The Slytherin Prince

by Sablesilverrain

Summary

Sequel to A Prince in Lion's Clothing. Follows Harry as he explores his new relationships with friends, family and consort. There is growing up to do and rules to be broken. And deaths to bring about.

Notes

This will be the only chapter today (it's just after midnight Pacific time), so don't expect another until tomorrow morning. I only have one more after this, and no time to write, as I have to mow the lawn in the morning, then have D&D. So it will be a bit of a wait. Be patient with me, it will be worth it.
Harry sighed for the millionth time, sitting on Severus’ bed as the man went through his wardrobe, looking for his dark blue dress robes. “I want to go out. Somewhere. Anywhere.”

“And blow your cover so soon? If you go out as you are now, with me accompanying you, or alone, it will not take people long to realize you are you. You need a disguise of some sort.” Severus said pragmatically.

Harry sighed. “I look different and sound different. It should be enough.” He said.

“People are not stupid.” Severus said shortly. “If you are going to go out without a disguise, make it count.” He advised. He found something in his wardrobe that gave him an idea. “There is one way you can go out without altering your new look. You should still be fairly anonymous.” Severus murmured.

“How?” Harry asked eagerly. Anything to get out of this house and get some fresh air!

Severus drew out a dress. It had been his mother’s, but it was still in good repair, and with some alterations, could suit the current fashion well enough. “You could go out… As a girl.” He said.

Harry stared at the dress, then his face flamed. “A girl?!” he shouted.

“It’s this or nothing at all, I’m afraid.” Severus said.

Harry got up and took the dress in his hands, feeling it. It was light blue silk, and felt good against his hands. “I mean… I could try it on. See how it feels. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.”

Severus’ lips twitched. “You could even go out on a date with the Dark Lord, if you were properly disguised.” He added.

Harry’s eyes met his, and the young man flushed a bit. “I could...” He said quietly. He took the dress and darted into the bathroom. “No peeking!” He shouted through the door.
Severus’ lip curled. “I have absolutely no desire to see my son naked, thank you very much.” He muttered in distaste.

Harry changed, looking down at the light blue gown. He’d need to find a… A bra, and add some padding to fill out the top, but he could get used to the feeling. It felt good. He looked in the mirror. He’d need to find a way to cover his scar, but without the glamour he really didn’t resemble the Harry Potter people were used to anymore, and his hair had grown long enough to pass for a girl.

He could finally blend in!

He came out and smiled. “Do you have any make-up?” He asked his father, who looked astounded. “I need to cover the scar.”

Severus nodded, numbly. “There is a vanity in the second guest bedroom, it should be properly stocked still. Knock yourself out.” He said.

Harry beamed at him and left the room in search of it.

Severus sat down. His son made quite a beautiful girl.

The Dark Lord was going to fall for him all the faster.

Hopefully Harry would be able to handle it.

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“I need a name.” Harry said, standing in the entrance of the library.

Severus looked up, and his breath caught.

Harry had hidden his scar, highlighted his eyes and somehow made his plump lips look even fuller.
“You look beautiful.” Severus breathed.

Harry smiled shyly, fingers grasping the skirt of the dress and fidgeting with it. “You think so?” He asked hopefully.

Severus chuckled. “The Dark Lord isn’t going to know what hit him when he sees you in that.”

Harry laughed softly. “Still, a name?” He prompted.

“Jeanette?” Severus suggested.

“Jeanette what?” Harry asked.

“Why not Prince? You could be here looking for Harry. You’re his last living relative besides me. His cousin.” Severus told him with a smile.

Harry smiled. “I like that. It works.” He snorted. “And it’s not like anyone is going to ask my last name, anyway.”

Severus chuckled. “All the same, it is good to have a cover story, just in case.” He said pragmatically.

Harry nodded his agreement.

“So, I see you’ve padded the top.” Severus said.

“Does it look believable? Natural?” Harry asked worriedly.

Severus hummed. “Maybe go a cup size smaller?” He suggested. Harry had such a small frame, after all.
Harry pulled out some tissues and Severus laughed.

“We will get you some Wizarding prosthetics next time we are out.” He said, wiping tears of mirth from the corners of his eyes.

Harry scowled and wadded up the tissues, throwing the ball at Severus’ face. “It’s not like I had much to work with, Dad!” He snapped.

Severus stilled, hardly believing his ears. “What did you call me?” He asked, voice soft.

Harry flushed, and dropped his gaze to his feet. “Dad?” He whispered. “Sorry, if I was out of line —” He squeaked as Severus’ arms engulfed him, the man holding him in a tight hug.

“Never apologize for that!” Severus said, quietly but fiercely. “I have been waiting too long to hear you utter that name to me. You’ve no idea how happy you’ve just made me.” He pulled back, and Harry could see the happy smile on his lips. “I love you, son. You are everything I could have asked for in a child, and so much more. Now, go change, but leave the make-up over your scar on. We have some stores to go to before they close for the day.” He said briskly.

Harry smiled and left the room at a jog, heading for his own bedroom.

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“And these ones will adhere to your body, so you can wear them without a bra, which is good if you plan to wear anything backless or strapless.” The sales assistant said cheerfully, holding up a second set of prosthetics.

“We’ll get one set of those as well.” Severus said.

“We will?” Harry asked.

Severus nodded. “You are allowed to dress how you want, of course. I will not restrict you. Just
keep your own limits in mind.” He said.

Harry nodded.

“Also, you may be interested in some special underwear. No tell-tale bulges.” The girl said, leading them over to a rack of tight underwear that somehow managed to still look reasonably comfortable. “You can always buy one, try it out at home and come back for more if you like them.” She advised.

Harry looked questioningly at Severus.

“If you want it. Do you think he will like it, or does he want to feel the evidence that you are affected by him?” Severus asked.

Harry flushed. “Just one. In case I get something tight to wear and need it.” He said.

“We also sell a depilatory cream—”

“If you want to go that far, I will brew you one myself.” Severus said firmly.

Harry flushed. “Oh, I don’t know.”

“Legs are a must, at least.” The girl advised. “If you want to look believable. Armpits if you wear anything sleeveless.”

Harry sighed. “Fine. Dad, I’ll need something.”

“I will have it ready by tomorrow morning.” Severus told him.

“These should be good.” Harry said, then spotted a yellow sundress. “Oh, and one of those!”

The sales assistant smiled and got one. “Yes, they’re very pretty. We don’t often do clothes, but the
owner saw those and decided we’d make an exception for them. She does that sometimes.” She explained.

Severus paid for their purchases and the girl packed it all into a discreet brown bag.

“There you go! Don’t be a stranger, now! Remember, you can come in as a girl or a boy, and we don’t ask names. Secrecy is the name of our game.” She said happily.

Harry flushed as they left the store.

“Home?” Severus asked.

Harry nodded. “Yeah. Home.”

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Harry got a letter the next day from Sirius, asking Harry to meet him at Remus’ house, the Den.

Harry showed it to Severus. “He even says you can come; he’ll be civil. Can we go? I don’t want to lose them.” Harry said sadly.

Severus sighed. “I suppose we can. He likely saw the articles about the trial. You know he’ll bring it up.”

Harry nodded. “I can talk about it with him. I just need my Godfather and Moony in my life.” He said.

“Then we will go. Are you ready now?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, let’s go now. He says I’m welcome anytime.” He said.

“Alright. It’s the Den?” Severus asked.
“Yeah. I’ll go first.” Harry volunteered.

Severus scowled. “Yes, you will. And you will tell them that I am coming. Afterward, you can go alone. I just need to make sure it is safe there.” He said.

Harry led the way to the receiving room and Flooed over. He came out and looked around.

It was a cute, quaint, two-bedroom house.

“Harry!” Sirius said excitedly, getting up from the couch and hugging him.

“Severus is coming through, too.” Harry said, just before Severus came through.

“Sni—Severus.” Sirius corrected himself.

“Black.” Severus returned stiffly. “I am here to make sure Harrison will be safe here. After this visit, he may come alone.”

“You are welcome here anytime as well, Severus.” Remus said, walking in from the kitchen. “This is my house; Sirius is just staying here for company. I am free to invite whomever I want, and I want you to feel just as welcome here as Harry does. We’re adults, we can all be kind to one another. If you are raising Harry right, there is no need for animosity. We should all get along, for his sake if nothing else.” He said evenly.

Severus looked surprised. “Thank you, Remus. That is kind of you.”

Remus just smiled and inclined his head in recognition.

Sirius looked over Harry. “Gee, kid, you’re quite the looker now, aren’t you?”

Sirius made a face. “Yeah, well, the only bad thing about him is his nose. Your Mum’s influence made yours smaller, and it looks good on you.”

“It’s not smaller by much, though.” Harry said. “But I don’t mind it. Everyone who’s seen me like this says I look good.” He said happily.

He and Severus took the chairs on either side of the couch.

“So why did you want me to visit?”

Sirius sighed. “What’s this I heard about an Imperius potion being used on you? And Ron and Ginny ending up in Azkaban for it?”

Harry sighed. “Well, Ron turned on me when he found out I’m Severus’ kid, and he’s been harassing me all year. This was his final act, and he and Ginny brewed it together. The article pretty much covered everything; you have most of the story.”

“And you’re with this Lord Gryffindor bloke? Is he courting you good and proper?” Sirius asked.

“Er…” Harry hedged.


“He’s not really Lord Gryffindor. And most of my friends and I can lie under Veritaserum.” Harry looked down at his lap. “And I have gone Dark.” He whispered. “I’m in pretty deep.”

There was silence for long moments, and Harry’s eyes filled with guilty tears. He knew he’d just lost the last link he had to his life as Harry Potter.

Then, he felt arms wrap around him, and stiffened.
“It’s okay, Harry, we still love you.” Remus whispered. “There’s Dark in everyone, it’s okay to let it grow if you’re not causing terror and deaths all over the place. You’re still a good person, we know you.”

Sirius’ voice was hoarse when he asked, “How deep?” He took a deep breath. “It’s not the end of the world, but I need to know.”

“The one you know as Lord Gryffindor is actually Lord Slytherin. And Harry is his consort.” Severus told him.

Sirius paled. “Isn’t that You-Know-Who?”

“The Dark Lord, yes.” Severus told him.

“Listen, you call him what you want, I’ll call him what I want.” Sirius said sharply. “Harry, that’s a little dangerous. Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“He makes me feel safe. And he killed Vernon for me.” Harry said.

Sirius shook his head. “Of course he did.” He said.

“You don’t understand!” Harry shouted. “Vernon raped me!”

Sirius and Remus sucked in synchronised breaths.

“What?” Sirius choked out.

“And the Dark Lord and I avenged him. Harry has cast all three Unforgivables now.” Severus told them both.

“He makes me feel safe.” Harry said in a small voice.
More silence.

“I guess we can live with that, if you’re okay. When’s the wedding?” Sirius finally asked.

“Um, he doesn’t exactly think he’s marriage material.” Harry said, then added, “But I aim to change his mind!”

Remus chuckled. “You’ve got a task to do there.” He said.

“So where do we sign up?” Sirius asked.

Harry grinned. “Do you want to be my followers, or his?” He asked.

Sirius frowned. “Yours?”

“I have a group called the Hopefuls. They’re kind of my bodyguards. It stands for ‘Hopeful Future Death Eaters.’ Tom came up with it, and I’ve been recruiting like crazy.”

Sirius sighed. “Give me time to think about it, I’ll tell you on your birthday. What do I need to do for each?”

“To become a Death Eater, you cast all three Unforgivables on a Muggle that’s hurt a Witch or Wizard in front of Tom. Voldemort.” Harry amended. “To become a Hopeful, I explain the rules and give you a ring keyed to my master ring. It will call you when I need you.”

Remus shrugged. “I’m in, too. I’ll join whichever Sirius decides on. I don’t want him doing this alone.”

“Time for tea and you can tell me all about your year.” Sirius decided. “We’ll lighten things up for a bit.”
A Cleansing and a Chat

Harry was seated in the library, reading one of Merlin’s journals, when Tom found him.

“Harrison. Your father is nowhere to be found.”

“Dad’s in the lab. He’s brewing for Hogwarts’ infirmary right now.” Harry said, closing the journal. “Why are you here?”

“To see you.” Tom replied.

Harry picked up the journal. “Let me put this in my room, then I’ll meet you in the blue parlour.”

Tom nodded and headed for the room while Harry put the journal away where it would be safe.

Harry found Tom in the parlour and curled into his side. “I’m almost fifteen.”

“Still too young.” Tom said lightly.

Harry laughed. “I wasn’t going there, pervert. What are you getting me for my birthday?”

“Not telling you.” Tom said lightly.

“Fine.” Harry said. “Is it something good?”

“Perhaps. You’ll see.” Tom told him.

Harry flushed, then said, “I think I love you.”
Tom stilled. “Truly?” He asked in surprise.

Harry flushed further, then nodded.

“I love you, too, Harrison, I just didn’t want to be the first to say it. I’ve loved you for a little over a month now.” Tom admitted.

Harry smiled. “Good. So when are we getting married?”

Tom looked alarmed. “Now don’t put words into my mouth, I never said love automatically equals marriage!” He said.

Harry pouted. “You don’t love me after all.”

“I can love you without wedding you, my beloved Prince.” Tom said stubbornly.

“You’ll marry me.” Harry said surely.

“In ten thousand years.” Tom rebutted.

“That’s not a no.” Harry said happily.

Tom chuckled.

“Luna’s coming over tomorrow to do the cleansing.”

Tom groaned. “Didn’t we just do it?”

“We need to do it again to get onto a regular schedule.” Harry pointed out. “Then every six months.”
Tom hummed. “Fine. I suppose I’ll live. If it hurts that bad again, I may just wring her pretty little neck.”

“You’ll do no such thing!” Harry told him firmly. “Luna’s my friend!”

“She’s lucky she is.” Tom muttered.

Harry grinned. “You like her.”

“Despite myself.” Tom agreed. “So why tomorrow?” He asked.

Harry shrugged. “Dunno. She said she could spend the night if you wanted. Why don’t you tell me why?”

Tom flushed. “Oh. Does she want to help us? I was going to have it just be us two, but I suppose two extra hands can’t hurt.”

“Extra hands for what?” Harry asked.

Tom smiled wickedly, and Harry’s heart skipped several beats at the thrill in his eyes. “We’re collecting some people from Azkaban.”

Harry smiled. “Ron and Ginny?” He asked.

Tom nodded. “And Bellatrix, Rudolphus and Rabastan Lestrange. As well as Damien Mulciber and Augustus Rookwood.” He added.

Harry made a face. “Oh.” He said tonelessly.

“They are loyal. And useful.” Tom said firmly.
“Perhaps more mad than useful at this point.” Harry muttered.

Tom chuckled. “Nevertheless, we will give them a chance to prove themselves.” He told him.

Harry chuckled. “Whatever. I want to spend the night at your house soon.”

Tom snorted. “You’ll have to talk with your father, he’s the only thing stopping you at this point.” He said lightly.

Harry sighed. “Yeah, I know.”

“Talk to me about what?” Severus asked from just outside the doorway.

“Sleeping over at Tom’s.” Harry said hopefully.

Severus turned around. “No.” He said, then walked away.

Harry scowled. “I’m going to run away, move in with you, and then we can elope.” He said in an undertone to Tom.

Tom smiled. “As much as I approve of the first two parts of that plan, you know you won’t go through with it.” He said.

Harry nodded. “I’m going to go talk with him.” He said.

Tom sighed. “Then I shall go home. I will see you and Luna tomorrow.”

Harry kissed him. “Love you.” He said.

“As I love you.” Tom returned.
Harry went to find Severus and found him in the family room. “Why not?” He asked.

Severus sighed heavily. “Why do you want to?” He asked instead of answering.

“I want to get comfortable over there. And spend some time with him. Without you walking in every two minutes. Plus, I can torture his servants whenever I want, so you can’t say I’m not safe there!” Harry said.

Severus regarded him calmly for long minutes. “And sleeping?” He asked.

“Will be separate. I’m too young, he says, even after my birthday, and I’m not ready for sex yet, I’d talk with you first, you know I would!” Harry pouted. “Please? Pretty please?”

“The physical appearance of your please changes nothing, Harrison. Pretty is only skin-deep, after all.”

Harry frowned. “How much skin does a ‘please’ even have?”

“I’m sure I don’t know.” Severus said. Lips twitching in amusement. He sighed. “I suppose you can go. After your birthday.” He allowed.

“Yay! Thank you, Dad! You’re awesome!” Harry hugged him happily.

“I like to think I am. My reticence is for your own good, you know. I’m trying to keep you safe.” He explained.

Harry nodded against his chest. “I know. But you said yourself he’s not a rapist, and no matter how much I tell him I’ll be ready to do stuff soon, he keeps saying I’m too young. I’m pretty sure we can trust him.”

Severus’ arms tightened around Harry. “I’m sure it will be fine. I’m just a little overprotective. You can’t fault me for being that way, knowing your past as I do.”
“I don’t blame you. I had it rough, you want things to be better. It’s an admirable hope to have. You’re a good man. But I think so is Tom. I’m usually right.” Harry said.

“True. So I will trust him as you do, until he gives me cause to change my mind.”

Harry grinned widely. “Thanks, Dad.”

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“So Dad asked what we do here. Me, you and Luna. I told him it’s a cleansing. He knows that much. He doesn’t know it’s a naked cleansing. Nobody tell him.” Harry said nervously.

Tom laughed. “Wonderful. And when did you start calling him that?”

Harry flushed. “Since last week. When he offered me his mum’s clothes to dress in for anonymity. I was ready for some time before that, but the time never seemed right, and then… It just kind of slipped out. I wanted it to be special.” He mumbled the last.

Tom smiled and raised his chin to look into his eyes. “Harry, I’m sure to him, it was special. It’s the one thing he wanted most from you, that kind of acceptance, that familial connection. You both acted like family, but the closeness in your words was still a touch formal. Now that space is gone, and you are truly family in every sense. I’m sure he is thrilled that that hurdle has been crossed now.” He kissed him. “Let’s see how badly this is going to hurt now.”

Harry tried very hard to not watch as he undressed, and Tom smiled.

“Shall I give you a striptease, My Pretty Prince? You’re staring, and I believe if you had your mouth open, you would be drooling.”

Harry flushed. “I’m a hot-blooded male, I’m allowed to find you attractive!” He said defensively.

Tom hummed as he removed the rest of his clothing. “Hot-blooded, you say?” He asked.
Harry cleared his throat. “I’ve… Had thoughts. About you, and me. The urges are coming, and I’m ready for them. It’s a little daunting, still, thinking of being with you, but… I’m getting there.”

“That makes me very happy. But we must go slowly. Sex will wait a few more years, or until your inheritance hits. Nature will know when it is time.” Tom assured him, then sat down on the bed.

Luna handed him the potion, and Tom drank it down, then lay back. “Alright, Miss Lovegood, do your worst.” He said.

Harry looked him over.

He was soft, and while he had said he was big, he didn’t look much bigger than Harry himself was, and Harry was a little disappointed. Still, he didn’t want it to hurt, so maybe it was good that he didn’t look very big?

Tom groaned and his brow furrowed.

“Soothe him, Harry. He’s going to have a headache after, he crucioed Wormtail quite severely after you had to be purified by the goblins.” Luna told Harry.

Harry laid a hand on his forehead and stroked his hair out of his eyes, then looked at Luna. “Can I kiss him?” He asked.

Luna nodded. “Just don’t fight my magic if you feel a tingle. Let it wash through you.” She said.

Harry nodded his agreement, and kissed Tom.

Tom moaned, leading the kiss and stealing his breath.

After a few more minutes, Luna sighed. “Done!”
Tom hummed in surprise. “I thought you said they would take an hour?” He asked.

Luna nodded. “They usually will, but it has not been six months since your last one, so it took a shorter time.” She explained.

//I thought you said you were big.// Harry said in Parseltongue. //You didn’t look very big to me. You looked about the same size as me.//

Tom frowned. //Really? I always thought Prince men were well-endowed in that area.//

Harry flushed and scowled. //I’m not done growing! What’s your excuse?!//

Tom scowled right back. //You ingrate! I’m a grower, not a shower! It’ll be plenty big once it gets hard, trust me. You’ll have plenty to enjoy.// He finished in a purr.

Harry flushed at that.

“So, lunch?” Tom suggested, opening his wardrobe and dressing without a care.

Luna smiled. “Yes, please! Your house-elf makes delicious food!” She said.

Harry nodded. “Yeah. It is a boy or girl?” He asked.

“Misty is a girl. She was Lucius’ youngest house-elf. He offered her to me when I asked for one.” Tom said.

They went down to the dining room and Tom ordered cheese ravioli. “So, you want to help us tonight?” He asked Luna.

Luna smiled widely. “Yes. I think it would be fun! You don’t need me, you’ll be fine without me, but I’d like to have my first actual mission. And this one would not require me to kill. It’s safe.”
Tom hummed thoughtfully. “Can you cast a Patronus?” He asked.

Luna cast, and a small hare bounded across the table to him.

Tom smiled. “Fine. You may come with us.” He said.

“Yay! It'll be so much fun!” Luna said happily.

Harry snorted. “You need to re-examine your definition of fun.” He said.

They ate their lunch and Harry and Luna went back to Prince Manor.

“Dad!” Harry called out.

“I’m in the library, Harrison!” Severus replied. “Don’t shout!”

Harry and Luna joined him. “Luna's going to stay the night tonight. And Tom is taking us on a mission.”

Severus’ nostrils flared. “Oh? He is?” He asked silkily.

Harry glared at him. “He is. And you're not taking this away from me!” He added sternly.

“I seem to recall something about me being the father here. Perhaps I was mistaken?” Severus asked. “So what is this ‘mission’ you are so intent on going on?”

Luna smiled dreamily. “Mass Azkaban breakout.” She said lightly.

Severus’ eye twitched. “Who is he picking up?”
“Ron, Ginny, Bellatrix, Rudolphus, Rabastan, Damien and Augustus.” Luna told him.

Severus sucked in a breath. “No. They are dangerous.” He said.

Luna laughed—loudly. “Silly. I can *easily* neutralise them.”

“Oh? And how will you do that?” Severus asked in disbelief.

Luna turned to Harry. “Plug your ears.” She said, then turned back to Severus and started humming.

Severus' eyelids quickly drooped and he fell asleep, snoring softly.

Luna elbowed Harry, who unplugged his ears. “You can wake him.”

Harry grinned and woke Severus.

Luna smiled sweetly at him. “Like that.” She said.

Severus sighed in resignation. “You may go. And breakfast will be served three hours later tomorrow.”

Harry cheered and hugged him. “Thank you!”

Severus sighed. “Be safe.” He said.

Luna smiled. “We will.” She assured him.

“This is me trusting him with the most important thing in my life.” Severus told them. “Make sure I don’t regret it.”
Luna smiled. “I promise you won’t.” She assured him.
First Mission

Harry and Luna were in the receiving room waiting for Tom, Harry in his consort robes and mask, Luna in her cowled cloak. Tom came through, a wide smile on his face, blood-red eyes shining with excitement. “Your first real mission.” He said. “Are you excited?” He asked.

Harry grinned widely. “Very.” He answered.

“Oh, yes!” Luna added. “This will be so much fun!”

“I will Apparate you both to the dock; I had some one procure us a boat. It will be waiting there.” He said. “We will ride the boat to the prison. All the people we are breaking out are in maximum security.”

Harry frowned. “Even yours?” He asked.

Tom smiled. “Of course. They were some of my most trusted. They did not renounce me. They will be rewarded, but we have to get them out first.”

“If you say so.” Harry said doubtfully. “I just don’t think it’s exactly a good idea—"

“They were in maximum security for following Our Lord, Harry. The same thing you are doing, the same thing I am doing. The only reason they are locked up is because the Ministry doesn’t like Marvolo.” Luna said. She could say more, offer either of them a word of caution in regards to the troublemaker, but certain things had to play out in certain ways for Marvolo to realise how much Harry meant to him. And that bridge needed to be crossed sooner, rather than waiting until Harry was thirty. Harry would not be able to wait that long.


Tom Apparated them both to a dock where a boat was waiting with a hooded figure in Death Eater robes next to it. He handed over the rope holding the boat close by to Tom. “My Lord.” He bowed.

“Thank you, Dolohov. We will see you back at the Manor.”
The man bowed to them all, adding an extra nod specifically to Harry. “My Prince.” He said, then Apparated away.

Harry flushed. “Are they all supposed to address me like that?” He asked.

Tom smiled. “I prefer if they do.” He said.

Luna giggled. “Dolohov just scored major brownie points!” She said.

“I guess.” Harry said.

“Alright, into the boat.” Tom said.

Harry got in, then Luna followed. Once they were in, Tom joined them. They set off toward the pinprick in the distance. “We will need to spell yours to sleep.” He said to Harry. “If they struggle once I try to Apparate them, I will splinch them.” He told Harry.

Harry scowled. “That's no fun.” He said.

“I intended to have your father teach you to Apparate before we did this, but he said no and put his foot down, so we will do it this way instead.” Tom said. “I will take them in groups of two to my Manor.”

“Hm. Wonder why he did that?” Harry asked.

Luna snorted. “You don’t have the concentration needed to learn to Apparate yet. He just doesn’t want to see you in pieces.” Luna said.

Harry scowled. “I’m sure I could learn!” He denied.

“Not yet.” Luna said firmly. “Next year at Easter you will be ready. But you have to wait until then.”
“Easter fifth year, or sixth?” He asked for clarification.

“Hm? Oh. Fifth. It will be soon.” She assured him. “We'll need to put most of yours to sleep, Marvolo.” Luna warned. “They'll be a liability awake until you introduce us.” She told him.

Tom hummed. “I can spell them asleep, I suppose.”

Luna shook her head. “Let me do it. It doesn’t leave spell work behind, no trace of magic.” She said. “And they won’t wake until I undo it.”

Tom frowned, looking at Harry, who nodded. “She just hums. You'll have to plug your ears, though.” He warned.

Tom nodded. “Very well.” He said.

They got to the prison and disembarked, stunning the guard near the doors. They walked in and felt the chill in the air.

There were no guards here, this time of night, just Dementors. Luna and Harry cast their Patroni and they continued on, the silver animals keeping the fiends at bay.

After about half an hour, they came to the maximum security cells. Tom came to the first and looked in. He smiled. “Ah, Bella. Hello again.”

A woman looked up and her eyes widened. She stood and raced to the edge of her cell, grabbing the bars and staring at Tom. “My Lord!” She breathed. “You're back! You came for us!” She said eagerly, fanatically. Then she frowned. “Why did you bring children?” She asked.

Tom chuckled. “You will treat these children with proper respect. They are my consort and his follower. Now, we need to put you to sleep. When you wake, you will be at my Manor, and we will decide where to go from there.” He said.
The woman, who Harry assumed was Bellatrix Lestrange, nodded. “Yes, My Lord, of course. Whatever you need to do. We have been waiting so long!” She said.

“Plug your ears.” Luna said to Harry and Tom. “Not you.” She added to Bellatrix. Then, she began humming. Bellatrix fell asleep quickly, and Luna nodded to Tom and Harry.


“That should have put to sleep everyone in the vicinity.” A dementor glided by, avoiding them where they were standing behind the two Patroni.

“Very effective. Thank you, Luna, you have a singular talent.” Tom said in approval.

Luna smiled happily. “I try to be helpful when I can be.” She said simply.

Tom nodded. “It’s appreciated.” He said. “Now, we need her,” He opened the cell door and went in, picking her up. “Him,” He opened another door to another sleeping inmate and Luna went in, casting a featherweight charm and picking him up, placing him in the centre of the hallway next to Bellatrix. “We need these two,” he opened two more cell doors, “And this one is my last.”

Harry picked up the two that were together, and Luna brought out the last. They made sure everyone was under a featherweight and Luna volunteered to carry the light but unwieldy load.

They went down another twenty feet and stopped outside Ron and Ginny’s cells.

Luna began humming and Tom and Harry hastily covered their ears, Tom shooting her an angry glare for not warning them first.

Luna seemed unperturbed by the look as she hummed a bit longer and Ron and Ginny slipped deeper into sleep. “Okay, we can get them out now. They won't wake.”

Tom sighed and uncovered his ears, assuming that's what she'd just said, and opened the doors, casting featherweights and picking up the two. He led them back out of the prison and to the boat.
As they were leaving with their burdens, Luna smiled. “I should wake Rookwood to help take everyone back, he won't give us any trouble.” She said.

Tom nodded. “If you think that's the best idea.” He said.

Luna nodded. “Oh, yes, I believe it is.” She said, and bent to whisper something in his ear.

He stirred and looked around, spotting Tom and looking at him reverently. “My Lord. You came!” He said.

“I did.” Tom said. “We need your help taking everyone to my Manor. We will decide where to go from there.” He told the man.

Rookwood nodded. “Yes, My Lord. Whatever you say, it will be done!”

Harry snorted. //He's obedient.// He hissed.

//One of his better qualities. He almost never questions me.// Tom agreed.

Harry nodded. There was silence as they drew closer to the end of the anti-Apparition Wards. When they passed them, Tom took Bellatrix and Rudolphus into his arms. “Bring Mulciber and Rabastan.” He told Rookwood. “Follow the Mark.”

Rookwood nodded. “Yes, My Lord.”

They Disapparated and Harry and Luna waited patiently until they had come back. “Bring the two sleeping children.” Tom told Rookwood, not trusting him not to splinch Harry.

“Yes, My Lord.” He Apparated away as Tom grabbed Harry around the waist and Luna held to his other arm.

They Disapparated and appeared in Riddle Manor, in the receiving room. Tom grabbed Ron and Ginny. “I will take them to the dungeons. I will be right back.”
Rookwood eyed Harry and Luna as Tom left. “So, who are you?” He asked them.

“Luna Lovegood.” Luna told him airily.

Harry lowered his hood and removed his mask. “Marvolo’s second. His consort.” He added.

Rookwood’s eyes widened. “He’s never taken a consort before. Hm… He likes them young, it seems.” He added.

Tom came back up then. “We haven’t done anything yet.” He said. “We won’t until he is older.”

Rookwood nodded. “A wise choice. Who are you?” He asked Harry.

“Harrison Prince, formerly Harry Potter.”

Rookwood looked stunned. “Oh.”

“Yeah, the prophecy was a fake.” Harry told him.

“I see.” He said. “Severus’ son. With the Mudblood?” He asked.

Harry stiffened. “My mother was the last of the Selwyn line!” He shouted in irritation. “And that’s a long story.” He added.

Rookwood frowned. “If you say so.” He said doubtfully.

Tom turned to Luna. “Wake the others and then the ones in the basement. Then you two may return to Prince Manor. I will see you both the night before Harrison’s birthday for a Meeting.” He said.
Luna nodded. “I will be right back, Harry. Say your goodbyes.”

Harry kissed Tom deeply as Luna hummed a livelier tune and everyone woke, then she headed down to the dungeons to wake Ron and Ginny.

“I love you. Be good. Well, as good as you get, at least.” Harry said.

Tom chuckled. “We will kill your former friends during the next meeting. Have fun until then.” He said.

Harry smiled. “I will. Come by in three days. I will have a surprise for you.” He said.

Tom looked intrigued. “I do like surprises.” He murmured.

Luna came back up. “All right. Let's go.” She said, leading the way to the Floo and heading back to Prince Manor.

Harry followed.
Fred and George walked into Gringotts and went up to the desk. “We need to see Griphook.” Fred said.

The goblin looked at them. “First, Sharptooth wants to speak with you. I will get him.”

Fred and George eyed each other warily. He dealt with older families, and while the Weasleys were old, they dealt almost exclusively with Griphook. Why would Sharptooth want to speak with them?

Sharptooth came up to them and smiled at Fred and George. “Welcome. While you are here, perhaps you would like to get an inheritance test done?” He suggested. “You would be able to claim a Lordship if you do.”

They frowned. “Which Lordship? Bill is Lord Weasley after Dad.” George said.

Sharptooth’s smile changed to a smirk. “Ah, but the Prewett Lordship can only be claimed by identical twins of Prewett blood. And you are the only ones that qualify. You can disown Molly Weasley and she will be unable to access the Prewett vaults henceforth.”

George smiled. “Wicked! Yes, let’s do that!” He said excitedly.

Sharptooth grinned as he got the papers needed. “We have been waiting for you two to come alone. It helps that you are now of age.” He said, setting the papers in front of them. “Four drops of blood.” He said.

Fred and George pricked themselves and let the blood drop onto the parchment, and it was absorbed, then words began to appear.

Name: Fredrick Gideon Weasley

Inheritance: Sinicus, Prewett line
Family: Arthur Septimus Weasley (father)
Molly Weasley nee Prewett (mother)
Albus Dumbledore (godfather)
Septimus Theodore Weasley (paternal grandfather)
Aurora Abbott Weasley (paternal grandmother)
Arcturus Charles Prewett (maternal grandfather)
Audrey Selwyn Prewett (maternal grandmother)
Theodore Ronald Weasley (paternal great-grandfather)
Rosalynn Black Weasley (paternal great-grandmother)
Richard Erick Prewett (maternal great-grandfather)
Doris Prince Prewett (maternal great-grandmother)

Vaults owned: Fred and George Weasley-personal (475)
Prewett family vaults (643, 644)
Weasley trust (413)

Heirships and Lordships: Lord Prewett—Identical twin of Prewett blood

Fred smiled. “Nice.”

He looked over at George’s.

Name: George Fabian Weasley

Inheritance: Sinicus, Prewett line

Family: Arthur Septimus Weasley (father)
Molly Weasley nee Prewett (mother)
Albus Dumbledore (godfather)
Septimus Theodore Weasley (paternal grandfather)
Aurora Abbott Weasley (paternal grandmother)
Arcturus Charles Prewett (maternal grandfather)
Audrey Selwyn Prewett (maternal grandmother)
Theodore Ronald Weasley (paternal great-grandfather)
Rosalynn Black Weasley (paternal great-grandmother)
Richard Erick Prewett (maternal great-grandfather)
Doris Prince Prewett (maternal great-grandmother)

Vaults owned: Fred and George Weasley-personal (475)
Prewett family vaults (643, 644)
Weasley trust (413)

Heirships and Lordships: Lord Prewett—Identical twin of Prewett blood

“We’re related pretty strongly to Harry.” George remarked.

“Won’t he be surprised!” Fred said happily.

“Looks like we’ll have mates, though.” George said heavily. “We’ll have to talk to Draco.”

“Yeah. Maybe we’ll get lucky and he’ll have an inheritance coming? Do you think we could be that lucky?” Fred asked.

“I have no idea. But with the way the blacks feel about creatures, it would have to be from his dad. And the Malfoys don’t exactly advertise any creature blood. If they have it, they keep it secret.” George said.

“Why haven’t we come into our inheritances yet?”
Sharptooth sighed. “You’ve probably been blocked. Come, we’ll give you a potion to dissolve any blocks on your creature sides.” He said, then led them to the end of the counter and through a door. He took them to a private office and opened the drawer on the desk where potions were kept. He pulled out two creature block removers and handed them over. “Careful. It can be jarring in some circumstances.” He warned.

They both took their potions and their awareness sharpened.

Fred could sense magic more keenly, even see it, and he could smell George, a sweet, alluring scent that called to him.

Enticing him.

George could feel an emptiness inside him, begging to be filled, and could also smell Fred, a spicy scent that soothed something inside him.

“Are we… Each others’ mates?” Fred asked, confused.

Sharptooth chuckled. “Most sets of Prewett twins share a single mate. You are probably going to follow that tradition.” He told them. “One dominant to the other, one submissive.” He clarified.

George chuckled. “Yeah. We figured out that much already.”

“First, you should disown Molly Weasley from the Prewett family. You say, in unison, ‘We, your names in whichever order you wish, do hereby cast Molly Weasley nee Prewett from the Most Ancient and Most Noble house of Prewett. As we will it, so mote it be.’ And then it will be done.” Sharptooth told them.

Fred and George grinned. “We, Fredrick Gideon Weasley and George Fabian Weasley, do hereby cast Molly Weasley nee Prewett from the Most Ancient and Most Noble house of Prewett. As we will it, so mote it be.”

A soft glow encased them, and Sharptooth nodded. “It is done.” He said, then hummed. “So, let’s go down to the Prewett artefacts vault. You two can pick up your Lordship rings and any other items you like.” He offered.
“Sounds good to me.” Fred said.

George nodded. “Yeah, let’s go.”

Sharptooth led them out of the office and to the carts. They all got in one and made the dizzying ride down to the Prewett vaults.

They got out and Sharptooth opened the vault and Fred and George walked in.

The Lordship rings were in a box sitting on the desk that was in the centre of the room. They each put one on and they warmed and resized to fit them properly.

There were also two signets, and they both slipped one onto their right pinkie finger.

“What's this?” Fred asked, picking up a book. “It's calling to me.”

Sharptooth chuckled. “It should be. That is a book on Sinicus abilities and how to use them. It will also tell you how to protect your brother until you two find your mate.” He explained.

Fred nodded and shrunk the book, slipping it into his pocket. “Good information to have.” He murmured.

George huffed. “Oi! I can protect myself just fine!” He snapped.

“Not against Dominant creatures, you can't. You need someone else, another Dominant, to back you up. Submissives are not fighters, and forgive me, but I can smell you from here. Way too sweet to be anything but a sub.” Sharptooth said, amused.

George scowled. “Great.” He muttered. “Goblins can smell me.”

Sharptooth gave him an amused smile as he looked around the vault. “About 80 percent of creatures
in the Wizarding World will be able to smell you; might as well make your peace with it now.” He said. “The only ones that won't are the pure humans.” He told them. “They're nose-blind.”

Fred snickered. “You smell wonderful, don’t worry about it.”

“Worry?” George asked, then burst out: “Don’t worry! I’m furious, not worried!” He told his brother.

Fred walked over and took George's shoulders in his hands. “George, it’s going to be fine. Who got us out of most of our scrapes?”

George sighed. “You.” He said.

Fred nodded. “And who is always the first of us to fight when things end up going that way?” He pressed on.

“You, but—”

“We don’t even need to go into which if us prefer to bottom, do we?” He whispered, and George blushed brightly. “It's fine, it'll just be more of the same. It doesn’t change much, really.” Fred said. “Come on, let's go up and head back to Diagon. Draco should be done buying clothes by now.”

George snorted. “You hope.” He muttered.

Fred nodded. “I sincerely do.” He agreed.

They went back up and re-entered the lobby to find Draco and Lucius there with bags.

“All done?” George asked.

“Are you? What took you so long?” Draco shot back.
Fred began listing their activities on his fingers. “Inheritance tests, unblocked our creature sides—”

“What creature?” Draco asked, seeming desperate to know.

Fred frowned. “Sinicus. Both of us.” He said.

Draco’s face fell.

“Why?”

Lucius bent down and whispered to Draco, “That still means they could be your mates. There’s actually a higher chance of it. Which creature they are matters little.”

Fred inhaled deeply and his eyes widened. “Wow, Sir! You smell good!” He said in surprise.

Lucius flushed. “Let’s have this conversation at home, in private.” He said.

Fred and George nodded and they all Apparated, Draco side-along, to the receiving room of Malfoy Manor.

Lucius cleared his throat. “Follow me.” He said.

He led them to a parlour and called an elf. “Tea for five, and tell Narcissa to meet us in here.” He told it. It nodded, popped away, and came back a minute later with a tea service.

“Mistress Cissa bes coming!” It told them before leaving.

Lucius sighed. “Let's make our tea while we wait for her.” He suggested.

Fred and George were curious, Draco seemed to be buzzing with anticipation, but since Lucius was refusing to speak without Narcissa there, they just made their tea and waited.
After a few minutes, Narcissa came into the room. She smelled of soap and perfume, but no scents they noticed as out of the ordinary for her. “What's the matter, Dear?” She asked Lucius.

Lucius cleared his throat. “The twins have just had their creature sides unblocked.” He told her.

Narcissa beamed. “Oh, but that's wonderful news!” She sat next to him and smiled at Fred and George. “So what are you two, then?”

“Sinicus.” Fred answered.

“The proper plural is ‘Sinicae.’” Lucius corrected. “However, this is indeed very good news. As you noted earlier, I smell pleasant to you. That is because I am a Veela. Veela give off an alluring scent, which is even more enticing to our mates, should they happen to be creatures.” He said. “Draco has not taken the inheritance test yet, so we do not know yet if he will have an inheritance at all. As things stand, he has a fifty percent chance of being a Veela as well when he comes into his majority. If he is, there is a chance—a high chance, given your current association—that you two could he his mates. I can tell one of you is dominant, and one submissive, and while Veela are usually one or the other, there are rare cases where a Veela has dual mates, one of each.”

Fred and George were stunned. They both looked at Draco, who smiled and flushed. “For what it's worth, I hope you two are my mates.” He said.

“For now,” Lucius said, “You two should treat each other as though you are mates. It will teach you how to properly respond to Draco if he becomes yours. If he is not, you still need to know how to properly respond to whoever your mate happens to be.” He told them.

“Yes, Sir.” George said.

“Also, we received a Lordship today.” Fred told him.

“Oh?” Lucius asked.

“Prewett.” Fred revealed with relish.
Lucius smiled. “Excellent news. Sacred twenty-eight. I can now consent if you two wish to enter into a courtship or marriage contract with Draco, provided it becomes void if you two are not his mates.” He said.

George flushed. “We'll think about it, Sir.” He said.

Lucius smiled. “Take your time.” He said. “This is not something to rush into. Narcissa can explain what you need to know as a Veela's possible mates.”
“Tom’s on his way!” Harry called out to Severus before thundering up the stairs.

Severus sighed and went to the receiving room to meet the man.

Tom came through and frowned. “Not quite the welcoming party I was expecting. Where’s Harrison?”

“Getting something ready for you.” Severus said. “You should take him out today.” He said.

Tom smiled. “That was the plan. You’re not going to try and stop us, then?” He asked.

“Harry deserves a date, and I have no problems with him going out, provided he is safe. He will be safe with you, and under the circumstances that are in place now.” Severus said.


“I daresay you will see for yourself.” Severus said, leading the man out to the main hall. “Let’s wait here. You will get the full effect that way.”

Tom frowned. “Full effect? What on Earth are you talking about?”

“Wait.” Severus said.

Harry’s door was heard closing and the teen appeared at the top of the stairs, in Eileen’s old dark green dress, altered to fit him better and be more fashionable. His hair was held in place with a few clips, shaped like snakes, and his makeup was tastefully done.

Tom stared for long minutes, then let out a strangled, “Oh, Merlin!”
Severus chuckled as ‘Jeanette’ came down the stairs, a soft, shy smile apparent.

“Well?” Harry gave a little twirl. “What do you think?”

Tom turned to Severus. “I can guess that this was your idea. I may kill you for this.”

Severus snorted.

Harry looked confused. “Do you not like it?” He asked. “I can go change—”

“No, don’t do that!” Tom said hurriedly. “I do like it, a bit too much, if I’m honest. You look beautiful.” He said.

Harry smiled. “Thank you.”

Tom turned to Severus. “I’m taking him out. Right now. We have dinner reservations at seven, we can find things to do until then. Remember how to address me in public, my little Prince.”

Harry smiled and took his arm. “Yes, Marvolo, of course.” He said.

Tom smiled. “We will be back by eleven. I may take him for a short stroll when dinner is done, or we may stay and dance awhile, but he will not be out too late.”

Severus inclined his head. “That is fair. I will expect him no later than eleven, then.”

Tom gave him a nod, and they Disapparated.

They reappeared in a place Harry was unfamiliar with. “Where are we?” He asked.

“The only place to get proper Italian food.” Tom answered.
Harry caught snippets of conversation and realised he didn’t understand a word. “You took me to Italy?!” He asked.

Tom smiled. “Here.” He tapped Harry with his wand and words he understood reached his ears. “You should already know the translation spell, but Severus does not often leave the country, so it’s understandable that you haven’t had to learn it yet.”

Harry huffed. “What are we doing here?” He asked. “Not that I don’t like traveling, I never really got to go anywhere, but why here?”

“I thought you might like to see it. Italy is beautiful, really. Come, I’ll show you around. There is a place I want to take you, particularly as it holds great significance for Wizards and Witches.” He led Harry down a few streets and to a large church. “This is called the Pantheon. It was originally a temple to all of the old gods, before the Christians took it over and dedicated it to St. Mary and her martyrs. The Wizarding section is still in use, and is dedicated to the old ones.” He led Harry around to the back side and pointed at a wall. “The entrance is here.” He walked through, and Harry followed.

The entryway led to stairs down, and Harry went down, following Tom until they reached the bottom, where there were some other Wizarding folk, some looking around reverently, others bent in prayer or leaving offerings at the twelve altars set up in the area.

“Wow. This is really beautiful.” Harry said, looking around at the statues.

“Yes, it is.” Tom replied, voice also reverently hushed. “This is almost the last place on Earth where you can properly honour our gods. There are a few others, but this place is special for its rarity.” He began walking around, looking at the statues. “This was my patron god before I fell the first time. Mars, the god of war. And Minerva, goddess of war. As well as many other things.” He pointed to another. “Both of whom I failed. But my life has taken a turn for the better, now, and as such I have dedicated myself to different gods.”

“Who?” Harry asked.

Tom smiled. “Pluto, the god of the underworld, is my current patron god. Because I will be joining him this time around, willingly. Persephone is his wife, and so I am dedicated to her, as well.” He said, pointing out two more statues.
Harry smiled. “I’m glad you’re giving up immortality for me. I don’t want to have to fight you over this. If it’s not fully willing, it loses something of value.”

Tom sighed and nodded. “Which is why I am not putting up a fight. It means more if it is not a bone of contention between us.” He said. “But let me do it slowly.”

Harry smiled. “You have five hundred years.” He said evenly.

Tom hummed. “It will be enough.” He said.

Harry pulled him down into a deep kiss, which Tom accepted and returned with interest.

“For now…” Tom pulled something out of a pocket in his robe and laid it on the altar before Pluto. “I will come back here every time one of these is gone, and give them to him. As part of my promise.” The diary shimmered briefly, then disappeared.

Harry blinked in surprise as Tom smiled. “My offering has been accepted.” He said. “Come, we should make one more stop before our reservation.” He said, wrapping an arm around Harry’s waist and leading him out of the temple.

They walked for a bit, and Tom stopped before a fountain with an obelisk surrounded by some sculptures. “This area is the Piazza Navona.” He said, looking at the fountain for a bit, then moving on. “There is some beautiful artwork here, but most of it is for the mundanes. Not us.” He stopped in front of another fountain, and while it was beautiful, Harry could tell by his face that it was not what they were here for, either. “There is one fountain here, however, that our kind gravitate to, and pay homage to, still.” He stopped in front of one and looked at it, his look turning reverent. “It’s this one.” He said softly. “The fountain of Neptune. He is the guardian of all who live at sea, or venture into the water. I came and prayed for safe passage to Azkaban and back the day before we did the cleansing. I am here now to thank him for his protection.” He pulled out three galleons and tossed them into the fountain. “One for each of us.” He said. “The others I did not pray for, it is his will whether they lived or died. I have made it this far without them since my resurrection, and as for yours, well, a death at sea would still have been a death. Not very satisfying, and it does not send the same message, but the will of the gods is their choice, and we all must abide by it.” He said lightly.

Harry grinned. “I am looking forward to killing them, though.” He said happily.
Tom smiled at him fondly. “And so you shall.” He said warmly. “It will be wonderful to watch my followers learn to be wary of you. You will have to allow me my fun first, though.”

Harry nodded. “You can do whatever you want, just leave them alive. I just want to cast the final curse and watch the light leave their eyes.” He said.

Tom smiled. “You are so beautiful when you get bloodthirsty.”

Harry chuckled. “I’m glad you think so.” He said.

Tom wrapped an arm around his waist once more. “Come, we need to get to the restaurant.”

Harry let him lead him down several streets and into a side-street, and he shivered at the feeling of Wards. “What—”

“The Wizarding section proper. We can be ourselves here, and don’t need to worry about Muggles. The restaurant is this way, and I am only able to bring you because I claimed an ancient and well-respected vault, even here. Salazar Slytherin’s family was originally Italian.”

“Really?” Harry asked.

Tom gave him a flat look. “Salazar, love, think. It sounds Italian, surely you’ve noticed that.”

Harry shrugged. “Guess I never really thought of it before.” He said lightly.

Tom sighed in defeat. “Of course.” He said. They went into a restaurant.

“Reservations for two, Marvolo Slytherin.” Tom said to the host.

He checked the list and nodded. “Yes, Sir. Your table is this way.”
The next Host in line took his place as he led them to a table in a private corner, where they were less likely to be heard or noticed overmuch. “I am Antonio, and I will be your host this evening.” He handed over menus and bowed. “I will return shortly.” He said, then left them.

“We should decide now what we are getting so we can pick a wine that goes well.” Tom murmured. “Are you in the mood for red meat tonight, or white?”

Harry frowned, looking over the menu. “I’m not sure. What do you suggest? I don’t usually eat Italian food.” He explained.

“Cannelloni is good. I think you’d like it.” Tom told him. “I think if you get that, I will be getting the beef carne pizzaiola they have.”

Harry nodded. “I trust you.” He said.

Tom smiled. “As well you should.” They set their menus down and the host showed back up.

“We’d like a red wine, something good and light, but not too strong for the little lady. She is a bit of a lightweight.” Tom said fondly.

Harry smiled and flushed.

“She will have the Cannelloni and I will have the beef carne pizzaiola.” He said, handing the menus back.

The host bowed. “I will be right back with your wine.” He said.

“So, what do you know of my childhood, since I know some of yours?” Tom asked.

Harry shrugged. “Not much. That you were already a maniac by sixth year. That’s about it, really.”

Tom winced. “A maniac?” He asked.
Harry snorted. “You’re much better now.” He assured the man.

“I like to think I am!” Tom said, offended.

Their wine came and Tom tried it, then deemed it suitable.

When the host left again, Tom sighed. “Well, my beginnings were less than auspicious. My mother was infatuated with a Muggle man by the name of—”

“Wait, I know this part!” Harry said happily. “Tom Riddle!”

Tom’s eye twitched, and Harry cleared his throat nervously. “Sorry, go on, I’m listening.”

Tom took a sip of his wine, then continued. “As I was saying, he was a Muggle. A rich Muggle. She watched him for years, probably, and when my uncle and grandfather were in prison at the same time, she took the opportunity and brewed a love potion.”

“Amortentia?” Harry asked, since Severus had mentioned it once to him in passing.

Tom nodded. “Yes, that very one.” He confirmed. Their food came, and they both ate for a while, then Tom paused long enough to continue. “There are those that say one conceived under the potion cannot feel love. This is untrue, it is simply harder for us.” He said, the truth of his words shining in his eyes as he looked at Harry. “I love you very deeply.” He added.

Harry flushed and smiled happily. “Love you, too.” He replied.

“Anyway, she let Riddle surface after she became pregnant, believing either that he would love her after so long, or that he would take pity on her and keep her as his wife due to her pregnancy, I know not which. It does not matter. He did not.” Tom said.

Harry winced.
“He cast her out, and she went to a convent, hoping I would be taken to a safe place, and died in childbirth, just after cursing me with his name.” Tom said. “I went to an orphanage. I was bullied, an outcast, and known as the ‘strange one’ by everyone there, even the adults that cared for us. I never truly fit in. Perhaps I was not supposed to.”

Harry shook his head. “You weren’t. You were meant for greater things.” He said.

Tom smiled thinly. “It is nice of you to say so.” He said.

“I know so!” Harry defended his statement. “There’s a prophecy in the Selwyn book listed as ‘partially fulfilled’ that just has to be about us! We’re going to do great things together!”

Tom hummed. “I will need to read it. Later. Anyway, I was always an outcast, and it was the same when I came to school, until I learned I was Salazar’s descendent. Then, I had power. Prestige. Respect. It was a heady feeling, and I may have let it all go to my head for a while. I got carried away, drunk on my own newfound power. I started looking into things that were Dark, believing that the way to power was through the Darker Arts. And it was. But I understand now that I went a bit too far. I’m going to undo my mistakes and take the Wizarding World the way I should have in the beginning. With finesse and charm.” He said.

Harry smiled. “I’m very glad to hear that.” He said.

Tom smiled back. “Finish your food, have as much wine as you want. I intend to dance with you and take you on a walk through the Piazza again before I bring you home, happy and worn out. We have a few hours yet.” He said.

Harry chuckled and focused on his meal.
“I might be too drunk to dance.” Harry almost slurred as Tom pulled him to the dance floor.

“Nonsense, no such thing, I’m leading. It will be fine.” Tom assured the teen as he pulled him close.

Harry tried to follow as Tom led him.

Tom was dancing perfectly, with grace and style, and Harry was stumbling along, tripping over his own feet. Luckily, Tom seemed to find this hilarious rather than irritating. He chuckled after one dance and led Harry back to the table. “Well, remind me in the future to cut you off after your second glass of wine.” He said.

Harry giggled. “Yes, Marvolo.” He said.

Tom smiled. “Do you feel up to walking for a bit, or do you want to go home and vomit?” He asked, his smile widening in amusement.

Harry shook his head. “I feel fine. How much more time do we have?” He asked.

“Forty minutes.” Tom answered.

Harry nodded. “We can walk a bit.”

“There is a nightclub I wanted to visit with you, but you would not be able to appreciate that kind of dancing, either, in your present state, so we will wait for that. We will hit the piazza again and I will get you something sweet. The foods they sell there at night are decent.” He said.

Harry grinned. “I’m always up for something sweet.”

Tom chuckled. “So I’ve noticed. It’s cute, and you don’t seem to put on weight too easily, so it is acceptable.” He said.
“Glad you’re happy about it.”

Tom had already paid the bill, but they had lingered afterward, talking and having their failed attempt at a dance, and since the Slytherin family had a private table, where they had been seated (as Tom had revealed), they hadn’t been asked to leave.

They wandered out and walked out to the Muggle area, then back to the piazza. Tom and Harry wandered around looking at food vendors until Harry found a man selling delicious-smelling pastries he wanted to try.

Tom bought him one, and one for himself, and they found a place to sit and enjoy their snacks. Chat was light, and they mostly discussed plans for the summer.

“Of course, once your birthday has passed, you will spend a night or two at my house. Bellatrix has reclaimed the Black house in London, and she is living there with Rudolphus and Rabastan. Rookwood is staying with me for now, but he is building a new home that will be ready in a few months. Mulciber is just staying with me.” Tom said flatly. It was clear he was a little put-out by the intrusion on his space. “I make allowances when I must, they are loyal, they deserve due consideration.” He said.

Harry nodded. “I understand that. I’ve decided to make Hermione my second among most of my followers, Draco my second among the Slytherins, since they trust him more than Hermione, and Luna will be the backup and secret weapon.” He said. “I think it’ll work out well.”

Tom nodded. “Well-thought-out, good job. It’s a very good plan to have a separate second for the Slytherins, as they will only trust one of their own.” He said.

Harry nodded. “That’s what I thought.” He said. “They’re not particularly mistrustful as such, they are just more considerate about who they give their trust to, and it’s easier to trust someone who you know holds mostly the same values as you do. They are just more selective.”

Tom nodded. “And that is a very important observation to have made, yes. You know Slytherin mindsets well.” He said, sounding surprised.

“Don’t be too shocked; the hat wanted me in Slytherin first year. Said I’d do well there.” Harry told the man.
Tom frowned. “Then how did you end up in Gryffindor instead?” He asked.

“Begged the hat to put me anywhere else. And I had a familial connection to Gryffindor, so that was the next obvious choice.” Harry said impishly.

Tom sighed. “Of course.” He said.

“It’s not so bad. The Slytherins are coming to trust me, since I trust them in turn. I’m also helping them become more friendly with the other houses, since I can see the good in them. If I can see it, it must be there.” Harry said.

Tom smiled. “I’m glad you’re making things easier on them. They do deserve to feel the same security around their classmates that the rest of the school gets to enjoy.”

“It helps that they’re not actively antagonising anyone now.” Harry said.

“Yes, well, it’s anyone’s guess as to whether that will last indefinitely.” Tom said.

“Yeah, but I have high hopes.” Harry said.

“Anyway, we should get you home. Try to hide your drunkenness, I’d like the option of taking you out again sometime this century.” Tom said.

Harry laughed. “Dad is going to be so angry.” He said.

Tom sighed, wrapped an arm around his waist, and Apparated them back to Prince Manor.

Severus was waiting in the blue parlour and spotted them when they tried to sneak by on the way to the stairs. “Hello.” He said evenly.

Tom and Harry froze, looked at each other, then turned to face Severus.
“Hi, Dad.” Harry said nervously.

Severus got up and walked up to them, then inhaled deeply. “How much did you have to drink?” He asked suspiciously.

Harry flushed. “Er, three glasses.”

“Of…?” Severus prompted.

“Wine. It was just wine.” Harry said.

Severus sighed. “Just wine.” He said, then turned to Tom. “Now that you know his limits, I would appreciate you not bringing him home completely inebriated ever again.” He said.

Tom nodded. “I won’t. I did ask for one that wouldn’t be too strong, but perhaps that third glass was a bit much.” He agreed.

“Say your goodbyes, and then you—” He pointed at Harry, “Are going to your room and taking a shower before bed. You stink.”

Harry sighed and nodded. “Yeah. Sorry.”

Tom bent and kissed him. “I will see you in a week, Harrison. We will deal with the Weasley children then.” He said.

“Alright.” Harry said, then gave Severus one more sheepish look and slunk upstairs.

Severus gave Tom an accusing stare.

“It won’t happen again.” Tom said.

“Never ever.” Tom agreed.

“Good. Then you may take him out again at some point. Remember this night, though.”

Tom smiled sheepishly. “Oh, I doubt I’m ever likely to forget.” He said.

Severus hummed. “You may leave now. We will see you at the meeting. The next day you will be here for Harrison’s birthday. There will be a party. Be prepared to stay the whole time. For him.”

Tom grimaced. “Fine, I can do that. So many teenagers…”

“If I have to deal with it, so do you.” Severus said.

Tom sighed and nodded. “I’ll just… Go now.”

“Good night, My Lord. Thank you for giving Harry a good night. Just not quite so good next time.” He added.

Tom nodded and left.

Severus shook his head and headed up to his room. “Bloody teenage sons and their idiotically besotted boyfriends. At least they were home on time.” He muttered. “Be thankful for small mercies.”

He heard Harry in his shower singing—loudly and off-key—and went into his room, casting a silencing charm so he could attempt to sleep. He regretted the fact that the Heir's bathroom was separated from his bedroom by only a single wall.

*****
Fred, George and Draco came down for breakfast at the same time and Lucius and Narcissa smiled at them all.

“Hello, dears. How was your first night as Sinicae?” Narcissa asked, politely not commenting on the bite marks on George’s neck and the rope burns showing at his wrists.

George flushed and Fred grinned. “It worked out well. We can work with this. It’s not like our instincts are calling on us to do anything we don’t already. Just be a little rougher, is all. We can easily do that.” Fred said.

Lucius nodded. “Just don’t do anything questionable with Draco under my roof until you are either courting him properly, or you find you are his mates. That’s all I ask.”

Fred and George shared a look.

George braved his wrath. “By ‘questionable’ you mean…?”

“No sex. Kissing is fine. Frottage, hand jobs, those are acceptable. Blow jobs if he initiates them. But there will be no penetration taking place here. Not in your room, or in his. Until you are properly tied to his future. And there is one further stipulation he has set unless you are mates, and we will not know that for some time yet.”

Fred shot a questioning look at him, and Draco flushed. “Later.” He said.

They settled in to eat and were mostly quiet when a howler was dropped into the room by a very familiar owl.

Everyone froze.

George cleared his throat. “Ah, that’s probably for us.” He said, taking it and opening it.

“FREDRICK AND GEORGE WEASLEY! HOW DARE YOU TWO CUT ME OUT OF THE
Prewett Family! You ungrateful brats, I’ve been part of that family since before you were born! Furthermore, I cannot access the vault anymore, and we need that money to pay the fines for your brother and sister! You will reinstate me immediately, or I will find you and make you pay dearly!” The howler finished its message and tore itself up.

Fred and George sighed. “Sorry you had to hear that. She’s like that sometimes.” Fred explained.

Lucius curled his lip. “Disgraceful, airing family business to the world like that. It shows such a lack of class.” He said in distaste.

“Well, it’s not going to get her what she wants. Neither of us are afraid of her, and we want nothing to do with her anymore, so she will not be a part of our family ever again, nor will we give her a knut.” George said.

Fred nodded his agreement.

“Good. She kicked you out, you owe her nothing.” Narcissa said firmly.

“We could ward the house against howlers.” Lucius said. “She is the only person who would send one.” He said mildly.

“We could.” Narcissa agreed. “But why should we put forth the effort?”

“We will if it becomes a problem.” Lucius said.

“Sorry for putting you guys to extra trouble.” George said.

Narcissa smiled and waved a hand. “Oh, pish! It’s nothing. The error is in your Mother’s upbringing, but we will correct it in yours while we have you.”

“Er, you won’t actually have us very long.” Fred explained.
“Oh?” Lucius asked doubtfully. “And why not?”

George smiled. “Well, Harry gave us his winnings from the Triwizard Tournament. All one thousand galleons of it, and with that and our savings, we have enough to purchase premises and move into the flat above the shop without ever touching the Prewett vault.” He told them. “We intend to buy the shop later today.”


Fred smiled at him. “Look, we love you, you know we do. But we also want the freedom to live alone for a while. We need some space, some time to figure out who we are as ourselves and as Sinicae, and we can’t do that just anywhere. We don’t want to offend anyone here, and we can come back when you find out we’re your mates, if you want—because I know we are, deep in my heart. But this is something we need to do. At least for a little while. And you’re welcome to visit, we’d love to have you over, any time!” He said.

Draco nodded. “All right. I don’t like it, but I’ll let you two make this decision yourselves. Just don’t walk away from me.”

George shook his head. “Never, Draco, you know we love you!”

Draco sighed. “Fine, then.”

Lucius hummed. “And when did you plan to buy the shop? Would you like me to go with you, to make sure you are not being swindled?” He offered.

Fred shook his head. “It’s fine if you would rather not, Sir, we’re happy with the price. It’s 945 galleons, and that is enough to leave us a little left over to spend getting our stock up to where we need it before we open. We still have a year of school left, after all, and we can always spend that time working on our customer base and getting new tricks developed.”

Lucius’ eyes narrowed. “This will be a joke shop?” He asked.

Fred nodded. “Is that a problem?” He asked right back.
Lucius let out a slow breath through his nose. “If it fails before you are twenty, you will go into politics like proper young Lords. Agreed? I will not have Draco living like a pauper.”

George grinned. “And if we have a booming business by then—or before then—you owe us an apology for your erroneous assumption. Agreed?”

Lucius sniffed. “I agree.”

Fred smiled at him. “Then we agree.”

Narcissa just shook her head in amusement. “Feel free to move back in at any time, boys.” She said fondly.
“There is one Hopeful that will not be coming to the Meeting, Astoria Greengrass.” Harry told Tom. It was a Floo-call, made last-minute as the Meeting was tomorrow. “I want to hold her in reserve as a secret Hopeful, and besides, she’s not all-in like her sister is. She has doubts about being a full member of the group. I think she might back out and ask to remain neutral in time, instead.” Harry explained.

Tom frowned, but nodded. “That is fair. I will allow it for now. You may decide which Hopefuls to reveal from here on out.” He said. “You are my second, and I trust your judgement.”

“Besides,” Harry added, “there is dissent in the ranks. Someone of yours wants me out of the picture. Perhaps enough to want me dead. It’s best to have some secret weapons in Slytherin.”

“True.” Tom said, then sighed. “I will allow it, and in the future, you decide who comes to meetings and who you tell about them afterward. I must know about them, of course, and you will pass along my orders for them the same as any others.”

Harry nodded. “That’s fair, I’ll agree to that.”

Tom smiled. “I love you, my pretty Prince. I will see you tomorrow.”

“Love you, too. See you then.” He said, then cut the connection.

Severus hummed. “You are truly showing your cunning side now. I approve of this.” He said from his seat.

Harry turned and smiled. “I know you do. It’s just a precaution.”

Severus inclined his head. “Always a good thing to take.” He said. “I may have figured out who the person behind your Imperius incident was. I will need to check their Occlumency shields at the meeting to be sure. The Dark Lord has been told, and will allow me to check before we bring out the Weasleys. There will be another person joining them if I am right. One the Dark Lord will claim as his to kill.”
Harry frowned. “What if I want them? I was the victim!”

Severus smiled. “Do not be so very greedy. Leave one for him and I to share. You get the Weasley children to kill, give us the snake in the grass.” He said firmly.

Harry sighed. “Fine.” He said, flopping into a chair. “So, I’ve been reading Merlin’s journals.” He said with a grin.

“Yes, and?” Severus prompted.

Harry chuckled. “Tom is going to be so angry when everyone thinks I’m his dominant. When he has to defer to me in public.” He said with relish.

Severus chuckled as well. “He will live if he truly wants you.” He said.

“Well be physically painful for him.” Harry said in amusement.

Severus’ smile morphed to a smirk. “All the better.” He drawled.

Harry snorted. “You’re taking some kind of sick amusement from it, and it hasn’t even happened yet.” He said.

Severus shrugged. “That is my prerogative as your parent.”

Harry laughed.

*****

“You know what to do?” Harry asked Daphne as he and Neville, Hermione and Luna got to Malfoy Manor.
Daphne nodded. “Yes. Draco—and the twins—have explained everything already.” She said.

Harry nodded. “Good. I’m going to go in now, the rest of you should come with me. It wouldn’t do to be late. Your sister needs to hear about this when you get home, but I didn’t ask her to come because I want her to be a secret. She’s on the fence anyway, this gives her the option of backing out later if she needs to.”

Daphne nodded. “Thank you, My Prince. That’s a good idea.” She said.

“You will see the Darkest side of our group today.” He turned to Hermione and Neville. “There will be a public execution today, more than one. I will be claiming two lives. I am still the same person you’ve always known, so don’t let this change your perception of me. I am just embracing a side of myself that has been hidden until recently.”

Hermione swallowed, then whispered, “I will handle it. I know you’re still you, even if revenge is on the table now.”

Neville nodded. “I’d do the same if it were me. I understand.” He said.

Harry nodded and they all went into the Meeting, Harry taking his place up front and getting a kiss from Tom as the Hopefuls took their places in front of them, facing the assembled Death Eaters.

Tom called Wormtail up and Called his followers, and pops sounded throughout the room as they appeared.

“There is another new Hopeful, only one this time.” He nodded to the Death Eater at the door, and it was opened.

Daphne came in and stood front and centre, right in front of Hermione and Neville.

“Remove your cowl.” Tom said, and she lowered it. “Any concerns about this one?” He asked.

No one spoke.
Tom studied them all, impassively. “We are having a public execution today, more than one. But first, the loyalty of one of my followers has been called into question. Severus, come forward.”

Severus moved to just in front of the Hopefuls.

“Montague the younger, come forward. Stand before Severus and submit to his Legilimency. He needs to test your Occlumency shields.”

Montague came forward, pale and trembling. “My Lord, I have always been loyal to your cause! I am your man; I do what you need done!” He said.

Tom smiled. “And if that is truly the case, you have nothing to fear. You will submit to Severus’ test. Keep your shields up so he can see them.” He said.

Montague gulped and looked into Severus’ eyes.

Severus cast the spell and there was silence for several long, tense moments. Then Severus lowered his wand, and nodded. “It was him.” He said.

Montague made to run, and they all felt Anti-Apparition wards snap into place, courtesy of Lucius.

Montague was restrained, and Tom stepped down to stand in front of him. “You will join our deaths today, for the crime of giving the instructions to a potion to people who would use it against my consort with full knowledge and intent to see him put under the potion’s effects. You have no right to speak, you will only make me angrier.” He added coldly when Montague went to open his mouth.

Montague paled and closed it as Tom came back to Harry to give him one more kiss before avenging the pain his consort had been put through.

Harry was gritting his teeth. //Permission to crucio him?// He asked, raising his blank wand in anticipation of an affirmative answer.
Tom sighed, then spoke in English. “Yes, you may cast one curse on him.” He said. “Then he is mine and your father’s.”

Harry cast a crucio, listening to the screams with a grim satisfaction. He held the curse for a full four minutes, until Tom placed his hand over the wand and pushed it down. “That’s enough, we want him sane enough to regret his actions properly.”

Harry sighed. “Fine.” He said. “Hurry up so I can play with mine.” He said.

Tom chuckled. “So very eager to kill. You make me proud.”

“Let’s get on with it, then.” Severus said. There was a reason this Meeting was being held at three PM rather than later. They needed time to make their kills without being rushed. “If everyone could take a few steps back and give us some room. Hopefuls stay where you are, you need to see what happens if you betray Our Lord. Let this serve as a warning. Harry will show you why you should be wary of even him next.” He said.

Tom went back down and joined Severus, and they began.

 Spells flew from their wands, reds and purples and even a few blue spells, and most were cast nonverbally. Harry had no idea what most of the spells were, but their effects were apparent as skin tore open, screams were heard, bones snapped. Each spell seemed more painful than the last, and Harry and the Hopefuls watched, some of them probably in horror, but the lesson needed to be learned, now that they were in this deep.

Defection or harm to someone Tom held in high esteem was not tolerated. Severus, Bellatrix and Lucius were bad choices to go up against, and that would be punished, yes, but Harry…

Harry was untouchable.

Harming him, even considering harm to him, was tantamount to treason in the Dark Lord’s eyes, and was suicide.

Now everyone, even his oldest followers who had just re-joined him, knew what the penalty for that crime was.
Their future actions would be on their own heads.

Severus lowered his wand, considered the broken, bleeding young man before him, and turned to whisper something to Tom.

Tom nodded, and said, “On three, then. One, two, three.”

“Pe fynd be ignis!” They cast together, and vicious-looking flames began to pour from their wands.

Severus ended the spell as soon as the body was engulfed in flames, but Tom flicked his wand a few times, and creatures formed from his flames. He split his concentration for a moment as Death Eaters and Hopefuls alike began to back away, and a dome of energy surrounded the burning body and the spell both, holding the fire inside. Once the body was fully consumed, Tom raised his wand again, and spoke.

“Finite incantatum!” He cast, the words ringing with power, and the flames disappeared as though they had never been, leaving not a single scorch mark behind. The body was gone. There was not even dust left behind.

Harry let out an astonished breath and felt his estimation of Tom raise another few notches.

The man had such power!

And he was… Getting hard.

Okay, so he was attracted to power, that was a good thing, considering the boyfriend he’d picked.

Tom came back up to stand beside him, smirking. //Did you like that, My Prince?// He asked.

Harry hummed. //What was that last spell?// He asked.
Fiendfyre. I will teach it to you when you inherit. It is difficult to control; I don’t want to risk it until then. He said.

Harry smiled. As for your question, yes, I liked that very much.

Tom looked smug. “Rookwood, bring in the others.” Was all he said.

Harry looked up as Ron and Ginny were brought in, bound in ropes wrapped around their bodies. They could walk and stand, as long as they didn’t fall, but they could not use their arms at all. He smiled.

This would be fun.

They were brought to the centre of the room and Rookwood fell back to stand amongst his brethren.

“What the bloody hell is this?” Ron asked, more angry than afraid. “A Death Eater meeting?”

Harry stepped forward and came to a stop in front of them.

“Who the bloody hell are you?!” He spat.

Harry removed his mask. “I’m hurt, Ron. And we were so close, too. You should have recognised me by now.”

Ron glared at him. “Harry. You did go Dark.” He spat, and Harry dismissed him, turning to his sister instead to address her.

“Hello, Ginny. Don’t worry. I’m the only one that will be coming near either of you, and I have no interest in rape. Unlike you.” He said softly.

The room had gone very quiet as the Death Eaters waited to see what exactly their Lord’s consort was capable of.
“Don’t you touch her!” Ron shouted, straining against the ropes he was wrapped in.

Harry turned his attention back to his former best friend. “Oh, Ron, Ron.” He patted his cheek fondly. “Don’t worry about it so much. You’ll be dead before I lift so much as a finger to her.” He smiled. “You won’t have to watch any of it.”

Ron noticed the twins standing several feet away.

“Fred! George! Help me!” He shouted.

Fred and George shrugged. “You made your bed.” George said lightly.

Fred shook his head. “Now you’ll lie in it. Forever. Don’t cross Our Prince. It’s a simple thing to ask.”

Ron paled. “No! I didn’t mean to! Ginny tricked me! I had no idea what the potion was, or did, I wouldn’t have—”

Harry silenced him with a sigh. “You are done, Ron. You were questioned under Veritaserum, we all know you did what you did willingly, knowingly, and with no compulsion at all. You have been tried, found guilty, and now that it is time for your punishment, you balk? You’re not allowed to!” Harry hissed, backhanding him across the face. “I hope that hurt.” He said. “There is more to come.”

Ron shrank in on himself.

Harry drew a breath. “If anyone has doubts that I can torture with the best of them, take notes. I’m still learning, but these past three weeks I have been studying with my Father, and I am a quick study when I need to be.” He told all the Death Eaters before he raised his wand and began the show they were all here for.
Harry took the silencing charm off of Ron, then smirked. “Let’s start with a fan favourite, shall we? Crucio.”

Ron screamed and fell to the ground, and Ginny screamed, too.

Harry flicked his wand at her, silencing her. “You’ll get your turn, be patient.” He said.

He lifted the curse on Ron. “Did that feel good?”

Ron was shaking his head.

“Oh. Good.” Harry said lightly. “Here’s one Dad taught me a long time ago. I’m angry enough at you now for it to do considerable damage. Contundito.”

Ron screamed as his body was compressed, then drew another breath as he was folded in on himself, and with his lungs as compressed as they were, all he had the breath to do was let out a strangled whimper.

Harry let up on the curse after hearing a few bones pop.

Ron was moaning in pain, laying curled in on himself on the ground.

Harry watched him for a few moments, then lifted his wand again, and Ron flinched.

“This is one I learned especially for you.” Harry said. “Cor impetum!” Harry cast the heart-attack curse, then, “Levitas.” The lightning spell shocked Ron’s heart back into sinus rhythm, and Harry smiled.

“Your death won’t be that easy.” He promised coldly.
Ron paled.

Harry got a contemplative look on his face.

“Aqua tutis.” He cast. The charm was supposed to make it so you couldn’t drown, but what would happen if…? Harry stuck his wand in Ron’s mouth, to the back of his throat, plugged his nose, and cast, “Aguamenti.” Around Ron’s gags.

He watched in interest as fluid filled Ron’s lungs, causing him to stare pleadingly up at Harry, panic filling his eyes rapidly. Harry ended the charm and pulled his wand out, and Ron coughed up the water, then sucked in large gulps of air.

Harry frowned, grabbed his chin again, and repeated the procedure.

Same result, except Ron was looking angry now.

“Huh. You really can’t drown under Aqua tutis, no matter how hard you try. That's interesting.” He said, pulling the wand out and letting Ron cough up the water again. “Sorry.” He said lightly to Ron’s look of outrage. “I wanted to know, and you were convenient.”

He reached out and separated Ron's fingers. “Keep them like that. Aim is important with this one.” He said. “Defruado unguiculi.” He cast, and the fingernail on Ron's index finger slowly peeled off and fell to the floor.

Harry made a face. “Disgusting.” He vanished the nail, ignoring Ron's cries of pain and his bleeding finger. “A bit messy, but effective. Shall we do the rest?” He asked.

“No, please!” Ron said.

“Please? Alright, then.” Harry said lightly.

The Death Eaters shifted nervously, watching him. Their Lord’s consort was enjoying himself. And was not to be underestimated. He seemed to find a childlike joy in torture that only Bellatrix could rival. He was either mad, or had a rather large sadistic streak. Either way, he was not one to be
Harry carefully removed three more fingernails before aiming badly and mispronouncing the spell at the thumb. It ended up mangled instead of the fingernail coming off.

Ron howled in even worse pain at that.

“Whoopsie!” Harry said happily. “That’s why aim and enunciation is important.” He told Ron conversationally.

Ron glared at him venomously. “I hate you.” He said.

“Feeling’s mutual.” Harry assured him before starting in on the next hand.

He peeled off all the nails, getting the thumb right this time, and vanished them all.

“You're bleeding all over Lucius' shiny floors. Shameful. Here, let’s stop that.” Harry said, casting a very small incendio at each finger in turn, stopping the bleeding. “I don’t know the proper spell to stop bleeding, but I learned that work-around from my love.” He sent a glowing look toward Tom, who smiled proudly.

“Also, since you decided to put your hands on me while I was a girl, which you really should have known better,” He cut off Ron's cock with a Sectumsempra, then cauterised that wound, too.

Ron was a sobbing mess by this point, and Harry was bored. “I think I'm done with you.” He said. “Avada Kedavra.” He cast, watching Ron’s lifeless body slump to the floor.

Ginny was crying, trembling and trying to speak past the silencing charm she was under.

Harry took it off her and her hysterical words reached his ears. “Please don’t hurt me, please, I only did it because I love you!” She begged.

Harry sneered at her. “Love?” He asked. “If you loved me, you would have wanted to see me happy
—even if it wasn’t with you.” He said. “What you felt was hero-worship and infatuation, it’s a pale imitation of the true emotion you thought you felt. I know this now, because I’ve found love. And it’s standing right up there.” He pointed to Tom.

Ginny shot him a venomous glare.

Tom simply smiled back at her, smugly watching.

Harry reached out and patted her cheek. “Eyes up here.” He chastised. “Now, you've never felt a Crucio before, either, so I'll show you what they feel like.” He cast the curse on her, wincing at the shrill scream he got. “Hm. That was rather unpleasant. Anyway, moving on.”

He frowned. “I think first, we’ll play with the size of your heart, since obviously something is wrong with it if you think taking advantage of someone like you tried to do is love.” What was that spell Severus had used on Petunia to shrink her heart? Oh, yes. “Cor reducio!” He cast, then almost immediately let up on it.

Ginny winced in pain, then passed out.

Harry frowned. “Umm...”

Severus chuckled and came up beside him, bending to speak in his ear. “That can sometimes happen. To reverse it, the incantation is cor restituere. I have trouble with that, you may, too. But try.”

Harry tried the spell.

“Well a rennervate and see if she stays awake.”

Harry cast it and Ginny looked around, groggily.

“Good job. Remember you have the potion.” Severus said, then stepped back.

Harry brightened. “Oh, yeah!” He said. He pulled out the potion. “You get the dubious honour of
feeling everything I felt under the potion. You can take this, willingly, or I can help you take it.” He
told her.

Ginny pressed her lips together and shook her head.

Harry sighed. “Fine, the hard way it is.” He said. He cast an Imperio on her, and made her take the
potion, then took the spell off.

Her eyes filled with horror and she clapped her hands over her mouth. “No!” She said, the word
muffled, “Why am I saying this?! What am I doing?! Somebody help me!”

Harry watched in satisfaction as she begged for help, repeating over and over, “I didn’t mean it! I’m
sorry! Come back!”

Then she cried out, and said, “No, I don’t love you! Please, no!”

The potion ran its course in fifteen minutes, and Harry smiled grimly. “It’s not pleasant, Gin, is it?”
He hissed.

Ginny was crying, and shook her head, kneeling in front of Harry. “I’m sorry. So sorry.”

Harry glared down at her. “Sorry doesn’t fix it, Ginny.” He said firmly. “You still manipulated my
mind, and you almost caused irreversible madness with your stunt. Did you know it could break my
mind *permanently*?” He asked.

Ginny shook her head, adamantly.

Harry tilted her face up to meet his eyes. “I want to know *why* you did it. Exactly why. I’m not as
good as Dad is, so don’t fight this. Let me see why you would do that.” He said, then cast
Legilimens and slid into her mind.

He caught snippets of her past, tales of his wonderful deeds, all lies, him saving her life in the
chamber, the fame and glory she wanted to be part of, the evidence of his money, which she coveted.
So many wrong assumptions, so many erroneous conclusions of how he would fall in love if she was
just a little prettier, just a little more popular, just a little more feminine. Harry pulled out.

“It was never going to happen, Ginny. You wanted fame and money, and who you believed I was, but you failed to get to know me. The real me, not the stories your mother told you. The flesh-and-blood person that I am. Faults and all. Plus, it was never going to happen for one more very important reason: I like cock, Ginny. Not cunt. You don’t have the proper parts for me to be happy with you in the long run.” He said.

Ginny was hiccupsing now, sobs still escaping her throat.

Harry sighed. “This has turned into a mercy killing. You’ve fucked up too badly to right the wrongs you’ve caused for me. Nothing will undo what’s already been done. Neither of us deserved this happening. Avada Kedavra.” Though he had said the words with barely any inflection, she still fell down dead.

And that was more chilling than anything else to the Death Eaters.

He could kill with seemingly no emotion behind it.

Only Their Lord could do that.

Harry walked back up to Tom and wrapped his arms around his neck, drawing him into a deep kiss.

While they kissed, the Dark Lord flicked his wand at the two bodies, and they vanished, as though they had never been there in the first place.

Harry broke the kiss and turned to face the Death Eaters. “The next person to cross me will get worse. I’m not done with my training, and I am learning new and more creative ways to kill with every passing day. You have been warned. Watch your step.” He told them all.

Tom smiled proudly. “You are dismissed.” He said.

Harry stepped down and walked to stand before the Hopefuls. He clasped his hands behind his back to hide the fact that they were shaking with nerves. He faced his friends and the Slytherins and stared
“Well?” He asked, gazing into each face. “Can you still trust me as a leader, or do you fear me now? I can’t work with fear like my consort can. I need loyalty born of friendship.” He said.

Hermione had tears in her eyes. “Were you really begging for us to help the whole time? Did we let you down?” She asked.

Harry sighed and hugged her. “None of you let me down. You couldn’t have known what was going on in my head. I suffered, I wanted help, I begged for it, but none of it showed outwardly. You all did the right thing. I needed the purification, nothing else was going to work. I was too far gone.”

Hermione sniffled, and a tear escaped to fall on Harry's neck. “It's okay. For me, at least. I can handle staying with you, even with your vengeful streak. As long as I am given the opportunity for my own revenge should I need it.” She said.

Harry pulled back and grinned. “Want me to teach you some Dark curses?” He teased.

Hermione nodded. “Yes.” She said firmly.

Harry’s eyes widened, then he smiled. “I was kidding, but I can do that.” He said.

Luna smiled. “That was good, Harry. You did the right thing with Ginny. She repented, so what you did was mercy, and she deserved it. If you had decided not to kill her, Marvolo would have, and he wouldn’t have been so nice about it.” She said airily.

Neville nodded. “It’s fine, just don’t expect me to do anything like that. I don’t think I could. But I don’t hate you or judge you for it. You acted in accordance with your heart. You were just being true to yourself.” He said.

Harry smiled. “Then decline if Tom offers you a spot. You have to kill for that.” He warned. “Stick with me, and I won’t make you unless you want to.” He promised.
Neville nodded. “I’m a lover, anyway. I can be strong if I have to, but not vicious. That’s just not me. It suits you, though. There’s a darkness inside you. It needs to come out from time to time, or it will poison you slowly.”

Harry’s smile turned a little wry. “How did you get so wise? Where has that been hiding?” He asked.

Neville chuckled and shrugged. “I know you well, that’s all. After a little while around a person, you start to notice things. Little things that add up. If you know what you're looking for.” He explained.

Fred and George were staring at him, faces impassive.

Harry swallowed nervously. “Guys? Can you forgive me?” He asked, voice small. He'd just killed their two youngest siblings. Forgiveness might be more than they could grant, regardless of what they had said to Ron.

George looked at Fred, and Harry realised he was deferring to his twin.

Harry turned his gaze toward Fred as well.

Fred took a deep breath, then laid a hand on Harry's shoulder. “Mate, they were spoiled rotten. And I do mean that. They'd ended up rotten to the core. There was no love lost there, we've told you already, when we were younger, we loved to terrorize Ron. He was a little brat and Mum never slapped it out of him like she did us. He was never going to get better. Ginny wasn’t going to get away with what she did, no matter how sorry she was. Luna’s right; what you did was mercy. If Our Lord had his way, he would have done so much worse. She had to die one way or another. It was better this way.” He said, then pulled Harry into a hug. “We still have you and Percy, probably Bill and Charlie in time. We'll just be a merry family of men. Well, men and George.” He amended.

“Oi!” George protested. “I have a cock, same as you!” He shouted as Harry laughed.

Fred snorted. “Exactly the same.” He agreed.

“Too much information, guys.” Harry said, a wide smile on his face.
Harry woke to sounds outside his door. He listened closely, and realised it was Fred and George. He jumped out of bed, raced to the door and threw it open in a hurry. “Whatever you were planning to come in and do, don’t.” He said. “There are Blood Wards on this room. If you come in, it will hurt.”

Fred and George pouted. “That’s no fun.” George said.

“How are we supposed to pull off your birthday prank?” Fred asked.

Harry gave them both a flat stare. “Wait until I get down to breakfast, set something up outside my door, or—here’s a novel concept—decide that Ron's actions were prank enough to last a lifetime!” Harry snapped.

“Never.” George said.

“This will be something new, something we've thoroughly tested and have an antidote for. We promise.” Fred told him.

Harry sighed and shook his head. “Well, now that I’m up, I’m going to go take a shower. You can set up whatever you want outside of the door, and I'll act suitably surprised when I come out and set it off.” He told them.

Fred and George beamed at him. “Deal.” They said together.

“And no, I will not key you into the Blood Wards. I can, but I don’t particularly want you two to have access to my bedroom any time you want.” Harry added, before shutting the door in their face.

“Boo!” Fred shouted. “You're no fun!”
Harry smiled and shook his head, walking into his bathroom.

If the twins were already here, it stood to reason that so was Draco, so he had half an hour at maximum before Severus would come in to make sure he was up. That was enough time to be dressed if he only took a short shower.

He was done and dressed before Severus had to come get him. He opened his door—and nothing happened. So he walked out into the hallway. Still nothing.

“What is supposed to—oh.” He said as bubbles came out of his mouth with each word.

The end of the hallway started snickering, and both the twins dropped the disillusionment charms they had been under.

“What is supposed to—oh.” He said as bubbles came out of his mouth with each word.

Harry sighed, and a stream of bubbles blew from his mouth. “Fine. Let's get to breakfast.” He said.

They went into the formal dining room and Harry took his usual seat, Tom already sitting in the seat beside him. He smiled at him. “Hi.” He said weakly. A bubble floated into Tom's face.

Tom looked at it in interest. “I’m assuming this is courtesy of your twins?” He asked, Fred and George laughing as his eyes followed the bubble.

Hermione and Neville laughed.

Luna was watching with a smile on her face. “It's harmless.” She said.
Harry nodded. “Yes, it was them.” He answered.

“Can they remove it?” Severus asked, eye twitching.

“Under the right circumstances.” Harry answered.

Severus sighed. “What circumstances would those be?” He asked tensely.

Fred and George grinned widely. Draco, who was seated between them, covered his face with one hand and shook his head.

“We'll never tell!” Fred declared.

The eye twitched again. “Maiming might be in order.” Severus drawled.

George pulled a potions vial out of his pocket and held it out to Harry.

Harry reached for it—and George pulled it out of reach. “Oops! Try again!” He held it out again.

Harry made another grab—and George pulled it out of reach again.

Harry growled—and Tom pulled his wand out.

George paled and handed the vial over. “Sorry! Was just playing!” He said.

Tom sighed. “Don’t torment him on his birthday.” He told them.

“Won’t happen again, Your Lordliness!” Fred said.
“Yeah, pranks are over for now, Lord Snakey!” George agreed.

Tom sighed and shook his head. “Lord Snakey?” He asked.

Harry laughed—and produced a stream of bubbles.

“Take the damn potion, Harrison.” Severus said.

Harry drank it down and sighed. No bubbles. “Thank the gods!” He cheered.

Lucius and Narcissa were watching impassively.

Lucius leaned down and said in an undertone to Narcissa, “I’m not so sure I want our son marrying into that.”

Narcissa chuckled lightly. “Dear, that was genius spellwork! Those boys are a bit wild, yes, but they are smart.” She told him. “If they turn out to have good business acumen, they could go far. We'll wait and see for now.” She said evenly.

Lucius hummed and leaned back.

“Are we ready to behave properly now?” Severus asked.

“Yes, Sir.” Feed and George answered together.

“Good.”

He called for Tissy and she proudly brought out the waffles Harry had requested for his birthday breakfast.

The twins smiled widely.
“Harry, you are the best!” George said.

Fred nodded. “Whatever made you want these for breakfast, keep it up for the next several years.” He agreed.

Harry just smiled and began eating.

*****

By the time dinner rolled around, Sirius and Remus had joined them and Harry was giddy, practically bouncing in his seat. He’d spent the day with his friends, teaching them some of the Dark Arts he was using frequently, as well as a few of the more painful ones for Hermione, and had spent the rest of the time discussing what it was like to be dating a Dark Lord and have Severus as his father.

Fred and George seemed the most interested about those two things. Harry was sure they were trying to figure out how much they could get away with while Severus was there.

Eventually, dinner was finished and there was no more time to delay. Harry eyed the gifts that had made their way to the table throughout the day. “Presents now?” He asked.

Severus laughed. “Yes. Presents now.” He said.

Harry cheered. “Which one first?” He asked everyone.

“Our!” Fred declared, digging one out and handing it over.

Harry opened it and found two bags; one of normal sweets like fizzing Whizbees and Honeydukes finest, and another, smaller bag labelled “Warning: Experimental.”

“There’s some skiving snack boxes in there, and some daydream charms. They’ve been tested on us and work, but we haven’t tested them on anyone else. We need to make sure they’re safe for
underage students, too.” George explained.

Harry nodded. “I’ll try them out later. Thanks, guys.”

Fred grinned. “Anytime. We need people to test our products, and who better than the brother that gave us our first major pay-out?” He asked rhetorically.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

Draco handed his over. “This one is more for training purposes, but you might have gotten rusty.” He said.

Harry opened it to find a practice snitch. “You really want me to get even better?” He asked.

Draco sneered. “I’ll beat you someday. Besides, this one learns from you.” He said. “It’ll give you a challenge every time.”

Harry nodded. “Well, thanks. Although you might regret it eventually.”

“Also, you have a standing invitation to come over and use our pitch whenever you want to. To practice.” He added.

Harry grinned. “Awesome! I’ll keep that in mind!”

Hermione handed hers over next. It was a book.

Harry opened it to find “Dark Arts and their Effects.” He blinked. “So you’re encouraging this?” He asked her, amused.

Hermione flushed. “I figured if you were going to learn them anyway, why shouldn’t I help out?” She asked irritably.
Harry laughed. “Well, thank you. I’m sure it’ll come in handy.” He said.

Neville handed over one. Harry smiled and handed a present over to him, too.

Neville took it, flushing, and they opened their presents together.

Harry’s was a charm with a heart on it. “What’s this?” He asked.

Neville flushed. “I got one for everybody. Protection from love potions.” He said.

Harry’s eyes widened. “Thanks, Nev. That’s really useful.”

Neville’s gift was a packet of seeds. “Those are special roses. They’ll bloom whatever colour you want most when you plant them, so keep different colours in mind as you plant, or plant them on different days, and you should get different colours.” Harry explained.

“Neat.” Neville said, interested.

Remus and Sirius had both gotten correspondence books that paired with their gifts to Harry and wanted to join the Hopefuls. Lucius and Narcissa had gotten him a pensieve and Severus had brewed Memoria Spectare to go with it, so it would be ready to use as soon as he got it set up and added the potion.

Tom gave him the Slytherin promise ring. “This isn’t a proposal, it’s a promise that you will be faithful to me.” He said.

Harry smiled and slipped it on. “I would never leave you for someone else.”

Then there was cake and ice cream for dessert.

All in all, it was his best birthday yet.
Bad News and Good News

Harry sat next to Severus. “So I’m fifteen now.” He said.

“Congratulations on living to such a ripe, old age.” Severus replied dryly.

“You said after my birthday I could spend a night at Tom’s place once in a while.” He said hopefully.


Harry grinned. “Why not?” He asked back.

“Fine. One night. *One.*” Severus stressed.

Harry smiled widely and hugged him. “Thanks! You’re great! I’m going to go pack an overnight bag.”

Severus sighed as he ran up the stairs. At least he could take comfort in knowing his bag hadn’t *already* been packed.

*****

“Hello, Professor. You wanted to see me? Your Owl indicated that it was urgent. I came as soon as I could.” Tom said, Thomas Harding glamour up.

Albus Dumbledore smiled wryly. “Yes, I’m in a bit of a pickle. See, there’s a rumour that the post of Defence Against the Dark Arts has a curse on it, and no Professor in decades has lasted more than one year. We are being threatened this year with a Ministry plant as professor, unless I can fill it in two days. Do you have a Mastery in the subject, or enough know-how to at least be a suitable teacher? Lord Gryffindor might be able to overcome the curse said to be in place, even. I know the castle will protect you.”
Tom hummed. “How would you prefer to test me? You and the teachers cannot duel me inside the castle, there would be a backlash.”

Dumbledore nodded. “Quite, but we could hold a test duel outside.” He offered.

Tom nodded back. “Yes, we can do that. Who would you have me duel?” He asked.

Dumbledore led the way out of the office. “I asked Professor Flitwick to come back for the day and test you. He is a master duellist, and will push your limits to see exactly where you stand.” He explained. “We need to know that you are qualified. The rules are simple: Light spells only, show your skills on the defensive before you start to fight back, and we will see if you can teach the next generation to properly protect themselves against the threats we now face.”

Tom hummed as Dumbledore knocked on Flitwick's office door. “That sounds fair.” He said. He preferred the Dark Arts as a defense, but he knew and could use the Light spells for defense.

They collected Flitwick and headed outside. “I'm glad you're considering the position, none of us want a Ministry official coming in and filling the children's minds with propaganda.” Flitwick said. “Especially now that You-Know-Who is back! We need to prepare them properly!”


“Quite so.” Dumbledore said. “Cut the head off a snake, and it can still bite for a while. Even a weakened enemy can be dangerous.” He said firmly.

“Yes, I certainly want Harrison trained well. He walks into danger nearly every day, it sometimes seems.” Tom said, the irony of his words not lost on him.

“Yes.” Dumbledore agreed. “And it is quite possible that to defeat him, Harry will have to die.” He said heavily.

Tom stilled. “What do you mean?” He asked lowly.
Dumbledore stopped and looked at him. “Inside of him resides a piece of Voldemort's soul. For Voldemort to die, every piece of his soul needs to be destroyed. Even the piece inside Harry.” He said. “For that, Harry must die.”

Tom gritted his teeth. “Then Voldemort will just have to live as long as Harry does, because I refuse to let him die of anything other than old age. Find another way, or make your peace with Voldemort living for quite a while longer. I won’t lose Harrison.” He said firmly.

“Now, none of us like the idea, but in times of war, certain sacrifices must be made.” Dumbledore told him.

Tom glared at him. “Sacrifices?! This is a life you are talking about! Harry Potter's life! If people heard of this, can you imagine the public outcry?” He nearly shouted.

“Which is why they will not find out.” Dumbledore said, drawing his wand. He cast a lip-locker on Tom. “We can’t have this getting out before it comes to pass. It has to happen this way. Be glad you can help ensure he lives long enough to do everything he can before he needs to die.” He said.

Tom gritted his teeth. “Fine!” He snapped. “Let’s get this duel over with.”

Flitwick bowed, and Tom returned the bow, and spells immediately began to fly fast and furious.

Tom defended himself with finesse and skill for the first thirty-five minutes, until he felt he had impressed Dumbledore with his skill, then began firing back. It took him a little longer, since he was relegated to light spells only, but within twenty minutes Flitwick was stunned, bound, and left defenseless.

Tom cleared his throat and looked at Dumbledore. “I believe I win.” He said.

Dumbledore was stunned speechless. He blinked a few times, shook himself, and smiled widely. “So you do! Well, you are certainly qualified! Wake our charms professor and we will discuss your payment and any special considerations you need. We would love to have you on the staff! You are more than qualified!”

Tom chuckled and revived Flitwick. “That was a wonderful duel. You’re really very good.” He said.
Flitwick chuckled. “You beat me, but thank you.”

Tom smiled. “It was a work-out. I don’t get that much anymore. You did very well, considering the training I’ve had.” He said.

Dumbledore smiled. “Well, come to my office and we can discuss the particulars.” He said.

Tom smiled, gave Flitwick a nod, and followed Dumbledore to his office, plotting the man’s downfall the whole way.

*****

Harry beamed at Tom when the Floo-call came at five that evening.

“Well?” The man asked.

“I can come over for the night!” Harry said excitedly. “I’m ready whenever you are!”

Tom smiled. “Good. Bid your father good night and I will be waiting for you. Be quick, I have big news for you.” He said. “You’ll be the first to know.”

Harry nodded. “Be there in a minute!” He said before cutting the connection. He ran into the library. “Tom’s home! Heading over!” He gave his father a hug. “Good night, Dad. See you tomorrow around lunch time!”

“Do not do anything I would disapprove of.” Severus said.

“Okay.” Harry said, again crossing his fingers in a fold on his robe.

“Have fun. I will see you tomorrow.” Severus said.
Harry raced out, grabbed his bag, and made the Floo trip to Riddle Manor.

As soon as he came out of the Floo, strong arms wrapped around his waist and he was pulled into a kiss. He moaned and melted into it, savouring the taste of Tom and the feeling of the man winding through his head.

Tom broke the kiss and smiled down at him. “Guess who’s going to be your Defence Against the Dark Arts professor next year?” He purred.

Harry gaped at him. “No way! For real?” He asked, stunned.

Tom smiled. “And the year after that, and after that. Because I can remove the curse. It’ll be all too easy.” He said.

Harry grinned. “Oh, we’re going to have so much fun.”

Tom chuckled. “Aren’t we?” He agreed. “So,” He sobered. “What are your rules?”

Harry cleared his throat. “Don’t do anything Dad would disapprove of. But I crossed my fingers when I agreed to it, so it doesn’t apply.” He added hurriedly.

Tom laughed. “My sneaky little Prince! Alright, fine, no rules it is.”

Harry followed him to his room and put his things in the wardrobe. He didn’t plan on bringing any clothes home, since he figured he’d eventually need an outfit here. It was the same reason he’d brought his least favorite set of pyjamas with him to leave over here. He meant for them to stay here for next time. Soon enough, he wouldn’t need to bring anything, and he could come over without warning.

It would feel like living here, and he wanted that.

He loved Severus, but he knew at some point he would get angry and leave in a huff, and he didn’t
want to have to go to his room and pack before doing so. It didn’t suit his grandiose style of dramatic exits like just leaving would.

And Severus would have less time to tell him not to leave, or try to ground him.

Tom watched him, leaning against the doorjamb with his arms crossed, a small smile on his face. “Your clothes look good there.” He said mildly.

“But they’d look better on your floor?” Harry asked cheekily.

Tom frowned. “No. Where did you here that horrible line? You’re too young for that.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Oh, like another year is going to make so much difference!” He drawled, sounding very like Severus.

Tom made a face. “You sound exactly like your father. And I’m not being facetious.” He added.

Harry snorted. “Either way, one year means nothing.” He pointed out.

“We’ll probably wait even longer. I was attracted to your face and the feel of your power, not your age. I prefer maturity.” Tom told him.

Harry frowned. “I’m mature!” He protested.

“In some ways, yes.” Tom pushed off the wall and came closer. He ran a hand over Harry’s cheek and down to his throat, sliding around to cup the back of his neck. “You have maturity, it’s true, but you are also so young in other ways. And I am loathe to strip that away any faster than it already is being stripped from you. You’re growing up, and it is fine for it to happen naturally. There is no need to rush things.” He said softly, then drew Harry into a kiss, his hand sliding into Harry’s hair.

Harry sighed, clinging to Tom. He was safe, and the gentle tugging in his hair was nothing to be scared over. He battled back the unease, and Tom broke the kiss. “You’re getting better.” He noted, giving a slight tug as he pulled his hands free.
Harry made a face. “Don’t do it on purpose!” He snapped, hitting Tom in the chest with a fist.

Tom laughed. “You hit like a girl!”

Harry balled up his fist again and aimed for Tom’s face.

Tom caught his hand, no longer smiling. “Don’t. I will retaliate if you mar my face.” He said sternly.

Harry growled. “Should kick you in the balls.” He muttered.

“Didn’t your father already have words with you about doing that?”

“He said nothing about not doing it to you.” Harry shot back. “He’d probably cheer me on, actually.”

Tom hummed. “Yes, you do have a point.” He agreed.

Harry sighed. “Just don’t test my limits for fun.”

Tom grinned wickedly. “I intend to push you past that one. I can get a little overzealous in bed. Hair-pulling is part of the experience.” He licked his lips. “And yours is so thick and soft, it’s quite impossible to keep my hands out of it. It’s practically a magnet.” He said.

Harry groaned. “Great. Let’s go have dinner.”

“When you leave tomorrow, you will leave with Wormtail. He’s already in a cage in his rat form, waiting for you.” Tom said.

Harry grinned. “Oh, goody! Sirius will be absolutely thrilled to have his freedom again!” He said happily.
Harry and Tom were having dinner with Mulciber there, eyeing Harry warily, and Harry had had enough. He sighed and set down his fork. “Is there something you want to say to me?” He asked irritably.

Mulciber dropped his eyes to his plate and shook his head.

“Good. Then stop staring. It’s annoying.” Harry said.

Tom chuckled. “He’s not used to us having company. You can speak freely, Mulciber, Harry knows all about me and is privy to everything. I’m keeping nothing from my consort.”

“It’s nothing, My Lord.” He said.

Tom hummed. “If you say so.” He said.

The meal was finished in mostly silence, Harry making a few comments about the school year, asking what Tom would teach.

“I intend to build on last year’s lesson plans. They are not terrible. Of course, some of it will need to be revised. You will learn plenty, don’t worry.” He assured Harry.

Harry had one glass of wine with his meal, then he and Tom retired to Tom's study downstairs and had another glass each.

“There is a matter that needs to be addressed. While I was at the school, D—” Tom gritted his teeth and continued, “someone said something that I need to tell you and Severus. It is a matter of great importance. However, this person put me under a lip-locker. There may be a way around it via Legilimency for someone skilled enough, but whoever was looking would have to do some digging, I would assume, to subvert the Occlumency shields that were left to guard the knowledge. And…” Tom sighed. “The only person I want in my head to that extent is you. There are thoughts about you that I cannot have your father see. And live to tell the tale.” He finished.
Harry flushed. “Aren’t you worried, knowing what you know, that the thoughts could set back my recovery?” He asked.

Tom hummed and nodded. “It is a concern, but I would hope by now you might find them more interesting than frightening. Also, they are just thoughts. Things I would like to try with you, fantasies, but there is no demand that we actually go through with any of them. It is a want, not a need. I just don’t want your father seeing any of it. And deciding to discuss it with me.” He added with a face of distaste.

Harry laughed. “I’m willing to try, but I might need to have Dad guide me through looking. But we can give it a shot right now, if you want.”

Tom hummed. “Yes, with you tipsy. That will go so well.”

Harry drew his wand. “What, are you afraid?” He teased.

Tom eyed his wand. “A little bit, yes, I am not ashamed to say.” He said.

Harry caught his eye. “Hold still.”

“Seriously?” Tom asked.

“Deadly.” Harry answered, and cast, “Legilimens.” He dove in and skirted around stray bits of fear and apprehension, digging deeper. There were a surprising amount of lewd thoughts and fantasies involving Harry, who ignored them and dug deeper. He surmised it was Dumbledore who had cast the curse and focused on memories of him.

There were a lot of Tom when he was young, and all of them showed either Dumbledore dismissing the bullying he was under or disapproving of something he had done, none of which were particularly heinous crimes. It was the same small deeds that had been ignored when Harry, Ron and Hermione had done them.

Harry looked for more recent memories and found a slew of memories of Tom in his glamour, meeting with the man.
He dug around, and found the meeting from earlier that day. They were discussing Voldemort and then—a wall.

Harry growled and tried to go around it. It moved with him.

He tried to go through it. It was rock-solid.

He sighed and bashed against it.

“Ow!” Tom's mental voice shouted.

Harry hummed. “Yeah, well, this is going to be painful, but it might do the trick.” He replied. He turned into a cannon and fired a single blast at the wall. It fractured, Tom screamed, and he was forcibly ejected from the man's mind.

“Did it work?” He asked.

Tom sighed and rubbed at his temples. “Dumbledore wants you to die when you face Voldemort.” He muttered sullenly. “And I have a splitting headache.” He added with a glare at Harry.

Harry brightened. “I got through!” He said happily, then, “He wants me dead?” He asked, frowning.

Tom sighed again. “He wants the horcrux inside you dead, and for that, you must die, yes.”

Harry hummed. “Dad's not going to like that.” He said.

Tom stared at him incredulously. “And you do?!” He asked.

“Of course not! But Dad won’t like it more.” He added.

“Something needs to be done about that man.” Tom said.
Harry nodded. “But what are we going to do?”

Tom smiled. “We're going to wait until the school year starts and I make a name for myself, then we will tell the Prophet about his little plan. It will kill his public image.” He said.

Harry nodded. “That will work.” He agreed. “But won’t he fire you?”

“If he does, his only other option is a Ministry Plant. I will be fine.” Tom said.

Harry nodded slowly. “Well, you'd better make yourself indispensable fast.” He warned.

Tom smirked. “It won’t take long.” He said surely. “Finish your wine.” He said, nodding to Harry’s half-finished drink.

Harry picked it up and downed it. “Done!” He said happily.

Tom's smirk widened. “Good. Why don’t you come over here and sit on Daddy’s lap?” He asked, patting his lap suggestively.

Harry snorted. “Pervert.” He said fondly, but moved to sit in his lap. “Better?” He asked.

Tom's arms wrapped around his waist and the man buried his face in Harry's hair and inhaled. “Much better.” He said.

“I saw an awful lot of fantasies that involved tying me up.” Harry mused.

“A want, not a need.” Tom assured him.

“Holding me down.” Harry added.
“I do like to get a little forceful, but we will discuss it first.” Tom said.

“Choking me on your cock?” Harry asked reproachfully.

Tom laughed. “Oh, don’t worry. I’m fairly certain that will never happen. It was more of a fleeting thought that kind of ran away with me.”

“It shimmered.” Harry said.

Tom cleared his throat. “I may have wanked to it once or twice.” He admitted.

Harry laughed. “You are a pervert!” He shifted. “You’re hard. Talking about it is making you hard!” He accused.

Tom hummed. “To be fair, we’re talking about sex. Sex in any capacity is supposed to make one hard. You shouldn’t be so up in arms about it. After all, you started it.” He said.

Harry hummed. “I suppose so.” He wiggled again, and Tom groaned, arms tightening around his waist.

“Don’t do that.” The man growled.

Harry chuckled. “Don’t you like it?” He teased.

“A little too much, honestly.” Tom said.

Harry hummed and moved again. “Going to throw me down and ravish me?”

Tom was audibly gritting his teeth. “I want to throw you down and do things to you we both know you are not ready for. Stop. Pushing.” He said firmly.
Harry nodded and relaxed his body. “Alright. Just hold me.” He said.

Tom began drawing absent patterns on Harry's stomach, occasionally wandering up just shy of his nipples and dipping down to run along his waistband.

Harry didn’t even tense, just lay there lax, letting it happen.

Tom smiled. It was progress.

*****

Harry woke and heard a soft growling coming from the corner of his room. He lit his spare wand and looked around, seeing nothing. He rushed out of bed and to Tom's room, entering and waking the man.


“There was growling in my room. Can I sleep with you?” He asked.

Tom hummed. “I sleep in the nude, but yes. Just keep your eyes closed tomorrow morning until I am dressed.” He said, lifting the covers.

Harry snorted. “I’ve seen you naked already.” He said.

“Not with a raging erection, you haven’t.” Tom countered.

“True.” Harry agreed. “I’ll close my eyes.”

“Good.” Tom said. “Now let’s sleep.”

Harry closed his eyes and cuddled into Tom, slipping into sleep easily.
Tom got up and Harry kept his eyes closed as he had promised (only taking a quick peek at Tom’s ass as the man got his clothes for the day), then they took turns in the shower.

Harry wanked in the shower, having heard Tom doing the same only ten minutes earlier. The thought that Tom could hear him only made it hotter.

After his shower, he dressed and met Tom in the bedroom. “You minx.” The man accused.

Harry smiled innocently. “I have no idea what you mean.” He said.

“Sure. Come on, let’s get to breakfast.” Tom said. “What are you going to do with Wormtail?” Tom asked once they were eating.

Harry grinned. “Turn him in to the Ministry.” He answered.

“For…?” Tom prompted.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Accessory to murder, being an unregistered Animagus, and whatever other charges they can slap him with. Probably use of the Unforgivables and being a Death Eater.” He added.

Tom hummed. “Well, he is guilty of all those.” He said mildly.

Harry chuckled. “Yes, but it’s mainly so Sirius can go free. He’ll be in your debt. And probably reinstated as Lord Black. That would make him a very useful ally to have.” He pointed out.

“It would. I will wait and see how things play out. Perhaps losing Wormtail will prove more profitable than having him was.” Tom mused.
“It certainly could be.” Harry said happily, eating his breakfast.

Tom smiled indulgently. His consort was happy, so he was happy.

Malciber, who was watching them both, was *not* happy.
Harry got home and called out, “Dad!”

Severus voice called out from the library, “I’m in here! You have two legs, walk.”

Harry searched him out and held up the cage. “Have Wormtail. Going to take him to Sirius and go to the Ministry.” He said happily.

Severus hummed, then turned back to his book. “Have fun. I will probably be in the lab when you return.”

“Alright. See you at dinner!” Harry raced off to the Floo and was gone before Severus realised he had never brought his clothes home.

Severus sighed and decided it wasn’t worth the effort of raising a fuss over it.

*****

“Sirius, guess what?” Harry called out upon arriving in the den.

“What?” There was a crash, then Remus’ voice snapped, “Sirius! Look what you did!”

“I’m not a dog, don’t talk to me like that!” Sirius replied. “Look.” There was a muttered spell and the sound of pots and pans rearranging. “All fixed.”

Remus sighed and Sirius came into the room. “What's up?” He asked.

Harry held up the cage. “Ready to get your name cleared?” He asked excitedly.

Sirius’ eyes widened. “Yes, I am!” He said happily.
Harry grinned. “Let’s go to the Ministry, then. You were listed as dangerous; I don’t think we’ll run into any trouble on our way.” He said.

Sirius turned to Remus and grabbed him around the waist, planting a big kiss on his surprised lips. “After I get my name cleared and make a trip to Gringotts, we’re going out to eat. Somewhere really nice.” He turned to Harry. “You’re invited, too!” He said.

Harry smiled and shook his head. “It’s fine, I should go home after this. I told Severus I’d be home for dinner already. I’m just here to deliver a rat.” He said. “There’s a spell on the cage keeping him from changing. Let’s keep him in it.” Harry added.

Sirius nodded. “Wonderful. Let’s go.”

Remus chuckled. “You two have fun. I’m not going back into the Ministry any time soon.” He said mildly.

Sirius nodded. “Fair enough. I’ll send Amelia your regards, shall I?”

Remus smiled at him. “By all means.” He agreed.

Sirius and Harry used the Floo to get to the Ministry, and checked in.

“Harrison Prince and Sirius Black, here to clear Sirius Black’s name.” Harry said cheerfully.

The Welcome Witch eyed Sirius warily. “You are aware he’s a wanted criminal, right?” She asked.

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed, holding up the cage. “You are aware I have Peter Pettigrew right here, right?” He sassed right back at her.

She looked surprised, and checked them in without further comment.
Sirius led the way straight to Amelia Bones' office. “Hey!” He said when she opened the door.

Amelia sighed. “I really don’t want to arrest you again, bu—”

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to!” Sirius took the cage from Harry and handed it over. “We're here to clear my name.”

Amelia took it and looked at the rat. “And what is this?” She asked.

“Peter Pettigrew.” Harry answered. “Secret-Keeper for the Potters.”

Amelia smiled. “Well, that changes things somewhat. Come on in.” She let them into her office.

After closing the door, she opened the cage, dumped out the rat, and cast a spell.

It squeaked, changed, and there was Peter.

Amelia bound him and eyed him. “You're going to Azkaban, Peter. We won’t need a trial for you, since Dumbledore never wanted one for Sirius.”

Sirius looked shocked at that. “Dumbledore was supposed to act as binder, he would have known I was innocent!”

Amelia looked surprised at that. “The Prophet is going to hear that news.” She muttered. “I wonder about that man lately.”

Sirius nodded. “I don’t blame you.” He said.

“Well, you're free to go, I'll put the news out in tomorrow's paper. Wait until then to go out and celebrate, okay?” She asked.
Sirius pouted. “Yeah, fine.”

“Keep your nose clean. Maybe if you're good we can talk in a few weeks about getting you back on the force.”

Sirius made a face. “Nah. It would feel wrong without James as a partner.” He said.

Amelia shrugged. “Suit yourself. I'll talk with the Goblins tomorrow; we'll see what we can do about your Lordship being restored.” She said.

Sirius grinned. “I'll be waiting to hear from either you or them, then. See you around.”

“See you. Be good, I don’t want to see you being brought in again.” She said sternly.

Sirius grinned. “So long as no one kills Harry, you won’t have to!” He promised.

They left, and Sirius frowned. “Dumbledore.” He growled.

“Yep.” Harry answered.

“Locked me up without a trial.”

“Not surprised.” Harry said.

“I'm going to kill him for that.” Sirius vowed.

“Get in line.” Harry said. “I have prior claim.” He said.

Sirius looked surprised. “What did he do to you?” He asked.
“Killed my grandparents, created a false prophecy to kill my mother and the man he thought was my father, placed me in an abusive home, kept me there after being told about the sex abuse, kept hiring incompetent homicidal maniacs to teach defence—except for Remus, he was good—tried to let Ron off with a warning for trying to kill me—*twice*—and was reluctant to expel him and Ginny for using the Imperius potion on me.” Harry finished.

Sirius was silent for a long time, then, he finally said, “You can have him.”

“Thanks.” Harry said dryly.

They got back to the Den and Harry left as Sirius went to tell Remus the good news (he was cleared) and the bad news (celebrating would have to wait until tomorrow).

Harry looked around for Severus and found that there was a strange smell coming from the door to the lab downstairs. So he was brewing. Harry went to get Merlin's journal and read some more.

*****

Harry was reading when he heard Lucius' voice coming from the receiving room. He sounded frantic.

“*Severus!*” The man was shouting, looking into every doorway he passed.

“He’s in his lab.” Harry said. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s Draco.” Lucius said. “There’s been an accident.”

Harry paled. “I’ll get him.” He said. He ran to the door to the lab and called out, “Dad, Lucius is here! Something happened to Draco!”

There was a curse, then, “Give me three minutes!”

Lucius came up behind Harry and they both waited.
Severus finally emerged. “What happened?” He asked, wiping his hands on a cloth.

“Draco was brewing—I think it was the Creatura Reveale potion, he is more and more anxious to find out if he is Veela every day—and whatever it was exploded. We got him clean, but he was coated in it, and though the burns have healed, it has been two hours and he hasn’t woken. Nothing is helping him wake.” Lucius explained.

Severus turned to Harry. “Stay here.” He said.

“Like hell!” Harry snapped. “He’s my friend! I’m going, too!”

Severus glared at him. “You are staying. Here.” He said.

Harry glared back.

“I will come over, but if it is what I think it is, you will need to call the Weasley twins and keep them there until he wakes and stabilises.”

“What is it?” Harry asked.

Lucius was obviously wondering the same, but he didn’t voice it.

“I will tell you when I get home if I am right, Harrison. For now, you just worry about yourself. I should be home in forty-five minutes, just in time for dinner.” Severus said.

“Yeah, fine.” Harry said heavily.

“Be good.” Severus left with Lucius and Harry went back to where he’d been, propping his feet up on the couch and settling in to read some more, while using the furniture in a way he knew Severus would disapprove of.
It was the little things that made his day, sometimes.

*****

“How much of his body was covered?” Severus asked, checking Draco’s responses. His pupils were reactive, if a little dilated, and he was otherwise stable, just unconscious. Narcissa was Flooing the twins.

“He was completely covered in the front of his body, and he seemed to have turned and caught all of his left side and some of his back. Most of him was burned, but we used your dittany paste and he healed from that.” Lucius said.

Severus nodded and hummed. “When the twins get here, leave them alone with him for twenty-four hours. There will be… Things going on that you do not want or need to be here for.”

Lucius frowned. “Not under my roof!” He protested.

Severus glared at him. “You idiot, there is no choice! I am telling you as a Healer what needs to happen! He has come into a Veela inheritance. Early. He will need his mates, they will need to seal the bond, and he will be in a pure Veela mindset for twenty hours, since it was potions-induced early onset. There is nothing to be done but let him bond already and make it easier on him.”

The twins rushed in, followed by Narcissa.

“What’s going on?!” Fred asked, while George rushed over and took Draco’s limp hand in his own.

“Draco is coming into an early inheritance.” Severus said. “We hope you are his mates. He should wake in four hours, and you will find out for sure then. I’m heading home. Good luck.” He said to Lucius and Narcissa.

“Thank you, Severus.” Lucius said.

“You are welcome. I will see you in a few days.” Severus said before leaving.
Fred looked at Lucius. “When will he wake up?” He asked.

Lucius sighed. “Another two hours.”

George nodded. “What do we do when he wakes?”

Lucius rubbed his temples. “Remember how I told you that you two are not to do anything questionable with him under my roof?” He asked.

Fred nodded. “Yes, Sir, we remember clearly.”

“That has gone out the window. You are probably his mates, so you will need to bond with him and spend time together until he comes out of his Veela mindset. He will know what to do, his Veela will tell him. Just go with whatever he urges you to do.” Lucius flushed. “You may want to prepare yourself shortly before he wakes.” He added to George. “He will not be in a mood to wait for you, and I can tell you are submissive. Be ready for him to take you. I do not know if a dominant Veela will remember preparation in a feral mindset. I am submissive to Narcissa.” He explained.

“So, wait, you carried Draco?” Fred asked.

“No.” Lucius said in irritation. “There are five types of Veela: submissive tops, submissive bottoms, dominant tops, dominant bottoms and switches, which are the rarest. I am a submissive top. I impregnated her, but she rules the household for me. I defer to her in most cases. I work in politics and pay the bills; she oversees everything here. We raise Draco together, with her teaching him to be a proper young Lord and me teaching him to listen to his instincts in case he is... Well, in case this happened, really.” He told them. “It keeps harmony. We are both happy this way.”

George nodded. “We are both ready to take care of him in any way he needs us to.”

Lucius smiled. “Just be there for him.” He said.

Fred chuckled. “Don’t worry, he will be protected, and we will do whatever it takes to make him
“Good.” Lucius said. “I will leave you to get ready for when he wakes.” He said, then left the room, closing the door behind him.

Fred swallowed. “We should get ready for him to wake. It will be soon, knowing our luck.”

George nodded his agreement. He got onto the large bed beside Draco, far enough away to not disturb him, and shucked his trousers and pants. He was unbuttoning his shirt when Fred lifted his legs and began tonguing him. He moaned softly, stifling the sound by biting his lip.

Fred chuckled. “Going to hold back those lovely sounds the whole time?” He asked, then went back to what he had been doing.

“Just—just until Draco’s up!” George answered in a strangled voice.

Fred hummed happily, driving his tongue deep into George and earning a gasp.

George held in his sounds and stopped Fred when he felt he was wet enough, especially since Draco was starting to stir. He quickly shed his shirt and Fred undressed, too.

Draco’s eyes fluttered open, shining bright silver like his father’s, instead of his usual bright blue, and he opened his mouth and let out a musical trill.

Both twins felt their breath catch at the ethereal beauty of their mate as he seemed to glow.

“His allure.” Fred realized.

“Gorgeous.” George added.

Draco trilled again, then crooned and leaned in to inhale deeply at the base of George’s neck. He nipped at the skin, then gave a lick over the area his sharp teeth had stung.
Draco leaned up and gave Fred a thorough sniff, too, then bared his neck, giving a questioning croon.

Fred knew from his reading that that was the Veela’s way of asking for approval from their dominant mate. He was supposed to bite him, not hard enough to claim yet, but hard enough to make it clear he intended to when they had sex, which would be happening very soon.

Fred set his teeth into Draco’s neck and bit down, leaving a mark.

Draco melted into it, crooning happily.

Then, as soon as Fred let up, the Veela was on George.

Draco felt his entrance, and finding him wet, trilled happily. He threw the covers off of himself and revealed that he was achingly hard.

Fred winced. “Looks painful.” He said.

“Looks wonderful. He’s grown a bit.” George said approvingly.

Fred chuckled as Draco positioned himself and paused, wiggling his arse.

Fred leaned in and began licking at him, but the Veela let out a displeased warble of warning.

Fred tensed, backed off, and instead cast stretching and lubricating spells on him, then positioned himself at his entrance. “Apparently, we’re doing this as fast as possible.” He muttered.

George chuckled. “I approve of this decision.” He chimed in.

Fred sighed. “Someday I’m going to give him a good rimming. Make him come on my tongue.” He muttered.
Draco pushed back, driving Fred into him and making him gasp, then forward into George, earning a deep moan.

They set up a steady rhythm, Draco leading their movements for the most part, and Fred and George just following along as best they could.

George was crying out every time Draco pushed into him and clutching at Draco’s back, and Draco was getting slowly more forceful.

George cried out sharply, and Fred looked around Draco to find that the blond had figured out how to give George exactly what he needed—a hint of pain. Draco had grabbed onto a nipple and was pinching and twisting, and while George’s sharp cries could be mistaken for sounds born purely of pain, Fred knew that his twin wanted the pain, and that made all the difference.

Fred grinned and sped up, wondering if his need could be fed by Draco as well as George’s was. He reached up with one hand and raked his fingernails gently down Draco’s back, not hard enough to break the skin, but enough to raise red lines down the smooth expanse.

Draco mewedled and arched into the touch, and Fred dug his nails in deeper. The answer was Draco speeding up and baring his neck, and Fred nuzzled him, sucking on the skin. He pulled away and grabbed a handful of Draco’s hair, pulling and making the blond bow back with the pulling.

Fred released his hair and grabbed his hips instead, helping him move and pulling him back to drive even deeper into him with each motion.

Draco growled and leaned down, biting George and setting off his orgasm with the mating claim, and Fred tightened his grip on his hips, slamming home and adding his claim on Draco’s neck, setting off the blond, which pulled his own orgasm from him as the blond clamped down several times, screeching in completion.

Fred rolled off of him, panting and smiling as Draco went boneless, blanketing George’s body with his own sated form. “Probably should have put up a silencing charm.” He said belatedly.

George snickered. “Lucius is going to be horrified.”
“Probably.” Fred agreed.

Draco nuzzled into George’s neck, then rolled off of him and cuddled in between his two mates, trilling softly and soaking up the feeling of their bond sealing itself off securely.

*****

“And next time you see him, he will probably look a bit different. The inheritance can cause that.” Severus told Harry.

Harry frowned. “Different how?” He asked.

Severus hummed. “His eyes will glow silver in the grip of strong emotions. He will be prettier, but your Occlumency shields will protect you from his allure. His hair will have lightened a few shades. He will still be the same person, just better-looking.” He said.

Harry hummed. “Good thing I’m not competing with him for Tom.” He said lightly.

Severus laughed. “The Dark Lord will have no one but you. He is attracted to power, and besides him and Dumbledore, you are the strongest wizard around. There is no one who could wrest him from your side.” He assured Harry.

Harry smiled. “Good. Then I don’t have to worry.”

“No, you do not.” Severus agreed.

*****

“Last-minute Switch, or Heinous Headmaster?

My readers, it has come to my attention that Sirius Black was cleared of all charges late yesterday afternoon, when he and Harrison Prince (formerly Harry Potter) brought in Peter Pettigrew in his illegal Animagus form and proved that he bore the Dark Mark and had been the one to act as secret-
keeper for the Potters!

Also mentioned during the turning in of the rat Animagus was the fact that Dumbledore was going to act as Bonder for the Fidelius Charm the Potters would be living under. As most of you know, Dumbledore urged the Minister to put Sirius Black in Azkaban without a trial of any kind.

If he was indeed the Bonder, he knew that Sirius Black was innocent.

Did the Potters switch Bonders at the last minute, or is our Headmaster hiding a dangerously sinister side to him?

It seems that only time will tell.

Rita Skeeter”

Harry chuckled, setting the paper aside. “She can be very useful when she’s on our side.” Harry said.


Harry rolled his eyes, but continued eating.

“And don’t roll your eyes.” Severus added.

“Fine.” Harry said. “Can I go spend another night at Tom’s soon?”

Severus hummed. “I suppose. I do need to have your Godfather come over to clear the air with him about our past before I will trust him with you out in public, and I’d like to do that with as small an audience as possible.”

Harry grinned. “Great! How about in two days?”
Severus smiled. “Yes, fine. That will work.” He said.

“Thanks, Dad! You’re the best.”

“It will not be so easy all the time. I merely have reason to want an empty house right now.” Severus said. “Enjoy it while it lasts.”

Harry nodded. “I plan to!” He said enthusiastically.
Pregnancy and Progression

Draco groaned and mumbled, “Why does it feel like there are doxies nesting in my bum?”

George sat up. “You're lucid! Thank the Gods, I was starting to think you'd never do anything but make bird sounds ever again!”

Draco scowled. “I’m fine, thank you for asking. Little tender, particularly in my arse, but I hear that’s all part of the experience.” He snapped.

Fred pulled him into a kiss. “We're glad you're back to normal, and sorry about that. I’m on the bigger side, and your Veela just wouldn’t wait for proper preparation.”

Draco sighed. “Yeah, I remember. I didn’t mean to blow up the potion. Thought I could manage it.” He said.

“What were you trying to brew?” George asked.


Fred sighed. “That’s a sixth-year potion for a reason, Draco.” He said. “Besides, we knew you were ours. Would waiting have been so hard?” He asked.

Draco let out a small laugh. “Guess we'll never know.” He said.

George paled. “Um, Fred?” He asked.

Fred looked over. “Yeah?” He asked.

“Do you think that yesterday counts as me losing my virginity to my dominant, since being with you didn’t count?”
Fred gulped. “Oh, shite. Yeah, probably.”

George sighed and rolled over to bury his face in the pillow with a low groan.

Draco frowned. “What are you two on about?”

“You know George and I are Sinicae. How much do you know about them so far?” He asked.

Draco glared at him. “Barely anything. It’s been less than a month, guys.”

Fred took a deep breath. “Well, with twins, we can have sex with each other, and nothing happens, we’re biologically incompatible, thank Merlin. But when we find our mate, the first time a submissive Sinicus sleeps with their dominant, there is nothing on Earth that can prevent them from getting pregnant. It’s so their dominant doesn’t leave them later, because Sinicae are not monogamous by nature.”

Draco turned to George and stared at him for a good long while. Then, he sighed. “Let’s not tell Father just yet.”

“Yeah, let’s not tell him at all!” George said frantically.

Draco snorted. “Just show up with a baby one day. Surprise! You’re a grandpa! Isn’t it wonderful?” He rolled his eyes. “That will go so well.”

“I hate nature sometimes.” George said.

Fred sighed. “Well, at least Veela don’t have that problem.”

Draco paled. “Did you cast a contraceptive spell?” He asked.

Fred frowned. “Oh. No, I did not.” He admitted.
Draco sighed. “It’s a good thing I learned this when I started dating you two.” He cast a spell, and nothing happened. Another sigh, this time of relief. “We’re safe.” He punched Fred on the shoulder. “Next time use protection! Idiots.” He muttered.

Fred snickered. “Sorry. Was a little distracted by your Veela pretty much demanding I get inside you.”

Draco flushed. “I don’t remember, how loud were we?” He asked in a small voice.

George groaned. “If you were planning to ever look your father in the eye again, I wouldn’t.” He said.

“Lovely.” Draco said, getting up. “Well, let’s go face the music. He’s probably worried.”

Fred and George got up and put their clothes back on, then watched Draco as he dressed.

“Would you two mind not ogling my arse? I can feel your eyes boring holes into me.” He muttered as he pulled on a shirt.

“You’re just so gorgeous, we can’t resist!” George said.

Draco snorted. “Right.” He ran a brush through his hair quickly, squared his shoulders, and headed for the door.

Fred and George gave each other a look, shrugged, and followed him.

*****

“Black.” Severus said as Sirius Flooed through.

“Snape.” Sirius replied.

Sirius nodded. “Prince, then. Congratulations, by the way. When did that happen?” He asked as Remus came through.

“When I joined the Death Eaters. Septimius saw it as a noble following, so he invited me back into the family. I accepted.” He explained.

Remus nodded. “It does seem to be a smarter choice than we originally made. Dumbledore seems to be either going senile or has been hiding some rather questionable tendencies behind a grandfatherly veneer.” He noted.

Severus nodded. “Indeed.” He led them into the blue parlour and called an elf for some tea.

“So, where's Harry?” Sirius asked.

Severus made a face. “I sent him to his boyfriend’s for the night.” He said.

Sirius frowned. “This the same boyfriend that’s tried to kill him? More than once?” He asked.

Severus chuckled. “Come, now, Black, you met him at Harrison’s party. He's not going to try and kill him again. They are past that.”

Sirius shrugged. “If you say so.”

“I wanted to put the past behind us. If you are going to have Harry over for any length of time past a few hours, I want to be able to speak with you *amicably.*” Severus said. “That means without shouting.” He added at Sirius' blank look.

“I *know* what it means!” Sirius snapped. “I just don’t see why you want us to get along.”

Severus hummed. “I don’t want to cause any added stress for Harrison. He has had quite enough of that already. Besides, I think we can become friends.”
“Perhaps more.” Remus said.

Severus looked at him in confusion and Sirius covered his mouth.

Remus stunned him, then lowered his body to lie on the couch. “Severus, Sirius would never tell you willingly, but I found out recently what the real reason behind his pinpoint interest in you in school was: He fancied you. Refused to show it, because you were a Slytherin, but there you go. He was always focused on you, so you became a target for most of our pranks and you always retaliated. Naturally, things escalated. He regrets what happened, perhaps more than anyone else, but there was no way for him to apologise without losing face. So I’m solving the issue. He likes you. He would never admit it, but you now have that knowledge. What you do with it is up to you.” He said, then revived Sirius.

Sirius groaned. “I hate you, Moony.”

Severus was watching him, a contemplative look on his face. “I want a formal apology from you. Both of you.” He said.

Remus smiled. “I’m sorry for everything we did in school. We were misguided, and you suffered. We won’t hurt you ever again. We aren’t those people anymore.” He said.

Severus looked at Sirius, an eyebrow raised expectantly.

Sirius sighed. “Sorry for always going after you. It was hard to think of anyone else whose attention I wanted as badly. I was kind of fixated. And I kept suggesting you so James didn’t catch on. It was wrong of me, and I’d like to start over.” He said.

Severus hummed. “I am sorry for the things I did, as well, none of us were blameless, I got back at you all several times. We can put this behind us. In addition,” He took a deep breath, “I will agree to three dates with you both, or three each separately, and we will see if we mesh well. We have all changed since school, we may find we are compatible.” He said.

Sirius perked up. “Really?” He asked excitedly.
Severus inclined his head. “Yes. We can start tonight, I actually intended to invite you both to share dinner with me, since I am alone in the house tonight.”

Remus smiled. “We'd love to.” He said.

Sirius was nodding. “Do we get a goodnight kiss after?” He asked hopefully.

Severus chuckled. “Be on your best behaviour. It might be a possibility.” He told him.

Sirius grinned. “Deal!”

*****

Harry shucked his shirt and Tom's eyebrows rose. “Stripping, are we?” He asked, watching the teen.

Harry huffed. “It’s too bloody hot in here!” He said.

Tom smiled. “I was on the Floo most of the day. If it gets you out of your clothing, I shall have to do it more often.” He joked.

“You're so funny.” Harry drawled.

“I’ve told you before not to do that, I know I have! Stop sounding like your father, it’s off-putting.” He told Harry.

Harry chuckled. “Yes, well, he is my father.”

“And the only Death Eater I actually fear.” Tom added.

“You don’t fear me?” Harry asked teasingly.
Tom scoffed. “You are not a Death Eater; you are my consort. You’re my equal, I am supposed to fear you.”

Harry grinned at him. “Are you? Good to know.” He said.

Tom eyed his chest. “So how much of that am I allowed to touch?” He asked.

“Oh, all of it.” Harry said lightly, stretching and draping his arms over the back of the couch. “If you want.” He added.

Tom moved from his chair to sit next to Harry, wine glass forgotten in favour of tantalizing flesh. “So, if I want to do this,” He traced his fingers over a nipple, “That's allowed?”

Harry hummed. “Yeah.”

Tom leaned closer. “What if I wanted to kiss it?” He whispered.

Harry took a deep breath. “I don’t know.” He admitted, looking at Tom's lips. “We should try it.” He whispered back.

Tom leaned forward and kissed the nipple.

Harry sucked in a breath, then let out a soft moan.

Tom closed his mouth over the nipple and sucked gently.

Harry let out another, louder moan. “Okay, that’s nice.” He said, threading his hand into Tom's hair.

Tom smiled and pulled away. “Well, I promise we won’t go further, but could you lie back so I can do this at a better angle?” He asked.
Harry smiled back at him. “I suppose. Just don’t put all your weight on me. I need the option of getting up to still be available.” He said.

Tom knelt on the floor beside the couch. “There.” He said.

Harry laid back. “Alright. I’m ready.” He said.

Tom smiled. “If you need to stop, just tell me.”

Harry nodded. “I will. But I trust you.”

Tom vowed to himself to never betray that trust.
Harry and Tom were sleeping, spooned together, when Harry woke with a start. He panicked and began thrashing, wresting himself from Tom's hold and falling out the other side of the bed. He stood, panting, as Tom woke.

“What was all that about?” He asked.

Harry took a deep breath. “Nightmare.” He said, getting back into bed facing Tom.

“Want to talk about it?” Tom asked.

Harry flushed so brightly Tom could see it in the near-pitch black of the room. It was impressive. “Well, it started out good. Me and you were in my bed, and we were having sex. Or at least getting ready to. But as soon as you got inside me, you turned into Vernon and it started to hurt. I screamed and tried to get away, but Vernon held me down and I had to watch his ugly face as he raped me.” He told him.

Tom sighed and wrapped his arms around Harry. “Is this okay?” He asked.

Harry nodded and cuddled closer. “Yeah, this is okay. I was just tired and confused.” He said. “I’m better now.”

Tom kissed him. “I will never force you into anything. And no matter how many steps forward we take, if you ever want to take a step back because you are having second thoughts, you simply tell me, and we will do so. You set the pace, always. It must always be your choice.” He said.

Harry smiled. “Thank you.” He said before burying his face in Tom's chest, inhaling deeply, and going back to sleep.

*****

Harry woke and stretched, feeling Tom’s hands at the small of his back. The hands slid lower to cup his ass and a pleased hum came from the mostly-asleep man.
Harry snorted. “Tom, you're fondling me.” He said, amused.

Tom's eyes snapped open, and the hands jerked away. “Sorry.” He said.

Harry laughed. “It’s fine, just don’t make it a habit while we're awake just yet.”

Tom chuckled. “Right.” He agreed.

Harry rolled over, taking the blankets with him, and Tom sighed. “So cold.” He mourned.

Harry laughed again. “Go get in the shower.”

“If you're going to make a habit of being a blanket hog, let me know and I will invest in a second blanket.” He grumbled, getting out of bed.

Harry hummed. “I haven’t decided yet.” He said lightly.

“Little brat.” Tom muttered, grabbing clothes and turning before he went into the bathroom to snap, “I’m going to use all the hot water!”

Harry snorted. “Go ahead. I'm used to cold showers. It's the only kind I was allowed at the Dursleys’. I wasn't allowed to run hot water unless I was washing dishes or doing laundry.” He said.

Tom scowled. “I take it back. You don’t need to remind me that you had it bad, I don’t like remembering it.”

Harry shrugged. “Just letting you know your revenge will be useless.”

Tom sighed and went into the bathroom.
Harry snickered and cuddled up in the blanket, watching the door. He heard the shower begin running and not three minutes into it, he heard a moan, then his name.

He smiled and began touching himself, enjoying the feelings he was sure Tom was enjoying too.

They came at the same time, Harry biting his lip to muffle the sound of his cry and listening to Tom’s cry of his name with a smile.

He cleaned himself with a spell and when Tom came out, he took a deep breath and smirked, giving Harry a smug look. “Did we enjoy my performance?” He asked. “Look up air-freshening charms if you don’t want me to know. The room reeks of sex.” He said to Harry’s blush.

Harry chuckled and got up to get his clothes. “Right. I’ll do that.” He said.

Tom laughed softly. “I suppose I won’t get a performance of my own?” He asked.

Harry smiled and shook his head. “Afraid not. I’m all done for the day.” He told the man.

Tom sighed and shook his head. “Pity.”

“Next time.” Harry promised.

“Mm, I’ll hold you to that.” Tom said happily.

Harry finished his shower quickly and got out, towelling off and using the hair-removal cream he’d brought over. He hadn’t told Tom what it was, just that he used it on occasion and needed a small jar here in case he decided to use it while here.

Tom hadn’t touched it.

He quickly removed the hair on his legs and armpits and left the bathroom, walking up to Tom and lifting his trouser leg. “Feel.” He demanded.
Tom frowned and ran his hand up from Harry’s ankle to halfway up his shin. “Oh, very nice. I assume that cream you brought over is a hair-remover?”

Harry laughed. “Yes. You can use it if you want.” He said.

Tom hummed. “I might, if the hair on my face keeps growing in so fast. I don’t remember having to shave so often before. Might be a side-effect of Severus’ potion.” He mused.

Harry shrugged. “Just leave enough for me to use on my legs and armpits. Don’t finish it off. If you do use it often, let me know when it starts getting low. I use it about once every three weeks.”

Tom nodded. “Will do. Shall we go to breakfast?”

Harry nodded. “Yeah.” He agreed, and they headed downstairs.

Rookwood was there, much to Harry’s surprise.

“Hello.” Harry said.

“Hello, Harrison.” He said, smiling charmingly before turning his attention to Tom. “The house is liveable, My Lord. Should I move out immediately?” He asked.

Tom waved a hand. “You can stay until the house is complete if you wish. I have no problem sharing my home for a short while. I just don’t want company permanently.” He added, shooting a slight glare at Mulciber, who ducked his head, looking even surlier than usual.

Rookwood nodded. “I understand, My Lord. I will stay another month and move out shortly after you go to Hogwarts for the year. When you come back for Yule, I will be gone.” He promised.

Tom nodded. “That will work fine, Rookwood. Thank you for letting me know.” He said.
Rookwood nodded and turned his attention back to his food, eating silently.

*****

Severus walked into the infirmary, a box filled with unbreakable vials in his hands.

Poppy and Minerva were talking, and Severus cleared his throat.

They turned, and Poppy smiled. “Oh, Severus!” She walked over and took the box. “Thank you.”

Severus nodded. “It’s part of my job.” He said.

Minerva sighed. “Severus, who are you loyal to?”

Severus stilled. “Why do you ask?” He asked as Poppy carried the box away.

Minerva shook her head. “Albus… He's done a lot of questionable things. I may be wavering myself. I am sure you and Harry are on the same side. I need to know which that is.”

“And? If we are not siding with Albus?” He asked.

“I will know. If I know where you two stand, it may change things a bit.”

Severus hummed. “Prince Manor. Come by tomorrow at three. Harry and I will talk to you. You may learn a few things, and we will let you leave unharmed no matter where the talk leads. We only ask that you listen with an open mind.”

Minerva nodded. “I will. I may need time to consider what I hear, but I will hear you out.” She told him. “I can give you that much.”

Severus smiled. “We will be waiting for you.” He said. “I will key you into the wards tonight.”
“Severus, I also need more heart's-ease.” Poppy said, emerging from her office. “I have a three-month supply for the four students that are on it, but I will need more for the coming year.”

Severus nodded. “I will have it for you in a week.” He told her.

“Thank you.” Poppy said.

“You're welcome. I will see you both later.” He said, then left for his home.

When he got home, he searched out Harry. He found him in the white parlour. “Harrison.” He made a face. “Get your feet off the furniture.” He added.

Harry grinned and sat up properly. “Sorry, Dad. What did you want?”

“Minerva is coming over tomorrow. She will want to talk to us about our loyalties.” He said.

Harry closed his book on his finger and set it in his lap. “And are we going to be truthful?” He asked.

Severus nodded. “We are. She is wavering, and is a powerful ally. We could do worse than helping her to switch. Moreover, she is able to sway other teachers. Imagine if we could get the entire faculty to back the Dark Lord rather than Albus.” He said fervently. “We have to at least try.”

Harry nodded hack at him. “Alright. I'll be ready, then.”

“She will be by at three tomorrow.” Severus said.

Harry nodded. “Okay.”

Severus left him and headed to the lab to start on that heart's-ease before dinner.
The Hows and Whys

Harry was waiting in the parlour when Severus brought Minerva in.

She sat in the chair across from Harry while Severus sat beside him on the couch.

“So,” She began as Harry reached out and began making his tea. “Your loyalties?”

Harry laughed. “Well, you’re certainly wasting no time.” He said. “Make some tea, stay and chat a while.”

Minerva sighed, but humoured him. “I came here for a reason.” She said.

Severus chuckled. “And we will get to that, but Harry wants to give you some explanation with his answer.” He told her.

Minerva sat back with her cup. “Alright. First, tell me who you follow, then you can explain the hows and whys.”

Harry smiled. “Both Dad and I support the Dark faction, and before you imply that I chose it for him, he gave me the choice, before he even told me where his loyalties were. He explained the truth and let me tell him who I would choose first. Then he told me who he was loyal to. There was no influencing going on. I chose freely.” He said.

Minerva frowned. “I had my suspicions.” She muttered. “But why, when he killed your mother?” She asked.

Harry shook his head, and when Minerva opened her mouth, he spoke before she could. “I'm not saying he didn't, because we all know that’s not true, but I don’t blame him. He thought there was a prophecy about me, and he killed them so they couldn’t try again to make it come true later. A clean job, and all. But the person who holds the blame for all that is Dumbledore. He either knew the prophecy was a fake or was negligent in not even trying to turn it in, so either way, he spread the word about it to my Mum and made her believe she had to protect me or die trying. And she did.” Harry said flatly. “He even told her to step aside three times before he killed her. She had the option of living, if she had wanted. He only needed one of them dead, after all.”
Minerva sighed. “That does sound like the Tom I knew in school. He wasn’t one for needless murder, and he may have had some unpopular views on how to change things, but I was surprised when Albus told me what he was doing. It sounded so wrong. So unlike him.” She mused.

Harry realized just how old Tom was and fought to keep his face from showing his dismay at the reminder.

Severus’ lips twitched.

“Don’t say a word.” Harry muttered at him.

Severus chuckled.

Minerva frowned. “What is so funny?” She asked.

Harry grimaced. “We’ll tell you if you switch, but until then, it’s best kept a secret.” He told her.

“I suppose that's fair.”

“Also, aside from sending Sirius to Azkaban without a trial, Dumbledore sent me back to the Dursleys when he knew I was being mistreated there. I can’t forgive him for that. Please don’t ask me to.” Harry added.

Minerva shook her head. “I won't, your personal demons are yours to fight, and yours to decide who to forgive and who to blame. Others should never interfere except in an attempt to help ease the burden.” She said. “That being said, I will think on all this. I have begun to question some of the choices Albus has made, but I am not quite ready to throw in my lot with an old rival just yet. If I decide to join you, you will be the first to know. Until then, let Tom know I am considering it. If he goes after me, I will stand firmly against him. Make sure he knows that.” She added. “I have to get back to the school, now. I’m supposed to be watching it for the next day or so while Albus is out.”

Severus chuckled. “Then you really shouldn’t be here.” He gently chastised.
Minerva smiled. “This was more important. When the man's away, the cat will play.” She said. “I'll show myself out.”

They watched her go.

Harry turned to Severus. “I forgot how old Tom is.” He said with a face.

Severus laughed. “Don’t let him hear you having second thoughts.” He warned.

Harry sighed. “Is he still that old where it counts?” He asked.

Severus made his own face. “If you are asking if he can still maintain an erection—”

“No!” Harry shouted, face bright red. “I mean, will our children have birth defects? He *is* old.”

Severus sighed. “So long as he is the one to impregnate you, and you carry it, it will be fine.” He said. “I can’t believe we are having this discussion.” He added.

“I need to know these things! It’s important!” Harry said.

“It could have waited until—”

“Until I was pregnant, at which point it’s too late to worry?!” Harry snapped.

“You have a point there.” Severus agreed. “But it could have waited until you were planning to become pregnant.”

Harry frowned. “I needed to know before Tom gets around to proposing. Which he will eventually, I’ll make sure of it.”

Severus chuckled. “I’m sure you will.”
Harry smiled widely. “So as long as I carry the baby, it'll be fine?” He asked to make sure.

“Yes.” Severus told him. “Sperm are created fresh each day, while eggs are inborn. As a male, your eggs are created from sperm, and will only release when you are penetrated without a contraceptive charm on you. The charm keeps the egg from releasing. Submissives gain eggs when they go through their inheritance, while particularly strong wizards gain them when they wish for a child badly enough. That is called ‘wish magic,’ and it is rare, but it does happen.”

Harry frowned. “So I don’t have eggs yet?” He asked.

“As an unpresented Dracken, you have the magical strength to wish one into existence. Which you will. Not. Do. I am not going to be a grandfather until you are thirty, do you understand me?” He asked sternly.

Harry grinned. “Yes, Dad. Love you too. Isn’t thirty a bit old, though?”

“As a magical person, your fertility will not decline until you are fifty. As a Dracken, it could be even longer. You have time, Harrison.” Severus assured him.

“I guess so.” Harry agreed. “Alright, going to go up to my room and read now.”

Severus sighed in relief as Harry ran up the stairs. Well, he had survived the most awkward sex talk in the history of sex talks. At least it was over now, and probably wouldn’t need repeating ever again.

“I’m going to have a drink.” He decided. “I deserve it.”

*****

Harry frowned, opening his window for Luna’s owl. She had sent something, it looked like a picture.
Harry took the letter and the picture, unrolling it to see himself, in his boxers, beautifully drawn. He frowned and opened the letter.

“Harry,

This is for Marvolo. I didn’t want to send it directly, because if he knew that you hadn’t drawn it, I imagine he wouldn’t be too happy about me drawing such a thing. But I draw what Magic moves me to draw, and this wouldn’t quit bugging me until it was finished.

Send it to him for me, please? Don’t let your father know, though.

I’ll see you on the Express soon.

Luna”

Harry snickered and turned to Hedwig. “Want to make a delivery?” He asked.

He wrote a quick thank you and sent it back with Luna’s owl, then sent Hedwig off with the picture.

He headed back downstairs for dinner, calm and composed outwardly, while his insides were squirming with anticipation.

How would Tom react?

*****

Tom took the picture from Hedwig, unrolling it and choking on his dinner, quickly rolling it back up before Rookwood or Mulciber caught sight of it.

“What’s that, My Lord?” Rookwood asked.
“A portrait.” Tom answered.

Rookwood frowned. “From…?”

“Harrison.” Tom snapped. “Who do you think?!”

Rookwood mouthed, “Oh.”

Mulgiber groaned. “What do you even see in him? He’s far too young, too **happy** to be with you. You need someone a little more serious, more **mature**.”

Tom gave him a blank stare. “What I **need**,” He began, his voice low and warning, “Is for one, none of your business, and for two, someone powerful enough to stand by my side as an equal. I won’t be with someone that cowers from me, or someone whose mind I can know with a single glance, or someone that I could easily outmatch in power.” He finished.

Mulgiber laughed at that. “Power? How much **power** could that little boy possibly have?” He asked derisively.

Tom smiled, and waited for his mirth to subside before he told the man, “That **little boy** is going to inherit as a **Dracken**. Tell me, Mulgiber, who alive right now has the power to gain a Dracken inheritance?”

Mulgiber frowned. “That’s impossible! Even Dumbledore isn’t powerful enough to be a Dracken!” He denied.

Tom smiled. “And yet, **Harrison** is. That says something about the man he’s going to be, doesn’t it? I intend to stand by his side and share in his glory. I will be the only person allowed to share in his life to the extent that I will. I will make sure there are no others.” He said, then got up and went to his room, to peruse the picture alone.

Rookwood chuckled after their lord left the room. “Our Lord definitely knows how to pick them. Who else but a Dracken would be worthy of a place by his side? Better yet, who can stand against us with a Dracken at our back? We are going to become a great force for change, just as Our Lord has always wanted.” He said, satisfaction coating every syllable. “This is a good thing, Mulgiber. Buck up.” He said, turning his attention back to his dinner.
Mulciber glowered down at his food. He didn’t believe that the boy would become a Dracken, but if he did, there were ways to remove him from the picture.

A Dracken was the only creature that would actually pose a threat to his Lord. And now that he was free, any threats would be eliminated.

Only when they became a danger, though.

Which Harrison Prince probably wouldn’t.

A Dracken? Please.
Minerva used her Deputy override password to get into Dumbledore's office, intending to wait for the man to return. She sat in front of the desk, noticing the pensieve sitting on top of it. She was curious to know what memory the man was viewing last, considering he had left it in the pensieve.

But no.

She could resist temptation.

Then again, Harry wasn’t the type to just go Dark without a good reason.

Maybe the memory would give her a clue as to why he switched? She could just take a quick peek.

She really shouldn’t, but she was a Gryffindor, and as the saying went, “curiosity killed the cat, but satisfaction brought it back.” She had always felt a kinship with that poor cat.

She got up and went to the pensieve, leaning in and diving into the memory.

She saw Dumbledore standing in front of the house on Privet Drive, and frowned. Why would he want to view something here? What could he possibly have witnessed here that was so important?

The door opened and the fat man, Vernon, if she was remembering correctly, opened the door. He grinned wickedly. “Good, you’re here. They just left. Make yourself invisible and we can get this started.” He said.

Dumbledore cast a quick disillusionment charm and followed him into the house.

Vernon led him up the stairs and to a bedroom with several locks adorning the door. He unlocked them and walked in. “They're gone, Freak.” He said to the thin boy laying on the bed.

Harry got up, looking resigned, and began to undress robotically.
Minerva gasped, covering her mouth as her eyes widened in shock, revulsion and realization.

This was why Harry had switched. He had been abused, degraded and raped, and Dumbledore had known! Had *condoned* it!

Had *watched* it.

She would have lost her faith in the light side as well.

Knowing that the man she had looked up to for so long had stood there, and *watched this go on*…!

Her trust was shaken, to its very foundations.

She pulled herself out of the memory before the man laid his hands, or anything else, on Harry, and fled from the room. She needed to be alone. To think. And perhaps have a stiff drink or two.

She went back to her quarters and sank into an armchair. One thing was for certain: she needed to speak to Severus. But there would be time for that tomorrow. Tonight, she needed to be alone with her thoughts, and decide just how deeply she was throwing in her lot with Harry.

The poor boy deserved due consideration.

If there was one thing Minerva knew about Harry without a doubt, it’s that the boy's heart was in the right place. He had a lot of love and goodness inside, and judging by what she had just witnessed, it was amazing that he had retained that goodness. It was a hard thing to keep, coming from such a dark place.

If that life was what he knew of the light, it was no wonder he had switched.

Minerva was certain she would have done the same.
She poured herself a large glass of scotch and took a sip, the burn of the alcohol familiar and soothing. She'd have one drink, but as much as she wanted to, she knew she couldn’t risk drinking the memory away.

This was too important to forget.

This, coming from his own magical guardian, was a true betrayal.

*****

Minerva Floo-called Severus early the next morning, hoping to catch him before he got started on anything.

A house-elf answered.

“Hello, I need to speak to Severus.” She told the elf.

The elf nodded. “Master Sev bes coming down for breakfast in five minutes. I cans go get him.” She said.

Minerva waited while the elf went and got him. He came into the room two minutes later.

“Minerva? What is the matter?” He asked.

Minerva let out a breath. “We need to talk. In private.” She said. “Face-to-face would be best. Harry mustn’t hear what I’m going to tell you until you feel the time is right.” She said.

Severus nodded. “Alright, I will send him to the Dark Lord's Manor while we talk.” He said.

Minerva frowned. “Do you think that wise?” She asked nervously.
Severus smiled at her. “Harry will be fine there. He and the Dark Lord have become… Close.”

Minerva’s eyes widened. “Tom.” She whispered in realization. “Severus, tell me the boy is not dating him!” She said pleadingly.

Severus’ lips pressed together. “Then I will tell you nothing.” He said.

Minerva sucked in a breath. “I will reserve judgement, since you seem to support it, but at least tell me he and Thomas Harding are the same man! I don’t want to see Harry get hurt for two-timing him!” She said worriedly.

Severus chuckled. “They are the same man. I will send Harry over there after breakfast. Go eat, then return to your rooms and Floo-call me. Let me know you are heading here, and I will let down the Anti-Apparition wards so you may Apparate here.”

Minerva nodded.

“Minerva!” Severus added, and she froze, looking at him quizzically. “Do not arouse suspicion. Pretend absolutely nothing has changed. It will need to be your best performance ever.” He warned.

Minerva nodded. “I will, Severus. I will see you soon.” She said.

Severus hummed. “I will be ready.” He said.

“You’d never be ready for this news, Severus.” She said in warning, then cut the connection, leaving Severus uneasy.

What had she learned that was so dire?

****

“I need you to go to the Dark Lord’s house after breakfast. Minerva wants to speak to me privately.” Severus told Harry.
Harry frowned. “I could go to my room—”

“You will go see your boyfriend. Be glad I am giving you more time with him, and use it wisely. Perhaps reconcile your feelings on his real age and the age you see him as?” He suggested.

Harry grimaced. “Yeah, that’s kind of why I don’t want to go.” He mumbled.

Severus chuckled. “I know. So go and reconnect. His mind is older, but I can assure you, after the potion he ingested, his body is not.” He told Harry.

Harry sighed. “It’s just weird.” He said.

“You made this choice. You will live with it. You are in far too deep to turn back now.” Severus told him firmly.

Harry groaned.

“He loves you, Harrison. You don’t play with someone’s heart like that, even if it is unintentional. You can see him the same as you did, it will just take time in his presence. He has not changed since last you saw him. The man you are falling for so hard is still in there. It is only your perception of him that has changed. Let him fix it.” Severus said.

“Alright, alright, I’ll go. He’s going to kiss me.” He muttered.

“And?” Severus asked.

Harry sighed heavily. “And I’ll let him, but it’s going to be weird.”

Severus chuckled. “It won’t be so after a few hours in his company. You can stay as long as you want, provided you are home for dinner. We are going shopping for your school supplies and new uniforms tomorrow. You have grown another few inches.” He added.
Harry grinned. “I know, isn’t it great?”

“And you voice seems to have settled into your new, lower register.” Severus added disapprovingly.

Harry laughed. “Tom keeps saying I sound like you.” He agreed.

Severus hummed. “You are growing up.” He said.

“I’m happy with it.” Harry said brightly.

Severus sighed heavily. “I will survive, but I wished you could be just mine for a little longer.” He said.

Harry smiled at him. “Dad, I’ll always be yours first. I’m your son, and family means more than any other bond there is.”

Severus smiled. “As long as you don’t forget me when you come into your inheritance, we will do fine.” He said.

Harry nodded. “I won’t.”

They finished their breakfast silently, each lost in their own thoughts, both dreading what they would have to do.

*****

Harry tumbled out of Tom’s Floo and the man caught him. Harry braced himself just before lips descended on his. He tried to participate in the kiss, but his heart just wasn’t in it.

Tom pulled away, frowning. “What’s happened?” His eyes flared. “Did you find someone else?!” He asked, voice low and suspicious.
Harry pushed him away, glaring at him. “God, no! There’s no one else, I’ve just…Recently been reminded how old you really are.”

Tom’s frown deepened. “Oh.” He said softly. “I see.”

Harry sighed. “I want us to work, Marvolo. I love you. Let’s work past this little bump in the road. We just need to spend time together. I think.” He mumbled the last.

Tom hummed and took his hand. “Let’s go to my study. We can talk.” He said.

Harry nodded and let the man lead him there.

“So,” Tom sat and patted the seat next to him.

Harry looked at it, looked at Tom, then made his decision and plopped down in the man’s lap. “Hold me. It will help.” He said.

Tom’s arms wrapped around his waist. “I’m still me.” He said.

Harry nodded. “I know. And I still love you.”

“Good.” Tom leaned forward and kissed the back of Harry’s neck, making the teen shiver. “Now, how can we work you past your mental block?”

Harry sighed and turned sideways. “Make out?” He suggested.

Tom smiled. “I like the way you think.”
Minerva tried to smile as Severus let her in, but it came across as more of a grimace. “It’s bad news, I’m afraid.” She told him.

Severus sighed. “When Albus is involved, it usually is.” He replied, leading her into the white parlour, the closest to the door.

Minerva sat, and folded her hands in her lap. “Has Harry told you to what extent he was abused at his relatives house?” She asked.

Severus nodded slowly. “He has told me everything they did.” He confirmed.

“Good. This will come as a shock, but I hoped it wouldn’t be too much of one, at least for you.” She took a deep breath. “Albus… Was not involved directly, but he involved himself indirectly. He… He watched Vernon…” She covered her mouth to hold back a sob, and Severus paled.

“No.” He whispered.

“I saw it in his pensieve, Severus. He cast a disillusionment spell on himself, followed him up to Harry’s bedroom, and watched.” Minerva said, obviously distraught.

“That man is vile.” Severus spat. “So I assume you’ve made your choice? You can’t still feel sanguine about following him after seeing that.”

“No, I do not. I’m with you and Harry. Where do I sign up?” She asked, fired up about following a new cause.

Severus hummed. “You have two options. You can join either Harry’s group, the Hopefuls, where the only requirement is to listen to and be loyal to Harry, or you can join me as a full-fledged Death Eater. You will have to kill and prove that you can use all three Unforgivables, but the Dark Lord will supply you with a suitable Muggle. One who has harmed one of our kind.” He told her.

Minerva frowned. “I… I suppose I will join as a full follower. I would have trouble listening to
Harry as a leader, due to our age disparity and our teacher/student association. I can cast the Unforgivables, I have just never used them on a Muggle.” She said.

“You will have little choice.” Severus told her. “We don’t kill magical people if we can help it.”

Minerva frowned. “I can think of at least one wizard who deserves a death sentence.” She muttered.

Severus smiled thinly. “And you will see him die. The Dark Lord will make sure his execution is public.” He said.

“Good.” Minerva said. “Now, do I have to go to him directly?” She asked.

Severus hummed. “There is only a week left before school starts back up. How soon do you want to be a follower?” He asked.

Minerva’s eyes flashed. “As soon as possible!” She told him fervently.

“Hm.” Severus frowned. “I suppose My Lord could find a Muggle deserving of some payback. He had quite the list last time he was in power.” He mused.

Minerva nodded. “I’ll let you tell him and will wait for you to let me know when to meet and where we will be.” She said.

Severus chuckled. “He will be very pleased to have you, I’m sure. You are a formidable fighter.”

“I try to be.” Minerva said, looking proud. “I should get back now. I told Albus I would not be long.”

“Do you know Occlumency?” Severus asked.

Minerva scoffed. “As if I will ever be able to look him in the eyes again. I know enough to keep my thoughts in order, but I have not the mental strength to keep him out. I will be fine.” She said.
“If you are sure.” Severus said.

“I am.” She assured him. “I will see you when you come to school.”

Severus nodded. “The Dark Lord and I will be coming in two days. Remember to call him Thomas Harding around Albus. Harry will spend the rest of the summer with Lucius and Narcissa and will be on the train on the first.” He said.

“I look forward to seeing you.” She said.

Severus waited until she was gone, then went to his study and blew up the four practice dummies he kept in there. That wasn’t quite enough, so he repaired them and blew them up again. Then repeated the process four more times.

After he did that, he felt calm enough to sit behind his desk and decide when he would let Harry know. He didn’t need to be told too soon, it would distract him, and he needed to be used to his new workload before it would be a good time to tell him. OWLs were important.

He decided he’d tell him once Harry seemed to have free time on his hands. Once he had gotten used to his new amount of homework he could be told. He would be distracted, but hopefully he would shake himself out of it quickly.

A few days of his son's turmoil would be Severus' price for total honesty with his remaining family.

It was a price he had to be willing to pay.

*****

Harry giggled into the kiss and broke it, the giggles turning into full-blown laughs at the look of impatience on Tom's face. “I’m sorry, it’s just… This is so weird.” He said.

Tom sighed. “Harrison, please, you know me, I haven’t been acting a part. Why is it so strange?”
Harry snorted. “Because you still look and feel like you, but I know now that you’re as old as McGonagall! It’s awkward, okay?” He burst out, then shook his head. “Let's try again.” He leaned in for another kiss.

Tom moaned as the kiss grew heated, and Harry smiled. “Old pervert.” He muttered against Tom's mouth.

Tom pulled back and glared at him. “Harrison.” He said in a warning tone.

Harry chuckled. “Sorry. Again. I'll try to be good.”

They kissed once more, and it was going well. Until Harry started giggling again, mid-kiss.

“Harrison!” Tom snapped, irritated. “This is not funny in the least!”

Harry laughed harder. “It kind of is! You could be a grandpa at your age! And you’re kissing someone my age! Its beyond weird, its bizarre!”

Tom growled, grabbed his face, and claimed his mouth in a searing, hungry kiss, deeper and wilder than he'd ever given him before. He'd always been too worried to show the teen his full passion before, but if there was ever a good time to let it surface, it was now. He might be forced to take a step backward after what could easily scare the teen, but it would certainly take care of his inconvenient mirth. He finally ended the kiss with a nip to his lower lip and pulled away.

Harry was panting, staring at him with wide eyes.

Tom stared back, face blank.

After a few moments of dazed consideration, Harry gave a soft moan, leaned forward, and grabbed the front of Tom's shirt in both hands. “Do that again!” He demanded.

Tom smiled and complied.
Harry mewled into the kiss, and Tom declared victory.

If Harry could take his full passion, it wouldn’t be long until he was asking for more than the touches he had already allowed Tom. And Tom was nearly ready to give it. Just a few more short years, and Harry would be irrevocably and firmly his. Tied to him for life.

Tom could get used to the idea of life with Harry.

Harry broke the kiss and gasped in air. “God, wow. Where were you hiding that?!” He asked.

Tom smiled. “Beneath a thin veneer of calm, collected and tempered passion. That is truly me. Raw and unfiltered. When I have you, that is what you will get.”

Harry grinned. “I could get used to that.” He said.

Tom’s smile turned into a smirk. “Good. Then that is what I will continue to give you.” He told the teen.

“Just not in front of Dad.”

“Never. Now that would be weird.” Tom agreed.

Harry dissolved into giggles again. This time, Tom let him and just sat there, holding him and smirking.

Life was good.

*****

Severus burst into the room. “My Lord—”
“Shh!” Tom nodded down at the figure sleeping in his lap.

Severus nodded and continued in a much softer tone. “Minerva wishes to join your cause.” He said quietly.

Tom smiled. “Ah, that is good news, indeed. What prompted her to switch?” He asked.

Severus shook his head. “I will tell you later. It is a delicate matter.” He said.

“Very well.” Tom said. “Do you want your son back? He’s been asleep for the last half an hour. We talked and straightened things out.”

Severus smiled. “I will take him.” He said, walking over and picking Harry up.

Harry stirred and made to stand.

“I can hold you, Harrison.” Severus assured him. “At least until we make it to the Floo.”

Harry squirmed again. “Put me down so I can kiss Marvolo good-bye!” He said.

Severus chuckled and set him down. “Very well.”

Harry bent and kissed Tom. “I’ll see you at school.”

“Do you want to be there when I initiate new members? We will have a dual initiation very soon.” Tom said.

Harry shook his head. “Nah. I still need to introduce Percy to the Hopefuls along with Sirius and Remus. I’m going to be busy.” He turned to Severus. “How many extra bedrooms are in the other two wings of the Manor?” He asked.
Severus sighed heavily. “Enough. They may all come over for one more meeting, but it will have to be the day after tomorrow. After that, you are going to Malfoy Manor for a few days while the Dark Lord and I head to school to get things in order.”

Harry groaned. “Just what I need; more time with Draco and the twins.”

Severus smirked. “Yes, with their newly-formed bond. I pity you; truly, I do.” He sounded far too happy to be pitying.

“Sure you do.” Harry muttered. “But it’s fine, you’re going to have to deal with me and Marvolo after we bond, so it will even out.”

Severus hummed. “I may kill myself the second you inherit.”

“You can try if you want. I know you won’t be able to make me lose another parent. Your heart wouldn’t be in any attempts.”

“More’s the pity.” Severus agreed.

“Alright, let’s go. See you at school, Marvolo.”

Tom smiled and nodded. “I will see you, Harrison. Be well. I will have more rings made tomorrow, come see me when you get to school, and I will key them to yours and give them to you. You have done well so far.” He said.

Harry beamed at him and left with Severus.
Family Time

It was too early to be shopping, in Harry’s opinion. His father apparently didn’t agree, though, so here he was, laden down with books and clothes and potions ingredients at ten AM.

“Why are we doing this so early?” Harry asked.

“To avoid the crowds that will be descending upon the alley at noon.” Severus told him.

Harry sighed, then mumbled, “That’s because noon is a reasonable hour.”

Severus shot him a glare, having heard him, but didn’t comment.

Harry just groaned and continued on.

Luna went skipping by, stopped, came back and gave Harry a hug. “Be happy, My Prince. You’re almost done.” She told him.

Harry grinned as she skipped away. “She's always so cheerful.”

“Yes, it’s infuriating.” Severus declared.

Harry laughed.

Severus led him into Quality Quidditch Supplies and Harry frowned. “Why are we here?” He asked.

Severus glanced at him. “You need new gloves.” He said, walking over and looking at them.

“You're going to get them?” Harry asked in surprise.
Severus hummed. “Even if I don’t quite approve of Quidditch as a hobby, it is still a school activity, and therefore, new Quidditch gloves are a school supply. Yes, I am buying you new ones.” He finished.

Harry smiled and walked over, pointing out a pair. “Then get those. They last the longest.” He said.

Severus nodded. “I'll have to trust you. I have no knowledge in this area.” He admitted.

Harry leaned into his side. “Thanks, Dad.”

Severus smiled at him. “You are welcome. Will they last a whole year?” He asked.

Harry shrugged. “Sometimes they do, sometimes they don’t. If I need to get new ones sooner, I can afford them at Hogsmeade.”

“Very well.” Severus headed to the checkout.

Harry waited while he paid, then took the bag and smiled. “Home?” He asked hopefully.

“Yes. Oh, don’t give me that look, it was only three hours.” Severus said to Harry’s wide yet tired grin.

Harry nodded. “We got done fast, but surely a lie-in wouldn’t have hurt.” He said.

Severus chuckled. “Come on, back home and you can have an hour and a half nap before lunch.”

*****

Harry finished packing for school and stretched. “There. All ready to go see Draco.” He said. “Not that I'm particularly looking forward to it.” He added in a mutter. “He's going to be so wrapped up in his new mates, there's not much point in—”
“Harrison?” There was a knock on his door. “Time for dinner.”

“Coming!” Harrison called out and went to get the door.

He and Severus went to the family dining room and dinner was served.

As they were dishing up, Severus cleared his throat. “There is something you need to be aware of, as it may come up when you visit my rooms certain evenings.” Severus said. He sounded highly uncomfortable.

“Okay…” Harry said slowly.

Severus took a deep breath. “I am dating your Godfather.” He said.

Harry frowned. “I thought Remus was—”

“I’m dating him, too.” Severus added.

“Oh. Okay.” Harry said.

Severus frowned. “Okay? That’s it?”

Harry let out a breath, looking at Severus closely. “Do they make you happy?” He asked.

Severus hummed. “Well, they no longer make me irate.” He said.

“Well, that’s progress, at least. I’d like you to get along with them.” Harry answered.

“Well, good, because we have all agreed to try.” Severus said.
Harry smiled. “I’m happy for you. You deserve someone in your life besides me.” He said.

Severus huffed. “Well, don’t expect any siblings, at least. I don’t plan on begging magic to bless me with one. You are enough for me.”

Harry shrugged. “What if Sirius wants one?” He asked.

Severus frowned. “Since I am the only one of us strong enough to carry a child, he would have to come up with some really good enticements.” He said dryly.

Harry snorted. “Well, you never know.” Was all he said.

Severus hummed noncommittally and continued eating.

Harry held in his laughter, but was supremely amused at the thought of Severus heavily pregnant. ‘Who knows?’ He thought. ‘I may get to see it.’

“Oh, Tom told me something a while back that I keep forgetting to tell you.” Harry said.

“And this would be…?” Severus asked.

Harry shrugged. “Dumbledore wants me to die when I fight Voldemort.”

Severus let out a sigh. “That man needs to die.” He said heavily.

Harry shrugged. “Tom wants to destroy his public image first. He’s going to wait until he has made a name for himself as a teacher, then take the news to the Prophet.” He said.

Severus hummed. “Well, I shall enjoy watching the fallout from that, at least.” He said.

*****
Harry stepped out into the receiving room of Malfoy Manor. Draco was waiting for him.

“Hey.” He said.

Draco did indeed look different. His hair was longer and brighter, the same silvery shade as Lucius’, and it actually looked quite good on him. His eyes were a shade lighter blue, and Harry could tell they would easily turn silver when he was angry, or sad. Maybe even happy, though his mask was usually in place, so it was hard to pin down exactly how he felt right now. He also noticed that when Draco smiled, his teeth looked a bit sharper. ‘For the mating bite.’ His brain supplied.

“Hello, My Prince. Here, I'll show you where you'll be for the next few days.” Draco said, then led the way upstairs.

As they headed up the stairs, they passed Fred and he grinned. “Fearless Leader.” He said, nodding to Harry.

“Sir Fredrick.” Harry replied.

Fred walked away chuckling.

They came to the spare bedroom closest to Draco’s, and Draco opened the door. “Fred and George have already disabled anything dangerous that was in here. They might have set something new just for you, though, so I’m going to let you walk in first.”

“Why thank you.” Harry said wryly, walking in. His skin turned green. He sighed. “Silver hair?” He asked.

Draco chuckled and nodded. “Slytherin colours look good on you.” He said.

Harry groaned. “Gee, thanks. I’ll just get re-sorted, shall I?”

“You have plenty of followers in Slytherin.” Draco pointed out.
“Also, Blaise Zabini and Tracey Davis have both expressed an interest in becoming Hopefuls. I told them to talk to you when school starts back up.”

Harry hummed. “Alright. Can they be trusted?”

“Blaise, definitely. Tracey can be trusted as long as Daphne stays true.” Draco told him.

“Well, I trust Daphne. Her sister might not be in it for the long haul, but I think she is.” Harry said mildly. “How come Fred and George aren’t in this room? Are they sharing yours?”

Draco flushed. “Er, yes.” He answered.

Harry grinned. “Bet your dad loves that.”

“Unless he wants to see me wither away into nothing, he has little choice.” Draco said. “I need them now.”

“I suppose that’s true.” Harry agreed. Then, he grinned. “Dad’s going to kill me when I go through mine. He’s already so overprotective, I think he’d rather see me dead than having sex with Marvolo. Under his roof, no less!”

Draco winced. “Yeah, I don’t see that going well. Whether he lets you two do it or not.”

Harry snorted. “He will. He’d rather me do it at home than Riddle Manor, I’m sure.”

“You’re probably right.” Draco agreed. “Did you hear who’s going to be the new DADA teacher?” He asked.

“Who do you think you’re talking to? I was the first person to hear the news from him. He’s so excited.” Harry said.
“I am, too. Finally, a *competent* teacher!”

“Remus wasn’t bad.” Harry pointed out.

Draco gave him a droll stare. “Harry, he tried to *eat you* at the end of the year.” He said.

Harry flushed. “Yeah, but he didn’t *mean it*.”

Draco shrugged. “Either way, dead’s dead.” He said.

“That’s my uncle you’re talking about.” Harry told him.

“Uncle?” Draco asked.

“Practically Godfather.” Harry confirmed. “He’s been dating my Godfather for a long while.”

Draco snorted. “Even while he was in Azkaban?” He asked dubiously.

Harry shrugged. “Well, off and on, then.” He amended. “They might also become my new fathers.” He grinned. “If Severus decides he likes them well enough.”

Draco frowned. “I thought he was straight.”

Harry shrugged. “I don’t think it really matters to him. As long as he knows they can love me as much as he does and can accept me the way I am.”

“True, that is more important.” Draco agreed.

“So I’ve seen Fred already, where’s George?” Harry asked.
Draco came into the room, shutting the door behind him. His skin also turned green, and he sighed. “At least it is my house.” He muttered.

“Your hair didn’t change.” Harry pointed out helpfully.

Draco rolled his eyes. “Yes, because it practically is silver already! Idiot.” He added.

Harry crossed his arms over his chest. “Hm. Insubordination. You’re lucky I don’t punish that with Cruciatus like my beloved does.” He murmured.

Draco scoffed. “Do you even have your spare wand on you?” He asked.

Harry drew it out and twirled it. “I do. Never know when we might have a meeting.” He said lightly.

“Anyway, as to where George is.” Draco said. “He’s in my room. Asleep. I can tell you why, but you mustn’t tell Father.” He added.

Harry’s eyes widened. “You didn’t.” He whispered.

“Not on purpose!” Draco defended himself.

“You got George pregnant?!” Harry whisper-yelled.

Draco huffed. “I’m his dominant mate, nothing was going to stop it!” He snapped.

Harry hummed. “Is he happy?” He asked.

“At times.” Draco said. “At other times, he’s nauseous and sometimes terrified that Father is going to find out. But usually, he’s happy, yes.”

“Well, I suppose I can be happy for you two, then.” Harry said.
Draco smiled. “Good. Your support will mean a lot to him.”

Harry grinned. “Not to you?” He asked.

“I’m a Slytherin, My Prince, we don’t concern ourselves with the opinions of lesser mortals.” Draco said.

“Oh, ha ha, very funny.” Harry said. “You know you care.”

Draco let out a small laugh. “Maybe a little.” He confirmed.
Harry woke to Narcissa rapping on his door. “Time to get up, dear. Breakfast is in an hour.” She called through the door.

Harry sat up in bed. “Thanks, Aunt Cissa.” He called back. “I’m up.” He grabbed his clothes and left the guest room, shuffling out into the hall and heading for the guest bathroom.

Narcissa was a few meters down, rapping on Draco's door next. “Dears, time to get up. Breakfast is in an hour. You don’t want to miss your last time going to Hogwarts on the express.”

There was unintelligible grumbling emanating from the room, then a bright and cheerful, “We're up, Mother! Thank you!” followed by, “Don’t touch me there, my Mother's right outside the door!”

Narcissa smiled and walked away, winking at Harry as she passed, whispering, “This is why Lucius will not wake them anymore.”

Harry snorted.

He went into the bathroom and took his shower, then dressed and headed downstairs for breakfast.

Lucius was there already, reading the Prophet and having some tea. He looked up as Harry came in and nodded in greeting. “Harrison.”

“Hello, Uncle Lucius.” Harry said.

“Draco and his mates should join us in twenty minutes. You may have some tea while you wait.” He said.

Harry poured himself some tea and was done preparing it when Narcissa came in.

“Hello. Draco will be down soon. They seem to have had a little oversight on the way down.” She said.
Harry frowned. “What happened?”

Narcissa smiled. “Oh, it was something about Fred getting one more kiss from Draco than George did this morning. Draco is correcting it.” She said lightly.

Lucius hummed, turning a page.

Draco came in, blushing and smiling, flanked by his two mates. “Hi.” He said. He sat and George moved to sit beside him.

Fred stopped him. “You sat next to him last time!” He protested.

“Ever think that there’s a reason for that?!” George shot back.

Lucius sighed. “Gentlemen.” He said flatly, setting the paper down and looking at them. “Fred, let your brother sit where he wants to right now. It will be his last chance to have breakfast next to his mate for some time. And George, did you really think I would not find out? I’m honestly hurt that you have chosen not to confide in me. I am practically your father-in-law, and while I dread my looming title, I am prepared to accept your child with dignity befitting a Malfoy.” He said.

Harry and Draco shared looks of horror.

Fred sighed and took the seat next to George, while George sat and turned to face Lucius. “I’m sorry, Sir. We were scared. We didn’t know how you’d react, and honestly—”

“There was no avoiding this, I read about it. Nothing would have worked, so it is fine. I would have preferred you wait until Draco was at least in his last year of schooling, but this all happened the way it did for a reason, I suppose. Draco seems happy, so I am happy for you all. We will deal with things as they come. At least the child will not be born until—”

“December.” George blurted.
Lucius turned to him, eyes wide. “Surely not so soon?” He asked.

George flushed. “Sinicus gestation is five months.” He explained.

Lucius sighed. “I hadn’t gotten that far. Well, we will do what we must.” He said. “Cissa, you have the baby shower.” He said.

Narcissa smiled widely. “Oh, a party! This will be so much fun!” She said excitedly. “Would just before Samhain work for you both? Or should we do it in mid-November?”

George shrugged. “How pregnant do you want me to be?” He asked.

Narcissa smiled. “You should be showing prominently, but we don’t want to do it too late, because you will tire too soon.”

Fred smiled. “Actually, just after Samhain would be best. About mid-November he will start nesting, as Prewetts tend to do for the last month and a half, and we don’t want to drag him out of his safe space once he has chosen it.” He said.

Narcissa nodded. “Of course, you are right. So early November is what we will plan for. Do you have any specific themes you’d like, or foods?” She asked.

George smiled at her. “I will leave planning it to you, but send me an owl closer to the date with details of the food, in case I have cravings you need to know about to accommodate.”

“No, sweetie, I will. Oh, I’m going to be a grandma!” She laughed and clapped excitedly. “Certainly, I wasn’t anticipating it happening so soon, but I couldn’t be happier for the three of you!”

Harry chuckled. “I’m just glad it’s not Draco that’s pregnant.” He said.

Fred turned to him. “We are planning to make you Godfather, you know that, right?”

Harry was shocked. “Why me?” He asked.
“Because we trust you.” Draco said firmly.

“It’s the one thing we've all agreed on so far.” George added.

Harry shrugged. “Alright, then, I’ll do it.” He said. “You guys had better not die any time soon, because if I bring a baby into the house before I finish at Hogwarts, Dad's going to be seriously upset.”

“We certainly aren’t planning to die.” Draco drawled.

Lucius sighed. “Enough. Let's eat. We have a train to catch.” He said.

*****

After hugs were given (even one for Harry, from Narcissa. Lucius just nodded and wished him well) and they had all gotten on the train, Hermione and Neville found the group and joined them.

“Viktor said something exciting was happening tomorrow night, but he won't tell me what.” She complained.

Harry grinned. “Do you want to be there?” He asked.

“Be where?” Hermione asked, totally confused.

“The initiation. It’s him and McGonagall. I can get you in, if you want to be there.” His grin widened. “I’m allowed a plus one!” He said happily.

Hermione's mouth dropped open. “McGonagall is joining? And Viktor?” She asked.

“Yes to both.” Harry confirmed. “I’m not sure what changed McGonagall’s mind, but their initiation is tomorrow night, in the forbidden forest. Just off the grounds, so the Unforgivables won’t be detected. It’s at two AM, but it shouldn’t last too long, and you’ll only be a little tired the next day, which is a Saturday, anyway. It’s a small price to pay to be there for your boyfriend.”
Hermione nodded. “Yes, I want to go.” She told him.

“Good. Sorry, that’s all I’m allowed to bring. Next time I will bring someone else.” He promised, looking around. Everyone else nodded.

“We understand.” Neville said.

They got to the school and disembarked, Harry and Hermione getting into a carriage that held Luna, and, surprisingly, Cedric, while Neville rode with Theo and the Greengrass girls.

Luna cleared her throat pointedly, and Cedric took a deep breath. “Harry, do you trust Dumbledore after all the things the paper have been saying about him? Do you know if they're true?” He asked.

Harry nodded. “They're all true, yes. And I’m not exactly Dumbledore’s pawn any longer. I play for the other side now.” He said.

Cedric nodded slowly. “Are you sure it’s safe to tell me this?” He asked.

Harry shrugged. “Luna says we need you. I trust her. And if you betray me, I will kill you. I've done it before, and I’m sure I could do it again, given good reason to.” He said blithely.

Cedric paled. “Actually, I wanted to join you. Without joining him. Luna says you are an in-between option?” He asked.

Harry smiled. “Make no mistake, in the end, you are working for him. But I will not make you do anything I do not think you can handle, and I will not require you to kill. Luna hasn’t, won’t, and is my secret weapon. Hermione here is one of mine, and has not killed yet as well.”

Cedric nodded. “Then I want to join.” He said.

Harry smiled and handed over a ring after keying it to Cedric, then cast the lip-locker on him keyed to those already in the know. He was down to five more rings left. “Welcome to the group. The ring
will warm if I call you, the warmer it is, the more urgent the need. Luna will tell you your duties. Report to Draco Malfoy for guard duty, he coordinates everyone.”

He leaned back and zoned out for the last two minutes as Luna rattled off what the job and purpose of the Hopefuls was. “Also, go to Gringotts and get an inheritance test done. We need you to help us take over Hogwarts.” She finished.

“What?” Cedric frowned.

“We have Harry, Lord Gryffindor, Marvolo, Lord Slytherin, who is pretending to be Thomas Harding, Lord Gryffindor, and we have me, Heir Ravenclaw. We need Heir Hufflepuff to overthrow Dumbledore and set the classes back to rights. That's you.”

Cedric blinked. “Are you sure?” He asked.

Luna nodded. “Quite sure. I can See it in your aura.” She said simply.

“Alright, I'll humour you and get an inheritance test done.” He agreed.

They got to school, and all sat down, waiting for the feast to begin.

The sorting was the same as usual, the first-years looking small, the hat warning them to band together, and Dumbledore looking benignly unfazed.

When the feast appeared, Harry checked his charm before putting anything in his mouth. Nothing had been tampered with, thank the Gods.

After the feast, the usual speech was given. The forbidden forest was forbidden, the list of banned items was in Filch’s office, no spells were to be cast in the halls at any time, and then it was time.

“We have a new Defence Against the Dark Arts instructor this year. Please say hello to Professor Harding, Lord Gryffindor. He has agreed to teach you, and he plans to stay as long as he is welcome here. Since the castle has always protected its heirs, he may stay longer than any of the others in recent history. Feel free to get attached to him.” Dumbledore said happily.
Harry scowled. ‘Don’t get too attached. He’s mine.’ He thought jealously.

Dumbledore bade them all a restful night and they all headed to their dormitories.

It was going to be an interesting year, Harry decided.

Very interesting, indeed.
First Day Back

Harry got his schedule and smiled at McGonagall. “We'll be there tonight.” He told her.

Her lips pressed together. “You'd better not be; it’s too far into the forest.” She said.

Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. “We'll be with Tom.” He assured her.

She sighed. “Very well. Only you two.” She added.

Harry smiled sweetly. “Of course, Professor.” He said.

She gave him a suspicious look as she moved on.

Harry grinned. “Should bring Neville just to spite her.” He snickered.

Hermione laughed. “She'd never forgive you.”

“Probably not.” Harry agreed, looking down at his schedule. He groaned. “Double Dad first thing.” He muttered.

Hermione giggled. “Double Dad?” She asked.

Harry nodded. “Potions. Then we have Tom and Charms. All core classes. Bollocks.” He added.

“Careful, your Dad is coming this way.” She added.

Severus stopped beside him. “Dreamless Sleep today. You and whoever you partner with will be learning the variant without Valerian. Careful who you choose, it is trickier.” He warned.
Harry nodded and Severus left the hall.

Harry turned to Hermione. “Partner with me?”

“And learn a special version of Dreamless Sleep? In what universe would I pass that up?” She shot back with a smile.

Harry returned the grin. “Just making sure.” He said.

*****

Harry and Hermione were setting up their station when Pansy stopped by. “All the seventh-years are angry with you, My Prince.” She whispered. “They aren’t planning anything, but none of them like you right now.”


Pansy nodded and moved on.

Hermione frowned. “That’s worrying.” She said.

Harry shrugged. “Not really. It’s kind of the normal state of affairs lately.” He said.

“Hm.” Was all Hermione said as Severus moved to the front of the class.

“Dreamless Sleep is a tricky brew, so I hope you all did your homework over the Summer and looked it over recently. Otherwise, you will fail. In addition, one of you will be brewing a different variation of the brew, as he is allergic to the main ingredient. Do not gauge your progress against Harry’s potion; his will progress faster and should be done twenty minutes sooner than the others. If you feel the need to glance at another potion, Mr. Malfoy has learned this one already. He knows what he is doing.” Severus said, flicking his wand at the board and moving back to his desk, passing Harry’s table on the way and setting down a different set of instructions.
Harry snickered at Draco’s proud look as everyone got up and began to get their things. He glanced over his and Hermione's ingredients and went up to get what he didn’t already have in his bag: rose hips and moondew.

Hermione frowned as Harry came back. “Harry, there are more ingredients than that on here.”

Harry nodded. “The others are in my bag. Dad picked them out, so they're probably better than what's in the cupboard. See? Draco brought his own, too.” He pointed out as he dug into his bag and pulled out the twelve unbreakable vials he’d put in it that morning, guessing his luck would fail him again and land him in Potions first thing. Like it had every year before.

Hermione’s eyes widened. “It helps knowing the Professor so well.” She said.

“And being a Slytherin; Draco told me they get copies of next year's syllabus at the end of the year.” He revealed.

Hermione frowned. “Bias. And blatant favouritism.” She said disapprovingly.

“Yep.” Harry agreed, filling the cauldron halfway with water.

Hermione sighed and settled in to help.

*****

Harry walked into class, saw that half the students were already there, and smirked. He walked up to Tom, grabbed his shirt, pulled him down the few inches separating them, and kissed him deeply.

Tom chuckled as Harry pulled away, looking satisfied. “Staking your claim?” He asked.

Harry shrugged. “Sometimes you just have to, to make sure people know you're taken.” He said.

Tom smiled and shook his head. “Don’t do it again. Dumbledore has said no PDA in public places while I work here.”
Harry pouted. “Fine. My point has been made already, anyway.” He said.

Tom just sat behind his desk and waited for the rest of the seats to fill.

Once everyone was in the room and seated, he got up, flicked his wand at the door to close it, and faced the class.

“Books away, desks clear and eyes up here, please.” He spoke, his no-nonsense tone getting everyone’s attention.

He clasped his hands behind his back and began pacing the front of the classroom as he addressed the students. “Now, your education thus far has been spotty, the teachers hit-or-miss, and quite frankly, I’ll be astounded if any of you have learned anything. Although, judging by one of your classmates' record so far, things must be going passably well here. He hasn’t died yet, at least.” Tom said with a smile at Harry as the rest of the class tittered.

Harry sent him a rude gesture, and Tom chuckled lowly. “Love you, too.” He said warmly.

Harry smiled.

“Now,” He said, as those that had missed Harry’s earlier display whispered about what he had just said, “There will be no favouritism here, despite the fact that I am dating the star pupil in this class. I am a fair man, and will score you based on your work, no other factors. My name is Thomas Harding. I am Lord Gryffindor as well. I plan to be here as long as possible, and may even survive the supposed ‘curse' said to be on the position, so get used to me.” His blue eyes travelled over each student, serious and assessing. “This year is your fifth. You will be going over everything you have learned thus far, and we will put special emphasis on things that I know will come up on your OWLs. If I have my way—and I intend to—all of you will pass with at least an A. Only those that get an E or better will be allowed into my NEWT class, and trust me, you don’t want to miss that. You will learn a few more things this year, but most of it will be review. On to your first class!” He clapped, and everyone paid close attention. “The Dark Arts are many and varied. They come from the same source, but it is like a hydra. As soon as you have dealt with one head, three more appear to take its place. They are ever-changing, evolving, and each year the Ministry adds more spells and potions to the list of Dark Arts. You will never have an answer to everything. That’s simply not possible. So why am I here?” He paused and looked around.

No one had an answer.
He smiled. “I am here to ensure you have the tools needed to deal with as many of those aforementioned ‘heads’ as possible. I hope you never have a need to use what I will teach you in this room, but if you do need it, I hope that what you learn here can save your life. Harrison has natural ability, it seems, and needs little more than a book to learn most of the spells available. Not all of you are so inclined. I am here for you, most of all. I am here to be the help you will need to learn the skills that may make the difference between life and death. If you need the help, come to me. I will make time. You must all understand the importance of this class.” He looked around again.

The students were riveted, and Tom was pleased. He might have had to lie and cheat to get there, but he had what he wanted. He had the attention and fascination of the children. The future generations would be shaped in part by him.

It felt like victory.

*****

Harry collapsed into the armchair with a heartfelt sigh and a wide smile on his face. “He was brilliant!” He declared proudly.

“He was very good.” Hermione agreed.

Neville smiled. “He invited me to come to him anytime I have trouble and he'd answer any questions and give me tips. He says I can improve; I just need better guidance.” He said happily.

Harry nodded. “See? Brilliant!” He said again.

Hermione smothered a laugh.

Harry stood. “I’m going to go see him.” He declared.

Hermione grabbed his trouser leg as he passed and pulled him down beside her. “You're going to do your essay. Flirting and kissing can wait.”
Harry frowned. “For how long?” He asked plaintively.

“Until tonight.” Hermione said in an undertone, then added, “If I have to wait until midnight to kiss my boyfriend again, so do you. You got to kiss him just hours ago, anyway.” She added.

Harry sighed. “Alright. Charms or Defence?”

Hermione huffed. “Fine, do Defence. You're going to be thinking about it anyway.” She muttered.

Harry smiled and dug out his book and a roll of parchment. “Sure thing!” He said happily.

He was going to impress his boyfriend, and nothing anyone said or did would stop him.

*****

“Ow!” Harry elbowed Hermione. “That was my foot!” He hissed.

“Shut up, we're supposed to be being quiet!” Hermione hissed back.

Tom sighed. “Must I separate you two?” He asked.

“No.” Harry said, then hissed in pain as he was trodden on again.

“Oh, for Merlin's sake!” Tom grabbed the cloak, took it off them both, cast a disillusionment charm on Harry, and handed the cloak to Hermione. “There. Now stop whispering and let's get there before I die of old age.”

“Like that could happen yet.” Harry muttered, and found out just how good Tom's aim was when the man reached out and pinched his bum.

Tom chuckled at his curse, and continued walking. “Keep up. We're almost there.”
Harry was hissing some very inventive things in Parseltongue, and Tom smiled in amusement.

“Are you two ready?” He asked, cutting off Harry’s tirade.

Harry dropped the charm and drew his hood up, taking the mask out of his pocket and re-sizing it before putting it on.

Hermione took off the invisibility cloak and drew up the cowled hood of her cloak, then nodded.

“Ready.” Harry confirmed.

A dark figure seemed to appear out of the shadows, two more behind him.

“Severus. Shall we call them and begin?” Tom asked.

Severus inclined his head. “Let us add two more, My Lord.” He confirmed.
When Rookwood appeared, he had two muggles with him.

Minerva frowned, but seemed to steel herself for the task ahead.

“This Muggles have harmed one of our number, so there is no need to feel bad about harming an innocent; they are not.” Tom said. “Whenever you are ready.”

“What, exactly, did they do?” Minerva asked.

Viktor looked stunned at the question, until she turned to him and explained, “I will take the worst offender, and I will go first.”

Viktor nodded, and turned expectant eyes to Tom.

Tom smiled. “I knew you would ask. Both of them were dating magical folk at one time. Upon learning of their magic, they had adverse reactions.” He pointed to the girl. “She stabbed her boyfriend in the heart, trying to kill him. Because her religion apparently says to.” He glared at the man. “He succeeded in killing his fiancée.” He hissed.

Minerva’s eyes lit with a ferocious fire. “I see. I’ll take the man, then.” She said, moving forward. She flicked her wand and the young woman rolled out of the way, hitting a few roots and rocks on the way, and Minerva paid her pained cries no mind. She first cast the Imperius curse on the man, and he recited a few dirty wizarding limericks, ones that no Muggle would have come up with.

Harry hid his smile at Minerva’s apparent dirty sense of humour.

Then, she took a deep breath and cast the Cruciatus. She held it for a good five minutes, and Harry was very impressed. Finally, she killed him. Easily.

“You’ll have to do something about the body.” She told Tom.
“Before you take the Mark, I will extend to you a courtesy few of my followers are allowed. You may call me Marvolo. You knew me before I took the name, after all, and I want no accidents.” Tom said.

Minerva chuckled. “Very well, Marvolo.” She said in amusement.

Harry hid his chuckle behind a cough.

“Wait by me while Viktor has his fun.” Tom told her.

Minerva stood beside him, looking totally at ease. Unlike many of his other followers had when told to stand beside him.

Viktor came forward and rolled his Muggle back into the middle of the circle. She cried out at being so close to a dead body.

“Oh, hush you.” Viktor said. He raised his wand.

Hermione stepped back to stand beside Harry and took his hand for comfort at what she was about to see her boyfriend do.

Harry gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

If she could handle seeing him torture Ron and Ginny and kill them, this would be nothing.

Viktor cast the Imperius and the girl recited the names of everyone on the Bulgarian Quidditch team. He then cast the cruciatus. He held it for three minutes, but it was enough to prove he could and would use the curse when necessary. He then killed the girl and turned to face Tom.

Tom smiled. “Very good.” He vanished both bodies and looked at his two newest followers. “Kneel, and give me your left arms.” He said.

Minerva knelt, and Viktor knelt beside her.
Tom Marked them both, Minerva merely tightening her jaw at the pain, while Viktor let out a soft grunt.

“And now, you ae mine.” He created masks for the both, handing them over. “You will come when I call you.” He turned to face Viktor. “I understand you have a demanding schedule; you will be called for important meetings only. Let me know when you have vacations, and I will be sure to call you for every meeting during your off-seasons.”

Viktor nodded.

Tom tuned to Minerva. “You will be called frequently, though if I can run a raid or some such without you during the school year, I will do so to ensure you have time to adequately do your job.” He told her.

Minerva nodded. “Thank you. That will help.” She said.

Tom turned to face the bulk of his followers. “You are dismissed.” He said.

Hermione rushed up to Viktor and kissed him. “I missed you.”

Viktor returned the sentiment and Harry walked up to Tom. “All done? Mine for the night?” Harry asked brightly.

Minerva gave him a disapproving look.

Tom chuckled. “I will give you my password once you get through a full week of your fifth year. I won’t have you slacking off; you need to know how much time you can waste this year before you start visiting me at night. It won’t be much.” Tom warned.

Harry sighed. “Well, it was worth a try, at any rate.” He mourned.

Tom shook his head with a fond smile. “Such a rule-breaker.” He said.
“It gets me into trouble sometimes, and out of it others. It is what it is, I’ve found.” Harry said cheekily.

Tom hummed. “Well, I can assure you, all it will get you this year is detention. And if it is with me, you will be writing lines.”

Harry grinned. “Mm. My boyfriend is sexy 200 times?” He asked.

“No.” Tom answered. “I must not misbehave at school. 250 times.” He corrected.

Harry made a face of disgust, and Minerva laughed. “I can see that this arrangement will not be a problem.” She said.

“It’s a problem for me.” Harry muttered.

“As it should be.” Minerva said.

Harry sighed in disgust. “Fine. Kiss me before we have to go back. You look so much better without that glamour up.” He said to Tom.

“I could have said the same last year.” Tom returned before claiming his lips in a fierce kiss.

*****

Harry came down to Severus’ rooms to find the man talking with Sirius and Remus.

“Hi!” He said cheerfully, then turned to Severus. “Do you want me to come back tomorrow?” He asked.

Severus hummed. “We are still getting to know each other on a new level, so if you want to see us attain any kind of familiarity, that would be best.” He said.
Harry smiled at Sirius and Remus and nodded at his father. “Sure thing, Dad. I’ll come back tomorrow.”

“Not too early!” Sirius shouted.

Harry heard Severus scoff, and as he closed the door, the words, “I’m not sleeping with you this soon, Black.” Met his ears.

He snickered. Severus might have given in by now if it had only been Remus. Sirius was a sore point.

He called Millicent and headed to the library, the beater falling into step with him as he passed the Slytherin common room. “Severus busy?” She asked.

Harry grinned. “He gained two boyfriends over the Summer. They’re visiting.” He explained.

“Anyone I know?” Millicent asked.

“Yes, actually.” Harry said. “Sirius Black, who happens to be my Godfather, and Remus Lupin, from third year DADA.”

Millicent grinned. “Well, he’s still pretty sour, so he hasn’t started sleeping with them yet, I’d bet.” She noted.

Harry laughed and shook his head. “Not yet. Sirius and Remus were mean to him back in school, so they’re still in the ‘getting to know you’ stage.” He told her. “But I have high hopes they’ll get over it in time.”

“Everyone would like if he mellowed a bit, even us Slytherins.” Millicent said as they entered the library.

Harry nodded. “I’m hoping they can keep him interested.”
“He deserves someone.” Millicent agreed. “So, I’m fairly certain you've already done DADA. And Potions.” She added.

Harry nodded. “Have to impress my boyfriend. And it helps if Dad sees the talent he knows I have coming out. Otherwise, he gets irritable with me. I have to make him proud or suffer the consequences.” He said, amused.

Millicent nodded. “So, what did you call me for?” She asked.

Harry gave her his best puppy-dog eyes. “Help me with Transfiguration?” He asked sweetly.

Millicent snorted. “Sit. You know those don’t work on me. But I'll help you. What have you got so far?” She asked.

Harry grinned, sitting down and pulling out his halfway-finished essay. “This.” He set it in front of her.

Millicent took it and began to read.

*****

Harry opened the door and smiled. “Tom.” He said softly.

Tom sighed. “Thomas, Harrison. Or I will start calling you Potter again.” He said.

Harry grinned. “Dad would kill you.”

“Unsuccessfully.” Tom pointed out.

“True.” Harry agreed.
Tom smiled, getting up and joining Harry on the couch. “So what did you have in mind for tonight?” He asked, wrapping his arm around Harry's shoulders.

Harry grinned and began unbuttoning his shirt. “I was thinking topless making out. Touching, kissing. Maybe even some laying down together. You can be on top of me. I think I can handle that now.” He said softly.

Tom's eyes flared. “Oh, I have to find out if you can.” He purred.

Harry smiled and pulled his shirt off, dropping it onto the floor beside the couch.

Tom was on him in an instant, pushing him back into the couch, kissing him deeply and reaching out with one hand to pinch and tease at a nipple.

Harry gasped and moaned, tangling his hands in Tom's hair, gasping when an answering hand tugged his hair, tilting his head back, not too hard, while a mouth moved to kiss and suck at his neck.

He gasped as Tom began sucking at the side of his neck, and gasped out, “Don’t—don't leave marks where Dad could see!”

Tom growled, and moved down to suck at his chest instead.

Harry writhed and moaned under his mouth, and Tom's hand wandered down, tracing the edge of his waistband. Harry didn’t protest or stiffen, so Tom let his hand wander lower.

Harry grabbed his hand and Tom pulled away, looking down at him.

Harry was flushed, eyes glassy and hair mussed terribly.

He looked gorgeous.
“Not there.” He whispered. “Not yet.”

Tom nodded and went back to kissing and sucking at his nipples, fingers tracing over the bright red mark he’d left right over the teen’s heart.

He could wait. He could wait as long as Harry needed, since he was so emotionally invested already. The wait would be worth it, and his victory all the sweeter for the wait.

Harry was still panting, gasping and moaning under his mouth twenty minutes later when his wand began beeping and buzzing.

Harry moaned dejectedly and pushed Tom away.

“What?” Tom asked irritably.

Harry glared at his wand as though personally offended. “Curfew is in ten minutes. I have to go.”

Tom hummed. “Fine.” He gave Harry another searing kiss. “I will see you tomorrow?” He asked.

Harry frowned. “’Fraid not. I have three essays to complete tomorrow. I’ll be busy all night. Friday night I can come see you. If I work all day Saturday.”

Tom nodded. “I’ll take it.” He said.

Harry laughed. “See you in three days, then.”

Tom chuckled. “I look forward to it. Keep those lips ready for me.”

Harry shot him a sultry look. “More than just my lips will be ready for you.” He promised, putting his shirt back on.
“I certainly hope so.” Tom returned.

Harry waved and left the room.

Tom sighed and sat back, crossing his legs at the ankles.

He should have an early night tonight.

And definitely wank.

*****

Harry giggled to himself as Luna joined him a hallway down. “I'd be fine getting back to the Tower alone.” He told her.

Luna smiled. “I know. I just wanted to tell you I’m proud of you. You're making such good progress. You'll be ready by the next one.”

Harry grinned at her. “What are you talking about?” He asked.

Luna smiled wider. “That's a surprise. A good one. You'll like it.” She promised, then kissed him on the cheek and skipped away.

Harry shook his head, bemused.

Luna was strange, but loveable. She was definitely one-of-a-kind.
Harry noticed Hermione was missing, and turned to Neville. “Where’s Mione?” He asked.

“Dumbledore.” Neville told him.

Harry frowned. He had hidden all his secrets under another lip-locker before they got to the school, and it seemed he had done the right thing. She couldn’t spill anything, so Dumbledore would get nothing out of her.

Except perhaps the knowledge that she was under a lip-locker.

It would have to be borne, though.

He focused on his essay until she got back.

When she got back, he turned to her. “Does he know anything?” Harry asked.

Hermione shook her head. “Just that you've been using Dark curses on students. He doesn’t seem to approve.” She told him.

Harry smiled. “I'm doing a lot he doesn’t approve of lately.” He said.

Hermione sighed. “Which may not be a good thing.” She said.

“We do what we must.” Harry said.

Hermione frowned. “Well, either way, he didn’t get anything useful out of me. Your secrets are still safe.” She said.

Harry smiled. “That's what I like to hear.” He said in satisfaction.
It happened during dinner the next day.

“It has come to my attention,” Dumbledore said, “That a certain Gryffindor has been using the Dark Arts, not only on his possessions, but on students, as well.”

Harry stood up. “The Dark Arts aren’t evil, it’s all about intent!”

Dumbledore pinned him with a stare. “That comment is not worthy of a Gryffindor. Neither are your actions.”

Harry glared at him. “Then let the hat re-sort me! I’ll let it put me in Slytherin this time, even, but no one’s going to believe that that makes me evil!” He shouted.

Dumbledore gave him a long, considering look. “Then we will re-sort you tomorrow. And you will go where you belong.” He said, the words almost sounding like a threat.

Harry nodded once and sat back down.

Hermione’s eyes were wide. “Harry, the seventh-year Slytherins hate you!” She whispered. “You’ll be sharing a common room with them—”

“And the Hopefuls will have my back. I’ll be well-protected, don’t worry.” Harry said.

“They know who the Hopefuls are!” Hermione added.

Harry smirked. “They don’t know about Cedric. Or Astoria. Or Blaise and Tracey Davis, who joined just this morning after Care of Magical Creatures.”

“Astoria is a fourth-year, what can she do?” Hermione hissed.
Harry looked at her with a raised brow. “You’d be surprised.” He answered, and left it at that.

Neville looked contemplative. “We’re going to miss you.” He said.

Harry smiled at him. “We share most classes, and we can hang out in the library. You’ll see me plenty. I’m still your friend before theirs. They know and accept that my friendships with you two run deeper. But they still matter, and so I matter to them. Besides, this will give me a chance to better get to know my second among them. Hermione, Nev, you’re both great supports, but they will turn to Draco first, I need to understand how his brain works, and I don’t spend enough time actually talking with him for that. This gives me an opportunity to change that.”

Neville sighed. “I suppose so.”

“Don’t worry too much, it’ll all work out, you’ll see.” Harry assured them both.

Cedric came by after dinner and inclined his head to Harry. “My Prince, I assume You’ll be protected there?” He checked.

Harry smiled. “I’ll be fine, you don’t need to worry.”

Cedric nodded and smiled back. “Good. Call me whenever you need me, I have no problem associating with the occasional Slytherin.” He said.

Harry returned the nod. “I appreciate that. Thanks.”

“Hey, you’re a good guy.” Cedric said easily. “Even if your methods are a little questionable at times.” He teased.

Harry snorted. “That’s just a side-effect of being a Prince, I’m afraid.”

“It’s not a problem for me. I still see the good in you, and I'll make sure all the other Hufflepuffs can, too. I think Luna’s got the Ravenclaws.”
Harry laughed. “And the twins have Gryffindor covered. I’m good. Thanks.”

“I'll be off, now.” Cedric said.

“Have a good night!” Harry told him.

*****

“Harrison!” Tom hissed as Harry came into his rooms. “What was that display about?!” He asked.

Harry frowned. “What, during dinner? Well I’m hardly going to stop casting the lip-locker on my followers, that’s just asking for a mishap!”

“You didn’t have to volunteer to be re-sorted; You’re playing right into his hands!” Tom said in a hassled tone.

Harry scoffed. “Please, I'll be fine. Remember that most of the Hopefuls are Slytherins.”

Tom glared at him. “Remember that most of those are known Hopefuls. The bulk of them can be avoided.”

Harry shrugged. “Zabini isn’t, and Draco says he's got quite the dangerous side to him.”

Tom considered that. “Keep him a secret for now, then. Until he has to defend you in front of the others.”

“Will do. Zabini will be my secret weapon until such time as he outs himself.” Harry said dutifully.

Tom groaned. “It will have to do.” He mourned.
“Now, did you want to yell at me all night, or would you rather cuddle?”

Tom looked at him sceptically. “Just cuddle?” He asked.

Harry flushed. “That’s all I can offer today. I have free time, but I also had a nightmare last night.” He admitted.

Tom was out from behind his desk and on the couch in a flash, arms held out to Harry. “Then we will cuddle. Do you want to talk about it?” He asked once Harry had sat on his lap and snuggled into his chest.

Harry shook his head. “No, I just want to forget it. Just hold me.” He mumbled.

Tom pressed a kiss to the top of his head. “Then just be here with me, My Little Prince.” He said, and they sat together in silence for the hour of time Harry had set aside for them.

Harry got up when his wand went off with a regretful sigh. “Sorry we couldn’t do more.” He said.

Tom shook his head with a smile. “We move at your pace, how many times will I have to tell you this? I am perfectly happy with whatever you can give me. Taking a step back every once in a while is fine with me. I will never hold it against you.” He swore.

Harry smiled. “Alright. I'll see you in a few days.” He said.

Tom nodded. “Be good. Oh, and Harrison?”

Harry turned around, a questioning look on his face.

“Your last essay was excellent.” Tom said.

Harry turned around, a smug smile on his face. “Of course it was.” He said. “Told you Defence was my best subject.”
Tom watched the teen leave with a bounce in his step. He knew exactly when to hand out compliments on exemplary work. Especially when the student receiving them was the one setting the bar for all the others.

*****

Harry came down for breakfast, Hermione on one side, Neville on the other, the twins on either side of them, in a show of solidarity and support for the student leaving them. They knew he’d be in danger, but they were making it clear that no matter where he went, they’d still have his back.

Dumbledore was standing next to the sorting hat, which was at the head of the hall.

Harry walked up and let the hat be placed on his head.

“I hear you are finally ready to join your proper house, Harrison Prince?” The hat asked him.

‘I am.’ Harry answered mentally.

“Good. Then go and sit with your housemates at your proper table. SLYTHERIN!” The hat shouted.

Much to Dumbledore’s consternation, the whole Hall clapped for him.

Harry got up with a bright smile and went to sit next to Draco, in the spot he and Pansy had saved for him.

“Hi!” He said cheerfully.

Pansy snorted. “Welcome home.” She said.

Harry chuckled. “I’m going to need a warmer cloak.” He said.
Draco shrugged. “Warming charms in the meantime.” He suggested.

“It will have to do.” Harry agreed.

“We're happy to have you, My Prince.” Draco said. “Just be wary of the older years. They're not as happy as us.”

Harry glanced down the table at the scowling seventh-years. “Yeah, they don't look it.” He agreed.

Millicent shrugged. “I think we've got you covered, though. You'll be fine.” She said.

“Thanks.” Harry said, and began loading his plate.

It would take some getting used to, but this was where he belonged. He knew it.
Harry sat beside Draco, working on his Herbology homework. “You know, I think I’m going to just do this tomorrow in the library. With Neville.” He muttered.


Harry elbowed him, grinning. “I’m not a weakling, I just know where my best help comes from. I use every little thing around me to my advantage.”

Draco chuckled.

Severus showed up at the door to the common room. It was almost curfew, and Harry frowned as his eyes sought him out.

“Harrison, come with me. We need to talk.” He said seriously.

Harry stood, frowning.

“He won’t be back tonight. Draco, can you make sure his bag makes it back to his bed?” He asked.

Draco frowned. “Yes, Sir. See you tomorrow, then, Harry.”

“Yeah, see you.” Harry said back.
Severus led Harry to his rooms and sat in his usual chair, while Harry took the couch. “I wanted to wait until you were used to your new workload, and then you got sorted into Slytherin as soon as I felt you ready… Honestly, I’m worried what will happen next if I choose to wait any longer. Your life can never be dull, can it?”

“Never.” Harry agreed.

Severus cleared his throat. “This is going to come as a shock. And you will be furious. Rightly so. I was, too. Enraged, really.” He said.

Harry nodded. “Alright.” He said.

Severus shook his head. “No, it’s not.” He said. “Harry… Dumbledore… He was there…” He swallowed. “He watched Vernon.” He said, voice wavering as he fought back his anger at the very thought.

Harry paled and began shaking. “No.” He whispered.

Severus got up and went to hug him.

Harry flung him off. “No!” He shouted, magic crackling around him.

“Harry, you’re going to hurt someone—”

“I’m going to hurt him!” Harry snapped. “I’ll be back. I need to have a chat with the man.”

Severus watched him storm off.

Some things just needed to be handled by oneself.

All he could do was be there when Harry chose to come back.
In whatever state he showed up in.

*****

Harry stormed up to Dumbledore’s office and started listing sweets until the staircase appeared.

He entered the room to find the man reading some paperwork.

“How many times?” Harry asked lowly.

Dumbledore frowned in confusion. “I’m afraid I don’t know what you’re talking about, My Boy. How many times what?”

Harry shook with the force of his suppressed rage. “How many times did you watch him violate me, you sick bastard?!”

Dumbledore was silent, looking shocked.

“How many times did you get your jollies by watching him brutalise me? Make me bleed?” Harry growled, then screamed, “HOW MANY TIMES?!”

Dumbledore paled. “Where did you hear that?” He whispered.

Harry drew in a deep breath. “Does it matter?! I know, and it’s never going to happen again, so enjoy the memories you have, because that’s all you’ll ever get!” He could feel tears forming at the lack of an appalled denial, and stormed back out of the room, holding the tears back just long enough to make it to the dungeons.

He sobbed the password to Severus’ rooms and went in, crying.
Severus immediately jumped up, cursing as he went to Harry and gathered him into his arms. “Shh, shh. It’s alright. What happened?”

Harry hiccupped. “Dumbledore.” He sobbed again, burying his face in Severus’ robes. “He didn’t even try to deny it!”

Severus cursed. “Come on, sit on the couch. I’ll get My Lord for you.”

Harry shook his head as he was eased down onto the couch. “I don’t want to be a bother.” He said through his tears, which were still falling. He took a shuddering breath. “I’ll be fine.”

“You are most assuredly not fine, and he will want to be bothered for this.” Severus assured Harry as he conjured a blanket, wrapping it around his shoulders.

Harry watched, still crying quietly, as Severus firecalled Tom’s rooms and asked for the man to come by his rooms.

Harry held back a fresh sob as Tom stepped through, and only let out the sound of a hitched breath. Two new tears rolled down his cheeks anyway.

Tom rushed toward him and sat beside him, taking his hands. “What happened?” He asked.

Severus answered as Harry’s eyes fell to his lap.

“He went to ask Dumbledore how many times he watched Vernon.”

Tom’s eyes snapped to his. “What?” He hissed.

“He didn’t deny it.” Severus added.

Tom’s hands clenched on Harry’s, and Harry winced.
“Fuck, sorry.” Tom’s fingers relaxed again. “I will kill the man myself. After we get him thrown in Azkaban legally.” He growled.

Harry sniffed.

Tom tilted his face up and dropped a quick kiss onto his lips. “Harrison, my darling, are you going to be okay?” He asked, all gentle concern.

Harry nodded, the tears finally subsiding. “I will be. It was just… A shock. A bad one.” He added.

Tom sighed and nodded. “I imagine so. I don’t want you sleeping in your dormitory tonight.”

Harry frowned. “Where else—”

“Here.” Severus answered. “I will transfigure the couch for you.” He shot Tom a severe look. “You will be sleeping in your rooms.”

Tom sighed. “Well, it was enough that I was here when I needed to be. Sleep well, Harrison. I will see you tomorrow in class.”

Harry smiled weakly. “See you then.” He told the man as he returned to his rooms via Floo.

Severus went and retrieved a potion, bringing it to Harry. “Sweet dreams.” He said, holding it out.

Harry shook his head. “No, that wouldn’t be a good idea tonight. Last time… It was sexual.” He admitted.

Severus nodded and went to grab dreamless sleep instead, giving his half-vial he had last used to Harry. “I am brewing more, it will be ready tomorrow afternoon. This is what I have left.”

Harry took it. “Don’t you need it?” He asked.
“I will be fine. I have been dealing with that knowledge for a while already. You needed to be ready to handle it, so I held off until you were used to your new workload. I only take it when something gets called up, but I want you to take this dose. Your need is greater, and I can sacrifice for family when needed. I should be fine tonight.” Severus said firmly.

Harry nodded and took the vial. He stood and Severus transfigured the couch into a bed, and a throw pillow into a warm blanket. “There. Go change in the bathroom, lie down and take the potion. Get some sleep. We will get in contact with Marcus again tomorrow. Lucius will assist us. He has extra information on Dumbledore.” He said.

Harry nodded and went into the bathroom and called Dobby for a change of clothes.

Dobby popped in with his pyjamas and smiled at him. “Dobby is hoping Harry Prince has a good sleep.” He said.

Harry smiled thinly. “Thank you, Dobby. I will try to.” He said.

He dressed and fell into the bed Severus had made for him, taking the potion and staring at the fire as he drifted off.

It would all start tomorrow.

*****

Harry sat next to Draco at breakfast and offered a weak smile.

Draco returned it and asked, “What did Severus want to see you about?”

Harry shook his head. “Personal. Very personal.” He said.

Draco whispered, “Ah.” And nodded. “Then I won’t pry.”
“I appreciate that.” Harry returned.

“Aw, does little baby Prince have secrets?” One of the older students called down the table.

Harry drew his wand and pointed it at the older girl. “Do you really want to know what you look like turned inside-out, Parsons, because I have been dying to try that spell out!” He snapped.

The girl, Madeline Parsons, shook her head and went back to her breakfast.

“Do you really know a spell like that?” Draco whispered.

“Mm.” Harry confirmed. “It requires a lot of power, but I have what it takes. I don’t get in the habit of issuing empty threats.” He said simply.

Draco whistled. “That’s impressive.”

Harry hummed. “The Prince library has all kinds of old curse books, and I was allowed to touch two of them after my last birthday. After the next one, I should be told some more that aren’t cursed, and when I turn seventeen, Severus will point out all the cursed ones and let me know how to go about avoiding the curses on them. I can’t wait to see what’s in those ones!” He said.

Draco laughed. “I don’t blame you. Sounds dead useful.”

“Better watch out seventh year.” Harry said with a wide smile. “I’ll have knowledge you can only dream of.”

“Don’t get too cocky, My Prince. I’ve got two mates that can still get the better of you.” He shot back.

Harry grinned, and Draco returned it.

They’d be at an eternal stalemate.
Letters and a Fight

Chapter Notes

My streak has well and truly been broken.

Oh, well. It was a lot of fun while it lasted. Back to business as usual, then. Will do my best to give you all at least one update a week on this, will do what I can on all the others.

Harry was sitting in between Neville and Theodore, and all three were working on Herbology.

“So, Theo said you didn’t sleep in the dorms last night? What happened?” Neville asked.

Harry’s hand clenched down on his quill and he sighed as it snapped. As he was digging through his bag for another, he asked, “Remember when I told you and Mione what Vernon did?”

Neville paled, but nodded as Harry straightened.

“Well, Dumbledore was there at least once.” Harry snapped.

“Oh.” Neville said softly.

“Yeah. So I went and had a chat with him.” Harry sighed. “We're going to take him to court, get him tried for everything else he’s done. Just... Not that. I can’t have that get out.” Harry finished softly.

“Understandable.” Neville said.

Theo patted Harry on the back. “Whatever it was, you survived and you're here now.” He said.

Harry smiled at him. “You know, Theo, that actually helps. Thanks.”
Theo smiled happily. “Good. Glad I could help out. If you ever want to talk, Neville says I’m a good listener.” He offered.

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Harry said. “Now let's get these finished up so I can quit worrying about them.”

*****

Severus read over the letter again.

“Marcus,

We are ready. I can't be sure Dumbledore is not watching my post, so I am sending this via Lucius instead of to you directly. Harrison and I will be in the Three Broomsticks this weekend and we would like to see you, if you are available. If that will not work for you, please send word with Lucius as to when you will be available. We will be waiting to hear from you.

Any further correspondence must be done through Lucius, unless you are amenable to using a set of correspondence books I bought some years ago. I will have them on me this weekend, if you would like to use them.

Sincerely,

Severus Prince"

He folded up the letter and made the quick trip to Malfoy Manor to hand it off to Lucius.

Just a few more days before the weekend. It was already Wednesday.

*****

“Shit! George, look at this!” Fred held out the letter he was reading so George could see it too.
“Fred and George Prewett,

Your mother has made a grave mistake. I found out by going to the goblins that she has been drugging me with love and obedience potions for years, and now that I am free of her, I am having a change of heart about not associating with you two any longer.

This letter is a Portkey to the Weasley safe house, where I am staying. The activation phrase is Weasel. It was all I could think of, sorry. The house will only admit those of Weasley blood, so it is the only place where I knew I would be safe from your mother. Feel free to join me this weekend, we need to have a long, serious heart-to-heart.

Know before you come that I support you in whatever you do, whoever you put your faith in, and whoever you choose to love. No matter what, you are my sons, and family comes first. But I do want honesty from you. I am trying to move slowly, but some decisions will have to be made sooner rather than later. I want your help with choosing the right options from here out.

I will always love you.

Arthur Septimius Weasley”

George let out a breath. “Can we trust it?” He asked.

Fred shook his head. “I don’t know. There's only one magical signature on it, but I don’t know if it’s his, or Mum's, or what!” He said.

George leaned in and sniffed. “That’s not Mum's scent.” He pointed out.

Fred leaned in and sniffed at the letter, too. “You're right! Trust it?” He asked.

George nodded. “Trust it.” He confirmed.

“We'll have to tell Draco we have plans this weekend.” Fred said.
George nodded. “But I think he'll understand.”

*****

“Your Dad?! But I thought he deferred to your Mum in everything!” Draco said, perplexed.

“He did.” Fred said, when George gave him a pleading look. “But not anymore. He found out she’s been dosing him with love and obedience potions for Merlin-knows-how-long, and he’s only just now gotten out from under them. We need to go see him. He's unsure of everything right now, and this is our chance to turn him into an Ally, rather than an enemy.”

Draco sighed and looked at George. “How much do you trust him?”

“He’s my Dad, Draco.” George said flatly.

“I know that, love. I’ve been listening. My real question is this: Do you trust him with the life of our child?” He asked. “Because I—and you'll have to forgive me for this—but I have my doubts.” He said.

George sighed and thought on it—hard. “I want to believe he’s telling the truth.”

“Yet you don't know his scent.” Draco stated.

“We haven’t been around him since we've been unblocked, Draco!” Fred snapped. “And he wasn’t exactly the most demonstrative father, Mum had that covered. He was never one for giving out hugs.”

Draco hummed. “Did he ever seem to change suddenly?” He asked.

Fred and George thought hard on this.
“No…” Fred said slowly. “No, he was always the same.” He finally decided on.

“Then you never knew your father.” Draco said after a long pause. His tone was thoughtful. “Not for real, at least.”

George sighed. “I guess you’re right.” He conceded.

“Even more reason to be wary.” Draco said.

“Fuck you, that’s a better reason to go and talk to him!” Fred burst out.

Draco bristled. “If you ever want to again, you'll never take that tone with me! I won’t have it!” He shouted. “Don't make me forbid you to go.”

Fred glared at him. “You aren’t our mother, and we're both of age! We can go if we want to!”

Draco threw his hands into the air. “Fine! But take your damned older brother with you!” He shouted.

Fred went silent, then said, softly, “Oh, yeah. We can bring Percy.”

George nodded. “It would be a good idea.”

“Let’s go write him.” Fred walked over and kissed Draco's pouting lips. “Thank you, love. I’m sorry we fought. It’s just… We've lost a lot of family recently. We want to get some back, if we can.”

Draco sighed. “I understand. It’s just that… This is my first baby. I don’t want us to lose it. It's currently the most important member of my family.”

George hugged him. “We'll be careful. Our baby will be safe.” He assured his mate.
“I trust you.” Draco said. “I don’t trust your father.”

“You're going to have to. We will leave immediately if things get rocky. But we have to try.” Fred said.

“Go write your bloody letter.” Draco said, getting up. “I'll go find Harry.”

“And tell him how stupid we're being?” George teased.

Draco shot him an unimpressed glare. “Yes!” He snapped, then stormed out.

Fred snorted. “He loves us.”

“Think he loves me a little more right now.” George muttered.

“That’s because you didn’t just get all shouty with him. He'll forgive me.” Fred said surely.

*****

“…And they're going to trust it. If they die—” Draco frowned. “I won’t be able to take it, you know. I’m a Veela. I'd go mad without my mates.” He said softly.

“You're not going to lose your mates, Draco. They promised to leave if things went badly, right?” Harry asked.

Draco sighed. “Yes. Fred was the one to promise that.”

Harry smiled. “Then they'll be fine. No matter how much Fred wants to stay and fight, he won’t break a promise to his mate. You know he won’t. He loves you way more than anyone else, except George.”
“You're right. Why are you always the sensible and wise one?” Draco asked with a smile.

Harry grinned. “Oh, adversity does that to a person. Dad gives amazing advice, too.” He said brightly.

Draco chuckled. “He does at that.” He agreed.

“Any idea what Dad and Tom are planning for Halloween? They've been dropping hints that we're going somewhere, but they won’t tell me any more than that.” Harry said, frowning. “It’s driving me bonkers.”

Draco laughed. “I've got some guesses, but nothing I know for sure. Just wait and be surprised when it happens.”

Harry sighed. “That may be my only option. I was really hoping you'd know.”

“Anyone with a secret to keep from you knows not to tell me. Otherwise it will come out at some point. No one's been telling me anything. Aside from Sev, it’s not like I talk to either of them, anyway. I certainly don’t get all chatty with Our Lord like you do.” Draco said, highly amused.

Harry smiled. “Right.” He got up. “I’m off to go be chatty with a Dark Lord, then.” He said happily.

Draco snorted. “Have fun, don’t get killed. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Harry frowned and was about to retort when Draco added,

“With my twins, you tit!”

Harry nodded and left.

“Honestly.”
Fred and George met with Percy in Hogsmeade.

“Where’s the letter?” He asked immediately, holding his hand out.

Fred handed it over. “Did Dad ever seem to change to you? Suddenly?” He asked.

Percy shook his head while reading. “Nope. Just same old Dad. This seems legitimate.” He added.


Percy frowned. “Any particular reason why?” He asked. “Or just Slytherin distrust?”

George flushed. “We’re not exactly advertising it,” He said quietly, “but I’m pregnant. It’s his.”

Percy’s eyes widened. “Are you creatures?” He asked, stunned.


Percy sighed. “So he asked you to bring me as back-up.” He deduced.

George grinned. “He certainly didn’t want us going alone.” He said brightly.

Percy shook his head. “No. Knowing that, even I don’t. Well, are we doing this?” He asked, holding out the letter.

Fred and George took hold of it.
“Weasel.” Fred said, and they all disappeared.

*****

Harry and Severus were both drinking butterbeers when Marcus showed up. He sat across from them and smiled. “So it's time.” He said.

Severus nodded. “It is.”

Harry grinned. He’d gone back to the Selwyn vaults over the summer and collected a few more books—including one that had a list of any spells cast on family members—and had learned some interesting truths from that one.

Adora had known she was pregnant, and had named the baby already. Lily Potter's true name had been Elanore Selwyn. Not only that, but the spell Adora Selwyn had been under when she was killed—by Albus Dumbledore via killing curse—had been the Imperius curse. Cast by Albus Dumbledore.

Elanore’s status was listed as *stasis* until fifty years later, when she had been implanted into another woman—Harry’s adoptive grandmother.

Severus sighed and slid a long list of crimes over to Marcus, along with a book. “This is the book I told you about. Use it if you need it, it is safe.”

Marcus read the list, eyebrows climbing higher with every line. “You have evidence of all this?” He asked. “I mean, some of it has been reported already, but no one’s tried to *formally* pin anything on him yet. There will need to be cold hard facts to back this up. No one is going to want to believe all this. *I* dislike the man already, and *I* don’t want to believe he was this bad!”

Severus hummed and smiled. “You'll find that between the two of us and a few other people, we have verified every claim on that list. It is all true, and we want to see him *burn.*” He finished.

Marcus nodded. “I will need a list of your sources, the points on here they can personally verify and any other pertinent information—like what topics I need to avoid while questioning them to avoid incriminating anyone.” He said.
“You will have that. Use the book when you get home and I will give you what I am able and let you know how long the other things should take.”

“One of our sources is at the school this year, and one of them visits frequently, as he’s dating Dad.” Harry told Marcus brightly.

“Harrison!” Severus hissed.

“If you didn’t want the news to spread, you shouldn’t have told me. Tom knows. So does Millicent.” Harry told him.

Severus groaned. “Am I allowed no secrets?”

“Very few. You can keep your sex life a secret, I’ll let you have that.” Harry said.

“Thank you ever so much.” Severus drawled.

“You’re welcome!” Harry said brightly.

Marcus coughed to avoid laughing. “This is why I never tell my children about my work. They can’t keep secrets.”

Severus shot Harry a glare. “This one is not usually such a blabber-mouth.” He said.

Harry grinned. “I’m just happy you’re finally getting along with Sirius!” He said cheerfully.

Severus sighed. “Yes, it’s wonderful. I’m overjoyed.”

“Is he a good kisser?” Harry asked.
Severus flushed. “Passable, I suppose.” He said.

Marcus laughed. “Well, I should go and collect my thoughts before I start asking questions about this list. I will be in contact.” He slipped the book into his briefcase and eyed the list again before putting it in there, as well, with a muttered, “Frequent contact.”

Severus chuckled. “I look forward to it. Take all the time you need. We don’t like living under him, but as of this moment, there is no rush. I will inform you immediately if that changes.” He added lowly.

“Yes, do so. I will expedite the process as necessary if you two or others are in harm’s way or fear the man will do anything. Do not take any unnecessary risks and be careful. I will do my part; you just stay safe.” Marcus said, then left.

Severus and Harry chatted idly as they finished their butterbeers and left to join the rest of the school and do some shopping.

*****

Fred, George and Percy stumbled when they landed in a receiving room of wooden flooring and tapestry-covered walls.

There was the sound of running from a nearby room and their father appeared, looking overjoyed to see them. “My boys! And Percy?” He added, before hugging him first. “It’s wonderful to see you all!” He added, giving Fred and George hugs after Percy. “We have so much to talk about, and I have so much to tell you all!”

Percy frowned. “First, if you were drugged all our lives, how do you recognise us?” He asked suspiciously.

Arthur sighed. “I was drugged to the point of complicity, not to the point of amnesia. I remember everything, I was just in such a haze most of the time that I couldn’t control my actions. Besides, she couldn’t keep me under while you all were born. I was lucid for the first few days all of you were alive. I would never forget your scents.” He said proudly.

“Scents?” Percy asked.
Fred and George leaned in and started sniffing him.

“You smell sweet.” Fred noted.

“Like candy!” George agreed.

Arthur snorted. “Well, so do you, George.” He returned fondly. “Come on, there are sandwiches and tea in the parlour. Not spiked with anything, so you can drink it without worrying.” He said, leading the way.

“What are you?” Fred asked.

Arthur laughed. “Not going to let it go? Incubus.” He answered. “I don’t have a mate, just a need for sex at least once a week, although more keeps me healthier.” He told them.

Now that he had mentioned it, they could see that he was thin, and pale, and looked tired and worn-down.

“When's the last time you had a good Feed?” Percy asked.

Arthur's face fell. “Tuesday night. Your mother and I have sex nightly, although she has someone on the side. I’ve been casting contraceptive spells on myself every time I come out from under the potions that last six months, and I surface enough for that every three. She still managed two more kids, but I know for certain that the last two weren’t mine. Since you could get in here, you were mine without a doubt. If you weren’t, you would have been stopped at the front door and I would have had to leave the house to talk with you.”

“Would you have?” George asked softly.

Arthur looked heartbroken. “Of course! I would have been upset, yes, but you are still my sons! Paternity means nothing after watching you all grow up! You’ve become fine young men, and I’m proud of you all!”
Fred smiled. “Thanks, Dad.”

They all sat down and made their tea.

“George, I’m pretty sure I’m right, so please don’t lie to me. I won’t be mad, and I’m not a danger to you.” He pinned the submissive with a piercing stare. “Are you pregnant?” He asked.

George gulped. “Er, yeah.” He admitted softly.

Arthur nodded. “You smell pregnant. Whose is it, then? You’re a man grown, it's not my place to be angry with you for your choices anymore, but I'd like to know.”

George fidgeted. “It's my mate's.” He said evasively.

Arthur sighed. “George, I’m not going to be mad at you.”

“You are.” George disagreed.

“I’m not.” Arthur denied. “Just tell me.”

Fred cleared his throat. “Draco Malfoy is our mate. We're Sinicae, he’s Veela.”

George winced and met Arthur's eyes hesitantly.

Arthur was staring in shock. “You ended the blood feud?” He asked blankly.

Fred snorted. “It was a joint effort, I assure you.” He said, amused.

Arthur smiled. “Even more reason to be proud of you. Well, I need to know something. Your mother is convinced you’ve gone dark, both of you.” He sighed. “Have you signed up for the dark side? All of you, I mean. I’m pretty sure Percy hasn’t, but since he came with you two, I can’t be totally sure
either way.” He said. “I won’t be mad; I just don’t want to end up fighting you guys. I promise.”

Fred bit his lip.

“We're siding with Harry, and yes, he’s gone dark.” Percy said firmly.

“Percy! Don’t out him!” George said, horrified. “If that news gets out—"

“I won’t tell.” Arthur said, looking contemplative. “I also won’t go dark. But I can take this opportunity to step back from the war. I'll go neutral. I won’t fight for either side. Can you see if Harry will talk to his Lord and plead my case for me? I don’t want to be a target because I’m staying out of it.”

George smiled. “I’m pretty sure Harry's consort will do whatever Harry asks of him.” He said.

Arthur looked shocked at that. “Wow. So he’s in pretty deep, then.”

“Yes.” Fred said.

“Anybody that's safe and single you know of? I need a Feed, and I want it to be with someone that will not turn on me if they find out about my new lack of loyalties.” Arthur said.

“Xenophilius Lovegood? Luna's on Harry's side, and her Dad's unattached. Just don’t look for anything permanent with him. I think he’s still mourning his wife.” Fred suggested.

Arthur smiled. “Good idea. I'll go see him. You can Apparate out of here, Percy. Why don’t you take George to Hogsmeade while I take Fred?” He asked.

Percy nodded. “Write us if you need to talk more. We're perfectly fine keeping up correspondence.” He said. They each took their twin and headed back to Hogsmeade.

Arthur hugged each of his sons. “I'll be in touch. Love you guys. Don’t be strangers, now.” He said with a smile.
“Same to you. Love you, Dad.”

The other two echoed the sentiment, and they separated.

Fred and George headed toward Honeydukes to grab some candy before heading back to the school.

Things were looking up.

They had their father back.
Harry was sitting in Severus’ rooms, doing his Potions homework.

Severus was writing to Marcus in the correspondence book. “I know you don’t want the rapes to become public knowledge,” Severus spoke suddenly, making Harry jump, “but can we expose the fact that he knew you were being abused, and still sent you back?”

Harry chewed on his lip a bit, thinking. “I suppose so.” He said. “I can’t give pensieve evidence of the first time I told him, because I told him about the rapes, too, but I can give evidence of the times I begged to stay over after that. I mentioned everything else then, but left out the rapes, because he’d already accused me of lying once.”

Severus’ lips thinned and he nodded. “That will work. We need all the help we can get. I will ask Black tomorrow if he will testify as to his innocence and false imprisonment.”

Harry smiled. “Tell Sirius ‘hi’ for me!” He said brightly.

Severus hummed. “I will.”

“I’ll spend the evening with Tom!” Harry added.

Severus’ eyes narrowed.

“We’ll be good.” Harry added, fingers crossed in a fold of his robe.

Severus sighed. “Very well.” He muttered.
Harry grinned and turned back to his essay.

Severus looked through the Selwyn book, which Harry had given him permission to use, and frowned.

“Fredrick Gideon Prewett and George Fabian Prewett?” He murmured, tracing the names. “Harrison, you never told me the twin terrors were in this book.”

Harry looked up. “They are?” He asked. “I never checked further than Adora. Thought all the newer pages were blank.”

Severus shook his head. “No, all the Weasley children are here, as well as Molly. You're related.” He revealed, showing Harry the pages he was looking at. Sure enough, Molly and all her children were listed there, as well as all the spells that had been cast on each. Including the torture Harry had inflicted on Ron and Ginny.

Harry blanched. “Never show that to Marcus!” He said worriedly.

“I will black out the incriminating bits, but look!” Severus pointed to the twins' section.

Albus Dumbledore had given them both a potion to block their creature sides, and Harry took the book, looking through the newer pages eagerly.

“Charlie is blocked, too!” He exclaimed in shock.

Severus hummed. “Blocking a creature inheritance is not illegal, per se, but it is frowned upon.” He said. “Doing it without consent, on a minor, is illegal. Very much so. Unless you are the parent. Which he is not.” He added in satisfaction.

“Charlie also has a magic leech. It’s cast by Dumbledore. But the person it’s directed to was Molly.” Harry frowned. “She’s not supposed to even be average?” He asked.
Severus snorted. “Lucius said she was nearly a squib. One of the weakest Gryffindors there was.” He noted. “I was wondering what had changed that.”

Harry frowned. “Oh. We need to tell Charlie so he can get those fixed.”

“Our post may be being watched. Tell the twins to contact him.” Severus suggested.

Harry nodded. “Good idea. I’m going to go do that now.” He set down the book and left, grabbing his things on the way out.

Severus picked the book back up and began leafing through it again.

Harry raced up to Gryffindor Tower and smiled at the Fat Lady. “Any chance I could come in?” He asked.

She smiled back. “Do you have the password?” She asked.

“Er, no.” Harry said.

The fat lady sighed and shook her head. “Then I’m afraid I can’t let you in, Harry, dear.”

“Can you get me Fred or George?” He asked.

“They are not here.” She said with a shrug.

Harry frowned. “Oh.”

“I can get you Hermione, if you like.” She offered.

Harry perked up. “Alright, thanks!” He said.
She disappeared and a minute later, Hermione came out. “Hey, Harry. What’s up?”

Harry looked at her pleadingly. “Tell me you know where Fred and George are.” He begged.

Hermione frowned. “They left with Draco an hour ago. They’re probably in the Room of Requirement.” She told him.

Harry grinned. “Great, thanks!” He went to head that way and Hermione grabbed his arm.

“What’s going on? Why do you need them?” She asked.

Harry shook his head. “I shouldn’t be the one to tell you. They might tell you later, but they need to know first.” He said.

Hermione let him go. “Alright, then. Good luck.”

Harry nodded and took off.

He got to where the door was supposed to be and paced the hallway, thinking, ‘I need to get to Fred and George,’ as hard as he could. The door appeared and he flung it open, then gave a shout of alarm to match those the three teens on the bed had let out.

“Ye Gods, my eyes!” Harry shouted, covering the offended orbs. “Tell me when you’re covered!”

“How did you even find us?!” Draco snapped as rustling bedcovers were heard.

Catching them sucking each other wasn’t the worst-case scenario, but Harry still hadn’t wanted to see such a thing in a million years, thank you very much.

“I needed to find Fred and George.” He explained. “I have big news for them, and it’s a little urgent.” He told them.
“You can look now, we’re covered. Come in and close the door.” Fred said.

Harry walked into the room and uncovered his eyes. “Alright, so I was doing homework and Severus was flipping through the Selwyn family book that detailed what magic and potions were cast or used on which members of the family. Molly was in there, as well as all of you. Charlie needs to be told that he has a blocked creature, too. And he’s got a magic leech on him. He needs to get those things fixed. Sooner is better than later.”

“How long has the leech been on him?” George asked, horrified.


Draco paled. “After twenty years, there's permanent damage! Get dressed, write him immediately, and use the fastest owl you can find!” He urged his mates. “This is bad, very bad!” He said worriedly.

Fred and George tumbled out of the bed and began hurriedly dressing.

Harry’s eyes widened. “What kind of permanent damage?” He asked.

Draco’s lips pressed together, then he sighed. “The core becomes used to never being full, so it caps out at about seventy percent or so, and never completely fills to capacity, since it doesn’t know what full is. He could never truly reach his full potential if the damage is that bad. The creature might help him some, or it might make things worse. Some creatures release magic in dangerous ways if the core overloads. Which, with his not being used to his full capacity, he could easily do. All it would take would be for him to use less magic than he's used to and his core to start healing. The two circumstances put together have been seen before, and it’s a dangerous—sometimes deadly—combination.” Draco said seriously.

Harry swallowed. “So he'd better not take any time off work.” He said nervously.

“Depending on what his creature is, he may not have a choice. Some creatures need some time after inheritance to get used to things. He very well might need a month or so.” Draco said.
“Wow. That is bad.” He said, worried.

Draco nodded.

“Alright, we’ll meet back up with you here after classes tomorrow.” Fred said, leaning in to give Draco a deep kiss.

Draco smiled. “See you then.” He said happily. “And good luck.” He added.

The twins headed off to Gryffindor Tower to write their letter.

Draco sighed and got up, Harry turning away with a fierce blush. “Let me know when you’re dressed.” He muttered.

“What, blonds don’t do it for you?” Draco teased as he got dressed.

Harry snorted. “In case you haven’t noticed, I go for tall, dark and sinister.” He shot back.

Draco laughed. “You do, at that!” He agreed. “Alright, I’m decent. Let’s go.”

Harry and Draco headed back toward the dungeons. “So, do you three spend time together every night?” He asked.

Draco shook his head. “No. Three times a week. Two weeknights and one full weekend day. We need the rest of the time to do our work. I’m fifth year, they’re seventh. We’re all very busy right now, but the bond needs the closeness. One of the days we spend together we spend cuddling as we work on homework. You could try that with the Dark Lord. I’m sure he’d love to have you squirming on his lap for a few hours while he tries to mark essays.” He said, laughter in his voice.

Harry grinned. “Oh, yes, he’d love that. Neither of us would get any work done.” He said.

“What, you can’t multitask?” Draco asked.
Harry shook his head. “Not with Marvolo in the same room, I can’t. I get this pinpoint focus when I’m around him, nothing else can keep my attention like he can.” He admitted.

Draco grinned. “Sounds like you need to shag already. Get the first time out of the way so you can focus on other things.”

“I’m not ready.” Harry said simply.

Draco hummed. “You don’t know what you’re missing.” He said.

Harry smiled. “I’ll find out in my own time.” He assured the blond.
Charlie sighed after reading the letter Fred and George had sent, claiming that he was under both a magical leech and had had a creature inheritance blocked.

Harry was their source of information, and according to them, all the Weasley children and Molly were included in the Selwyn Magical Codex. And Harry was pretty trustworthy, so he was likely telling the truth, as dire as the news sounded.

So Charlie needed to take the day off and make a trip to the Romanian branch of Gringotts, it looked like. Luckily, he did business with them pretty frequently. They knew him there.

He went to see his supervisor and explained things to the woman. She was big and imposing, and stronger than she looked, but she was also a mother herself and served as almost a surrogate mother to everyone at the reserve and wanted all of her employees to be safe and healthy and happy. They referred to her as Big Mama, and she took the name in good humour and even referred to herself as Mama to them, on occasion. They did their jobs better when they were well-taken-care-of, and she made sure they knew she was watching to make sure they kept up with their self-care, even though the dragons were a full-time job. She told Charlie to take the day, but be ready to go back to work bright and early tomorrow morning. His normal schedule would resume, and his next break would come three days later, as his schedule said.

Charlie smiled and thanked her.

“Ah, go, take care of things!” She said dismissively. “You are needed here, so hurry back and be ready tomorrow. You are on horntail duty.” She told him waringly.

Charlie groaned good-naturedly. The horntail was the feistiest dragon they had, but she was going to go into hibernation any day now. Watching her was both exciting and dull work at times like these, and there was no telling which side the coin would land on until it had landed.

Big Mama laughed as Charlie left, heading for Gringotts.

After an Apparition and twenty minutes of walking, Charlie walked into the Romanian branch of Gringotts and went up to the counter. “I need to speak to Longfang.” He requested in heavily-
accented Romanian.

The goblins eyed him, decided they had seen him before, and hurried off to fetch the goblin he usually went through.

Charlie breathed a sigh of relief.

“Mr. Weasley!” Longfang said, stepping up to the counter. “What brings you by during working hours? Your free time shouldn’t be for another three days.” He noted.

Charlie sighed. “I was told to come by, that it was urgent. My brothers said I need to get an inheritance test done and have a creature block removed and a magical leech removed as well.” He said.

He didn’t want to believe about the leech, considering what they had said about where the magic was going, but the twins had never outright lied to him yet. They had stretched the truth in the past, but every lie they told always held more than a kernel of truth within.

He was, therefore, inclined to believe them, as much as he hoped they were wrong this once.

Longfang frowned and nodded. “Certainly, we can do that. Come with me, if you are going to have things removed, we'd best do it in private.” He said.

Charlie followed him to an office and the goblin pulled a sheet of parchment out of a drawer, along with a dagger. “Prick your finger, four drops onto the parchment, please.”

Charlie’s eyebrows rose. “Four drops? How far back do we need to go?”

Longfang grinned. “Standard procedure here, the four-generation test is the only one we do. This one will also check for blocks, potions, spells and compulsions, so anything you have on you will be discovered. No need for another test.” He explained.

Charlie hummed and pricked his finger, let the drops fall onto the parchment and then cleaned the blade.
Longfang watched in interest as the parchment filled.

Name: Charles Ignutus Weasley

Inheritance: Dracken, Prince line

Family: Arthur Septimus Weasley (father)
Molly Weasley nee Prewett (mother)(disowned)
Albus Dumbledore (godfather)
Septimus Theodore Weasley (paternal grandfather)
Aurora Abbott Weasley (paternal grandmother)
Arcturus Charles Prewett (maternal grandfather)
Audrey Selwyn Prewett (maternal grandmother)
Theodore Ronald Weasley (paternal great-grandfather)
Rosalynn Black Weasley (paternal great-grandmother)
Richard Erick Prewett (maternal great-grandfather)
Doris Prince Prewett (maternal great-grandmother)

Vaults owned: Charles Weasley-personal (463)
Weasley trust (411)

Heirships and Lordships: None

Spells: Magic leech to Molly Weasley cast by Albus Dumbledore at age 2 months

Potions: None

Compulsions: None
Charlie stared down at the page in mute shock.

“Holy... Dracken?! How powerful am I supposed to be?!” He whispered.

Longfang frowned. “How old are you?”

Charlie cleared his throat. “23 years old, almost 24. Why?”

Longfang sighed. He took out a vial of pale green liquid and handed it over. “Drink it all. It will feel strange. There will be a buzzing sensation in your chest.” He explained.

Charlie took the potion and felt the buzzing he spoke of as magic began to pool in his core, more magic than he had felt before.

Longfang took a deep breath. “Before I give you the potion to unblock your creature, you need to know this: the inheritance will hit on your next birthday. When you shift into your dragon form, savour it and hold that form for as long as you can, up to four hours. If you can hold it for that long, you will recover magically and will be able to attain that form again. If it slips away before four hours have passed, it will be the one and only time you will ever be in dragon form, and it means your core will never quite recover fully. You will be able to shift to your Dracken form, still, but only a Dracken at full power can attain their dragon form after the first shift, which is involuntary. Due to the time you spent under the leech, full recovery might be an impossibility. That is one of the inherent risks of putting someone under one for so long.”

Charlie’s hand balled into a fist at that news. He could be permanently damaged, and his own mother had condoned it, had benefitted from it!

He felt the betrayal more keenly than he'd ever felt anything before, and it hurt fiercely.

“I understand.” He said through gritted teeth. “Hand me the potion.”
Longfang handed over a purple potion and Charlie took it. He drank it down and shivered as it worked its way through him.

“Is that it?” He asked.

Longfang nodded. “That is all we can do. Now we wait and see.” He said.

Charlie sighed. “Should I ask for time off for my birthday?”

Longfang nodded. “At least a week. It takes that long for the bond to settle. And that will give you time to seal it after getting to know your mate for a few days.”

“I can do that.” Charlie said.

Longfang inclined his head. “We will see you in a few days, then, Mr. Weasley.”

Charlie nodded dazedly, thoughts whirling in his head. It was a lot to take in, and Longfang was thankfully giving him time to process it all as he left.

Charlie wandered the Wizarding section for a few hours, window shopping and getting lunch while he was out. He eventually headed back to the reserve, but he was still in shock over the news.

While the inheritance itself had been expected, Dracken was the last thing he’d considered the possibility of! And for it to come from the Prince line... He needed to talk to someone, and judging by the news he’d gotten from the twins, Harry was the best choice. His father was, after all, the latest Lord Prince. If he was going to question anyone about what knowledge of Drackens he could glean from the Prince family journals, Harry would be the most forthcoming.

Charlie relayed his news to his team, and they congratulated him on his coming inheritance, commiserated with him over the leech and what the long exposure could have done to his magical reserves, and he even managed to score a night with Vanessa and a promise from her brother Andre to share the next night with him. They could tell he needed the comfort of a warm body next to him in bed after the revelations, and both had been with him before. They had their own beds, of course, but they were rarely in them, preferring to share their nights with the other handlers whenever they felt the desire. And both were insatiable.
Charlie wrote a letter to Harry before heading to bed and sent it off, hoping he'd get a reply soon. He was going to look for a book on Drackens, but it was always better to obtain a first-hand accounting. And Harry had access to some.

*****

“Does this work for you?” Harry asked, cuddling closer to Tom.

The man sighed. “If you father goes looking for you in the morning only to find you weren’t in the dungeons—”

“I will take all the blame.” Harry said, then kissed him.

After the kiss, Tom frowned. “He won’t give you all the blame, that the thing. At least half of it will be heaped on me, and I tried to get you to sleep in your bed.” He protested.

Harry snorted. “Well, I’m sleeping here.” He said firmly.

Tom sighed. “At least close the shirt.” He pleaded. “I won’t be able to sleep with you half-undressed beside me.”

Harry shook his head and pressed his bared chest against Tom’s. “Nope. We'll be wearing a lot less eventually, might as well get used to it.” He said cheerfully.

Tom sighed and closed his eyes.

Harry drifted off easily, and had wonderful dreams of being wrapped in a warm, safe cocoon of love and serenity.

Tom held Harry and tried to ignore the partial nudity while his consort-to-be slept. He eventually drifted off in the wee hours of the morning, cursing his promise to let Harry set the pace.
The teen was a terrible tease when given free rein.

Chapter End Notes

Will be out with m sister today, so I won't be able to respond to comments very reliably until I get home, which may be late. Sorry, but at least I got this posted before leaving, right? It's something.
Yes, I am here to drunk-post. I finished this before drinking, so don't be too alarmed. I read through it drunk, though, so no promises that I found every error. I wanted to get it up, though, since I may not have time over the weekend. I will be with my sister since Monday is my 31st birthday.

So take this, expect nothing more until next week, and I hope you enjoy!

I will check it tomorrow and edit anything I may have missed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry read the letter from Charlie, frowning. He sighed and headed to Severus' rooms. He went in and found the man locked in a heated embrace with Remus.

He coughed and they broke apart, looking over at him with wide eyes and flushed cheeks. It was obvious from the state of their lips that they had been kissing either roughly and ravenously, or for quite a time.

Harry chuckled. “Sorry to interrupt, I just have a quick question, and then I can go.” He said.

Severus sighed. “Then ask.” He said in irritation.

“Charlie found out he's going to present as a Dracken. Can I send him a few journals to give him an idea what to expect? He gets it from our line, after all.” Harry explained.

Severus frowned. “I suppose so. None of the ones I showed you, those are for direct family only, but the others are fine.” He allowed.

Harry smiled. “Great, thanks! I'll let him know I'll send him a few over Christmas break.”

“Alright. Was that all?”
“Not quite.” Harry said. “Does Siri know you're here, Remus?” He teased.

Remus chuckled. “Yes. It's my day with Severus. He gets next Friday.”

Harry nodded. “I'll avoid coming that day, then. Have fun!” He said, then left.

Severus shook his head. “He’s never going to stop walking in on me at bad times, is he?”

Remus chuckled. “Oh, I’m sure you've embarrassed him plenty, too.”

Severus smirked. “Well, that’s my job as his parent.”

“And his job as your son is to make you happy, miserable, and grey before your time. How well is he doing that?” Remus teased.

Severus frowned. “Remarkably well, and don’t remind me again.” He muttered.

Remus chuckled. “Now, where were we?”

“Right about here.” Severus replied, pulling him toward him again.

*****

“Are you going to come over to our house for Christmas again?” Harry asked, cuddling into Tom's side.

The man sighed. “Things are going to be different this year, actually. We celebrated Christmas last year for you, because you watched your so-called ‘family’ celebrate it every year and never got to join in. We are doing things properly this year. You will have your first Yule celebration.” He told him.
Harry frowned. “How is it different?” He asked.

Tom smiled. “A few ways. There will be the usual components: gifts, a special dinner, decorations. But the main differences are that there will be a fire in every hearth all through the night of the Solstice, which is the longest night of the year, and that there will be a small ritual performed to honour the God and Goddess. You will be led by Severus at some point to your family’s altar, which is a place only blood relations will ever go. You will leave a small offering to your preferred deities, or perhaps Severus’, if you have not chosen your own yet. It is a personal choice, no one can say when you must have chosen by, just know that they will call to you when it is time.” He explained.

“Hm. What are you getting me this year?” Harry asked, grinning.

Tom frowned. “Well, nothing now. Aren’t we greedy?” He teased.

Harry cuddled closer. “I’m excited. You know I’m not materialistic, I’m just curious.”

“Want to know if you’re getting me something better than I got you?” Tom asked in amusement.

“I want to know if you deserve what I’m going to give you.” Harry shot back.

Tom’s eyes narrowed. “Oh?” He asked.

Harry smiled and shook his head. “You’ll see. I promise you’ll like it. I should know, I’ve tested it out.” He added.

Tom’s eyebrow rose. “Okay, now I’m sufficiently confused.” He said.

“As you should be.” Harry said. He stood. “Anyway, it’s late, and I told my bloody roommate I’d be in bed tonight so he could properly watch me tomorrow morning.”

Tom chuckled. “Who have they got you sharing a room with? Draco?” He asked.

Tom laughed long and hard. “Oh, I pity you! Is it true that he’s got a habit of—"

“Getting up at five AM and singing as he gets ready?! Yes.” Harry snapped. “He's promised—and proven—that he can be extra obnoxious when I sleep elsewhere the night before. As punishment for making his job harder.” Harry groused.

Tom chuckled and stood, wrapping his arms around Harry and kissing him. “Go get some sleep. I will see you tomorrow. Don’t kill Zabini, I want his mother on my side.”

Harry snorted. “Good luck. According to him, she bows to no one.”

Tom hummed. “I have to at least try.” He said lightly.

“Anyway, I’m off to bed. Good night.”

“Sweet dreams, Harrison.”

Harry grinned. “I'll dream of you.” He promised.

“Mm, in that case, naughty dreams.” Tom amended.

Harry’s laugh drifted down the hallway toward him as the teen hurried away.

Tom smiled and closed his door. “And I shall enjoy the same.” He murmured, heading for his own bedroom.

*****

“Do you have to wake up so bloody early?” Harry groused, as Blaise came out of the bathroom, humming.
Blaise turned and shot him a grin. “Yes. I want time to savour my breakfast properly, and you are coming with me, My Prince.” He answered, then began singing in Italian.

Harry sighed and got up. At least Zabini had a good voice. It was rich and melodious, so hearing him sing wasn’t torturous. If Harry hadn’t stayed up most of the night wanking behind his bed curtains, he might have even enjoyed the serenade.

As it was, he had stayed up enjoying his body, so he was not inclined to be cheerful at such an early hour.

He showered, wanking again, and left the bathroom with a towel around his hips.

Blaise glanced his way when he came out, then did a double-take. He whistled. “Wow. Where have you been hiding that body?”

Harry flushed. “Under my clothes.” He answered, grabbing some of the items in question. “And roll your tongue back into your mouth or my consort might remove it. And more.” He warned.

Blaise chuckled. “Right. But you should flaunt that a bit more. You’ve got plenty to be proud of.”

Harry turned and dropped the towel, and could practically feel Blaise ogling his arse. “Yes, I do. Again, stop staring.” He said, amused.

Blaise sighed. “Can’t help it. Damn, I need to get laid.”

“Don’t look at me.” Harry said. “Totally taken, and firmly attached.”

Blaise smiled. “I’ve actually got my eye on someone. She’s cute, but I have no clue if she’s interested.”

Harry snorted, knowing who he meant. “I could put in a good word.” He offered.
“With Lovegood?!“ Blaise asked incredulously. “Harry, leader or not, she’s going to totally ignore whatever you say and do her own thing anyway. It’s how she is. I’m sure she already knows and is deciding if she wants to give me a go. I just hope she decides soon.”

Harry snickered. “Yeah, that sounds like Luna.” He agreed.

Blaise smiled. “She’s gorgeous and an enigma. I’m baffled and charmed by her by turns. I’d love for it to go somewhere.” He said.

Harry turned and pinned him with a stare. “Hurt her and I kill you.”

Blaise shook his head. “I’m not that kind of guy. Don’t worry.”

“I’m not. It was a warning, not a plea.” Harry said flatly.

Blaise’s eyebrow rose. “Noted. Tad protective, are we?” He asked.

Harry frowned. “Luna, Hermione, the Twins and Neville are practically family to me. They are all under my protection. If they are harmed, I will be out for blood.” He said.

Blaise nodded. “That makes sense. My intentions are more than pure, they are wholesome. I want to court her properly. She will have to advance the physical aspect as she desires, I will never make the first move. I’m perfectly fine not having sex until marriage if she wants.”

Harry hummed. “You’ve put a lot of thought into this.” He noted.

“I feel strangely drawn to her.”

Harry smiled. “I’ll feel her out for you.”

“I’m sure she’ll see right through you.” Blaise said.
“Probably, but it can’t hurt.” Harry said lightly.

They headed to breakfast and sat.

Harry noted that the Hall was nearly empty. “Oh, look, only the abnormal people are here already.” Harry snarked.

Blaise snorted. “Don’t sass me.” He said. “And besides, you’re here, too.”

“Under duress.” Harry muttered.

“It still counts, though.” Blaise said in amusement.

“Arse.”

“Language, Harrison.” Severus said from behind him, making him jump.

“You’re not supposed to be here yet!” Harry said sharply.

Severus smiled. “I came early. Eat. I will see you in class.” He said.

Harry sighed as he walked away. “I’m being ganged up on.” He muttered.

Blaise laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Skips off humming "happy birthday" and hoping for a good Monday.
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