Arctic Gaze — Fiery Heart

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Summary

Harry Potter is no more. After the defeat of Voldemort the Goblins left Harry no choice but to give up his name and to become Lord Aries Janus Black. This steers him in direction that he couldn’t even fathom.

First self-written fanfiction. English is not my native language!
ARCTIC GAZE — FIERY HEART

Some changes from canon, mostly in the romantic department. Ron and Hermione never dated. Ron stayed happy with Lavender and proposed to her after the Battle of Hogwarts. Hermione is single, Luna is single, Harry had a very brief relationship with Cho but no Ginny as she is still happy with Dean!

Conversion Galleon to Pounds is not 1 to 5. An ounce of pure gold was worth over 200£ in 1998. So for the sake of my abysmal math skills the rate is one Galleon to 200£.

Prologue

The World Court of Magic
Headquarters of the International Confederation of Warlocks
Rome, Italy
02.05.2000

The gathered members of the ICW were looking down onto the floor of the arena. Their gaze locked on a lonesome figure clad in black hebridian dragonhide. The man had long black hair that stopped evenly between his shoulders. His high cheekbones looked like carved-out marble on his handsome face.

His modest height belied the magical strength that this man possessed.

But all of that was only superficial. What drew their collected gaze in like moth to the flame were his eyes.

His eyes which shone with power. His eyes which were like emeralds. His eyes which were cold like ice.

The Supreme Mugwump Babajide Akingbade leant forward and with a flick of his wand his amplified voice were heard throughout the colosseum.

“Members of the ICW, we are here today exactly two years after the fateful defeat of Voldemort. By the hands of a man who is here today to be questioned about his methods and ability which he employed against the forces of the Dark Lord and said Dark Lord himself. This inquiry shall provide much needed answers to since unanswered questions.

To be safe and to ensure that only the naked truth is spoken is the use of Veritaserum authorised. Auror Markwart, administer the serum.”

The mentioned Auror walked stiffly towards the still man in black. His emerald eyes swivelled onto him and bore themselves inside his soul. Markwart pulled the stopper out of the flask and held it before the hero of the wizarding world. Whom without a sound opened his mouth and tipped his head back, so that the Auror could give him the truth potion.

The aforementioned blazing green eyes dimmed slightly and glazed over. The expected signs that potion was working as it should.

Akingbade cleared his throat and looked down on a parchment and spoke.

“We are beginning the inquiry. The respondent will be asked several questions in relation to his actions against the dark lord and consequently his followers up to date of the second may 1998 which marks the sound defeat and the end of the second blood war with the battle of Hogwarts.”
“The respondent is Harry James Potter, son of James Charlus Potter and Lily Potter nee Evans…”

The man in black narrowed his eyes and said with nary a whisper, ”No, my name is not Harry James Potter and James Potter isn’t my father. Not anymore.”

The baffled crowd looked at him and he could hear an ocean of whispers erupt in the ranks of the colosseum.
The Supreme Mugwump cleared his throat again and hit a few times with his gavel.

“Do you say that you’re not Mr. Potter? What about James Potter? Who are you and what have you done to Harry Potter?”

The agitation was palpable and the tension thickened in the air.

The man closed his green eyes and leant back in his chair. His voice was soft but echoed with an underlying power throughout the rotund space.

“My name is Aries Janus Black. My father in blood and magic is Sirius Orion Black. My mother is Lily Potter nee Evans.”

The silence which followed these words were almost oppressive. The man continued to speak and the rapt attention that he gathered would be sorely missed at the next meetings of the ICW.

“After my defeat of Voldemort, I had to go to Gringotts in London which was heavily damaged because of me. A small group that I led during the ongoing war broke into the vault of Bellatrix Lestrange.

Our objective was to steal an artifact of Helga Hufflepuff, her chalice to be exact. During this incident we freed a Hungarian Horntail and fled with him after the successful raid. But during said flight the dragon did enormous damage to the rail system underneath Gringotts and destroyed the Entrance Hall.

After I explained my actions to the Horde and their king Ragnok, I was fined and banned from Gringotts. But the goblins informed me about several options that I had open to me. Sirius’ will was really straightforward. As sole beneficiary I had the option to perform a blood adoption which would make me legally a new entity which would allow me to continue doing business with the horde. That was the first step in my campaign for an independent life.

So there you have it.

Harry James Potter is dead, long live Aries Janus Black.”

Aries rolled his eyes and smirked sardonically. Crossing his legs, he looked above to the gobsmacked confederation.

The game had begun.
Chapter 1

To new horizons

Aries Janus Black. That was a bittersweet moment. To sign away his birthname and effectively killing his old self via bureaucracy. But as he laid the blood quill beside the contract which sealed his venture with the goblins, he contemplated that it was for the best.

The merging of the familial magics of the Potters and Blacks was the most satisfying moment since Voldemort buggered off to eternal damnation.

As the heavy platinum signet ring with a mixture of both family crests settled on his ringfinger, he could literally feel that half of the black family crypt rotated inside their coffins while the other half combusted in a raging fire.

Oh yes, a black day for the Blacks but a joyous day for the former Harry James Potter. Where there were no Potters left, there was a gaggle of Blacks which were cast out of the family. He would gather these outcasts and if they wanted he would reinstate them.

With a young and powerful Lord Black the wizarding world should prepare for the inevitable resurrection of their most feared family.

The Blacks were back and with them he would have a real family of his own.

But that had to stay under the wraps for the immediate future. The technical death of Harry Potter would be a disaster, so he told his account manager to withhold that information for as long as possible.

As the newly minted Lord Black he had to get his finances in order and had to locate a suitable replacement for Black Manor otherwise known as Number 12 Grimmauld Place. That dark and dreary ruin would never feel like home. It would be a daily reminder of the prolonged incarceration of his Godfather Sirius.

"Goldfang, as the Black account manager, my first job for you is to find a new home for the Blacks. It should be highly fortified with the best wards my money can buy. If there is something like a small island then put it forward on the list. Geographical advantages should be logical in the search."

The goblin looked positively feral as before his inner eyes the immense flow of gold threatened to overwhelm the seasoned banker.

"Well, Lord Black, as the fates will, there is a deserted island at the western coast of Scotland. It is small enough to put it entirely under a wardnetwork. The Anchorstone should be claimed by you with a sample of your blood. It would be easier that way to make this island into a sanctuary for the Black family. Shall I assume that my second task would be the construction of a manor?"

The almost giddy goblin was a slightly disturbing sight but Aries signaled him with a curt nod that his assumption was a correct.

"Yes Goldfang, you’re correct to assume this course of action. But your tasks shall be growing in the future, as should my family’s money under your insightful aegis."

By the ancients, more stuffy words and I could give Hermione a run for her money! Merlin forbid, that I could just be myself in such meetings. But if that is the price I’ve got to pay for a family then I
shall be happy to provide.

“As I mentioned when the manor is constructed and furnished I want you to track down all living blood relations to my family. Find those whom have Black blood coursing through their veins and make list for me.”

That was his most desperate desire. To have a family. The Mirror of Erised had shown him a picture of him with a large family.

Of course everyone assumed that it was destroyed in his first year but he found it later in his fifth year in the Room of Requirement.

After a particularly long DA-Session he would call the Mirror forward and just bask in the image of his growing family.

Because of his greater maturity the mirror showed essentially the same picture as it had the first time but with several additions which fuelled some very steamy dreams. The image of his wife changed between to young women to and fro.

One had bushy hair and sparkling chocolate brown eyes while the other was a willowy blond. Petite but radiant. And sometimes through his sixth year there were the two of them at his side. Hence why his teenaged brain was doing his best to provide him with the distinct image of Hermione and Luna with him in a hot tub. Clothing optional, if you catch the drift.

But that was a secondary concern for Aries. First and foremost stood the revival of the Blacks. A wife or by Circe’s tits wives were at least in his mind in a future far away.

The clearing of a throat brought Aries back into Goldfang’s office. “My Lord Black, there several other things that I have to educate about. First, with the death of Harry James Potter and the birth of Aries Janus Black, you are now the holder of several substantial accounts. I would advise you to invest in magical and muggle entrepreneurs to diversify your wealth.

The investments were only superficial in the last thirteen years. After the death of your defacto grandfather Arcturus Black there were no new Lord who could authorise sweeping changes in investments. So for damage control most of the hoarded treasure was frozen. Only a few trust vaults were left active. I am pleased to offer sound advice on several investments that will accumulate you a fine Galleon.

Second because of the death of Harry James Potter the Potter-Weasley Marriage Contract was of course voided...”

“By Morgana, what contract? That is the first time I hear of that contract! I mean shouldn’t I have been informed of such a thing?”

“Well Master Black, your Magical Guardian Albus Dumbledore and Molly Weasley nee Prewitt penned this abomination of a contract to gain access to your trust vault. Our records shows that an impressive amount of galleons was transferred into the Weasley Vault. The first transaction was conducted at 31.08.1991 and that pattern continued consequently until the death of Harry James Potter this very day.”

Aries couldn’t believe it. The Weasleys took his money. His MONEY. Since his first year. If he was sincere with himself then the first meeting with the redheads was more than dodgy. The matronly Mrs. Weasley shouting about Muggles and Platform 9 ¾ was in hindsight a dead giveaway for shoddy planned set-up.

“How much Gold have they taken, Goldfang?”
The goblin looked through several parchment muttering angrily to himself.

“Lord Black, at first glance they took a bit over 10.000 Galleons. As you understand that is over 2.000.000£. A substantial amount for fraudulent transactions.”

He frowned at the explanation, puzzled where so much money was spent. The Burrow was homely but nothing better than a hovel held together by magic. Their clothes were secondhand and Molly cooked and cleaned by herself. So where went his money? Before he could drift further away Goldfang spoke again.

“To alleviate any concerns about your liquidity let me reassure you that with the merging of the Potter and Black coffers you have just shy over 3.700.000 Galleons. Your monthly interest is currently low because of the inactivity of the aforementioned vaults and investments. But nonetheless you gain 6500 Galleons per month for your portfolio. That will of course increase.”

He had problems to close his mouth and to uncross his eyes. He was loaded. Positively loaded. With that sort of money it should be easy to gain his ultimate goal. But there was something else that he would do with his fortune.

“Goldfang, I want that 50 percent of my monthly income is used for the reconstruction of our world. I will pay for a new foundation for our society. Can Gringotts handle a press release and subsequently the distribution of the needed funds?”

The goblin was intrigued by this plan. They could get a foothold in every business and venture in the magical world. With that sort of influence he would be certainly promoted to the King’s Court! And the financial opportunities of this plan left him salivating.

As Aries saw that the goblins eyes glazed over he knew had the right instinct to go for such a plan. The sorting hat wanted him in Slytherin, so why not employ a bit of cunning?

As Goldfang came back from his happy place (which was funnily an exact replica of Scrooge McDuck’s Vault) he cleared his throat and gave Aries the deed for the Island and the contract for the construction of the new manor and substantial wards.

“The overall expense for this venture is about 500000 Galleons. So comfortably inside your family’s fortune. The magical building crew will take approximately 3 weeks for the house and the warding network.”

“Good! Very good, indeed. Meanwhile you can start the tracking and listing of my wayward family. I will stay at the residence of my cousin Andromeda. Her grandson is my Godson and I will help her to care for him. Could you tell me how I reinstate family members?”

The goblin nodded and explained him the procedures for a reinstatement and for a banishment of a family member.

They had to tip their wand on his signet ring and swear themselves to the Lord Black and then he could reinstatethem. He was almost giddy with excitement as he skipped out of Gringotts into Diagon Alley.

The journey to the Apperition-Point was a horrible mixture out of shaken hands, tears and shouts.

As he made it finally inside the Point and plopped to Andromeda’s House he felt at ease.

His plans were in motion. The Future could come.
As Aries plopped onto the doorstep of Andromeda’s Cottage he heard two raised voices. Two womanly voices he could place with ease. Narcissa Malfoy was visiting her estranged sister. He opened the door silently and crept to the door of the living room.

“Andromeda! Please, just heal it and be done with it.”

“Cissa, you know perfectly well that I will not do just the healing. Ask Harry for help. I know he will do what he can!”

“He hates my family! By Maeve, I hate my family for our crimes. I just sat by while that psychopath murdered in my salon. And Harry Potter, The-Man-Who-Won, would help me?”

Aries Black couldn’t believe his eyes. Narcissa sat trembling on the loveseat with her sister nearby. She had a black eye and cuts and bruises littered her still beautiful body.

“Harry James Potter is dead.”

With that he strode purposeful into the living room. Clad in Acromantula silk and hebridian dragon hide he looked really imposing. His new axiom was dress to impress. He had a message that he couldn’t present in his cousin’s castoffs.

Both women were shocked mute by his appearance but their gaze was firmly locked onto him. He knelt before the two them and spoke in soothing but firm tone.

“Andromeda Tonks nee Black as the new Lord Black I offer you and your family reinstatement into the Black family.

Do you accept the aegis of the Lord Aries Janus Black for yourself and your family?”

Andromeda’s mouth opened and closed a few times before a determined glint flashed in her grey eyes. She drew her wand looking him firmly in the eye and spoke seriously.

“I, Andromeda Tonks nee Black, accept the aegis of my Lord Aries Janus Black for me and my family.”

With a wide smirk Aries confirmed the aegis with,”sic mote it!” A swirl of magic encompassed both of them and Aries could feel two distinct shifts inside his family magic. Andromeda and Edward Tonks were now part of his legacy.

Narcissa could not believe what she had just witnessed. The Potter boy strode into the room stated his own death and then reinstated her sister and her grandson into Blacks. What just happened. She was shocked out of her stupor by two gentle hands on hers.

She looked up and was captivated in emerald green eyes that gazed into her soul.

“Narcissa, what do you wish from your Head of House?” His calm voice did wonders to her mindset.

She cleared her throat and spoke with a low but firm voice.

“I wish the aegis of my Lord Black. My husband is in Azkaban as he should be. My son is a cruel man like his father. He tried to torture me into compliance. So that I would help him to break his father out of prison. I escaped with only my wand.”

At the end of her story her voice was nary a whisper. Aries looked at her with the desire to help. And so he said to her.

“Narcissa Black, as your Lord and Head of House, I hereby annul your marriage and take you back
into the folds of my family.” As before a swirl of magic waved through the room and Narcissa broke down in tears of joy.

Andromeda hugged her little sister fiercely and looked at Aries with thankful gaze. “Thank you, My Lord. But how is that all possible? I feel encompassed with my old family magic. You wear the Black signet ring and your name is different? What, by Mab’s Wings, happened at Gringotts?”

And so related Aries everything that happened. The fines, the consequential banishment from Gringotts, his name and adoption, the fraud and of course his plan for the family.

“I will find all of them and reinvigorate our family magic. We are but four people left inside two thousand year old legacy. I took the brunt of the tidal wave but every new family member will calm the taifun that’s raging in our magical inheritance.”

Narcissa was suddenly very happy to be a part of this plan. She wouldn’t dream of a situation where she would have to fight against her new patriarch. Andromeda only concern was that for all purposes her Lord was unattached. That had to be rectified fairly quickly. A new Lady Black could be a shield for an elusive new Lord Black. As she aired her concerns about that issue she observed that Aries stiffened slightly, a blush creeping over his handsome face.

“Yes, well...Andi...you’re of course right in your assumption that in the future there should be a Lady Black for me. But there is...a...little problem....” Aries’ blush deepened and he scowled, his gaze firmly on the floor.

Andi and Cissa looked at each other and a knowing smirk and mischievous sparkle in their eyes bloomed. The younger sister broke the silence with barely contained glee. “So, my Lord has his eyes on a pretty little witch? You’ll have to tell me everything!” Her face shone with mirth.

Aries, oblivious to true nature of the question, squirmed in his seat and hemmed and hawed for a while before he said. “There isn’t a pretty little witch... there are two.” And with that he tore his eyes from the floor and looked at his gobsmacked cousins. Both women looked again at each and feral glint appeared in their eyes. With frightening synchronicity both sisters looked at him as he was a tasty snack. “And who are those little witches, my Lord?” He sighed and spoke. “They are the only women I’ve ever looked at with more as carnal desire. These two hold my heart and I’m fairly terrified that they both will hate me, when they know that kept this for myself so long. Their names are Hermione Granger and Luna Lovegood.”
Hermione Granger was smart. That was a firm belief which was vindicated by many instances over her life. But achieving happiness or a romantically fulfilling partnership were things she had no success or enough experience to deduce her wrongdoings.

The young woman was also firm in her belief that she was plain, bookish and rather unattractive. It was cemented by the fact that throughout her Hogwarts education no boy had tried to ask her on a date.

Sometimes someone would look in her general direction or ask for help but other than her deep friendship with Harry James Potter there was nobody who’d shown interest in her.

Only Harry listen to her when she spoke of her dreams or her passion for equality. But long before her fifth year had ended in royal disaster she had accepted that Harry would never see her the way she wanted to.

He was blindingly oblivious to any comments from her about him.

But she couldn’t hold it against him. She sighed heavily. Maybe she should’ve been more direct instead of veiled hints she should have hit him head on.

But she was afraid and now she thought it was too late to rekindle any kind of romance between them.

Since Harry sacrificed himself to go to Gringotts she hadn’t seen him. She knew that he obviously succeeded and was still alive. But only because his appearance after his visit to the bank had made on the front page of teen witch weekly.

She was floored by his attire and after a thorough assessment she had to change her knickers. Sweet Baby Maeve, why must my best friend look so rakishly handsome in dragon hide!? It is totally unfair what a photo of him can do to me!

Since then 3 weeks had come and gone and Harry stayed elusive.

She were worried about him. Immensely. But all owls had come straight back to her. It was as Harry James Potter did not exist!

Before she could worry anymore a sharp clacking sound were heard from her window.

A regal eagle owl sat on her windowsill, looking mightily put out.

She reached and opened her window and the owl immediately stretched his leg towards her.

Hermione gave the owl a treat and grabbed the parchment roll.

It was wax sealed with a crest that looked peculiarly like a mixture out of the Potter and Black family crests. Her interest was peaked. Maybe it was finally news from Harry! But what is that new crest?

Hastily she broke the waxen seal and began to read.

Dear Hermione,

I am sorry that I’ve not written to you earlier.

But as you can imagine there were so much to do with the goblins.

But that’s not everything. In the last weeks the goblins built a new home for me and hopefully my
future family.

Raven’s Rest is located on the Isle of Muck, Scotland

Please come as soon as you can! I must tell you something very important. As you can see the location is under a fidelius, so please destroy this letter and come to my new ancestral home.

Love,
Harry

To say that Hermione was not shocked by the letter would be an understatement. Nevertheless she drew her wand and incinerated the parchment and without further ado she apparated away.

She had a meeting with Harry and a tiny bit of her brain was very excited to learn something new about her sexy best friend. Okay, maybe I have a problem with that. But looking and imagining is not forbidden! She thought to herself, blushing furiously. And like that she plopped back into existence. At first she thought that she had made a colossal mistake, but a look at the silver plate “Raven’s Rest” alleviated all doubts about a faulty apparition. The black iron wrought gate opened and as she walked carefully on she was thinking like mad. This looks nothing like Harry! This is a manor. For Merlin’s sake! As she continued towards the entrance, the door opened and she saw the silhouette of her wayward best friend! “Harry!”

And with that a bushy haired rocket slammed into Aries. He chuckled and and embraced her with matching ferocity. “Hello Hermione. Long time no see. Good that I knew that you would come as soon as you could or you would caught me in the shower!” Mirth heavy in his voice as he teased his friend. The receding blush bloomed with new vigour on her cute face. “Hmm, the blushing looks very pretty on you.” That only added colour to her face. But she was here on a mission! And nobody could deter her in the gaining of knowledge! “Harry James Potter! You utter rake! Stop that nonsense and tell me better why you’re hiding in a manor out of pride and prejudice!

He hummed under his breath and tightened his arms around Hermione. “First things first. You have undoubtedly noticed that all owl post to Harry Potter was returned to you.” “Yes, you prat!” She was both irritated and pleased by their displayed closeness. Before Harry spoke further he apparated them into a study. Regrettably he let go of her and sat down in an leather armchair and gestured for her to sit down on his twin. “The answer to that question is pretty simple. Harry Potter is dead. His was death was tragic. Suicide. Not the stuff of legends to be honest.” He looked up and he had to cross his eyes because Hermione held wand only inches apart from his head. “And who are you? What is my purpose here? Shall I be driven too into suicide? Answer me!” “I’ll go with you, were the last words you said to me before I met fate with Voldemort. You are compassionate about equality, fierce in the protection of the weak and loyal to a fault.” And so Aries explained his name and plans with the Goblins to a gobsmacked Hermione.
Chapter 4

Two for one - Part 2

In the sunroom of Raven’s Rest the two remaining Black sisters were conversing with a petite blonde. Or at least trying to.
Luna was so elated that she was included in Aries’ plans that she literally bounced in her seat and chattered about every mythical creature she knew.
That defense mechanism served her well because it deflected the focus of Andi and Cissa so thoroughly that Luna could think without interruptions.

I just hope that Hermione is okay with his plans. It would be a wet dream to be with Aries alone but the prospect of being with him AND Hermione - beggars belief! Oh, pooh!
That train of thought ruined my knickers, bugger!

And she knew that scenario was what she wanted. Triad weren’t that uncommon between purebloods. It tended to lower the risk of inbreeding. But if she would be sincere with herself then she knew that a relationship with her two best friends would be a dream come true for her.

She vaguely noticed a movement and saw that both Aries and Hermione joined them in the sunroom.
“Winky, would you be so kind and serve our new additions their tea?”
The house-elf nodded vigorously.
“Yes, Mistress Moon! Winky be right back!” And with a little crack she disappeared into the kitchen.

Not a moment later Aries and Hermione were served their tea and plate of biscuits plopped into existence on a tea table next to them.

“Thank you, Winky! Delicious as ever. Could you be so kind and bring me my herbals?” With another giddy plop the elf brought him a sleek wooden box and cracked out of existence.
With nary a thought Aries took one slender black cigar out of the box and lit it with a little display of a wandless Incendio. He took a drag and looked into the cinnamon and cerulean eyes of his secret beloved ones.

Well, the calming agent is as good as advertised. Now I have got the hard part before me.
I am relatively sure that Luna already knows why both of them are here.
The way she looked between myself and Hermione was even understood by myself, his royal denseness! She wanted a triad as much myself. The only stumbling stone was Hermione. But between us two that shouldn’t be unconquerable.

He sighed and sat up straighter.
“Now that everyone here knows my plan for my immediate future, there is something else that my two advisors brought to my attention. As the new Lord Black, I need an heir and as defacto Head of House Potter, I need a separate heir for my old family.”
The thoughts in Hermione’s Head ground to a full stop. Why was she here? To advise him who to bed for an heir? Would he be so cruel as to make her do something like that. It would rub in her face, that she would never have him as she wanted.
But as she looked at Luna to gouge her reaction she was astonished to see the little blond completely excited, her blue eyes shone with hope and mirth.
And as Har...Aries continued she couldn’t believe her ears.

“I was advised by Andi and Cissa that it would be ill thought out to combine the two families. So I am here to tell you something about me. You know that in my first year I recovered the philosopher’s stone from the Mirror of Erised. That mirror showed me my most heartfelt desire. A family. At my first glance, I was eleven years old. Too young to be thinking about a wife and kids of my own. So the mirror showed me in the embrace of all the dead Potters that came before me. I thought it was destroyed by Quirrell but I discovered in my fifth year that I could call it for in the Room of Requirement. The gist of my wish hadn’t changed over the years, but due to my higher maturity there were several additions to my family. I had a wife next to and her image frightened me. Because of that I cowardly chose not to pursue her. I thought it would paint an even bigger target on her back if Voldemort knew exactly what that girl meant to me. But the image changed after Sirius’ death. There was a second woman next to me, more unknown family members that I now know were Blacks. But as for the first woman I chose to not establish a romantic relation to her. As you now undoubtedly understand I’ve called you two here. Hermione, Luna... I love you dearly and it tore my heart apart not to seek you out. The war weighed heavily on me and I was selfish not to tell even you. But I was afraid and spend my free time in front of the mirror to ingrain that image into my brain. I want you both to consider my offer. If you want you can stay here and think about this...revelation of mine.”

And with that he leant forward and captured Hermione’s lips with his own and pressed a silky smooth kiss on her mouth then before Luna could react he swivelled to her and repeated his feat with her. Both girls were shocked, elated and deep in thought as Aries gathered himself and nodding to his cousins he swept back into his study to wait for their decision.
Hermione’s mind went blank and hazy as Aries kissed her. His story of his deepest wish was the most romantic thing that was connected with her!

He loves me! Me! Plain, bookish Hermione Jean Granger is loved!
She looked up and stared at him kissing Luna and gazed longingly after him as he retreated to his study.
The bushy haired witch saw the same longing in Luna’s eyes glinting.
And before she knew what happened the little blonde tackled her onto the couch and locked lips her.

Cissa and Andi looked on with mixture of exasperation and mirth. Both of them had heard Aries’ story before and encouraged him to meet with his witches and to confess his feelings for them.
But both of were not prepared for the petite wind spirit that was Luna Lovegood. She whirled into Raven’s Rest only seconds after her letter came and was utterly confusing them with her lecture about various fantastical creatures.

The Black sisters were nonetheless pleased with their Lord and the execution of their plan. They smirked at each other and drew their wands.

Hermione was confused, utterly confused. She was soundly snogged by Luna and the haze of Aries’ kiss swept again over mind. Both of them were so engrossed in each other that neither of them realised that they were seconds away from being reminded that there were two other women in the sunroom.

Luna yelped and shivered violently as the ice cold water hit her and her naughty little bookworm. They jumped from the couch but were so entangled that they crashed shrieking onto the floor.

The two older sisters were roaring with laughter while the younger pair was thoroughly embarrassed for their wanton behaviour. But as they dried themselves with a flick of their wands they silently swore to enact retribution.

Andromeda broke the silence first. “Well, you two. Now that we separated you, we can maybe have a conversation about your intentions towards the Lord Black.” Her voice was serious but her eyes sparkled with wicked sense of humour.

The heavy blush that crept over their faces were only overshadowed by their glazed eyes. Their intentions were fairly obvious.
Hermione was engaged in an inner battle. Two romantic partners were not condoned in the Muggle world. But even she couldn’t deny what both Aries and Luna made her feel.

She vaguely registered a subtle throbbing pulse that went through her body. She never felt like this before and she didn’t want it to end. Sod it that it was maybe a bit uncommon. The whole wizarding world was uncommon. Who was she to deny herself in such a manner?

Cinnamon orbs gazed into their cerulean counterparts. A wicked smirk adorned their faces and both of them were certain of one thing. They were both okay with Aries’ proposal. With a nod they made
their way back to the Lord’s study.

Aries looked at the silver bracelet that Goldfang had sent him. It had glamour charm embedded so that he could essentially fool everyone and live a double life as Aries and Harry. With his old appearance for private settings and as Lord Black for his new familial and financial matters. And so could nobody tell that he was indeed Harry Potter, of course would the new Lord Black be a magnet for attention but not in comparison with his old persona.

He would claim both Potter and Black seats in the Wizengamot and the last what a needed was more publicity as the Man-Who-Won. No, that indubitably honour world go to Aries Janus Black. The elusive Head of the Blacks and Proxy for the Potters.

Yes, that would be for the best. Harry Potter retires from the public eyes to recuperate from the ordeal of war and enter the new Lord Black. Given the lack of logic in the wizarding world there will be not a single connection made between Aries Black and Harry Potter. I will remind them not to cross the Blacks. We need sweeping changes which I will force on them. We need a strong government, a transparent leader. That is my political mission. Meanwhile I polish the image of the Blacks with my financial efforts to the rebuilding effort. Merlin’s pants, I should have simply gone to Slytherin. But I was way to biased by Hagrid and Ron to even consider that a viable alternative.

He looked at himself in a mirror and activated his glamour. His body rippled and melt to comply the magical bracelet. His black hair grew longer past his shoulder blades. His cheekbones become more prominent. His mouth narrowed and his chin got an almost aristocratic look. The last change were his eyes. Where were they emerald green before they sported a startling shade of grey.

He looked like the quintessential Black. He made a note to himself to grant Goldfang a huge bonus for this. As he continued to look himself over, he heard the door to his study open and a gasp drew his gaze from himself to two young women who were standing behind him.

He locked his eyes onto them and willed the glamour away. “Did you made your decision already?” His voice trembled slightly and his eyes swept to the ground. He wouldn’t stand for their pity and didn’t want to see the rejection he was almost certain he would get from Hermione. He startled a bit as he felt two sets of hands which beckoned him towards his female companions.

His tension washed away as they embraced him completely without reservation and kissed him on his cheeks. His life would be different and difficult but in this moment he was sure that would thank the goblins for the rest of his life for this way that they had opened for him.
Welcome to the family

Chapter 6

Welcome to the family

Cissa and Andi just snorted at the hasty retreat of the younger crowd. They had obviously made their decision. Their intentions for their Lord were loud and clear and they approved wholeheartedly. If there wouldn’t be huge age gap to consider they wouldn’t mind to tend to their young Lords satisfaction.

But they were just as elated that their plan wasn’t miscalculated.
They shared a giggle and hugged each other.
“Ah Andi, I was so concerned that Ms. Granger wouldn’t go for it! We were very lucky that Ms. Lovegood certainly honours her surname.”
Andromeda chuckled a bit and replied to her little sister.
“Come Cissa, Teddy is awake. I’ll show you your little grandnephew.”
And with that the Black sisters strode towards the nursery.

In the Lord’s study Aries was still on his high. He had two beautiful women in his arms and they wanted him as well!
He closed his arms around them and with barely a crack apparated them into his bedroom.
Before he could have said anything he was tossed onto his bed. The cool silk that spread over the mattress molded to his body.
Hermione and Luna shared a conspiratorial glance and with a feral smirk on their faces they strode slowly towards him.

He watched them with bated breath. His blood and magic sung in his veins. His eyes shone with power and with snap of his fingers a wave of magic washed over the two young women.
As they looked at each other their eyes widened slightly as they took the fact in that Aries simply vanished their respective clothes.
Heat pooled between their legs and with a little growl they descended upon the new Lord Black.

The following entanglement of limbs would seal their future as the wives of the elusive Black Lord.

As they basked in the afterglow of their wanton acts of depravity Hermione and Luna snuggled closer into Aries’ body.
As someone so desperate for love it was just heaven. Aries closed his emerald green eyes and sighed contented.

For the first time in his life he had found love, made love and basked in the embrace of his loved ones.
His two loves looked at each other and without a thought reached over Aries and captured their lips in a loving kiss.

The young Lord opened his eyes to this sight and couldn’t be sure that he hadn’t died and were now literally in the afterlife.
He drew himself up to them what followed could only be described as a desperate battle of tongues.

As it got later a gentle chime echoed through the halls.
“What was that?” murmured the chestnut haired bookworm.
“That is Winky’s Signal that lunch is served. Come on you two, I’ll introduce to Teddy!”
And with that they threw light clothes on and add their way to the dining room.
Andromeda, Narcissa and the little Teddy were already seated.
The older sisters watched the entrance of the trio while Teddy cooed as Aries came into his view.
Aries bowed down to him and settled Teddy against his hip.

He turned towards his fiancées. “My loves, this is my godson Edward Lupin. Teddy these two lovely women are Hermione and Luna.”
Teddy looked at them and a little grin appeared on his face. He pointed first to Hermione and then to Luna and tried to say their names.
“Mine, Muna! Mine and Muna! Arm!” With a little chuckle Aries held Teddy up as he was snatched out of his grip.

Hermione and Luna cooed and babbled during the whole meal with the little Lupin.
As Winky popped in to take the baby to his crib both of them had a longing look on their faces.
“Well, Mine and Muna, now that we are fed and watered, I’ll have to tell you about something. You saw the glamour and you know about my new identity.
But what information I’ve neglected was that luckily because of this legal nightmare a 17 year old marriage contract was destroyed.
Due to the formal death of one the betrothed the contract was nullified.
This offensive piece of parchment was created by Dumbledore and Molly Weasley for Ginny and myself. Shortly after I was carted of towards the Dursleys both parties met in Gringotts and bartered both our lifes away to gain access to my vaults.
Thank Merlin, they only succeeded for my trust vault. But it was enough access that until the day Harry Potter was declared dead by Gringotts they took roundabout 10000 Galleons.
I just hope that the old harridan is prepared that her precious vault key isn’t working anymore.
If you’re in agreement then I want to meet with Ginny and talk to her about the contract.
I knew about her crush on me and now I wonder how much of that was artificially made by her mother.
She and Dean are happy as are Ron and Lavender. The war matured us all in a way.
So I’m happy that they’ve found steady love. Morgana knows that’s rare enough.”
He cleared his throat and continued to explain his thoughts.

“My guess is that Molly planned to tell Ginny about the contract but because of the escalating war she didn’t want to risk her daughter as the fiancée of Harry Potter would be tempting target for Death Eaters.
But now that the contract is voided, she will resort to every trick in existence to force the issue.”
As looked up at his witches he only saw determined resolve.
They would fight for what they gained.
“So the only way I see is that officially Harry Potter has retired from the public eye and named the new Lord Black as his proxy in all official affairs.
That would mean that I could still handle all my business but under disguise.”
He took a fortifying gulp of tea and waited for the others to digest the newly gained information.

They would be ready. He defeated Voldemort and had thanks to his amassed wealth the firm support of the goblins.
The wizarding world wouldn’t know what hit until it was too late.

As the day went on, the five conspirators refined the plans for the rebuilding process of their world and sent an owl to Ginny Weasley. That business had to be concluded before the new Lord Black would be seen in action.
Ginny Weasley frowned over the official summons to meet the new Lord Black. She wasn’t sure who Sirius’ successor was, the only thing that was safe was that it wasn’t Draco Malfoy. The posthumously dissolving of Narcissa Blacks marriage was a highly sought out gossip scoop. The newly minted Ms. Black stated mistreatment and abusive behaviour of Malfoy males were the outstanding reasons for that arrangement with her new Head of House.

But if people asked about Lord Black all they would get as answer was a dainty shrug and a mysterious smirk.

As soon as she was sure that she could apparate to Raven’s Rest she followed the instructions and burned the letter.

She felt powerful wards guiding her to apparition point. As she materialised back into existence her eyes were wide and her jaw slack with wonder.

The manor that stretched out before her looked sleek against the rough nature of the Isle of Muck. The smooth brownstone walls belied their age and the imposing black iron gate opened for her with nary a sound. A high will seemed to encompass the extensive grounds and she could feel the magical pressure of the wards that protected the ancestral manor.

She remembered a the same feeling at Grimmauld Place. The wards tolerated her but she wasn’t family. So the wards monitored her more closely. She was thankful that Bill explained that issue to her.

After that it was easy to acknowledge the tingling magic and to be thankful for the magical protection. She strode towards the ironshod front door she could hear a faint chime that resonated through the building.

As soon as stepped onto the front porch the door opened and a little elf stood before her. “Do youse have an appointment?” She squeaked with a serious look on her tiny face.

“Yes, I received summons from the new Lord Black. He wanted to speak to me and instructed me to come as soon as possible.”

The elf nodded and beckoned her into the entrance hall. She turned to ask where she would meet newly minted Lord but the sharp clacks of dragonhide boots drew her gaze to an imposing young man.

The piercing silver grey eyes, the long midnight black hair and the high cheekbones showed unmistakable proof of this man’s Black heritage.

A small smile appeared on his aristocratic face and with a slight bow he captured her hand and brushed his lips against her knuckles.
“Ms. Weasley, I’m surprised to see you so soon! Let me introduce myself. I am Lord Aries Janus Black, Head of House Black and Regent apparent to the House of Potter. If you will follow me to the sunroom I will try to illuminate why I summoned you here.”

A little dazed but nonetheless determined she followed him into a beautiful salon which big windows allowed a perfect view over the stormy sea.

As both settled down, the little elf plopped into the room and served tea and a tray of biscuits. Aries huffed mirthfully over the fussing elfin and drank a sip of tea before he focused on the slightly nervous Ginny.

“Ms. Weasley, before I can continue I need a reassurance that you won’t repeat what you heard here during our meeting. A simple oath of silence should be enough for that.” Another thing to be thankful because of Bill’s tutelage. She drew her wand, now more than a bit intrigued, and spoke.

“I, Ginevra Molly Weasley, swear on my magic that I will not repeat the contents of this meeting nor shall I repeat any revealed secrets of Lord Aries Janus Black. Sic mote it!”

The vow settled on her and she drew a deep breath as Aries let his glamour fade away.

Ginny was struck and couldn’t believe her eyes as the silhouette of Aries Black ripples and melt into an oh so familiar face.

“Harry!” With a shout she flew into his embrace. A throaty chuckle came from her favourite brother in all but blood.

“Hey, little sister. Long time, no see. You should have seen your face, as I reverted back!” She slapped his chest and settled back into her armchair. Her huff of indignation was watered down by a merry smirk and sparkling twinkle in her eyes.

“You prat! All this cloak and dagger nonsense to prank your only sister!” She fanned herself dramatically.

As both of them bursted out a laugh, they settled back down and Aries looked at her with barely concealed mirth.

“No, Ginny, that’s not all of that.” And with that he related everything about his new identity, the plans for the wizarding world and of course the thrice damned marriage contract.

At that both of them were a little green around the gills. They loved each other dearly but only as brother and sister. Ginny shuddered a bit at that image.

To be forced to marry someone she considered family. She was a pureblood but there definitely boundaries that should not be crossed!

But she was most put out with her mother. She knew by her second year that her early infatuation with the Boy-Who-Lived was nothing more then a flight of fancy fuelled by her mother.

But the Harry in her stories and the real one were like day and night. Nobody who’s met Harry for real could confuse him with that fantasy character. And so they created an almost familiar bond with each other. He called her fondly “lil’sis” and she teased him about overprotective big brothers.

That was how it should be. It really felt quite incestuous to even entertain that scenario in her head. She shook herself out of that. Glad, that the new identity of Aries prevented the execution of this vile piece of parchment.

She wasn’t sure that she could look her mother in the eye ever again.
That she would barter her away out of the crib on a quest for money, Ginny was incensed and it was only the Aries’ calming presence that she didn’t explode on the spot!

“I like your plans for our society and thank you again for the warning. I can’t believe that she would essentially use me to rob you of your inheritance. I don’t even know where the stolen 10,000 Galleons went. I mean, you saw the Burrow and everything.” She shrugged helplessly and sipped on her fortifying tea.

“Don’t worry about that, lil’ sis. It’s over, I just wanted you to about it in case your mother tries something. Next week is the first gathering of the Wizengamot after the war. There will be the first official appearance of Aries Janus Black as Lord Black and Regent of House Potter. It will surely stir a lot of attention. So, I just wanted to meet with my little sister to assure her, that everything is fine with me.” And with that he stood and gestured her to follow him.

“Come on, I’ll introduce you to my family in magic!”
Chapter 8

Two for you?

As Aries led Ginny through Raven’s Rest she couldn’t help but feel giddy about her future. She could marry for love and wasn’t forced to be chattel in a loveless union. She was indeed so happy that at first the view in front of her didn’t really made to her brain. Before her in a sleek and modern looking library sat a group of four women. Two young as she was and two as old as her mother. At first she was sure that there were more glamour charms at work. Otherwise the picture in front of didn’t made sense at all. Hermione Granger, Luna Lovegood, Andromeda Tonks and Narcissa Malfoy. In one room. Together. Giggling like gaggle of schoolgirls! What by Circe’s tits was going with her honorary brother? She heard a throat clearing and chanced a glance in a Aries’ direction. He looked at her with an amused air and raised his eyebrows. “Ginny, close your mouth or the flies come in!” He chuckled a bit as she obliged with a furious blush and continued. “May I introduce the future Ladies Black, Hermione Granger and Luna Lovegood. With them are my trusted advisors, Andromeda and Narcissa Black.” Ginny looked with wide eyes to her two friends and saw no deception in them. As she tried to process all facts that were presented to her her very mature brain did the only thing that would leave her with as much dignity intact as possible. She fainted and was timely catched by a softly laughing Aries. “You should’ve seen her face as I deactivated my glamour. I think that was one shocking moment too much.” But nonetheless Aries levitated the prone body of his honorary sister onto a comfortable couch. He conjured a silk blanket and tucked her in and then joined his ladies at their table. “Did you want alter the plans for the Wizengamot or are they to my ladies’ satisfaction?” He asked with humorous grin. “No, we think that the dramatic entrance is needed. We’ve even ordered two imperial ravens as post owls aren’t common for the House of Black. Hugin and Munin should arrive in the next two days and will accompany you for maximum effect on the council.” Hermione looked pleased at their parchment and concluded. “Who wants to bet that your entrance will cause bedlam in the chamber especially after your speech and subsequential arrest of the ferret?” Luna smirked and laid a petite hand on her thigh. “Even I know that that’s a sucker’s bet. And as you know the only sucking I participate in happens in the bedroom.” Her serene look never wavered as she pressed her hand firmly against Hermione’s mound. The bookworm drew a sharp breath and her face rivalled the red of Ginny’s hair. She slapped lightly her sister wife’s arm and took a fortifying sip of tea. Aries looked smugly between his two loves while the older sisters were pleased with the level of familiarity in their banter!
The future for the House of Black seemed brighter than ever!

At a ramshackle house in Devon, near the little hamlet of Ottery St. Catchpole, the matriarch of the Weasley’s looked frantically through her secret stash room. Between potions and ingredients there should have been the marriage contract between the Potters and Weasleys!

But try as she might she couldn’t find that Merlin be damned parchment! The Wizengamot would convene in seven days and she couldn’t get a hold on that slippery Potterboy!

And now her daughter couldn’t marry that wretched scamp so the Potter Vaults would accept her and her extraordinary monetary demands!

The ten thousand Galleons that were already in a vault under her maiden name, didn’t count! She deserved more than that!

The Burrow would become the most sought out home in wizarding britain! With the gold she could build an ancestral home for the next generations of Weasleys.

They would sing her praises in years to come as the matriarch that elevated their family in new and properly deserved social spheres!

Nobody would look at them with pity or whisper behind her back over their financial problems!

But all her plans for that fantastic future needed that contract. The money was ripe and ready to be harvested!

The Potterboy didn’t even realise on how much money he sat. She would get it! She would marry her daughter into the Potters and then her name would be lauded by the coming generations of her family!

She looked up and down her little stash. But the parchment stayed elusive.

As she closed the secret door inside her kitchen she heard the telltale crack of apparition. A look to the family clock told her that Ginny was back from wherever she was! Hopefully nowhere near that muggleborn Dean! He was the second bane of her plans! Why couldn’t Ginny choose Harry as her love interest? All would be great and ten times easier!

But no, her tart of a daughter must have gain a backbone and date someone she would never approve of! No, there was nothing to be gained by such a match!

No, Ginny would marry Harry Potter and if it was the last thing she would ensure!

As her daughter strode into the house, she called her into the kitchen.

“Where were you, young lady?” She asked with barely concealed anger.

“I was summoned by the new Lord Black and had a meeting with him. I cannot say more, as it is oath protected.” Her daughter looked at her defiantly.

“And who is this new Lord? I thought Sirius was the last Black and it would go to the Malfoys!”

“Oh, his name is Aries Janus Black and he is the archetypal Black. He will make a great entrance at the next weeks meeting of the Wizengamot. I’m sure that the Prophet will have a field day.”

And with this parting words Ginny turned away and stalked into her room.

Merlin, that would be a long week!
Chapter Summary

Sorry, for the shortness. Tomorrow is the first meeting of the Wizengamot!
Stay tuned!

Chapter 9

Magic moste anciente

The ritual room of Raven’s Rest was an addition of the goblins. They didn’t forget the importance of magical communion to thank Lord and Lady Magic for their blessing.
Aries stood in the middle of the ritual circle and drew a deep breath. Tomorrow was the opening meeting of the Wizengamot.

But before he could do what he needed to, he needed an assurance that he could handle everything that these old bootlickers would throw at him.

So his ladies and him constructed a ritual that should gain him enough power to if needed intimidate them with raw magical prowess.

The goblin made athame gleamed in the low light of the cavern. He drew a sharp breath and slid the blade over his left palm.

He closed his eyes and drew the rune Raido seven times around him. He pressed the athame to his wound and shuddered slightly as it healed his hand. After that he kneeled down and began to chant.

“Agnoscis me dominus magicae,
Exaudi me domina magicae!”
A persistent glow filled the ritual space. A low humming could be heard and Aries’ hair was swinging from a light blowing wind.

“Ut nos offerret respectu illius benedicetur magicae,
Da mihi magicae,
Dona vota mea!”
The glow was concentrated in the middle of the circle and surrounded Aries evenly. The humming and wind were equally heightened in power.

“Ego mortem,
Ego fata manus scriptor,
Ego afficitur scriptor magicae!
Tenetur in vita,
Fatum tenetur in,
Tenetur in magica!”
Aries’ emerald green eyes shone with unconcealed power. Raw wild magic rolled off his body and lit the ritual wards in all rainbow colours. The humming evolved into a insisting whisper and the wind was like maelstrom around the young Lord Black.

“Manifestum est via mea!
Tenetur animam meam,
I arcum tuum judicium praepa!”

Aries felt a weight in each of his hands and a weight that settled on his shoulders. His core expanded inside of him and Aries knew instinctively that the ritual gave him what he wanted. Lord and Lady Magic had obviously a lot for him to do.

He had a family, he had a new destination for his future and he was powerful enough to achieve what he wanted.

With a sigh he closed his glowing eyes and finished the incantation.

“Rumpitur circulum!”

And with rumble the magic of the ritual receded and the wards fell into the ground.

As he inspected his hands he wasn’t that surprised what Magic had gifted him with. The Elder Wand strummed positively with power, the Resurrection Stone gleamed with potent magic and his trusted Cloak of Invisibility seemed to melt against his back.

He was and would always be the Master of Death.

Above the ritual space looking down on it through a series of warded floor windows were his two ladies eyes lidded because of his unconcealed magical power. The heat between their loins drove them crazy and with nary a flick to lockdown the observatory they took each other’s clothes off and forgot everything civilised.

Like starving men they feasted on the others heated flesh and drank greedily what the other body would give them.

After a mindblowing race to the lustrous peak, they looked each other in the eyes and impish grin continued to grow on their sweaty lips.

As they set to continue their journey of debauchery they heard an unmistakable chuckle behind them.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here? The Ladies Black in tantalising and compromising position! Whatever shall I do with you?”

The simultaneous gulps and speeding breaths were answer enough.

Aries stalked them like prey and lost slowly piece by piece his clothing. As arrived at them he took Hermione’s face and pressed a needy kiss on her swollen lips. He battled with her for dominance, while Luna stroked his sex with vigour.

“Sit on my face, Mione and I show you how gifted a parselmouth really is! Moonchild? How about you relief yourself on my cock. Come on you two. You made me randy, so you relief me of that as well!”

And with that he reengaged the lockdown on the room and continued the journey of pleasure with his two young ladies.

Life was good. The Wizengamot would never be the same. The Blacks were back and with a ritually enhanced Master of Death, the chances of success were
greater than ever.
Luna could not help herself. She tried to tear her gaze from Aries’ body but the skintight black dragonhide armor that he wore left her salivating.

Aries smirked smugly and fastened the silvery buckles on his boots. He retrieved his long coat and looked at himself in the mirror.

He was clad for battle. That was exactly what he wanted to imply.
The message he carried would be heard loud and clear. To follow the new and enigmatic Lord Black into his vision of the future or to stand in his way.
And he wanted to make sure that everyone knew what consequences that would bore.

A little vindictive part of him was wondering if the ferret would lose his mind when he took the family seat away right under his ferrety nose.

Hermione came into the master bedroom and like Luna she seemed a bit befuddled before she shook herself out of it and pinched Luna’s derrière to snap her back to reality.

“Ow Mione! I was just admiring the view!” Luna exclaimed and rubbed her assaulted bottom.

“Oh pish, you were completely out of it! Aries, I brought the Hallows. I think they will neatly support your message of superiority.”

She fastened the cloak around his neck and gave him the elder wand and last but not least a silver necklace that had the resurrection stone embedded.

All in all Aries looked more like a hardened battle mage than a politician but the optics would inform everyone that wasn’t one to trifle with.

He drew his two young loves into his arms and pressed a loving kiss on their lips.

“Wish me luck. The Wizengamot convenes in two hours. I will apparate into the foyer where I will begin my act of intimidation. I love you.”

He was almost squeezed to death by his lovers but lastly they drew out of his embrace and kissed his cheeks simultaneously.

“We love you, too! Be careful and don’t forget the glamour!”

Aries’ silhouette shimmered and Lord Black made his appearance. He drew a deep breath and closed his now piercing grey eyes and plopped out of existence.

The Ministry of Magic buzzed like beehive today. The war was won, the darkness of Voldemort was on his best way to be forgotten and today was the first meeting of the Wizengamot after Potter’s Triumph.

The statue of the magical brethren was again in place and people were going to work as if the second blood war never happened. As if not many of them helped to locate and torture Muggleborns and Halfbloods. As if not many turned a blind eye to puppet regime and his crimes.
As if not many of them were cowardly kneeling before Voldemort.
They didn’t know it of course, but they would get a fierce reminder that people hadn’t forgotten
about them and their deeds.

A black figure apparated into the foyer and drew the looks of many employees to his wardrobe.
The man looked like an ancient warlock. Completely clad in dragonhide with a silvery flowing cloak
on shoulders, the hood hiding his face.

The man in black strode with confidence towards the security desk. On halfway through the atrium
the gathered crowd saw him drawing back his hood and the whispering only increased in ferocity.
The silver gleaming Lord’s ring did add to the tension.

Aries seemed completely indifferent to the attention he gathered but in truth he was dancing a victory
dance inside his head.
Until now everyone was speculating who he was. That played neatly into his plan.

A slightly underpowered sonorus settled on his throat only that the people nearest to him could hear
him talking with the security.
The guard hadn’t registered what happened in the atrium. Some people would never change.

“If you want to proceed, you have to register your wand.” He said with a monotone voice and finally
tore his gaze up only to nearly faint because of the imposing figure before him.

Aries took the elder wand theatrically out of his holster and presented it to the guard.
“Lord Aries Janus Black, for the meeting of the Wizengamot.
The wand is fifteen inches of elder wood and contains a thestral hair core.”
The collective gasps that erupted around him only heightened his inner Cheshire Cat grin.
The guard did a double take but confirmed the claims of this wizard by the wand weighing.
“P-p-please p-p-proceed m-my Lord B-black!”

As the young warlock strode past him to the elevators he couldn’t help himself and blew out deep
breath that he had hold for far too long.

The Lords and Ladies down in the chambers of the Wizengamot didn’t suspect anything. The
rumour mills were as fast here as in Hogwarts but news nonetheless had to travel 9 stories of
ministerial offices before something could make their way into the cavernous chamber.

The dark faction decimated by the war and the following incarcerations was nervously awaiting its
fate.

The neutral were carefully optimistic that business could and would proceed as usual and that their
fence sitting had paid off.

Meanwhile the light coalition was as decimated by the war as the dark. The casualties were deeply
felt in their ranks but nonetheless they would fight for their heroes’ ideals.
Oh, yes! Dumbledore’s legacy would prevail if they had anything to say about it.

How wrong they all were!

“Level 10 - Wizengamot and Courtrooms 1 to 10” said a bodyless voice and Aries strode out of the
elevator into a familiar corridor.

The old obsidian doors to the Wizengamot was open and he walked in with what seemed a natural
nonchalance on display.
He drew the attention of the members as he stalked up to the Black seat and sat down.
As he crossed his legs and leant back into the leather seat, the Black Crest glowed with magic and morphed into the same mixture of crests that Aries showed on his Lord’s ring.

That increased of course even here the whispers and while he stoically looked to the seat of the chief warlock and the minister, he tried not laugh as he saw the outraged face of the Ferret himself.

All factions buzzed with anticipation. Who was the new Lord Black? What was his agenda? Where stood he in the political spectrum?
But the nearly oppressing feeling of power he projected deterred everyone to approach him before the meeting started officially.

The only members who didn’t felt any compulsion were a group of young heirs and heiresses. Chief among them Susan Bones and Neville Longbottom.
They traded a glance between them and with an imperceptible nod they both made their way to the enigmatic young Lord.

As they approached Aries couldn’t help but feel his corner of his mouth twitching up. As he saw his battle hardened friends coming towards him.

He focused his gaze on them and Neville gave a short bow while Susan curtsied.
The Gryffindor broke the silence. “My Lord, I am Neville Franklin Longbottom, Heir presumptive and this Susan Amelia Bones, newly minted Lady of the House of Bones.”

Aries stood elegantly and took Susan’s hand and bestowed a kiss on her knuckles before he turned and reached for Neville’s and shook it firmly.
“My Lady Bones, Heir Longbottom, please let me introduce myself.
My name is Aries Janus Black and I am the Lord of the House of Black. Additionally I hold the regency of the House of Potter.
I am delighted to get to know two friends of my cousin Harry James Potter.”

Regardless of what the pair had anticipated, that was definitely not a possibility that they had calculated with.

A flash of familiar green eyes shone through the piercing silver gaze of the young Lord Black and the lopsided grin that adorned his youthful lips were information enough for the two friends.

They excused themselves with a date for tea coming the next day and returned slightly giddy to their respective seats.

The old geezers were not prepared for this but with that head start they both agreed to lean back and to enjoy whatever Harry had planned for them.
Chapter 11

In the service of Magic — Part 2

Kingsley Shacklebolt looked warily from his seat as acting minister up into the filled ranks. All surviving and not incarcerated members were in attendance. Some older members had brought their heirs, without a doubt as an initiation run for the young folks. Some faces were altogether new. The war had cut deep into their flesh and the many young people showed that the old guard was heavily damaged.

But maybe, he thought, maybe the new blood will reenergise us as a society. The old ways led us on a path from one brink of war to the next. He looked at Cyrus Greengrass, the acting Chief Warlock. Greengrass only did his duty here and had emphasised quite clearly that his place was in the ranks of the Wizengamot not in a leading position.

He sneaked a glance to the hottest piece of gossip that he heard just minutes before. The Lord Black sat in his box with an air of confidence and belonging that some would mistake him as the Chief Warlock. He seemed utterly pleased with himself and smirked in Kingsley’s direction. That little scamp had the audacity to wink at him! What was his goal? Well, nothing than the present to find out!

With his deep and rich voice he called the Wizengamot into order.

“The first Wizengamot Meeting in June 1998 is opened. Our agenda includes the solidifying of the roles of the acting minister and acting Chief Warlock or Witch.

We will speak about efforts to rebuild our society as a whole and will discuss the steps towards healing the tears to our community.

But before we can continue with that we must address the reawakening of two long dormant seats. The Black and Potter seats were activated and I request that the occupant of these seats will identify himself to us and to state his agenda and to explain why he only now considered to join this august body.” With a small bow he regained his seat and looked expectantly towards the Black Box.

Aries rose elegantly and applied a wandless sonorus to his throat. He let his gaze wander and focused lastly on his vexed comrade in arms during the war. He spoke clearly and with a conviction that drew the attention of attendees solely on him. “My dear Lords and Ladies, may I say how pleased I am to lead to old and trusted families back into the political arena.

As many of you without a doubt have heard, my name is Aries Janus Black and I am the Head of the Blacks. Coincidentally I am also the Regent for House Potter as Mr. Potter decided to retire from the public eye after his many ordeals during and before the second blood war.

My dear cousin has clear goals which I will follow for the greater good of our society. We have to evolve! We have to adapt! And we have to realise that many of our beliefs are faulty or without proof.

The issue of blood purity brought us to the brink of extinction twice in three decades. Both times it
was due to the sacrifice of Harry James Potter that the slaughter was stopped.

As for our plans they are quite straightforward. The Black and Potter Trusts have combined their wealth to ensure the rebuilding of our society. As we speak the goblins are drawing several dozen contracts for the reconstruction of our damaged world.

We will help financially and I hope that we all can work together for the good of the magical world as a whole.”

With that he slid back into his seat and took a swig of water.

Neville stood up and clapped his hands. Susan and the other young heirs, Lords and Ladies followed and an enthusiastic applause rose through the chamber.

Aries nodded graciously at Neville and hold his glass high. Neville mimicked him and both cheered at each other.

The mad twinkle in Longbottom heirs eyes brought a little grin on Aries’ face. With a final nod he refocused his gaze onto Minister Shacklebolt and his colleague, the right honourable Chief Warlock Cyrus Greengrass.

Both felt the heavy silvery gaze of the young and charismatic Lord Black and were only happy that this clearly powerful man stood not against them.

As Kingsley proceeded to announce the next item on their agenda the Malfoy seal lit up and a thoroughly enraged Draco Malfoy stood silently seething.

That usurper had the gall to deny him his birthright as a Black! He should be the Lord Black in combination with the Malfoy seat!

His birthright was sullied with a message of peace and equality.

As if mudbloods and halfbreeds had any standing in their proud history.

He would show them a proper pureblood and then he force his mother back in his family.

That bint would rue the day she fled out of their ancestral home into the arms of a bloodtraitor!

“I, Draco Lucius Malfoy, contest the claims of that pitiful imposter.
I am a Black by blood through my mother. No, other Black stood before me in line to inherit the Lordship!

I challenge Aries Janus Black to an honour duel to settle this claim once and for all!”

If Draco had looked towards Aries he would have seen how delighted he was about this opportunity to cut down someone who harmed his family so many times.

Calmly he rose out of his seat and the Elder Wand.

“I, Aries Janus Black, accept the challenge and determine that the duel will held here in ten minutes.
No unforgivables, no seconds!
Seargent-at-Arms, please raise the duel wards and adjudicate the duel.”

With that said he swept graceful to the duel platform and waited for a certain ferret that only now realised that it maybe had bitten more off as it could chew.
Chapter 12

In the service of Magic — Part 3

The anticipation grew high in the closed ranks of the Wizengamot. Galleons were traded back and forth for bets on the two young combatants.

A duel wasn’t a great start for a brighter future. The light coalition was slightly irritated about the barbaric practice of honour duels.
They preferred the battle of words not wands.

The dark faction was as irritated as the light. But only because they just knew that they would lose one of their biggest supporters.
The pompous Lord Malfoy would measure up to sheer power displayed by Aries Black.

The neutrals were busy with their bets and trades, only happy that Galleons continued to flow.

Neville settled next to Susan and stage-whispered in mock sincerity.
“Why, these youngsters today! Always so impetuous that they itch to be taken down a peg. I’ll bet you ten Galleons that Black crushes Malfoy into the ground!”
“Oh Neville! That’s a sucker’s bet and you know it. The ferret will get gutted so fast that it won’t even register before his carcass hits the ground.” She replied in the same way.

Both had to hide a vindictive smirk as their gaze settled on the nervous wreck that was Draco Lucius Malfoy.

He had miscalculated badly. His temper wasn’t so stoked since Scarhead almost gutted him like a fish back in sixth year.
That cretin had goaded him! A Malfoy! Into this ridiculous duel.
But were Draco was as nervous as was possible, Aries only exuded pure confidence and self control.
With a mocking bow he got in battle stance and lifted his wand, piercing silver eyes purely focused on his opponent.

With a shuddering sigh Malfoy copied him, his trademark sneer on his pale face.
His wand wavered slightly as he raised it up and got ready for the duel.

The sergeant-at-arms looked back and forth between the two wizards and began to count back from ten.

Aries tensed slightly, the tip of his wand glowed sickly grey with the light of the Bone-Exploding-Hex.
He would give that little Death Eater his comeuppance.
He managed to bribe him free of every count of the use of the unforgivables.
It didn’t matter that he had Madame Rosmerta under the Imperius for months or that his harebrained plans to kill the Headmaster almost killed Katie Bell, Ron Weasley, Horace Slughorn and Aries himself.
Gold mattered too much even nowadays. But he would show that dark wannabes what would come their way if they managed to evade justice.

He would also exact revenge on him for everything he had done.
The tip of Malfoy’s wand began to glow golden as he prepared to cast a particularly powerful
Protego.

As the sergeant reached zero both duellists sprang into action. Aries nimbly threw curse after curse at the cowering Slytherin who hid desperately behind his shields. “Sagitta!” A swarm of black arrows erupted out of Aries’ wand and hammered against the weakened Protego.

There was a sharp gasp and he knew that an arrow had penetrated his opponent. The shimmering shield dissolved and he saw that Malfoy was cradling his left arm. Two black arrows proudly protruding out of it.

A predatory smirk settled on Aries’ face and he pointed his wand at his fallen foe. “Fulminis!” The lightening bolt he conjured was bright enough to temporarily blind everyone in the chamber. Malfoy screamed and tried to crawl out of the way but the curse hit him point blank in the chest.

With an unearthly sound the ferret’s eyes bulged and his back arched under the strain of the excruciating pain.

Then he slumped to the ground and drew a last breath and stilled completely.

The duel was over and the dark knew, that they had a powerful enemy. The new Lord Black made no prisoners and had obviously enough power to further his agenda. They felt uneasy and looked fearful at each other vowing to lay low for next months.

The light was appalled by the violence and the ruthlessness that Aries employed to rid himself of his opponent. But they couldn’t deny that they felt vindicated that a bribing dark wizard had earned what he had sown.

The Lex Talionis wasn’t something to trifle with, but the results were indisputable. “I, Lord Aries Janus Black, claim the Right of Conquest and declare henceforth that the Malfoy Estate and titles will be absorbed into the Black Trust. Sic mote it!”

With a rush of magic the Malfoy-Ring flew from Draco’s cold finger and settled on Aries’ hand. He let his gaze roam and felt the respect and fear he incited inside his fellow wizards and witches.

It would be a great fun to exploit that. And without a further glance at the cooling corpse of childhood foe he strode back to the Black family seat and settled down with his legs sophistically crossed.

The Wizengamot had gotten the signal. The Black were back. They gave no quarter to their enemies. They enacted retribution. They hated injustice and were obviously back as a force of change.

Kingsley wasn’t sure what to think but he knew one thing. With Aries Black around it wouldn’t get boring in this often dreary chambers.

And with that he gestured with his gavel and called the session back to order. Their legislative agenda had to be discussed and altered.
The consequences of Destruction

Chapter 13

Short A/N
Hey lads and ladies,
I am for the next two days on a long trip back home.
The sun kissed Mediterranean Sea will be left behind for the dreary country of my birth.
But because of that I will have slight delay in updating this story.
The next instalment should come on Sunday!

And now onwards!

The consequences of Destruction

“Lord Black, a word.” As the Wizengamot took a break the other members dissolved into little groups, discussing the recent changes of legislation.
Kingsley led him into his office and sat heavily behind the massive oak table.
As he gestured expectantly to the opposite seat in front of him, Aries sat with grace befitting of a Lord.

“Well, that was a total clusterfuck.” Aries snorted lightly at that and leant back, a faint grin on his lips.

“Why? I removed a vital supporter of the dark and avenged a wrong committed against my family. Two birds, one stone I’ll say!” His silky voice betrayed no emotion.

Kingsley was a member of Dumbledore’s Order. Aries wasn’t prepared to cut them some slack. They were crucial in his incarceration at the Dursleys were he was worked like a slave.

In the weeks after the Battle of Hogwarts Aries realised that if anything was a total clusterfuck it was anything that Dumbledore’s faction did during the second blood war.

Never training him, never using anything lethal against the enemy. Trusting a known double-agent. Snape had to sell both sides short to play his role. How stupid was to trust in such a person? His epic boner for his mum was equally disturbing. No, Aries stood firm and would exercise extra carefulness in dealing with anyone close to Dumbledore. Not in the least of course in light of the now obsolete marriage contract.

He refocused on Kingsley as he blew a sharp breath through his lips.

“You killed him! You obviously played on his weaknesses and tricked him into the duel! That is not the way of a light wizard nor the way the regent of the House of Potter should conduct his business! I cannot believe that Harry would consider that the proper way of handling affairs!”

His voice shook in his anger and Shacklebolt narrowed his eyes on the youthful Lord Black.
Aries chuckled amused and shook his head lightly.
“I am not light nor I am dark. I am grey. The Blacks of old were lauded as the ones who guarded the balance between the light and the dark.
We are back and as we speak my ravens score the country to seek out all surviving members of my once great family.
Make no mistake, I will reunite us under one banner and then we will remind wizarding Britain why it feared and revered us so immensely. The righteous kill of Draco Malfoy was only the cherry on the cake. As you without a doubt now realise.”

Aries stood and let his aura flare up menacingly. “Don’t stand in my way and we will have no problems. Otherwise you to which lengths I am prepared to go.”

And with that he turned and strode back into the chamber and sat down in his ancestral seat idly playing with the newly acquired Malfoy Ring.

Oh yes, changes would come and the people would either follow him into a brighter future or they would feel his righteous fire.

In a distinctive castle in Scotland a portrait of a white bearded old wizard awoke out of a fitful sleep. He had a nightmare that all of his plans would unravel and the decades of careful manipulation were null and void.

But as he gazed through his old office which was now occupied by his rightful successor Minerva McGonagall he saw her slumped over the book of names.

He cleared his painted throat and spoke softly. “Minerva? Is everything alright? Is there something wrong with the book?” She looked wearily up to him and replied with a slight tremor in her voice. “Yes, Albus. Harry Potter isn’t listed anymore. It is as he were dead. I tried for weeks to contact him and Ms. Granger but both owls just returned with their letters. So I checked the Book of Names and his name has disappeared!” She poured herself a healthy measure of firewhiskey and gulped it down in one go.

Albus was shocked! Harry’s Name had disappeared and he couldn’t be contacted by owls? That didn’t bode well for his plans! No, that wouldn’t do at all! Harry had still a vital role to play. He had to mold the wizarding world into a paradise for the Light! That was imperative! By Merlin, if everyone could see the benefits of the light surely the could be redeemed for their transgressions and resume their lives as reformed members of our proud society! And now after Harry’s triumph over the oppressing darkness it should be easy to herald a golden age of peace into their community! Statues of him would proclaim him the great mentor of their saviour and his name would be immortalised as the likes of Merlin and Nicholas Flamel!

But now all of that was in jeopardy because that impudent whelp had obviously had hidden himself safely behind powerful concealing-wards.

Had he Fawkes he would have sent him after the wayward boy and haul him back but as Fawkes left after his death he could only continue to ponder over his dwindling options.

McGonagall instead gazed forlornly out of the window over the Black Lake. She would search for her favourite student and if it was the last thing she would do. Andromeda told her that Harry had helped her with Teddy.

Her next letter would be for the outcast Black sister. Maybe she would let her know a way of contacting her young cub. With that she sharpened her quill and wrote an urgent letter to her old friend and hoped for the best.
The quest of the lioness

Chapter 14

The quest of the lioness

Minerva sat down in a nook inside the owlery and looked after Athena, her regal eagle owl.

She made it clear to make great haste praying that Harry was alright.
She never did right with him, couldn’t because of Albus. He said to her that Harry had to be
challenged, to be developed into a bastion of the light.
But year after year of adversity and painful events she grew distant to her once admired mentor.
She couldn’t fathom what the endgame of that great master plan was.
So out of fear she didn’t interfered or stood up for her prized cub.
Harry Potter lost his innocence and was ultimately molded into nothing more than a soulless weapon.
A chess piece for the Headmaster in his game against Voldemort.
But she did nothing. She didn’t argue over his home situation or his neglected appearance.
Neither did she spoke up while the Triwizard Tournament was held or the farce of making Ron
Weasley the male Gryffindor Prefect.
The fiasco that was Umbridge’s whole existence wasn’t even mentioned.
She never questioned Dumbledore but as his death grew more distant everyday she found herself
questioning her past decision as if a veil had been lifted inside her head.

But that was not important, what was important was this issue with the wayward Mr. Potter.
She hoped beyond measure that Andromeda could and would help her to find Harry.
She simply had to. She needed to apologise and ask for forgiveness for following the foolish orders
of the late Headmaster.
Hopefully he would give her a chance at making amends.

They needed a positive figurehead for their movement and none other than Harry James Potter could
be the spearhead that brought their community together.

As the Wizengamot had convened today she hoped that after all the bloodshed that this nation had to
endure there would be a consensus of the actions that must be taken.

She watched the little black mark that was her owl vanish behind the horizon and made her way
back to her quarters.

She hoped that she would get a swift answer. One could only hope!

Athena found her target in Raven’s Rest’s extensive grounds.
Andromeda had taken her little grandson for a little outing in nature.
The rough winds from sea brought salty air with them and the raw natural beauty of the island were
baalm for her battle weary soul.

She didn’t expect a letter so she was suitably surprised over the appearance of Minerva’s owl.
The letter sounded really desperate and hadn’t she known the exact fate of Harry Potter she would be
worried beyond hell for her young patriarch.
She filed the information about the book of names away for later peruse and regarded the harsh waves that crushed against their little refuge.

She had to wait for Aries’ approval but she couldn’t see a cause of depriving Minerva of her information.

She would have to swear the same oath that Ginny had sworn but that wouldn’t be dealbreaker for the aged lioness.

As she heard the telltale plop of an incoming apparition she turned her head towards the silhouette of her Lord Black.

He appeared to be highly satisfied with himself and she could only hope that his high wasn’t entirely build upon the planned destruction of her snivelling nephew.

He dared to injure her little sister. If she weren’t a witch and if the wizarding world wouldn’t be a conglomerate of backward hillbillies she would have called him out to duel herself. But as the law stands it was better to have Aries handle any violence that was needed. As a peer and Regent over another family Aries was rather high on the social ladder.

He made his way to her and swept her into a gentle hug and mirthfully he said in a posh voice.
“ Our family is avenged and I’ve even got a new ring out of deal on top of seeing the cowardly ferret burning to the ground!
You’ve done well for your patriarch and a reward of your choosing shall be yours!”
He stepped away from her and regarded her curiously what her choice would be.

Andromeda curtsied theatrically and answered him in the same manner.
“My Lord, I thank you humbly for your commends. My only request would be to meet with an old friend of mine and to bring her into your secret. She is very worried and asked me about your old self.”

“Well, that depends greatly on who your mysterious pen pal is!” He said with a playful grin on his handsome face.

“It is Minerva McGonagall. The name of Harry James Potter disappeared out of the book of names in Hogwarts. She thinks you’re dead, so I would like to schedule a meeting with her to enlighten her on that specific topic.”

He inclined his head and gazed intently on the ground. Windswept hair whipping around his head he looked up and looked at her with resolve.

“Do it. Schedule it for Friday. Tomorrow Neville Longbottom and Susan Bones will attend an invitation to tea here at Raven’s Rest. After that I can deal with my old Head of House.”
With a curt nod he strode towards his manor. His days were filled with so much to do. He needed his ladies and he needed to make their arrangements permanent and official. Then they could ease the strain of his days and work together to enhance and further their society.

They had quite a lot of work to do.
Chapter 15
The foundation of Might

Aries sat behind his imposing oak desk his eyes firmly scanning the tentative results of the first sweep through Britain for the outcasts of the once Ancient and Noble House of Black. The goblins had tracked a few wayward members but his ravens would be very busy to locate them and hopefully entice them back into his family’s folds.

As far as he could see there weren’t many people to search. Isla, Marius and Alphard Black were all casted out for ridiculous reasons but had obviously procreated and lived productive lives. In fact both Marius and Alphard were alive and well. Isla had two children. Their children worked in sought out jobs in foreign ministries. Aries hoped deeply that they would at least hear him out.

A bell rang through the manor alerting him that his guest had arrived at the apparition point outside the ward line.

He stood up, brushed a bit of lint from his tailored robes and with a snap of his fingers the glamour shimmered onto his silhouette.

He grinned a little reminiscing about the coming tea time with Nev and Sue. He hoped to get them on board for his plans for the overall restoration and restructuring of their world. But he hadn’t much doubt that the both young peers wouldn’t believe in his plans.

He made his way to the entrance hall and saw Winky attending to his newly arrived guests. He strode confidently up to them.

“Welcome in Raven’s Rest! Please follow me to the sunroom. The view over the sea is breathtaking!”

With as much flourish as humanly possible he bowed and led the bemused pair into the sunroom.

As he gestured to them to make themselves at home, he channeled a bit of magic into his bracelet and deactivated his glamour.

Their reaction was so eerily similar that he did a slight double take. Both sported a mischievous grin and seemed mightily pleased with themselves. As Aries mentioned that fact aloud, Neville replied mirthfully.

“Well, you certainly keyed us in when you flashed your green eyes through your glamour. We weren’t 100% sure but it was a great clue for people who had gotten to know you.”

“Yeah, your performance was on par with a warlock, but for me it was your passion about our society’s future that gave it away for me. But rest assured that the other members won’t have a clue who you really are.” Added Susan with a quirked eyebrow, a gentle smile on her lips.

Aries chuckled lightly and lit a herbal cigar and took a drag.

“You are both close friends, that is the only reason that I let the glamour down.
I need your word on it that you will not reveal my old identity.
It is vital for everyone of my plans that Harry Potter retired from the public eye.”

And after that he clued his two friends into his plans and schemes for the good of their world. He mentioned his desire to find all members of the Blacks to unite them under his banner and his issues with Gringotts that ultimately made it possible for him to initiate all of that.

Neville and Susan were both intrigued about his plans and would gladly invest their own fortunes to secure themselves a sure foundation for their overtaking of their society.

As the little group talked the time away, Hermione and Luna descended upon them and continued to scheme with their trusted pair of friends.

All were wanting to have regular meetings and they managed to schedule every Wednesday for an extended tea slash planning session here in Raven’s Rest.

It had the highest and fiercest protection wards of their now shared properties. And the view over the stormy harbour was indeed a sight for sore eyes. In years to come would the revolution of their homelands be led out of this fortified manor.

And when the resurrection of the Black Family was successful they would have even more allies to draw from.

Neville and Susan would sound their allies out and would prod them into the direction they wanted in association with Aries. They would need a united front for their political ploys and that would require steadfast allies.

It was a giddy group that split in a jolly mood. Both parties anxious and energised by the thought of their plans.

The three soon-to-be Blacks were happy about the gaining of two powerful allies in this campaign. That would increase the chance of succeed at unknown levels!
As Luna planted herself firmly in Aries’ lap and continued to snog him positively silly Hermione watched hungrily her lovers at their game of tonsil tennis. Her eyes darkened and with a flick of her wand both Aries and Luna were petrified and naked.

A following silent Incarcerus tied them up and Hermione coaxed both of them into the master bedroom. Their little victory had to be celebrated and what better way was there to celebrate as the happy joining between lovers!

Yes, the sun shone bright for the Houses of Black and Potter. Now they had only Minerva on their list and they weren’t sure how the meeting tomorrow would go.

One could only hope that Dumbledore’s influence had waned on her or it would be a short meeting.
Chapter Notes

Hey lads and ladies! The upload schedule will be altered a bit. Work resumes and I will not have time and zeal to update this story everyday but I will try to write a new chapter every two days!

Stay tuned for the slightly shorter interlude!

Chapter 16

A task of eternity

Aries knelt inside his ritual space. His meditation deepened with every single breath and he dipped fully into his magical core.

He shone with an inert power and his aura shimmered around his silhouette.

He wasn’t sure why he was doing what he was doing but he knew that he had to be exactly here. The most ancient form of magic was so intimate for the general magic user that it fell vastly out of practice.

The knowledge and the confidence were sorely lacking in today’s magical society. People didn’t acknowledge the old ways anymore. Saying that they were a bunch of nonsense and hocus pocus.

But Aries knew better. Goldfang educated him about rituals and magical communion. The goblins remembered the days of old were Hecate was worshipped as the Lady Magic joined with her husband in magic Thoth.

The power they would and could grant begged belief and yet their worship was abandoned as they simply stopped granting powers. They turned from their worshippers often because of their greed and darkness.

But Aries knew that Magic was all about intent. His intentions and plans were pure and good. So with this confidence he did his first ritual right before the session of the Wizengamot.

And here he was, not really knowing why and then incantations flowed into his mind and he spoke with an otherworldly voice.

“Semper pura mentis, 
Semper pura ex animo, 
De opinione pura semper, 
Semper pura sint corruptionem!”

A calmness spread across his mind. He had declared himself and his convictions as pure. Now would follow a declaration of intent. He knew something was guiding and prodding him in the right direction.

Someone whispered the magical words inside his head. He gaze into the nothingness and felt the
urge to continue.

“Nos autem tenebras lucem,
Quae est registriva!
Nos autem factae sunt magicae!
Custodiens sumus in statera!

Tenetur in magicae,
Tenetur animam meam,
Manifestum est via mea!

Rumpitur circulum!”

With a shuddering breath he drew his gaze back into reality and recognised that he, his family and his allies had been given a mission.
Given by Magic herself. Guarding the balance, guarding magic itself and its users.

He had made subconsciously the first steps toward these goals.
His dominance in the Wizengamot and his power play with the dark faction had contributed handsomely to his cause.

And when the rest of the Blacks were welcomed back, they could guard and preserve the balance between the light and the dark.
Both would destroy each other and had in the past waged bloody battles for domination.
No more!
The Neutrals would flock to his banner. Susan and Neville were already at his side as allies.

His Lord and Lady Magic had given him a purpose.
He wouldn’t disappoint them, not after he experienced the magic of the ritual space.
It was confirmation for an intelligence behind the magic that weaved around the world.

And if those gods wanted something from him, he would happily oblige.
Magic was worth it.

He was startled out of his thoughts by a slow clapping that echoed through the cavern.
He looked up and saw two ethereal lights, vaguely humanoid shaped.
One glowing green, the other cerulean.

The glow spoke from unrestrained power and the sheer presence of the both figures was oppressive enough to make it hard to breath.

The green light stepped forward and spoke with many angelic voices simultaneously.

“Greetings, young warlock of the House of Black.
It has passed a few centuries since a member of the Blacks called for us.
As you deduced quite correctly, we have a mission for your family.
It is merely a reconfirmation of your family’s eternal duty.

You are the guardians, the first and the last line of protection for our precious gift.

Serve us well, youngling and we will reward you for your faithful service.
Fail and feel our wrath. Your world has to evolve or the magic will just disappear into nothingness if you’re not careful and prepared!

Heed my message, young warlock!”
And with a bright flash of light both figures faded out of existence.

He was alone in his cavernous basement. He needed his loves and advisors. That information must reach them, Aries Janus Black was on his way out of the dungeons and made his way into the war room.

Plans had to be adjusted and altered.

The future of his magical legacy was on the plate. He would not fail. He simply couldn’t deny his fate and his purpose.
Chapter 17

The perception of action

While the young Lord Black hurried with news to his conspiratorial allies, owls delivered a special edition of the Daily Prophet to all their subscribers. The headline and the big picture below sent a ripple through the community.

Lord Black destroys House of Malfoy
Plot or not?
Regent of House Potter violently gains another seat!

My dear readers! As you know it was two days ago that the Wizengamot convened for the first time since Harry James Potter, The-Man-Who-Won (for more details see p.11), vanquished the Dark Lord Voldemort in the Battle of Hogwarts.

It should have been a joyous occasion. Without the oppression of the dark there should be progress and unity.

But in a surprising move Harry Potter didn’t take his family seat but appointed a Regent. Now, dear readers, that isn’t even an issue. It is quite normal for someone without political experience to choose someone who is more experienced to manage a vote on the Wizengamot.

But our wayward Saviour has all but disappeared from our midst and in his stead sat the elusive Head of the House of Black. A man with both Black and Potter Trusts at his disposal.

A young aristocrat with dubious morality who on his first day in our proud government killed the defacto leader of the dark in an honour duel.

Yes, my dear friends, you read right. After his inaugural speech in which he painted a pretty picture of equality and restoration but also heavily implied that our proud traditions were nothing more than tripe, he proceeded into an honour duel with Draco Malfoy, who just wanted to defend the ways of our society!

These ambitions were ruthlessly silenced as the young Lord Black continued to eviscerate his opponent with powerful and merciless skills.

Is this a man who can be trusted with our future? Is this a man who should be walk free? I let you decide that, my dear readers, and I promise you that I will uncover his unsavoury plans.

Written by Rita Skeeter

The Burrow shuddered and strained against the anger of one Molly Weasley. She had read the article about the Wizengamot and fumed and seethed about the impertinent scamp that had made a power play and had won with ease. A new Lord Black!

And the damned Potterboy had given him access to his vaults as Regent!

She had to go to Albus and bring him the news. The light would roll over before that young and stupidly powerful man.

All her plans for endless riches were in shambles. No marriage contract could be enforced and even then Lord Black could easily interfere in every way possible.

She had to get to Albus and ask him for advice. His work could not be wiped away by such a ragamuffin! No, the light would triumph over this usurper and she would be responsible for his downfall and if it would be the last thing she would do!
Molly lumbered towards the fireplace and threw a healthy dose of floo powder in the fire. As she called out for Hogwarts and spun away in green flames her mind worked feverishly on pursuable avenues and measures that could be taken against the new enemy.

She tumbled out into the Headmaster’s office and made a beeline to the portrait of their revered leader. If someone could come up with a plan to defeat that new evil it would be the eternal Leader of the Light, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore!

Said portrait jolted out of its peaceful slumber and peered down on a visibly irate Molly Weasley. With a soft voice that calmed her instantly he spoke to her.

“Hello, my dear Molly. What happened? Can I help?”

His desperate need for information would be quenched as Molly proceeded to relay everything she knew about the young Lord Black and his agenda, the Regency of the House of Potter and his plans for the fortunes and the consequential disappearance of Harry Potter. Even the lost marriage contract made it into the maelstrom of information that wreaked havoc in his painted head.

A new Lord Black? Harry Potter disappeared? Oh, when he would be still alive then he could easily ascertain the real threat level to his plans but as a painting he was heavily dependent on others who could gather the much needed intelligence for his machinations.

He sighed wearily and pinched his nose. As he tuned the angry redhead out he was lost to his thoughts.

They would have to wait and observe the new Lord Black and his power. Only when he was without a doubt a threat to the ways of the light they would move against him.

Patience had to be employed or the powerful warlock would simply destroy them as he had with the young Lord Malfoy.

The future would be his. One way or another! The mighty leader of the light and defeater of Grindelwald would triumph again over the darkness.

Even as a painting he would outlive his opponents!
Headmistress Minerva McGonagall was a strict teacher. Her rigid character and her steely gaze were legendary for her students. But also her absolute devotion to Albus Dumbledore and her generally overworked appearance had made it into the consciousness of the school.

The lioness of Gryffindor was respected but she wasn’t involved in the day-to-day problems of her cubs or the school in general.

As Transfiguration-Teacher, Deputy Headmistress and Head of Gryffindor she was simply and hopelessly incapable of conducting her job as well as she hoped.

Problems of students would be marginalised, detentions from the residential dungeon-bat wouldn’t be reviewed nor the ominous loss of House-points every time a non-Slytherin slipped up or looked in the wrong direction.

It was as clear as day that someone who sought help would be better helped if he did it himself as to trouble Professor McGonagall.
That was her legacy. A legacy she discovered as she reviewed her actions or better inactions concerning one Harry James Potter.

She watched hour worth of memories in the pensieve in the Headmistress’ office.
The results were a bitter defeat. She was warped into a mockery of the teacher she was in her youth.

A better stooge of Dumbledore, a bootlicker! Minerva was incensed about her behaviour in regard to her charges.
In all of her time as an educator she was proud of her achievements.
But now her actions left a bitter taste of regret on her tongue.

She shrugged and sighed wearily and made her way to the floo.
Today would be her meeting with Andromeda and she was hopeful that she could begin to make amends to the young man she failed so much.

She muttered under breath and called the address of the new Black Manor out into the fireplace and stepped in to be whirled away in green flames.

The portrait of certain white bearded headmaster frowned upon her departure.
By the life of him he couldn’t hear the address of her destination.
It seemed if only invited guests could understand where one was taken.

Curious and curioser. He had to have an eye on that situation.

At various homes all over the continent ravens were flying in. Clutching in their claws were official Gringotts-Documents which reinvited the recipient back into the once noble and ancient House of
Black.

Marius, Alphard and Isla Black were still proud Blacks in their heart. All three were devastated by their banishment.

Their children were proud too. Isla Black was long dead but her descendants received the missive from the goblins with happy tears in their eyes.

In two weeks would be the formal induction into their old family. A floo address and an apparition point were included with the parchment.

A giddiness filled the outcasts. They would help their new Lord Black to resurrect their once proud and ancient family!

As Minerva stepped out into the reception hall of Raven’s Rest she was surprised by the warmth of the manor.

The modern touch and the colours were underlining a homely yet regal feeling. By the stairs stood one of her dearest friends, Andromeda Black, with her sister Narcissa.

Minerva made her way towards the sisters and vanished the soot of her clothes. Andromeda smiled lightly and signaled her to follow into the sunroom.

There inside a throne like armchair sat the owner of the manor and Head of the House of Black, the infamous Aries Black.

He regarded her with a smirk and bowed his head slightly.

“Professor McGonagall, it is a pleasure to have you here in my humble abode. What can I do for the Headmistress of Hogwarts?”

His voice tinged with mirth and his gaze full of cunning calculation reminded her painfully of her dealings with Arcturus Black and Charlus Potter.

Both powerhouses politically as magically and both dominated the discussion wherever they were.

This young man oozed power, showed cunning and honestly it was kind of unnerving to remember that Harry had given this man even more resources and votes.

Albus should be in an interesting situation. But now it was important to meet and see her wayward cub.

“Well, Lord Black, I would like to thank you for the meeting. I would like to speak with Harry to apologise for my role in his life. It was pointed out to me that he had little faith in me or other adults and that it was because of dealings with me that this trust was shaken quite badly.”

Tears shone inside her eyes and she sighed, locking her gaze to the stormy sea outside of the sunroom.

As Aries leaned forward, he channeled his magic inside the glamour and his silhouette began to ripple.

An alarmed Professor McGonagall watched the process with wide eyes.

“Hello Professor, long time no see.” Said the now unglamoured Aries.

Minerva looked between him and Andromeda to and fro.

Then she shuddered slightly, her eyes rolled into her head and she fainted onto the couch.

“Oh dear, your dramatics were to much for the old dear!”
Aries snickered lightly and grasped his wand. It would be a funny reunion with his old head of house.

He simply knew it!
A dream. A hazy vision. Aries Black is Harry Potter? No, that cannot be! Polyjuice or glamour charms to trick her? Merlin, she was too old for such shenanigans. That little scamp! Oh, how she wished that happened when school was in session!

As she came back into consciousness she was acutely aware that she laid on the very same couch that she had sat on. She analysed her body from head to toe and tried to make sense of the situation she found herself in. But before she could even begin with that, two familiar voices were heard near her. Ms. Granger and Ms. Lovegood! More sources of information about her predicament! Both were quietly berating the sole male occupant of the manor. A little grin formed on her face as she took the bantering in.

The mischievous quips from Mr. Potter were met with an equal measure of impishness that warmed her old heart. She knew the greatest wish of her most reckless student was a loving family and she was sure that both young women provided exactly that for Harry. The familiarity in their conversation spoke about a loving and deeply ingrained connection between the three.

But why in Merlin’s name would this level of deception be necessary? The war was over and peace returned to the magical isle of their world. So why the glamour? Why the disappearance of Harry James Potter? Why the new identity as the enigmatic Lord Black? As her eyes fluttered open, she sat up and fixed her three ex-students with a fierce glare and cleared her throat.

Three sheepish gazes were directed at her and Mr. Potter swallowed nervously. “Professor, I am sorry for that little trap you’ve fallen into but I couldn’t resist!” The lopsided grin that accompanied that reminded her painfully of his father who directed it favourably in her direction when he wanted clemency from his stern Head of House. That particular effect was obviously hereditary because it calmed her heart and extinguished any ire that she might have felt. “You’re lucky, Mr. Potter, that I have dealt with pranks long before you were born. A little scare is nothing to the devilry of Weasley Twins or Morgana forbid the mischief of the Marauders.” The twinkle in her eyes shone bright and her grin only grew wider. “You cannot fathom the relief I feel that you’re alive. The Book of Names didn’t list you anymore and I feared for the worst! I thought you were dead or killed by wayward Death Eaters and that I had lost any chance of redemption.” And with that she launched into her story of reconciliation. Her story contained her growing distrust of Dumbledore, her distress about his treatment and her disgust for own inaction that ultimately only helped to make Harry feel so alone that he didn’t consider it a hardship to go and die at Voldemort’s hands. That realisation hit her with might and as Andromeda told her she could meet up with Harry she was
beyond happy that it wasn’t too late to seek forgiveness from her favourite cub. As she ended her monologue of guilt, she tore her eyes from the carpet and chanced a look at Harry and she was relieved to see that he had a warm and tender expression on his face. He stood and beckoned to her to stand herself and as she complied he embraced her with two strong arms and whirled her around. The giggles that escaped her sent the room into an incredulous silence which was only broken by the elfin laugh of Luna Lovegood which sent everyone into a healthy laughter. The two girls joined their mate in his embrace and the three youngsters trapped the greying lioness in their powerful hug.

The relief which oozed out of Minerva McGonagall was almost palpable and she was returning the hug with abandon. She had a chance to make it right. A new dawn for a new and improved Minerva McGonagall had broken.

A chime echoed through the sunroom and with reluctance the tight embrace dissolved and with a grand bow Harry took her by the hand and prodded her into the dining hall.

Narcissa and Andromeda were already seated, the little Teddy Lupin sat between them in a high chair and changed his hair colour in a speed and accuracy that rivalled his late mother. A sorrowful tear escaped the battle-weary lioness and she was very pleased nonetheless that this young boy would have a loving family. Mr. Potter gushed and cooed over his little godson and took him on his lap to feed him personally. The fond looks of his two females were not missed by the Headmistress of Hogwarts and she was treated to a look into the dynamic that would shake up their world down to their foundation.
Interlude

Chapter 20

Meanwhile in the Room of Requirement happened secret meeting of the surviving members of the Order of the Phoenix. Presiding over them like a beloved grandfather sat Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore in his portrait.

The details of art of magical portraits were greatly lost to time but Albus knew that the origin of them derived out of magical Greece.

Herpo the Foul had been a genius, a dark and twisted one undoubtedly, but a genius nonetheless. Before he created the ritual that effectively rendered the soul and gave the practitioner a form of immortality he discovered that if you were content with a existence of ink and paint you could tether your soul to runic array and enchant a painting to be representation of your magical essence.

And with that the tradition of ancestral portraits was called into existence. Wise ancestors could provide advice and see the flourishing families even after their bodies were long gone.

And like that the portraits of the Headmasters and Headmistresses of Hogwarts were commissioned to give advice and help the current head of school in their educational endeavours.

But that fact also enables portraits to influence their environment with their own agenda as they were technically the same person only as a painting. So it wasn’t a big surprise that the reverence that the living Albus Dumbledore had gotten, his portrait was treated almost more than that.

He knew he had the same power over his loyal followers. He was still the leader of the light and if it weren’t illegal he would still preside over the Wizengamot as Chief Warlock.

But these musings weren’t the reason of this meeting so he tore his thoughts to more pressing issues namely the loss of influence over Harry Potter and the resulting rise of the young Lord Black. This new powerhouse could undo all of his influence with his ruminations and inquiries in his actions as Chief Warlock.

Greengrass and Shacklebolt were both very worried about a potential grey wizard of great influence. The rumours about resurfacing members of the Blacks were astonishing and worrying as well.

A strengthened Black Family was the last he and of course the light needed. With a light cough he drew the attention of the assembled members to him and spoke in his most grandfatherly voice.

“My dear friends, I called you here to congratulate you to the sound defeat of the Dark Lord Voldemort. Your contribution to his downfall will not be forgotten and be assured that you all did what you had to do.

Unfortunately, things are happening now that aren’t in our favour or promoting the weakness of the Light. The disappearance of Harry James Potter is a great loss for our effort to extinguish the darkness once and for all. The new Lord Black is a threat to everything we hold dear and I hope that you will stand against him.
as steadfast as you stood against Voldemort!

Because make no mistakes a grey wizard is only a dark wizard in disguise. Equality between Dark and Light only breeds adversity and must be prevented for the Greater Good. That Harry fell to his devilish machinations only shows the level of deception this wizard employs in his quest for power.
I implore to all of you that we must stay true to our cause and goal of true peace for the warriors of the Light.

You must find out what you can about this man and his followers. Find weaknesses in his actions and convictions and exploit them.

We have to prevent him gaining anymore ground in this vacuum of power. I have no doubt that we will be victorious in the future and that will show the populace that our way is the path of the righteous and just.
We are the Light and the Darkness flees before the dawn.”

And with this parting message he sent his followers out. They had a mission and they would not stop until Aries Black was only a footnote in their community’s history.

No matter the price.

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