, burnt tails between their legs, and quicksand tried swallowing him whole.

Eventually he got out. He knew later he would crash in exhaustion then wake up with aching muscles, but at the moment he felt alive. He had the urge to run, to leap, to move. Too much adrenaline. The next room wasn't nearly as loud and violent as the previous three, and it looked a lot like the potions puzzle he had solved earlier.

Sniffing the potions told him it was, except it had no clues and he was very certain that the potion wasn't just going to make you throw up like the last one, and would instead make you suffer a horrifyingly painful death. How Snape had gotten his hands on Basilisk venom he would probably never know.

He rested for a minute, just stretching and calming down. Then, he drank the potion and moved on. The next room was empty. The door was still locked, but there was nothing to defeat. Dom looked around, trying to spot some sort of clue that told him what he was meant to be doing. Then he bashed his head on the door. It had a lock on it. The only door with a lock was the keys room.

He laughed. If these final trials were meant to slow a dark wizard, they would probably be successful. What kind of dark wizard unlocks doors the muggle criminal way? Dom unlocked the door, knowing there were only two more trials to go. The next room had a giant snake it in. A giant, metal snake.

It was probably fireproof. Cutting curses probably wouldn't do anything. Blasting hexes were going to be useless. Dom grimaced. Which teacher made this monstrosity? It's scales rasped as it drew itself up to tower of Dom. It was massive. Absolutely massive. It opened its mouth and hissed nonsense.

He started firing off spells, using ascendio to dive over the massive coils and escape the sharp fangs. Every spell either ricocheted dangerously or burst without effect. He’d trained to fight all kinds of dangerous creatures and wizards, but he'd never come across a metal snake before.
He tried everything he could think of, but nothing worked. He used obscure jinxes, he used extremely illegal curses, and he used prank spells, but nothing was affecting the snake in the slightest. Eventually, he came to his final trump card.

“Fuck.” He warded himself as much as possible, though it probably wouldn't help if he got hit. Then, with a long wave of his wand, great orange flames started to twist through the room. He leaned against the door, waiting for it to unlock, not wanting to be stuck in a room with fiendfyre; even he had some difficulty controlling it.

The lock clicked, and he stumbled into the next room and the final test. In the final room, there was a chest. He cast some diagnostic spells on it (Probably the most important spells he knew) but could find no traps. The area around it was safe too.

He cautiously approached it, and slightly opened the chest, feeling around the edge for a wire. Nothing. He opened it completely, expecting some sort of magical creatures to attack him, but there was just a little grubby package and a note.

‘Where's the final trap?’ he took out the paper carefully, and read it.

*I didn't expect you this early. There are no other traps. Please wait until someone comes to check on you. It may be awhile, sorry.*

Dom laughed.

‘Oops’
Chapter 6

The next day, Dom decided to talk to Draco about the third floor. It had been a lot of fun to conquer, though the stone he got in the end wasn't flammable and, as such, was useless. He wondered if other students would want to try it out too, though they would probably need a portkey in case of emergencies.

He had gone back and found the Devil's Snare and keys all repaired, and hoped the other traps reset too.

“Draco, do you think other students would want to try getting through the third floor?”

“Dom, the headmaster said that anyone entering the third floor would die a painful death. I don't think anyone is going to try.”

“It wasn't that bad. It was actually really fun. You should give it a go. We can make it a game! The more traps you get through, the bigger your prize.”

“You went on the third floor? Dom! That- hang on, a game? You should go talk to the Weasley terrors. If the third floor isn't ‘that bad’ then they'll probably want to see it.”

“Knew you'd have an idea. See ya.”

"You want to make a game;"

"Where students compete to make it through deadly traps;"

“And the more you beat the bigger your prize.”

“Basically. We can probably make a portkey, and I'll order some phoenix tears and bezoars to deal with anyone drinking the poisons, along with some strong healing potions. What do you think?”

“We won't be competing.”

“But we are more than willing to host it.”

“Wonderful! We can use an old dealers spell to make sure no one rats us out. How many people will play?”

“It's probably best to cap it at one hundred;”

“Any more than that and you probably won’t be able to keep up.”

“Draco was right, you two are good at this. Okay, I'll order everything in first, then we can tell everyone about the game.”

Dom paced the common room, thinking. First he needed more gold, not wanting to waste the galleons from his job on this little game. His problem was solved by a fifth year.

“Hey, Akuma. You ‘know things’, right?”
“I do.”

“You wouldn’t happen to know of three nearly incurable and untraceable poisons? It’s our Defense homework, but literally no one can find any mention of anything. We’ll pay you three galleons. One per name.” Dom had the most wonderful idea.

‘Hogwarts black market? Here I come.’

It didn’t take long until he had a reputation. He knew everything, and he could get you anything, as long as you were willing to pay. Dom bought multiple owls, which he sent all over. He set up a system with his ‘in-the-know’ friends, who became his contacts and messengers. When he wasn’t making deals with people, he was working with the twins to create a reusable portkey and Dealers Contracts.

Eventually, he bought the phoenix tears, bezoars and healing potions he needed, and was just waiting for them to arrive. In less than a month, the game was ready. They got their Contracts set up in the common rooms, ready to be signed.

To view this sheet, you must be a student and you must sign here:___________

By signing you swear that you will not inform anyone of this sheet or anything related to it.

If signed, the signature would fade away and the signer would be able to read the sheet.

Do you want to play a game?

You get one chance to play.

There are thirteen trials.

You go alone.

You may only bring your wand.

You will not inform anyone of this game in any way.

You will not tell anyone what the trials are.

You may not kill anything. (Plants, enchanted objects, and insects are not included.)

The further you get, the bigger the prize.

You will have a portkey.

Expect injuries. There is a risk of death.

Signing below will enter you.

Sign ups end in two days.

It is recommended you have the following:

- Above NEWT level potions knowledge
- High physical stamina
- High magical stamina
- Rudimentary Herbology knowledge
- Rudimentary flying skills
- Third year knowledge of dangerous magical creatures
- Knowledge of muggle thievery techniques
- Knowledge of above NEWT level offensive and defensive spells

They first trap is a cerberus. Be prepared.

They were all keyed into each other, and there were a total of one hundred places to sign, each with a date next to it. If someone signed on the Gryffindor contract, it would show up on the other house contracts. It was Doms masterpiece, and he knew it would keep him busy for a long while.

It took less than two days for the Contract to be full. Dom gave a little happy wiggle-dance when he read that it was complete. Draco snickered at it, but Dom didn't care. The game was just about to start! To keep things fair, they had added a lock pick kit to the door room, and a Quill and paper to the riddle room.

That night, Dom and the twins stood outside the third floor door, hidden behind as many spells as they could possibly think of. They had the bezoars, phoenix tears, and healing potions ready for that night's student to return. And he did, with a bloodied arm.

“Holy fuck, that eighth room was impossible!” Dom handed him a healing potions and took the necklace portkey.

“The Golem sentinels got you?”

“Yup. Nothing hurts them! I see what you mean by above NEWT level.” He drank the potion, then they led him back to his common room, and Dom marked down his score on a sheet.

He was greeted by excited dorm mates.

“How did you do?”

“How far did you get?”

“Was it hard?”

“Did you get hurt?”

“Am I allowed to tell them how far I got?”

“Sure, if you want to.”

Over the next one hundred days, they watched students come out of the room with all different severities of injuries. Most were minor; students bailing as soon as they realised they were outclassed. Some were major; the worst being a student that drunk the Basilisk venom, one that got bitten by the Acromantula, one that got crushed by the snake, and one that nearly got beheaded by a Golem sentinel. Funnily enough, they were usually gryffindors.
No one made it further than the giant metal snake. Dom had expected that; after all, he had to use fiendfyre, and most adult witches and wizards don’t know it. He was very glad that no one died. He put a lot of work programming that emergency portkey trigger. If anyone came too close to dying, they would automatically be portkeyed out.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Graphic? Slightly? It's not graphic by my standards, but I dunno what standards fics go by.

After the game was over and every student that had signed up had gone through, Dom asked the twins a very important question.

“Do you know a secret exit out of Hogwarts?” his deals were great and keeping him busy, but he hadn't burned anything major in over three months. He had kept to small things, such as students' books, robes, meals, and whatever he was meant to be Transfiguring, weeding, or Charming on that specific day.

The twins showed him a secret passage that lead all the way to Hogsmeade, a town that third years went to every few weekends. It was a pretty long walk, but worth it to apparate to Knockturn. He slipped into the potions shop.

He nodded to the witch at the front desk, who smiled.

“Hello again, my little fire starter! It's been months!”

“I'm sorry, Liz, I was really busy. Any jobs?”

“Yup, you got quite a few people asking for your services. We turned them all away of course, telling them you were on holiday, but some left letters. They’re in the back.” He nodded again, and went into the backroom. As she had said, there was a small pile of letters addressed to ‘Petit Dimoni’.

‘Kill the Malfoys… kill Dumbledore… kill the Longbottoms… kill the Malfoys… break the death eaters out of Azkaban… a lot of jobs from magicals… ahh, here we are! A proper job! My child was attacked by a werewolf, and I would like the one that bit him burned to death. I am offering one thousand galleons.’

Unlike the other letters, this one had an attached file. He flipped it open and read.

‘Fenrir Greyback, werewolf, likes to bite children. Oh I've heard of him. Finally! I'll just burn down a couple houses first, to tell everyone I'm back.’

After completing a couple ‘burn down this house’ jobs, Dom headed back to school and slept soundly. The next day, he snuck out again and started to track Greyback. It wasn't hard; the wolf couldn't resist biting children. Just follow the victims.

Dom grinned as Greyback pounded on the door to the hut. He had made it unburning, and nearly unescapable. The werewolf screamed and howled, swearing and cursing death upon Dom. Dom
watched the flames as they touched the sky, swaying and hissing. Eventually, he made himself fireproof and entered the hut. A black and charred corpse lay on the floor.

With a cutting curse, Dom severed his head from his body, ensuring he was dead. After collecting his money and changing out of his ‘Petit Dimoni’ clothes he skipped merrily down the Hogsmeade secret passage, unable to stop grinning. He could still see the burning flames in his mind’s eye, still smell the wolf’s burning flesh, still taste the ash in the air. He gave a twirl in happiness, then kept on towards Hogwarts.

Two days after the Christmas feast, while everyone was having breakfast, the Prophet arrived. There were shouts of happiness from students that knew of Greyback habits, and the teachers tried to hide their own smiles. Dom didn’t bother hiding his.

“Suspected Death Eater ‘Petit Dimoni’ strikes again, Greyback dead!”

Just today, muggle authorities were called in to a dead body found in an abandoned hut. An Auror investigation team was able to identify the deceased as rogue werewolf Fenrir Greyback, which was confirmed by the ministry. Greyback is famous for his numerous attacks on children, a perfect target for the world famous ‘Petit Dimoni’, an arsonist famed for his magical prowess and his refusal to harm innocents. According to witnesses, Petit Dimoni’s unique magical signature was present, and it is confirmed to be his work. Petit Dimoni’s identity is still unknown, however he is suspected of being a death eater, due to the traces of dark magic found and knowledge of spells used exclusively during the first war.

Dom saw Draco light up with happiness. Dom leaned over and whispered to him.

“You seem really happy about this.”

“Yeah, dad met him a couple times, while he was under the Imperius. He threatened to bite me.”

The excited vibe halted when Dumbledore stood up and started to speak.

“I have some very disturbing news. Recently Hogwarts has been housing a very rare magical artifact for an old friend. It was being kept on the third floor, behind thirteen traps.” he ignored the whispers of the student body

“These traps were designed to slow down and injure any thieves, but it seems they failed. Today, I found the artifact was missing. School will be on lock down until the dark wizard is found.” obviously he didn't inform the other teachers, because McGonagall spat out whatever she was drinking, and Quirrell and Snape looked furious.

“What do you mean they failed?! We spent hours creating those traps!” McGonagall's fury echoed throughout the hall. The twins jumped up onto the Gryffindor table.

“It seems the jig is up!”

“You all know who we are;”

“I'm Gred,”

“And I'm Forge!”

“Recently, we decided to host a game!”
“You see, there were some traps on the third floor that were just too fun to pass up!”

“So we invited one hundred students to take part in a little competition,“

“Competing to beat the most traps!”

“By the way,”

“The contract is over!”

“You can speak freely!” There was a short silence, and the teachers stared shocked, until one student yelled

“Someone made it through? How the hell did they make it past the giant metal snake? That was impossible!” The tables erupted into conversation.

“I’m amazed anyone managed to brew the Draught of Peace, that was a fucking hassle!”

“Those Golem sentinels nearly beheaded me, and someone made it through every trap?”

“The giant spider was fucking terrifying! I bailed!”

“That door was pretty smart, wish I’d thought to learn how to pick locks.”

“You all got off easy! I accidentally drunk Basilisk venom!”

All of the teachers had gone pale, including Dumbledore. The headmaster sat with a thump, staring at everyone with new eyes. Apparently he had thought telling everyone that the traps were deadly would discourage them.

“Those traps were designed to slow down, if not kill an experienced dark wizard, but you’re telling me that one hundred students attempted to conquer them?” Everyone went quiet, and allowed the Weasleys to speak for them.

“Yup! Only one person made it past the giant metal snake, though.” McGonagall stood up.

“There is absolutely no way a student made it past even the first of the dangerous traps!”

“The Golem sentinels were easy, apparently.”

“We didn't play, but according to everyone, if you hit them in the head with a blasting curse they were done for.”

“The one most people had trouble with was actually brewing the Draught of Peace.”

“It had the highest failure rate after the snake.” despite the situation, Snape looked smug. Everyone else was silent, shocked.

“Someone made it through everything?” Quirrell was finally speaking up. “What was at the end?”

“We don’t know,”

“We didn't play,”

“If the winner wants to come forward,”

“Then he can tell you.” Everyone waited, wondering if someone would come forward. Slowly, one
by one every student seemed to realise the same thing. There were hisses and groans, as they all came to the conclusion that Dom was only one to make it through.

“I feel like an idiot.” complaints were whispered between friends.

“If you're thinking the same as me, then I agree.”

“Obviously no one is willing to come forward. Messrs Weasley, how do you know someone made it past the snake?” Quirrell raised an eyebrow.

“Because sir, they proved it.”

“We know who it is, but we can't tell you.”

“No one can.”

“That part of the Contract still stands.”

“If can't believe you came up with this idea on your own! You're geniuses, but you aren't rich! Someone drank Basilisk venom, which can only be cured with phoenix tears. Phoenix tears are extremely expensive. Who sponsored you?” McGonagall was still caught up on the little things.

“I did, Professor. I also came up with idea of making it a game, and asked the Weasleys for help. They're very good at magic, and I needed a Contract and portkey.” Dom stood up, willing to tell them that much.
“Mr Akuma, I spent a very long time organising this. I became a Professor here just to steal that stone, and you go ahead and ruin everything, just like that? I was waiting patiently, hoping Dumbledore would leave, and you just made it into a game. Still, I must commend you all; I saw the traps everyone made. The snake was mine.” Quirrell's voice was soft, but everyone heard him.

“You were the one trying to steal the artifact!?” McGonagall's voice was wild. Everyone looked at Quirrell with shock.

“Professoooor, you were out favourite teacher! Now you're going to have to leave! Who knows who'll be our Defense teacher next year!” Dom found himself whining. Unlike the other professors, Quirrell had never minded when he set things on fire; while the others sighed and told him to practice more, berating him for his lack of effort, Quirrell would leave him be.

Quirrell walked around the teachers table, and casually left the hall. No one moved to stop him. They were all still in shock. Dumbledore lowered his head. The mood was solemn, and everyone felt betrayed.

Defense was cancelled, and students taking their OWLs and NEWTs were given tutoring by Snape. Everyone was still talking about the Game, wondering if something similar would happen the next year. The traps were taken down, and Dom admitted to the other students that he was the one to make it through them.

Whenever they had free time, (which was every defense class; they were expected to study but he already knew the textbooks off by heart) Dom would sneak off and commit some crimes.

After some time, his jobs and school became monotonous. He still loved burning down houses, and listening to the worst criminals scream as their flesh melted, but it was too repetitive. He needed something to focus on, to occupy his time. There were the deals, which he found himself having a lot of fun with, but they were quite tame. That was, until he came across a request he didn't know if he could fulfil.

One of the upper years was offering fifty galleons for a small bottle of Felix Felicis, an extremely difficult to brew luck potion, with a long brewing time. Dom accepted the request, but made sure the student knew there was a high chance he wouldn't be able to complete it.

He set about getting the ingredients in. It required Ashwinder eggs, a Squill bulb, murtlap, thyme, Occamy eggshells, horseradish, and rue, and takes six months to brew. Dom could get all of that, (though the Occamy eggshells were going to be especially expensive) but he wasn't sure if he could properly brew it. If he screwed up even a little, the potion would be completely ruined and he would need to try again, which would cost both time and money. He sent an owl with his order to Liz.
That wasn't the only difficult request he got. The next deal he made was a little stranger, but Dom was sure he'd be able to complete it.

“Er… I hear yer the person to talk ta if ya need something done.” Dom turned to the massive groundskeeper, Rubeus Hagrid.

“That's right.” Dom nodded.

“Er well… ya see… after Quirrill left, I ah… got a package. It was er…” he leaned in close.

“A dragon egg.” He whispered. Dom kept his shock off his face.

“Really?”

“Yeah, apparently he was uh, goin’ te try an’ trick me inta telling him how te get past Fluffy- tha’s ma cerberus. I don’ wanna get rid of it, but ah know I can't keep it. I want you teh look after it for me. Wha’- wha’ do I owe ya?”

“Oh Mr Hagrid, I'll do this for free. Looking after a dragon is payment enough.” Dom grinned, and the half-giant relaxed.

Dom cradled the dragon egg in his arms, and used his hip to open the door to his new store. He needed a place close to Hogwarts to keep the dragon and decided on Hogsmeade. He made his way into the cellar, and set down the egg carefully. He flicked his wand and built a massive fireplace, then placed the egg into it.

He lit the fireplace, and smiled at the egg. It was beautiful and black, and would hatch into a Norwegian Ridgeback. He suggested that Hagrid visit during the weekends to check on it, which the big man agreed to immediately. Knowing that his fire would burn for a very long time, Dom apparated into Knockturn and went to see Liz.

“Hey lil demon, what's up?”

“You know how to brew Felix Felicis?”

“Merlin no, I wouldn't touch that stuff with a fifty foot pole. The ingredients are way too expensive and I'd just mess it up. Go ask your potions professor, he's a genius.” Liz’s eyes went unfocused and the last part was said dreamily. Liz wasn't interested in men, but she WAS interested in potions, and anyone that was a good brewer was like her God. Dom rolled his eyes. She did have a point though, Snape would probably be able to brew it successfully.

After burning down some more houses, and murdering some rapists, Dom headed back to Hogwarts and started to hunt down Snape. After realising he actually didn't know where Snape's office was, he went to hunt down Draco instead.

“Dom! What's up?” Draco was standing next to Theodore Nott.

“Hey Draco, you don't happen to know where Snape's office is, do you?”

“Sure, I'll show you. I'll see you later, Theo.” Draco led him down into the dungeons, then pointed to a door.

“That's it there, enter if you dare. Why do you want to see him anyway? You're already better than...
the upper years at potions, even if he doesn't know it.”

“I have a request to get some Felix Felicis. You can't just buy that off the market, trust me, I tried, so I'm having to brew my own. It's really hard to do, so I want his help.”

“Luck potion? Well, good luck!” Draco laughed and walked away.
Dom knocked on Snape's door, already worried. Snape didn't really hate him, he just... really didn't 
like him. At all. Though his potions came out perfectly, his written work did not, so he obviously 
suspected Draco was doing all the work. Dom wasn't going to correct him.

“Come in.” Dom opened the door, and walked inside. Snape was marking Defense essays.

“Mr Akuma, what do you want.” The potions professors slow drawl was dripping in irritation.

“'I've ordered in some ingredients, and I'm about to get started brewing some Felix Felicis.” The 
Professor dropped his quill and sat up sharply.

“Excuse me? You aren't anywhere near a high enough skill level to even brew the boil cure, what 
makes you think you could ever brew Felix Felicis!?” He looked furious, obviously thinking about 
the all the ingredients about to go to waste.

“That's why I came to you, sir. I'm going to try making it, no matter what, but I thought it best if you 
help.”

When the ingredients arrived, Dom fetched Snape and they got started. As he chopped the murtlap 
growth efficiently, he saw Snape eyeing him. He also eyed him when he quickly ground in the 
Occamy eggshells. Normally he would act clumsy and slippery-fingered, but he couldn't risk 
screwing up this potion.

Once the first part was done, they stepped back.

“Well, Mr Akuma, you didn't completely ruin it. I must admit, you cut the murtlap well.”

“Thank you Professor, and thank you for your help.”

For the next few potions lessens, he noticed Snape watching him closely.

“Why is Snape staring at you? What did you do?” Draco hissed

“I cut up some murtlap well. He's too damn smart.”

“I don't understand why you let yourself fail everything, it makes no sense.”

“I'm going to be honest with you, Draco. It gives me more opportunities to set fire to things.”

“...you mean when something randomly catches fire, that's you?”

“I thought you noticed. The professors can't tell because they think I'm useless at magic. Watch.”
There was a massive BOOM and everyone turned to stare at the flaming, melted remains of Longbottoms cauldron. Harry felt more than a little satisfaction. Some might say he had a problem, but he didn't think that was true.

“Well shit.” Draco looked at Dom wide eyed.

“Class is cancelled, Longbottom, go to the Infirmary to get those burns treated.” Snape sounded tired, way too used to dealing with Longbottoms “mistakes” and injuries.

As he left the classroom, Dom glanced back at Snape, only to feel the brush of Legilimency. He quickly turned away and walked off, internally screaming.

‘I fucked up, I fucked uuup!’

Dom and Hagrid sat next to the fireplace, watching the egg rock and click. Slowly, cracks started appearing all over it, and eventually, a small black baby dragon fell out.

“Oh isn't he beautiful!” At Hagrid's cry, Dom reached out and carefully picked up the tiny reptile. He methodically wiped the egg gunk off its soft scales and smiled at its insistent chirps.

He had a fucking dragon!

Dom spent the next month visiting Brenne. It was so much fun having a dragon, and Liz would feed her while Dom was at school. Bree was very intelligent, and already knew what “fire” meant.

Dom was glad that Snape never brought up his occlumency shields and potions class carried on as normal as though nothing had changed. And maybe it hadn't. Doms shields were none of Snape's business.

He carried on with his jobs, happily burning down house after shop after business. He had gone back to smelling like he usually did, according to Liz. When he spent too long as Dom, he would started smelling like pine forests and rain, but when he spent a long time burning down things he started smelling like fire and smoke, and all kinds of spices he added to his accelerant.

Exams started, so Dom had to take a break from burning to concentrate on doing averagely. He just needed to pass. After that, there was the end of year feast. Dumbledore stood, and started to give his speech.

“I know everyone feels betrayed, Quirinus lied to us all and came here to steal an important artifact, all under the guise of a Professor. But worry not, it is obvious that the artifact was taken by a student, and as such is safe from dark wizards. This year, we the staff have learnt that we underestimated all of you, and your courage and determination.”

“One hundred of you attempted to pass traps designed to kill an adult dark wizard, and I am told that you were informed of this and the possibility of death. We did not underestimate our thief, no, those traps were truly dangerous to even the most skilled of Wizards, we underestimated how resourceful and intelligent our students are. Though I cannot condone the breaking of school rules, and the danger you all placed yourselves in, I can't help but marvel at how far you got. Someone made it the entire way, and many others made it to the hardest room, despite our thinking that the first seven obstacles would deter you!” many students laughed, probably remembering the note.

“So I applaud you. I applaud your determination and sheer bravery that would surely fail most adults. I applaud your knowledge and strategy, that got you through riddles and ciphers. I applaud your
flying skills, and reluctantly applaud your ability to pick locks. So, as I said before. I applaud you.” Dumbledore started clapping, and the rest of the hall joined in, cheering loudly. Everyone was smiling widely, even the competitors that came away badly injured.

On the last day of term, as scheduled, the gift bearing owls were released. There were shouts and yells of happiness, as everyone relieved their gold. Sure, Dom may have spent hundreds of galleons to reward the competitors, but really it was worth it after all the fun they gave him. He was making a lot from his jobs and deals anyway; the game meant that there wasn't a single student in the school that didn't know who he was.

Chapter End Notes

It was bad enough writing different personalities for about 5 different Harry's, then for different Quirrell's, now for Dumbledore too... top tip, don't write multiple series at a time.

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