Summary

Twins were born when the seventh month died. Twins survived Voldemort and they were sent to the Dursleys together so how could they grew up in two different worlds? Warning: slow beginning will become m/m in the future.
Chapter 1

Two worlds- close together and yet far apart

x-x-x-x chapter 1 – the boy – er boys-who-lived x-x-x-x

November the first 1981

The day had been a cold but typical British November day. But that did not disturb the wizards and witches whole Britain. You-know-who was defeated. Years of torture, pain and fear were over. And all thanks to the boys-who-lived.

Rumours spread fast and soon both boys were hailed as the saviours. The younger one even more than the older one because Headmaster Dumbledore speculated that Alexander Sirius Potter – Alex for short – had been the one to defeat the dark lord while his brother Harrison James Potter had protected them from the falling debris of the house. Both infants survived with only a scar. Harry with a lightning bolt on his forehead and Alex with a softer S shaped scar on his left cheek.

Dumbledore had guessed that the “S” was the symbol for Slytherin as Voldemort claimed himself to be the heir of the noble house while Harry's scar resembled the rune sowilo as a sign of sun and protection.

Unfortunately Sirius Black who should have been their guardian after the death of James and Lily had gone after Peter Pettigrew and was nowhere to be found.

But the rest of magical Britain did not notice either the missing the Potters' friends or Dumbledore's plight as they were caught up in their relief and parties. Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts and Supreme Mugwump and Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot had to sort out the future living arrangements of the twins.

Old magic of blood relation and love had saved them and he had to use this old magic to keep them safe. Even better their mother's only relative was Lily's sister Petunia who had married Vernon Dursley. Both muggles without any connection or even tolerance towards magic.

The two boys would grow strong but moldable there. The ancient wizard had spelled the letter for the Dursleys so that the wards were activated in the very moment they read the letter, together with a compulsion charm that they take in the infants. Another confundus spell was used on his deputy McGonagall. He did not understand why she thought it would be better if the twins grew up in the wizarding world. They would be spoilt and arrogant. No one would follow them into the second war when Voldemort returned and if his theory about the prophecy was correct than Alex had to die in order to defeat the dark lord forever. It would be better when they grew up far away from their fame and would see the magical world as something that deserved to be saved even with Alex's life if it had to be. Far enough away for the wizarding world to forget all about Harry, the other survivor of the night.

The whole discussion and goodbye with Minerva McGonagall and Hagrid in front of Number 4 Privet Drive had gone longer than Dumbledore had expected. Finally the twins were dropped off and he could join the others in one of the uncountable parties.
The Dursleys had not been impressed by the arrival of the additional infants but at least Lily Potter née Evans had been clever enough to register her family, so Petunia and Vernon could get the money from the government and other benefits.

But money did not make family and the Potter boys had learnt rather fast that they were not liked in house No 4.

Several years had passed since the fateful night. Years in which Harry and Alex learnt that they could only rely on each other. And even this was difficult for Harry. He was the older one. He was not yet five years old but he knew already that he had to care for his brother because no one else would do it. He was the older one, Alex was his responsibility.

No one in No4 cared if they were afraid, sick or hurt. But they had to display always the perfect image along the other family members.

Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon always punished Harry for the actions of his brother and his own and left it to him to discipline the younger twin. They got barely enough to eat and only the old clothes of Dudley despite the money the Dursleys got for their care while their cousin was spoilt rotten.

The sad routine of their life was rudely interrupted a month before their fifth birthday with a visit.

“Good morning, Mrs. Dursley, Mr. Dursley.” The man greeted the couple neutrally. He was dressed in an expensive, deep blue business suite and his greying hair was short and tidy. Complete opposite to the hair of the twins who were watching the scene from the garden where they had to do their chores.

“My name is Leon King. I'm coming on behalf of Gringotts concerning your nephews.”

That was the wrong thing to say. Immediately Vernon turned red and roared what the whelps had done.

“Sir, it's not a topic for the front yard.”

Alone the implication that the neighbours could hear them brought Petunia back to her senses and hushed her husband and invited the Gringott's agent into the house.

Harry and Alex looked at each other and stopped weeding the garden.

“What do you think he want?” Alex bit his lips. Harry shrugged.

“The man look really stuffed up. Come on, lets finish. I want to eat tonight...” Harry trailed off and pulled his oversized pants higher. His little brother nodded and soon they were again distracted with the plants.

“Alex, Harrison, come here.” Aunt Petunia's voice screeched through from the house to the garden. Alex jumped up immediately, followed closely by Harry but the latter knew something was up.

Petunia never called them by their names and she had used Alex's nickname but not his.

“Yes, Aunt Petunia?” The two boys chorused and waited patiently in the side entrance of the kitchen.
“Quick, wash up and come into the living room.” She ordered calmly and without any hint of loathing in her voice.

“Ah, no need. I saw them in the garden earlier. I don’t want to intrude on your family any longer.”
The deep voice of Mr. King came through the open kitchen door.

Mr. King walked in followed by uncle Vernon. The strict man scrutinised the boys in front of him closely. He did not like what he saw.

The boys were too thin as if they had been starved, were wearing hand-me-downs and looked unkempt. Each of them had black short hair with the typical Potter hair. They would need to work on this one.

The boy on his left had emerald green eyes that drew people in. Lily's legacy without a doubt. The lightning bolt shaped scar was nearly hidden beneath his hair. So this was Harrison. Mr. King looked at the other boy. Both were becoming nervous due to the lack of speech while the elderly man eyed them up and down.

Alex Potter looked nearly the same as his brother. Just his eyes and scar made him different. He looked more like a Potter clone with his brown eyes than Harry. When they grew up the differences between them would probably become more obvious.

“Alex and Harrison Potter. Nice to make your acquaintance.” He greeted them finally. “Before I am going to explain my presence, I have a few questions. What do you know about your parents?”

Harry and Alex looked at each other before Harry finally answered.

“Their names were James and Lily Potter and married after they left school, had us and died in an accident.”

“Ah, yes. Do you know what kind of accident or what they did for living?”

The children shook their heads and King nodded thoughtfully.

“Well, that will take a little more time than expected. Mrs. Dursley, may I? We won’t want to soil your beautiful home.” He held up a strange stick and Petunia’s face became darker but she nodded.

“Scourgify.” The business man waved his stick and immediately the two boys were clean and stared at the man open-mouthed.

“Let me tell you a story...”

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King had never gone too deeply into details but told them about their heritage as wizards, magic and the wizarding world of course with the vow never to tell anyone who did not already know about magic. He even scrapped over Alex’ fame and You-know-who but emphasised their parents' sacrifice instead of some dubious power.

“Have you understood everything?”

“So Harry will get more lessons so we can get out of here?” Alex quipped only registering the opportunity that they could leave the Dursleys someday.

Mr King smiled at their naivety and sent them back into the garden but this time to play and not
work. It was sad that the almost five-years old had understood that they could leave their relatives and were looking forward to the day.

He turned around to Vernon and Petunia and shot them a dark look.

“If you don't want a law suit I suggest you start raising them properly. We both need Harrison to grow up independent, responsible and mature enough to gain emancipation as soon as possible or else we could likely gift the Potter fortune to Dumbledore and whoever might want to take advantage of an uneducated Lord. He owns several magical and mundane businesses, your firm Grunnings and even this house belongs to him and any hint of blackmailing or taking advantage of a child will cost you everything and Gringotts doesn't like idle gold and businesses not to mention his political power. Should he be willing to grant you the house or firm later you will have to wait until his twenty-first birthday when it's granted that you did neither steal nor coerced him to do so. Right now the family vaults are closed. Till then you have due to the wills of the Potters right of residence and don't have to pay rent and are allowed to change and decorate it like you want. Raise him properly and he's out of your hair at eleven. He needs magical and mundane knowledge. A suitable tutor for the first introduction will come next week. He will give you a list with neutral magical tutors. I suggest you all take the introduction lessons with him and decide after this how to proceed.”

Vernon gnashed his teeth.

“And this title, is it just for your world?” He sneered.

“No, the younger houses that gained nobility are just noble in the wizarding world but as the Potters are one of the oldest houses his title is acknowledged in your world as well. They are not the best known nobles as they tended to stay in the wizarding world and did not socialise with the mundane nobility but his title is valid.”

Mr. King bid them farewell and went back to Gringotts to report his observations.

In Privet Drive life was just not the same for everyone after this fateful visit....

x-x-x-x-x chapter 1 end x-x-x-x-x

A.N. Well... Dumbledore wants his saviour and Gringotts a powerful and independent lord (who would probably side with them for their rights). Will both sides gain what they want? ;)
The visit of the Gringotts' proxy had turned the life at Privet Drive No.4 upside down. After the first week of introductions Vernon and Petunia had planned Harry's education – even together with the wizard who had given them a long list with suitable tutors and subjects the boy had to learn. Mixed in was the rather fanciful look on nobles of Petunia – which was probably founded by her romance novels – and their outlook of independence.

A young lord should know how to dance so Harry received dancing lessons once a week at the age of five.

A young lord should speak fluently at least three other languages in addition to Latin.

A young lord should know how to defend himself and carry himself with an elegance that other would envy him for – Harry was trained in Martial Arts and meditation by a master at six o'clock in the mornings from Monday to Saturday only on Sundays he would not have to wake up early but even then he hardly slept in because of his inner clock and routine.

The leisure time of a young lord shall be filled with the fine arts... which caused that Harry was allowed to read and received lessons for piano, violin, singing and painting and drawing.

In addition an independent young man needed to know how to manage his household, finances and time and how to cook, clean and so on.

When Petunia had surveyed her list and combined it with the magical side they decided to hire tutors and taught him at home or at the place of his tutors so they could organise his timetable better and push him forward faster than in a public school.

Before the local primary school started for them the other two boys attended the lessons together with Harry because Alex and Dudley had thought it would be unfair if they were not allowed too... It had lasted a week for most of the lessons and even Martial Arts had lost their interest because of the early hour.

Life had also changed for Dudley and Alex. Everyone had their own room and after a few tantrums courtesy of Dudley the remaining Potter twin and his cousin grew closer to each other while they started to view Harry more like an older brother who could be fun, help and confidant but was in charge in absence of the adults – or sometimes even in absence of common senses of the adults.

Dudley was still the Dursleys perfect little boy who could not do anything wrong and was still spoilt but he had started public school together with Alex and much less pressure from his ambitious parents. Neither of the boys were reprimanded for mediocre performance in school but at least Dudley was praised for any development. While they left Alex in responsibility of Harry.

He was taught to take care of his brother. Praising him for good work, reprimanding for bad.

Alex was mostly ignored by the adult Dursleys but he could live with this. His brother was there for
him and would even pause his studies and leisure time should he or even Dudley need help.

Birthdays and Christmas had become tolerable for the Potter twins too. While they did not get any expensive presents, they still got a small thing each, even from Marge Dursley who had joined the prestige of having a noble in her family. Harry often got a book, new art utensils or if they felt generous even tickets for a museum or theatre. For Alex often clothes or toys which got less cheap over the years because Harry had bought a part of the presents and Alex often played together with Dudley and they were sharing toys.

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At the age of nine the difference in their upbringing was obvious to everyone who looked at them. Alex was an athletic boy who played football at school together with Dudley who had lost weight and trained too due to Harry's influence. Alex and Dudley were sunburned, loud and active boys. While Harry was behaving like an adult. He was almost always composed, paler than his brother but his every movement held grace and confidence.

Alex's eyes had turned worse and he had to wear glasses and after seeing a photo of their parents he refused any magical healing. He wanted to look exactly like his dad. His short hair was untidy as ever and his brown eyes sparkled with mischief.

Harry on the other side had his eyes corrected with magical means by a specialist – on Alex's pleading because he had their mother's eyes and it would be a shame to hide them behind glasses. His hair was also longer and had calmed down into soft waves which hid his scar nicely.

Though even with the differences in their lives they were always reminded by the Dursleys that they would leave as soon as possible because of their magic they were not welcome longer than necessary. But they exploited the prestige that raising a young lord or in case of Vernon raising the owner of their business brought them.

The nine almost ten year old Harry looked up from his notebook and watched his twin playing football with his cousin. It was the first time they were allowed to play this summer because Harry had punished them for being bullies and they had to accompany him to all of his lessons for two whole weeks. Well, after the first week of punishment they were already vowing to behave themselves in future and after the second week Alex had even lost any hint of jealousy.

"How can you do this day in day out? I mean they even picked out your hobbies." Alex asked when they took a break.

"You get used to it. But in case you did not notice I dropped painting and music as hobbies, while it might be relaxing once in a while and I'm not bad I'll never be an artist. And also while I might sing and play piano and violin well I will never be a composer. I might not be able to drop the lessons but I'm allowed to fill my slim leisure time on my own – thank you very much. My tutors drilled into me that I have to reflect everything and routine is no substitute for an own opinion." Harry drawled teasingly.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Harrison, but despite your mature mind you are physical still a child. There could still be sleeping a composer or artist inside you. Like every child in your age continues Art and Music in school you will continue your lessons." An energetic voice replied from behind them.

The three boys turned around and greeted the young man behind them. It was Daniel Smith the assistant of Harry's education coordinator Mr. Brown.

"Ready for your exams, Harry?"
“You are too early.” Harry stated but put his things aside.

“Yes I know. Due to a water damage in the exams building we need to drive to another place in London.”

“Good luck, big bro!” Alex and Dudley cheered much to the surprise of Smith.

Petunia and Vernon had already tried to stop Dudley from calling Harry big brother. The boy was younger than Dudley and his cousin not his brother but Dudley was happy with Harry as “big” brother and neither Petunia nor Vernon had the heart to stop his fun as long Dudley understood that they were not real brothers.

Harry nodded gratefully and followed Smith to the car.

Alex and Dudley looked after the car as it disappeared out of their sight.

“What do you think: how will it go?” Dudley asked.

“Perfect scores like every time.” Alex stated with conviction.

They both remembered the first exam where Harry had been only slightly above average. His tutors had been satisfied because he had made a great progress in short time but Vernon and Petunia set strict rules. Anything worse than B was punished severely. Harry had received three Cs and while they did not beat him. His free time had been shortened even more and he had to do more chores for three weeks and he did not get to eat for three days. After this Harry had almost perfect scores in every exam.

Harry had never told his brother that the Dursleys threatened to punish his brother as well should he not become better.

When Dudley and Alex had spent more time playing around than learning and it showed on their school report it had been Harry again who had been punished for them and he had started to help them with their school work and kept an eye on them that they did their homework.

Everything unpleasant like discipline and order were Harry's duty while the Dursleys spoilt their son and left it to Harry to shape their boy which they overlooked.

But Alex and Dudley knew what he was doing.

“What will happen next year when we are finished with primary school and go to our boarding schools?”

“Don’t know. Maybe we will be gone till then. Harry will be emancipated around our eleventh birthday...”

“Wish I could go with you...”

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Harry's exam went well and after his regular meeting with representatives of Gringotts and his education coordinator Mr. Brown.

He met first with Griphook because they would correct his exams while he took care of his business with Gringotts so they could evaluate his progress later.

“Greetings, Manager Griphook.” Harry greeted the goblin in perfect Gobbledygook.
“Greetings, Heir Potter. Ready for your annual evaluation?” The goblin grinned at the young boy. It was a shame that he had lost his childhood that early but it was always the price for the last of the lines.

Griphook led Harry into the ritual room where the young heir would be examined. Harry sat down in meditative posture and went into his trance. Or as a master occlumens had explained to him his mindscape.

Griphook waited until all runes of the ritual circle glowed before he placed the old artefact – a kind of crystal – onto the top of the boy's head. At once the artefact glowed and changed colour once in a while. Griphook nodded and walked over to the desk in a hidden corner of the room. The charmed quill and parchment listed its findings.

He was not allowed to tell anyone of the results yet and probably no one beside a goblin would understand the results but he was looking forward to the eleventh birthday of the boy.

The glowing stopped and he walked back to the boy and took the crystal.

“All went well, Heir Potter. No foreign spells were found, your magical core develops nicely and your mind has matured fast.” The last was said with a tiny hint of sadness. “The next check-up with the ritual will be next year on your eleventh birthday. A little later than this year as I understand you have yet to reach your tenth birthday. The complete inheritance test will be ready then.”

“So I will be allowed to claim the lordship with eleven?” Harry smiled.

Griphook had already explained at one of their former meetings that he needed to go through a complete inheritance test... which involved only a complicated potion and his blood.. before he would be able to claim his title and with it emancipation and freedom from the Dursleys.

“On your eleventh birthday the year of evidence will start.”

x-x-x-x-x chapter 2 end x-x-x-x-x

AN: This chapter was not my cup of tea... the file has ended in the trash at least twice was rescued again and again and I rewrote several parts and I'm still not satisfied with the outcome...but I needed an interlude till Hogwarts starts to show a bit of their childhood...

So I'm posting this and start writing the next, before I get frustrated XD

Chapter End Notes

Currently I'm updating this story. After re-installing my writing tool the spell checker is working again. In addition I gained a beta-reader. So my chapters are triple checked ;)

The last year of their primary school was over far too fast.

By now Alex and Dudley had gained good marks. They were not perfect but above the average. Harry was pleased with them seeing as he was the one who made time for tutoring them in almost every subject to make sure that they understood what they were doing and drilled good study habits into them.

Harry on the other side was almost constantly pushed to his limits. Helping Aunt Petunia to cook and at least six hours of chores in the household per week made him confident in taking care of himself and his brother in the future. His subtle work on his aunt had at least reduced the amount of time he had to spend on cleaning, budgeting and garden work and was glad that while Alex could not cook he could at least keep his room tidy and help in the garden. That had been quite a fight with Dudley to get him to do anything but Harry had won this fight and Dudley had become less spoilt. Well... reminding him once in a while what his future roommates would do if he soiled their dorm at Smeltings had helped.

His mentors had kept pushing his limits, training constantly his memory and he had thanked every deity out there that had gifted him with wide above average memory skills and intelligence or else he would not have survived his childhood. He was about two or three years ahead in his mundane schoolwork and had the basics down for the magical world, too. The mundane side of his title and properties required a good muggle education as well as magical and he was not allowed to drop in quality.

His education team worked well together and they were informed muggles and magical folk. They had promised to send him his mundane work at Hogwarts because his laptop did not work yet. But the research team Harry had founded had made big progress and soon it should be successful. Harry was certain of this. His enterprise Wiztech focused on modern achievements of the muggle world and magical world and combined both also making new ones, in almost any field from construction and office over technology to medicine – well in the future, Wiztech had not expanded that far yet. Right now his personnel division was recruiting an Arthur Weasley who was working for the ministry but at a low job. His informants had told him that they would get him easily to agree. They could offer him more money – which he needed for his family – and more work with the mundane items which he loved. Harry's team had already organised schoolings for the new witches and wizards to help them along with the mundane items while his mundane workers were informed – of course under a vow and contract – about the workings in the magical world. Wiztech had a mundane part and a wizarding part. Of course due to the statute of secrecy the magical achievements stayed in the magical world but anything else was fair game – well as soon as they adjust a few laws, because the line to muggle baiting was very thin.

The funny part about this enterprise was that Harry had started it a year ago with a very small group of researchers.

His mentors – mundane and magical as well – had helped him to start to help him gain experience. They had expected experience with failure and that this ridiculous endeavour would stop soon and Harry could focus on the more important things in life. He had just turned ten when he had started with his idea and none of the adults had taken him seriously.
Harry had started with a group of a witch and wizard, a squib, a goblin, and two mundanes. And now he had already fifty employees to be able to keep up with the demand and research and counting. The firm was slowly getting popular but the real profit would not come at once. For now Wiztech stood for a series of electronics and games. The latest product testing had placed them as one of the best and only not on top because of the long idle time as it had been still a small firm. At the moment Wiztech was going to start a new branch for computer and communication technology and another branch for household appliances. Every branch had a magical-mixed part and a mundane part in order to keep the magical world secret. Additionally every appliances and games were magic-fit and could survive and work in pure magical environments.

Part of the popularity had come through his age. A lot of people were keen to test his products either in hope of ridicule the attempts of a child who did not belong into the world of adults or to support the sweet child. They had forgotten that despite being a child, he had a team of adults working for him. Everyone is an expert in their field. His hexagram as Harry liked to call his top team would be able to manage his enterprise during his school time but they had a chat-book (also an idea of his combined with the piece of handicraft and magic courtesy of his team) which supplied them with a way to write all of them at the same time. The books were linked to each other and every linked member was able to read the answers and even the non-magical people of his group could use them. It worked not as well as chat rooms and internet but it worked for now. Harry knew that he could trust his hexagram. They had trusted him when he had started this, they had trusted him as well when they had signed the clever contract that had come with it.

*“Uh-oh. I know this look. What are you planning now, Ry?” Alex teased and threw Harry out of his thoughts. He looked up from his table where he had written down his ideas into a notebook with his elegant and neat script. Using the wonderful weather he had found himself a nice place in the garden to work. “Wiztech has to expand again. My hexagram and I will be busy before I'm going to start at Hogwarts.”

“Shouldn't you worry about school first? You are already doing twice the work. No need to add more.” Dudley quipped in and handed him an ice cream.

“You mean trice. He already started his own enterprise neglecting the fact that he already owns several businesses which are waiting for him to finish school. You also never told us how you managed to start Wiztech before your emancipation.” Alex accused waving his ice cream cone at his brother.

“Officially Griphook started it and signed it over to me. Or is going to do so once I gained my emancipation. Everything is written down in another clever contract that states among other things that he has nothing to do with the enterprise neither failure nor success. My mentors agreed on the enterprise together with my hexagram as a small thing that was allowed to fail and they expected to fail. Surprised them all that it thrives. And my clever magical contract that binds even mundanes prevents betrayal and no one is able to profit from my work who had no part in it.” Harry smirked.

“You tricked a goblin.” Alex deadpanned while sucking on his ice cream.

“Correction, my dear twin. I out manoeuvred at least two goblins and a bunch of the most snobbish businessmen.” Harry grinned.

“Harry, be honest. How did you do this? I mean you started with 6 persons and an idea to improve magic with muggle and other way around.”
“The whole social lessons and business meetings – magical and mundane, which my mentors insisted I had to go to, left me with a lot of good contacts. Some of them did not like the snobbish attitude of other managers and told me they would help me to merchandise my products just to spite them. Never underestimate rivalries. They wanted to prove the snobs wrong and supported me, gave me suppliers and loaned even workers, devices and even factories just to whip the smirk of their faces. You can go far with the right contacts in the business world and don't forget my Hexagram is mostly working on their own. I'm less involved than it sounds like.”

Harry was quite correct with his evaluation, without using facilities of other businesses who just wanted to see their rivals lose their bet he would have needed much more time and personnel for the start especially as he started with three different branches but the bet had been placed in the higher ranks of the economics. And while a contract stated that spying and sabotage was not allowed, they forgot to define the allowed support. And the wager of this bet between nobility and businessmen was high. He had two further years to establish his enterprise and to build his own factories and buildings but he had already accomplished enough to proof his own future business manager that he would be able to kick them all out of their offices should they ever betray him – child or not.

“When will your school letters arrive, Ry?” Dudley asked worriedly.

He had gotten his acceptance letter weeks ago and they had been shopping the day before for his school uniform. The blond boy was worried about being separated from his cousins but he had known for ages that they would go to different schools and they promised to write each other. A reason more for Harry to push his people in the direction of the communication ideas. They would need a way to communicate that was less noticeable than owl post.

“We will turn eleven next week, so they have to come soon. At least if they assume that we know about our heritage. Gringotts and my magical mentors tried to hush my involvement in the wizarding world as secret as possible.” Harry answered.

“Finally we will go to school together, big bro. And finally we will start together learning magic.” Harry grinned.

“I won't bet on it, Lexy. I would wager that Harry will soon be top in all of his classes.” Dudley smirked when Alex sighed.

“I won't agree to that bet... I would lose. I can't compete with my genius of a brother.” Alex returned the smirk and caught Harry in a headlock, ruffling his hair.

“I'm not a genius. I'm only ahead in mundane education by three years because I'm home-schooled.” Harry deflected. He could not deny that he was ahead of them but that did not mean that he was a genius. He did not have holidays and leisure time like other kids so he continued to learn while others enjoyed their holidays. Out of the three weeks of Christmas holidays he had the week between Christmas and new year off and another week around his birthday in the summer sometimes even two. His eidetic memory had been a great help and at the same time a great pain because he could not forget. The mind protected itself with forgetting things but he was not able to protect his mind this way so he had learnt occlumency as early as possible in addition to meditation.

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“Bro, occlude, you're slipping again.” Alex worried voice pulled him again out of his memories. He was slipping quite often today. Sometimes occluding was his only way to not fall into memories.

“I apologise for worrying you. I will keep myself better in check in future.”
“You really need your vacation next week.” Dudley gave him a small smile.

When Harry's training and education had started at the age of four almost five, he had no free weeks in the summer and his overloaded mind had been getting worse over the time till one of his magical tutors had dragged him to a mind healer who had thrown him into occlumency lessons and at least three completely work-free weeks in the year and free holidays like Christmas and Easter and no learning or working 24/7.

“So what's your newest master stroke, dear brother of mine?” Alex teased him.

“You will...”

“BOYS! Come in there's post for you.” Petunia's shrill voice echoed through the garden.

“Our letters!” Alex exclaimed happily and ran to the house followed closely by Dudley who had also jumped up.

Harry stood up and followed in a more moderate pace and with much more elegance.

“Ry, our Hogwarts letters!” Alex grinned and handed him the second envelope.

Finally. Their official invitation to come back into the wizarding world. Another evidence that they would be able to leave this dreaded place soon. When he passed his emancipation exam next week they would be able to move to their new home. Griphook had promised him the small Sunspring Cottage would be ready for them. It was one of the smaller Potter properties and therefore easier to maintain. But even the smallest house was still a building with at least ten rooms and they had to maintain the building and garden, themselves and their studies everything without servants for at least a year to prove that Harry was indeed mature enough to be emancipated and to 'raise' his brother.

Dear Mr Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than 31 July.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

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“Harry, can we go today?” Alex begged eyes wide and round.

“On our birthday, Alex. We won't be able to get a wand earlier because...” Harry smiled at his sulking brother.

“...because our magical core changes slightly on our eleventh birthday that makes a wand core able to bond with our core. A wand - bought before the eleventh birthday – would probably not be the best attuned one.” Alex parroted an often repeated lecture.

“Good to know that you remember anything from our magical lessons. Go playing with Dudley. I will send the reply.” Harry smiled.
Harry nodded to his aunt and went straight to his room. He might not like quill and parchment but he would use them.

He looked down at the letter. His handwriting was neat and elegant curved. The result of never-ending writing lessons and later calligraphy. He had tried to teach his brother, too. But Alex handwriting was still scratchy and full of blobs of ink regardless if he had to write with quill or even pen.

“I assume you will return on your birthday?” Petunia sneered.

“Just short, to get our things should I pass my emancipation test, but Griphook assured that it was just a formality.” Harry answered emotionlessly. His indifferent mask in place.

“We won't contact you any more after this. On my seventeens birthday house and Grunnings will be transferred to you as payment for the past ten years. Should Griphook to be able to find a loophole and I transfer it earlier. The bank will contact you then.”

He left out that while the house was top-quality the business was the lowest of his businesses which was slowly ruining itself. The management of this business (*cough* Vernon *cough*) would probably ruin it completely as soon as Grunnings stood on its own. His orders were crystal clear. It had to survive at least two years after they had transferred ownership after this he would gladly watch how it went down the swanny. And judging to Griphook he could wash his hand of the business even earlier as long they worked on their own for two or three years after his emancipation but it was not proven yet and depended on his own behaviour in the next years.

Harrison sighed as his aunt left his room again and dared to relax. One week had yet to pass till his freedom. Sure he would never have a childhood but then he was emancipated and could decide for himself and the first thing to go would be the dratted dancing lessons. He was not a bad dancer and he would participate the one or other event of his dancing school to keep the steps fresh in mind but he would cancel the lessons. He had no interest in learning ballet which his teacher had started after he had been through most of the other kinds. He could dance any kind of ballroom dances and that would be more than he ever needed. When would he be able to do any of the fancier figures during a ball? Never. Standard steps would have sufficed.

He pulled out his current timetable and the list of his lessons. Singing had to go too. He was not a bard. Harry enjoyed singing but only for himself and not for audience. It had been useful for voice training but he knew the drill and could do it alone. Preferably in the privacy of his study or even shower.

Harry threw the timetable aside. Who was he kidding. He would be in a boarding school starting September 1st and his dancing and music lessons would be limited to once or twice in the holidays and that was the amount he would have done to keep his hand in.


July 31th started with a beautiful sunrise. Harrison watched it from his bedroom window. It was quite early in the morning and the rest of the house was still fast asleep. He was surrounded by moving boxes. They were only the bare minimum of their belongings. Anything else had been brought to Sunspring Cottage already.

Usually his birthday meant that he was allowed to sleep in but he was too nervous to sleep properly neither meditation nor occlumency had helped him to get four more hours sleep. What a day to start his vacation. He would only need to attend a few business meetings to establish his role in the family enterprise and another for Wiztech to finalise the expansion.
For once he had not bought a present for his brother. Alex was allowed to choose something in Diagon Alley but Harry could already guess what his chosen present would be.

The young wizard had looked out of his window for a long time. It had been relaxing to let his mind float in the trance like state but this way he had lost several hours due to watching the sunrise and musing.

“Happy birthday, big bro.” A sleepy voice greeted from behind him.

“Happy birthday to you too, little one.” Harry smiled at the sleepy but fully dressed twin.

“How long have you been awake? I thought for once I could wake you for breakfast in bed.”

“I could not sleep. I am nervous about the emancipation exam and the inheritance test. I wonder what it will bring.”

Alex shook his head. His twin was thinking too much. Instead he dragged his older twin downstairs into the kitchen for breakfast. It was not a full English breakfast because Alex could not cook to save his life but Harrison preferred cereals and fruits in the morning and cutting and peeling fruits and setting the table was well within his abilities.

“When are we going to Diagon?” Alex asked excitedly.

Harry glanced at the clock in the kitchen and told him that he expected their taxi around nine.

After breakfast they headed back into their rooms and packed the last item into the boxes.

“Hey, Happy birthday, you two.” Dudley greeted them. He was the sole Dursley who actually wished them a happy birthday. He handed them each a present. He knew very well that they were going to move out this day...

“It's a birthday-farewell-gift. Don't be strangers and don't forget to write me while I'm rotting here.” Dudley joked but it did not reach his eyes.

Alex ripped open his present and stared at the new camera.

“Send me a few pictures, will you?” Dudley smiled as they nodded.

Dudley handed Harry the other present, carefully said boy opened it and stared at it.

“'How to write a novel – tips and tricks for authors' and 'A beginner's guide for programmers'? How did you know?”

“Lexy and I noticed you don't paint or sketch that much in your free time any more but always scribbling down something...”

“What big D wants to say is that we snitched your blue journal and found notes for a really good story and probably notes for software in it...Would be a shame if we don't support your new hobby.”

“You mean that isn't reading anything in sight?” Dudley joked.

Harry rolled his eyes and swatted them mockingly with the books on their heads. Two books, two heads, it seemed fitting.

“Thanks anyway.” He smiled softly.
They put their presents into the moving boxes and Harry got out another piece of paper.

“Here, our new address and telephone number. Our house might be magical but the telephone works courtesy to Wiztech. Also the address to our post office box. Our complete mail will go through a post box at Gringotts to be checked on curses before they send it to us. They are able to send and receive them with the muggle post system, too.”

“You don't come back after your trip?” Dudley asked sadly.

“We do, but you won't be here. Your parents are taking you out today, remember?”

They changed topics after this and discussed the latest football training. Well, Dudley and Alex told him about the training and ranted about it. This summer a lot of things changed for all of them. School was over and they started boarding school in September. Alex and Harry on the first and Dudley two days later.

Punctually at nine o'clock the taxi drove into the driveway and collected the Potter twins.

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“Good morning Tom, would you open the gateway for us?” Harry greeted the owner of the Leaky Cauldron.

“Good morning you too. Of course, lads, have fun.” Tom let them through the portal without any fuss. He had met the twins before and grinned only broadly at them this time. The last time had ended in a mass attack of people who had wanted to shake Alex's hands.

“Where first?” Alex asked with a broad grin.

Harrison pointed to the white marble building that stood out in the streets.

“Gringotts of course.”

They entered the white building. Each of them had been here before. Harry more than Alex.

Harry greeted the goblins in their language and even Alex managed at least the greeting.

“Heir Potter and Mr. Potter good to see you today. Ready for your inheritance and emancipation exam?” Griphook greeted them and ushered them quickly deeper into Gringotts where his own office lay.

“Of course, Griphook.” Harrison answered more confidently than he felt.

“And you, Mr. Potter?”

“Me? I'm not getting emancipated or becoming a lord and what inheritances ever lay in my bloodline is in Harry's as well.” Alex sputtered.

“Magic, Mr. Potter, does not like to be confined just by blood. It's perfectly possible for either of you to be a magical heir to another line than the other. But you are right about the emancipation test as long you have an older relative it befalls to him to care for you.” Griphook explained patiently.

“I bet Harry is then heir of Ravenclaw or Slytherin if not both. Would explain a lot of things.” Alex snorted.

Harrison only rolled his eyes at this. Griphook ignored the comment and pulled out the vials for the
test. They would start with the inheritance test and after this Harry would take his emancipation test. Which was rather simple for a future lord, his lordship ring or rings had to accept him nothing else. If he had been another wizard without the lordship the ritual would have been more complex.

Griphook took a parchment out of his desk which oozed magic.

“Three drops of blood each, please. As you are twins we need only one parchment and test you at the same time. Magic likes it better when twins stay together.”

The goblin handed both boys a silver ritual dagger. They took a deep breath and made a small cut at the same time and let exactly three drops of the red liquid of their life drop onto the parchment.

Immediately the blood was soaked up into the parchment and it started to glow in a soft blue light.

*Harrison James Potter and Alexander Sirius Potter*

*Born: 31th July 1980*

*Birth parents: James Charles Potter and Lily Potter née Evans*

*Parent by blood-adoption: Sirius Orion Black*

*At this Harry and Alex blinked. Obviously their shared godfather had taken precautions in case he died childless. After the last line had appeared it continued with two different columns. Left for Harry and right for Alex.*

*House of Potter:*

*Heir by blood-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-. Dependant by blood*

“Allthing new there. We have known this for years.” Alex quipped in.

*House of Black:*

*possible heir -.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.possible heir*

*House of Gryffindor:*

*Descendant by blood-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.possible Heir by blood and magic*

*House of Ravenclaw:*

*Heir by magic*

*I knew it. Pay up!*

“All Alexander, we did not bet. And you ignored the Gryffindor part.” Harry pointed out to his pouting twin.

“I can't be an heir. I'm the second born.” Alex deflected. He did not want to be the heir to anything he had watched his brother to go through the whole etiquette and social drill enough to decide that he
did not want to spend his whole life like this.

“Did you not listen to Griphook, he told us that magic can influence this.”

“Ah don't make any assumptions, Heir and Mr. Potter. The title of the heir of the founders is purely formal. An heir of the founders will always stay an heir there is no lordship to claim. The heirlooms were willed to the school and even an heir is not allowed to claim them but you might have a better understanding of Hogwarts. I don't think I have to explain the part of the possible heir of Black?” Griphook raised an inquiring eyebrow.

Harrison shook his head as he knew already about the heir regulation of the house of Black and had taught his brother about them...or so he hoped.

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*House of Slytherin:

*Heir by magic*

*

“Aw, why did no one bet with me?” Alex asked mock-sulking.

“Like I explained earlier. Heir of the founders is an honorary title without consequences, neither money nor political power are gained with them, but the prestige behind them are political power of their own kind. Real however is the lordship of the house of Potter, which gains you control of the family fortune and of course two seats in the Wizengamot.”

Griphook took a box from the shelf and opened it. A grand ring with the Potter crest was in it.

“The emancipation test for an heir of an ancient and noble house is plain. You only have to put the ring on and it will glow and adjust to your finger when the magic of your house accepts you as the head of house.”

Harry took a deep breath and slipped the ring on his finger. Immediately it glowed in a soft silver light and adjusted to his finger.

It was plain and with absolutely zero dramatics.

“Congratulations, Lord Potter.” Griphook bowed.

“That was it? All the training and torture for a small glow and a ring?” Alex snorted, but Harry stared at the ring in wonder. He saw the meaning behind the symbolism.

He was free.

**

The rest of their meeting in Gringotts was over quickly. Griphook and Harrison had prepared everything weeks before. Officially Harry could only gain custody over his brother after he had finished the trial year of emancipation but due to a signed contract by the Dursleys he had gained custody as soon as the ring on his finger had adjusted to his size.

Alex knew that his older twin was responsible now for him and their family heirloom and had waited for this moment for years. Harry had always been there for him and cared for him in return Alex would listen to Harry. It had always been like this and it would not change.
Their first stop were Madam Malkins where they ordered not only the Hogwarts robes but a few everyday clothes as well. No one would be able to say that Harry would not take care of his brother and himself and while Alex did not need to look like a doll all the time, he would see to it that his clothes were fit, clean and in a good state.

Step by step the Potter twins walked through Diagon Alley and through their shopping list. Books, potion supplies, new stationeries and of course their wands. Surprisingly they had both a phoenix feather as core and made from the same wood but different phoenixes. The differences in appearance of the wands were minimal. But Alex and Harry knew at once which one belonged to whom, they kept insisting that they could feel it. For the practised eye Harry's wand looked a bit more elegant than the one of his brother.

Another half an hour later they had finally left the Quidditch supply store and Harry had to remind his brother that he was not allowed to bring his birthday gift – the new Nimbus 2000 – with him to Hogwarts.

Another hour later they were finally done and arrived at their new home together with two owls, a female house-elf and a kitten.

Harry and Alex got both an owl. Harry called his snowy owl Hedwig while Alex's eagle owl was named Archimedes. Hedwig would stay behind for the house-elf Twirly to forward any mail that might come directly to Sunspring Cottage while they were at school but Twirly mentioned her suspicion that the proud bird would visit her master often even without mail. Twirly herself would take care of the house and garden during school and knew she was not allowed to help much beside the more difficult repair jobs around the house during Harry's trial year and she was bound by contract to do so.

The black kitten with the same eyes as Harry was Alex's birthday present for his brother. He insisted that his older twin needed something cuddly. It had helped that Kito had already taken a liking to the young lord and was never seen far from him. Her favourite places were Harry's shoulder or even his pocket. Harry would have to expand the pocket if she kept up hiding in there when she grew.

Harry sighed at the sight of his twin who was petting his new broom. The rest of their purchases and things that had been brought from the Dursleys needed to put aside and Alex took his sweet time inspecting his room regardless that he had already been there.

The master bedroom was Harry's room together with the ensuite bathroom. Alex had one of the bedrooms and another room as study-hobby-living room and the second bathroom for himself. Sunspring Cottage had also a big kitchen, living room and another room for Harry as study-library-room. Outside they had a smaller garden but enough space to play Quidditch.

While Alex was exploring their new home Harry went to the fireplace in his study.

“Gringotts, Griphook's office.” He called out and waited for a response.

“Ah, Lord Potter. Everything to your utmost satisfaction?” Griphook answered evenly.

“Everything is in order, Griphook. May I inquire if you have managed the second part of my birthday present for Alexander?”

“Yes, may he step through?”

Harry gave his consent and stepped aside to wait for the person to come through. The wizard looked slightly like a rebel. Long red hair was bound into a low ponytail and he had an ear stud in his left
“Welcome to Sunspring Cottage, Mr. Weasley. Did you have a good journey from Egypt?” He greeted the young man formally.

“Thank you, Lord Potter. The travel was long but enjoyable.”

“Thank you for offering your short vacation. Let me show you to the garden. I think my brother will be delighted to make your acquaintance.”

They walked through the cottage into the garden where Alex was polishing his new broom. He looked up when his brother came out with another wizard in tow.

“Alexander, may I introduce you to William Weasley. He is working for Gringotts as curse breaker but he offered to teach you flying. So you can test your new broom.”

“Hi, nice to meet you. But please call me Bill.”

Alex grinned broadly.
X-x-x-x-x chapter 4 – First year x-x-x-x-x-x-x

The first month of freedom was quiet and peaceful in comparison to their former lives. The twins prepared for their arrival to Hogwarts. For Harry it meant at least skimming through all his books and preparing his enterprise to work without him. He had established himself in the family businesses as the head of house and Lord Potter and could even claim his seats in the Wizengamot and on the Board of Governors. While he would not have voting rights during his trial year but he was allowed to listen, learn and even speak if he was able to contribute anything of value. A special permission would allow him to attend the gatherings of the Board and Wizengamot even during school time, using the floo network of his future head of house.

That part would become a battle field later. Due to his age the old, senile and antique wizards and witches did not take him seriously yet. Though he had already a few allies among them courtesy of his lessons on etiquette and magical world. Lady Longbottom was one of them and she had introduced him to her grandson. If she had only allowed Neville to get a new wand instead of his father's one....

Alex on the other hand seemed to think that his preparation was done with packing his trunk and practising flying any given moment. Harry had already had to threaten him with flying ban if his grades were too low and his duties forgotten.

The twins shared the workload around the house. Each of them were responsible for their own rooms and together they kept the rest of the house clean and in order. Harry cooked for them and Alex did most of the cleaning duty. They consoled themselves with the thought of having a house-elf on permanent duty after the trial year.

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On September the first Harry woke up early and prepared breakfast and checked again if everything was in order for their absence and also Alex's trunk to make sure that he did not pack his Nimbus. He was pleased that his twin had indeed listened to him and decided to reward him with his favourite breakfast – American pancakes with butter and maple syrup.

“Pancakes! You're the best, big bro!” Alex exclaimed in the very moment he entered their kitchen.

“You are punctual and I checked your trunk. You have forgotten nothing and left your broom in the shed. You deserve your reward.” Harry smiled and watched his brother tuck in before he started himself.

Alex was his usual bright self and chatted excitingly about Hogwarts and his hopes to make a lot of friends and to become part of the Gryffindor house.

After breakfast they put everything aside and checked a last time the house and garden. Though Twirly would take care of everything while they were at school but she was only allowed to start tomorrow after a ministry and Gringotts representative had checked the house.

In front of their house a car with driver was waiting for them. He was one of Harrison's employees and had volunteered to drive them to King’s Cross. Of course he was getting paid for his service but
Harry had not forced anyone into being their private chauffeur, not every adult was that keen on driving children around even if one of them was their boss.

Jeffrey helped them with their trunks and wished them a good term before he drove off.

“How do we get on the platform 9 and 3 quarter?” Alex asked his brother curiously.

“Do you see the barrier between nine and ten? We simply walk through it.” Harry explained and pushed his trolley forward. Alex was quick to follow.

The Hogwarts Express was a black and red steam engine and the twins took in the sight with a smile.

“We did it, Ry,” Alex grinned and headed towards the big train. With teamwork they managed to pull their trunks into an empty compartment.

* * *

The train ride was quite interesting. Shortly before they took off a red haired teen without any indication of house membership joined them in their compartment. Alex and Ron Weasley hit it off with each other right after their first greeting and left Harry to his books. After a while Harry left the compartment with Neville who was searching for his toad and Harry took him to an older student for a summoning or point me charm, leaving his twin alone with their collection of sweet samples and Ron. He had no doubt that they would manage to go through it before they reached Hogwarts. When he returned to their compartment he learnt that they had been visited by a muggleborn called Hermione Granger, who had started searching for Trevor in the first place and of course Draco Malfoy and his goons. Of course Harry knew the name and he hoped that neither Draco nor his own twin would do anything stupid.

They arrived at the train station in Hogsmead and were brought to the impressive castle by boats. Just a few moments more and they would be sorted. Harry had no doubt that his brother was a Gryffindor but he was not quite sure where he did belong to.

Finally after the song of the hat the sorting began and a few of the sortings were quite surprising. Malfoy became a Slytherin...with his attitude Harry would have guessed he would be a Gryffindor, there was not an ounce of cunning in this boy. Another surprise at least for Alex was the Granger girl, he had assumed with her affinity to books she would be a Ravenclaw. She had told him she had already read all their books...

When they reached the names starting with a P Alex was the first of the twins to be sorted. He became of course a Gryffindor. Harry had never thought differently he was after all the possible heir of Gryffindor and this was a step towards the honorary title.

Right after Alexander Harrison was called up to the hat and to the surprise of everyone – except Alex and Harry – he was sorted into Slytherin. Alex's new friend Ron was sorted into Gryffindor and Zabini Blaise joined them at the Slytherin table. The boy sat down next to Harry and tried obviously to estimate him.

“For twins you seem to be like day and night. Blaise Zabini, heir of the noble and ancient house of Zabini.” He commented dryly and introduced himself as the etiquette required. Noble and ancient house without comparison told Harry that it was below his own one. The ranking was house without additions, then noble, more noble, most noble, then the same with ancient and finally noble and ancient.

“There's no law which states that twins have to be the same. Harrison James Potter, Lord of the most
ancient and noble house of Potter. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance.” Harry answered lightly but silently. He had to introduce himself in the higher social circuit with whole name and title but that did not mean that he had to point a lumos on it. Zabini bowed gently and they change topic to less delicate matters. It was after all rude to ask a young lord how he could be a lord already when he did not offer the answer without asking. Even the eavesdroppers were well mannered enough to keep silent about the little detail that they had a lord among them.

*.*

At the Gryffindor table Ron ranted about Slytherins and how he had never thought the twin of the boy-who-lived to be an evil git.

“I can't believe it. He's a slimy snake, but he's your twin!”

“Of course he's a Slytherin. How else we would have survived our childhood without his cunning and ambitions?” Alex replied blankly not understanding what was wrong with it. Harry had always fought subtly with the adults to gain their rights.

“What do you mean, Alex?” Ron asked suspiciously.

“Do you really believe anything that was ever written about us? We grew up in the house of our muggle relatives who did not have a good relationship with our parents and hate everything magical. Only the fact that Harry would inherit money and title protected us.” Alex told his new friend quietly. He did not want everyone to hear but the nearest Gryffs still heard him.

“He's eleven. How can he protect you?”

“Ron, you sat with us in the compartment. Did you not notice his lordship ring?” Alex whispered knowing that as a pureblood Ron should know what this meant.

Harry might not point to his ring all the time but he did not hide it as it was bad manners to do so especially as an emancipated minor.

Ron's eyes grew wide at the possible implications.

*.*

The first week was a nightmare for both twins. Alex had to endure the staring and pointing of the other students which caused him to get lost a few times and late to classes. He and Ron had even managed to get on the bad side of Filch as they had tried to get into the forbidden third corridor on accident. Their classes were great but mostly theoretical for now.

For Harry on the other side the fight in the social circuit had already started which he had won for now after a verbal fight between Malfoy and him. Among Slytherins it would be the topic of conservation for weeks. It was not every day that a young lord would counter Malfoy's “My father...” speeches with “And what have you done to deserve my respect?” or “...you are not your father.” And it had helped that Harry had already gained his title and emancipation. Members of smaller houses did not dare to anger Harry.

On Friday afternoon Harry met his twin and Ron at Hagrid's hut. They had met the friendly half-giant on one of their earlier trips to Diagon Alley.

“Harry, come in. Your brother and his friend are already waiting for you. And what's this? You being a Slytherin?” Hagrid greeted him in his heavy accent. (1)
“Someone has to try to change the view on Slytherins, Hagrid. Not every Slytherin is evil as not every Gryffindor is light. Voldemort might have been Slytherin but Grindelwald had been a Ravenclaw and the traitor of our parents had been a Gryffindor. You can't live in a world of black and white.” Harry lectured softly. It was one of his very first lessons that his main magical mentors had instilled in him.

“Ah, yer right, kiddo. How is living with the stuck up nobles? Most of the snakes come from old houses.”

“Snobbish, arrogant and childish.” Harry rolled his eyes. He had survived his share on stuck up attitude.

“Hey, Ry. How has your week been?” Alexander grinned at his brother.

“Tiring. Subtle politics where ever you look and much to my delight the upper years insist on monthly dancing lessons.” Harry replied sarcastically. He had hoped he would be spared till the holidays.

“And here you thought you could skip dancing.”

“I hope I can skip them after I have proven that I know my steps.”

“Harry, how did you know the answer to Snape's questions?” Ron blurted out. Obviously he had wanted to ask this the whole time and the friendly banter was delaying his question time.

“Did you not read the preamble of the first chapter? Examples are listed there for higher potions and why it is important to know your ingredients and techniques.”

“I might have skipped the introduction...” Alex admitted sheepishly.

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A week later Gryffindors and Slytherins had got their first flying lesson together. Harrison had been excused and had his lessons together with the Ravenclaws because he had to attend meetings with the Board of Governors and the Wizengamot in turns on Wednesday afternoons. When he had heard later about the stunt of Malfoy and his brother he had been angry and lectured him about rules and that he should not dare to think his place on the Gryffindor team as a kind of reward. But he had owled Twirly to send him his brother's broom to school – she would not listen to Alex in these kinds of things.

When Harrison had gotten another week later an inofficial letter from Gringotts – Griphook to be precise - stating that Draco Malfoy and Alexander Potter had barely escaped the annulment of their entitlement to the Black inheritance he had only been able to shake his head about their actions. As the family laws of the Blacks dictated he was not allowed to alert them to this. But he could both lecture them on their behaviour it had helped with Draco that his mother backed him up. Usually no one would have been informed about a change in the ranking of the Black heir except the current head of house but it always paid off to be friends with goblins.

It was almost too peaceful after the Midnight Duel and a comfortable routine settled in. Harrison was the best in his year and he was able to keep up with his magical studies and his mundane ones as well in addition to his biweekly meetings with the Wizengamot and the governors almost easily. Snape still hated anything Gryffindor and especially Alex. The twins met at least once a week to share their experiences. Harry met Neville, too and he was quickly known as the Slytherin prince while his brother was the Gryffindor golden boy. Alex was mainly friends with Ron but got along
Harrison was happy for his brother to have gained such good friends. Hermione became less stuck up but she was still miffed that she was not able to reach Harry’s standard and no amount of reassuring of Alex could placate her. She still tried to best Harry and was frustrated in being only the second best. In exchange she was the driving force behind Alex’s and Ron’s studies and homework. Harry was delighted that he had to worry less about dropping grades due to Quidditch.

The first Quidditch match had been of course Slytherin versus Gryffindor which Alex had won after fighting with his bucking broom. Afterwards they met at Hagrid’s. Alex’s broom had been jinxed and now even Hermione thought that Snape had tried to kill his twin.

“Hermione, never judge without checking all facts and different point of views. You need to keep eye contact for jinxes, this is true but also for counter curses. You have to find the second one to be able to define if he was the attacker or the defender. Due to the fire quite a few eyes were turned away from the field.” He lectured softly without telling them off.

“There wasn’t a defender!” Ron blurted out, annoyed that the other twin dared to defend the professor.

“Not true. Alex told us that he was way to busy to hold onto his broom he could do nothing but his broom showed a flying pattern that implied that there was a fight between curse and counter curse. I
admit Quirrell isn't the best teacher but did you not read your own homework? We covered the signs of curses and counter curses two weeks ago.” Harry rolled his eyes but became suspicious when Hagrid accidentally mentioned the Flamels. It could not have been the Stone under Fluffy but what else...

It was not the first time that Harrison was glad that his invisibility cloak was safe in the family vault. It did not bear contemplating what would have been if his twin had gotten the cloak. He had ordered every family heirloom back into the vaults when he had gained his emancipation and it had turned out that the headmaster had collected quite a few heirlooms. How the old coot could get them without being able to enter the vaults was still beyond Harry.

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It was winter already. The midterm exams were written and already marked and the students were preparing themselves for the holidays. Most of them would drive home the next day.

Albus Dumbledore sat on his chair looking pensively out of the window. When he had sent the twins to the Dursleys he had not expected to lose the main influence on them. For forming Harry everything was too late. As an emancipated minor and a lord to boot he would not be moulded to his wishes any more or else the lordship ring would not have emancipated him as it was mandatory to be independent and mature to be emancipated that early. Any interference to keep him from the board or Wizengamot meetings would cost him his rank as the Mugwump or even as headmaster of Hogwarts.

But Harry was not the important twin. And the main question was: how could he reduce Harry's influence on his brother? Dumbledore needed the saviour to be moulded as he wished...

Dumbledore's musing was interrupted when the professors filled the room for the staff meeting. Perhaps he was able to gain more insight when his colleagues reported the progress of their students.

* *

Severus Snape had his occlumens shields in a tight grip and did not show any sign of boredom. The only surprise was that all professors agreed in evaluating the boy-who-lived. He was a slightly above average student, better in the practical parts of the lessons than the theoretical and useless in Potions. His twin on the other side...

“I think he should skip a year or maybe even two.” Filius Flitwick said excitingly and quite a few of their colleagues second the motion.

But Severus Snape knew better than hoping that one of his snakes would be given a chance like this. Dumbledore was a Gryffindor through and through. Even if all professors supported the proposal he would still be rejected just because he was a Slytherin.

“Ah, that's a very good idea. Do you think he should take the tests after the holidays or in addition to the end of year exams, my friends?”

See, rejection...wait what?

Dumbledore looked at them with twinkling eyes and waited for a response, while all teachers looked at him blankly or flabbergasted. Had he really just supported a Slytherin?

* *

In Dumbledore's eyes it was the perfect chance to get rid legally of the influence of the Potter twin. If
he was ahead of his studies the twins' lives would go different paths. Even better would be if the young lord could manage to go two years ahead, it would leave Alex within his reach without Harry's protection. Due to the change of classes he would lose his influence on the other students as well. He had heard the rumours about the Slytherin Prince who had friends in every house. And Alex would resent his twin for being so much better, driving a wedge between him and his twin.

“I think he should do the exams at the end of the year. So he can prepare himself.” Severus replied finally but cautiously.

“Well, well. Severus, would you give him the book lists for the second years? And maybe point him to an empty room in the dungeons where he can practise peacefully? Perhaps next year or in two years we will be able to give him his own private rooms which are his right in his position as lord.”

The staff stated their support and that Harry could come to them should he need help. The rule about the private room was very old and came from a time where young lords and ladies were usual because of wars and witch hunts. But even then they had all been seventeen and in their last year at Hogwarts and not in their first.

Albus ended the meeting, knowing that Severus needed to send for Harry soon, before he left for the next days, coming back only for Christmas day to celebrate it with his brother.

**

“Are you sure you want to stay behind, Lex?” Harrison asked softly. His trunk was packed and he would depart the next morning.

“You're coming back for Christmas day, right? Then it doesn't matter. Ron and I will explore Hogwarts some more and enjoy the empty common room.” Alex grinned. To be honest he was looking forward for the holidays here in the castle. At home he would have to do his chores and at school he could be lazy for a while.

“Alright, I'm going to return on Christmas day in the morning but have to leave in the night again. Professor Snape is friendly enough to allow me to use his floo for the private visit. Don't get in trouble while I'm gone.” Harry warned his younger twin.

“Potter, Professor Snape sent for you.” A third year Slytherin interrupted them. He waited only long enough to receive a nod from Harry.

“What does Snape want?” Alexander wondered.

“That I will have to find out. Bye Lex, till Christmas. I'm sure you won't get up early tomorrow.” Harry teased his brother and left to find his head of house. The third year student did not mention a place so the potions master probably waited for him in his office. He knocked and waited for a response before entering.

“Professor, you wanted to speak with me?” Harry asked politely.

“Indeed. Mr. Potter, in the staff meeting it was proposed that a certain student shall be allowed to prepare himself for a placement test.”

Harrison stood straighter at this. It was not difficult to guess who the student in question was.

“Here, the additional book list and a list with the topics for the next year. I hope you will do your best. It is the first opportunity for skipping a year for over two hundred years and the first Slytherin at all. Do bring honour to you and your house, Mr. Potter.” Professor Snape handed him two lists of
books and added that every teacher was willing to help Harry should he have questions.

“I have indeed a question, sir. Why do I get the opportunity and not Miss Granger? She is ahead of most classes as well.”

“She might have the theoretical knowledge and can manage most spells, but her magical core and her mindset are not mature enough to proceed. The procedure of testing a student on this is quite difficult and not very reliable. In the past there were quite a few students who were reduced to less powerful wizards and witches or even squibs because they thought they could demand too much of their magical core. It does not matter in the first years till the OWLs. In addition there is a difference between able to recite everything what you have read and looking between the lines.”

“I suppose that my emancipation has influenced the decision, sir?”

“Indeed, Mr. Potter.” Snape drawled, pleased that his student understood.

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The train ride back to London was quiet and productive. The young lord was able to study a bit more for his exams and Hedwig had visited her master, so Harry sent her ahead with the book list to Flourish and Blotts so he could save time during his shopping trip.

When he arrived at home he was greeted by Hedwig and Twirly. It was strange to come home to a nearly empty house without his brother their home was quiet. He put his trunk in his room and made himself something to eat. After dinner he looked at his calender. He had a full holiday already.

Meetings with Gringotts, his Hexagram, representatives of the Ministry and at least four balls. In addition he had to do his midterm exams for his mundane education and his dancing, music and art lessons. The lessons were just an hour each, to keep up his skill level.

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Christmas morning had come and Ron and Alex were unwrapping excitingly their presents. They were still in their pyjamas and chatted happily about them. Alex had not expected anything beside the presents of his brother.

“Merry Christmas” Harrison greeted the two Gryffindors and stepped into their dorm. The fat lady had let him enter – a privilege of being an heir of the founders.

“Happy Christmas, big bro!” Alex shouted happily.

Harry handed them a few presents. He had bought a broom-care kit, a pocket calender with timetable, a new mundane stationery set, like a pen and biro engraved with his name and a spiral-bound notepad, and a board game and of course a box of chocolate in Christmas motives of good quality. The same box went to Ron and Hermione as well – Hermione's presents had been sent with Hedwig and had a note that sometimes eating chocolate was alright. The two other friends got also the pocket calender and stationery set, also engraved with their names.

“That looks funny.” Ron stated and inspected the stationery closely.

“Try writing with them. It's easier than quills and much neater and cleaner. I'm trying to convince the board of Governors and the teaching staff to allow them as well. I've sent all my friends a set for Christmas. The price range varies from a few Knuts to Galleons without becoming impractical like peacock quills.”
Alex showed proudly his other presents. Chocolate frogs from Hermione, a jumper from Mrs. Weasley, a wooden flute, handmade, from Hagrid and pictures from Dudley.

“I’ve forgotten to ask but what did Snape want?” Alex looked curiously at his twin.

“I get the chance for a placement test and possibly skip a year.” Harry replied.

“I KNEW IT!” Alex shouted happily.

“What?! And why get a slimy snake the chance and not Hermione? She's not far behind you in your studies.” Ron exploded.

“Because the professors can't take the risk of her becoming a squib because her mind and magic were not mature enough. She's still too concerned about the value of the knowledge of authorities and books. She has to learn and grow up some more. While she grows into her magic as every other witch and wizard she can gain maturity even without learning to think on her own as a lot of adult witches and wizards are proving every time. But neither of them would pass an emancipation exam which would allow them to skip a year or two in their studies.” Harry explained patiently. After Professor Snape's short version he had asked the goblins about the dangers of skipping years in magical education. Just because you were able to cast a more advanced spell did not mean that your mind and magic liked it and was able to handle it. Permanent strain due to this could cause the magical core to be overworked without someone noticing and leaving the witch or wizard less powerful or even a squib. Harry told the Gryffindors so. He knew perfectly well that Archimedes would fly that evening with a letter to Hermione.

“I think it's more a plan of the headmaster to drive a wedge between my brother and I. He had never allowed a Slytherin to stand out in the past. He did not even interfere when they were bullied. It's written in Hogwarts: A history.” Harry admitted.

Ron and Alex looked thoughtfully.

“Why would he think that could work?” Alex wondered out loud.

“Sibling rivalry...due to different lessons you would spend less time with each other. Jealousy can be quite mean...” Ron almost whispered. He thought about his own siblings.

“That's really good thinking, Ron. Quite good for an eleven year old. I imagine you can be quite a strategist. Maybe you shall become an Auror later. They could always use more strategy in their plans.” Harry praised. He was exaggerating on purpose but he thought Ron needed more praise that differs him from his siblings. It was obvious to him that the boy was insecure about being the youngest son with six older brother who all were either successful in their jobs already or in their studies. The red ears told Harry that he succeeded.

“Well he won't win.” Alex interrupted bluntly.

“Why?” Ron asked.

“Harry was home-schooled before, to be able to train towards independence and maturity. He's several years ahead in mundane schooling and has ever been. He started earlier and his tutors pushed him further. He has an eidetic memory to boot. I'm sure if he was tested on this they would certify him a genius.” Alex shrugged, not concerned about this plot at all.

Harry shook his head fondly. Alex had always been more proud on anything concerning Harry than Harry himself.
Harry took Alex's notebook and a biro and wrote down a few book titles. Ron watched closely and was surprised about the neat writing.

“When you write Hermione about this or in case you're waiting till after the holidays. These books are all about magical education and the dangers of skipping years. That should placate her enough to leave you in peace.”

“Mate, you have a handwriting some girls would kill for.” The red-head deadpanned.

Harry grimaced but did not comment.

“Result of countless writing and Calligraphy lessons since before our fifth birthday.” Alex chuckled.

“Your handwriting would be similar if you had to redo every written piece trice for one mistake.”

“You mean wrong lines or an inkblot and you had to made three copies?”

“A text with three blots and I had to copy it nine times and again if the copies have more blots.”

Harry clarified. Ron and Alex winced thinking about their own messy handwriting, they would probably be still writing.

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Hermione had indeed been placated enough after the holidays as she had only once discussed the topic with him. Harry had become almost a permanent visitor of the library but the news that he was allowed to skip a year (according to rumours even two or three) had spread fast and the older years had given him their notes in addition to his book and topic lists. Someone able to skip years was rare and a lot of students wanted to claim to have gone to school with the magical genius and even better if they had been able to help him along with notes or tips. It did not matter that he was a Slytherin or not.

Or in other words: Dumbledore's plan to isolate the Potter twin had failed spectacularly. Between the occasional leeches Harry had found true friends in every house and more than one year and his willingness to help others in their studies had made him popular. It seemed that Harry was going to succeed in this ambition to improve the reputation of Slytherin. Not that Dumbledore had noticed anything he was more focused on his precious saviour and his plans to lead him towards the Philosopher's Stone and the confrontation with the spirit of Voldemort.

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In late April Ron, Hermione and even Malfoy learnt why Alex always listened to his brother. Their adventure with Norbert the Norwegian Ridgeback Dragon and later in their detention in the forbidden forest was not only a black day for them in the aspect of house points or even the fact that other students hated them for now. No... they would have been able to shrug it off some day but Harry's lecture combined with his calm and disappointed voice. Every word hit the mark and he warned them all that the next time he would speak with their parents and offer them his kind of punishment. Alex paled at this and the other three did not even dare to ask what that would be.

“Woah... if he gets a bit worse he will rival our mum. He did not even have to raise his voice to get his message down.” The twins whistled after Harry had left the four to go to the weekly meeting outside of the castle.

“He was only slightly angry, because we got ourselves in trouble and danger. You will know if he's really angry.” Alex explained still looking at the point where his brother had left his sight.
“Do I want to know how we will be able to differ the worst case?” Draco sneered.

“You will feel the urge to kneel down and look pitifully, hoping its over soon. I think it's his magic that causes this.” Alex admitted.

“What is his kind of punishment?” Hermione asked cautiously. Her curiosity got the better of her.

“Nothing he's not doing himself... enduring his timetable. Only exchanging topic of his lessons, depending on the progress in his own studies he will either lecture himself or hand out work and correct them later.”

“That doesn't sound frightening. Beside the fact of school work during holidays.” Ron frowned.

“Don't know. He's already awake when we others stand up, we still have not figured out when he starts his day.” Malfoy threw in with a drawl and disappeared.

“Around five or six, I guess. He starts with training and meditation. He is very good at martial arts and other trainings forms. Jogging, muscle-building training, martial arts, anything that doesn't need a whole team.” Alex told Ron, Hermione and the twins.

“Well..”

“..remind us ...”

“not to...”

“attack him ever.” The twins ended together.

“He needs it to even out his studies. Health lessons had been a part of his education as well.”

“OK, let's say we don't want to find out what Harry has in mind for us. He's somehow your guardian and therefore responsible for you.” Hermione pointed out and they dropped the topic.

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Harrison James Potter had just finished his last exam and was on his way back to the Slytherin common room when a house-elf appeared next to him, telling him that his brother is in the hospital wing. Using every shortcut he knew about he arrived there in record time.

“Mr. Potter, I'm sorry about the late notice but we did not want to interrupt your placement exams.” Madam Pomfrey greeted him and told him what she knew. She even told him what she did not mention towards the headmaster as he was not entitled to know everything, when Alex's guardian had not allowed it beforehand and Harry was glad about this. Alex had residual but familiar magic signature left on him. They were interrupted by Dumbledore who explained the whole situation to him. The headmaster told him something stupid about it being the magic of love of their mother that protected Alex from the spirit of Voldemort and burnt Quirrell.

Alex and his friends had been stupid enough to go through the trapdoor in the third corridor and trying to get the stone before Voldemort could get it. Alex had faced Quirrell alone in the end because Ron had been knocked out during the chess match and Hermione had not been able to get through the fire with him. Harrison seethed at the end of the story and how Dumbledore was going to award them for their stupidity.

Madam Pomfrey held him back after the headmaster had left and Harry sat at Alex's bedside for a while.
“Don't worry, he is just exhausted and has a few minor burns. He will wake up in a few days. Magical exhaustion runs deep. I guess you know already, that the story about your mother's love is fictional?”

“Of course. Our parents might have protected us but if love alone could protect us like this, there would be more survivors.”

“Mr. Potter, did the goblins explain your scars to you?” The nurse asked softly. In her territory no one was able to listen in if she did not want them to but she wanted to be sure that not even the accidentally listener heard them.

“Yes. In Alex's scar is my magical signature and the one in my scar was dark and had to be cleaned out, The scar will stay forever but it's clean now.”

Judging by the wide eyes of the nurse she had not expected this answer.

“The almost rune on his cheek is a very powerful protection but the disadvantage of it is that it's keyed to his magical core and if the protection is activated it feeds off Alex's magic. That's why he's just slightly injured but exhausted. But Dumbledore keeps seeing what he wants to see and he doesn't want to see what is right before his eyes.” Pomfrey sighed.

“Don't worry, Madam Pomfrey. I won't let him be manipulated.” Harry whispered and stood up.

“I will come back later. I have to give two lions a dressing-down.”

“Don't forget to spit them out after you're done with chewing them out like my American friend would say. Or maybe wait until your brother wakes up. There are quite a few rumours about your dressing-downs it would keep them on their toes if you wait.” The nurse grinned uncharacteristically.

Harry raised an eyebrow but nodded in a slow and graceful half-bow. He had two letters to write...

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Three days later Harrison was on his way to the hospital wing. Poppy's house-elf had told him that she promised to keep the trio together. He had three days to pile up his anger and receiving the reply letters from the Grangers and Weasleys.

He had just arrived when Alex told his friends about his adventure.

“Do you think, Professor Dumbledore wanted you to go after the stone?” Ron asked.

“I hope not, you could have been killed!”

“I think he wanted to give me the chance. He just taught us enough…”

“And if you think this, dear brother. You really need your head checked out.” Harrison growled. The old anger which had been replaced by worry the last days flared up again.

“But, Ry...we protected the…”

“The Philosopher's stone did not need to be protected as it had been only a fake one. Do you seriously think that these protections for the stone would have stopped anyone? Look at them! Devil's snare a plant taught to first years. It's common knowledge to fight it in the wizarding world. Charmed keys and the brooms were waiting for you. A child's game for the youngest seeker of the century. The chess game, the perfect challenge for the best chess player of Hogwarts to win. Even
you have to admit that the logic riddle had been too easy for Hermione. Every protection had been tailored for you. There had not even been the simplest ward to keep anyone out!”

“But Fluffy...” Hermione started to defend themselves.

“Hermione, I'm disappointed in you. I thought you paid attention in History of Magic. The three-headed dog or cerberus as it is called is a part of the mundane Greek Myths. Professor Binns and in addition our book compared mundane Myths with the magical truths. First lesson and the introduction in the book. And don't even start about the troll, it had been defeated already and Hogwarts has protection wards to protect the students from dangerous beasts. They had to be deactivated on purpose to allow them even in. Check it in Hogwarts: a History.”

The young lord glared at the trio and they looked down.

“Have you three ever thought about the consequences of your doing? What did you think were you able to do against a full-trained wizard? Have you ever thought about the ones you would leave behind if you had died?” Harrison's voice became more desperate and slightly teary. He knew exactly how to use his voice and how to gain which effect. He had been taught how to use his voice to full capacity for over six years.

“Dumbledore would not have cared. He’s trying to mould you to his whim. Don't let anyone to manipulate you, start thinking about the consequences of your actions and research all facts before jumping to conclusions.”

“Sorry, Harry. But I really thought that the stone was in danger...” Alexander whispered, his apology was echoed by the other two thirds of the trio.

“Alex, you knew that Nicolas and Perenelle Flamel were my magical mentors. Why have you never asked me about the stone? They had destroyed the original one in the summer.” Harry asked softly.

“I forgot...”

“Ron, Hermione, I wrote to your parents. The second and third week of the summer you will spend with us. Maybe after walking the time in my shoes will teach you to enjoy your school time and leave anything like the Philosopher's stone to the adults. I have asked the goblins and coordinator’s of the floo network to connect our home directly to yours. While it's not allowed to set up an official floo address in a mundane house, you can get a private floo between two houses. I will key you two and your parents into our wards and as long you don't exploit it you are welcome to use it as waypoint to other fireplaces. Your parents can reach us over our floo address or the telephone number I have given them.”

“Two weeks?” Alex exclaimed weakly.

“And don't let me get the idea that you are able to complete your mundane education while going to Hogwarts.” Harry warned.

The warning was obvious: More dangerous stunts like the trapdoor story and he would give them work to keep them from bad ideas.

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The end of year feast was - as Harry had predicted – bad for Dumbledore’s reputation in everyone’s eyes except Gryffindors. The Slytherins lost any faith in the headmaster. Last minute points for breaking school rules was not fair. And this cost him the loyalty of at least half of the Hufflepuffs. Even the Ravenclaws could not help to see the blatant favouritism.
Despite the looming punishment Alex and his friends were looking forward for the holidays and the promise of two weeks without an adult seemed a nice change...

(1)AN: I can't write accent so I won't torture you with it. Simply imagine it ;)

Chapter End Notes

Curious... I was so certain, that I had uploaded seven chapters here on AO3... Well, after my long hiatus I'm back again. I have been quite rattled when more and more reviewers pointed out that I had a lot of mistakes in my chapters. So first I had a break, then I reread my stories, reinstalled my writing tool and it's back to work, and Julesa66 agreed to become my beta. So every chapter is now going through a long process of rereading and correcting.
Summer holidays were fun...not.

Well, at least not in the second and third week for three certain troublemakers. They learnt quickly that two weeks “punishment” at Sunspring Cottage was not vacation time without annoying adults.

Harry had greeted them in their home on the first Sunday evening in the holidays. For the next two weeks, their day would start with his own at five o'clock in the mornings. While he did not need a trainer for his daily workout any more he had asked his old trainer back for the two weeks. Usually he met only once a week with him to check up that he did not get any bad habits, but as he had to learn for his mundane exams and in addition his usual workload, he would not be able to give them all of his attention. He needed his meditation and training for his mental and physical balance.

Hermione got the guest room and Alex shared his room with Ron. At dinner Harry handed out their timetables and first assignments.

“For the next two weeks your days will start at five o'clock in the morning and we will meet Master Chen. After this we clean up and prepare breakfast together and after eating we will also clean the kitchen behind us...” Harry explained the timetable in great detail without sounding bored or monotone. Alone this short introduction implied that they would learn how to cook in these two weeks.

Their days were full. Training, cooking, cleaning, lessons in wizarding and mundane traditions. Writing lessons to hone their handwriting. Basics of the mundane classes and they would accompany him to his meetings. While they were not allowed to stay in all meetings, they got tasks to do during them and they would sit in the first meetings to watch.

Their first written assignment was an essay with at least 2000 words about their family traditions and culture and what they would think and do when someone tried to change them and what they would do in a foreign culture, the last point in this assignment was to describe the behaviour of different persons in these situations.

The second essay should be on emancipation. The duties, the laws and the rights, but also about minors in the care of emancipated persons.

The third essay was about their own actions. They had to revise their first school year and think about the dangers and consequences in at least three different points of views. Their own point of view, that of their families and friends and an objective opinion. Optional was an enemy's point of view.

They were allowed to work together but Hermione was not allowed in the library and she was not allowed to look anything up in a book either. The assignments were about them. The references for laws, rights, duties and so on she had to get from Ron and Alex. They were allowed to do the research.

Harry thought it was a fitting punishment. In addition Alex and Ron were both banned from flying while Hermione had to learn it properly.

Harry had thought about getting them lessons in etiquette, dancing, singing and painting but with the already planned lessons, the training sessions and the household they would be tired enough.
On the first morning Harry woke them all up. Hermione had brought a mundane alarm clock with her to wake up early. She wanted to make a good impression. After a long talk with her parents, she was on the right track. Harry could have lost the guardianship over Alex and then her friend had to go back to a neglectful household. Alex had told his friends about their life at the Dursleys. Even worse: Harry could have lost his emancipation in his trial year as well...

Together the lioness and the snake needed still fifteen minutes to wake the other boys up. It was quite early for the long sleepers. Jogging and workout left the three troublemakers panting and tired on the ground. They looked so pitiful that Harry sent them into the bathrooms and prepared their breakfast alone. In exchange they had to do the dishes alone afterwards.

“It's probably better this way...” Alex muttered while they were cleaning the kitchen, “I can't even cook tea...”

Hermione and Ron agreed. They had never learnt to cook before.

Before Harry let them start with their own lessons they accompanied him the first day. Training, meditation breakfast. Lessons in mundane subjects, meeting with Gringotts, lunch, meetings with his Hexagram, more lessons, dinner and finally the end of day. But even then Harry studied some more before he had gone to bed. Soon he had his exams for his mundane education and Hermione had been quite surprised to see his textbooks which were not for the seventh year as their age would suggest but already his tenth year. That would mean he had to do his GSCEs sometime between the next or the following year at the age of thirteen instead of the usual age of sixteen or seventeen. The trio was tired.(1)

“Hey, Hermione... did you understand anything of what they were talking in the meetings?” Ron asked exhausted.

“It was something about finances and development, but I did not understand anything...” Hermione had to admit.

“He’s doing it on purpose to show us that we still have a lot to learn before we can mingle with the adults. Because we need to learn background knowledge to understand what's going on.” Alex explained tiredly. It was not the first time Harry used this tactic on him.

“We should be glad, that it has been a tame day for him...” Alex yawned.

“TAME?!” Ron shouted. Disbelief tainted his voice and even Hermione looked slightly flabbergasted.

The following day had been identical to the day before and again Harry had cooked for them not trusting them with his kitchen at all in their tired state but after this they got lessons on cooking. The older twin was determined to have them cook something that was at least edible at the end of the two weeks without fearing poison.

On day four he gave up and cooked every meal himself... Alex had managed to burn everything... he still did not know how it was possible to burn water without vaporising it completely but he had managed that the tea had tasted like coal. Ron had managed to overdose anything and had put salt into the teas, sugar into the water for the pasta. Both boys had become experts in half-cooked food. On one side rare and the other side coal.

Hermione at last could manage something edible... but that did not mean it was tasty. Harry had
never eaten anything that was self-made but tasted artificial. Her dishes missed character. She never strayed from the recipe not even about a gramme but natural products did not taste always the same sometimes you needed more seasoning and sometimes less and with instructions “season to taste” she was lost. She needed precise instructions. It was the reason why she was quite good at school potions but she would never become a mistress if she kept this up.

Together the three managed to explode five cakes, destroyed two mixers and several plates. Not to forget the amount on bandages and plasters that they needed after their little accidents. Harry had learnt in the six days more about healing spells and household charms than he ever wished to know.

The young lord had no patience during his exams preparations so he banned them simply from cooking and gave them other things to do. He needed healthy and above all edible food to be in top form for his exams. He only wished that his exams had not been rescheduled. Harry’s plan had been to be done with his exams when the trio received the punishment.

On the second Monday Harry sent the trio shopping with a shopping list, a list and directions for the markets and a small budget. It was their lesson on budgeting. Getting everything they need with a limited amount of money and ideally with money left in the end for something small for themselves. The Potter twins had not to look at the prices normally. The Potter fortune was quite high and Harry added constantly to it. With the family businesses as well with his own.

Ron excelled in this. He was used to this thinking due to shopping with his mother. It was not easy to get everything they needed with the small amount of money from his father’s ministry job but with a big family to feed.

Hermione and Alex on the other side were quite at home in the mundane markets but had no idea on budgeting, so they worked well together.

“Hey, big bro! How did it go?” Alex greeted him when they met each other in front of the building where he had just finished his last exam.

“I think there will be no need for worry about the end of my trial year.” Harry assured and at the same time reminded them that he would have lost his emancipation if his marks had worsened.

“Did you get everything?” Harry inclined his head towards the shopping bags.

The faces of the three fell.

“Everything on the list but...” Alex started.

“We did not get to taste muggle ice cream.” Ron whined. Hermione slapped him on his head.

“Good to know that your priorities are set right now. You gave up your reward in order to buy the right amount and quality.” Harry chuckled. He had not expected them to forego their trip to the ice cream parlour.

In this moment Jeffrey chose to arrive and packed their shopping bags into the car and waited for further instructions. After the last year he had accepted the job as personal chauffeur. It paid well and gave him opportunity to finance his study. Beside it was always fun to see a child rile up the old business men.

They climbed into the car and the trio had time to ponder about the next tasks Harry had them do now that he had more time after his exams.

“Ry? But this...” Alex stammered when he looked out of the window and saw their next stop.
“I think we all have deserved a reward and a break about an hour or two today.” Harry smiled and led them to the ice cream parlour Jeffrey had recommended to him earlier. Needless to say that especially Ron was quite overwhelmed with the amount of mundane ice cream.

Later Harry left them alone in the living room to do their assignments while he was correcting their first. He was quite pleased with the outcome. The three friends had understood that they lived in two different cultures and that they needed to adapt or at least accept different traditions. But their penmanship was horrible. Hermione's was optically top but she had written again too much. She needed to learn to reduce her writing style to the core topic and not to digress.

While Alex and Ron needed to work on their handwriting....badly.

* *

“Why do we listen to him in the first place? I mean he is younger than me and Hermione.” Ron asked after their first essays had been taken apart and Harry had left them alone again to cook dinner.

“It's Hermione and I and he has our parents backup. You could ask why we listen to our parents just as well.” Hermione answered absently looking down at her new task, she did not have to write the essay again like Ron and Alex but to train reducing essays into the core topic.

“that's Harrison for you. It has always been this way and will stay this way.” Alex shrugged. He was not in slightest concerned.

“That can't be all.. I don't even do all the tasks from Mum without complaining...” Ron grumbled but started to rewrite his essay.

“Does he have a natural compulsion charm in his voice?” Hermione guessed and itched to enter a library for more research options.

Alex snorted at the image.

“Harry simply explains why. Why he has chosen the task and why we had earned it and what we can win through it. A lot of adults simply say “do” and expect us to jump. It's like Snape's rant about potions and correct stiring without telling us that the potion might explode if we stir in the opposite direction.”

The two weeks of punishment ended with a dinner with the Weasleys and the Grangers together. Harrison had outdone himself with the feast he had prepared and it was plenty enough to feed them all. Unknown to the trio Harrison had been in contact with the adults over the whole time. They had been worried about the meals, the behaviour of their children and of course about Harrison's age. But Harrison had proved quite well that he was capable of taking care of house, children and punishment all while taking care of himself and his studies.

“Hey mate, you must come over some time” Ron declared during the dinner.

“Oh, please do. I'll be glad to have you.” Molly smiled widely at them.

To the surprise of the adults Alex turned around to Harry and asked for permission – complete with beseeching eyes and pleading voice, while the Grangers pointed out that they had already planned the rest of the summer holidays.

“Alright, but behave.” Harry chuckled.

“You are welcome too, Lord Harrison.” Arthur offered softly. Despite the friendly tone with each
other and the offer to use the first names the adults kept the title to emphasise that they respected him as an adult and not to forget Arthur's new employer.

Harry had to decline and explained the restrictions of the trial year which might be over at his birthday officially but Ministry and Gringotts would still keep an eye on him till the next term would start.

After dinner Alexander took the children out into the garden while Harrison showed the adults through their home and entertained them. They were quite surprised to find him not only ahead in his studies but also well informed about politics and economics. They were even more surprised as it became obviously that Harry was not the head of Wiztech in name alone when Mr. Weasley and he started to bounce ideas on each other. The sway to the slight change in the laws about enchanting everything concerning mundanes helped too. Enchanting was allowed as long there were additional protections so mundanes could not be endangered by the items. It had given Wiztech an enormous boost.

In the end they decided to go to Diagon Alley two weeks before term begin so they could go shopping together.

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The Potter twins celebrated their birthday that year at the Burrows with the Weasleys as Molly had insisted that the young Lord should not have to cook himself on his birthday which would actually be the begin of his two-week vacation. The last remnant of the trace was also removed from Harry's magic and wand and he had the confirmation that he was now a complete adult and could now vote on the Board of Governors and Wizengamot to which Harry had only sighed about more politics.

Harrison's vacation time was spent with his brother in the garden and they made quite a few short trips. Cinema and zoo together with Dudley, exploring trips to a Potter property at the coast, the old Potter castle Albion and Godric's Hollow their old home and the graves of their parents.

On their trips they met several house-elves that had maintained the buildings – except Godric's Hollow. Every house-elf had a proper uniform with the Potter crest and Harry had given them new orders and spread them over the properties so no elf was overworked and Twirly their house-elf at Sunspring was delighted to have new friends. All buildings but Godric's Hollow were heavily warded and could not be entered by anyone who was not in the direct line of family which made them safe places. Harry organised quickly with Griphook portkeys for emergencies.

Alex even joked that he would keep Sunspring Cottage after graduation while Harry moved into the castle to be a proper lord. With all the house-elves that now fed on the family magic and wanted to have orders to keep their masters and properties – if they could believe Twirly – happy. Happy masters were good masters and the first thing they had done was banning Harrison from doing anything in the household from cleaning to cooking. They would stick to the healthy food and balanced meals but in their terms, especially in the opinion of the old family elves, a proper lord did not cook himself except as occasional hobby.

Unfortunately as happy as Harry's vacation had started it did not end. On the day Alex went over to the Weasleys for the reminder of the holidays Harry received the news about the death of the Flamels. He had not known that they had no further relatives left and had never taken in any other students. The funeral and will-reading were lonely meetings right on the day when the trip to Diagon Alley had been planned.

In the end Harry had sent letters to his brother, the Grangers and the Weasleys to inform them and ask them to take Alex with them to Diagon Alley and had sent Twirly to get his own books. The
Hogwarts letter had confirmed not only his acceptance into third year but also the possibility of another placement exam, should he be able to keep up his performance. He had chosen Ancient Runes, Arithmancy and Care of Magical Creatures.

“Hey Ry, are you ok?” Alex asked gently that evening over the floo.

“I'm alright, Lex. I have known that they were dying since last summer...” Harry trailed off.

“But it doesn't make it easier, right?” Alexander gave him a compassionate smile. He might not have known the two alchemists but they had been close to his brother in the past.

“Where's your shadow Kito? I would have thought the fur ball wouldn't leave you alone now.” Alex distracted his twin from his sad day.

“In the pocket of my robe where else? I think she believes that she is not a cat with her liking of my pocket or shoulder.”

As on cue the still tiny kitten climbed out of the pocket and meowed in greeting before climbing higher onto his shoulder. Harry petted her fondly. He had charmed the pockets of his robes to adjust to her size but the black kitten had not grown much over the past year.

“I see what you mean...maybe she's a mix with another magical animal. Too small for a kneazel but to cat-like for a puffskein...”

“Who knows it makes her at least easily to placate. How was your day at Diagon Alley, Lex?”

Alex's day was the perfect distraction from the very sinister day. First the younger twin had been lost in the floo network, then rescued by Hagrid from Knockturn Alley he had run into Gilderoy Lockhart who had dragged him into the attention of the press. Harry took notes to contact the daily Prophet later. And finally he finished the tale with the meeting with the Malfoys and the brawling.

Harry sighed.

“Don't worry Lex, I will keep you out of the press. They still need your guardian's permission to publish photos of you. Please don't attract more trouble in the rest of our holidays.” Harry sighed.

“I'll try my best. Good night Ry. Let Twirly pamper you.” Alex replied grinning. He knew very well that this was an order that Twirly liked to obey.

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In hindsight Harry thought he should have extended the promise to term start. His twin and his red-haired friend had guessed it would be a great idea to fly with Arthur's experimental car to school after they were not able to get through the gate instead of sending a letter with Archimedes causing an uproar and stress for the ministry workers who had to clean up the mess. Needless to mention that Harry gave them a good dressing-down for this.

The next day Harry sent a letter to Griphook about a new car for his employee. Any objections from Arthur he waved off (via letter of course) and explained that he had the connections to get a car for the experiments way cheaper than the older wizard could.

He would probably never know how the student population of Hogwarts had known about his opportunity to skip another year but their support did not break off and he was given the old notes for fourth year from the start of the year and the young lord was busy to keep up with his magical and mundane studies like preparation for his GSCE's. He hoped to pass them next summer, because it
looked like Dumbledore tried to push him towards his OWLs as soon as possible. What did the old coot plan that he needed Harrison to graduate that early?

He was also very glad to be a Slytherin. At least the students in his house knew the old traditions well and did not even blink at the private rooms that Harry had gotten. At most they only wondered why he had not received them the year before. He was after all a lord since his eleventh birthday. It was an elegant set of rooms. A bathroom and a bedroom with desk and shelves for study and his very own fireplace with floo connection.

The third years started the week with Defence and Harrison dreaded the outcome. The books were more fiction than facts as if Lockhart had written about the heroics but not actually did them. The first lesson was a disaster and Harry cast a notice-me not on himself as soon the fraud had ticked off his name on the list and used the class as self-study periods. He would make a list for his lion trio with the topics they should learn in their second year.

To his disappointment Hermione had become a Lockhart fan and anything he said against the blond disaster fell on deaf ears. It was just their second year so they won't miss too much in DADA but he hoped dearly that they soon gained a competent professor or that at least Hermione got over her crush so she started thinking again. When even Hermione thought she did not need to learn more in DADA then there was no chance to convince the boys for a long time...

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The school year had begun very roughly. Not even before Alex and Ron had been given their detention for their stunt at the begin of the school year they got into the next trouble. Of course with Draco Malfoy over Quidditch when the Slytherin team got special permission to use the pitch for training their new seeker. Malfoy had been bought onto the team by his daddy who had donated a whole set of new brooms for the house team.

“You should have seen the mudblood and the weasel when his wand backfired.” Malfoy cheered uncharacteristically in the yard. For everyone to hear.

Harry rolled his eyes even more when others joined him. He had been reading outside and watched his brother train.

“You know, Malfoy. If you try to use the term humiliating, you failed spectacularly.” The young lord drawled quietly enough to gain only the attention of his fellow snakes, not even turning his attention from his book.

“What do you know? You're nothing beside an upstart mudblood.” Draco sneered. It seemed he had not learnt his lessons well. His voice had been too loud and caught the attention of other students.

“Thank you. It seems to me that you did not read the words which Salazar Slytherin himself had left for his students to read that are inscribed next to the fireplace in our common room. You are really a disgrace for our noble house.” Harry shut his book and smirked at him. By now he had the sole attention of all present quite a few snakes looked a bit sheepishly, looked as they had not read Salazar's words either.

“His words were 'magic above blood' and the term mudblood refers to the healing mud of Avalon. The most powerful elixir of his time. Of course he was for purity in blood but in his eyes anyone was pure enough as long as they had magic. Read his words more careful in the future so you don't embarrass our noble house any more. Like in breeding of prized animals you need new blood to keep your line and magic healthy. Old families who forgot these simple details have the highest birthrate of squibs. You can check the facts in every statistic in the ministry and in the school library
and Lord Salazar Slytherin's history is right under your nose. Did you know that his beloved wife had been a mudblood? Powerful, beautiful and intelligent. His hatred of mundanes did not mean all mundanes only the dumb sheep that followed blindly and were the cause of the murder of his love and his unborn child. He never married again and his nephew became his heir. The Slytherin who had been cast out of Hogwarts was not Salazar himself but his heir. Disgusted by the mind and magic of his nephew he disowned his brother's line and decided that his heir should be chosen by magic herself. Therefore anyone who claims to be his heir only by blood is a fraud. You need magic's blessing to be his heir.” Harry ended his history lesson with another smirk.

Again he had proven his superiority over the Malfoy heir. This time even in front of half of the school. A Slytherin who had turned against another snake was unheard off and attracted quite an audience. It was a house rule: Slytherins stood together and Malfoy would get his punishment later for his disrespect in front of everyone.

Harrison turned around and started to walk away, but stopped as if he had forgotten something.

“And Malfoy? Be certain, your father will hear about your rudeness.” Harry drawled bored and continued walking.

Draco Malfoy behind him paled.

By the end of the day the whole school not only knew about the probably real story of Slytherin and the positive intention behind the term mudblood but also of Malfoy's faux pas. The story would spread to their parents and the rest of wizarding Britain quite soon.

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It had been a relatively calm time till Halloween.

Halloween, oh sweet Halloween.

Harrison mused if they would ever experience a Halloween without disasters. He had started the evening as last year, honouring the deaths with a nice quiet meditation and candle lightning. His twin had dragged off his friends to Sir Nicholas' deathday party. His descriptions about the party later sounded dreadful. A rotten buffet, screeching instead of music had tortured the three teens.

It would not have been a bad night if it not had been for the attack on Mrs. Norris, the cat of Filch. The poor cat had been petrified and a message was left on the wall in the dungeons: “The chamber of secrets has been opened. Enemies of the heir beware.” (2)

Harry fumed. Who dared to drag his title into the dirt? He had trouble enough to be recognised among the adults because they still saw him as a mere child who played lord. Even if his heir titles were not public knowledge he would not stand for this.

It was the first time he crept out after curfew and went back to the location of the crime as Filch named it. Harry had spoken to the caretaker before this night and he had gained his acceptance and silence. It had been a difficult discussion with the squib but in the end he was probably the only student in school who was not on his black list any longer.

And so he stood there in the light of the torches in front of the writing on the wall. Filch would keep clear the area from any teachers without being in sight. Or as he had said it: If he did not see Harry, he could even state exact this under Veritaserum.

Harry took a deep breath and straightened his posture.
“In the name of Salazar Slytherin. I, Harrison James Potter, Lord of the most noble and ancient house of Potter, magical heir to Salazar Slytherin and Rowena Ravenclaw, call forth the fraud and disgrace. Who does dare to declare a threat in my noble name. May Hogwarts herself be my witness and aide.”

Wind picked up in the dungeons and magic twirled around the young lord and heir. Next to the writing appeared a ghostly figure, too solid and colourful to be a ghost but also not living any more. A memory, supplied Hogwarts in his mind.

“Who are you, that you dare to claim my heritage!” The memory hissed in parseltongue.

“I am the true heir of Slytherin and in the name of my ancestor I command you to state your name and status.” Harry replied in English, though he had understood the hissing.

“Tom Marvolo Riddle, heir of Salazar Slytherin. The one and only heir by blood. I am Lord Voldemort. You will pay for trying to steal my heritage.” The memory lunged but magic kept him in place. He hissed in outrage.

“Fool. Salazar Slytherin did not care for blood after he had disowned his nephew and heir. He had ordered that any heir of his line has to be chosen by magic. In the name and magic of Slytherin and Hogwarts, you are guilty of line-theft therefore I ban you from this world as you are not more than a mere memory. So mote it be.”

Harrison knew it was probably not the correct wording but magic was a matter of intent and he had declared his intent and opened his mind to the magic.

A loud screech echoed through the walls of the dungeons and a bright light dazzled him. Harry turned away his eyes and after the light was gone next to the writing nothing was left beside an old and tattered diary which bled ink.

Harry sighed, but he did not dwell on this and ran off. He knew the screech had to alert the staff, portraits and ghosts.

He had just reached the corner of the hallway as he heard footsteps and the confused voices of the teachers.

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Severus was the first to arrive right after Filch at the old and at the same time new crime scene.

“Did you notice anything?” He asked the caretaker.

“No, professor, headmaster.” Filch nodded to the arriving Dumbledore.

“Curse over all thee that seek to steal the true heritage of Slytherin.” Dumbledore read aloud.

The old wizard had ignored both Filch and Snape to pick up the tattered diary. Severus frowned.

“True heritage? Wasn't the dark lord the heir of Slytherin?” He whispered.

“It seems Voldemort had stolen the title and the rightful heir wasn't pleased. Without the imposter I don't think we need to be worried about the chamber any more.” Albus sighed. That had not gone according to his plan for this school year.

※
Harry sighed and turned around to use another secret passage to get back into his rooms and ran into something cold.

The young wizard shivered and took a deep breath before straightening his posture and facing the ghost who had caught him in the hall after curfew.

It was the Bloody Baron.

“Good evening, young Lord Potter and Heir of Slytherin and Ravenclaw.” The ghost was usually not very talkative and even this was more than he was usually saying. To Harry’s surprise he bowed.

“Good evening, Baron.” He nodded back, trying to mask his surprise. Had he been talking that loudly earlier that everyone knew now about his status?

“Running through the halls of Hogwarts after curfew is not proper behaviour of a lord, young or not.” The baron drawled on, “usually at least. But what you did tonight was very noble. Hogwarts sends you her thanks for stopping the imposter before the situation could escalate. It might not be broadcast but not forgotten.”

The Baron nodded again and disappeared, leaving a bemused student behind. Harry sighed again and entered his rooms.

Neither of them had noticed that they had not been alone. Malfoy and surprisingly Zabini and Nott stood around the next corner looking at each other with wide eyes...

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Harry suspected that at least some of the events of that night had leaked somehow. His reputation in the political field had improved a lot and the other nobles were more respectful and did not belittle him any more. Though he would not complain as it had reduced stress and he could concentrate more on his studies and the adventures of his brother.

The first Quidditch game of the year was between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Alex caught the snitch in the end but had been chased and hit by a rouge bludger. Harrison was more than glad that his brother was an extraordinary flyer but his arm was broken.

What stayed in mind of everyone despite the unusual game was not the game itself but the scene afterwards.

It was probably the first time that a twelve year old gave a professor a dressing down for incompetence, because Lockhart had wanted to prove his perfectness and had vanished Alex broken bones instead of mending them. Harrison was not pleased at all and if it had been his decision he would have sacked the incompetent teacher. It was a farce if any student knew more than the professor who should teach. Reading together a book would make more sense when the book had at least meaningful substance and not drivel. After this Harry did not need a notice-me-not-charm any more. Lockhart tried to avoid the young lord as much as possible and let him do in his class as he pleased.

“Hey, Ry!” Alex greeted his brother happily. He was obviously glad that he was out of the hospital wing again and visited him in his room with Hermione and Ron.

“Did you hear the rumours, Harry? Are they true?” Hermione asked eagerly.

“Which rumours, Hermione?”
“That you are the true heir of Slytherin.” Ron blurted out.

“And if I were?” Harry smirked not denying but not confirming the rumour either. He was more surprised that they had not asked sooner but then again...with the disaster of a Duelling Club that Lockhart had tried to establish he should not have been surprised. His brother seemed to be amused with the rumours where he knew the truth.

“What are you doing right now, Ry?” Alex asked to distract his friends.

“Researching old marriage bonds and contracts.”

“Arranged marriages? Contracts? That's so barbaric.” Hermione exclaimed horrified after a short glance over his books and papers.

“Who wants to be forced into a marriage?” Ron was shocked.

“Don't worry. The wizarding world shares the same opinion about them, but there are a few ancient contracts that could not be dissolved yet. It had been also proved that arranged marriages when the partner were not compatible less children were born and same-sex couples stayed even childless. Therefore it exists a clause that the contracts only become effective if the partner are compatible enough to bear children.”

The golden trio went scarlet red while Harry told them so casually about marriage contracts, children and same-sex couples.

“Do we need to be worried about some old thing?” Alex asked carefully. He knew that they were descendants of an old house and Harrison had said something about old contracts...

“The house of Potter fulfil the last contract two generations back with the marriage of our grandparents. Grandfather Charles married Dorea Black. The last contracts that have been left are more aggressive while others could have been circumvented so that the contract fell onto the next in line.”

“How do you circumvent a contract?” Hermione asked interested.

“Children are more honoured than contracts. Take as example my grandparents if Charles had sired a child before he had been bonded to Dorea he would have been allowed to marry the other witch or wizard but the contract would have fallen onto our father. But the last active contracts are more aggressive because the victims cannot sire or bear children unless with a partner fitting to the contract. Often they can't claim their inheritance either.”

“How can you speak so casually about something like this?” Ron blurted out. His face was bright red and also was Hermione but her eyes betrayed her eagerness to learn more.

Harry raised an eyebrow.

“But I did not even say anything specific. It is not as if I would give you here the Talk. Did neither your parents nor school teach you about the more harmless facts of human life? The changes in puberty for example?”

Harry groaned uncharacteristically at their blank faces and started to explain. He had been given the Talk two years ago, because he would live in the world of the adults and could not entertain naivety. Most parents would not agree with him but he had read articles about the alarming rate of teenage parents which number where quite high in the U.K. - and well despite his maturity he was still a twelve year old, he simply did not know at which age sexual education was acceptable. So the trio
Harrison had not told his brother everything. It was true that the Potters were not involved in any marriage contracts any more. But the Black heritage... as long as the next head of house would come from a dark family three contracts would dissolve due to extinction of the family lines in question... but the Potters had never been dark and Alex and Harry were both possible heirs... Should Draco and Alex kick each other out of the unofficial competition only Sirius Black in Azkaban and Harry would be left...

...*

It was not even Christmas time and Harrison was buried in work. Meetings with the board of Governors had finally resulted in the acceptance of mundane stationery and the following term it would be listed on the Hogwarts letters. In the political field his new unofficial reputation as heir of two founders had gained him even more supporters and bootlickers and he was studying for his placement exam, his mundane exams and of course his normal workload. He would go on a long vacation as soon as he had finished school - mundane and magical. He envied his brother and schoolmates for their easy childhood. They did not have to cram everything in few early years.

Without the diary of Riddle the chamber of secret stayed closed...almost. Hogwarts herself had shown Harrison the way to the entrance and he had enjoyed exploring the chambers and calming the snake down and back to sleep. The giant basilisk was a security system like the giant squid in the lake and the Forbidden Forest and had to stay alive. She protected the entrance to the private rooms of all founders. Not only Slytherin's secret rooms lay deep below the school but also the heart of Hogwarts where all wards and other magics were rooted.

At least normality had returned to the rest of Hogwarts...if you could speak of anything normal in a magical school.

It had taken till after the Easter holidays to wake Hermione up from her crush on Lockhart mostly as Alex and his two best friends had tripped over Lockhart's secret... Memory charms...

Harrison had already guessed it but now it had been proven: Lockhart was nothing more than a fraud who had stolen all of his the stories from others and had obliviated them afterwards.

He had also tried it on the lion trio. With Ron's wand.

With Ron's broken wand.

Needless to say that the spell had failed spectacularly resulting in losing his own memories. That meant no DADA exams in this year...except Harry, he still needed it for his placement exam.

The last weeks were over far too fast and soon even Harry had written his last exam. Because of the GSCE exams he had gained special permission to leave the school ground to attend these too as they were set before the end of term.

Harrison sat down in the sun and sighed. Next term would be similar stressful when he had passed his placement exam again. Fortunately he could not skip more than two years or Dumbledore would try to push him ahead further. Harry was not comfortable with the idea of leaving his twin within the reach of the manipulative old coot.

In his research about possible hidden marriage contracts he would have to face in the future he had stumbled across the little detail that Sirius Orion Black, who was imprisoned in Azkaban for
betraying the Potters, had never gotten a trail. He was not officially convicted... what if he had not been the secret keeper?

X-x-x-x-x-x-x chapter 5 end x-x-x-x-x-x-x

A.N.:

(1)Well I had to use internet information and I know from my own English classes that the school system has probably changed in the past as I could not remember to have read about GSCEs in class in the 90's, but who knows, British school system was just mentioned in our textbooks and that was definitively not much more than general things. Unfortunately I had not cared about researching for more information back then^^. I did not find anything else so I used the current terms I had found.

(2)Taken out of the book Chamber of Secrets.

Well, I have to admit that my ending of this chapter was quite rushed in contrast to the start but after I decided to use the whole “heir of Slytherin”-thing the way I did, everything that had happened in the book was suddenly gone^^ ups. Well, I hope you liked it and haven't given me up after my long break. I don't have much time to write as I would like and with three active stories I can't update as quick as I want.
Harrison James Potter stared unbelievingly at the trial files he had gotten from Madam Bones at the begin of the summer holidays. She had given him copies about the court list and a few Death Eater trials which had been unsorted.

It could not be true that Sirius Black, an heir of one of the oldest, noble houses of the magical world, had never got a trial. The file had to be missing. It was a scandal that anyone was chucked into Azkaban without a trial.

Immediately he wrote to Madam Bones and asked about missing files. After this he went back into his study and searched for his law books. Right now Harry had guardianship over Alex and he had to be sure it stayed this way should Black get free which had a very high possibility as he was convicted without a trial. Black could get off alone due to a vice of form. It would not matter if he was guilty or not with the right barrister he could get free any time, because he did not get a trial and then the ministry was not allowed to charge him for the same crime.

It would be great if Sirius Black was indeed innocent, but fatal if not and even more so should he be able to get custody of Alex.

* * *

It turned out that Harry had no reason to worry. As he was named the Potter heir and emancipated he could keep custody of his younger twin as nearest kin even with Sirius Black named as first option for custody. Griphook also told Harry not to worry about Black, should he get free, he would need medical and psychological attention and could not gain custody for at least another two years of freedom.

Madam Bones had also answered and had agreed after a meeting that she would wait resuming the case till Harry had spoken to Black on his own.

But as so often everything came differently than planned.

Few days before their birthday the Potter twins received words from Ron that the Weasleys were visiting Bill in Egypt and that he had gotten a new wand. Mr. Weasley had won a prize at the Ministry and the Daily prophet had a field day with the Ministry worker who turned developer at Wiztech. It was fantastic promotion for his enterprise that was still growing.

Then he got a dampener on his plans.

Sirius Black had escaped the wizarding prison.

So much for talking to the Black heir. Harry talked to Madam Bones for further options.

* * *

Harrison did not have a good feeling about this term and of all things it had to be his OWL year. His twin thought it was even worse.
Not even before the term had started Ron and Hermione were arguing about their pets and despite better advices the girl had signed up for far too many classes.

Harry pondered that this would be only possible when she either skipped a few classes and only went to every second lesson or a time turner. He did not want to think about it, but with Hermione's work ethic it had to be the latter option and he really did not want to know who had been stupid enough to permit the usage of a time turner to a thirteen year old school girl. Again it had been confirmed: the magical world had no common sense...

If Harry had thought to hand out a time turner to a school girl, had been a sign of the lack of common sense, then he had no words for Fudge's newest idiocy.

Dementors as guards in Hogwarts because of Black...

As soon as Harry had learnt this timid piece of information he had researched the creatures with the patronus charm on top. He simply ignored the warnings about the charm that even most adult wizards were not able to use it properly. The patronus charm was fuelled with positive emotions. Good memories helped with this. Students should be able to do it even before their OWLs but the wizarding world hindered themselves in their belief that you had to be powerful to get it right. For a fully fledged patronus you needed only the emotions and not that much magical strength. The power behind the spell was only important when you needed to use it against more than one dementor.

Though he had not expected to have to use it right at the first day of the term. They had not even arrived at Hogwarts when dementors had searched the train for the fugitive. Alex had fainted at the assault of their worst memories and only his occlumency shields had saved Harry from the same fate. His patronus had been a bit weak due to the direct attack of the dementor but it was fully fledged raven. Not that anyone had noticed it in the chaos and confusion that had followed the dark creature.

The school year was paved with difficult conversations and even more difficult events.

Remus Lupin had become the new defence professor. Finally the post had been staffed with a competent teacher, but the man was not only a werewolf but also one of the best friends of their parents.

Harry had nothing against any other beings and had made it clear in the meeting Harry had with the professor after a lesson. He even promised not to say anything but he had wanted to know why their unofficial second godfather had never visited them before.

The answer had not pleased Harry at all, but he should have guessed it: Dumbledore had convinced Remus to let them grow up far away from the fame and of course his little furry problem was another reason in his eyes. Harry had shaken his head and asked him to be no stranger after the school year and perhaps they could meet for tea once in a while. Alex and Harry had a right to get know him.

Then Alex had been stupid enough to sign up for Divination...and got his death prophesied in his very first lesson.

The next disaster followed soon...and the next and the next...

Alex had been excluded from the practical part of the boggart lesson, because Lupin had not thought that a dark lord or anything similar would be good for the other students but Alex had taken it the wrong way and thought that Lupin thought that he had not been able to do the task.

On Halloween Black had attacked the Fat Lady in hope to get into the Gryffindor tower, causing a
lot of panic among students and teachers.

The next event had been Alex's first defeat in Quidditch. Dementors had attacked the players. Alex had fallen off his broom and his beloved piece of wood had been destroyed by the Whomping Willow.

And that had evoked a chain reaction of events. A firebolt probably sent by Sirius Black for Christmas and even Harry got a mysterious present: a very old tome on parselmagic written by Salazar Slytherin himself which was thought to be lost – Harrison had wondered how Black knew that he would be able to read it... A very dangerous prank by Malfoy and his goonies and another dangerous prank courtesy of the lion trio had followed as revenge.

Harry snapped his journal shut loudly. He was furious. The pranks could have killed his twin and Malfoy if had not been professors present. He had patiently waited for the two trouble makers to be released from Madam Pomfrey's mercy.

“Into my room, now! Both of you!” The young lord growled uncharacteristically.

“My boy. I'm sure there's no need for hostility.” Dumbledore tried to interfere smiling.

“Headmaster, with all due respect, but this is a family matter and has nothing to do with you and the school.” Harry replied coldly without taking his eyes from Draco and Alex.

Hermione and Ron looked uncertain as did Draco's friends. Harrison paid them no heed and led his twin and his house mate towards his rooms with Hermione, Ron, Pansy, Crabbe, Goyle and Blaise on their heels.

The door snapped shut as soon as Alex and Draco had entered the room, leaving the others outside.

“What. Have. You. Done!” Harry snapped. He was too angry to play with his voice to get the most effect...not knowing that this left a lasting impression while his magic was swirling around him.

“You could have killed each other! Have you two lost any common sense? Which pixie did possess you to even plan murder? Have you ever thought about the consequences of your actions?”

Harrison did not give them any time to answer and continued ranting. His green eyes blazed in fury and magical power.

“Have either of you ever listened to our family history? Yes, Draconius Lucius Malfoy. OUR. I'm sure your mother must have told you. As we are all in direct line of the Black legacy, you by your mother and we by our godfather and blood adoption. What is the family rule of the Blacks in order to become the next head of house?”

Alex and Draco startled. They had never seen the other teen this angry.

“Family first?” Alex tried.

“Indeed, have you ever listened what this means concerning the inheritance?”

Both boys could not meet the eyes of a furious Harrison James Potter.

“Have you never wondered why the lordship was still vacant even with Sirius Black in Azkaban while he had never claimed his rank? Because he was the last to fulfil the requirements. The other
Blacks had betrayed a family member first. As Sirius Black had never been disowned they lost in attacking him any rights on the inheritance and till the next generation was born. And now you two have done it. Congratulations, you two violated the Black family legacy and kicked yourself out of the heritage ranking. You two lost any claim on the Black inheritance.”

“I don't know why you are so furious... I never wanted to be a lord.” Alex tried to calm him down. In his calculation it would make Harry the next in line and he knew no one more suitable.

“I am the Malfoy heir. I don't need the house of Black.” Draco sneered, but he was not so sure about this like Alex. Black was one of the oldest and most powerful and richest houses. His parents would be mad that he had lost his opportunity.

“I'm that angry about this because you pushed me up the ranking and right into three ancient and contradicting magical contracts which neither of you nor Black would have been forced to fulfil. Thanks to you I will probably have to court and marry a man about twenty years our senior or I have to get Black his freedom so I don't have to become the next Lord Black!” Harry snapped.

“Er...that's not that bad, Harrison. Even if the contract becomes valid you won't have to marry till you're nineteen.” Draco tried to evade Harry's fury and concern. In his mind nineteen was still far away. But nonetheless he had become very pale, he would not like to be trapped into an ancient marriage contract either.

“Draconius, have you ever listened to your mother's lectures or are you only good enough to parrot your father? These contracts were written under ancient laws. They state two years after maturity and at least one year of courtship. I have been emancipated since my eleventh birthday. Do your Math and tell me how old I have to be in order to become marriageable age according to the contracts.”

“But Ry it was just a prank...” Alex tried again to calm him down but was silenced by angry green eyes.

“You nearly KILLED each other! That's not a prank anymore but attempted murder.”

“But Ry, we didn't mean...”

“Out and await your punishment.”

“But Harrison, you can't...”

“Out of my eyes before I decide it would be a good idea to arrange a marriage between the both of you!”

Alex and Draco had never run that fast and were out of the door before even Professor Snape would have been able to say 'detention'.

Harry sank down into his arm chair and massaged his temples. Black was his only rescue now. As long as the man was not convicted or dead he was safe. But should he die the lordship would immediately be transferred to him, making him Lord Potter-Black and the ancient magic would bond him to the other person. As the last potential heir he would not have the luxury of declining the lordship.

He was not ready to think about marriage. He was thirteen years old and had not even thought about sexual preferences. He lived in the world of the adults already so he had been already confronted with the topic sex but he did not think about it with himself in the equation.

Kito chose this moment to climb out of his pocket. Affectionately, she nuzzled his neck and jumped
Harry watched her as she walked to the door that led to the common room and waited in front of it with an encouraging 'meow'.

Taking the hint, Harry sighed and pushed himself out of the chair. He should meet the wizard and warn him... and get to know him. The young lord had no intention to be bound to a stranger.

“Sometimes I wonder if you are really a cat.” The young lord muttered.

Kito was pleased that her master took the hint and climbed back into her pocket as soon Harry had passed her position.

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“I don't think we have to ask how it went.” Hermione stated.

The six students had waited in front of the portrait leading to Harry's rooms for the lion and the snake to come out. She eyed the two pale boys in front of her.

“Indeed. What exactly did push him over the edge? Did the stress of the OWLs get to him?” Blaise snorted.

“Probably in addition to his muggle OWLs.” Pansy added. She sounded a bit worried about the non present boy and his workload.

“Taking his GSCEs at the same time as his OWLs had to be hard.” Hermione agreed.

Ron looked doubtful from one to another. Five snakes and three lions stood together without hexing each other... how long would this peace remain?

“He had his exams last summer shortly before term end and passed them with flying colours... The stress of the OWLs was not the sole reason... he was angry that we had even planned these dangerous pranks...” Alex started to explain.

“...and don’t forget that we nearly pushed him into the last remaining magical marriage contracts. Forcing him to marry a stranger who’s about twenty years older at the age of thirteen...” Draco muttered.

The purebloods among them winced. While no one beside the families of these contracts knew the exact wording, the gist of them were public knowledge. Even Hermione looked troubled she had never liked the sheer idea of these contracts since she had heard of them the year before.

“I thought these contracts would only take effect two years after attaining full age?” Hermione recalled reading about the clause the contracts were sharing.

“And Harrison came of age at eleven due to his emancipation.” Pansy sighed.

“So the Blacks are bound with one of the three contracts?” Blaise concluded and earned unbelieving looks.

“Why the Blacks?” Hermione asked.

“Narcissa Malfoy is a Black by birth making Draco eligible and the Potter’s through the blood adoption of their godfather Sirius Black and their grandmother was a Black, too. That’s almost the only connection between the Potters and the Malfoys. A lot of wizarding families teach their children about the noble houses and who had which claim.”
“Urgh... Ry is right I should have paid more attention to these lessons.” Alex groaned.

“Zabini, could you check if he had calmed down?” Draco looked hopefully at Blaise, earning a raised eyebrow in response.

“Don't look at me like that, you and Longbottom are one of his best friends in our year.”

“That doesn't mean that I like to be in his reach while he's angry.”

“Neither do we right now, he threatened to arrange a marriage between Malfoy and me if we had stayed any longer in the room.” Alex sighed.

The friends of the two rivals did not know if they should laugh or wince. The very idea of the two marrying was quite entertaining.

“So, what do you have to do? I don't think he lets you off the hook with a dressing-down.” Hermione asked, ignoring Alex's incorrect grammar for once.

“He threw us out with the words to await our punishment later...” Draco muttered.

“If I'm lucky he will only force me into dancing and etiquette/family history lessons this summer...”

“Alex...for our stunt in first year we had to do two weeks of his lesson plans. Training, lessons, additional work, cleaning, cooking and gardening. Do you really thing this will be punished lightly?” Hermione added to his doubts.

Alex grimaced and Draco was not looking forward to this. His mother would certainly agree...

* At the same time Harry had gathered his courage and knocked at the door of his head of house.

He took a deep breath before entering the office.

“How may I be of assistance, Mr. Potter?” Severus raised an eyebrow. Usually the young lord did not seek out his head of house.

“Sir, I am afraid that it is not school related. What do you know about the ancient contracts of your families and the Blacks?” Harry started the hopefully last difficult conversation of this school year and there was no nice approach to this topic.

“As you know of them I would say the stunts of your brother and Mr. Malfoy had something to do with this?”

Harry nodded and explained the very uncomfortable situation. You did not have to tell your professor that he could become your future spouse every day.

Severus Snape was bound to the contract of the Snapes (A.N. They are purebloods in my story) which forced him to marry a Black or ended his blood line with him. It was an aggressive contract that did not allow him children or even his title out off wedlock. But at the same time he was the last of the Prince line from his mother's side which was at the same time another ancient contract. It dictated the same as the Snape contract just not with a Black lord but a light lord the Princes had wanted to get free from the dark reputation. Severus had always accepted that his two family lines would end with him because no Black had ever been at the same time light. Sirius Black might have been light but he was still from a dark family and so not eligible – much to his relief.
“You mean to say that we will be bound should Black die, Mr. Potter.” Severus summarised quickly and took in the pale boy. When the contract came into work the boy would have to court him as Harry was from higher social standing.

In the end they agreed to meet each other for tea once to twice a week to become more acquainted. Neither of them was keen on marrying a stranger.

Harry had just left the office as a smile sneaked on the potions master's face. He had found someone to treasure and he had no intention of letting the young lord go. The young teen was his only chance for family and continuation of his lines. It could have been worse. Harrison might be a Potter but he was not only a Slytherin but also very mature for his age and did not resemble James Potter that much. He was sure they could work together and he could wait for him. He was by no means a paedophile.

Harry seemed to think that there was still a way out of the contract as long Black was alive, but he was already a Black and a light lord and fitted into this whole mess of the contradicting contracts. The two contracts that ruled Severus' life only stated a light Lord and a eligible Black that meant that he had to be in the inheritance ranking but not necessarily Lord Black. Fortunately they did not state a time range like the Black contract and so he would wait patiently for the young lord to grow up some more. They had time till the third contract became active and even then they did not have to consummate the marriage right away so Harry would still not be a minor hopefully when they had sex the first time.

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As the end of year exams approached life at Hogwarts got a new turn. Hermione became more and more stressed and overworked with each passing day. Harry thought that when she was that bad during third year he did not want to be in her vicinity during her OWLs and every well meant word about her not quite healthy schedule fell on deaf ears.

“I don't know why you of all people think you can say something against my timetable you are the one who has the double amount of school work.” The girl hissed at Harrison.

“With the difference that I had started such schedule at the age of five and not thirteen and I have the unfair advantage of an eidetic memory. I read a whole book once sometimes twice or three times – when I liked it - and will still be able to remember it fifty years later. I don't even need a tenth of the time for revising that you have to invest. Look at you, how you treat your friends. That's not you.”

Harry tried to talk sense into her. He had lost count on how often they had the same discussion with almost the same arguments and the same wordings.

In the end she cracked and after another argument with Malfoy and his goons she had punched the Malfoy heir.

Harry had to admit it that the blond had deserved it but it had been still untypical behaviour for Hermione.

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It was after their exams when the situation reached its top...again.

Sirius Black had been relatively quiet the whole time and Harrison had not paid a lot of attention towards his twin and his friends, but was under a lot of stress due to the countless extra meetings of the board of Governors and the Wizengamot in addition to his OWLs. Sirius Black had been a big point of all this together with new regulations of magical beings. Harry had managed to stop the
further restriction of werewolves and other magical beings at least for now.

But he had missed a lot of events in his twin's life. The fight between the trio about their pets. The growing tension because of the Black situation despite him being that good at hiding.

The clash between the trio and Malfoy's gang because of Buckbeak the beautiful hippogriff and Hagrid's lessons.

Harry was angry that Malfoy senior had dared to keep him and others out of the trial. A few very well placed letters later, Macnair who was about to kill the creature had lost his job, Fudge and Lucius Malfoy would face a hearing about the handling of the case later in the summer and Harry had been nearly hugged to death by an overjoyed Hagrid.

It had been an unjust hearing as Fudge and Malfoy had only invited his allies to the trials or animal haters. The new decision stated clearly that it had been Malfoy junior's own fault for his injuries because Hagrid had warned all students that the hippogriffs were proud creatures and did not take insults lightly, but Hagrid had been advised to keep the first magical creatures class a bit less difficult and students should learn about hippogriffs when they had already learnt a certain respect for magical creatures.

But few hours later Harrison thought he knew nothing while he was staring at his twin and his friends.

They were in the hospital wing...again. While Harry and Dumbledore had sorted out the hippogriff situation the trio had been on their way from Hagrid back to the castle. They had sneaked out to console their friend about the pending execution of Buckbeak and had been attacked by Sirius Black who just wanted to get Ron's pet rat. That rat had been no one else than Peter Pettigrew, the real traitor of the Marauders.

"Please Ry, you have to stop them. They can't kill Sirius." Alex pleaded.

"Where are they?"

Harry had not to think twice. Alex had never lied to him and if he said that he had seen the rat than Harry would believe him – of course it helped that the bond they shared as twins allowed him to see his memories without being a master legimense. Madam Pomfrey who had listened to the teens gave him quickly the directions and Harry was off again. This time without a strict talk about consequences and responsibilities for his twin and friends.

The young lord rushed through the corridors and used every shortcut Hogwarts could think about: meaning suddenly paths opened that Harry had not known before but he trusted Hogwarts. In a matter of mere minutes he was in the tower were they held Black.

"In the name of magical Britain you are sentenced to the Dementor's kiss. We shall proceed." Harry heard the pompous voice of Minister Fudge. The chill that he felt was well-known by now as the blasted beasts.

Harrison did not hesitate and pointed his wand towards the open door.

"Expecto Patronum."

For a second time this school year the beautiful raven patronus chased a dementor.

"Lord Potter! What do you think you are doing? That's.." Fudge sputtered. He was a bit intimidated by the casual show of power from the youngest lord.
“Harry...” Sirius Black stared at the elegant figure disbelievingly.

“Restraining you from doing your worst mistake in your life.” Harry said strictly with a deep and serious tone. Effortlessly he cast a light secrecy ward around them. It was more a show for the minister as really his intention to keep Sirius Black from hearing anything.

“Minister Fudge. Sirius Black never got a trial and while my family is the main victim I can’t sit back while you commit murder. As long as he had no official trial the dementor’s kiss would be your own sentence to Azkaban. Your political rivals would have a field day and are only waiting for something like this. In addition if I – a student who does not even spend much time in the ministry - was able to find this little information who do you think can find it too?” Harry coaxed conspiratorially.

His words hit home immediately. Fudge lost any colour in his face. Wordlessly he opened and closed his mouth not finding the right way for now.

Harry used this for his advantage.

“Take him into the cells of the ministry, treat him reasonably to avoid anything that his defender could use against you in the court and give him an official trial or else he could use everything that had happened against you and strip you not only from your position but also could claim everything you own.”

Fudge straightened himself and cleared his throat.

“Of course. That was my plan all the time. The aurors are on the way already.”

Harry smiled and pretended to believe him.

“I had never thought differently, Minister. Would it be possible, sir, for me to speak with Black for a few minutes?”

“Lord Potter, I have to decline for your own safety.”

“Sir, look at him. He’s half-starved, bound and wandless. He would not even dare to do anything against me while you are right in front of the door, waiting for the aurors.”

“To right. Well then, you have five minutes, Lord Potter.” Fudge nodded and left the room arrogantly.

“Harry, please listen...” Sirius pleaded hoarsely, but Harry stopped him.

“Alex and his friends gave me a short version. But whatever you do now. Please act like the member of the most ancient and noble family that you are. Give them not the slightest reason to treat you badly. Would you agree to Veritaserum?”

“At once.” Sirius Black looked him straight in his eyes.

Harry relaxed. There was no way around the truth serum. For him to agree without hesitance he had to be innocent. Harry would have hated himself should he be helping the traitor of his family to escape justice.

“We will talk later. I will send you a solicitor.”

Harry had just left the room as Fudge came with a pair of aurors. The minister was giving them
hushed orders and emphasised the importance that the following treatments had to be flawless.

The young lord hoped it would be enough to keep the stay in the ministry cells at least humane.

“How could you do this to me!” Snape's angry voice cut through the night.

Harry turned around to face the fuming potions master. They were alone in the corridor.

“After all he had done he deserves the kiss, Harrison.”

The use of his first name was his only hint that he had not lost every progress they had made together.

“Severus, I agree that the mutt deserved punishment but not for something he had not done.” Harry replied soothingly even using the favourite nickname of the professor for Black. He wore a mask of calmness but inside he was about to panic. He had never thought that Severus could interpret his actions as betrayal.

“Besides if he had gotten the kiss tonight we would have to marry within the next year. I'm not averse to have to marry you in the future but I don't want to be married as long as I'm in school. I'm not even fourteen, Severus. Neither of us is ready yet. You are not attracted to small school boys and I don't want to think about it yet.”

Harry hoped that these were reasons enough to keep Sirius alive for the older wizard.

“Harrison, we don't have to consummate the marriage as long as you stay virgin. The contracts allow us to wait several years when one of the partners is still pure.” Severus was grasping straws. He knew already that Harry was right that marriage at this time was far too early. But he could also admit that Harry knew how to argue with a Slytherin. He had not followed Albus Dumbledore’s line of thoughts and had tried to persuade him with crap like “the goodness of your heart” or “everyone deserves a second chance”, Harry had pointed out to the consequences for the both of them.

“Severus, when we marry I can't have lessons with you and I would not be in Slytherin any more. If he starts taunting you you may slip him an impotence potion or anything similar.” Harry rolled his eyes playfully during his last statement.

“Sometimes your far too mature for your age. Come, I lead you back to your rooms so you don’t get into trouble for being out this late.” Severus sighed.

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“Ry! Did you hear? Hagrid’s hippogriff is still alive.” Alex ran over to his twin followed closely by his friends.

Harry looked up from his board. He was playing a magical version of Clue one of the newest games from Wiztech with Blaise, Neville and the Weasley twins.

“Yes, I know. I was there. Malfoy had made a terrible mistake by trying to keep the trial under lock and only with his allies and animal haters attending. That reminds me... why did you not tell me?” Harrison inquired curiously.

“Sorry Ry... you had enough to do already with your OWLs and the meetings and...”

Harry stopped the rambling of his brother.
“Have I ever turned away from you when you needed help?”

“No...sorry big Bro. But we did not want to add more stress...”

“Don't worry about my stress level, Lex...”

“What happens now with Mr. Black?” Ron interrupted trying to change the topic.

Harry rolled his eyes in amusement and ruffled the unruly hair of his twin.

“Madam Bones will make sure that he gets a fair trial this time. I'm confident that he will be cleared of all charges soon. But Alexander won't have time to worry about the trial...” Harrison drawled with a very mean glint in his eyes.

Alex gulped and waited for his punishment to be announced.

“As you won't be flying over the first four weeks in the summer you will have a lot of time for inventory the library in the old Potter home and of course Madam Knight will be delighted to see you in her summer course.”

“You're still mad at me, aren't you?” Alex winced.

“Be glad that I did not choose either to give you the mundane education or to have you to sort the library or even updating it.”

Harry cast a quick tempus and took his leave. He had to be at the ministry again.

“Well, it could have been worse. Your library in the cottage isn't that big.” Hermione tried to cheer him up.

“Granger, Harrison said the old Potter home. Their cottage is probably rather small and new compared to the old home. The Potters are one of the oldest families of the wizarding world. The old home is probably a big manor.” Blaise smirked.

“It's an old castle and the library is almost as big as Hogwarts' library if not bigger.” Alex sighed.

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The rest of the term passed more smoothly than the whole time before. They got their exams results – except OWLs that meant that Harry had to wait till his results were sent to him during the summer holidays – and Hermione dropped Muggle Studies despite her 112% in the exam. But only after Harrison had told her that a muggleborn or muggle-raised student was allowed to take the exams without attending the class. He himself had due to his mundane education an automatic O in Muggle Studies without taking the exam.

Harrison was proud of his twin as he had topped his DADA class even before Hermione and had passed all his subjects, Hermione was even with her little mistake in DADA top in her year but she was annoyed about herself that she had not been on top in the practical exam. The boggart at the end had gotten her.

On the Hogwarts express they shared a compartment together with Harry's friends Blaise and Neville and exchanged vacation plans.

“Mate, you have to look out for the Quidditch World Cup this year. It's in England this year.” Ron told his best friend.
“It is going to become a really big event. I'm sure the ministry is upside down at the moment.” Blaise added.

“Harry?” Alex turned to his older twin and Harry sighed as he looked into wide brown and pleading eyes.

“Prove that you are able to learn dancing till our birthday and I will think about it.”

The younger twin cheered and was quickly distracted by Ron and Hermione. They discussed the possibilities of such an event and ignored the other three teens. Harry shook his head.

“You have already planned this, haven't you?” Blaise smirked.

“Maybe...” Harry smirked back.

X-x-x-x-x chapter 6 end x-x-x-x-x-x-x

A.N

I know you are hating reading author's notes but I wanted to warn all of my readers that are following Soulbooks too.... I had to delete the story on AO3 and my motivation to continue is a bit stuck at the moment. I will try to pick up my writing habits but RL is more important and I had to do a lot in the past weeks. Don't give up. I will continue my stories but they will take a bit.

A few comments to this story:

I don't like shota or whatever you want to call the relationship between a minor and an adult. So don't worry. Nothing will happen between Severus and Harry for now besides talking and drinking tea.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was an unusually hot summer and Harry was glad that he would be done soon with his education. He had never understood why some people thought it would be an honour and a great opportunity to gain emancipation early.

In his eyes it only forced him to grow up faster than his peers. He stared down at his A-level subjects. The first and mandatory four he would finish next summer and then he could think about studying things he would like and not what was expected or needed to study for retaining his companies. He should not have to think about A-levels and NEWTs yet. Harrison was not even fourteen and yet he was almost done with his formal education.

For this early exam the young lord was responsible himself for a change. He did not want to take his NEWTs at the same time as his A-Level exams. In the following year he would take just one or two of the smaller subjects which he found interesting at the same time to keep up appearance in the mundane world … but after the NEWTs he would make a nice long vacation. Maybe a world-tour while Alex was in school then returning for Christmas and taking Alex along and the same till Easter. He would not even need to glamour himself older as he was well known in the mundane world as well. Lord at the age of eleven, successful business man – well teen – and the papers liked to paint him as little genius – much to his distaste. He would not have any trouble to book and travel alone. Not to forget he had several offers from pen pals and business acquaintances all over the world. It was also a great opportunity to practice his language skills. Over the past years he had learnt a lot of languages. To memorise the vocabulary and grammar was easy for him but he had not often the opportunity to practise his language skills.

But this summer Harry had planned one week to Italy -Rome to be precise – right before the Quidditch World Cup. The trip was planned together with Arthur because Alexander had chosen to stay at the burrow with his best friends before they were going to go to the game together and his trip to Rome wasn't all vacation but a business meeting mixed with a bit of sightseeing and education about culture. The younger Potter twin was not that keen on meeting culture and the time table Harry had to fulfil ranged from business meeting to museum trips and sightseeing. Of course another reason could be that the Zabinis were also in Rome that week and Blaise and Harry would meet at some point.

* * *

The following week Harry was going to apparate with the oldest Weasley boys while Alex had to take the portkey to the World Cup with the rest.

The young lord put his travelling flyer aside and concentrated on his tasks. Wiztech was developing nicely and the old Potter businesses were not bad either. Wiztech was well known by now for highest technology, computers and games. His little starter pet project was a whole collection of education games – when finished. Well for the mundanes it would be a role-play collection but the story and quests were filled with knowledge about potions, spells, wand movements, even mundane knowledge and more. He had a concept for every age group beginning at the age of five up to preparation for NEWTs. Starting with exercises for literacy and numeracy combined with basic knowledge for mundane and magical alike. The games would be come out for a bigger game console, computer and for a handheld. The console was called Wiz and the handheld Wizgo. Not very creative, but it would be remembered by the population.
Harry was sure that they would be able to introduce games and console onto the market in two years and he would need test players beforehand. Alex and his friends had already promised to test them out when they were done as they were perfect for OWL preparation because they really cover the complete curriculum with options to choose between the different subjects and just in time for them too. He would need to ask not only children but also parents, adult gamers and teachers/professors to test his collection and give them time for improvement suggestions. If everything went according to plan they would be able to introduce console and games a few months after his NEWTs. In the wizarding world all games would be on the market at the same time in the mundane just the primary games and the first year to test if they went down well. In the mundane version the magical knowledge was tuned down to a minimum to keep the storyline in the fantasy genre and both editions had updating options to keep the knowledge in the game up to date with the curriculum and the current status of research.

The whole concept – the design, the story, the characters and quests – was his own work and that made him nervous about the outcome.

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While Harry was working on the countless reports of his businesses, his pet project and files on the pending trial of Black, Alex was safely stowed away in Albion, the Potter castle, and took inventory of the books. The library was bigger than the one at Hogwarts and even with the help of the house-elves who had already sorted the books he would spend a lot of time in the castle.

With each passing day Alex was more and more convinced that after he had graduated Harry should live in Albion instead of Sunspring Cottage. It was fitting to his whole image. It was a beautiful castle and it was gigantic. It reminded him of Hogwarts but even more comfortable and not as cold in some places. The library might be bigger than the Hogwarts' library but the castle was smaller than the school. It was even surrounded by a forest and a lake. In his eyes it was a very good plan: Harry got the castle and all the trouble in business and politics and he would keep their cottage and the freedom to choose his own paths.

Alex sighed. They had explored the castle and the grounds before and it was really beautiful but this year he would not have enough time for exploring. He had to be done with the inventory and his dancing lessons before his birthday or else he was not allowed to go to the Quidditch World Cup. He had also no idea what Malfoy had to do as punishment. Harry had only said that Lady Malfoy would take care of this. She already saw the young lord as the future head of house and as a Black by blood she had to respect him or she would risk dissolving her marriage. As the higher house Black could do this and he could reason it with her failure to raise her son properly.

“Young Master Alexander should drink more. Weather not good for health. Too hot and dry.” A house-elf appeared and put a tray down on the table next to him.

“Thank you, Tilly.” Alex walked over to the tray and downed greedily the offered pumpkin juice. Sighing he looked around.

The books were in several piles on the floor, tables and of course in the shelves and he had just managed to get a sixth of the books listed.

It had been a week since the summer holidays and with them his punishment had started. He had gone already to two dancing lessons and hated it with passion. He had not even Ron with him. A part of the punishment had been that he had to endure it alone. That the library did not make any progress, did not help his mood either.

How could Harry stand all this dancing and bowing and so on... How should he be able to remember
all the steps and feel the rhythm and lead his dance partner without stumbling over his own feet.

Alex sighed again. Harry had been dancing since their fifth birthday. His whole posture screamed in a manner of speaking that he was a dancer and martial artist. No one in school – not even Snape with his billowing cloak - was able to pull this off and look like grace and elegance in person without looking ridiculously. Alex was glad that he had only had to learn one dance till the World Cup or he would never be allowed to go.

Harry was envied and admired by most of the students at Hogwarts as far as he had listened to the rumours around school. For most of them his twin was perfect. Perfect marks in school, perfect movements, perfect look, perfect young lord.

But he had not many friends that were able to look behind the scenes and his mask. Harry was tired. Pushed at very young age his magic had found it necessary to boost his memory into perfect recall without being able to forget. When Harry had him research the topic of early emancipation for punishment he had stumbled across another topic: Development of unusual abilities in early childhood. The stronger the magic of a child the higher the chance that they develop in a certain way and they developed certain abilities exceptions were abilities gifted by magic or blood line like Sight, Parseltongue and Metamorph.

It was forbidden to push their child willingly into such things as they bordered often on child abuse because they would need the abilities to survive. Especially purebloods would rather die themselves than abusing their children. Children in the magical world were rarer than in the mundane world and old pureblood families often spoiled their children because of this. Main examples for those unusual abilities were starving children whose magic strengthened their stomach and could even survive on minimum of food for years without any health issues or children who had grown up in dangerous surroundings like a war or on the streets had gained talent for sneaking around and hiding because of an ability to blend in their surroundings or a sixth sense for danger.

It was sad to think about their childhood as dangerous but Harry had not been born with a perfect memory. His good but not perfect marks in his first year of education had proved this but afterwards...

Alex sighed again and picked up his task. He wanted to see the Quidditch World Cup so he had to finish the inventory of the library. There was no use to cry over spilled butterbeer. Harry would not thank him either...

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Severus Snape on the other hand suppressed a sigh as he sat through another staff meeting. The last one before their vacation time and the next was scheduled a week before school start. He hoped that they would not talk too long about meaningless topics. He had a date with a beautiful green eyed teen in a few hours. Of course Harrison would not call it a date but their regular meetings were nothing more than friendly but platonic dates as they would marry some day in the future.

The potions master only listened with half an ear to the drabble of his colleagues. It had been always the same for the past three years. Focus on the Potter brat and how the saviour faired in school. It was as suspected and still the same: slightly above average in everything except transfiguration and defence - a James Potter clone of the finest. But at least he knew how he should deal with this one: Taking points, detention and when nothing helped he would sick his older twin on him. That had more effect than the parents of most of his Slytherins and they were almost all intent on appearance. He would never admit it but he liked hinting to Harry that his brother, his friends or any Slytherin had acted out of line. While he could manage anyone very well on his own – as he had done it all the years before and he had done a good job after all - it was simply too amusing to see the older
students cowering before the younger teen and the younger ones to worship him. He would miss his presence at Hogwarts when he graduated in two years.

Even as they discussed the Tri-Wizard Tournament he only listened with half an ear. They had discussed it in at least ten other meetings before and while most of the students would not know about it before term start. He somehow knew that the headmaster did not like the age restriction even if he said otherwise. Severus had been a spy for years and he had seen the puppet master behind the grandfatherly face. The old man would have liked to see the brat-who-lived competing. Dumbledore needed his puppet in the limelight.

He should probably warn Harrison, so that he could prepare a defence strategy. The Potter brat—the brat in question was of course Alexander as he would never call his intended a brat—had an affinity towards trouble and would end in the tournament without his older twin.

“Albus, are you sure that the Tournament should be reinstalled? There is a reason why it had been stopped. Don't you think another competition would be better? Like Quidditch or something like this. Perhaps competition in every field for all age groups.” Pomona Sprout asked worriedly and voiced the concern of the other teacher as well.

“We, the three ministries, headmasters and board of governors involved, have discussed it and improved the tasks and security arrangements. It will be as safe as possible.” Dumbledore assured his staff.

Severus asked himself how safe would be “as safe as possible” when the tournament had cost lives in the past.

A lot of the students would be tempted to try out for eternal glory and fame. As if that really mattered.

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Two hours later the potions master was finally free to go. A quick tempus told him that he had just half an hour left to refresh himself and apparate to a small café in London. They could not meet in Hogwarts or Hogsmead as it would be too much cause for rumours and students were not allowed at school during summer holidays even if they were only visiting one of the permanent residents. Spinners End his old home was out of question as it wasn't really inhabitable at the moment. He lived the whole year at the castle there was no need to renovate the hated old house and he did not want to visit Harrison in his home and risk to see even more students, after all Alexander Potter lived there too.

When Severus arrived at Julie's Harry was already waiting for him. He was surrounded by papers and books obviously he had arrived a while ago and had used the calm atmosphere to get some work done.

“Good afternoon, Harrison.”

“Good afternoon, Severus. How was the meeting?” Harry smiled and put his papers and books back into his briefcase.

“It was tedious as always. Only ten percent of the staff meeting has been about serious matters the rest about banalities.”

“The Triwizard Tournament again?”

Severus blinked surprised. He wasn't surprised that Harrison would mention anything magical in the
open. The owner of the small café was actually a witch and there were privacy wards around them
that would any magical topic transfer into something mundane and uninteresting for anyone else.
Severus had suspected since their first date in the café that it was part of the Potter enterprise.

“How do you know?”

“Have you already forgotten? I have two seats on the Board of Governors and in the Wizengamot.
Unfortunately we had not much say in the Tournament. It was accepted by the Ministers and
headmasters and headmistress. Should it end badly they will face a lot of trouble but for now most of
the others are placated as long as the Tournament gives positive press.” Harry explained amused.

“Then there is no need to warn you about Headmaster Dumbledore? He is not happy with the age
line even if he says otherwise. I think he wants to show off his boy-who-lived.”

“And that is what I have never understood. Why is he that fixated on Alex? We have both survived
that night. Not that I'm not glad about it or I would never have my peace from the old coot. I have
enough work with keeping Alex's name out of everything.” Harry frowned and sipped at his tea.

“Because he survived the killing curse according to Dumbledore. He said something about magical
residue in his scar as proof.”

Severus scowled at Harrison as he burst out laughing. It was a very atypical behaviour for the mature
teen.

“Once more I'm glad that the old coot is just as blind to common sense as the rest of the magical
world.” The young lord managed to say between his laughs. His bright green eyes were glittering
with humour.

“I do not see where the humour hides in this? Your twin has through his scar probably a connection
to the dark lord.”

“Oh, Severus. The magical residue of the Killing Curse was not in Alex's scar. In his scar is my
magical signature as our magic had connected on that night and somehow linked a protection rune to
his magical core. The goblin healers did not cut the connection as it was just a protection rune and
forming a connection is not unusual between twins. The residue of the Killing Curse was found in
my scar.” Harry tipped at the lightning bolt on his forehead.

“You are using past tense.” Severus stated dryly trying to stomach the information that his fiancé-to-
be was the real boy-who-lived.

“The goblin healers at Gringotts eliminated Voldemort's soul fragment just before my fifth birthday.
The scar is not removable but harmless. Just a blemish on my skin that is hidden behind my hair most
of the time.” Harrison smiled at his professor and friend. He knew the older man quite well or else he
would not have been able to tell that the other wizard was baffled about the information.

“But Dumbledore was boasting that the connection in his scar and the protection of Lily's love was
able to kill the host and ban the residual soul of the Dark Lord.” Severus frowned, trying to fill in the
new information with known facts.

“Dumbledore sees what he wants to see, Severus. In his belief that Alex's scar is a connection to the
fraud lord he fixates on Alex and is blind to anything beyond. I'm just afraid what he will try next.”

“Be careful. I think he will try to get your twin into the tournament.” Severus mused.

“I have already ordered the rule book together with a few books about magical contracts. They
should arrive in a few days. I was warned by more than one side. Even if I'm certain that Lucius Malfoy has no selfless reason for his warning but..."

“Be careful he never does anything without looking out for his own best. He may be my friend but he's a ruthless politician.” Severus interrupted but had calmed down enough to enjoy his tea and company.

“I know. I was very surprised that he had mentioned this when passing by. I wonder what he gains with this.” Harry leant back.

“Staying on the good side of the true heir of Slytherin if you can believe the rumours that circle among the purebloods.” Severus smirked.

Of course the Potions Master had heard the rumours too. A lot of pureblood families had instructed their children to never anger the young lord if not even please him as best as possible hence why he liked to send Harrison to keep the order in their house.

“That's also very unusual for Malfoy. Why should he believe an unconfirmed rumour?” Harry pondered teasingly.

They had never spoken openly about his heritage but Harrison knew that the Bloody Baron might have dropped a hint or two. Thinking about it the Hogwarts' ghosts had probably told at least the Slytherin and Ravenclaw head of house as he was the heir of the two lines.

Not even a week later Harrison startled Alex from his well-earned break.

The slightly older twin looked ready to curse someone as he rushed through the old corridors of Albion.

“Ry?” Alex tried carefully and followed his brother.

The brown eyed twin stopped dead at the door sill when Harry had reached the trainings room and had started throwing spells at the practice dummies. Cursing up a storm. Well – it would have been swearwords if they had been in his daily vocabulary but as they were not, Harry threw actual curses against the trainings dummies while using his own style to voice his displeasure. But Alex was surprised how much anger and frustration could fit into the flowery language of old books.

“That slippery base-born. Honest mistake. As if...”

Alex translated quickly for himself into the more vulgar tongue of the modern teenager: “That slimy/bloody bastard. Honest mistake my arse!”

“Ry?” He tried again.

It was highly unusual for Harry to lose control like this. He had to be always composed and mature so the rare outbursts that were typical for most teenagers were kept in privacy, not even Alex had been witness of such a behaviour.... until this day.

“Ry, what's up?” Alex got finally a word between the curses that Harry had thrown around for a while.

“Lucius Malfoy is up! Honest mistake...he lost his position on the Board, but he did not even get a fine...and Fudge has only gotten a slap on his fingers. As if trying to disregard the Wizengamot is a
prank of a school boy. Everything was hushed up behind closed doors.” Harrison growled, but stopped casting curses.

A clean pop announced the house-elf that brought immediately towel and drinks for their two masters.

“I guess the hearing has ended badly?”

Harry nodded and turned his attention towards the house-elf. He thanked the eager servant and took gladly towel and drink.

“Will Sirius’ trial be in danger through this?” Alex bit his lips. He had not forgotten that their godfather was still in the holding cells of the ministry.

Harrison shook his head.

“His case is foolproof. Even if he had killed our parents he would be able to get free because he had never gotten a trial and had spent twelve years in Azkaban. It is going to be a very quick lawsuit as he had agreed to take Veritaserum.”

“When Veritaserum is that powerful, why not using it for every cases? And why is he still there?” Alex asked confused.

“The main worry of the ministry is the financial aspect. It is very expensive and they tend to foist the costs off to the convict. In cases of Ministry versus innocent they have to cover the cost themselves which they do not prefer. But the main reason for declining is the risk. It is very powerful but also very dangerous. It is difficult to brew and incorrectly applied or brewed you can lose your magic or even die. You have to be very powerful and in top health condition to stay completely unaffected. It is possible that your magic will act up for weeks if not for months after taking the serum. Sirius Black will probably be very vulnerable for a while. It speaks volumes about his trust in us that he is willing to do this as he will get into our care afterwards.”

“Why our care? And you didn't answer my other question.” Alex tilted his head and frowned.

“As godsons and blood-adopted sons we are his next of kin – overriding any other blood relation. Technically I'm already an adult so he will be my ward until the mind healers deem him fit enough to stand on his own feet. He is still awaiting his trial because the ministry tries to improve his physical health at least a bit. It would look even worse if Sirius Black, a pureblood heir, would attend his trial half-starved. Especially when he is offering to cover the costs for the serum.”

“But what about school? And where will he live?” Alex ranted.

“We have a guest room and Professor Lupin will stay there with him and keep an eye on him while slaving away in our library here in Albion. I offered him a job to sort through the library and update it - Before you can get all flustered and indignant. I offered him board and lodge together with an allowance for looking after our godfather but as they are old friends he declined and I had to try something else to give him a home and money because he didn't want charity. He has even insisted on sharing the guest room with Sirius as long as we put another bed inside and declined any offer to remodel a few rooms. It's probably just for a year or two before Sirius moves back into his old family home in London. I should make a memo to renovate the old building and get it checked.”

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The trial of Sirius Orion Black, the mass murder, was in the newspapers all over the world and was scheduled a week before the twins' birthday.
Harrison had pulled a few strings and had inforced that the trio had been questioned by Madame Bones in a calmer atmosphere and not in front of the whole courtroom – protection of minors and everything. Some people in the magical world were very, very protective of everyone under the age of sixteen. Anyone who had not sat his or her OWLS were innocent, little children in need of protection from anything bad and disturbing. Well, it worked for Harry and he could keep his twin and friends out of the courtroom. But as he was not technically a minor any more and had passed his OWLs he had to be present at the trial but Black's lawyer had already explained that his presence and the record of the witnesses were only a formality. The aurors had taken a copy of the memories of Alex and his friends and pensive evidence in combination with a voluntary exposure to Veritaserum it would be a fail-proof sentence.

And so Harry sat in the courtroom and watched how the lawyer ripped apart aurors, the Minister and anyone who had just hinted that Sirius Black, the man who was even forced by the ancient godfather and blood adoption rituals to keep the twins safe, was the traitor and murder of that faithful Halloween. A fact that Harrison had not known before. The rituals were very old and fell out of use but were not forbidden and only ancient and very traditional families still used the rites. It was a slap across the face of every present snobbish pureblood that the “white sheep” of the Black family had been honouring the old traditions.

To be honest Harrison had loved the uncomfortable faces of the purebloods like Malfoy, Greengrass and Flint. They had been often the loudest voices of the disgrace of forgetting traditions. It had to be quite deflating that the blood traitor extraordinaire had honoured ancient traditions where they had forgotten about them.

And finally after tiring hours of interrogation and long monologues of the lawyers – the interrogation was short due to the Veritaserum but the monologues were quite unnecessary - the Wizengamot was asked to pass judgement on Sirius Orion Black.

Harrison himself was not allowed to vote as he was a victim.

“Hereby the court declares Sirius Orion Black guilty for being an unregistered animagus, in the case of being the traitor not guilty and also not guilty of the murder of the thirteen muggles and Peter Petigrew. As you had already been incarcerated in Azkaban for 12 years without verdict of guilty you won't get a fine for being an unregistered animagus and receive your Auror salary of the past 12 years as compensation. Sirius Orion Black, hereby you are released into the care of Lord Harrison James Potter on the condition that you attain medical treatment. The Public Relation Department of the ministry will take care of cleaning your name in both realms.”

The judge closed the case and Harry went collecting his godfather. The compensation was not as high as expected for twelve years innocent in prison, but that he was an unregistered animagus had kept down the settlement.

“How does it feel to be free again?” Harrison smiled at the big grin plastered on the older man's face.

“Fantastic! Do I really have to meet the healer that soon?” Sirius turned his puppy eyes on his new keeper.

Harrison felt as if he had gained a puppy instead of a godfather, he hoped deeply that he was at least home trained.

“Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock.” another voice supplied the time.

“Oh, hello Percy. What are you doing here?” Harrison greeted the third oldest Weasley son while Sirius looked confused from one to the other. Harry had talked with the older teen quite a lot in
school and while visiting the Weasleys and had become if not quite friends but at least good acquaintances over the past years.

“I'm the newest try of your Hexagram to give you a personal assistant. I have to say that you have the worst record of keeping one, my lord.” Percy drawled. The use of the formal title indicated that he retained the professional level of their new industrial relations.

The use of “my lord” instead of “Lord Potter” told Harry even more... Percy had accepted the family history of the Prewitts: They had been vassals of the House of Potter for centuries.

“Not my fault when three quarter of them thought that they would be bossing around a naive child. They wanted to pull the strings behind the scenes only to learn that I don't have strings.” Harry rolled his eyes and waited for Sirius to collect his personal items from the auror.

“And the rest?” Percy Weasley asked neutrally. He knew Harry well enough that he could dare this whole discussion without being too bold as employee.

“Incompetent idiots. I swear some of them thought that they had only to look nice.” came the scathing reply.

Harrison was by no means a typical snob or even a tyrant as boss but he expected a certain work ethic and being his PA was a full-time job and he needed people that could think ahead and actually helped him instead of just carrying around his schedule.

“My lord, you have the ideas and I will take care of the details of finalising them. Or will as soon my apprenticeship has reached that point.” Percy stated with such conviction that Harry raised an eyebrow at this statement.

“You have just finished school, Percy. You are quite self-opinionated.”

“I'm getting training from the Hexagram and Griphook themselves. For now I'm just collecting your ideas and appointments and make sure that everything fits in your day without causing any stress and overtime.”

“So you are playing calendar and notebook? I'm doing that on my own quite well since I have been eight.”

“You have trice the workload of a normal school boy, my lord...”

“Hey, Bambi. Be easy on the poor guy and your team. They are worried that you will burn out someday.” Sirius interrupted and put a comforting hand on the young lord’s shoulder.

He might not have been around in the past twelve years but he could understand the worries easily.

“I'm not saying that you didn't do a good job, Harrison. But let me deal with everything that you don't have to do personally. Like your research on the contracts and the Tournament. Learn to delegate more of your work to others.” Percy suggested, using the first name to stress that he meant it as a friend and not to get more work.

Harrison sighed and nodded. He should have known that his Hexagram had snitched his newest interest to his new PA and Percy might be not the born researcher but he had a lot of experience as his marks had proved.

“Research the rules and conditions of the tournament and magical contracts. Specialise on the possibilities to get a minor out of a magical contract made for adults.”
Percy nodded sharply and bid them goodbye.

“You fear that Prongslet will be entered?” Sirius asked quietly. It did not take a genius that the special research was meant for the younger twin.

“Yes. I’m worried that either a Death Eater or even Dumbledore himself will try something to test or kill my twin. Over the past years there had been the one or other incident that worries me... And where did you come up with these nicknames?” Harry frowned at his godfather. But at least he finally moved again. He led the way to Madame Bones’ office because she had given her permission to use her personal fireplace to floo home in hope to avoid the blood hounds of the press that calls themselves reporter.

“Bambi and Prongslet were your dad's favourite nicknames for you two and the rest of us adopted them. Bambi, because your mum liked the film and you were even as little baby more like her than James and Prongslet because Alex had always been a miniature Prongs. Your grandparents had almost accused James that he had found a way to clone himself to create your twin.” Sirius smiled fondly at the memories.

“Let's get you home. The floo address is “Sunspring Cottage”. I have already registered you to our floo and wards so you can step through. Professor Lupin and Alex are waiting on the other side.” Harry explained and waited for his godfather to floo home.

The reunion between the two remaining Marauders was not as flashy as Harry had assumed for them being two pranksters. Remus Lupin seemed just to try to squeeze the life out of their godfather.

“Professor Lupin, you should try to let him breath. I have heard it is positive for his health.” Harry teased and Remus let him go and Sirius pulled his other godson into a hug.

“Please, call me Remus. Thank you for everything.” the polite werewolf smiled.

“You two have really grown so much. I'm sorry I missed it.” Sirius ruffled Alex's hair.

For some reason he could not imagine treating Harrison this way. He appeared too mature for liking this kind of behaviour. It pained him to see the young teen like this. Both of them should have grown up carefree and happy.

“It's not your fault, Sirius.” Alex grinned but he was relieved at the same time. He had noticed the sad glint in their godfather's eyes every time he looked at his older twin. It made him hope that the ex-escapee would be able to see behind Harry's mask.

Harry had cleared his timetable for the day and showed Sirius and Remus Sunspring Cottage and explained them the next steps:

The appointments with the mind healer, the arrangements while they were at school and so on.

“What's happening while you are in Rome, Ry?” Alex asked when they had sat down for dinner.

“I might be the temporary guardian of Sirius, but I don't need to be here as long as I can provide for his care. Same rule applies to our return to Hogwarts. I have contacted the mind healer, made the appointments and provided someone who can take care of him during my absence. But you will hardly miss me. You are invited to the Burrow for the week.” Harry smiled at Alex's wide grin.

“Arthur has extended the invitation. Both of you are invited as well.” Harry looked pointedly at the
two adults. While the young lord was not worried that they could not keep themselves fed and healthy during his vacation, but Molly would love to fatten up both men and they would need the exchange with other adults. He had no intention of trapping them in their cottage and the Weasleys were a good start to be back in society.

Harry forced all three wizards into training every morning. He had to convince the sulking dog animagus and his brother with the positive outcome for Quidditch and of course auror work. The whole purpose of the next months to years was to get Sirius back into his old job. Madame Bones had already told him that he could have his old position back if he stayed in training. So the young lord had decided to give them all a light workout to build up stamina and mobility before he would start on duelling. As long as Sirius' system was not clear of the Veritaserum it was a high risk for him to hurl spells around but physical health could accelerate the recovery. Remus and Alex had to take part so everyone was included - and to stop Sirius from sulking.

For Harrison the rest of the summer passed far too fast for that many events.

His trip to Rome had been pleasant and educative. The camping trip with the Weasleys had been fun and the Quidditch World Cup?

The game itself had been great but Harry could have done without the panic afterwards. Some idiot had cast the dark mark into the sky and a muggle family had been attacked. A house elf had been accused of wand theft – his twin's wand – and Hermione had gone up the wall about house elf rights and freedom. While the bystanders had been leaving slowly and while Hermione had been ranting about the unfairness Harry had felt the shift in his magic. He had not felt it completely before with Dobby but this time it had not surprised him. So he had just sighed and told Winky quietly to go to Albion.

Arthur Weasley had thanked him again and again for working for Wiztech as he had not to deal with the ministry disaster of the World Cup.

Harrison had been able to see Hermione ranting again after the Sorting at Hogwarts and Dumbledore's announcement about the lack of Quidditch and the Triwizard-Tournament. He was able to guess the topic quite easily.

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It was already end of October and Harry had not much time on hand. In a few months he would take his A-Levels and sixth year at Hogwarts was preparation for the NEWTs as well. So it had become less usual to find his brother and friends in his rooms. They still met regularly and Alex had learnt his lesson after the last year to that he kept his brother informed. Right now the most favourite topic to rant about was S.P.E.W. Harry was tempted to throw them out.

Then Alex made the mistake to mention that they had several house elves working for them.

“I can't believe you! How could you! That's slavery!” She shrieked and tried immediately to spread self-knitted hats around Harry's rooms.

“Hermione Jane Granger, cease this atrocious behaviour this instant! I can't believe that you would recommend murder in your ignorance!” Harrison snarled dangerously.

“Mu..murder?” Hermione gasped.

“House elves are dependent on a magical bond with another magical source. It can be a family, a person or even old magical buildings like Hogwarts herself. Without the bond their magic would kill
“But they are mistreated! And Dobby and Winky...” Hermione trailed off, grasping at straws.

“Inform yourself about the history, the magic and genetics of house elves before you do something stupid like freeing healthy elves. Not every house elf is mistreated. Usually they are part of the family and they are seeing their meaning in life to take care of their family. Not as servants but as family members. In front of outsiders they will do anything to keep up appearance, but at home they can be quite bossy if they think you don’t take your health or studies and work seriously enough.”

“But Dobby is fine!” Hermione tried again desperately.

“He was mistreated in front of witnesses. Mistreatment weakens the bond to a house elf, but Dobby was mistreated in front of a member of the Potter family.” Harry pointed to Alex.

“What has this to do with the mistreatment?” Hermione snapped. Surprisingly Ron had not opened his mouth till now.

“I heard old stories from Aunt Myriel. There are a few old family lines that take mistreated house elves in.”

“Correct, Ron. The Potters and the Longbottoms are the most famous families amongst them. Hogwarts herself takes in unfairly freed house elves too. Our family magic collects them automatically if they are freed or mistreated in our presence.”

“So he is bonded to you?” Hermione asked weakly.

“Yes, but as it had been Alex to witness his release but inside of Hogwarts his magic was confused to which source he was bound. When Alex had accepted his presence at Hogwarts as employed to the school, he transferred guardianship of Dobby to the school. As I have never been informed I could not strengthen the bond so it was a loose bond that was transferred easily. Our ancestors had never intended to keep all house elves, but had been searching for new homes.”

“Hey, big bro why have you never told me...” Alex trailed off as soon as he saw Harry raising an eyebrow. “er... let me guess you have?” He finished a bit sheepishly.

“I'm aware that you have a strong dislike towards History but I had thought you liked to hear about our ancestors?” The older twin drawled teasingly.

“But Harry, why do they need to be bound?” Hermione was not able to let this drop.

“No one really knows. That belongs to house elf lore and they keep it to themselves. There are rumours about a ritual gone wrong or even a punishment of magic herself but the truth is not known by anyone outside.”

The friends were able to tell that Hermione did not like the new information. She wanted to solve the mystery about the slavery. Harrison assumed that the lioness would spend a lot of time in the library in order to collect any reference of house elves but at least she did stop endangering the loyal creatures.

Harry stared at the goblet of fire in disdain. That stupid thing practically screamed danger. His own opinion about the whole thing was well known by everyone in Hogwarts. So was the vow on his magic by Alex. Alexander had promised Harrison in front of all of their friends and several
bystanders that he would not even try to find a way to get into this madness.

The principle to meet the other school was great and Harry was not against it but why could they not use a less dangerous competition? Or perhaps a student exchange programme...

Harrison shook his head and turned away from the goblet. By now several students had thrown their names into the goblet and a few more had tried to circumvent the age barrier with potions and spells for now no one had succeeded. He tried to see the tournament in a better light. He had a chance to practise his language skills and made acquaintances with some of the foreigners. The first contact had been painfully easy. A fourteen year old in sixth year classes was quite noticeable and it got around quickly that he was able to speak their native language. So he had been called to a few groups as translator.

“’You don't like it, Harrison?’ a male voice with heavy accent asked.(1)"

The young lord turned around and saw Viktor Krum. As celebrities of their own kind they had understood each other immediately without any worshipping. Harry was tired of being called cute especially by the French girls from Beauxbatons.

“I just wish the magical society would find a way to meet without endangering others, Viktor.” He replied in fluent Bulgarian his accent only slightly off.

“You got quite well at my native tongue.”

“You are just a few days here, but I have got a bit of practise since your arrival.”

Viktor chuckled and looked back at the goblet.

“Let's go outside, less chance to run into the girls.”

Harry rolled his eyes and asked himself how it was possible to gain that much attention in the day that the other schools were at Hogwarts.

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“Alex Potter!” Dumbledore announced the fourth champion to everyone's surprise. Alex had made a vow. He could not have entered himself.

Harrison frowned and walked together with Alex to the Antechamber.

“But I did not enter!” Alex protested. He was white as a sheet.

“How did you hoodwink an ancient artefact?” Karkoroff scoffed.

“Alex, did you ask an older student to enter your name?” Dumbledore asked as soon as he arrived in the chamber.

“I didn't.”

Chaos broke out. Everyone complained about unfairness, about illegal behaviour and so on.

“I'm afraid you will have to compete, Alex.” Dumbledore declared gravely but Harrison did not buy it. His eyes were still twinkling.

“As the guardian of Alexander Sirius Potter, I declare the contract for null and void.” Harry stated plainly.
“Firstly Alexander is still a minor and is therefore not able to enter any contract - magical or not. Secondly the name that was entered is not his real name. It is a nickname and therefore not binding in a contract and thirdly Alexander has made an oath on his magic not even to try to find a way into the tournament. Alex, please levitate the pillow over there.” He continued coldly. He knew that he had to voice the reasons why the contract was invalid.

Alex cast the wingardium leviosa at once and he had no trouble to levitate the pillow.

“But Harry, my boy, his name is still in the contract.” Dumbledore placated.

The goblet glowed shortly and the name on the fourth parchment disappeared.

“I think that was all, was is not, Headmaster?” Harry raised an eyebrow and Dumbledore nodded smiling.

“Alex, we go.” The Potter twins walked out of the room followed closely by their heads of houses.

“We will escort you back to your common rooms.” McGonagall explained shortly.

“Harry, why did you not press charges to find the culprit? It's not usual for you to let something like this slip.” Alex asked quietly but the two professors heard him nevertheless.

“Dumbledore would find a way to sweep this under the carpet. The media and the ministry are busy enough with the tournament so he would not even have to work hard.”

Severus had waited till the two Gryffindors were out of audible range.

“Do you want to address the Slytherins by yourself or would you prefer my official statement?” The professor knew that his snakes would accept Harry's words as well as his own announcement but he would give the young lord a chance to escape into his personal rooms.

“I think I can manage them. I fear Dumbledore will call you in later.”

“No doubt there.”

The Slytherins in their common room were polite enough to let Harry come in and gave him a chance to explain before pestering him with questions.

“My twin was entered against his will, so I could get him out. He has still his magic to proof.” Harry announced curtly. His housemates had known about the promise and just nodded before going their own ways.

“Why him, Harrison?” Blaise asked when the younger boy sat down at the fire the best place in the common room. Draco, Pansy and Theodore joined them as well as the one or other of his year mates.

“He's the boy-who-lived. He is walking trouble.” Draco snorted.

“But Harry is also the boy-who-lived. They have both survived that Halloween. I read it in an article for history last week.” Terence Jaden a sixth year reminded them.

“Oh, I forgot.” Draco said quietly.

“You and the rest of the wizarding world, Draco. You are in the best company.” Harry teased.

“Dumbledore has pushed the image of Alex as the boy-who-lived so much into the front that people tend to forget this little detail. But somehow I'm grateful for this. Could you imagine me being the
cover-boy for this farce?”

**

Few days later Harry had never been happier to have been successful in getting his twin out of the tournament as on the day of the first task. Dragons – they had arranged dragons for the first task and not the calmer one but nesting mothers that were protecting their eggs. Harry wondered where the animal rights activists were when they were needed. The next step was the Yule Ball. Harry was glad that he had forced Alex into the dancing lessons as he watched his twin on the dance floor with one of the Patil twins while Ron tried to dance with the other one. Hermione had been asked by Viktor and had caused quite an argument between the trio. Harry had to admit she had smartened up quite nicely.

“‘Arry? Want to dance?” Fleur asked him nicely. She had not cared about the age difference and had asked him out for the ball. She was a Delacour and she deserved the best...and someone had to protect the sweet little lord from the high amount of prestige seekers. A lot of girls had tried to get his attention. The little boy might be a genius but he had no experience with women. That he was a real gentleman was a bonus on top.

Harry let her her believes and enjoyed the dancing proving that he was quite capable of most complicated steps and rhythms. Once in a while he felt certain black eyes on his back.

**

“Alex, has your brother to be always so perfect?” Ron groaned after his Patil twin had gushed about Harry again – more likely not liking to be ignored by Ron.

“Long years of practice, Ron. Aunt Petunia had forced him into lessons since the day she had learnt that he had to become a lord.”

“I don't mean the dancing – well that too- but he even got the veela for his date!” Ron whined enviously.

“And yet he doesn’t want to be here. He hates the balls and I bet he would have liked to spend his evening with his project or with a good book. And I wonder when he will snap. He hates it when people go all “oh he's so cute and small. I have to protect him from the bad bad world.” Look at them! How she's trying to mother him and he only smiles. People take one look at his appearance and his age and forget that he has been emancipated for four years now. Being the youngest in any classes must be terrible.”

“You are also the youngest student in our classes, Alex.” Ron deadpanned.

“Yeah, but we are still the same age. He is the youngest in his class by two years.”

**

The second task was in February and it was cold. And again Harry was questioning the common sense of the headmasters and headmistress and the officials of the Tournament. The champions had to rescue someone from the Black Lake. That he was not ranting non-stop in the Board meetings or other occasions was only due to his upbringing.

The evening after the second task found Harry in Severus' rooms lying on the coach.

“Harrison, are you alright?” Severus asked concerned when he came back from his kitchenette with two cups of tea. The lost in posture was definitively not usual behaviour for the Potter Lord.
“When you accept the definition “alright” as in “so glad that I could give Percy Weasley a bonus for every task Alex had not to do” then sure, I'm alright.” Harry muttered.

Slowly he sat up again and sighed. Here in the quarter of his fiancé-to-be he could allow himself to let lose for a bit.

“Who did, in Salazar's name, plan this madness?” The young wizard asked and accepted his tea.

“The ordinary wizard and witch is not known for common sense, Harrison.” Severus drawled darkly. A glance at the man told him that he was amused by his lack of decorum.

“I'm afraid what the third task will bring.”

“Should you not worry more about your A-Levels in two months? The exams are a month before the last task.”

“And why do I have the bad feeling I should worry more about the trice-damned tournament?”

(1) I'm still unable to write accents properly so I will still not torture you with a botched up attempt. There are just a few things I can write with accent like the h for French.

Chapter End Notes

Finally! I'm up to date with this story^^. For now. I'm waiting for my beta to finish the other stories and then I have more time to write new chapters... hopefully. There is a lot to do^^.

For anyone, who liked my old work Soulbooks, I have posted it on my dreamwidth account.

http://lythanie.dreamwidth.org/

There's also a "to-do-list" where you can read what I'm doing :)

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