Summary

After losing his Godfather and dubious about what fate has planned for him, Harry takes his destiny into his own hands after talking with an old General on Vacation. Warning: A few mentions of straight people, but don't worry they aren't a big part of the story.
Chapter 1

When General Hammond envisioned a vacation, at the insistence of both the military and his family, he had pictured something more tropical and warm, not damp, cool, and full of old Gothic buildings with double-decker buses trundling down the streets and Big Ben in the skyline.

Still, his wife had wanted to visit a cousin in London that she had once been close to, and being someone who valued a peaceful marriage, had agreed to the trip.

Not that he was bored, he still found plenty to do, visiting old war museums, watching a horse race or two, and taking in an RAF air show. The highlight of his trip though would turn out to not be the sights, but instead it was a dim afternoon threatening rain while standing on a dock where he met the boy. Who would unknowingly impact George Hammond's life much later, but right now in this moment it would be the old warhorse who affected said boy.

Hammond had always enjoyed the sight and sound of waves, which is what drew him to the docks in the first place and had him sitting on the nearly deserted walkway on a bench looking out at the heaving waves below.

There wasn’t anything that was obvious about the boy that stood brooding a few feet away from Hammond’s spot that made him stand out, but after a while he noticed that he hadn’t moved from his position leaning against the metal railing at the very edge of the boardwalk looking down with a contemplative air. He had a rather serious look for one so young, and was dressed surprisingly severely in a large black duster, black slacks and black turtleneck sweater, which went well with his black messy hair, but made his skin look almost washed out.

As if sensing his gaze, the boy mused out loud, not removing his eyes from the water.

“Waves are sort of like people aren’t they?” he said with idle gloominess, apparently uncaring if he was addressing a total stranger.

Rather intrigued by the odd words George replied, “depends on what you mean son, there are a lot of ways one can use the sea to describe a person.”

The boy hummed in agreement, gaze still below as he explained:

“Waves, like people, spend their entire existence rising in and falling under the pull of some irresistible force whether it is destiny, coercion, or the moon. In the case of people they rise, filled with ambitions overflowing their minds, swelling with dreams and then falling as they are unable to go any higher then what they wished to, scattered dreams in the wake, only to do it all over again.”

They were both silent for a time as Hammond contemplated the words.

“In a way you are right,” he finally replied thoughtfully, “though I think that we are just as much the moon as any outside force. After all, it is people's hope that draws them to rise again and again, even if they do fail and fall. Otherwise we, like the ocean, would be flat and lifeless without movement either way.”

The boy finally turned and glanced at Hammond, his startling green eyes filled with something that Hammond would later recognize as weariness, as if he were a rather tired old man.
“I take it that you don’t believe in destiny?” the boy asked wryly.

“You could say that I suppose. While there are things that we may not escape from, for the most part I believe that we make our own choices in the end,” George answered.

The boy nodded, his face contemplative.

The two stood like that in companionable silence, just enjoying the view before Hammond was distracted by the insistent ring of the cellphone that both the military and his wife insisted he carry around. Bothersome thing always made his pants cockeyed.

When he was done confirming with his wife about meeting her at a rather quaint bistro downtown, he hung up and pocketed the phone, though when he paid attention to his surroundings again, he realized that the boy was gone.

Harry James Potter was a boy that many would say had a great destiny.

He is the supposedly destined Savior of the Wizarding World, foretold by prophesy, marked by his enemy as his equal and apparently the only one with the power to defeat Voldemort, the most powerful and semi-immortal, wizard alive. Sure he had perhaps defeated the man not once, but many times. It was a tableau of meet fight, retreat, until eventually one of them would eventually kill the other permanently.

This was believed from the moment he was born when Voldemort decided that he was likely the better choice than Neville Longbottom.

The Dursleys meanwhile, his last remaining relatives though far from what Harry considered family, believed that he was destined to do freakish things like his parents and bring ruin upon their lives should anyone find out about the shame of having someone “not normal” in their house. They believed that he would grow up to be a good for nothing that would at best be blown up, just like his freakish parents.

These were the driving forces that sought to mold him from the moment he was born.

Harry, the subject of these expected destinies did not believe he was destined for either.

Reeling after the loss of a man who wasn’t even much of a parental figure but was the closest thing he had to family, had of course been told of said prophesy while the loss was still fresh.

Harry didn’t believe it, at least now anyway.

Oh he was shocked by it at first, believed it for a moment since there was a strongly angry part that seethed at Voldemort, whose actions had cost him a great deal, and whose trickery had lead to the events that brought about his godfather’s death. But when he returned to the Dursley’s and his anger had a chance to cool somewhat, he came to a realization which elicited a fresh tidal wave of outrage when he really thought about what the prophecy meant, what it had cost him.

After everything he had gone through, his parents death, his childhood, the trials at school, the deaths of Sirius and Cedric, the judgmental eyes of the Wizarding World's public opinion, the torture, the pain, the loss and the sadness, the hunger, the confinement, the crushed dreams, it was all because of some vaguely worded poem that, if Harry was understanding this right, might have been moot had it not been for those in power in the war acting on it in desperation or paranoia starting it all in motion.
Did he have a right to be irked? Hell yes he did!

The more he thought about it, the more he stewed in the unfairness of it all, and eventually he thought he would go barmy with everythign clamouring in his head and had just not been able to take it any more, so he had left the Dursley's, hopped a bus to London, bought himself a nice set of cloths -hang the Dursleys!- and wandered around the city for the day. Which is where he had met the large bald man at the docks. His little chat with this total stranger had helped to settle his mind and he had come to realize that he was frankly, he was quite sick and tired of having everyone else dictate his destiny to him, why couldn't he be his own irresistible force in life?

So with that thought in mind, he had left the dreary boardwalk and walked. He walked for a long time to Charring Cross road where the Leaky Cauldron stood.

In that time he pondered on his situation. He may have been accused by both Hermione and Snape for not thinking from time to time and rushing into situations, mainly because of his ‘saving people thing,’ but before he had been introduced to the Wizarding World, he had needed to think things through quite a lot to ensure his survival at the Dursley’s; he was rather ashamed of his own navite’ of the hopeless belief that the Wizarding World was somehow better then where he had come from.

The hat had wanted to put him into Slytherin for a reason after all, he had just been so desperate to make himself into something that everyone else expected that he had allowed House prejudices to influence him...though he would stand by his assumption that Draco Malfoy was indeed a git.

So he did the only thing that any sane person in his situation would do, He schemed, and slowly an idea formed and took root. By the time that he had reached the Leaky Cauldron sometime later with sore feet and tired gasps of breath, he took only time to toss back a pint of butter beer in a dark corner, gathering himself, before he made his way to Diagon Alley.

Harry wasn’t completely foolish; he had made a quick trip into a small hat store and picked up what looked like a plain black lighthouse keepers cap which he tugged down over his messy hair and distinctive scar, pulling up the collar of his coat to hide his face as he made a beeline for Gringotts.

The lines were blessedly short this time of day and this early in the summer, so when he made his curt request to the goblin behind the counter, he was eventually lead into a small vacant office where another sneering goblin awaited him.

Harry first made the goblin swear an oath of secrecy on his magic, and then outlined his plan. When he was done, the goblin was no longer sneering but looked intrigued. He agreed to begin implementing the procedures necessary for his plan to succeed and was told to come back in two hours.

Harry took the time to also remove a bit of money, and went off to do a bit more shopping. After all, he was going to need a few things; he might as well start now.

When he returned, a new carryall slung over his shoulder with a few more new cloths and some food, he found the same goblin in the same room he had left and took a seat. It wasn’t long until another guest slinked in, heavily hooded in a dark wispy cloak, shadows, and bore an overwhelming sinister air that only a handful of wizards, including Harry could remain in the same room with and not tremble.

When the door closed behind the newcomer and the privacy wards went up, Harry greeted the man neutrally, mentally patting himself on the back for not letting any of his loathing to show.

“Voldemort.”
The hood fell back revealing the familiar bald and pale snake-like countenance, his blood red eyes gleaming with anger.

“Potter!” he hissed, “what is the meaning of this? Why are you here? Are you the one behind the summons?” he pulled out a scroll with the Gringotts seal with one hand and with his other he pulled out his wand and pointed it at Harry, the tip glowing green.

The Goblin cleared his throat pointedly.

Voldemort sneered at the veiled reminder to remember that he was in Gringotts and that this was neutral territory and that wand battles were not allowed unless sanctioned by Gringotts. He was not a fool, breaking the law would bring the entire Goblin Nation down on his head, and they were too important to Wizarding economy for even Voldemort to risk angering them. He wasn’t quite that crazy.

Finally after standing there impotently, the Dark Lord sneered and took a seat. He had to admit, he was somewhat curious as to why the boy and himself were sitting in this room.

What followed surprised Voldemort greatly, which wasn’t a mean feet by any measure.

When the goblin and the brat had finished speaking, the dark lord sat in silence as he digested everything said and the consequences if he should agree to all this.

“You are offering, to step out of the war,” Voldemort clarified slowly, “you will not interfere in anyway and in return I will provide any means that are necessary to help you stay gone, should it be needed, and what about the prophesy?”

Harry huffed and explained his thoughts on the matter; he even shared the rest of it, no strings attached.

Voldemort had to admit that the boy did have a point that, perhaps, neither of them would have been where they are now if Voldemort had chosen to not act on it, and the fact that the seer in question was off her rocker drunk and a proven fraud, was also rather galling. The goblin even pointed out that the prophesy only stated that Harry had the possible power to defeat Voldemort, but that that defeat does not mean that he was actually going to kill him or had to act upon it anyway.

Then the Goblin purposed something that startled both wizards, have Harry Potter declared a Lord of magic in his own right, that way he was of equal status to both Voldemort and Dumbledore, thus outside both their jurisdictions as authority or allegiance. He suggested the title of Grey Lord, since Dark and Light Lords were already reigning, and the cherry on top of this suggestion for Voldemort was that in the off chance that the prophecy was real, it may satisfy the conditions in part by making him an equal in status.

Harry for his part had plans though, plans that didn’t involve the Wizarding World, but when he brought it up to the goblin, he was reassured that he could maintain his lordship status without having to get involved in the Wizarding World at all, that was the beauty of being a Lord, particularly of a neutral party.

Harry frowned. He was just a teenager after all, how was he expected to be on par with figures like Voldemort and Dumbledore of all beings?

Voldemort for his part was highly amused by the notion of Harry Potter, figurehead for the Light, becoming the symbol of neutrality in the Wizarding World and what a delightful blow to the old coot! Oh, and getting the boy out of his non-existent hair of course, thus he agreed to the goblin’s
idea, “I agree, we have a bargain,” He purred, thoughts still on a devastated Dumbledore, and a morally crushed wizarding world when they realized their little hero wasn’t going to be there to save them this time.

‘Mmmm…Delicious.’

And so the pact was struck, the oaths were given, and planning went well into the wee hours of the next morning and for days afterwards.

When they were alone, Voldemort sweeping away to prepare a few things that they felt would be necessary to making Harry at least somewhat worthy of being declared a lord, the goblin pulled out a rather heavy file and the long tedious process of making Harry a free man began.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/N: Review and let me know what you think!
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

sorry about the long wait folks. I am trying to post more regularly, but don't hold your breath on it, we'll see how it goes. those of you who are my regulars over at fanfiction.net understand.

Chapter 2

It was a beautiful day.

Not to sunny, not to dreary, just the right amount of wind, which in Harry’s opinion was a lot of wind.

Perhaps it was a holdover from his days riding a broom, but there was nothing like the feel of the wind raking through his hair. If he could have even a fraction of the sensations that he’d once had while broom riding by leaning into a really strong gust, he was somewhat peaceful.

A year and a day dwelling in the deepest bowls of the bank was part of the deal that he had made with Voldemort and the goblins to prepare him for his new life before he cut his last ties with the Wizarding World.

Of course, he was sure that if Voldemort had been made aware of where exactly Harry had decided to begin his new life, he might not have been as supportive, muggle hater that he was. As such, he doubted very much that the Dark Lord, or anyone from his old life for that matter, would even think that he would choose to be in this place.

Harry grinned as he leaned against the window, the barest hint of red barely touching the campus grounds of the Air Force Academy.

Yes, he, the Boy-who-lived, or the freak that would make nothing of his life, had joined the muggle military, and not just any muggle military, but the United States Airforce instead of the RAF. Even his uncle would have been hard put to say something disparaging, sans his country of choice of course, since his uncle considered the military a respectable career.

The idea was that he needed something that he could work his saving-people-thing out on, and build a future for himself as far away as possible from the looming war that had already started, albeit quietly, in the UK. One of the stipulations from his agreement with the Dark Lord was that he had to be out of the country for the next 10 years, though beyond that stipulation, Voldemort would not be allowed to personally interfere in his new life once it started, unless something really dire required him to step in (the dark lord’s stipulation among many) and the occasional communications that couldn’t be helped thanks to their shared mental link.

Of course, neither Harry nor the Goblins, who had taken Harry in during his preparation and hidden him from the Ministry and the Light, believed that the man would let him go completely without trying to find out where he was and influence his life subtly, being the epitome of Slytherin qualities made that an easy thing for one such as Voldemort. But so far they uneasily believed that they had foiled the man for now.
So Harry had decided to return to the muggle world under a painstakingly wrought new identity which was carefully sculpted with vigorous tutelage by goblin instructors in the things that he had missed in the muggle world with intensive training that utilized copious use of time turners and time dilation fields, then finally caping off his rebirth with various potions and rituals, illegal and otherwise, to not only craft the new him, but to place him in an entirely new seat of power which which Harry, if he had it his way, would never need to use.

By the time that his necessary time at Gringotts (staying within a special vault that was designed for purposes such as Harry’s) he was ready to greet the new him.

He’d been ushered, under glamour, to an airport after he had a recap meeting to explain his new identity, what he was to expect, and sign over the change of his finances (more than half of the Potter vault and the entirety of the Black vault to King Ragnarock upon completion of the Goblin’s services while the other money was converted into muggle money and placed in the necessary venues to start Harry’s new life).

Harry mentally smirked as he thought of the poor goblin disguised as a rather short “uncle” that had taken him to the muggle airport where he would leave for Manhattan, he had been very uncomfortable with the crowded muggle hustle and bustle. When he arrived in America he was to take a bus to another station where he would then meet the school bus that was shipping in the latest batch of cadets for the school year. The Goblin had looked visibly relieved when he had walked onto the airplane and made a hasty retreat, apparently muggle technology also made the goblins rather uncomfortable.

This is what led to Harry’s present moment, as he was drawn out of his reminiscence by the deep southern drawl of the Assistant Headmaster of the school, both him and the 23 other new recruits that stood in a loose line, but tightened up under the man’s heated glare.

“Good morning cadets, I am Major Gregory Howsly, I am the Assistant Headmaster to the Air Force Academy, or AFA for short. Since your bus arrived so early in the morning, you all will be assigned to your dorms and roommates (no you cannot change roommates!) and then run through stockpile at 0900 to get your uniforms and so on. You have already missed Mess 1, which starts promptly after Reveille, you will have to wait until the next one. You then situate your new supplies and change uniform and attend orientation in the main assembly hall where you will listen, and listen intently, to the speaker and then a march through the grounds with a senior cadet to show you where everything is and explain a bit more how we do things.

“Afterwards you will attend to Mess 2 at 1230 then afterwards return to your dorms to get your things in order and get acquainted with your personal living arrangements, then Mess 3 at 1820. Afterwards you will be recalled to barracks where your rooms will be inspected and then corrected where needed so you are made aware of how we expect things to be presented. Today will be your only leeway cadets so learn well! Afterwards you will be given time to review your timetables and study before your first classes of the day and then lights out at 2200.”

Then the man smirked at the nervous teenagers, “starting tomorrow…you will start formally and any laxness or leeway allotted to you today, in difference to your arrival time and it being your first time to step foot on campus as cadets, will be gone. Now, this is how you march…”

After giving a brief demonstration on the proper way to march, they stood in formation and once Major Howlsy was satisfied, marched them out towards the residence building.

‘Yes,’ Harry reflected, as he kept time with the others, ‘this was certainly going to be interesting.’

Ooo ooo ooo
Harry’s roommates for the foreseeable future were 2 other boys, both from mixed backgrounds.

The first was a boy of average height with heavily muscled legs and lean frame of a professional runner (which he was) by the name of Ferdinand Whirlton. He had butterscotch colored hair and narrow deep-set burgundy eyes under thick eyebrows and had the look of someone who spent a lot of time outdoors. He was a bit uptight, but more like the diet coke of Percy Weasley in personality, thus more tolerable. He was nicknamed by their other roommate “Ferdy,” much to the boy’s irritation.

Manuel Jenksy was a year older then Harry’s current de-aged physical age, an easy loping figure who preferred Manny for short and vigorous handshakes with an air that reminded Harry of the Weasley twins, though his nose was more Snape-y.

Harry meanwhile introduced himself to his two roommates with his new name with the same ease as the other two boys introduced themselves, though he still marveled even now sometimes at the ease he had come to identifying with his new self. He had changed a lot in his time away from humanity in the care of the goblins under the occasional not so tender ministrations of the Dark Lord.

The new Harry was still rather short, but he was less scrawny and gaunt then he had been. His skin was a bit paler than it had been after spending so long underground, though it was less sallow then it was from his cupboard days.

His glasses were also gone, his eyes having been fixed by an illegal dark potion courtesy of the Dark Lord (Voldemort’s reasoning was that if Harry was to be a Lord he wouldn’t insult their vaunted position by having such a glaring weakness as nearsightedness in a fellow Lord), another ritual moved his scar, though didn’t get rid of it, to his right hip. With the addition of good food and exercise outside of a broom, such as extensive training in hand to hand with goblin guards and working part-time feeding guardian dragons and other beasts, he’d filled out a bit (and gained a few new scars, such as one just below his right cheek from a rather irritable griffin) he looked vastly different from the waif-like rabble rouser a year ago. He barely needed any of the permanent alteration potions when it came time, just a slightly more angular chin and higher cheek bones.

He ran a hand through his short, nearly bald hair. He’d had his hair shaved to the skin yesterday, going full out in the hopes that his stubborn magically infused hair would give him some time to remain professional, but when he had woken up early the next morning, a little before 6am wake up, and had been dismayed to find that the haircut had not taken, he had been forced to pull out the special magical razor he had bought before going to the goblins, to hastily shave his head in the shared bathroom before his roommates woke up and discovered his regrown hair. This would later be part of Harry’s morning routine, making Harry glad that the razor was touted as being forever sharp bladed and unbreakable.

Afterwards, Harry had quickly gotten clean, made sure that his end of the room was in regulation order, and got dressed in his uniform along with his other fellow yawning roommates, then the three hastened to Reveille and stood at attention while the flag was raised.

At 0620 Harry and the others attended Mess 1, or breakfast, and joined the line for a tray full of rather delicious looking grub.

At 0740 am he joined the others for formation and inspection. Harry’s uniform and general presentation of himself was examined by his superiors. He was pleased that he got most of it right, though he had not had his tie completely tied right and accepted the mild reprimand as was his due. Ferdy passed with flying colours (apparently his father, three uncles, and one aunt were all in the Air-force so he was somewhat prepared) while Jenksy (third and youngest son of a single father who taught chemistry at a high school) was reprimanded for more than his tie. Ferdy would stuffily offer
to show Jenksy later the proper way to dress according to regulations. Jenksy would hide Ferdy’s favorite shoe polish in his sock drawer, watching the frantic searching the next morning with a large grin, and dress more or less correctly anyway, though there would always be something just slightly off to elicit at least one comment from a hawk eyed inspector.

At 0755, Harry had Block 1, Science, not Harry’s favorite subject but he scraped by enough to satisfy his science tutor during his year of prep, a retired muggle science teacher that had spent a year with Harry in a time dilation field and had his memories erased and returned to his domicile just minutes after he was taken in real time.

At 0925 Block 2, Math, something that the goblins, unsurprisingly, had no trouble with and something that Harry was acceptably average in, much to the Goblins disdain.

At 1045 Harry had a 15 minute break which he used to get a snack and take the necessary potions assigned to him by a Gringott’s healer, that had been condensed and placed in capsules (cleared with the school) that contained the usual round of potions that he was required to maintain his health, repairing the damage of his years with the Dursleys. He was horrified to learn that his body had suffered some permanent damage in more than just height thanks to the Dursleys. Weak immune system, weak bone density, and lung scarring from all the times he was sick and left untreated or inhaling cleaners, dust and old paint. Only his magic had kept some of the worst symptoms at bay, supplementing for things that he should have been working naturally for him. The potions would relieve the constant pressure on his magical core. He had been told that any longer and his core might have become irrevocably damaged. He would need to stick to the medications until he was at least past 17 years of age, once his magic had matured (and the slower rate of aging in a wizard and witch began) before he could go off them.

Luckily, with the potions, he could function physically as much as any of the other recruits. The healers were optimistic that once he was off them, and if he took care of himself, a significant enough portion of the damage already caused, as well as allowing his magic to run normally for what it should be at his current age.

At 1100 Harry had Block 3, History class. Again something that was upgraded during his time with the goblins, but not overly needed, as it was mostly book work and the occasional test or two here and there sent to a, fortunately for her, not kidnapped muggle professor from a private school in France.

1220 was Mess 2, Formation followed by lunch at 1230, where Harry soon discovered an instant love of pizza. Both roommates were shocked that he had never had it before then; Harry’s excuse was a rather old fashioned private school and strict relatives, which was somewhat true as the Dursleys, while having had pizza many times before, had never allowed Harry to eat any, though he didn’t mention that.

At 1345 Harry had his first academic lab where he learned geography and topography, something that Harry was somewhat familiar with, as maps were essential if he didn’t want to accidentally fall into an abyss somewhere while traipsing in the labyrinth underbelly of the Goblin Nation, and the goblins themselves highly valued these skills as it always lead to some form of treasure or expansion of the underground goblin citadels.

1430 was the second academic lab, computers, one of Harry’s weaker points, being in the magical world and all, there wasn’t much opportunity for such things. Thankfully, Ferdy was quite good with them and offered to tutor him, which Harry readily accepted.

1530 was the start of athletics where Harry would be doing anything from swimming to American football (a singularly odd thing to call the sport when everyone else believed Football to be
something else), to lacrosse. He would also be learning fighting techniques, shooting, and other more military exercises during that time as well.

At 1850 Harry and the others joined up for Mess 3 formation then supper where Harry was pleased to find more pizza waiting for him, though he reluctantly ate the bowl of salad that Ferdy sternly ordered him to eat, saying that he needed something healthy to balance out all that cheese while their table mates laughed.

At 1900 was the recall to barracks where they would stand outside their rooms and filled out their planners, which would be inspected and then at 1930 they would begin study hall 1, 2,3 for a few hours, which was basically reviewing, studying, and doing homework.

At 2130 they prepared for bed, laughing and making faces at each other in the mirror, with Ferdy being chased, sometimes squealing in disgust, by Manny who would try to give him a foamy toothpaste kiss (more for the toothpaste then any issues with it being Manny) while Harry would watch on from the sidelines as he polished his shoes for the next day, listening to music with his headphones.

Then, exhausted and aching, they would squirrel under the covers with lights out at 2220 hours.

After a week of this, laughing, learning, sore muscles, good food, hard work, reprimands and praises, Harry, or as he was now, Cadet Harry Grey, felt more content then he’d ever dared think possible in his young life.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/N: review and let me know what you think!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I have some chaps on backlog that I finished and will post as they are edited and made archive friendly.

Harry felt that there was a certain novelty to celebrating one's 17th birthday, especially when the novelty surrounded the fact that this was his second time celebrating it.

Harry James Potter would have been 21 years old had he remained within the Wizarding World, like a good little savior. Though in Harry’s opinion, he’d most likely be dead in in some forest clearing somewhere before he even made it that old, courtesy of Voldemort.

Harry James Potter had celebrated his 16th birthday when he had sat himself in front of a goblin and hatched his plan to disappear, and as far as he was concerned, Harry James Potter died in that office.

Harry would have come of age, technically, a month before his arrival at his new school in real time, but thanks to his time out of sync temporally with the real world, where he had been with his various tutors, books, and recorded memories to work off of, Harry had mentally been in his early twenties when he came out, having spent five years learning and growing while only five months of real time past in the real world (1 year in the field to 1 month real time). He had aged physically while in the dilation field, spent his first 17th birthday taking a calculus tests then reading a dark arts text that Voldemort had given him for his birthday. When he left the dilation field, a young adult, he had been informed that he was to be regressed to the general age of admittance to the school they had found for him. At about 13 years old.

Yes Harry was not pleased to be at the beginnings of puberty yet again, but sacrifices needed to be made.

Thus, Harrison “Harry” Grey was (physically) 13 when he entered the world again and when four years had passed and Harry was 17 years of age, entering his last year of the Air Force Academy before he started the university version of his military education before he joined the Air Force full-time, had the life experience of a 24 year old was glad to finally be an actual adult and blew out his candles to the cheers of Ferdy and Manny whom Harry had become close to over the years.

Manny flipped an errant strand of hair and called out presents.

His relationship with Manny had been a Merlin-send over the past years, helping Harry acclimate to the muggle side of life through his love of television, games, and band name junk food, everyday little things that the Goblins could not prepare him for.

He also had a flare for baking, slicing the cake he had made while Harry opened his gifts, little things like a baseball cap with a “Live Long and Prosper” sign on the front, steadfastly ignoring the jibes from the others. In the Baseball cap was a set of tickets to the best concerts that were playing in town for the rest of the summer as well as a handmade coupon for a free pizza and one favor.

Ferdy meanwhile had given him a refurbished laptop while Manny provided the computer programs and a few games. Which Harry profusely thanked them for, not having one of his own, setting it
aside carefully in its carry on, much to the approval of Ferdy, who liked tidiness.

Ferdy had been Harry’s Merlin-send in academics. His tutoring had brought Harry’s marks up, particularly in computer sciences. Ferdy had been appalled that Harry was computer illiterate and felt it was his civic duty to bring Harry up to date with the rest of the world. Their friendship had been quieter in its development, but Ferdy had found Harry to be a good listener and was always willing to help him if he needed it without comment, and was a surprisingly fierce defender when he was given guff by some of the other cadets. Ferdy grew on Harry through his patience, his stiff humor, and loyalty.

Ferdy and Manny took a while to grow on each other, but through Harry they were able to reach an understanding of sorts, and were able to actually benefit one another with Ferdy toning down some of Manny’s cheeky exuberance, and Ferdy’s stiff antisocial behavior unwound somewhat.

With several pizzas and a snuck in six pack (root beer, they weren’t quite that into living dangerously what with regulations) and Harry had one of the most enjoyable 17th birthday of his life.

Ooo ooo ooo

Less than a year later…

“General, you can’t be serious!”

This irate question of authority came from one Colonel Johnathan. J. O’Neill, or Jack as he prefers.

General Hammond, the larger then life seeming, well respected commander of Stargate Command, or SGC, was amused but otherwise uncompromising on the issue at hand.

“Sorry Jack, you heard me right, though admittedly I don’t like it any better than you do, but the president is backing this plan, a plan that was hatched by at least 3 admirals I should point out. This goes above even my head, though I was able to argue them down to one team with the program on a probationary period of 2 years, and I made sure that you would be the one to choose the new Privates.”

“Goody,” Jack grumbled, slumping in his chair in Hammond’s office.

It had started off as a good day. Jack had returned from a little vacation where he had spent a week relaxing on the small dock of his little slice of nowhere in Minnesota fishing, drinking beers, and having a *Simpsons* marathon. He’d even made a token attempt at doing some paperwork that Carter had been bugging him about.

He hadn’t been kidnapped by aliens, the world wasn’t in peril yet again, and the exploring had been relatively boring lately with the G’ould being quiet for once.

It was even steak day in the cafeteria, steak day! They never had steak day! And then after his steak, (perhaps a bit small for his liking, but then beggars can’t be choosers) he was called into General Hammond’s office to be informed about a nifty little plan that some pencil pushers in Washington had hatched.

The plan came about when some highly decorated shmucks got the idea into their heads that they needed soldiers that have been trained specifically under Stargate command, trained exclusively for off-world missions and anything else alien.

It seemed that someone had noticed that, while Stargate command was run by the United States Airforce, a Military operation, things were out of necessity run a bit differently in the SGC, and
situations had a habit of popping up outside of the usual terrestrial military know-how. Further, the addition of civilians to the teams, and the various alliances and team-ups with aliens had led to someone thinking that soldiers that had spent years in the service on Earth, with understanding mainly from Earth tactics, and while capable and suitable, were not fully equipped to deal with situations that were outside of the pre-program of their training, which was mainly geared towards more native threats.

Thus the idea, dubbed The Universal Soldier Program, was born. While it would stay within some of the military standards, new teams would be built from the ground up, with fresh slates that, while had some military discipline, would not otherwise have gone through the rigorous training and military experience that regular soldiers went through, and rankings would work a little differently, with "Privates" being the rank for anyone who is taken into the program in the beginning, no matter your education/status. This worked under the theory that recruits were being trained from scratch in a whole new field, and while you were in training you were a "Private" and would be such until training was over, even if you had to remain one of the lowest rankings for over a year (which is why they were aiming so young, Jack thought rather dryly, not approving of the independent ranking program). These new breed of soldier would be trained by rotating instructors, both civilian, alien, and soldier, in the way that the SGC is run and also what they could face out beyond the stars.

Thus, eyes were turned to the military schools and recruitment sign ups. Or to be more specific, Jack’s eyes were being turned towards the schools as he was just informed that he would have the dubious honor of choosing some of the graduates and informing them that they would not be going for basic training or university or whatever they had originally planned after graduation.

Not only that, but as Jack was the leader of the SGC’s most prolific and skilled team, they would be expected to have a hand in some of the training, though the four rookies would also be divided up among other SG teams for actual off world observation and training as well.

He would be expected to take at least one of them on missions through the gate from time to time. Jack was expecting to be both bored and annoyed in the near future. It was things like this that made saving the world so many times a thankless task.

This is what eventually led to him a couple of days later sitting among all the proud looking families, bored out of his skull and sneakily reading a comic book behind a graduation program as all the stiff little graduates from his alma mater paraded their success and he hoped for some sort of divine inspiration.

Ooo ooo ooo

Private Harry Grey stood proudly with the others at attention, holding his diploma and listened as a female cadet whose name he didn’t remember, a red head with a bob cut and a slight Brooklyn accent, gave the valedictorian speech.

When it was over, she joined their graduating year and they marched off back to their dorms where they were promptly released after removing their formal uniforms, and thus free.

For the many cadets the next 2 months was going to see family, friends, and other loved ones as well as generally goof off until those, like Harry, enlisted full time and started basic training, or went off to college or some other vocation. A last huzzah to be young vibrant youths before becoming responsible adults.

After everyone had dumped their things and changed into civvies, or half-civvies in the case of a few others found their informal uniforms rather comfortable, graduates piled out of the barracks and into waiting vehicles where they would spend the night giving the city a red hue.
When they hit the city, some of the group peeled off to meet family or other significant others, or to find a one night significant other. Others hit the arcades, the malls, and even tried to sneak a drink or two from a local bar.

Harry, Manny and Ferdy though were going to do something a little different.

“This gents is perhaps the last time that any of us will ever live it up together, so I propose that we mark our 4 years of friendship and camaraderie.” Manny posed grandly in front of the first stop of the evening, Vanna White style.

Ferdy took one look at the neon rainbow sign of a snarling dragon and the big words; Tattoo Tut’s blazing like a beacon into the night and promptly turned on his heel to walk in the opposite direction. Ferdy of course, was dragged protesting into the small store and, much to the amusement of the tattoo artist, was foisted into a chair by Manny. Harry took his seat without argument as Manny treated all of them to this branding of brotherhood with some cash he had saved up.

Per agreement between the three roommates, each one had to treat all of them to one thing as their last night together.

Ferdy had already paid for the rental van which they all generously shared with some of their fellow graduates, which left Harry to meet his end of the deal after the tattoos were done.

After they were done Ferdy grumbled and argued, but eventually caved when Harry pointed out that he had seen the tattoo on his brother’s back when he had gone to visit Ferdy’s family for one Christmas and accidentally walked in on him in the shower. The argument of family, Ferdy’s weakness, eventually got him to cave. It was a source of amusement for Manny and Harry that their stiff and reserved friend was massively competitive with his brothers. Manny had the decency to at least choose something that was tasteful and comradely as their collective motif.

After 3 hours of that bit of fun, it was Harry’s turn and he did that by treating them all to an all you can eat dinner at a popular grill house, one of the few places that all three enjoyed together.

It was as they were ambling down a street, stomachs full of good food, they paused a moment to talk and joke around, that Harry heard the scream.

Ooo ooo ooo

Jack was bored.

He had to admit that he hadn’t expected to get any sudden brainwaves when he had followed the grads as they were let loose upon the city.

Like any teenager that had spent years cooped up in a strictly regimented military school, they were raising it up like any self-respecting individual would. Jack had hoped that he would get a sudden hit of inspiration by observing the potential pains in his ass by observing them outside of the uniform.

Unfortunately for Jack he hadn’t seen anything that he hadn’t expected or done himself once upon a time…and boy did nostalgia make him feel old! That made the brats stick out to him in a “Aliens exist! Your recruited for all the sci-fi-ish fun, congratulations!” sort of way.

He eventually gave up and went to see CATS which was playing in town, it was always a favorite of his (tell nobody!). By the time that the show let out, it was late and Jack decided to head back to his hotel room. Perhaps he would have better luck with the mountain of files Carter tossed at his head before he left…or maybe just using a dart board.
Jack was leaning more towards the dart board idea and contemplating where he could get some darts, when out of the corner of his eye he spotted a group of faces that he recognized vaguely from the graduation ceremony walking out of a restaurant and who still looked surprisingly sober for this time of the evening.

He sighed, mentally shrugging, ‘what the hay? Might be interesting…er, I mean useful, to follow them.’

He followed them at a meandering distance, not totally committed, just looking for an excuse to avoid paper work, but they were in the same direction as his hotel so he figured that he could give it one more shot.

They paused at a street corner and Jack sidled towards a window display pretending to window shop, grimacing at the display of leather hats…ug! Why?-as he listened in.

“…So Ferdy, got yourself a sweet pad off campus huh? Looks like you’ll have a place to live it up college boy style, a few beauties, perhaps an orgy…” the tallish one wheedled, elbowing a stiff blonde-brown haired teen who sniffed primly.

“It is not a ‘sweet pad’ you Neanderthal, and I will be using it to study and sleep and study some more. I am not going to Harvard of all places to “live it up” and have…orgies…disgusting!” another huff that reminded Jack of General Hammond when the man was irritated with something, “though I suppose that if you respect the sanctity of my home that you may visit Manny…if you behave and keep it in your pants! Harrison is welcome always of course; he at least respects hard work and the sanctity of study hours!”

“Oh but Ferdy! Think of all the fun you and I could have!” a whimper, “…didn’t…didn’t our special times together mean nothing to you?” Dramatic sob, a hand flung theatrically over his forehead, “how I held you in my arms and whispered sweet nothings in your ear?”

Ferdy blushed a burning red and glared at the taller male. Jack himself had to restrain his own amusement.

“You half-witted bean pole! Stop embarrassing me! You know good and well that the only holding you did was putting me in a headlock and your “sweet nothings” were the wet-willies that you foisted upon my personage!”

Interestingly, it was the smaller of the three, a green eyed boy with a shaved close cropped head who patted both boys on the shoulder and diffused the impeding scene from getting even more ridiculous by turning the tables on the one called Manny and reminded him that if he got his own “sweet pad” that he would probably subject any date he managed to ensnare with said headlock since it was the closest to foreplay as he had ever gotten.

This vindicated the one called Ferdy and at the same time distracted Manny from his jibing while he defended his sexual prowess.

It was while the boy was attempting to go into detail about one particular lover, a model for men's swimwear from Sweden (that Jack was dubious about in existence, after all sexy Swedish swim suit models were the golden grail of the sexually interested, and he didn't think this kid could be that lucky, because that wouldn't be fair) when there was a scream.

It was all very quick. A group of rather drunk suits were laughing and weaving towards Jack and the cadets direction when one of then stumbled and tripped over his untied shoe laces, directly into the street where a truck was bearing down on him.
One of his buddies screamed in alarm and then things went that surreal way where time seemed to be too fast and to slow at the same time.

Before Jack could react, or anyone could react, the smallest cadet blurred past everyone and lunged himself directly at the man frozen in the street in the headlights of the trucks grill. The smaller form slammed into him with enough force that they were sent careening out of the way.

The screech of brakes, the blaring of horns filled the scene as traffic came to a standstill and suddenly time seemed to snap back into place and Jack was running towards the two men, yelling for someone to call an ambulance.

Fortunately, both drunkard and cadet respectively were alive, though the cadet had taken the brunt of the impact with the pavement and he could see that the boy had a rather nasty gash on his forehead. Jack took charge of the scene, ordering the boy’s friends to begin directing traffic around the accident while the truck driver talked frantically with a police officer that showed up minutes later.

“You alright?” Jack asked the kid as he began checking for any more injuries.

The boy, despite the fact that he had nearly been creamed by a moving truck, looked rather calm, compared the poor sod he had saved who appeared to be in a state of shock and was being tended to by another police officer.

The boy frowned at him as if he had asked him something odd and replied, “I’m fine, it’s not like the truck hit us or anything, it was just a little tumble, is the man alright?”

Jack blinked, and then blinked again. Well…that was…Jack didn’t know what to make of that. The fact that the kid was so blasé’ at his near death experience was an attitude that took years to develop, through many jaded making situations, and he should know. The kid was either uncaring for his hide to a suicidal degree, naïve about his mortality, in denial about what happened, or so used to near death experiences that it just didn’t faze him anymore (the last of which Jack doubted, considering his apparent youth and academic location).

After seeing the man and the bald-ish kid onto an ambulance, the boy protesting all the way as his shaken friends climbed in after him, and giving his witness report to an attending police officer, Jack returned to his hotel room and fell onto his mattress.

That kid…that kid! Jeez! He didn’t know whether to be worried or amazed, and decided to settle on flabbergasted. He turned his head to the pile of student files that awaited his perusal, and found himself skimming through the names and photos until he found what he was looking for when he spotted “Harrison Grey”

He read through the report and on paper the kid seemed rather unassuming. He had slightly above average to average grades, though nothing completely exemplary, at least in the academics. The practical and the athletics on the other hand, the boy was noted as being speedy, with phenomenal reflexes and a keen eye for minute details. He also showed excellent leadership skills during mock skirmishes, but still followed orders when given. His aim on the gun range was also quite acute, holding the record for the second best shot of his year. Not bad really, but nothing that would have made him stick out to Jack as SGC material if it wasn’t for what he had seen tonight.

He perused further, finding that the boy had a medical condition, a rare immunity disorder that he took special medications for in his youth, but had shown enough promise health wise that by the time he was 17 that no longer was an issue, provided he kept ridiculously healthy and got all his booster shots when required. He also didn’t appear to have any family but for a distant uncle that he was not in touch with.
He lived on campus nearly year round except for when he was on summer or winter leave upon occasion visiting the family of his roommates before promptly returning.

His time during flight simulations was average, but when he was in the actual cockpit of a plane, he apparently blew his instructors expectations out of the water. Jack had to admit, that was indeed impressive, and had earned the boy a special extra prep in flight and aeronautics.

Frankly he was prime Airforce material and had been approved for basic training in the fall, with a personal recommendation letter from the dean of faculty himself to be sure that the cadet would have a future in testing experimental aircraft.

He tapped his finger against the file thoughtfully. Then he reached for a beer, popped the top, and turned on Leno, setting the file aside and muttered, “He’ll do.”
Chapter Notes

Timelines from SG1 show will not be faithful. I may reference an episode from a later season then the one I am in or not mention any of them at all.

The hp-verse is pretty much not being referenced to overly much, though I might have a cameo from Voldie after this chap, or a few of the other characters way, way down the line. No promises though.

A/N: Because someone commented on it on ffnet, I added this moment with Voldemort to clarify a bit of how the wizarding war will be handled.

Keep in mind folks that this is AU, so yeah, as my whim demands and all that.

Flames will be keeping me cozy warm.

Voldemort frowned as he looked at the map spread out on his large claw footed desk in his private office in Malfoy Manor.

Dumbledore was being stubborn again and was funneling his forces stubbornly into fortifying both Hogsmead and Diagon Alley.

Voldemort sat back in his throne-like chair, patting Nagini’s head idly as he watched the magical dots, red for the order of the Phoenix and Ministry officials and green for his forces, replay the skirmish from yesterday, a skirmish that he had lost, much to his irritation.

Over 5 years had passed, longer then he had originally planned for it to take in his bid to take over Magical Britain before he had made that blasted deal with the boy.

Despite the Grey Lord’s non-interference policy, he had not been completely willing to leave those he cared about without some assurance to their safety and Voldemort, who despite what was said about the prophecy between them, still held a nagging weariness for the damned thing (such a shame that Trelaway had an accident a few years back, nasty tumble), so he had offered a compromise during his and the boy’s negotiation period.

He proposed amnesty for the boy’s known friends and valued associates (which the boy was required to list out under a truth Potion and couldn’t say anything cheeky like the entirety of the Wizarding World) provided they didn’t attack Voldemort or his enforcers directly, and should Voldemort succeed (the Dark Lord’s wording more along the line of “when”) they would continue on with their lives without retaliation.

That had been his original one and only offer in sparing lives, but then during a break in the talks, Voldemort had been approached by a grim Narcissa Malfoy and the always dour Severus Snape as they delivered news for his ears only that caused him to rethink his plans even further.

Narcissa, who’d been doing a study into the fertility of Wizards and Witches, consulting both local
and international Pureblood communities and specialists on behalf of her Lord, who’d been looking into making sure to the next generation to be born into his victorious new world, had come to the horrifying news that 70% of the next generation old enough for bearing that had been tested were found to have little to no fertility. She had grimly stated that if an infusion of new blood wasn’t added soon, even with the edition of acceptable half-bloods, many main branches of prominent magical families would disappear.

On top of that news, not long after the boy had disappeared from his muggle home, it had been revealed to Severus by a frantic Dumbledore that the boy was something more than just a thorn in his side. A revelation that had caused an even greater panic in the Dark Lord, sending him to all corners of the globe, discreetly, to search out his most valuable treasures, only to have his fears realized when he found two of his precious horcruxes were gone.

The Diary, which Malfoy was soundly punished for, and the Ring, Then his locket was shortly after discovered missing, taken some time ago by the youngest Black, and likely destroyed.

He had missed one of his meetings with his ex-nemesis to gather his faculties after the blow, after all losing more than half of one’s soul will do that to a fellow.

With both pieces of news he was forced to the irksome and grim conclusion that his assurance of immortality was more vulnerable than he had thought, and that his campaign to rid the world of muggleborn filth was now no longer viable.

Instead he’d come up with a new plan. A plan that would be more palatable to the boy, and assured no lingering temptation to reconnect with the world the boy chose to leave through later regrets or guilt. It was now more vital than ever that the child disappeared, especially with just how valuable he now was to Voldemort more alive then dead.

No longer would he push eliminating or subjugating muggleborns, but neither would they be allowed to return to the muggle world should they be discovered. Complete segregation from muggles was his final offer but on the table to the Grey Lord during those early negotiation days.

To his surprise the boy seemed rather amiable to this compromise. He actually remembered the boy’s words even now, years later:

“…I’m not against muggles, Voldemort, don’t get me wrong, they are just as much people as wizards, but I also understand from personal experience that muggles, right along with the rest of humanity, often fear what they do not understand or can do or control themselves, so until humanity grows up a bit, perhaps separating the two wouldn’t be such a bad idea.”

Voldemort had entertained himself with the idea of presenting this memory to Dumbledore and the Minister of Magic, the newly elected Scrimonger, on the moment of their defeat before he killed them. The old coot’s face would be priceless before his Avada Kadevra he was sure.

Voldemort shook himself from his contemplation with a wry twist of his thin lips, got up with a languid stretch, and set about ordering himself a lunch break of toast with cherry jam and a hot toddy before retiring for the evening.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry hummed contently as he bopped around, one week after graduation, shimmying through the overgrown bush that surrounded his small cottage that he had purchased with some of his converted Potter funds buried in the wilds just north of Spokane. It had cost him more then half his nest-egg, but it was worth it.
Sure, he could get an apartment, but there was something about having an escape from it all. He had been surrounded by civilization, even Hogwarts, all his life and he rather liked having somewhere that was away from the eyes of humanity.

The cottage was a small number that Harry had been working on for the past 3 years, bought off of a cousin of Manny’s father who happened to be visiting the same time as Harry that one spring break, and he had overheard the two men talking about it. Harry had offered to buy it off the man then and there when he had heard that the cousin was looking to get rid of it to move in with his ill father.

Harry got a good price (after a fair amount of talking to assure them that despite his age he was very responsible, had the money, and didn’t have parental figures in his life anyway to object), and had been coming here whenever he had leave and wasn’t visiting his friends families.

His body continued to gyrate as music blasted through the headphones as he made his way to the small dock that overlooked a pond not too far away with a long pole tossed over his shoulder carelessly. His hair was also its natural length again, not needing to keep up with the shaving with no one who know him around, and swayed in the breeze with each bop.

He was nearly past the overgrown driveway when the sudden appearance of a green all-terrain vehicle turned into the dirt path leading up to his home.

Harry paused and waited curiously as the driver spotted him and came to a stop in front of him. Harry wasn't really afraid of strangers. He was well trained and had a 9 mm resting comfortably on his hip.

It was obvious the stranger was here to speak to Harry, as Harry was the only cabin for miles in these parts. The man that came out of the driver’s seat was an average height with short silverfish colored hair with hints of brown here and there, rugged face, and dark brown eyes. The man was dressed in an Airforce uniform and looked rather familiar.

Harry stood immediately at attention, when he spotted the man’s uniform.

“At ease, you’re not a cadet anymore and you haven’t started basic training yet so you’re not technically a Private at the moment either, so just relax.” The Colonel waved aside the formality, “mind if I join you?”

Harry relaxed and eyed the man as it clicked why this man was familiar. He had been in town graduation night and had helped during that near disaster with the truck and the drunk. He nodded and gestured for the man to follow him, pocketing his Walkman in the deep pockets of his overalls.

The officer removed his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and tossed his hat into the front seat and pulled out a rather worn cap, slapping it on his head as he drawled, “well, lead the way junior, don’t let my vaunted presence stop you.”

The quip, strangely enough, relaxed him a bit more and he gestured them forward as he guided them deep into the bush. When they emerged, it was to find a calm pond back-lit by the late afternoon sun.

“Nice…” the man commented appreciatively.

That earned a small grin from Harry as he gestured for the man, who had introduced himself as Col. Jack O’Neill, to follow him to a small dock that Harry himself had built.

Harry nodded to a floating pavilion tied up to the end of the dock, “mind getting your feet a little wet sir?”

“Not at all,” the man rejoined, and even pulled off his shoes and socks, rolled up his pant legs, and
was trotting behind him barefoot, “though I draw the line at full on swimming, I’m a little old for skinny dipping.”

“No one’s too old for skinny dipping sir, especially if there’s company” Harry replied in turn, his grin evolving into a smirk at the man’s raised eyebrow. When they were aboard Harry pushed off with an oar he kept attached to a center mast for that purpose and gestured to a chair that was attached.

“Have a seat sir and we can get to why a lowly ex-cadet like me has earned the honor of your fabulous self.”

Jack couldn’t help chuckling, once given permission to act out side of chain of command, the kid certainly had a wry sense of humor and he was sure something just this shade of ballsy.

He took a seat as he watched the boy throw an anchor once they were roughly in the middle of the pond with the air of one used to doing this many times before. He then watched the boy heft the pole that he now recognized as some sort of spear. Huh, interesting…

Jack pulled out some papers from a briefcase he had lugged with him and placed the lot on top of a crate that Jack suspected was a ruff table surface used to prepare fish.

“Before I get to why I’m here, I need you to sign a few things.” He clicked a pen and handed it over.

The boy set aside his spear and eyed the paperwork with the universal put upon look that anyone with a salvageable personality felt when faced with paperwork. He didn’t complain though and merely accepted the pen and began reading through the legal jabber with a critical eye. 25 minutes later and one politely offered beer from the cooler that the boy had with him, Jack was enjoying the peaceful quiet and the boy signed his name to the last spot with a gusty grunt of relief.

“Well, now that that’s out of the way…” and Jack began talking. He explained about the Stargate, the SGC, a few of his tamer adventures, and finally the Universal Soldier program coming out of the Pentagon and finally Grey’s part in all this.

At some point in his explanation the kid had returned to his spear and hefted it again, starring out at the water calmly as he listened.

“And now you’re one of four candidates that shall be trained by myself and others to defend and explore for the benefit of Earth…it’s quite a trip, and worth it, I assure you, so what do you say kid?”

The boy let loose his spear- SWISH-SPLASH!

With just as equally smooth return the boy pulled the spear from the depths with a rope that was attached, pulling it back onto the pavilion. Jack was surprised to see 4 healthy sized bass shish-kabobed on the end. He whistled in appreciation. Perhaps not Jack’s idea of conventional fishing, but the kid was pretty good at it.

“Well, that’s dinner,” the boy mused, looking pleased with the catch as he pulled out a sharp looking blade and began to prepare and clean the fish, Jack hastily retrieving his paper work and putting it back in its waterproof case before fish guts were added for decoration.

“Well?” Jack finally asked, rather flummoxed that the teen wasn’t acting more…well something! Usually when someone was told that aliens existed and that they were being recruited for an exclusive chance to explore other planets, they either acted incredulously, with awe, excitement or something…but the kid didn’t seemed ruffled either way!

“It’s an interesting proposition sir,” the boy finally replied in a thoughtful hum as he tossed fish guts
over the side, “rather mind boggling even, though I have to admit that I don’t really understand why I was chosen. I haven’t got much to offer really, I’m not some great warrior or academic genius or leader. I haven’t got much active military experience; I haven’t even been through basic training, beyond what the school provided me, so you have to forgive my skepticism.”

“That’s what you focus on? Your lack of credentials? Not the fact that the stuff of science fiction just fell into your lap?”

“Well, I have seen a lot of strange stuff in my lifetime sir, and I will admit to being a little incredulous at first, but the notion of ‘alien’ is relative, after all, these ‘aliens’ are merely just another culture or intelligent species that comes from the stars. There is nothing unusual about that.”

‘We got a different definition of unusual’ Jack mentally grumbled then began to explain. “I’m not in the market for some hardened warrior, we got Teal’c for that -we’ll get to him- nor are we looking for eggheads, lord knows we got those coming out the wazoo, the whole point of the program is that we want soldier caliber material that is still clean slate enough to be specially trained to exclusively handle the types of missions you would be facing. Besides, I read your file, you’re not exactly a dunce, not a brain, but not stupid, and you show just the right mentality for the SGC.” He refrained from mentioning that Grey was partially right in that command had been dubious in his choice when they saw he was somewhat average academic records, but after Jack mentioned the incident on graduation night, and Jack’s own personal opinion of him, they conceded. It helps to have the word from a man who had saved their collective global kiesters a time or two weighing in on an issue.

Grey still looked dubious, and Jack, strangely enough, respected that suspicious caution and was another point in Grey’s favor when it came to Jack, even if he as a greenhorn pipsqueak. After that, they were silent as the boy finished cleaning his fish and tossed them into another cooler before he finally let out a gusty breath.

“All right sir, you can count me in. You want to stay for some barbecue bass? I grill a mean beer battered fish.”

Jack blushed slightly when he felt his belly growl, having missed breakfast and lunch. The Kid had sure been hard to find, another thing he could appreciate, thinking fondly of his own cabin in Minnesota.

“Well then sir, you’re in for a real treat!” he slapped the older man on the back companionably as he began directing the pavilion back to shore.

And damn if that kid couldn’t cook a mean bass!

Ooo ooo ooo

One month later…

Harry bit his lip as he rode the elevator down…and down.

Harry had been reading the files provided with his new security clearance and had to admit his amused amazement that the muggles had something as equally spectacular as the Wizarding World hiding within their midst.

He had spent the month that he was given to settle his affairs in order, and after a morning reporting to Cheyenne Mountain, after an exceptionally long bus ride, and spent most of that morning clearing through security where strip searches and more paperwork then he thought he would see again outside of his time with goblins was foisted on him, he was finally allowed passage into the heart of
the SGC deep under the mountain. Or to be more specific, not quite the heart, but 2 hallways to the right of the Mess Hall of the heart of SGC.

Harry couldn’t help the relieved sigh escaping his lips when the lieutenant that had shown him around finally left him at the door to the on base barracks that he would share with the 3 other members of the trainee team that would be with him.

When he stepped through he found a large room with two bunk beds on one side of a wall, four desks, four drawers and a single mirror along with a closet that they would be sharing for their more formal wear along the other walls. There was a chest filled with linens and a doorway that lead to a bathroom, though like everyone else, they would be sharing the communal showers and changing rooms. Everything was a depressing grayish color.

The 3 other trainee Universal Soldiers were already there when he arrived.

The first he noticed was a tall, slim Hispanic-Greek with short spiky hair and round grey eyes with a strange lack of eyebrows that reminded Harry strongly of Seamus. He was tinkering over something that looked suspiciously like the timer to a bomb, though without the explosive attached thankfully. He had the bottom bunk below the only available bed left, which was fine with Harry, as he rather preferred being up high anyway, so Harry approached him with an easy gate and tossed his stuff on a nearby dresser. He held out his hand to his bunk-mate.

“Hey, Private Harrison Grey, Harry for short, nice to meet you…uh, nice timer.”

His new bunk-mate grinned, looking down proudly at his device and shook Harry’s hand.

“Private Epifanio Soto, and it is isn’t it? I felt like going with a little classic design after I saw Goldfinger recently, anyway, I hope you don’t mind, I like the bottom if it’s all the same to you.”

“Not at all,” Harry replied as he tucked his things away, and then turned his attention to the others in the room.

The other two fellow trainees were roughly the same age as Harry and his bunkmate, late teens early 20’s, they must have aimed for grad levels then.

The bottom bunk resident of the other two also greeted him, though distractedly with a rather stiff nod as she seemed absorbed by some thick science journal with titles he didn’t understand. She had blond hair pulled back into a serviceable twist and by the looks of the length of her prone form, was a fellow petite, and Harry’s sorely abused size ego hoped she was smaller than him.

“That’s Privet Jennifer Hailey,” her bunk mate, a tall dark skinned girl who wore a close shaved hair cut with wavy lines running through it, “we took the bus in together and I have yet to get a sentence out of her, to wrapped up in that egghead magazine of hers.”

“Like your one to talk,” Private Hailey quipped, from the recesses of the pages, “you were reading something only an hour ago that was quite literally Greek to me.”

“It was ancient Romanic Greek for your information,” the other girl sniffed, “anyway,” she held out her hand, “I’m Private Josephine Hardtack, just call me Joe.”

Harry shook her hand, “Just call me Harry.”

After he was done unpacking his things and Joe managed to tare the obviously obsessive scientist of their group from her reading, they sat in a loose circle on a set of chairs with a fold out table that one of them managed to find in a supply closet and Harry pulled out a deck of cards while Fan, as he
liked to be called, pulled out a few bottles of root bear and a bag of pretzels, their betting material for the evening, and they began casually discussing themselves over an introductory game of poker.

Hailey, as she preferred to be called, described how she had been recruited out of Harry’s own Alma Mater, graduating the same year as him, though the two didn’t know each other as they traveled in different circles. She had been tapped a year before graduation by Major Carter, one of the smartest people on base, according to Hailey, with the slightest hint of a blush, and one of the members of the SGC’s star team, SG1. She had even already gone through the Stargate as well, and was not shy in sharing the details. When she was done, and the rest of the group recovered their bearings after the recount of that harrowing little adventure, Joe went next.

It turned out that, like Harry’s friend Ferdy, she came from a military family, though she was an only child in her case. Unlike Harry and Hailey She had been in a Marine Military school and then attended 4 years of university, working towards her PHD in Anthropology and Linguistics, so she was the oldest one of the group at 21, older then Harry had thought. When she had learned that she would be working under Doctor Daniel Jackson, she had been thrilled at the opportunity as he was, according to her, the smartest person on base, as well as another member of SG1. This spawned an intense 15 minute debate between the two women, and would soon become a common thing within their group.

Fan was the only one of the group that had not attended military school at all. He had attended university to become an EOD, but then decided to enlist when an uncle of his that he admired died in a car crash before he could be sent overseas and had wanted to honor his memory. He had been halfway through his basic training when he got tapped. Apparently someone heard of his skills with munitions and thought it would be useful off world. He didn’t have any heroes within the SGC, and was quite fine with being an open slate to first impressions.

Harry described his own time in school, his friends, though he didn’t have any particular strength that he could relay to the others. He described his meeting with Colonel O’Neill, but other than some good reflexes, exceptional flying record, and a Good Samaritan streak a mile long, he didn’t see himself as anything but an average shlob by muggle standards, something he rather liked about himself after being the Chosen One for so long. He left out the incident with the truck and the drunken man, he didn’t want to seem like he was bragging or something. After all, it wasn’t like that was the reason he was chosen or anything, he had read the file and he knew that the SGC, particularly SG1, had saved the planet and other people quite often against hostile forces against mind blowing odds, what he did for the drunk wasn’t that impressive to have been the reason for his spot.

He kept his doubts about being chosen to himself though, and kept to the basics of his education and his new life; yep, just an average muggle in the most important secret base in the muggle world.

Eventually, the others called it a game, with Hailey raking in the winnings, and decided to head off to the mess hall for a little dinner before they reviewed the pile of more paper work and files that awaited them at their desks.

As they walked, Hailey with her nose back in her science journal and Joe with a mission file that she couldn’t put down (apparently it featured something that was Dr. Jackson specific), while Fan began examining his retro bomb timer again muttering under his breath, which left Harry the only non-distracted one to lead the way to the mess hall and make sure his new team didn’t bump into any walls, corners or superior officers along the way.

Ooo ooo ooo

“So that’s the new team? The trainee’s?” an even voiced man with shaggy light brown hair and
round glasses commented to a short haired blond women with blue eyes beside him eating a plate of meatloaf.

“Well technically they aren’t an official team Daniel, they will individually be assigned to other teams, sort of like an apprenticeship, but they are unified as being the rookies on base and the first generation of universal soldiers, so I suppose you can say they are sort of a team.”

Major Samantha Carter gave the blond girl in the group a fond look before turning her attention to the rest of them curiously.

From what she understood, all four of them (who were sitting five tables down to the front of Carter and Jackson) had been a personal choice by someone from the SGC (since Jack didn’t want to get saddled with choosing the other three and left it up to Daniel and Sam to choose then come to him with their recommendations).

Sam had chosen Hailey; while a sergeant she knew had suggested Soto to her…she eyed the timer he was fiddling with, making a mental note to tell someone to have the fire extinguishers updated and keep a leery eye on that one, but brilliant nonetheless. Then there was Hardtack who had been a recommendation from the linguistics and anthropology group, represented by Daniel who complained that there department was understaffed as it was, and won her spot through her reputation as a new rising star in ancient languages due to some paper she had been working on that had caught their attention. The last of the group was the only one unoccupied by something or other, Private Grey. He had been the personal choice of Jack. Jack hadn’t specified why, merely saying that the kid liked fishing and could grill up a mean battered bass when asked about his choice. None of them had pressed, though from what she understood of his file, while not academically outstanding, he did show promise in flying, though that wasn’t uncommon talent, given that he was joining the Airforce, so she didn't quite understand why he was chosen for the program and suspected that Jack had played Eeney-Meanie-Minie-Moe with some files.

Teal’c soon joined Sam and Daniel, nodding in greeting with his usual mountain of food.

“You appear to be rather intent on observing the trainees Samantha Carter,” he said in his usual stoically deep voice.

“We were just speculating on how they would be accepted at SGC. From what I understand, not everyone was fond with the Pentagon’s project,” Daniel commented, “Jack certainly isn’t thrilled.”

“To the contrary, I find that the idea has great qualities,” Teal’c offered as he began to eat, “it is an admirable step that the Taur’i are taking, Jaffa take the role of apprenticeship as a matter of highest honor. I am looking forward to taking on one or all of them for training myself.”

“Really?” Sam asked curiously.

“Indeed.”

The other two nodded, turning to their food. Teal’c though, now that his attention had been drawn to the trainees, watched them with a calm unblinking stare.

3 of the group didn’t acknowledge his gaze, distracted by food and there work, but one of them seemed to sense his gaze almost immediately, as he paused in eating his soup and raised his eyes to meet his.

The boy didn’t drop his gaze nor otherwise display any sort of nervousness, like the kind that he had experienced before from other Taur’i that engaged him in, as O’Neill put it, a staring contest. The
boy was also did not display anything overtly aggressive either, maintaining a stable calmness. There was a slight tension in his frame though that indicated he was preparing to react in case Teal’c made some sort of move himself, but otherwise at ease.

Teal’c eventually dipped his head slightly to indicate to the boy in general greeting and that he meant no harm and returned to his meal, deep in thought.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/N: review and let me know what you think.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

this took along time to make site friendly, and there may be more flubs then usual. as you all know by this point i don't use betas.

Also there will be some episodes mentioned or used, and some not. the ones mentioned will be out of order in some regards for the sake of the story.

Anywho, scenes from this chap are taken from Stargate SG1 Season 2, Episode 13, "Spirits."

Harry’s first day of training consisted of following Captain Tyler, leader of SG12 and ze was to be one of their drill instructors, showing them around, running them through what to do in case of emergency situations and then classes on off-world situations and strategies. Harry and the others would go through survival courses, mission simulations, and the mechanics of the Stargate device as well as time with Dr. Hacerman and Dr. Daniel Jackson who would be teaching them about the various cultures and aliens encountered so far and how to approach them, particularly enemies and allies alike.

Harry had to admit that he was rather intrigued by the Goa'uld. He wondered if the handle, “Snakeheads” actually meant that they were related snakes? And if so, did that mean that Harry would be able to understand and communicate with them? Though judging by what he learned they were rather similar to Voldemort with even more stunning god-complexes, so probably not the most interesting of conversationalists.

ooo ooo ooo

It soon became a regular thing since he had arrived 3 months ago, to see Harry and his team jogging from floor to floor under that strict eye of Captain Tyler. Harry soon came to know the location and purpose of nearly all of the SGC as a result.

Harry’s time with Doctor Frasier for his mandatory medical check-ups and his team’s training in first aide were both irritating and enlightening, the irritating part was shared by the both Frasier and Harry as the good doctor was never wholly pleased with his medical results when she dragged him in after peeling him from wherever he was hiding to avoid her tender mercies, nor was she satisfied with his mysterious “ailment” that was kept confidential, but was no longer an issue according to Harry’s medical record. Apparently every little detail could be important, and while he understood her position, he was not inclined to reveal the reasons behind his ‘ailment’ or the ‘experimental "naturalistic" medications that he had been on until he turned 17. It was a bit of a stalemate between them, as he had legally binding confidentiality on his side, and the goblins had made sure that not even Frasier with her connections, could pry his medical history loose but for what was already revealed. As a result, Frasier took it upon herself to drag him in for every test under the sun and beyond, recreating a medical history for him from near scratch.

The enlightenment part came from Harry’s lessons in first aid and, when he had requested it warily, field triage. He was no doctor, but he liked the idea of being able to help people if they needed it. or himself if he was injured and surrounded by witnesses, without having to risk resorting to magic.
Fortunately for Harry as well as the SGC, while militarily run, it was somewhat more relaxed with
dress code, provided uniforms and proper gear were worn when necessary when on duty. Harry was
allowed to wear his hair its usual length, messy locks and all (after Captain Tyler realized that no
amount of hair gel could hold it down).

Eventually, after time training, it was deemed that they would finally experience a little time off-
world by General Hammond to get their feet wet as it were.

Harry, who was given command of the trainee group, and informed in General Hammond’s office, a
meeting in which startled Harry whe he realized he recognized the man, informed the others, who all
expressed their eagerness.

They were to be divided among other teams on a few survey missions and a trip to alpha site where
they would be required to familiarize themselves with the terrain. There, they were to observe the
protocol during missions on off-world planets.

Hailey was being assigned to SG7, who were primarily a Scientific and Medical team under Major
Long, Joe was being assigned to SG15 under Lt. Graham, an exploratory team, Fan going to SG5
under Major Altman, a Marine Combat Unit under training when not sent out on combat missions,
and Harry going to SG11, an archeological and scientific team under Cpt. Conner.

The others were excited, even Hailey, who had already been through the Stargate.

Harry was excited himself, and they all prepared their off-world gear ahead of time and decided to hit
the sack early that night before they were due to be assigned to meet their mentor teams.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry hadn’t expected anything to be an adventure right off the bat, but still, excavating some sort of
rock that had some sort of ore that was exciting the scientists, was not his idea of fun.

He, being the lowest on the command food chain, was relegated to hauling equipment with a few
others. The commander of their team didn’t seem inclined to want to teach him anything, and
assigned a few others to show him the ropes of staking out a Stargate and securing a site.

The first alien planet that Harry had ever visited was arboreal in nature with sprawling mountain
ranges and no clear sign of life other than some local animals that didn’t seem inclined to be violent.

Harry himself placed various samples and other equipment through the Stargate and relayed the
readings from the mount to the scientists that were keeping track of environmental readings.

SG11 had been particularly commissioned to extract some of the newly discovered ore called
Trinium and Harry had mainly spent his time hauling things when not finding a spot on his own,
which was easy enough, marshaling his magic back into order.

Harry had not expected his magic to react as it did the first time that he had stood in front of the
active Stargate. He’d had an itchy feeling in the back of his mind since he had come within a mile of
Cheyenne mountain, and it remained, slightly stronger, since his stay, but it was never overwhelming
enough to really concern him, and he’d thought that it was just restless lately, or perhaps he was
sensing Voldemort through his Occulmancy shields (thank you goblins!) up to something particularly
nefarious.

Then the Stargate had turned on, and it was indeed an impressive sight, but he had been slightly
distracted by the upsurge in his magical core. It liked the gate, liked it a lot in fact, and it had taken all
his will power to suppress the eager need for his magic to poke at the Stargate. The last thing he
needed was to potentially explode the ancient piece of alien technology that was Earth’s only meal ticket into deep space.

He had been more than a bit apprehensive about stepping through after that unexpected reaction, but knew he had no choice unless he wanted to elicit unneeded concern.

Fortunately, he managed to wrangle his magic behind his mental shields just before he was to step through.

The trip had been like an unpleasant portkey trip.

His magic liked the wormhole and had taken advantage of his lack of body, it being billions of demolecularized bits and bobs at the time, to stretch out and feel everything. It was a highly disconcerting feeling and when he emerged on the other side; he’d had a blazing headache and the strong feeling of a body that was reluctant to be physical.

He’d needed to sit down, though fortunately, many people felt discombobulated after gate travel the first few times.

Harry rubbed his arm where the skin had only recently dialed down from its hypersensitivity. His magic had settled for now.

A movement out of the corner of his eye caught his attention. He stiffened and quickly raised his P90 towards the direction of the movement.

It was then that a wolf stepped out of the brush.

They stared at each other a moment. The creature appeared non-aggressive, and looked just like any sort of canine, though it felt…odd to him that a creature that clearly looked Earth based in origin was on an alien planet.

He lowered his gun, not wanting to harm the creature, but not quite trusting what he was seeing. The longer he looked at it, the more his eyes began to itch.

Then there was a crackle of static on his walkie, and he could hear the commander.

“All team members, be on alert, there appears to be a hostile alien force, I repeat, a hostile alien force! Converge on my location…” then the communication suddenly went dead.

Harry scrambled for the device and called out into the static either “Sir! Cpt. Conner!, Lynch! Anyone! Please respond!!”

Nothing.

Harry ran back towards the camp, wolf creature forgotten, keeping to the trees and bushes. He peeked out from behind a tree to find that the camp was empty.

Harry carefully surveyed the scene from a distance. He didn’t see any sign of hostiles, but something had alarmed his commander and there must be a reason why a team of soldiers and scientists were no longer there.

Harry bit his lip as he decided on what to do. As much as he was not fond of retreat, he needed to get back to the gate and alert the SGC to what had happened.

Then another thought froze him. What if the hostiles were waiting for him to use the gate? It was an
open secret among their enemies that they had a special code that was needed to get by the iris…

:You are a strange one:

The voice made Harry turn, gun pointed at what looked to be a 30-ish native dressed similarly to how ancient First Nations People’s he had seen in history books once were depicted as dressed. The man held some sort of crossbow fletched with a metal arrow and was pointed at him, and for all intents and purposes looked very human. Though Harry was aware from reports that apparently the Goa’uld had kidnapped ancient human civilizations a lot back in the day and transplanted them onto other worlds.

Harry also felt a slight tick above his eye and a brief sharp pain in his temple as the Omnilingualism Ritual kicked in, sampled the words, and forcing an entirely new language to appear in his brain, something that would give anyone a headache. He could thank the goblins for that little number.

Harry refrained from flinching and rubbing his head, keeping his weapon trained on the man.

:I’ve heard that before: Harry’s mouth replied, forming the foreign words for the first time. It was a bit like Parseltounge, as he could feel that he was speaking another language, but all he could hear was English, :who are you and what have you done with my team?:

:The others, your fellow invaders, have been taken by the spirits, perhaps Zales, I am uncertain.:

There was a certain flippancy in the man, despite the tense situation, an easy going tone.

:I am sure that the spirits either spared you the same fate as your comrades, or they are confused by you, as you have not been taken by them the way that they were. My warriors certainly are, as you still somehow stand with a dart full of knock out potion.:

Sure enough, now that he mentioned it, he could feel the sting of something in the back of his shoulder blade.

Still keeping his gun and eyes trained on the man, he reached behind him and pulled out the dart with a grunt, examining the shiny silver-ish metal. He sniffed the tip, smelling something that vaguely reminded him of the lavender-like scent of a sleeping potion he once made at Hogwarts. He tossed it aside.

:It’s a talent: he replied dryly.

The man nodded, looking rather fascinated by him.

:That must have been an interesting story,: the man mused off-handily, ignoring Harry’s demand for his teammates, :but at the moment, I must take you to my village.:

Out of the bushes five more men holding weapons pointed at him decided for Harry that he had no choice but to cooperate for now.

Ooo ooo ooo

_Sometime after SG1 arrives on the planet to investigate the missing SG team and is taken by the locals…_

When SG1 awoke in the long house after being knocked out by some rather effective darts, they were surprised to find that they were being held in rather arid, nice accommodations and while their weapon were gone, they were all relatively unharmed.
After speaking with the surprisingly laid back Tanani, and their weapons eventually returned, they were distracted by the startling sight of Private Grey sitting in a circle of gossiping men and women while he held what looked like a bowl of beads.

The beads of which were being braided into his messy locks.

“See? There is one of your friends now, he is quite popular among our home folk,” Tanani chuckled, “and the children have enjoyed his stories, particularly of the Trials of the Stone and the Battle of the Great Serpent.”

“Private!” Sam called, drawing the young soldier’s attention. The youth immediately tried to stand, but the scolding home folk tsked and forced him back down, obviously not done with his hair. Instead, he resigned himself and instead compromised by sitting at attention instead, saying “Sir!”

She turned to Tanani and demanded, “where are the rest of our people? I understand your warning to not return, but we do not make a habit of leaving our people behind.”

Grey finally managed to extract himself from his disappointed admirers and quickly made his approach to his people. From what SG1 could see, he obviously wasn’t harmed in the 48 hours that he had been missing, and in fact had been dressed in buckskin pants and a plant-like mesh over his chest which interweaves with the familiar glint of the Trinium that they were beginning to realize was a large staple of the indigenous people’s economy.

He looked rather amusing with two thirds of his hair in beaded braids with the odd feather sticking out, courtesy of the local children.

“Captain Carter, Dr. Jackson, Warrior Teal’c,” he greeted the others respectably, standing at attention.

“Are you alright? Tell me what happened,” Sam asked, and listened to Grey’s report while Tanini waited patiently, looking rather at ease, as the Private finished.

“…and after I was taken to the village after being told that their Spirits spared me, which is also why they refrained from darting me the way that they did you, they told me that I was not likely to see my people again, that my team were with these Spirits, though not dead, and that I was to live with them from now on since the Spirits chose to spare me.” Harry concluded, “I decided it was prudent to cooperate for the moment until help arrived and agreed to their suggestions to change my attire and join the others. Which is why I am dressed as I am sir.”

“That’s alright Private,” Sam reassured the youth, “you did what was necessary.”

She turned to Tanani and demanded again the location of the others.

“Well, I could introduce you to Zales and explain that it was a misunderstanding,” the man offered helpfully, scratching his chin.

Looking rather dubious, especially with the whole Spirits talk, she clarified, “so you’ll take us to where our friends are?”

“I don’t know where your friends are,” he sighed, as if talking to a child, “but Zales will, wouldn’t hurt to ask right Sam?” making the blond huff at the familiarity.

“Right,” she nodded, though the dubiousness increased as the group of Earthlings, including Grey who had been firmly reabsorbed back with his people and was directed to stay close to Teal’c and was given a hand gun since his own weapons appeared to be gone along with his uniform; followed
the warrior.

As they followed, Daniel briefly coached Sam on what she might expect: ritual, dancing and so on. She nodded then quickly caught up to Tanani walking beside him.

Harry meanwhile found his gaze traveling towards the tall imposing warrior at his side. He had seen the man watching him with a contemplative air at times while on base. He was uncertain as to why the man watched him. He liked to think that his Dursley raised paranoia, nurtured along by having a teacher or two out to kill him over the years, then made even more focused once he fell into the hands of his goblin teachers (vicious blighters on the battle field), was wrong and that the man was more interested in his team, the novelty of the new program as a whole and not just him.

“You have done well so far on your first mission through the gate Harry Grey,” the man finally chose to speak.

Harry snorted, “yeah, my team disappears and I get captured, politely I admit, but still captured because the Spirits decide to be generous and spare me. No offense sir but I’ve not done so great.”

“On the contrary, Harry Grey,” Teal’c corrected, “you have done well to avoid antagonizing your captures and have even worked to ingrain yourself within their community until help arrives or until you are better able to assist your team. There is no shame in biding one’s time, and considering your position it was the best thing you could have done,” he paused then asked, when he registered the boy’s words in full context, “I must ask Harry Grey, the way you mentioned these Spirits just now, and before, you talk without the same disbelief that the others share, as if you believe them to possibly exist instead of merely blaming the people who kidnapped us and you, why is that?”

The young soldier gave him a surprised look and replied, “While I don’t dismiss the notion that it was my hosts who kidnapped my team and are hiding them somewhere, I am not going to completely dismiss all possibilities either. Do you really think that the Spirits are not possible at all?”

“Jaffa do not believe in such things as Spirits in the manner that is implied in this place,” said Jaffa warrior dismissed, “when someone dies they merely move onto the next existence.”

The green eyed soldier in training gave him a strange look.

“You mean to tell me, that after all the strange things you have seen, you do not believe in at least the possibility that these Spirits, whether spiritual manifestations, or something else, don’t exist?”

Teal’c paused, considering the words, and had to admit that Harry Grey had a point.

“There’s a saying among us Taur’i sir that I have found, in my life, to be true in many respects,” Harry looked up into the warriors eyes and recited steadily: “There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.”

“My name is not Horatio,” Teal’c replied stoically, though with a hint of confusion.

Harry Grey laughed softly, and Teal’c was startled to find that it was an oddly pleasant sound, before the boy clarified.

“I know sir, it’s the rest of the meaning of the words that’s relevant. Though if you want to put it on even greater context one could say that we are all Horatio, because it is impossible to consider something as being all there is simply because we cannot conceive of anything else as being possibly true. If there is one thing that I have learned in my life sir, it is that anything can be possible, so keep an open mind because when something turns out to be possible, it can potentially bite you in the ass later.”
With that, they turned back to the path as Teal’c digested these words, and found that he couldn’t find fault with them. He had a feeling master Bray’tac, his old mentor, would have agreed with him.

They soon arrived at a small clearing some ways into the forest. Harry was amused that Dr. Jackson seemed disappointed that there wasn’t going to be any ceremonial dancing. Harry came up to the linguistic genius and said sympathetically, “sorry sir, I should have mentioned to you that they just call the Spirit’s name and nothing else.”

“Wait,” Carter said, halting beside Tanani before the man began calling out, “you already tried to… talk to these spirits?” though judging by her tone, she obviously didn’t expect he had succeeded, since she doubted that they existed. Ah yes, Scientists and there skepticism, not that it wasn’t well earned.

“I would have mentioned it sir, but when it didn’t lead to my team, I thought you might not be interested.”

“Whether I would have been interested or not,” Captain Carter scolded, “it is still important not to leave any detail out of a report, no matter how unimportant seeming it is.”

“Yes sir,” Harry replied abashedly. His senior gave him a nod then a slight smile to show that she wasn’t angry, and turned back to Tanani who began calling out for Zails.

It didn’t take long for something to emerge from the brush. Much to Harry’s grumpiness.

Teal’c jumped forward, raising his staff weapon, Harry’s words still running through his mind, “it is a wolf captain Carter.” he stated, eyeing the sharp teeth.

“Tikia my friend!” Tanani greeted friendly, “my, your coat is especially Shinny today!”

Grey, much to the others surprise, crouched down and entered what could only be called a starring contest between the two. He looked less weary, as would be the logical reaction when faced with an alien predator, and more annoyed.

“Harry Grey, it is not wise to lock eyes with a predator, it may take it as a challenge and be incited to attack,” Teal’c cautioned.

“I know sir,” the boy agreed, eyes still trained on the wolf, “that’s why I’m starring sir.”

He didn’t explain himself further, and Captain Carter swallowed back her order to withdraw when Tanani broke out into laughter, “you need not concern yourselves over the young warrior, he and Tikia did this when I took him to meet the spirits before to plead with them to release your friends. They got into quite a heated argument over the issue.”

“Um…” Captain Carter didn’t know what to make of that.

“Couldn’t the spirits take insult from our young warriors challenge?” Daniel quickly jumped to Sam’s rescue, “we do not want to offend anyone.”

Tanani swung his arms and said easily, “there is no need to worry. The spirits like your young friend, arguments or not. They have been watching him since his arrival and have approached him numerous times. They often share these looks. When they catch each other’s gazes, so much heated words can be found in a look,” he mused.

“They?” Sam queried, frowning.
“Zails sir,” the boy clarified from his ‘eye argument,’ position, “Zails is a large black Raven that flew around the village a time or two, though Tikia seems to visit the locals more often.”

“I see,” his commander said, though the dubious tone had returned, and Harry could tell that her scientifically logical mind was struggling with trying to not express how much she was uncomfortable with the disbelieving conversation she was now engaged in. Though he supposed that he couldn’t blame her, she was asked to believe that a wolf and a raven had kidnapped highly trained soldiers and scientists and were engaged in argumentative staring contests with another.

It was as Captain Carter was struggling through her disbelief and humoring Tanani in asking the wolf for her friends, in an attempt to engage the situation somehow, when a large raven arrived, landing in a tree nearby and above their heads made a demanding caw.

The teen turned his eyes from the wolf and glared at the raven. Sam was beginning to wonder if the stress of losing his team had been a bit much for him and the Private was beginning to take these people seriously about these Spirits. He did look especially peeved at the raven, a bird of all things!

Daniel again stepped forward and took the diplomatic reins. “Zails,” he addressed the bird, giving him an awkward head bob of respect, “We mean you and Tanani no harm, we apologize for any misunderstanding you’ve had with our friends, if you release them we would be very grateful.”

The bird let out a more echoed, sibilant caw.

Looking a little flummoxed, Daniel turned to the others and asked, “Did you hear that? I could have sworn that he said that he would.”

Teal’c frowned and replied “I believe that I heard him say that he would think about releasing them.”

“Well, while Zails is thinking about it,” Sam huffed, at this point surmising that either her team had been drinking the koolaid as it were, or were just trying to humor Tanani into giving up the location of the trapped team, was looking rather annoyed by the proceedings, “do you mind if we look around Tanani?”

“Yes!” the leader of the possible kidnappers agreed easily. The others soon began to follow Captain Carter, all accept Private Grey.

“Private?” Sam called to the youth, “we’re heading out to search the area.”

“Yes sir,” Grey replied his eyes still steady on the raven, “if I have your permission sir, I would like a bit more time with Zails and Tikia.”

Sam considered ordering him to come with them, but then she considered her earlier thought that he might be suffering from some sort of mental stress from the kidnapping and as much as she wanted them to all stick together, she didn’t know if she could trust him to remain cool out in the field should they find SG11 in their search and the people put up a fight. By the way the others were acting as well, she was beginning to suspect that there was something in the water, or the air or whatever.

“I shall remain with him Captain Carter,” the Jaffa warrior offered, surprising Sam, who didn’t think that Teal’c was the babysitting sort.

When Tanani and the rest of SG1 departed, Teal’c had to admit that he could understand Captain Carter’s concern about the youth’s mental faculties, but still, he talked rationally and calmly enough, he did not act like one who is distressed, though he did seem agitated.

The boy seemed to come to some sort of conclusion as he huffed and then turned to Teal’c.
“Sir, I know that you don’t know me very well and that I’m the bottom rung on the experience latter when it comes to asking you to do something, but I need you to do me a favor.”

Teal’c raised an eyebrow, waiting.

Harry took deep breath and let it out. This was not going to sound sane to the stoic warrior in front of him, but after more than 2 days on this planet with the indigenous population, and from what he had seen, heard, and sensed about these creatures, he had a theory and he suspected that if he was right, he had a feeling he knew how to get his team back, but he also had a feeling that it would not work if there was witnesses.

He was not keen to resort to magical means, and he had promised himself that he wouldn’t use his magic as much as possible, but…well, the last thing his world needed was even more people taken by territorial cranky entities.

“I need to talk to Tikia and Zails alone sir.”

Teal’c stiffened, his eyebrows furrowing and replied, “I do not think that it is wise to leave you alone Harry Grey. I told Captain Carter that I would stay with you.”

“I know, and I understand and appreciate the sentiment and your position sir, but I need you to trust me. Remember what I told you earlier?”

Teal’c meant earnest green eyes. He could see that he was utterly serious, and he did remember the words.

Teal’c let out an internal sigh, but nodded his head reluctantly, “I will give you 10 minutes Harry Grey, I shall signal you when you may begin,” he handed Harry the extra radio he had on his person.

With that Teal’c turned and strode away into the forest and stopped when he felt he was far enough to give the soldier privacy to do what he needed to do, but close enough he could be of quick assistance should he needed it.

“You may begin,” he radioed.

“Thank you sir, I’ll let you know if this works.”

Harry was now truly alone with the raven and the wolf. He let out a breath and with an annoyed huff, turned to the bird, since from what he gathered, might be the leader.

“Alright, you can stop the act.”

If he hadn’t been watching the animals closely, he wouldn't have seen the barest stiffening of their bodies.

“I know that you are not ordinary animals, given our earlier staring contests. I also know that you are not divine Spirits or ghosts or what have you, that the indigenous peoples believe. So reveal yourselves and talk to me.”

Of course, Harry hadn’t completely expected them to just do what he asked, they remained stubbornly in their animal forms.

“Stubborn, paranoid…fine! You want me to prove something to you then?” Harry growled. He really had not wanted to resort to magic, he really hadn’t, which is why he had refrained until now, but there was only one thing he could think of that would impress upon them that he was worthy to
With a snap and a flare of magic, which seemed to have just been waiting behind its restraints for this moment, surged forward and engulfed him in a familiar shining mist.

The yelp and caw of surprise were rather gratifying after more than 2 days of cat and mouse pretense.

Where once a green eyed human had stood, now there was a dark furred fox with the same colored orbs.

The fox yipped, ran a circle around the wolf, and then the base of the tree that the raven was perched on before turning back into a human.

“Well? I showed you mine, now you show me yours.”

The two animals shared a look, and Harry was unsurprised when they both transformed and he found himself gazing at a pair of gilled aliens in silver dresses.

“You can change your form? How is that possible?!” the blond haired alien exclaimed, Tinani Harry believed.

Harry huffed again, “there are a lot of things I am able to do, though I would appreciate you not broadcasting my ability to those I came with.”

“It matters not how you are what you are, their transgression still stands!” Zails, a taller darker haired alien proclaimed, glaring aggressively at Harry, obviously over his shock, “and they are even more of a threat, if they have ones like you that can change form and resist our power of transportation and close their minds to our word thoughts.”

Ah, so that was why he hadn’t disappeared when the others did, and why they hadn’t said anything to him thus far, his Occulmancy must have hindered things. As for spiriting him away (pun intended), he suspected that a few of the wards placed on him by the goblins and Voldemort to avoid any sort of spells in locating or forcibly transporting him by magical means, must have also worked in preventing him from being forcibly apperated or transported or whatever the hell these beings did. He had to be willing for those particular wards to not be a factor and Harry certainly was not willing to be vanished.

“You attack our mountain, trying to take our key,” Harry knew Zails meant the ore they had been mining, “and your narrow minds also risk damaging the relations we share with the Sailesh. We spared you from more aggressive means of destruction because we wanted to find out how it is that you were able to resist us and we believed that your people would heed our warning and not return,” referring to that arrow that had been shot through the Stargate and had gotten poor Col. O'Neil in the shoulder from what he had been told by the others.

“Yeah, we have a little thing about leaving our people behind. We will always try to come back for them if possible, it’s kind of our thing.” Harry drawled, “again, as Dr. Jackson pointed out, my teams’ mining efforts were not meant as a hostile act, it was a misunderstanding. We did not realize the planet was populated, and had we known, we would have opened negotiations with them, or yourselves, instead of just blasting your mountain.”

He also added, “If you don’t want us mining your mountain, you can just say so and we will leave you alone. And even if you don’t trust that we will, you can always just close the gate permanently by burying it somewhere.”
“We have no need for star travel,” Tikia said to Zails thoughtfully, the Raven hummed at the suggestion, and reluctantly nodded, then huffed, “be that as it may, that does not erase the near transgression your people just recently committed by doubting us in the face of Tanani!”

Harry cocked his head, “so you want these people, who you care about greatly, who you saved from the Goa’uld, if I read the meaning of those statues correctly, to think your all-powerful supernatural beings?”

“We took on the images of their spirits to observe and help the Salish and not interfere with their natural development,” Tikia growled, “and in less than a week your people have nearly destroyed that.”

“I see, you care but you don’t trust,” Harry’s tone was bland.

“If they were to discover who we really are, then they would fashion weapons against us, driving us away!”

“Well I wouldn’t put it past them to be a little bit ticked at the subterfuge,” Harry amended, “but they are generations away from something like that to be an issue, given how you defeated us rather easily, you guys are extremely powerful. Besides, you will have all that time to strengthen relations between yourselves and the Salish. After all, you already gave them the ability to speak to my people, so you must understand the concept of communication.” After all, how else could the Salish have spoken English of all things when they had never come across it before?

Zails grunted, but he looked thoughtful before finally pointing out reluctantly, “you have a point,” and with a shared nod with Tikia, he raise his arms and slammed them together.

His radio buzzed to life as Teal’c’s surprised voice came over the radio.

“Captain Carter, Dr. Jackson, Private Harry Grey,” Harry made a mental note to get the man to call him something else, “SG11 has just appeared in front of me in a flash of light. They appear to be confused but unharmed.”

Zails smacked his arms together again and over the radio, Teal’c’s more alarmed voice proclaimed.

“We have been transported to the Stargate! So has the rest of SG1, Harry Grey, can you read me?!”

“Loud and clear sir,” Harry replied over the radio.

“Private? What just happened? Are you alright?!”, This was from Captain Carter and the SG11 commander both.

“I’m fine sirs, I’ll be their momentarily, Grey out.”

He ignored demands for his position, though he wasn’t quite cheeky enough to turn his radio off, so chose to ignore it for the moment instead.

“Your people have all been returned and left at the Standing Circle of Water. You will be given this one chance to leave. You will not be able to return.”

“So I take it you’re not open to negotiations about the Key?”

“No,” was Zails stern reply.

Harry nodded, “you understand I had to at least ask so I can tell my superiors that I tried?”
smirked at the irritated look he was shot.

Zails turned and with a flourish turned back into a raven and flew off.

Tikia paused before leaving herself and gave him a considering look.

“The others, your people, they are not aware that you are more then what you initially appear?”

“My particular kind are human to an extent, and like yourselves, we share a world with them, but relations are not as…amicable as they are with yourselves and the Salish. It is a law among my people that we must keep our world hidden. There are good reasons for it. When they did know of us, they reacted in fear and turned on us, and despite our power, we were not as advanced, and still not as advanced as them.”

“That is why you lied about the darts? And why you did not try to approach us before when you suspected we were not what we appeared to be? You did not want to reveal your true self and you also wanted to respect our own need to hide, despite your words to Zails?” she said with realization.

“Yes, we worked hard to erase ourselves from their history and beliefs. In this, I envy your people and the Salish, in you I do not see our folly. I instead see a chance for an echo of our struggles and prejudices and fears to be laid to rest and instead beget harmony. Still, I also respect that ultimately it is your choice whether you reveal yourselves or not. May I inform, at least to an extent, to my superiors about you so that they understand why they cannot return and what just transpired?”

“You have it, since you are not returning anyway, it affects us not, but what you have told me shows there is all the more reason that we close the Stargate. Perhaps, one day, we might open it again, when all our people are more matured.”

“Perhaps,” Harry agreed a little sadly and bowed his head in respect.

When he raised it again Tikia was gone and he was alone.

Ooo ooo ooo

When they returned through the Stargate Harry requested General Hammond respectfully if they could have their debriefing as soon as possible.

When General Hammond was informed by Teal’c and a rather flummoxed Captain Carter that apparently a Private of all people had negotiated for SG11’s release and what happened when they were returned, General Hammond agreed.

The debriefing of course, happened within the medical bay as, per regulations, they were all dragged in to make sure that they were healthy and not a danger for others (i.e possessed by hostile alien life forms, dangerous germs, etc.)

Grey talked while a nurse was checking for Goa’uld entrance wounds and anything else out of the ordinary.

Harry explained everything, from his time with SG11 to their vanishing and his subsequent capture and inclusion among the Salish, his confrontations and observations of the Wolf and Raven and his growing belief that they were more than just ordinary animals, especially given the fact that they were treated more than such by the Salish, and the distinctly un-animal way they acted at times, especially the way they watched him. He then described what happened from his perspective when he returned from a hunting trip with a few other youths and learned that SG1 had been taken and how he had to wait for a few hours for them to recover from the darts. He then described the events
that led up to where he finally confronted the two animals, on a gamble that they might be more receptive to being approached singly and calling them out instead of with company which he couldn't shake while with the Sailesh and SG1's arrival until recently. He described his confrontation, leaving out the parts about hinting at a wizard population and him turning into his animagus form (though he could thank Voldemort's insistence on that one, an extra insurance in their agreement that he would have another method to hide from Dumbledore and the Ministry, and the instructor was a witch under oath to teach him and then have her memory removed of the incident, though the fact that the teacher in question was Narcissa Malfoy of all witches had been odd at first for the enemy of her son).

“…They agreed to release SG11 and leave SG1 unharmed provided that we return through the Stargate.” He finished with a relieved breath, coughing lightly at the dry throat from all his talking.

“And the Trinium?” General Hammond asked in a resigned tone.

“I tried to negotiate with them about that sir, since they seemed only inclined to talk with me and not any of the others about it later, but they refused. They are quite protective over their resources. The most I was able to do was return with what I was given to wear,” he gestured down at the metal chain mail-like vest, “and get them to possibly agree to work in equal partnership with the Salish. I can guarantee that they will have buried their gate by now sir, sorry I wasn’t able to do more sir,” Harry replied, tone apologetic.

General Hammond sighed, mentally preparing himself for the less than pleasant meeting with his superiors later but replied, “you did the best that you could do son,” the General reassured, “the fact that you were able to determine that the Spirits were in fact aliens and managed to negotiate for both SG1 and SG11’s safe return is more than we could have hoped for, given the circumstances. You did good work Private.” He saluted Harry, who sat at attention and saluted back, blushing slightly as the others also expressed their thanks from their curtained examination beds.

Dr. Frasier eventually shooed the General and the rest of SG1 out, finding nothing wrong with them. She was planning to keep SG11, including Harry, overnight for observation and make sure that a few tests she conducted came back clean before letting them go.

Teal’c, who had lingered to exchange a few words with Colonel O’Neill, still recovering from his arrow wound, was just about to leave when Harry hopped of the bed he had been plunked into and approached him.

“Uh…” Harry bit his lip, wondering why he was suddenly nervous, but shook it off and meant the warrior in the eye and said: “I just wanted to say thank you.”

The Jaffa raised an eyebrow, “on the contrary, it was you that saved us all, it should be the other way around.”

Harry shook his head, grimacing in discomfort at the thanks. There was nothing he disliked more than being told thanks for saving everyone, it brought up bad memories, “maybe, but if you hadn’t trusted me, it may never have worked, so thanks…for trusting me, I mean.”

Blushing again he shot off a salute and retreated back to his bed where Frasier descended upon him with a determined look in her eye.

O’Neill chuckled, Teal’c turned to him and gave his friend a raised eyebrow.

“I think the kid likes you Teal’c. Man, hero worship! It always makes me feel old to see that stuff.”
Teal’c was rather confused by O’Neill's words, though this was a common situation at times, so he just shrugged it off. Still, he was reminded again of a little matter he needed to discuss with General Hammond, and this time he was sure that the boy had proven himself ready, and Teal’c was not likely to be denied this time.
Chapter 6

Harry Grey was not given to being surprised often, but when he was called into General Hammond’s office the last thing he expected was to be informed that he had been moved from SG11 and instead was to continue with his training under SG1.

He had somehow managed to stutter out his thank you, despite all the dire warnings from the General about the team’s habit for getting into trouble and the man’s own reservations about sending a rookie into such potential danger. Harry though had to admit he was both nervous and excited to learn from the best team in the SGC.

Harry had accepted his new training schedule, the General muttering about being low on Pepto, and managed pop off the necessary salutes before he wandered back to the barracks where Joe was currently back from a survey mission on a dessert planet, the others being still out on missions.

“Wow, you look like Fan set off one of his little toys in your morning coffee, what’s up great commander of ours?” Joe asked from her desk which was currently stuffed full of papers.

Harry merely wordlessly handed her the file and slumped boneless onto Fan’s bed, still dazed.

There was silence as she perused the paperwork with steadily raised eyebrows. She had heard what happened on the Salish planet, (she was rather un-fond of the planet classifications and often gave them her own name if they didn’t already have one by the inhabitants) but man! She whistled.

“SG1 huh? Wow! That’s like the star team (pun intended)! I don’t know whether to envy you or worry for your health and safety.”

Harry groaned, and then groaned again when she said, “Holy! Look at this training schedule! When will you eat? You’ll be lucky to take a crap with a schedule like this and…oh look! Even more time with Doc Frasier!” she cackled. Harry’s dislike of the medical bay outside of field training was well known in their group and beyond by this point. Fan often ribbed their group leader that it was because he was so adorable that Frasier couldn’t get enough of him, then Harry often proceeded to show how un-adorable he could be by hog-tying him with his own shoelaces and leaving him there until one of the others took pity on him. The SGC soldiers had running bets on how long and where Harry hid himself when word trickled down the gossip chain that it was Check up time.

“Life of excitement, that’s me,” Harry sighed, now that the initial shock had worn off, there was a keener rising of trepidation to go along with the nervousness.

“Wow, you’re spending an awful lot of time with Teal’c,” she mused and Harry sat up and snatched the schedule from her hands and read it. She was right; he was spending a fair amount of his training with Teal’c.
Training in Jaffa fighting styles with Teal’c

Jaffa battle strategies with Teal’c

Jaffa culture with Teal’c

Staff weapon training with Teal’c.

History and Legends of the System Lords with Teal’c.

All that was interspersed with his usual training with the others; the only time that he would not be attending to the extensive schedule was when he was off-world, which would not be all the time, but enough for him to get his interstellar legs as it were.

Joe continued to laugh and bemoan his luck even after Harry threw a pillow at her.

Ooo ooo ooo

A Week into Harry’s new training…

Kel’nor’reem was perhaps one of Harry’s favorite activities on base so far.

Teal’c said that one of the first things a young Jaffa warrior must learn was how to calm one’s mind and body and learn to become one with one’s self, usually to better facilitate care of the symbiote resting in their bellies.

It reminded him of his time meditating while learning Occulmancy, so during his first lessons Harry utilized some of that training and got into a lotus position the first time that he was introduced to the candle lit quarters of the Jaffa warrior.

Teal’c had been intrigued in the Tau’ri methods of meditation and the two had exchanged techniques, such as how Harry used a deep trance-like meditation to organize his thoughts using visualization techniques to create a personal mental plane, while Teal’c described the necessity of the practice, and some of the truly amazing things that a Jaffa could accomplish in such a state. It fascinated Harry how deeply layered the various levels of trance that Teal’c could go into, particularly how keenly able Teal’c was able to manipulate his own body to the point of near death.

Harry enjoyed the hour of companionable peace, and felt that with the addition of the new techniques, plus the actual time to focus on strengthening his control over his magic, which remained fussy within his continued close proximity to the Stargate, he was able to come out of these sessions calmer and lighter. It definitely improved his training elsewhere as now he was able to focus more attention on other things then controlling his magic.

Even when he was not scheduled to, or when he was given his rare moment of leave, he still found himself knocking on the Jaffa’s door and joining him among the candles.

Ooo ooo ooo

Teal’c was surprised that his new student was also quite familiar already in Hand to Hand outside of the usual fighting styles that he had witnessed among the Tau’ri so far. When he asked, the boy gave it a name that sounded a little guttural and incomprehensible.

:Ilyens fistn inn foet.: 

Teal’c’s eyebrow went up followed by the slightest of head tilts that Harry had learned to mean
singed his confusion.

“It’s…a unique fighting style. A…er, friend of mine from way back knows it. It means “Flying Fist and Feet,” though not many people know it. I was just average in the style when I left, and it usually is more effective with an axe or spear. Masters of the art usually spend their whole life practicing it.”

Harry could admit that when it came to his training with Teal’c and the other soldiers he didn’t quite enjoy the sparring portion of his training quite so much. Even though he was able to keep his own at times, he was still a novice compared to Teal’c and he often found himself sent onto his ass or into a wall more than he could count, though the Jaffa told him that he was doing quite well and showing promise. Harry was somewhat dubious on that score, but he trusted his teacher not to break any bones, unlike his goblin teachers.

He did better with the weapons portion, as he’d already been trained in the usual military issue, but had also enjoyed weaponry while he had been staying with the goblins. He was quite happy to be able to show the man his own specially made battle axe that he had made on his own during his time with the goblins, baring the scars to prove it, and was kept carefully packed under his bed usually. It was a bit rough looking, nothing fancy, with a double bladed head and a solid metal handle that was as long as his arm.

He rarely used it, mainly keeping sharp with his skills by joining classes (a lot of medieval re-enactment enthusiasts) and practicing on his own time when he had it. He had found that most muggles tended to frown on carrying around a battle axe, so he’d had to keep it squirreled away.

Harry had been delighted when Teal’c had told him to start using it during their training, and then promptly proven his ability, that double bladed head singing through the air in several concentric arcs, jabs, and swipes. Teal’c himself had acquired himself his own axe through a rather bemused General Hammond, who decided not to question why the man had requested such ancient weaponry, assuming it a Jaffa thing and letting it go there.

It soon became a favorite pass time for other soldiers and civilians using the training areas nearby to watch the two exchange blows, the loud clang of tempered metal ringing through the place, the occasional sparks of friction from impact. Much betting and popcorn as to be had, and Chief Master Sergeant Harriman ("just call me Walter") invited them to his Medieval Reenactment Camp.

Teal’c eventually told his student that, along with Harry’s standard issue P-90 and hand held gun (Harry was partial to the glock), he was to carry his axe at all times.

Ooo ooo ooo

The events of Season 2 ep. 14 “Touchstone” have come and gone during Harry’s training periods off base…

Ooo ooo ooo

The rest of SG1 eventually took his presence in stride; as he was often in company with their silent alien friend. The team were intrigued at what Teal’c had told them about their latest addition, especially when some of the things mentioned weren’t exactly in his personnel file, though he apparently did register his axe with security.

O’Neill, while a little sour at having a so-new-he-squeaks rookie on his team, despite him choosing the kid for SGC or not, there was standards after all, standards of ridiculously dangerous situations and vast seasoned experience being maintained. He had to admit to being reluctantly impressed though by the fact that apparently the kid was rather more competent a fighter then even he or his
files had given him credit for, though he somewhat doubted that the newbie made a freakin’ battle axe, this was modern times after all, not some dungeons and dragons Viking old timey period. Privately he thought Grey may be pulling Teal’c’s leg or was padding his resume so to speak.

To Jack’s surprise though the kid wasn’t bad with his obsolete weed whacker and Teal’c seemed pleased to find someone he could practice his own blade work with, a dying art universally it seemed, though Jack pointed out that it was probably because of the fact that people could just blast or shoot an enemy away instead of dancing with sharp objects.

Though he would admittedly sneak around the crowds that watched them dance-smashing at each other and think it was really cool looking and being at least a little envious.

Daniel had been rather interested in the fact that, while not a linguistics expert, the rookie seemed to have an impressive record of spoken languages for someone not into the art professionally, and when he asked him about it to try to get to know the group’s new apprentice a little better the boy had been surprisingly vague, saying he had an ear for spoken language, though not the eye for the written stuff, and would hurriedly change the subject. Daniel, not to be deterred with distraction based conversations on his archeological finds, subsequently dragged Harry into a few classes with other SGC members who had signed up for Goa’uld lessons and was utterly delighted at how quickly Grey was picking it up.

Even Samantha Carter was warming up to the kid. While he wasn’t the prodigy that Hailey was, he was similar to Jack really when it came to the “Egghead” end of things, as her illustrious leader called it, she found that Grey still had a good eye for detail, and was infinitely patient and respectable of her art at least, unlike Jack. He was also open to things in a way that Carter admitted could be useful, remembering the near disaster on the kid’s first mission involving them through the gate, an odd surety in the less tangible and thus more frustrating possibilities, while Carter was often stymied by her dependence on predictable logic. Certainly the both of them butted heads on some issues (as much as they could given their differences in authority) the two still learned to value each other’s opinion from time to time.

All in all, Harry Grey was slowly working his way into not just as trainee they were forced to babysit from time to time, but a member of SG1.

Ooo ooo ooo

Jack had managed to squirm out of babysitting duty off world for several missions now, but he was unable to squirm out of it anymore when General Hammond sternly informed him that the boy was ready to join them on their next mission through though the Stargate.

Jack appreciated that the kid didn’t act outright excited over the news when informed, merely stood at stiff attention and nodded his acceptance of the deployment orders.

“Since you're going to be coming with us,” the Colonel grumbled, “stop standing at attention, stand that straight and a lucky jaffa will pick you off...” a pause as he very obviously used his hand to align Harry's much smaller height compared to his own, "Oh, never mind."

Then the kid ruined the solemn air by quirking his lips and dared a little cheek, “Shall I bring my own bagpipe to play at my funereal sir?"’

Jack grunted; managing to successfully suppress the slight grin of amusement as the boy gave him large sparkling eyes full of wry amusement, and a boyishly charming smirk.

It suddenly struck him then, the whispers he had overheard among others on base since the arrival of
the Universal Tiny Tots. The fond sighs from many soilders in the change rooms.

Jesus help the intergalactic boys, girls, and everything else next door! He mentally groaned, they already had the same problem with Daniel.

He shook the thoughts from his brain and left to go bug Carter.

Ooo ooo ooo

Rejoining Season 2 episode 15 "The Fifth Race”…

Harry’s next mission off world, his first with the A-Team, and yes, he did hum a certain 90’s Television show theme song in Jack’s presence form time to time, was a planet that had not been on the cartouche full of Stargate addresses retrieved from Abydos, but from Earnest’s Planet gathered during a previous epic mission.

Dr. Jackson, or Daniel as he told Harry to call him, was excited about the footage of an empty room that held life support and a circle of writing provided by the robotic Mount that was sent in to scope the new place out, Daniel thought these symbols mabe tied to one of the four races that had been represented on writings on Earnest’s Planet, implying during their prep meeting that it may be related to that “meaning of life stuff” which Harry, who was sitting in the debriefing room for the first time beside Teal’c, thought sounded important enough to earn a visit. General Hammond seemed to have the same thoughts as it had been given the go ahead.

30 minutes later, Harry, decked out in his P-90, his axe sheathed at his back, and a migraine as his magic struggled under his iron control petulantly, took the moment of his team’s distraction over the construction of the place, to calm his magic and shake out the discomfort, Merlin it why did it always smart?

Unfortunately for Harry, upon arrival into the mysterious empty alien room, Harry felt his breathing increase slightly, when his magic refused to be good and settle back under his bearers, like it usually did now after a few minutes exiting the Stargate and it turned off.

His hand immediately went to his axe, while the other went to the rifle attached to his front. There was something here, something that was bothering his magic, making it jump around like an excited puppy.

The others didn’t seem to notice his disquiet as they discussed the place.

“Very strange,” Carter (call me sir, ma’am, or Carter) commented, “breathable air, lights, but where is it all coming from?”

Jack (Harry dared only call him mentally), banged a fist against the rather solid dark green walls, “walls are solid,” he proclaimed, shaking out the sting.

“As the probe indicated, there appears to be no exit,” agreed Teal’c. Fortunately the man and the others were facing away from Harry and didn’t notice his agitated state, or how those words increased Harry’s alarm.

“Wellll…” Jack drawled, looking bored already, “this was an intergalactic waste of time.”

“Well wait a minute sir,” Carter disagreed, “what about the lights? Where are they coming from? What’s the point of this place?” she gestured around them.

Suddenly Daniel let out a calling bellow, causing Harry’s heart to nearly thump out of his chest,
“Hello! Hello! My name’s Daniel Jackson and we’re peaceful explorers…” his voice trailed off when nothing happened then said more normal tone to the others, “well it was worth a try.”

Harry didn’t think so, in fact, he had a feeling that they needed to leave. His magic liked this place way too much, and he could feel the tell-a-tale prickle that let him know that there was something big about this place, something that could be potentially wrong.

“Sir?” Harry called out, “maybe it would be prudent to leave?” Harry added his two cents to the conversation.

Jack frowned when he finally noticed that the kid looked a might agitated, though given what happened on his previous mission, he couldn’t blame him for being tense, still, there was obviously nothing sinister here, mysterious mood lighting or not.

“Pull it back Grey, the lights maybe on but no one is obviously home. Usually when something is home we would know by now.”

The boy bit his lip, eyeing the walls as if he expected them to reach out and bite him or something.

Teal’c turned to Harry and approached him, walking through the circle of words along the way.

“What is it?” he asked the boy quietly, while the others discussed what they should do now.

Teal’c noticed with concern that the boy was fidgeting. He had never thought Harry Grey to be one to fidget, then he finally spoke quietly so only Teal’c could hear.

“I don’t like this place, it feels…off.”

“Hey Teal’c take a look at this!” O’Neill called out, gesturing to some sort of protrusion on a wall nearby that had suddenly just appeared.

His student took one look at the new decoration and backed away a step, “sir? I don’t think it’s safe to get to close to that thing.”

Jack let out an exasperated sound and said “there is no reason to be nervous Grey, I think we have proven that the place is empty,” he turned, facing the thing on the wall, standing directly in front of it, “see nothing wrong, probably just some sort of alien wall art or some…whoa!” He yelped as the said art piece suddenly shifted and without preamble grabbed onto Jack’s head before he could get out of the way.

Everyone stood frozen in surprise. Harry lunged forward first, and grabbed the clamps around his commander’s struggling head. Harry’s hands suddenly sparked with magic, and Harry’s ears were suddenly filled with a high pitched whine. Harry and Jack both yelled and then were released when the machine let them go after a brief light show of intense whiteness.

Neither man knew no more as the rest of SG1 ran forward to help them.

Ooo ooo ooo

When Harry came to, he found Teal’c sitting by his bedside in the medical bay.

“Teal’c?” he groaned. His mentor helped him to sit up as Harry rubbed is head, “what happened?”

“You and O’Neill were affected by some sort of alien device. Both of you were catatonic, though O’Neill’s lasted only an hour, before other complications arose, while you were effected for 3 days.”
“3 days?” Harry gaped, quickly he reached out to his magic finding to his relief that it was safely back under his barriers, though he could feel a disquiet from it that echoed his own, and he could feel Voldemort scratching at the barrier between their link.

Harry sent off a terse, "Fuck off I'm fine" down their link quickly before closing the barrier and tuned back into Teal'c.

Teal’c proceeded to explain that the device had downloaded a repository of knowledge from the Ancients, the apparent builders of the Stargates it turns out, and how Jack under the detrimental influence of the info dump had utilized the knowledge and contacted the Asguard, a group of diminutive grey aliens that SG1 had encountered in previous adventures and had once passed themselves off as Norse gods on Earth. They were thankfully able to help the aggrieved human before his brain crashed from information overload, literally, and sent him back in an impressive display of technological power, completely working around their iris, which Hammond was not happy with (the security breach, not O’Neill returning).

“We believe that you were catatonic longer due to the surge of energy we witnessed when you tried to release O’Neill, though since you were not encased in the device we believe you remain unaffected by the knowledge repository that he was.”

“Well that’s a relief,” Harry sighed, wincing internally at what might have happened had he been caught Fully by the device instead of Jack. Who knows how it would have affected a wizard? He was just glad that the surge they had already witnessed was blamed on the device and not him.

The fact that his magic had responded to that room similarly to the Stargate, might mean that anything constructed by these Ancients might have an effect on him, though he was at a loss as to explain why, but he took personal note of it.

He felt a slight bout of dizziness when he asked Teal’c to help him stand, keen to escape before Frasier noticed him awake. His mentor was amused by the escape attempt, but managed to catch him before his legs gave out, settling him back on the bed, feeling that his point that he was hardly fit for duty stood, since Harry couldn’t.

He stayed with him though, relating the rest of what happened in the time he missed until his student fell asleep to the soothing baritone.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/n: just to let you all know, he will become further involved in episodes, even changing some, as time goes on, though sometimes he will miss out on some altogether.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

parts from Season 2 episode 17 "Holiday" and Season 2 episode 18 "Serpent's Song" are mentioned.

The events of Season 2 ep. 16, do not happen.

When Harry returned with his fellow team of rookies after an off-base training session about a month after the events with the ancient device, Harry was glad to be back in the hustle and bustle of Stargate command after his two weeks at a NASA training in the zero G chambers and familiarizing himself with things that only astronauts, until now that is, needed to know (Harry was not overly fond of space suits). He and his fellow trainees would be attending such lessons for 2 weeks every second month, which was logical considering their work, and they being Universal Soldiers and all.

The only thing that Harry took away from the experience that he highly enjoyed was the High-G portion of their training, breaking a few current records for his weight class on the Centrifuge and the 3 Axe Spinner. Harry had pocketed a sizable win on the bets made against him. he loved it when people underestimated his capabilities because of his size.

Harry and the others had dumped their things back at barracks and split soon after to do their own thing, not exactly being on duty yet until the next morning, so Harry strolled alone towards Teal’c’s quarters to hopefully join his mentor in a bit of meditation. He knocked on the door only to be somewhat surprised to have it open to find Jack on the other side.

“Harry Grey,” he greeted the surprised Harry, not noticing the quickly narrowed eyes as he continued “it is good to see you have successfully returned from your training…” before Jack could finish, Harry lunged forward, startling the man who suddenly found himself flat on his back, his student straddling his hips with the tip of a dagger at his throat.

“I was unaware that you also carried a dagger,” the man mused in a very uncharacteristic calm tone.

“I am full of surprises,” Harry snarled, “now tell me who the hell you are and where Colonel O’Neill is or I swear to Merlin I will gut you from nose to dick…slowly!”

“You recognized that I am not O’Neill?” the man beneath him commented, looking proud, a disturbing look on the normally sarcastic leader of SG1.

“Wasn’t hard to figure out, there is no way that the Colonel would ever use my first name, nor would he be in Teal’c’s quarters without the man there, and nor would he look proud of me.”

“Whoa there!” another person joined the fray with a familiar baritone from directly behind Harry and suddenly large dark hands were grabbing him and pulling him away. Harry twisted away like an eel, eyeing the familiar look of his mentor, only…

“Back up!” Harry pulled his hand gun from his leg holster, pointing it in Teal’c's face.
“Easy their tiger…” the large bald man spoke, trying to sound soothing, “there is no need to get excited, we can explain, just give me the gun and we’ll have a nice chat alright?”

Harry stared incredulously, “are you kidding me? Your bloody not who your pretending to be, and your both bad at it I might add, there is no way that the real Teal’c displays that much emotion openly. He also would have not told me to lower my weapons in suspicious situation…and he’d never called me tiger, so back off or you’ll be shitting through a few extra holes if you don’t already.”

The man posing as Jack stood up in a fluid movement and commented, “He is right, of course, from his perspective our personalities and words would not match the bodies we are currently wearing. And judging by his threats, he must believe us to be invading aliens.”

The one wearing Teal’c’s face grumbled irritably but saw his point.

It took the combined efforts of the two, explaining the body swapping situation, and sometime of Harry observing exactly how the two acted, to finally lower his weapon.

To say the least, when everyone was returned to their real bodies, no one was more happier then Harry, there were limits sometimes to just how weird a situation could go, though he would later be required to have a little talk with the General in his office about putting the leash on his paranoia, because obviously he believed there was only so far overreacting could go.

Harry accepted the rebuke, unable to explain things like Polyjuice potion and possessing Dark Lords whose existence made his reaction rather sensible to his commanding officer.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry’s first time meeting a Goa’uld was not on a mission, but instead nearly on his own doorstep itself, and not just any Goa’uld, but the Big Kahuna of problematic snakeheads (or the one that had caused SGC the most pains, particularly Teal’c and Daniel) a man by the name of Apophis.

He was brought in, rescued from another Goa'uld overlord, by- a sadistic irony that Harry was rather familiar with when it came from fate’s twisted sense of humour- SG1 themselves. The rest of his contemporaries were either off world at the time (Joe and Fan), or attending a Science Seminar at some university in Switzerland (Hailey).

Apophis was…smaller then he imagined, or perhaps to be more specific, his host was smaller than he had imagined, from the way the others talked about him, and the mission reports described him, he’d imagined something a bit…grander. It might have been the fact that both host and symbiote were dying, from what he learned from Frasier, who had him there for a rare chance to observe a Goa’uld while he was unable to try anything funny.

Teal’c was agitated, not surprisingly, and Daniel had tried, to no avail, to wrest the location of his wife, who was currently host to Amunet and Apophis’s’ queen. Both had left, looking highly ticked off (Teal’c) and depressed (Daniel).

Frasier, he would give the woman credit, treated one of the greatest enemies to Earth like any other patient and could admire her ability to stick to her oaths as a doctor.

Harry himself, looking down at the man held firm in casts and restraints, wondered how he would feel if this was Voldemort or, since the man had at least had the decency to agree to their Accord, Bellatrix Lestrang? Harry felt a spurt of vindictive glee at the thought of Bellatrix being in a similar situation, making Harry rather bemused at his own rather skewed roster of people who pissed him
Would he have the ability to treat her just like any other patient? Was he capable of that amount of compassion?

Being an Occulmans and a student of a Jaffa warrior, he knew himself well enough to acknowledge that no; he was not capable of not feeling some sort of vindication at seeing one’s enemy on their death bed, perhaps even helping them along into the hereafter.

He had watched Teal’c as his mentor questioned his old master, the man who had enslaved his people, who had done so many horrible things, and did not blame the unusual pleasure that Teal’c displayed at seeing his enemy laid bare and dying before him.

He knew Jack was inclined to shoot him more than anything; he was not a happy camper at the moment, especially with the situation with Sokar, the actual Satan of Goa’uld, affecting their gate. He hoped that his friends and the rest of the SG teams off world manage get to Alpha site alright.

The medical bay was currently rather deserted, as Apophis was somewhat stable at the moment and all the medical staff were having a quick meeting over their next move and preparing for when Sokar may burst through the gate with his weapon that was currently trying to drill a hole through the iris, though Harry suspected that should that happen, there was not much that could be done. The base was on lock down and it was all more a waiting game at the moment.

The other Symbiote, though not a Goa’uld from his understanding, Martouf, a Tok’ra (a rebel faction of symbiotes that had formed an uneasy alliance with the SGC) that was one of the allies of Earth in the fight against their mutual enemy, had been called in. He was currently with Carter trying to figure out a plan of action. Harry had yet to meet him, both Tok’ra and the rest of SG1 and the SGC scientists being holed up trying to figure out a plan.

Harry knew there was a plan to increase the speed of the dialing sequence when the 38 minute window, the maximum a wormhole could remain open, before either side would have to redial in an attempt to wrest control of the gate back from Sokar who was slowly crisping the iris at the moment.

Harry was not one to comfortably sit on his laurels during a tense situation though, but there was nothing he could do, or risk doing with alien technology, so Harry decided he could help in other avenues, and perhaps figure out a little personal hypothesis of his own while he was at it.

“You know,” Harry mused out loud, stepping out of the shadows “I expected you to be…taller, but then again, I find that people underestimate us shorties.”

Apophis’ eyes snapped open and turned to glare at Harry, “so, I am now a sideshow for Tau’ri pups am I? Begone whelp! You are nothing to me,”

“Of course,” Harry agreed amicably, swaying back and forth on his heels casually. He turned his eyes when he caught sight of one of the observing nurses and soldiers gesturing for him to leave from the above enclosed observation deck, not liking someone so low ranking in such a sensitive place talking to a prisoner of war without clearance. While he had been allowed to observe from above the treatment area, he had not exactly been given permission to approach the patient in person, though in Harry’s thinking, he had not exactly been ordered not to either.

Harry flexed a bit of his magic (agitated by all the impending doom tension and the constant opening and closing of the gate) in the direction of the mics, short circuiting them so what he was saying could not be heard. It was a risk, what he was planning, but there was something that he wanted to figure out, and for that he couldn’t let anyone hear him. He also took the extra risk to short circuit the
electrical locks on the door to the room, figuring that the disruptions would be blamed on a sudden
electrical surge caused by the gate fracas and not him. Muggles were like that, searching out the more
plausible, mundane explanation for the little things.

“Just you and me Lord Apophis,” he said sweetly, a lazy smile curling his lips.

The system lord’s gaze snapped back to Harry, he looked a bit more interested now as he said “you
acknowledge that I am a lord? How unusually refreshing from a Tau’ri.”

“Well, you’re no god, it’s safe to say, and whether you earned it or not, whether you are an enemy or
not, I understand the egos of beings such as yourself, things tend to go better if egos are partially
acknowledged,” Harry replied honestly, “after all, your not my first encounter with a Snake lord.”

“At least you acknowledge me, even if it is mocking or cajoling,” Apophis grumbled, obviously in a
mood to be somewhat chatty “It seems the Tau’ri have not raised their young completely without
manners,” the man coughed and Harry could see and hear the concave chest rattling.

Harry’s smile went into full smirk central with a bit more teeth barred, and if Apophis were inclined
to fully appreciate the moment, he would have been disturbed by the look directed his way.

“I am here because I want to ask you something Lord Apophis. It’s simple really; all you have to do
is answer me in a yes or no.”

The man glared at him suspiciously; Harry chuckled, looking entirely too innocent for the suddenly
now weary patient.

:Greetings Apophis, say yes if you understand me?:

Apophis’ eyes nearly bugged out of his head, he let loose a stream of panicked Goa’uld.

:Yes or no, dying one,: Harry hissed more forcibly, :I care not for your ramblings.:

“Yess...” the man choked in English, a hiss in his tone, eyes flaring with white light in his extreme
emotion. The machine he was hooked up to showed that his blood-pressure was not in the best
range, and Harry could hear bangs on the door now as an alarm began to sound. Harry went over
and made a token effort to try to open it, to keep up appearances.

“It’s locked!” Harry called out innocently.

“Just hold tight Private, there appears to have been a power surge,” a sergeant called through the
door, “probably caused by the attack from Sokar”.

Harry nodded to the frantically watching doctor in the observation deck, and returned to Apophis
before either the men at the door or the doctor above could give him any signal to desist.

He bent closer, looming over the trembling alien, his innocent look of distress dissolving back into
his Cheshire smile now that his face was turned away from witnesses, :now tell me dying one, you
seem rather startled by me, why is that?:

“You should not exist!” he raged, “It is impossible for a human to speak True-speech! Even our
hosts are incapable! How have you come to manage this unholy of abominations?!”

:It doesn’t matter, at least not to you anymore. I only came to say that for what you have done to
those whom I care about on this base, you will suffer. Had you not been here and we had met on the
battlefield, I would show you existences of agony beyond which not even your quaint Sokar can
Harry’s eyes, unbeknownst to him, but to the terror of Apophis, had bled to red, *you are nothing; Sokar is nothing, as are the rest of your fellow Goa’uld overlords. You are all to me just little snakes in the end, alien though you are, snakes that are bound to follow and answer truthfully the will of their Master. Now, I will ask you a few things and YOU WILL ANSWER PARASITE!*:

Apophis whimpered as the machines made even more distressed noises, but he was too weak and terrified to put up to much of a resistance so he answered Harry’s questions, though they were in frantic Goa’uld this time (True-speech could not be spoken by a Goa’uld while in a host).

By the time that the door was opened and Frasier swooped in with her team, Harry was standing in relaxed parade rest next to the deeply shaken alien.

Frasier kicked him out of the room, unsurprising as he had obviously upset her patient given the petrified looks that Apophis was shooting Harry, and thus he was escorted to General Hammond’s office where he was given the dressing down of his life by General Hammond and Jack both.

When they were done the General finally sat back in his chair, a bottle of anti-acids within easy reach, and Jack looking ticked.

“I know it wasn’t my place to interfere sir,” Harry finally started explaining himself after he was gestured to give his report and explanation, “and it wasn’t some simple curiosity. I just...” he let out a breath, “I understand that I did wrong sir, and I accept whatever punishment that you give me.”

“What did you say to him?” Jack asked, after he cooled down a bit, “Frasier said that you were terrorizing her patient. As in, so freaked out, it was just shy of a heart attack terrified.”

Harry’s eyes hardened and when he spoke there was an almost hissing undertone to his words, and for a moment, Jack thought he saw the briefest flash of red but put it off as a trick of the light. “He hurt those I care about, and through his actions brought Sokar down on our heads, endangering more people, people that I respect and care for, and has nearly invaded Earth and taken lives of good people. He has tortured, mutilated, and murdered trillions of people during his centuries reign and destroyed entire planets and laughed as his victims and enemies alike wept at his feet. He is a sick, twisted fuck, and while I never fought him personally, I will not tolerate his presence around those I care about. He became my enemy when he became theirs.”

“I understand the sentiment son,” General Hammond sighed, popping a few pink pills, “but you must understand that this is a delicate situation that you may have inadvertently made worse. Now tell me what it was that the man said to you.”

General Hammond and Jack were both aware that he had not exactly said what it was that he had done to terrify Apophis, but they let it go if it at least yielded information.

“I…encouraged him to tell me where Daniel’s wife was, the state of his armies, and a list of his… sins for lack of a better word, in summery.”

Both commanders sat forward in interest.

“First,” Harry said, organizing what he had learned, “both Col. O’Neill…”

“Call me Jack,” the other interrupted, surprising the other two males at the concession who grumbled, “What? Anyone that can scare the glow off of a snake-head and get something out of it has earned the right to call me by my first name, even if he was being to beig for his breeches.”
General Hammond frowned at the encouraged familiarity, especially over something so insubordinate, but Harry and Jack, acknowledged out loud for the first time that they had, some how, finally reached a bonding moment outside of fishing, shared a grin, though both went back to serious faces at the reprimanding look from Hammond, so Harry continued.

“...Both Jack and Teal’c were right from the beginning, Apophis would not have helped you. He might have given you tidbits here and there to get what he wanted, but it would have been old or false information. Jack was right in that you should have just shot him and left him to Sokar, though that likely wouldn’t have lasted long as Sokar is apparently a master torturer and would have revived and killed him a thousand times over on some sort of boogieman hell planet that even the Goa’uld system lords fear to venture near, Sokar’s home base I believe.”

Both commanders blinked, rather surprised and bemused that apparently even the Goa’uld had their version of Hell themselves.

“The second thing I was able to learn is that our intelligence on his armies are also true, he lost a great deal of his forces to both Earth and Sokar. He has a few camps of in-training Jaffa, and some small hold out cells squirreled away on a planet somewhere with a Ha’tok ship or two, but that’s about it.”

Then his voice turned grave as he said, more apologetic, “When Amunet realized that Apophis was losing power, she abandoned him, and he does not know where she is…I’m sorry I wasn’t able to do more for Dr. Jackson.”

He listed off a few more things, like names of known system lords and his war with some other Goa’uld named Chronos, but eventually finished with, “there is more, but it was basically what I said in summary of when I described him in the beginning. He is...a monster sir, and I wish to not talk about some of the things he revealed to me. It does not matter in the end; just know I was not exaggerating.”

General Hammond didn’t push him further, noting the greenish complexion, and eventually dismissed the Private. When he left, he turned to Jack.

“You were right in picking him for the program Colonel, he is definitely...different. I want you to keep a better eye on him though. He’s a little more proactive then I like and there is something...off that I can’t quite put my finger on, but feel it deep in my impending ulcers.”

Jack nodded solemnly, but he couldn’t help the slight grin on his face, “still, I’ll treasure the look on Apophis' face for a long time.”

“Hmmm...I have to agree with you there, it’s why he is doing one month of latrine and kitchen duties instead of three.”

Ooo ooo ooo

Apophis eventually passed on and Teal’c himself carried the emaciated corpse, wrapped in a hospital sheet, to the restored Stargate, and when there was no more sign of Sokar, it was determined that he was satisfied with the tribute.

Sometime later, when Harry showed up freshly washed after his first night of punishment at Teal’c’s room for their annual meditation time, something that he was looking forward to, he was surprised when Teal’c grasped his arms for a tense moment before he was released and he grasped Harry’s shoulders, the pride on his face was obvious.

“While the others may not have agreed with your actions for the most part, know that I am proud to
have you as my student, you honored me by declaring vengeance partly on my behalf, even though it was not necessary. You have shown me that you value me as not only your teacher or your friend, but as a Jaffa warrior would.”

Harry smiled, grasping his mentor’s shoulders in return, despite the stretch, and said softly, “Tak ma tay Master Teal’c.”

“Tak ma tay, Harry.”

Ooo ooo ooo

A/n: Review and let me know what you think.
Harry’s next mission through the Stargate was to retrieve a downed UAV plane on a primitive arboreal planet that had an indigenous population with SG1.

Carter was unhappy, as her most likely millions of dollars’ worth of technology had crashed in a manner that she insisted shouldn’t have happened. It reminded Harry fondly of Ferdy when his old roommate would find an unpredictable glitch in his precious computer programs, or when Manny confounded Ferdy with the illogical impossibility of eating an entire extra-large pizza all on his own during Leave and not get sick.

When they stepped through the gate, with Harry taking up the rear for the 10 mile hike to where the last known location of the device was calculated to be, he listened to Teal’c and Daniel have an easy talk, while Harry kept an eye out to make sure the “docile aliens” as Daniel had called them upon their arrival, lived up to that assumption without literally biting them in the ass (you never know after all).

Several hours later they eventually arrived at their destination to find the UAV gone, and odd, round balled tipped white plants, one of which was toppled over and oozing bright yellowish-green sap, as the only evidence to indicate the crash zone.

Carter wanted them to gather a few samples for the botanists back home, who insisted through communications through the gate that it might have medicinal purposes. Poor Daniel was sneezing up a storm, while Jack remained blasé and slightly bored. Teal’c began showing Harry how to read the nearby foot prints and drag marks left by the local natives and the stolen plane, Harry absorbing intently.

“As you can see Harry,” Harry grinned mentally, it had taken months but he had finally gotten the man to refer to him by his first name, “the plane was dragged off that way,” he gestured before them with his staff weapon, also alerting the others for the next leg of their journey at the same time.

They soon came upon a clearing with perfectly rounded grass dwellings, a lot of them Harry noted, as he looked over the terrain with his own pair of binoculars.

Suddenly, out of the corner of Carter’s eye, a movement in some bushes caught her attention, and a bald pale head painted in white streaks popped out. Carter grabbed Daniel, gesturing in the now standing alien figure’s direction. Daniel tugged on Jack’s coat and cleared his throat, “ahem, Jack,” he gestured over with his head. Jack turned around, his binoculars still attached to his eyes. The native raised his hands, imitating Jack.

Teal’c raised his eyebrow at the figure, while Harry hummed in thought. It seemed that cloths really were non-existent after all. Daniel meanwhile, lifted his hand tentatively, waving at the native and called out “Hi!”

The native didn’t appear to like that very much as it turned tail and ran back to its village giving off a
high pitched rapid sound from its lungs. This drew out similar looking beings, which gathered outside their homes and goggled in the team’s direction. SG1 watched all this from their binoculars and Jack asked, “So, do they look like friendly folks Daniel?”

“Well, I guess we’ll find out,” Daniel sighed, when he saw the determined glint in Jack’s eye.

It turned out that the locals were a friendly, curious lot. They would imitate gestures and body movements that SG1 did, and had a habit of taking something from off their belts that didn’t belong to them, as well as being absent of the notion of personal space. Harry was strongly reminded of Nifflers and kept a weary eye on his things.

Harry remained calm throughout the alien examination, and even smiled when Daniel commanded the others to project a friendlier mien, though Harry half suspected he was guessing by this point, as no one can say how an alien culture would react to something like a smile. Harry remembered from his time with the goblins, that they considered smiles with lips closed to be an insult, and smiles with teeth showing to be a challenge. Harry learned quickly about facial control during his long stay with them, so he decided that a bland expression was perhaps the best.

Interestingly, they didn’t like the sound of Daniel’s sneezing, and they appeared to have no spoken language that they were aware of, beyond a rather beautiful communal melodic warble that would have made any soprano at home envious.

Daniel eventually began mingling, trying to use whatever communication skills that he can to find out where their missing equipment was. Harry meanwhile, found himself sitting in the shelter of the shade of a hut to calm his breaths.

There was something about this place that…

When he had first arrived on this planet, he had thought that the agitation in his magic was the usual standard that he always suffered when he traveled a Stargate, but it had remained, even after they had put quite a few miles between him and the Stargate. The magical agitation would have settled by then, or at the very least, become minimal enough that it just became white noise in the back of his head, dealt with by his occulmancy shields.

At first he thought there might be some Ancient Technology nearby, but while he could describe what it was specifically, there was something that felt different to it. It reminded him of the times when he had unknowingly had a magical tick stuck to his back and his magic had tried to warn him until the thing grew to the size of a football in potions suddenly one day and he passed out.

He rubbed his temples. His headache had also gotten worse. He didn’t feel so hot.

Harry didn’t report it to the team when he managed to gather himself and return to Teal’c’s side, when the Jaffa, since at the time he had thought it was a symptom related to his magic and not anything that was concerned with more than just him, until the indigenous population started dropping like flies.

Of course, this elicited a great deal of concern among the team as worries about interplanetary contamination and other hazards rampaged through their suppositions and thus the cavalry was called in the form of a rather dedicated and talented team of medical scientists headed by Doctor Frasier soon joining SG1 at the village.

He had noticed, along with Teal’c, that after Frasier and Carter had left with one of the aliens to run tests back at the SGC, that Daniel and Jack would snap at each other more irritably then they usually do, both complaining of a headache and their balance would occasionally appear off as well at times.
It was eventually decided that they needed to return to SGC for a full examination, as there was worry that it might be something that was passing from the natives to them, which is when Harry lost any last dregs of hope that his own headaches might be more magically related, and Harry finally added his own 2 cents, reluctantly coming forward to the medical team with his own symptoms. Unlike the others though, Harry requested to stay on the planet, since his physical symptoms were not quite as bad, (he had yet to bite the head off of anyone) and they may need someone still afflicted on the planet. Teal’c was left behind as well, to keep an eye on both Harry and the natives, mainly because of his symbiote, being the godly germ filter that it was, and thus at little risk of contamination.

When everyone was gone to do their own thing, the others to return through the gate and Teal’c to survey the other villages, Harry retreated to one of the huts, the one that was being used to house the sick, and curled up in an out of the way corner.

Teal’c came in once to check on him, but by that point, it was all Harry could do to remain conscious. All he could tell finally through his general misery was that his magic was not happy with something related specifically with the planet itself, and was agitated in a fashion much like constantly poking a bear with a stick.

The natives must have sensed something more to his condition as well, since, while normally docile so far, they actually began crowding Teal’c away, crowding close to Harry in a huddle and herding his mentor away from his side. Teal’c was only assuaged when Harry gave the man a strained nod, meeting the man’s eyes and mouthed “go,” before pale bodies blocked them from view of each other.

The group that were still able to walk gathered around him, threw back their heads and let loose their strange singing. Interestingly, his magic calmed under the unusual melodic noise, and Harry relaxed somewhat from his tight curl. Harry’s magic was so entranced with the sound, that he didn’t hear when his mentor gave a yell of pain and fell to the ground outside.

ooo ooo ooo

Teal’c had a long struggle back to the gate.

He had not wanted to leave his student behind, said student having obviously understated his condition to the rest of them to the point where it was agitating the native population. He made a mental note to severely reprimand Harry later. Still, they had not seemed to want to hurt him, so he felt at least somewhat confident that Harry would be alright in their care, so he was forced under the agonizing pain in his head and the nausea churning in his belly, to struggle to the Stargate to get help. With the way both of them were at the moment, only one of them was likely to succeed in making it anyway.

Some hours later, when they returned through the gate, a medical team at the ready to bring the private back through the Stargate, Harry was unconscious. At least, that was what the EM’s proclaimed, and there was a mad scramble, thankfully not being impeded by the natives this time, scared off by all the foreign noises and bulky med gear.

When Harry returned to the base, and was placed in the medbay, Frasier let out gusty sigh, “I seem to always have you in one of my bed’s Grey,” she told the prone form. She managed to urge the looming hulk of worry that was Teal’c, now recovered, back to give her room to work.

“I do not understand why he has not awakened? The rest of us felt better when we returned.” He asked her.
“From what you told me, Grey understated his reaction to the planet, not surprising,” Frasier said, giving an aggravated snort, “it’s possible he was more sensitive to the sound that was being produced by the plant stalks,” this relating to the recent find that they had discovered as the source behind what was ailing everyone, who knew singing plants being damaged by the crashing probe could cause so much strife?

“Combine that with him having been the longest to remain on the planet, it could all be factors as to his unconsciousness despite the amount of time…” her voice trailed off when she frowned, running her equipment over the prone form, then checking his pulse and heart beat again.

“Now that doesn’t make sense…his pulse is abnormally slow, and breath is barely there…”

Suddenly, Teal’c had a thought, “he may have entered into a meditative trance,” Teal’c suggested.

Frasier gave him a raised eyebrow of her own.

“I have been training him in kel’nor’reem. It is possible that he initiated a trance to escape the effects of the planet, which could be why his in this state.”

“I thought that humans could not reach that deep of a trance without a symbiote?” Frasier frowned

“That is true for most humans Doctor Frasier, but some humans, with practice over a long period of time, can reach a state very close to it, and Harry already had extensive meditation experience already when I taught him. I have seen him enter these states a time or two before during our sessions. The best we can do is let him come back to himself on his own.”

Frasier sighed, she supposed that was the only recourse in the long run, but she wanted to make absolutely sure that it was nothing else, so she had him run through with the usual barrage of tests, but other than the physical manifestations of the trance, the young solider appeared to be as healthy as he ever was…which in her opinion could do with a bit more healthy, but she supposed that she could sneak in a few vitamin shots while the boy was at her mercy…er, conveniently her patient at the moment.

When Harry did come out of the trance a few hours later, it was exactly as Teal’c proclaimed, and he was again proud of his protégé that he was able to achieve such a necessary skill and utilize it in a dire situation, whether Jaffa or not. Though that didn't stop Teal’c, Frasier, Hammond and the rest of SG1 scolded him for not being honest about the severity of his condition earlier, and had received bathroom cleaning duties yet again for his troubles.

Harry was privately just glad to be home and back in control of himself comfortable again, and mentally tacked an extra thing on the list of alien things to watch out for magically speaking. Though he wished that he could have found some way to thank the natives for understanding his condition enough to try and help him.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes


::Parcetounge::
:non-english:

Harry was on leave, along with the rest of his team, who were back from their own missions, and for some fun Harry hosted them at his cabin. They watched horror movies, laughed at the science fiction, went fishing, though his group were not as overly enthusiastic about it as Harry, but enjoyed the cooked results. They danced, played video games, and generally took the time to be young somethings on the cusp of adulthood.

When they returned they were told by a rather chatty Lieutenant from SG3 about the little boy and the invisible aliens known as the Reetou which ran amok throughout the base. It sounded like the SGC had some fun as well while the trainees had been gone. They were taken aside and taught the mechanics and uses of the new devices that had been cooked up for detecting the invisible aliens, and they were treated to several mock skirmishes over the next month in dealing with possible incursion by invisible foes.

It would be the first time Harry thought nostalgically about his old invisibility cloak. He’d locked it away in a hidden location before he had gone to his new school along with his wand when he had given up on the magical world for good. He had not wanted to risk either the temptation (especially given his previous experiences) or the possible breach of the statute of secrecy. Harry wondered how much more effective the mock skirmish would be if he still had it and whether the new devices might actually be effective against it? He soon shook that thought out of his mind though.

Since Harry was the assigned commander of the trainee unit, despite the fact that their small corner were rarely altogether as a team being in and out of training, Harry had made what little executive decision he had as the group leader to make sure that his unit carried one of these devices on themselves at all times. It would not do to get caught unawares, as Harry was much more aware of the possibility of invisibility then any of the muggles could be aware of outside of aliens. It was why he was not surprised by the mention of the Reetou, as he had frankly wondered why it hadn’t happened sooner. It couldn’t be specific only to wizards after all; Harry refused to believe the universe was that selective or that boring.

While his team was busy being trained in the latest gear and strategies, thus grounding them to base for the foreseeable future from their SG teams until they were up to date, Harry missed out on SG1’s little adventure in time traveling, though from what he understood of the report afterwards, they had gone back to 1969, and had also, briefly, been in the future. Harry was privately glad. He’d already had enough of time travel when he was 13, though it was only going back a few hours, it was a damn headache. He also knew that he might have fucked up the timeline royally being there, since, despite his occulmancy, a much younger and most likely less agreeable Voldemort would have detected the presence of their bond, and that would have messed things up if the dark wizard had
gone to investigate and discovered him ahead of schedule.

The next mission through the Stargate for Harry though would prove to be one of his more risky trips. A risk to his secret getting out that is.

Ooo ooo ooo

When Harry awoke, he was cold and shivering, looking up at the concerned faces of strangers.

“Easy Private Grey, you’re In the SGC” the brown haired middle-aged woman said, “just take slow breaths, don’t try to speak,” she instructed in a soothing voice as she began checking his vitals, while Harry wheezed and coughed, mightily confused by both his surroundings and his current condition of naked and super cold.

“Welcome back to the land of the living,” a man in his early sixties with silvered hair, and white streaks at the temples greeted, “I am major General Trophsky and this is Dr. Rowly,” he gestured the women in the white uniform.

The two continued to talk while Harry could feel the growing weight of wrongness all about him, as he noticed through his body’s shock, that both these strangers were dressed in uniforms that were distinctly not SGC standard, yet bore the SGC emblem. Harry very much wanted his axe right about now at the very least, or a gun.

As if sensing his growing confusion and unease, the Doctor stated, “We will do our best to answer some of the questions that are obviously weighing on your mind.”

The Major General nodded as well and explained with a grim look on his face, as if he knew what he was about to tell Harry some bad news.

“First of all, I regret to inform you that the rest of your team, Captain Carter, Colonel O’Neill, Dr. Jackson, and a Jaffa by the name of Teal’c are all deceased.”

There was a charged silence, which lasted long enough that the two officers shared a look and shifted uncomfortably, suddenly inexplicably weary for reasons neither could fathom.

Harry felt as if everything inside were still frozen. His breath hitched and he was sure he stopped breathing, as first denial, and then a wave of devastation swooped through him.

As if to add to his despair, the Doctor added carefully, “as a matter of fact, I imagine that everyone you know is gone now…”

‘What!?’ came the scream, though only in his thoughts.

Tropsky hastened to explain, “the year is 2077.”

With that, Harry’s overloaded mind and weakened condition couldn’t handle anything more and he promptly fell unconscious.

Ooo ooo ooo

When Harry regained consciousness again, he was still in the unfamiliar med bay, hooked up to tubes as some medical personnel working over him, and explained to him the complications of 79 years of frozen sleep.

They also explained that he had been sent back through the Stargate after leaving for a mission by
what they suspected was an advanced civilization they had inadvertently stumbled across. General Hammond and Dr. Frasier at the time had not wanted to risk reviving him without the proper technology, as they were afraid it might kill him.

Then they had proceeded to question him about what had happened on the planet, as apparently no one knew any more than they did how Harry had ended up that way.

Harry though just shook his head, his mind hazy about what had happened when he had left the SGC for what to him seemed only hours ago, but were apparently much longer.

Harry refused to answer any more questions, and he was given space by his new superior officer to recover and find his bearings for the moment.

Harry was eventually released from the med bay, the doctor looking surprised at his quick recovery time from the thawing process, though perhaps more disturbed by it then she let on. The only thing on his mind though was what had happened to his team.

The major general offered to give him a tour of the base, and as Harry eyed the people that went about their business, all complete strangers and dressed similarly to himself in his newly issued olive colored full body suit, agreed in not wanting to face his surroundings alone. Trophsky explained about the various advancements that humanity had made (Voldemort had apparently kept his word about not interfering in the muggle world, per their agreement, unless Dumbledore had won of course, since nothing was mentioned of Magicals) but Harry didn’t care about that. He wanted to know exactly what had happened to SG1. He had gone from devastated to pissed, and set about demanding answers, not caring a hang about chain of command at the moment.

Trophsky seemed a little surprised by his outburst, and a little weary about the light of vengeful violence in his eye. For a moment, Trophsky even thought that their might have been a hint of red around the iris, before he finally dismissed it as a trick of the light, and explained that they had no idea, that SG1’s bodies had been sent through with the cryo unit, no explanation given.

Unable to take the news, his grief and anger overcoming his common sense, he turned and slammed his fist into a nearby wall, his magic crackling from his fist and causing a huge dent and several cracks to run from the impact area.

The man took a step back from the heavily breathing green eyed male, who had dissolved into sobs, unashamed of expressing all that he had lost. Not just his friends and mentor in SG1, but the rest of his trainee team, his old roommates from school, and people that he had come to respect over his time in the muggle world, and his friends from the Wizarding World, though given wizarding longevity, they may still be alive.

“Private?” the superior coughed, clearing his throat, and looking a bit nervous as he eyed the damaged structure, “perhaps I should take you back to the med bay to have that hand looked at?” Harry growled in the man’s direction. He didn’t need any med bay, his magic had protected him from any damage in his expression of grief, and croaked, “Just assign me to my quarters sir, I need to be alone, my hand is fine.”

The man didn’t argue with him and instead directed him to a set of quarters. They were small with only the barest necessities, and Harry realized with a pang he would never see strewn pieces of Fan’s bombs, Joe’s archeology magazines, or Hailey’s science journals and socks strewn about (the SGC didn’t have inspections, so there was a certain relaxing of the usual living standard). He would never be able to send his letters to Ferdy and Manny and the others from school.

Harry just curled up on the military issue single, the scratchy blanket under his chin as he curled up
into a ball and sobbed into the flat pillow.

Ooo ooo ooo

When Harry saw the commander again several hours later, he was more recovered and had calmly answered what he could for the man as he was taken to gaze upon the Stargate. He had been able to remember from the mission packet that there had been rumors of a possible Goa’uld on the planet, there mission had been strictly surveillance from a distance. Teal’c…the thought of the man caused a heavy feeling in his chest, had wanted Harry to come so that he could experience the sight of a Goa’uld attack vessel, and observe Jaffa military procedure. Hammond had reluctantly agreed, still feeling that Harry was too inexperienced to send into such a potentially dangerous situation, but since it was a reconnaissance mission, and Harry needed the experience to learn, he had capitulated to the Jaffa’s request, despite Jack’s own vehement objections, stating that with their luck it likely wouldn’t be all that cut and dried mission of looky-loo.

After that, he didn’t remember anything, and Harry was eventually lead back to his quarters and as they walked, it was explained to him that they may have a technology that could help him remember what had happened.

Harry though refused; surprising the man greatly it seemed, perhaps because of his earlier outburst.

“Why ever not Private Grey? Don’t you want to know what happened to your team? Who froze you?”

Harry growled, a dangerous light in his eye when he thought of the faceless beings that had killed his team.

“Oh yes sir!” blood lusty enthusiasm dusting his tight tone, “but I have my reasons. I also understand your situation with the Goa’uld, but I can assure you, anyone I might know that could have had the capability to be of help, would have already helped you out long ago. If they are strangers, and were inclined to be helpful, they also would have approached Earth long ago to offer assistance. Anyone else, say someone hidden, would either be a neutral faction, like the Nox, would just choose to remain hidden, and I can assure you sir, that those who wish to remain hidden will do so at any cost. As for my answers, I have my own methods for retrieving memories that I will attempt to do if they do not return on their own in a reasonable amount of time. And time is what I got now sir, since I doubt you or your superiors will allow a rookie that hasn’t even finished his training yet from 79 years ago will allow me near a military situation that I am unqualified for. I am sure it will take me long enough to re-accustom myself to a new time frame in and of itself, so no, I know where I stand, and I don’t need your tech sir.”

The major general suddenly looked less pleasant, and for a moment Harry actually thought the man was going to force the issue, but he seemed to gather himself, and gave Harry a stiff nod, escorting him back to his quarters without a word.

There was also another reason, though Harry of course didn’t say it. He was unsure how his magic would take to a mental intrusion, particularly of the technological variety. He had a strong suspicion that it would likely destroy the machine in retaliation. No, time may have past, but if the Magical were indeed still hidden, he was not going to be the one to fudge with the statute of secrecy, he was already nervous enough about his redecorating punch from earlier. No, he was going to keep his head low for the time being.

Ooo ooo ooo

:He is not responding to either the drugs we have been subtly putting through the air vents to make
him more tractable, and what we put in the food is useless, as it seems he refuses to eat. A male voice intoned as he bowed before a figure in shadows, "we had not expected that he would reason his situation so thoroughly, even through his emotional distress. We are upping the sedatives through the air vents but they are as yet still proving ineffective. He also says that he has a way to retrieve the memories themselves if they do not return in the 3 week window that our agent has managed to convince the boy to give his mind before trying whatever method he had not revealed."

"How is it that he has proven resistant to your drugs?" the mysterious figure on the throne snapped.

The man bowed lower, "we have scanned him thoroughly, and all that is revealed to us is a normal healthy human of early adult years, we have not been able to detect anything either natural or artificial in him that could be helping him to resist our persuasions...but there is something else."

An image was brought forth before the enthroned figure. Finery shifted slightly as they sat forward, intrigued by the image of the small male punching a hole in a wall and not receive any injury for his trouble. If they were inclined for such crassness, the figure might have whistled, impressed.

"Hmmm...do not dispose of him. Even if he was not as helpful as we had hoped, he is relatively youthful of age and newer to the base anyway, information is perhaps not his most valuable quality compared to the others we've acquired, he may yet prove valuable in other venues when this farce has been retired. How do things go with the rest of them?"

At this, the man's shoulders relaxed slightly as he reported that the rest of the humans were proving much more susceptible to their persuasive techniques, despite the near flub up over Apophis being apparently dead and not realizing it when it was brought up with the other subjects, but it was saved luckily and they had already gathered valuable information.

"Continue with your efforts with the others. Leave the boy alone for the moment, keep up the necessary play, but no longer push him. We do not want to alert him to his situation with poking around for information, it may make him suspicious. Focus on the others."

The man bowed again, "yes my god."

Golden eyes flared in the shadows of the throne.

Ooo ooo ooo

Somewhere in an identical medical bay, but far separate from the one Harry occupied, a grey and brunet haired male who was well known for snarking in the face of evil, gripped a tube that had been about to feed glowing drugs into his system, preventing their injection as he listened to the good doctor Rowley and Major General Trophsky speak in a way that was decidedly not English and suspiciously familiar.

When they left, his suspicious mind, even under the influences of the drugs left in his system, began to quickly plan his escape.

Ooo ooo ooo

When Harry woke up, it was to a hand placed over his mouth and 3 very familiar figures standing over him.

"Daniel? Carter? Sir?" Harry yelped into Jack's hand, before he quickly quieted.

Jack lifted his hand and made a shushing gesture and explained in a whisper, "it’s all a trick Grey, the Goa’uld seem to have captured us and put us all through some sort of simulation of a future SGC,
like some sick reality show.”

“Teal’c?” Harry asked in concern, noting that his stoic mentor was not there as he got up.

“We’re not sure yet,” Carter answered. She frowned when she got a good look at him, “why aren’t you wearing one of the memory devices?” She tapped a strange circular nub that was attached to all three of their temples. It must have been the device that Trophsky wanted to use on him earlier.

“I refused to sir,” he replied with a shrug at their baffled looks, “I wanted my memories to return naturally. I thought you were all dead and…I am assuming that 79 years haven’t past?”

“I don’t think so,” Carter replied.

“…I thought there was no need to rush knowledge that I already thought I knew happened so long ago.”

“It’s possible that they thought with his age and status within our group, he wouldn’t know much of anything important,” Daniel surmised finally, “anything more would have risked the scenario they were playing. They could have forced him, but it must require a certain amount of willingness to work. They had us, so they must have thought they had time…”

“Well, that’s all very well kids,” Jack quipped dryly, “but I suggest we find Teal’c and blow this Popsicle stand for the real McCoy. Save the exposition for later.”

The other three nodded.

After sometime stealthy moving through Harry’s replica of the base, finding only very familiar golden walls behind doors, they arrived at K-5, the Department Room.

It was only now that his mind wasn’t fogged by grief, as his team, despite his worry over Teal’c, were all very much alive, that he noticed his magic was quiet. Quieter than it should have been this close to a functioning Stargate, even dormant, and explained when Jack confirmed from his examination that it was fake.

“I don’t understand it,” Carter said, “how can they know so much detail about the base? You don’t think Apophis?”

Then their little hushed talk was interrupted as a figure appeared out of nothingness (Harry would mentally congratulate himself on making sure his trainee team always carried those Reetou Revealers, for this proved his paranoid point exactly).

“Silence!” The new arrival called out “I tire of this farce induced chatter,” she, for it was a she, raised a glowing hand, this was followed by the doors sliding open and Jaffa flooding the fake gate room, led by the Doctor and the Major General.

Harry examined the woman silently, distracted from his self-flagellation over not realizing that the gate was not real earlier. She looked exactly like her photos from the base report over the foothold situation sometime back. It was Fan’s favorite read, to much eye rolling of his roommate, so he was very familiar with the specifics.

Fortunately, Harry knew through the various rituals he had undergone to improve his body, plus his experience with the basilisk venom, the phoenix tears and the imperious curse, he was immune to mind altering substances, and his Occlumency protected him from telepathic manipulation. The goblins and Voldemort had made sure that his mind was sealed better than a high security vault. So at least he didn’t have to worry about that little toxin, that affected only males for some reason, that
this particular individual was reputed for (she also wasn’t exactly his type anyway).

“Hathor,” Harry stated out loud for all of them, his brain settling into that deep calm of readiness.

The Goa’uld turned around from her taunting of Daniel, who looked rather relieved to have some space between them, though Harry couldn’t blame him, considering what happened last time they were together.

She leaned in and slightly down, Harry was irritated to note, and purred into his face, “I am given to understand that you, my fine young warrior, were surprisingly resistant to the methods we employed with your elders.”

“Hey!” Jack barked, affronted, “I’m hardly the ‘Elder’ type granny!”

“Mmmm…yes, you could serve me well,” Hathor ignored Jack and traced a finger down his chest leaning in closer until her curves were pressed against him, Harry grimaced, “you are young, but I am not opposed to one so…fascinating, as you being my new consort, as much as we desire our beloved,” she shot a coy look at Daniel, whose grimace matched Harry’s. Harry did not like the rapacious gleam that had entered her eye as soon as she had locked eyes with his.

Then she breathed into his face, and Harry detected a sweet scent filling his nostrils while the others shouted in horror.

Hathor held a brief look of “ha ha! I win” but that quickly changed when she was soon gifted to a face full of sneezing with spittle and snot flying everywhere.

“Gasuntight,” Daniel offered bewilderingly.

“Ug, sorry about that, your perfume must be a little strong, delicate sinuses you understand,” Harry grumbled, as he finished wiping his nose on his sleeve while Jack couldn’t help but laugh.

“You dare!” she seethed, she took in the rest of them in a swirl of gilded gold and bronze finery as she stated, “Joining me, you can be afforded the greatest of luxuries as my servants,” She began trying to wheedle, “or my consort” the last directed at Harry despite his earlier disrespect, but SG1 remained disdainfully silent.

Looking frustrated by their lack of cooperation, she finally hissed in outrage, “if you will not cooperate, then we have other ways of achieving what I want,” She snapped her fingers and a Jaffa walked in, shirtless.

Harry had a bad feeling he knew where this was going, and sure enough the man’s pouch began to throb tellingly.

He let out a breath, steadying himself. They all knew too much sensitive information. The last thing Earth needed was discovery by aliens of the hidden civilization, a Goa’uld infested Wizarding population was the last thing the universe needed right now, and with the war still going on between the Dark and Light (he was sure that it was still happening, given the various moods and occasional snippet of info that filtered upon occasion through the barrier between him and Voldemort) it would be all too easy for the Goa’uld to swoop in and take hosts before anyone realized what happened.

He was not happy, what he had to do, what he knew had to go down in front of witnesses. He would have to make up a real quick story and hope he was able to mitigate the damages.

The team watched as she reached into the Jaffa’s pouch and pulled out a mature symbiote. It hissed at them, unhappy at being pulled out so rudely from its comfortable nest of fluids and flesh. She held
the creature before them, and Harry could hear the symbiont’s hisses of approval, now that it saw that it was about to receive a host.

“Our friend here,” Hathor purred as she approached them, the symbiote wrapped around her wrist, four glowing red eyes staring at them beadily “is ready for a host. Tell us, which one of you shall it be?”

“It has her eyes,” Jack commented in aside to Carter. Harry couldn’t help the snort of amusement, as the unamused Hathor snapped a “Silence!” at him.

She began walking down the line of prisoners, her temper back under control again, and began musing threateningly, “shall it be…our once-beloved?” she purred as she stroked a hand down Daniel’s cheek, the man cringing again, before moving on to Carter, “or shall it be the female then? She would challenge us?” the symbiote let out a squally noise, “ah! You have since been possessed by a Goa’uld since our last encounter…perhaps again?” she smoothly shifted down the line and stopped in front of Jack. Judging by the interest the symbiote was eyeing Jack, Harry could see where the creature’s choice was going. Another hasty plan formed in his brain, he stepped forward, attracting Hathor’s attention again.

“Private? What are you doing?” Jack demanded, looking ticked that he was putting himself into danger.

“We can’t afford to lose you sir,” Harry answered, confirming the rising suspicion in the team’s eyes, their dawning horror. He turned away from the man’s objections, which were silenced again by a snap from Hathor, as she glided to him.

“It would seem that we have a volunteer my friend, our possible new beloved…ah yes!” she purred happily at the Symbiote’s reaction.

Harry knew why, it seemed that the symbiote could sense something about him, something that drew the creature in the way that all snakes or alien snakes it now seemed, were drawn to Parselmouths. They were unable to resist the call of that particular magic, something he had noticed over the years from time to time with Earth serpents. He used to wake up in the wee hours at his cabin, or other locations, to find himself draped with snakes that had been close enough to feel the draw. It had been rather disconcerting at first, particularly for his roommates. The only reason he’d not had to face any since he moved to the SGC was because they were so deep underground. He hadn’t had this reaction from Apophis, though that could have been because the system lord was on his death bed. Any other Goa’uld on this base had likely been drawn by his power but had been busy with their ruse, and Harry to occupied with his grief at the time to notice. It certainly explained the combination of disturbed and lusty looks that he had gotten from the Doctor earlier, now that he thought about it. The symbiote let out excited squeaks, practically leaping from Hathor’s arm to get at him.

“My…my! He is eager! And you so nobly offer yourself up to our service? Even if it is for the life of your friends, we shall not overlook your submission; you shall know the greatest pleasures indeed embraced in our arms.”

“No!” Jack yelled, but he and the rest, perhaps finally pushing the last of Hathor’s patience, were suddenly blasted off their feet and into a wall by her hand device and they slumped unconscious.

With that one move things abruptly became very simple, so simple in fact that Harry almost couldn’t believe it, and he began to laugh.

This seemed to confuse Hathor and her Henchmen, “you laugh at us? Yet you are the one at our mercy human!...Perhaps the strain of your capture has addled your mind? Still, that will not detour
your fate.”

Two guards stepped forward and grabbed an arm each of the laughing young man, who managed to finally get control of himself, but he still chuckled as Hathor approached, the symbiote inches from his face.

Harry was interested to note through his chuckles from over Hathor’s shoulder, that the good doctor was reaching for a zat gun at her hip subtly.

Now that was interesting…it may become a problem later, but still, he better deal with the situation at hand.

:You dare: The almost demonic hissing fell from Harry’s lips, causing everyone to freeze in surprise.

:You dare to think that you are worthy to share the body and mind of your better? Tsk, tsk!: Harry chided. The guards tightened their hold on him, but he added to the shocked Hathor, :your servants may be immune to my command: a devilish little grin, :but I wonder, if called to sweetly, if your infants that they carry would come out to play?:

‘I hope this works,’ Harry mentally pleaded, ‘Here goes’:Hatchlings, come forth to me!: The Jaffa, every one of them in the room, suddenly clutched their abdomens, or to be more precise, the opening to their Prim’ta pouches, which began to writhe.

The infant Goa’uld burst forth from their protective sacks and wriggled onto the floor, while confused Jaffa staggered about, some trying to catch the struggling creatures.

:Mother snake, order your servants to stand down: he hissed, directing his gaze to Hathor. The terrified Goa’uld, who had backed away from him by this point, looked like she was struggling to disobey, :NOW!: Harry yelled.

:.Stand down!: the system lord yelled through clinched teeth.

Unable to disobey due too Hathor’s own special brand of command and their current physical states, they all fell to their knees obediently. Harry noticed that the brown haired doctor was slightly behind the others; also on her knees, and staring at him goggled-eyed. Yes, he was quite sure he knew what she was now.

It was Harry’s turn to approach the struggling Hathor. He could see she was trying to raise her device at him, but the presence of his Parseltounge, was unable to resist its allure.

:Well now, isn’t this an ironic twist? The one who makes men unable to resist her allure, brought down by the allure of another? How quaint.: he chuckled again, :I would sincerely enjoy taunting you more, but I have work to do before the others potentially awaken and I risk my discovery, thanks for that by the way, you made it all the easier for me, so let’s get to business shall we?:

Hathor sent him a deadly glare.

:Where is Teal’c?:

Something in Harry froze when he saw Hathor’s smile, ::A rotting corpse on a forgettable planet somewhere. We made sure he was injured to the point of death so he could suffer greatly before he died, as a traitor!: Harry felt that heavy feeling from earlier fill him again, but this time it was filled with rage. He lost
track of his surroundings as everything faded down to doing one thing. He grabbed a handful of red hair and hissed angrily, cowing Hathor again, :Then it seems I have no more use of you.: Hathor’s eyes widened, :leave your host.: 

Hathor screamed as the symbiote was forced under Harry’s will to un-blend and detach herself from the host. The back of her neck split open and blood ran down her neck as the symbiote burst forth with a squeal of pain and despair, while the woman screamed for a curdling moment before she fell forward, still and unmoving.

Harry grabbed the symbiote and without remorse, twisted its head off, dropping the body at his feet.

He turned to the cowering Jaffa, their symbiote dead, too young to be in the wide world, the only other symbiote old enough to take a host that had been eying Harry had been crushed beneath Harry’s heel.

.:You fools, you poor sad fools,” he addressed them Goa’uld, :.Yours is a noble race, yet you waste all that potential on false gods.: He told the sweating men, :.Your prim’ta are dead, and without more, your deaths are soon assured, so I offer you a quick death, it is the only mercy I can offer you.: Harry remembered what Teal’c had told him, how even enemies on the battlefield offered mercy killing when such things as this happened. He knew if Teal’c were there, he would be offering the same thing, and it was only because of Teal’c that he even offered them that.

So Harry didn’t stop her as the Doctor, whom he had noticed from the corner of his eye, picked up a Zat and shot each of them twice, and Harry hefted his axe, their weapons retrieved earlier during their escape attempt, and none resisted, though a few stated that they died for the honor of their god beforehand. It was a grim business, and Harry felt old as he turned to the woman, covered in the blood, who was watching him with weary eyes, zat at half-mast as if she were struggling with whether or not to shoot him as well.

He considered her for a long moment and hissed ::answer me truthfully, are you a Tok’ra?:

She seemed to realize the futility of struggling by this point as she answered calmly, though wearily, in English “yes.”

Harry nodded, his suspicion confirmed ::your purpose?:

“I was sent to infiltrate and spy on Hathor’s rising forces.”

::Was my team compromised?:

“She obtained some information, but she did not transmit it anywhere. I erased any files that were made, and was planning on blaming a power surge for the loss of information.”

::And my other companion? Teal’c? is he…really dead?:

“He was as she said, but I managed to have him placed near a Stargate. I cannot be sure if he survived or not, I can only risk outgoing messages at rare moments at best.”

Harry pursed his lips as he felt the weight on his chest ache. He turned his mind away from his grief. He would not let his feelings interfere again until they were out of this mess. He felt bitterness fill him, he would deal with his grief later.

::You said that you are able to send messages out. So does that mean that the SGC is aware of our capture?:
The Tok’ra nodded then asked resignedly, “I suppose you shall kill me now as well to keep your secret? Can you at least tell me…what you are?”

“I am not going to kill you,” Harry shook his head, exasperated, he had to agree with Jack that these people were way to focused on maintaining secrets, suicidily so, it was making them really tunnel-visioned when deciphering the motives of other hidden people such as themselves to a fatally assuming degree, “I can’t say what I am,” he replied in a normal voice, “that is classified, but I can assure you that I am not your enemy or theirs,” he gestured to his fallen teammates, “as for the issue of you knowing what you know now…that won’t be a problem as you won’t remember what happened…I think” with that, he ordered the Tok’ra in Parcel to not remember the events concerning what happened in the final showdown, and ordered her to fabricate a false memory of what happened. Soon after the Tok’ra fell unconscious.

Harry was sitting on the steps of the fake Stargate 10 minutes later, holding his dripping axe, when SG1 regained consciousness.

“Whoa!” Jack slurred, wincing at his pounding headache, man he hated when that happened! and looked around at the nearly empty base said, “where’s the party at?”

Jack scrambled to his feet along with the others when they saw Harry, in a rather gruesome state, gazing at them calmly surrounded by a veritable field of dead bodies. SG1 tensed, eying him suspiciously.

“It’s alright sir, I am very much me.”

“Right,” Jack drawled doubtfully, and the team dived for weapons, which Harry had helpfully left for them nearby, and pointed them in his direction.

Harry stiffened, but didn’t expect anything less; after all, the last thing any of them remembered was Harry about to be taken as a host.

“Wait!” called the voice of the Tok’ra, as she struggled to her feet, having regained consciousness as well, but stilled as Carter turned her weapon in the doctor’s direction, “I am Tok’ra!”

“Sure you are…” Jack drawled, about to express his doubts in that quarter until she quickly called out.

“Captain Carter, your father, host of Selmac, sends his regards and hopes that you and your brother are doing well.”

“Carter?” Jack queried when Sam lowered her weapon.

“I think its legit sir; it’s the phrase dad and I came up with for this sort of situation.”

Jack grunted then turned to the room at large and demanded, “Alright, can someone explain to me what the hell happened?” Jack was looking annoyed.

“First, please, do not point your weapons at Private Grey Colonel, I can assure you that he is not possessed, the symbiote was destroyed,” the Tok’ra assured and Jack, who reluctantly lowered his weapon, all three looking relieved. Harry kept his spot, not quite ready to rejoin as he listened with half an ear to the Tok’ra explaining the false memory of events.

“Hathor was about to implant Private Grey with a symbiote when we were interrupted by the arrival of retaliatory forces by one of the system lords that she had been taking Jaffa from. She abandoned you all to deal with the threat to her facility, leaving only a few guards, myself and Trophsky to
ensure that neither the Private nor your selves escaped. I took advantage of the distraction and took the
guards by surprise, along with the help from your remaining man.” She took a breath, “Hathor
was unable to defeat the invading Jaffa and retreated back here with her few remaining Jaffa. We
took her by surprise. The Jaffa were killed and she was stunned by a zakti al, but she tried to leave
her host and take one of you, and was killed by Private Grey, I am not sure if the host will survive,”
at this Sam shouldered her weapon and bent down to examine Hator’s vacant host

“No, she’s dead,” Sam declared.

The Doctor nodded grimly, continuing “after that, we quickly disposed of the bodies and dragged
yourselves and the former host into a small walkway under the fake gate, which was able to hide us
from searching invaders. They eventually left, satisfied that there was no one, most likely to inform
their master who will soon be descending upon this base, so I suggest we leave, and quickly.”

SG1 gathered some more weapons as they quickly followed the Tok’ra.

They managed to find their gear and quickly redressed, when Jack tried to question her about Teal’c,
the Tok’ra only shook her head. Harry, already aware, swallowed thickly and averted his eyes from
the team’s grim and saddened look.

The retreat to the real Stargate was empty thankfully, it seemed that all Hathor’s Jaffa were in the
room when Harry disposed of her. It was to their surprise though when a small contingent of Jaffa,
SGC teams and General Hammond of all people emerged from the bushes on their approach to the
gate.

“Well, it seems that our elaborate plan of rescue is no longer needed,” drawled Hammond looking
relieved, amused and slightly miffed to have missed on some action.

“Yes sir…” Jack’s voice trailed off when they all spotted a familiar stoic Jaffa bristling with armor,
the setting sun reflecting off his cranium “Teal’c!” he exclaimed happily, “good to see that you made
it!” he wrapped the man in a hug, slapping his back, the rest of the team giving exclamations of
pleased relief.

“I am well indeed, O’Neill, I am glad that you are all fine as well…” his voice trailed off when he
cought sight of his student, who looked pale under the blood soaked skin, and then, rather
unbecoming of a soldier or a Jaffa, Harry unapologetically pushed Jack out of the way, making the
man yelp an indignant "Hey!” and burrowed himself against the taller male, surprising him as the
shaking form held onto him tight, though the trembling was only noticed by Teal’c. Teal’c though
did not scold him on the impropriety, for while he didn’t say it, the potential loss of his student as
well as his friends had been particularly hard. To see him alive and unharmed alongside his friends,
eased something tight inside a he lay a hand on the messy locks as Harry whispered too quietly for
all but Teal’c to hear, “Thank merlin, thank merlin! You’re alright, you’re alright…”

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry’s return from his long captivity with Hathor earned him a commendation from General
Hammond for his exemplary performance in the face of danger, some time off to recover from his
ordeal and a few rounds with the SGC therapists along with the rest of SG1 as was expected for
those recovering from a captive situation, but also because of the fact that he had bloodied his axe
with his enemy’s blood” as Teal’c put it, several times. No one was quite willing to ask why he didn’t
use his p-90.

Teal’c rejoined the SGC (he had left when General Hammond had refused at first to potentially
sacrifice more soldiers in a rescue), but now his friends had returned, and his faith in General
Hammond was restored. Harry had scolded the Jaffa for a long time when he had found about him quitting the SGC over their capture. Harry made the man promise to never do it again, he, like the rest, understood why Hammond had done what he had done, and in the end he had come through for them anyway, even if it was a bit late in coming.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry’s first meeting with Master Bray’tac, Teal’c’s old mentor who had accompanied the SGC through the gate for the rescue was…intense.

The man was pleased that his old student and friend had acquired himself an apprentice (the apprentice classification by Jaffa standards was explained to him later, and Harry was pleased at being given such an honor) in turn, but he had wanted to make sure himself that Harry was worthy of Teal’c as his master, and had remained on base for a week to assess him. In the end, after that exhausting fun fest, the man had given his approval, though he would not forget the words the old Jaffa had given him in private before he left.

“I sense a great deal of things in you that belay the image you present, this would give me pause if it were not for the fact that I also see how you regard Teal’c. I will trust you only on that regard alone…so saying, when you are ready to be honest with him, know that you will have nothing to fear.”

Harry had heard the man was insightful, but not actually experienced it until then, finding it altogether disturbing.

His fellow trainee teammates had greeted him happily; even the slightly offish Hailey had greeted him upon return. She had commented that she was relieved that someone else other than Fan, Harry’s leadership replacement, would be in charge, since Fan was often distracted by shinny explosions. They had a poker night, and told him all about events he had missed out on in the past month that they had been missing.

Harry got in touch with Manny and Ferdy, as he had them down as his next of kin and were likely frantic when they received the phone call that the had been declared lost in the field without explanation. He had also been bombarded by a constant headache from Voldemort as soon as he hit planet side and lowered the barrier long enough toss out another ”bugger off.” Harry sensed that the man was surprisingly relieved that he was alive. The freezing process Harry had undergone had blocked the bond for awhile apparently, doing what occlumency and distance between planets had yet to do completely. Harry had sent scathing thoughts back at the dark lord’s demands for him to tell him what had happened, and then saw to ignoring him.

Eventually Voldemort subsided sulkily and left Harry to do Dark Lord-ish things.

Harry spent his leave meditating with Teal’c or meditating by himself. The things he had done…without the haze of his rage clouding his thoughts, he was forced to face that he had killed many people. It was a line that, for all his threats, he had not crossed since his confrontation with Voldemort in his first year. Taking so many lives had not been easy, and he often saw the bodies of the Jaffa and sometimes even Hathor, in his nightmares for a long time to come. Jack, surprisingly, helped him the most with this, as he seemed to sense that Harry was affected by what had happened, and when he offered to take Harry for a little R and R with some quality worms and a little pond time, he took up the Colonel’s invitation and the two managed to form a bond of sorts over the fishing reel and their experiences with taking a life.

Harry even admitted that he had taken a life once before when he had been very young in self-defence, though he didn’t go in great detail with Jack about it. It surprised him how comforting it was
to share the, abbreviated and abridged version, of his first kill while Jack shared his.

When they returned, Harry felt better, and with a clean bill of health from both Frasier and the shrink, he was allowed to return on missions.

He just hoped that his next challenge was less harrowing then before.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/n: review and let me know what you think.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Makes main reference to Season 3 episode 3 "Fair Game."

::Parseltounge::
::G'ould::

This was a special occasion.

Harry had never attended anything in his formal uniform before, not since his graduation. This time though he had his commendation medal that he had earned for his efforts against Hathor, and as well as the addition of a red sash wrapped around his upper right shoulder arm to indicate his status as commander trainee of the universal Soldier Program.

Fan had managed to escape the formal-fest as he was off world at the moment, and Joe was currently in an isolated ward with the rest of her SG team dealing with some sort of non-lethal, but still debilitating illness that gave them swirly purple spots, a high fever, and a craving for chicken.

This left him and Hailey with the other available crew of SGC to squeeze into the formally draped gate room to watch as a round of soldiers received commendations for their efforts in the battle against the Goa’uld. Harry was just grateful that he had received his in private, General Hammond had been quite amused but understanding about Harry’s rather near-allergy inducing reactions to award celebrations or parties in which any sort of focus was paid on him receiving one. It was true; there were rashes, nasty ones.

The rest of SG1 was standing on the ramp while the Secretary of Defense, representing the President who could not be there, gave them the usual congratulatory speech (though a well written one). Harry clapped with the others when a surprised, but delighted Carter was given the stars of a Major for her own exemplary work.

Things really got interesting though when Jack, who had been about to give his own speech, disappeared in a beam of white light.

A man of few words indeed!

Needless to say, things went into an orderly sort of chaos as the base came on alert under the firm hand of General Hammond, and the secretary of state was led under guard to a secure bunker deep in the bowels of the mountain set aside for just this purpose.

Harry, along with Hailey, grabbed their weapons, though his included the recent addition of a staff weapon, having finally earned the privilege from Teal’c, and they took up a defensible position in a hallway near the med bay either defend or assist the doctors should they need it.

It was an intense 25 minute wait.

Harry felt the adrenaline in his system subside though when an announcement over the PA system said that Jack was back and that they could stand down.
Harry and Hailey nodded at each other, both in accord that they should be where their skills were best needed with her on hand with the other scientists and Harry with the rest of SG1.

Sometime later in the debriefing room, the news was…interesting to say the least.

Apparently the Asguard, the small grey aliens of the kind closer to what conspiracy theorists on Earth liked to depict of extra-terrestrials, the ones who saved Jack from the Ancient’s repository, wanted to negotiate to have Earth in some sort of planetary treaty under their protection.

The real kicker though was that they would be negotiating with Goa’uld system lords.

Harry, since he seemed to be more of a fixture within the team now and was sitting beside Teal’c, nearly groaned out loud at this little tidbit. More Snakeheads, Gah! He knew he would have to be extra careful to be as scarce as duty permitted him.

Harry had thought long and hard after the incident with Hathor and how she had been very interested in him, and some of the conclusions he had reached, then some of these thoughts confirmed when he recounted in his memory of the Tok’ra, whose name he didn't really remember outside the alias of Rowley, had kept staring at him with a disturbed/lusty look after that little adventure until they all managed to separate afterwards. Jack had ribbed him for weeks afterwards about her smoldering glances.

He had determined after some consideration that this draw became strongest as soon as he meant the eyes of the Goa’uld, since Hathor had likely seen him through surveillance plenty of times during her little Back to the Future act and hadn’t made any moves on him until their gaze met during the big reveal, the same with the Tok’ra, whose eyes he hadn't meant until the end of it all, along with anyone else do to his depression.

This may explain why Teal’c’s prim’ta had not reacted to him since Harry had never spoken Parcel in his mentor’s presence.

He wondered if Voldemort would have the same problem if he were in this situation. Harry shivered, oh yes he likely would, though Voldemort would not see it as a problem and would likely be the head honcho of the universe before lunch with the power he could wield.

It was as they were in the middle of discussing the possible reliability of the Asguard, when the aforementioned speak of the devil beamed into their meeting room. He wondered if one of their amazing technical achievements was timing. Harry amused himself for a moment with images of their guest holding a stop watch with his other hand hovering over a control panel.

While Jack vouched for the being introduced as Thor, Harry examined the alien with a critical eye.

It was exactly as the reports said small, grey and big eyed, though smaller than the small he had envisioned, almost house elf small, and seemed to favor the non-necessity of cloths, though they appeared to be as androgynous as the natives from the singing world.

After introductions were made, pleasantries which the Asguard seemed disinterested in, Thor informed them that the system lords had agreed to the negotiation and that they could expect their arrival within 4 days. There was to be three of them and Jack it seemed was the one tapped by Thor for the dubious honor of avoiding total annihilation by the system lords as the representative for in Earth the treaty.

Harry sighed in concert along with Daniel, Carter and Hammond, while Teal’c raised an eyebrow. If there was ever a man least built for diplomacy…well, things just got more interesting.
Harry decided that he would have keep a watch over things, which meant he couldn’t stay out of the way as much as he hoped, as he may need to take advantage of any opportunity that popped up to manipulate the system lords in favor of the peace treaty should things go south, which he expected them to; which would not be easy in a base full of seasoned soldiers and the mediating eye of the Asguard, oh joy.

When the meeting let up, Harry asked Hammond if he could speak to him privately.

“Of course son,” the General agreed, despite his distracted air.

When they were in his office, Harry pulled up a chair and began to speak.

“General, I understand that you may feel inclined to send away all non-essential personnel, including myself and Hailey away for obvious reasons, but I would ask that I remain sir.”

A moment of silence in which the General eyed him seriously before asking “Why’s that Private?”

“As you know, I have had…experience with talking to a system lord in a non-combative environment, and I also negotiated with the Spirits on the Salish planet and I am also apprentice to a Jaffa warrior, which gives me some insight into the culture that the Goa’uld is a part of, which could be helpful. I won’t say that it qualifies me anymore or any less than the others, but…my place is with SG1, and I believe I can at least help them in any way I can if it all hits the fan sir.”

General Hammond lifted a placating hand, making Harry stutter to a stop.

“I understand your position Private, and it is only because of those factors, and that Dr. Jackson has informed me that you are nearly fluent now in spoken Goa’uld, many of which that we do not have on base, that I do not immediately send you away with the others. But this is a different situation than any you have faced before and vastly more important and dangerous in a different way than your experiences have provided. So with the politics at hand over such a sensitive and vital payoff, I feel uncomfortable in having you do nothing more than back-up should things…hit the fan as you call it. You’ve made strides son, but you are a long way off yet. You’ll do set up work and anything else minor that will keep you as far away from these people as possible. Do not make me regret this consideration.”

Harry stood at attention and saluted his superior and said, “I understand sir, and thank you sir, for trusting in me.”

Harry was dismissed and he bounded off to talk with Teal’c.

Ooo ooo ooo

As one of the few personnel on base that had the combination of combat training, experience with the Goa’uld, and can also speak the lingo, Harry was allowed to sit in on the prep meetings as Daniel, being the anthropologist supreme, began explaining the history of the three that would be attending the summit as provided by the Asguard prep packet.

“The first is Cronus,” he pointed to an old Greek engraving on an overhead, “he was said to be one of twelve Titans, immortal beings of great strength and power, who ruled before being overthrown by the Olympians. The twelve children of the Titans lead by Cronus’s son Zeus engaged in a ten year war that placed them at its end as the principal deities of the Greek pantheon. His connection to Hades may also indicate a connection to Sokar, one of the other possible incarnates of the Goa’uld.”

“I remember him,” Harry added, “when I …talked with Apophis, he mentioned Cronus, that he and the “titan” were enemies and that he was also one of the most influential of the system lords.”
“That might explain why they didn’t help him attack Earth then,” Daniel mused; Teal’c also added his own information, though there was a tick in his jaw, more sharp than usual at the mention of the system lord that worried Harry. He had come to know the man’s every expression by this point, and he could tell that there was something about this Cronus that bothered him greatly.

“Then there is Yu,” Daniel continued.

Jack, looking bored out of his skull, blinked and asked, “Wha..me?”

Carter smirked and Harry chuckled.

“No, Yu is the name of the Goa’uld, Lord Yu,” Daniel said in that put upon sigh that Harry had become familiar with as well, usually directed at Jack.

“Oh,” the commander gave a continuing gesture; Harry noticed that his eyes had already subtly glazed over yet again.

“Yu-Huang Shang Ti, the Jade Emperor, also known as Yu the Great or simply Yu, is one of the oldest Goa’uld System Lords, according to the Asguard…”

The discussion finished off after Yu, with the third, Neriti, who apparently was known as a rather blood thirsty figure in myth, and Teal’c backed up that assertion. She would be the toughest nut to crack, and Harry was especially keen to avoid her. Apparently her reputation at getting what she wanted, ruthlessly so, was unparalleled even by Goa’uld standards.

When General Hammond began assigning out duties, Teal’c reacted with obvious anger and distaste to his assignment, surprising everyone, as he refused to liaison with the system lords, though Daniel quickly offered to act a liaison between the Goa’uld and the SGC, shooting his friend a curious look.

When they had a chance to be alone, Harry pulled his mentor aside in an unused room and asked.

“Teal’c? what’s wrong? I have never seen you so outwardly agitated before?”

Teal’c gripped onto Harry’s shoulders and was surprised by the intense emotion raging from the Jaffa as he practically hissed.

“I want you to promise me that you will stay away from Cronus!”

The order was odd. They both knew that Harry was helping out with security, likely just guarding some small corner somewhere out of the way. At most, the only contact he may have with the system lords was if they passed by him in the hall to and from negotiations. It was Harry’s way of being able to keep an eye on things but stay out of the way when he could, lost in the shuffle of unimportant grunts.

“Teal’c…” Harry let his concern show, and gripped the hands fisted tightly on his now aching shoulders. Harry respected the man’s stoic distance at times, just as everyone else does, but whenever Harry detected that Teal’c was distressed, which was rare, he always made sure to confront the issue and then reassure the man anyway he could.

He had noticed, during his time at SGC, that while Teal’c was liked and respected by everyone, and was close with the rest of SG1, there was still something of a wall there, something that was put there by his Jaffa upbringing perhaps. Something that left the man alone in a crowd in ways that only another of his kind could reach him with companionship, and when not on Chulak with his family, which were sparse visits as they were, or in the company of his old master, also sparse, he seemed to be isolated in a way that only Harry, who was steadily bridging the wall due to his Jaffa
apprenticeship, was the closest thing to the kind of familiar companionship that Teal’c allowed himself to be vulnerable with.

There had been times when the loneliness and worry over his people, and his alienation with Earth and its customs seemed to overwhelm his mentor, and Harry had decided to make sure to be there when Teal’c was in those moments.

Teal’c relax partially at his touch, his body, so much bigger and taller than Harry’s, doubled over until his forehead was resting against Harry’s as he spoke quietly, “Do you remember me telling you about a certain Jaffa custom and how its relation to your conduct with Apophis on my behalf made me proud soon after the incident?”

Harry nodded. He remembered alright. It was a custom among the Jaffa as old as time, and had been a reason behind why Teal’c had worked so hard to become Apophis’ first prime. He had wanted revenge on the Goa’uld that had tortured his father with a slow death; the kind of death that Harry had mercy killed many Jaffa from, for failing in a battle. Though Harry had never been told the Goa’uld’s name, he had respected his mentor’s privacy too much to push for details, and had kept the man’s privacy by not mentioning it to others.

“Kel’ma t’keem,” Harry breathed, the man nodded seriously. Harry felt his fingers tighten on the clenched knuckles gently, “which one of the system lords is it? Cronus?”

A growl of affirmation confirmed it. The man raised his head and looked down at the smaller male.

“I cannot risk losing another that I care about,” the Jaffa’s voice broke, “he would take pleasure in punishing me with your torture and destruction. Being my apprentice will draw you, out of everyone on this base, into his focus once he learns of you.”

“Master,” Harry sighed the traditional title, as another wrinkle to what was already going to be a tumultuous proceeding was presented to the young man, but he, like he was sure Teal’c understood deep down, despite the sacred rite of his mentor’s people and the deep emotion behind it, knew that despite feelings, couldn’t let this wrinkle become any more serious.

“I promise that you need never have to worry about me and the likes of Cronus, I will be careful, and so will the others,” Harry met Teal’c’s eyes square on, “but you understand that if Earth is to survive, we need this negotiation to work, despite the despicable quality of the guests. I know it’s hard, but sometimes one needs to sit down with an enemy to avoid something so much worse,” something of which Harry was experienced in, ”Please Master Teal’c, do not make an already slim situation worse by killing one of them.”

Teal’c stiffened in his hold, and Harry could feel the tension in the muscles of his body as his common sense battled with a life time of Jaffa instinct, but Harry eventually felt it when Teal’c capitulated, slumping against Harry, and nodded reluctantly.

Ooo ooo ooo

No one was happy about not being able to have weapons during the meeting.

Harry could practically feel the universe waiting to act on the obviousness of this going wrong.

Harry stood at attention at his position at a fork in the path off the level that Harry knew the system lords would be passing within minutes. It figures that Captain Cadence would fall and break her foot at the last moment, necessitating him take over her spot.

Teal’c had not been pleased, but they were stretched thin as it was, and it wasn’t like Harry was
likely to be noticed beyond being the standard grunt at the wall, at least he hoped. He was to remain in position until a lieutenant relieved him in 3 hours where he would report to Doctor Frasier to see if she needed a hand before retiring to the mess and then his quarters.

Hailey, Joe, and Fan were at alpha site along with the other non-essentials. Hailey and Joe had not been happy at having to leave with the group on escort duty, but they’d had less contact with Goa’uld then Harry, and Joe was still not quite versed enough yet in the language, they would retreat through the wormhole. Frankly Harry wouldn’t mind them being there, he was sure their intelligence (and Fan’s attraction to bright shiny explosions), would help out should anything go wrong, but General Hammond had made a stipulation that only those who had seen action with Goa’uld as well as know some of the lingo, could stay.

The first hitch, and somewhat setting the tone for the events to the proceedings, came when the contingent of Goa’uld, General Hammond, a few security guards, and the rest of SG1, with the exception of Teal’c who was with Major Castlemen seeing to the ambassador quarters for the System Lords, were walking past his position.

And it was perhaps the worst one of them to notice his position in the shadows when Harry didn’t look down fast enough and their eyes meant in a passing glance, a pure chance of light bouncing off his tags from the corner of the system lord’s eye and him happening to look directly at him.

Harry kept his gaze fixed on the wall in front of him, keeping his face neutral as Cronus halted the party, staring at him.

“Now what do we have here?” the man mused interestingly as a hand snaked out and grabbed his face before Harry could decide whether to dodge or not. He was forced to meet the system lord’s eyes; they flared gold with even greater interest.

‘Not good,’ he mentally groaned, thinking of Teal’c’s reaction when he caught wind of this, ‘not good at all.’

::Such a rare jewel that we find unexpectedly among all these filth,: the Titan from legend commented to the others. Harry’s face was then taken by Neriti, also eyeing him with a decidedly more avid look, having also caught his eye, not that he could help it by this point.

::I must agree that he is indeed fascinating, though,: and here she displayed the scientist under all the filmy veils, the scientist that had devastated planets in her curiosity, ::the question would be why?:

Surprisingly, it was Yu that came to his rescue, all three system lords ignoring General Hammond’s protests at the manhandling of his soldier.

::Why do you stall over a child?: the Goa’uld demanded irritably, ::attractive to the eye he may be, but that does not negate presenting ourselves honorably and professionally among these creatures. Leave him be and let us set about what we arrived here for.:”

Harry knew from the information packets provided by the Asguard, that Yu was indeed the oldest known system lord, and Goa’uld. When the System lord gave him no more than a passing glance without showing any outright interest, Harry postulated that perhaps his age and rather unusual reserved mien for a Goa’uld, perhaps must be affording him some sort of resistance to Harry’s allure a somewhat relieving conclusion frankly.

“General Hammond, we shall take this one to see to my…our needs while here,” Cronus declared. Harry did not like the look in his eye, nor the one in Neriti’s, and set about increasing his struggles as much as diplomatically possible.
“With all due respect,” General Hammond said with his own careful diplomacy, "Private Grey is not ranked high enough, or skilled enough, among our people to adequately see to your needs; I have assigned a man more than capable of…”

“What you desire is not what is important General Hammond,” Cronus declared imperiously, “as per the charter for these negotiations, we have every right, as the visiting delegation, to choose our liaison among the hosts of the negotiations.”

General Hammond mentally cursed, while Harry let out a mental groan.

“Sir?” Harry asked as calmly as possible, and to his credit not revealing his dismay or nervousness of the situation, letting the ball fall into his superior’s court, hoping that the man’s years of diplomatic skills would get him out of this mess.

“Report to Dr. Jackson, he will provide you with all the information you require and assist you with anything you need.”

General Hammond sighed, knowing that he was boxed in. They needed to make these negotiations work, and he knew that he couldn’t spare the young man in this so early in the game, no matter how guilty he felt at the wide eyed look he was given.

“Yes sir,” Harry said dutifully, resignedly, and carefully removed his chin from the Goa’uld’s strong grip. Excuse me lord Cronus, Lady Neriti, Lord Yu, I must attend to my leader’s orders if I am best able to see to your needs. Harry told them smoothly, resigning himself to the situation and dusting off his courteous training (Voldemort’s influence again), and he bowed and made his hasty escape when he got the nod of assent from Yu before the others could object, and beat a restrained retreat.

Cronus meanwhile watched the fascinating young man walk away. He had never seen anything so… fascinating before, and he had been around long enough to know the wide range of all that humanity had to offer in regards to bodies.

Perhaps he would take the desirable human for himself, maybe stipulate him as a concession in the treaty… mmm… yes. The need to possess that enchanting creature was strong, and judging from Neriti’s own greedy glances at the retreating little treat, he would have to handle it carefully and swiftly, or she would grab him for herself if she could. At least the old fool seemed uninterested.

Jack meanwhile was barely restraining a groan. That was not assuaged by Daniel’s comforting grip of assurance on his shoulder before he peeled off to follow Grey and give the newly promoted teen a debrief on what to expect in his new position as Liaison for the Goa’ould.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/N: Review and let me know what you think.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Main reference to Season 3 episode 3 "Fair Game" continued.

After a brief medical exam by Frasier, the Goa’uld were led by a debriefed Harry, who was now dressed in his best formal uniform, to their quarters.

Cronus was the last to be shown to his suite, as the others split off to examine their accommodations (Neriti casting a glare Cronus’ way for stealing the boy for himself, temporarily of course). The system lord scoffed at the SGC’s attempts at finery, though Harry knew for a fact that Daniel had spent long grueling hours to study and mimic royal settings from what he knew of the particular ancient cultures that each had influenced on Earth plus his own experiences with Goa’uld so far, the blond was just being a prat on purpose.

::We used the best with what we could work with,:: Harry replied, just barely keeping the annoyance out of his tone, but couldn’t help adding his own dig ::it is ungracious for you to repay us with insults.::

::Your General Hammond was correct in that you are untrained,:: the Goa’uld purred, more amused than affronted by his comment and suddenly crowded Harry up against a wall, ::so…untouched by the subtle power plays of more experienced beings, how refreshing delightful!:: he leaned in close, whispering in his ear, ::but there are other things we can do that do not require the politics of banter.::

::I…I must see to the needs of the other delegates, Lord Cronus.:: Harry said with the same neutral, though now nervous, tone that he had adopted since he had been singled out.

::Oh but I am sure the others are satisfied, after all you did say that we have been provided the best you have, so thus their situations cannot be made any more better than they are::. Harry froze as the man tried to nip at his ear.

Harry was not a complete stranger to intimacy. He’d had a summer fling with one of Ferdy’s cousins when he had gone home with his roommate one glorious summer. Duncan had been a casual thing, and though they didn’t exactly go all the way, they had come close as one can get in their casual, joyful explorations. Then there was that buxom lounge singer that one Christmas while visiting Manny, and finally Hardstone, his instructor in the goblin fighting arts back in the day, so he was not unfamiliar with what was going on.

But unlike his admittedly sparse repertoire of lovers, he was not enjoying the Goa’uld’s attentions.

Fortunately for the relieved Harry, a yell of outrage drew their attention.

Looking irritated, Cronus as leader of the group, or at least the most powerful anyway, was obligated to let Harry go and see what had upset his fellow delegate.

It appeared that the other system lords had discovered the cameras in their rooms.

Unsurprisingly they were affronted.
In a bid to head off a diplomatic incident, especially before negotiations could even officially start, and before Teal’c, who had been the one being yelled at as head of security, could question Harry’s presence and find out that his promise to lie low was going to be rather impossible to fulfill at the moment, Harry began to rapidly speak.

: I assure you that no offense was meant.: Harry explained, sticking to the G’ould tongue in the hopes they would continue to be somewhat placated by that, : this is merely a safety precaution, your safety.: 

: We will not be spied upon!: Neriti snarled.

: I understand.: Harry replied carefully as thoughts of possible compromises zipped through his brain, : I am sure that I can ask to remove them from your rooms, but the one’s in the hallway will need to remain.: he finished firmly.

Neriti huffed, but nodded her ascent looking somewhat mollified, as well as Yu and Cronus.

Harry felt his posture relax for a moment, and then everything stiffened again when Cronus spotted Teal’c and he became affronted, calling him the familiar derogatory title of Shova that Goa’uld reserved for a betrayer to his god, if Harry understood the definition correctly. Harry knew that as much pain as the title had brought his mentor, it was also something he was proud of, as it was also the title of one who had shucked the chains of a false belief in a false god.

The two of course exchanged rather heated words, and he recognized the declaration of revenge uttered in the heat of his ire, before he managed to herd Teal’c away, who was even more enraged by the look that Cronus directed his apprentice, a decidedly lusty look.

The guards who had been hovering near by exchanged a look, but Harry, experiencing a rare moment of greater authority then he was used to because of his elevated position as liaison, waved the others back to their posts. No one looked happy; though that could also be the fact that the violent atmosphere was combined with talk entirely in Goa’uld. Harry made a mental note to be careful with that. His fellows were looking a little finger twitchy, and Harry suddenly realized why weapons weren’t allowed to these get-togethers.

When he was sure that they were out of sight, Harry shoved his mentor yet again into yet another unused room. Harry wasn’t surprised when his master demanded answers, which he sighed and gave, but carefully left out the fact that the attentions, with the exception of Yu perhaps, were decidedly similar to Hathor.

Teal’c was not stupid though, he had seen the look his enemies had shot his apprentice, enraged at Harry being dragged into the forefront of this, and had thoroughly checked him over, ignoring Harry’s patient sigh before swatting the man away.

"I will not stand for this!" Teal’c growled, pacing like a caged animal.

“Well you’re going to have to,” Harry sighed, “I’m sorry to be insolent sounding, but none of us have a choice in this. We are all handling this to the best of our abilities, but you flying off the handle and boldly declaring your revenge to Cronus, now of all times!, will not help making all our jobs easier. Please Master,” Harry switched to addressing him formally as an Apprentice now, “let me handle this, I promise I won’t let you down and when this is all over, if we ever get the opportunity, I swear that I will help you hunt him down and separate his body from his symbiote and roast him over an open fire myself alright?”

Teal’c sighed, letting a small twitch to the corner of his lips turn upwards at the imagery, but
reluctantly and unhappily agreed.

The first attempt at negotiation did not turn out well.

After Harry led the system lords to the negotiation room, he’d left them to it, privately glad that he was able to avoid the raking eyes of two of the three system lords for a time, only to stare, surprised, when only 5 minutes had past and the three enraged system lords left the room, sweeping by him without comment thankfully, perhaps too preoccupied with their ire; Harry rushed into the meeting room, glad to see that Jack was unharmed, baring a migraine and looking somewhat flummoxed.

“Um sir?” Harry queried, as he looked at his rather confused superior, “what just happened? Are you alright?”

“Well,” jack drawled, “apparently we argued, I insulted them, and then we broke for recess.”

Harry groaned himself, knowing that it meant that they were going to be especially pissy in their demands. Daniel had warned him that system lords were notoriously easy to insult and as a result, made those who served them, in this case Harry’s, life more difficult.

He turned his eyes to the Asguard who had remained silent up to now, and was looking at him with curiosity. Harry bobbed his head respectively and asked with a certain bland air, “is there anything you can suggest for me to do the meanwhile Commander Thor?”

The Asguard cocked his head and considered before answering.

“It was to be expected, so placating them will not be too difficult, provided that they are apologized to in a…submissive manner. As liaison, you will be expected to pass on the apologies on Colonel O’Neill’s behalf.”

Jack winced, giving his poor Private an apologetic look.

Harry rolled his eyes to signal that apologies weren’t necessary, though he followed it with an out loud “well, I hope that the second attempt goes better.” There was a hidden meaning that Jack caught, a rare flash of “don’t mess it up!” directed at his superior. Jack nodded to let him know he understood.

Jack and Thor shared a few more words, Thor explaining that the Asguard were currently occupied with dealing with an even greater threat apparently, which thinned their available forces significantly, which is why this essential negotiation on their part was necessary.

“So…you are essentially bluffing them aren’t you?” Jack surmised, rather impressed of the maneuver. Thor didn’t answer him though, he got up and handed him a glowing rock that was referred to as a communication stone, according to Thor, before beaming away.

Jack and Harry shared a mutual “fate of the world hanging on shoulders” gaze.

“Sir,” Harry finally said, “if we get out of this alive, I think some of the good stuff at the closest bar is in order.”

“Agreed, it will be my treat Private,” Jack replied, not even blinking at the idea of his under-aged soldier-in-training getting royally plastered, both men squaring their shoulders for the trials ahead.

Ooo ooo ooo
Harry managed to properly grovel enough on behalf of Jack, though Harry had to wonder if it was partly Cronus and Neriti’s desire for him, and Yu’s more reasonable mien, that made them more receptive then his outright groveling techniques, which was probably good in this situation anyway as he was never particularly good a groveling anyway, as Voldemort could personally attest to.

They agreed to resume negotiations, and Harry breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he had made apologies to the system lords as a group, and thus under Yu’s presence, he wasn’t pinned up against any more walls, so not a bad day of work all around.

He was trying everything in his power to avoid having to use his abilities against the system lords as much as possible. He knew that it would be distinctly possible should either Neriti or Cronus molest him. At least Yu’s disinterest seemed to have mitigated any suspicion that there was something more to Harry and his mysterious attractiveness to Goa’uld and Tok’ra with the humans on base, and was further helped when the Secretary of Defense, who had remained to represent the president in the proceedings, commented to the others that it was most likely some sort of negotiating strategy and Harry being both young and obviously low ranked being made the focus of attention was meant to offset the humans. Fortunately, Harry had managed handle things with Daniel’s help better than they had predicted.

Harry had also fortunately been taught a few things by the goblins, Harry being a Lord himself after all, though he barely acknowledged it in his own mind, Lordly etiquette lessons which helped him out immensely.

The news was decidedly not good after the latest meeting (which wasn’t as short as the first). Harry, with the rest of SG1, General Hammond, and the secretary of defense were sitting in the main briefing room as it was revealed by Jack that the Goa’uld wanted Earth to give up their Stargates in exchange for not going after their planet.

No one was keen on it, but as the Secretary pointed out, they could not think of a present reason that outweighed the immediate threat should they refuse. Everything was broken up after that, as Jack said he would try to talk to Thor.

It was looking like Harry might have to use his influence after all. He was not about to leave Earth defenseless without a Stargate.

This was especially made so when Jack returned with nothing. This left their superiors deciding that they would have no choice but to agree.

Harry was firming his resolve as he went to retrieve the system lords, when the alarms suddenly flared.

Knowing just where the trouble was likely to originate without having to be told, Harry broke out into a sprint.

When he arrived in the section with the system lord’s quarters. The place was swarming with soldiers and a lieutenant led him to Cronus’ quarters. He felt himself pale when he saw a trashed room and the medical team swarming the prone form of not only Cronus, but Teal’c as well, and both were covered in blood and not moving.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/N: Review and let me know what you think.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Main reference to Season 3 episode 3 "Fair Game" continued and finished.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Teal’c’s vitals are stable, but he took quite a blow to the head,” reported Dr. Frasier to General Hammond, Jack, and a pacing Harry, “he took some inter-cranial damage, so there’s some swelling.”

“Junior taking care of it?” Jack asked concernedly.

Frasier let out a gusty sigh and nodded, “yes, the larval Goa’uld is assisting in the healing process, hopefully there is no permanent brain damage, but we won’t know until he wakes up.”

Harry made a mental note to send a bit of hissing Junior’s way to make sure it did everything in its power so that wouldn’t happen.

“How long?” General Hammond asked severely.

“Well, that’s up to him,” her tone softened slightly when her eye caught the pacing Private.

“What about Cronus?” Jack asked reluctantly.

Frasier led them out of the general exam room and into an isolated ward, given the importance of their guest it was standard procedure to keep him separated for his protection, and Harry followed reluctantly, not overly thrilled about leaving his mentor’s side, but his duties as Liaison stated otherwise, he would need to report Cronus’ condition to the other two system lords. Now there was a conversation he was not looking forward to.

“He should only be so lucky,” Frasier explained with severity, “severe internal injuries on both the symbiote and host… and his host is dying.”

Neither of the occupants of that little room was particularly broken up about the system lord, but the news of the alien being on his death bed, meant that things had definitely devolved in the negotiations as far as Earth’s tenuous safety was concerned.

“Based from what I understand about Goa’uld physiology, they can’t heal injuries this severe on their own. We are doing everything we can but…I don’t think he is going to make it, it could be hours it could be minutes,” Frasier finished her prognosis grimly.

‘Well that’s just lovely,’ Harry mentally growled, he glared down at the injured Goa’uld, his hand gripping a safety bar, Earth’s situation just got a whole lot worse, and he would be the one to deliver the news that would seal their fate, unless he was willing to risk himself yet again. And he knew with a certainty that he would.

He was distracted from his heavy thoughts by Carter running in waving a video tape.
“I have the security footage from the incident, you may want to see this,” she said grimly.

Ooo ooo ooo

Things were not looking good for his mentor.

Security had pinpointed Teal’c going to see Cronus, and there was footage of him walking into the system lord’s quarters, the door closing behind him, just before the incident. No one else was spotted going in or out.

It did seem condemning, especially as Teal’c did have a motive. Harry was forced to reveal to General Hammond that Teal’c had declared vengeance, but Harry refrained from saying why, only that it was a “Jaffa thing,” the details of Teal’c’s vendetta was his own personal business.

He defended his teacher, saying that the man had vowed that he would not let his feelings interfere in the negotiations, as they were so important to Earth. Harry knew that the others didn’t believe that Teal’c would risk the negotiations either, but the revelation about Teal’s vendetta did not help matters.

General Hammond eventually decided that it was best to tell the other system lords about what happened, especially as Dr. Frasier pointed out that there may be something that they could do that she couldn’t.

Carter and Daniel were assigned to investigate and Harry didn’t need to be told what to do, he went to fetch the seething system lords.

As expected, when Harry returned, glumly with Neriti attached to his arm, and every one gathered around Cronus’ form, the expected insults, threats, and doom for all of mankind where thrown. Even the unusually reserved Yu added his heated two cents, incensed by the dishonorable actions of his hosts towards an esteemed diplomatic member, a tirade that sat rather sourly in the guts of said hosts given its source.

They managed to keep Teal’c out of the conversation thankfully, and Daniel offered a Goa’uld healing device, acquired from an earlier mission. Neriti it turned out had experience with healing devices and tried it, but came to no success, claiming that his injuries were too severe, before reattaching herself to Harry’s arm and began petting his hair with sharp fingered nails, much to Harry’s consternation.

The two system lords informed their hosts that they would have to leave immediately, since Cronus would need a Sarcophagus, and Harry was dragged after the storming Goa’uld, Jack shooting him a sympathetic look combined with Hammond’s ‘be careful’ gaze.

Harry, who had at an earlier time in these proceedings knew that he would likely need to utilize a little hissing action but had been willing to try to let negotiations happen more naturally, knew that it was now or never.

Neriti had not released him until he was dragged into her quarters. The soldier on guard shot him a concerned look, as the door was slammed in her face by the system lord. Harry just hoped that no one would try to rescue him until he had done what needed to be done.

Harry took a steadying breath, prayed he got out of this with his secrets intact or, Accord or no accord, Voldemort would boil him alive if he found out Harry had endangered himself and the secret of the Wizarding World to a powerful alien menace as well as muggles.

::World Slayer:: Harry hissed, though kept it quiet so as not to alert the guard outside.
What?... : Neriti choked as she whirled around to face him.

Harry leaned casually against the wall, observing as the woman’s eyes widened in alarm as he continued to hiss, he had to admit he was rather coming to enjoy their surprise when he did this, if he wasn’t trying to hide it most of the time, he would definitely do this more often just for the kick of seeing their gobsmacked expressions.

::I had not wanted to reveal myself. I had hoped, as slim as the chance was, that your kind would see reason, and actually take these negotiations seriously.::

Neriti stumbled back, and actually fell rather ungracefully onto the bed that she didn’t see behind her.

::Your foolish, though understandable, fascination with me, coupled with your insistence for the cameras in these rooms to be removed, have only made this easier for me to do what needs to be done, since you refuse to be a reasonable being. I did tell you that those cameras were for your own protection,:: Harry’s tone was wry.

::How...how...what are you?!.:

::What I am is none of your business, that’s what I am,:: he hissed sharply, then began to pace.

::I have to admit, I was all set to order yourself and Yu to either continue negotiations, despite the annoying arse possibly dying, or order you two to vote in favor of Earth joining the Protected Planets treaty, but it occurred to me on the walk back here, that it would elicit far too much suspicion, such a sudden out of character turnaround. So another thought occurred to me. I know for a fact that no member of SGC would risk our collective necks on killing one of you and hurting our chances of survival, so it occurred to me that one of you might very well want the man dead, after all, back stabbing is rather common among your lot.::

::Do you take us for a fool?:: the woman growled, seeming to have recovered from her shock, ::the shova had every reason to want to kill Cronus, and he was found at the scene of the crime!::

Harry stilled and Neriti gasped as the stunning green was swallowed by burning red.

::We did not tell anyone that Teal’c was found at the crime scene,:: his tone was deadly quiet.

Before Nerriti could give some sort of excuse or even run, Harry caught her with a parcel-laced demand.

::Halt and tell me the truth!:: Harry snarled, ::did you attack Cronus and Teal’c?::

Neriti struggled, eyes blazing, but the words slipped out.

::Yes.:  

::Why?::

::I covet Cronus’ territory. Many of his worlds would be useful in my experiments and expanding my empire. I also do not want this treaty to happen. The Tau’ri are too great a risk to be left to live.::

That figured, and Harry wasn’t overly surprised by the motive, it actually reminded him somewhat of Death Eater politics.

::How did you do it?:: Harry demanded.

::I lured in the shova, who had clearly shown that he despised Cronus, and I knew that he would be
blamed for the attack. When they were together, I used a secret cloaking technology that I have been
developing with Hathor before she was destroyed, and I attacked them by bludgeoning them with a
candle stick holder which I later disposed of. I then lied about being able to heal Cronus to ensure
his death.:)

Harry let out a growl of exasperation. Again with the invisibility! He then groaned when he suddenly
remembered the camera footage…that door had closed on its own! How could they have missed that?

Now he just needed to work this to his advantage…ah! A plan formed in his wily brain.

::Listen carefully to my order Neriti, and follow exactly what I say. You will take this knife,:: he
gestured to a tray which held cutlery from a snack from a few hours ago. Neriti struggled again, but
reluctantly picked up the knife. ::Good. Now after I leave I shall be in Yu’s quarters to try to talk the
man into voting Earth’s way. You will give me 5 minutes after I leave and then you will activate
your...cloaking device, and you will slip into Yu’s room and attack us, but you will not stab anything
vital, and as soon as I have taken you down, you will only put up a token effort but allow me to hand
you off to either Yu or the guards.::

::You will remember nothing about the events that truly transpired over the past 10 minutes. You will
only remember that I tried to reason with you in Earth’s favor. You will believe that you have
dismissed me after flirting for a bit, and order me to assist Lord Yu. You have also come to the belief
in the past few hours that Yu has come to suspect you for being the one to attack Cronus. You decide
that you have no other choice but to attack Yu, and me as well, as your plan is to blame me in a
similar manner as you did Teal’c. After that, events will follow as I have earlier ordered.::

Neriti stiffened, shook, then suddenly relaxed and looked up at Harry with a brief flash of confusion,
then calculation as she imperiously demand him to leave and assist Yu with his packing.

Harry ambled out of Neriti’s room, face set to look properly grim, nodding to the soldier guarding the
door who looked relived that he was alright, before knocking on Yu’s door.

Events played out exactly as Harry had ordered Neriti to do, though he had to admit that the knife he
took in the shoulder was much more painful than he had thought when he had dived in front of Yu
when the man was flung into a wall by Neriti, who followed with a knife throw that only Harry’s
quick reflexes managed to catch with his body.

Harry managed to get up and tackle the invisible Neriti in a body slam, while the slightly stunned Yu
recovered on the floor, working to fix the impact injuries to his host. When he was recovered, he
reached out and grabbed Neriti by the hair, who was revealed after Harry had managed to turn off
the cloaking device in a rather embarrassing session of fondling that he would not like to repeat.

“You shall pay for daring to attack a member of the council!” the man hissed and was about to slam
her face into the floor a few times when Harry cleared his throat and said, a little pained, but
respectively.

::My Lord, does Neriti’s treachery not implicate her as well in the attack on Cronus?: He asked
respectively, then further explained the facts about Teal’c and how he would be a perfect patsy for
her to frame with his vendetta, and finished innocently, ::after all, not many system lords have the
honor and reason that you possess sir, is it not possible that she may have set about to sabotage
these proceedings from the beginning?:

::That is indeed possible,:: the man growled, then shook Neriti who glared daggers at them both,
::she did complain about this treaty, it is why she was sent by many of the system lords, as she
represented the groups that were most in favor of your annihilation, and she has also long wanted Cronus’ territories.: 

:.That may be why she attacked you then my lord,: Harry mused, ::she may have thought you suspected her with what you knew about her already, after all the Tau’ri would have to be out of their minds to risk our entire world out of petty paranoia and revenge.: 

It wasn’t an unreasonable hypothesis, and Yu sneered down at the female again, and Harry allowed a few face slams before he advised that they call the guards to restrain her. 

:.It’s possible she may have been lying about the healing device as well,: Harry pointed out reluctantly.

Yu grunted his agreement and reluctantly held off further enjoying himself to see to present concerns.

Harry called the guards, who moved rather quickly when they saw the knife sticking out of Harry’s shoulder.

Nerriti was apprehended, and Yu took a turn with the device and managed to save Cronus just in the nick of time.

Cronus and Teal’c, once he regained consciousness, confirmed that neither of them broke into a battle with each other, and Cronus was obviously ticked about Neriti’s betrayal. No one envied her at the moment.

When Cronus and Yu (who was dragging a bound Neriti) stood before the Stargate, both system lords had agreed to an adjusted treaty that allowed Earth to keep its Stargates and also be under the protection of the treaty of Protected Planets headed by the Asguard. Cronus’ final parting words though left no doubt to his supreme Goa’uld-ness.

“We will not attack your world…but if you continue to use your Stargate, be warned that anyone who is caught by the system lords will be shown no mercy, and they will suffer greatly…except for perhaps you little liaison,” the man directed in aside to Harry, who managed to withhold the grimace at the implied meaning of those words. He was still liaison until those headaches walked through the gate; he had to resist the urge to flip him off.

“Well, that certainly makes life a little more interesting,” Jack answered for all of them, “the no mercy part I mean.”

Cronus sneered, shot one last leer at Harry, before whirling around with a snap of a furred cloak and disappearing along with the others through the gate.

Yu paused in his passage by Harry and commented to the rest of the SGC “Chorus does not make idle threats or promises,” the last he said with his eyes meeting Harry directly, “So be cautious out among the stars,” with that said, he brushed passed the guards, Harry who let out surprised yelp, and through the gate.

Harry slumped with relief when the gate shut off and did the mature thing and flipped off the gate while blowing a raspberry, rubbing his bottom.

“What the hell was that?” Jack directed at the irritated Harry.

“He pinched my arse!” Harry exclaimed in outrage, so much for too old to be affected theory. The old pervert was just in better control of his desires, not immune.
Jack gave a startled laugh, slapping him on the good shoulder not currently in a sling in sympathy and said, “come on kid, I think I promised you some of the good stuff. I’ll overlook your age just this once,” Jack ignored the twin groans from Carter and Daniel, with Teal’c, fully recovered, shadowing his injured student, “then we can sit down with some popcorn and have a Simpsons Marathon.”

More groans followed.

Harry frowned innocently, “I’ve heard of that, it’s popular or something right?”

Jack gasped in outrage.

“It’s a national staple!...Are you saying that you have never watched the Simpsons?!?” He looked rather insulted on behalf of said staple.

“Good grief,” Jack moaned, and then he got a determined look in his eye, “well, if you’re going to hang around us, hell, be a citizen of this great nation, you need to watch the Simpsons! So marathon it is!”

Harry was dragged off and spent his recuperating time doing just that.

Chapter End Notes

Keep in mind this is Un-beta'd people. mistakes in spelling, grammar, and names will happen.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes


This chap is short and mainly summery-lish of Harry and some of the other episodes. more needed for later plot.

After Harry’s little adventure with diplomacy, and his success with handling the Goa’uld during an intense amount of pressure, General Hammond decided to take advantage of the 3 weeks that Harry would need to recover from his stab wound by sending him to Washington to observe senate meetings and attend a seminar on mediation and negotiation tactics. Jack, who was also frequently being dragged into those things for educational purpose, had been right in his recount that it would be a snore-fest, but unlike Jack, Harry was not going to step on any toes and say as much out loud at said snore-fest.

When he returned from his little sojourn it was to learn that SG1 had a little run in with one of the original hosts to the Goa’uld, an Unas, who had been plaguing a village that sounded like the type of people that had driven the Wizarding World into hiding centuries ago. It would have certainly been awkward, had Harry gone, considering the Wizarding World’s History with the Salem Witch Trials, resisting pulling some sort of prank would have been taxing on his nerves he was sure.

Ooo ooo ooo

Their next mission through the gate revealed a group of people Harry’s age that were dressed, fascinatingly enough, as SGC soldiers battling a group of similarly aged Jaffa.

It was soon revealed that both groups were all Jaffa in training, thanks to a little infiltration by Harry and the rest of his fellow Universals, who had been tapped because of their similar ages, and became their first mission as a unit together.

Despite the intense situation, Fan had fun blowing things up during one of the mock battles, and Hailey and Harry spent a fair amount of time diving for cover while Joe would try valiantly to restrain herself from laughing when Fan had his fun.

It ended with Harry, familiar with several Jaffa rituals and customs by this point, saw that there was nothing for it and he challenged the current leader of the young Jaffa and did Teal’c proud by pounding the poor sod into the ground, though to give him credit, he did get in a few licks of his own. His nose had been broken, but despite Dr. Fraiser’s efforts, it wasn’t completely salvaged and had a slight crookedness that Sam assured him gave him a rugged air.

They managed to finally convince the young Jaffa that Apophis was dead, that their training was not needed, and that their god was false, with a provided image of his last moments courtesy of Teal’c (he liked to eat popcorn from time to time and watch it in private) and played by a hologram projector for all to see.

Seeing one’s god, who didn’t look overly impressive at the moment, talk about being afraid about
dying was a real eye opener for the Jaffa.

Teal’c was pleased with the final outcome of his adventure, particularly as the rebel Jaffa ranks lead by Master Bray’tac swelled greatly with fresh new recruits looking for new purpose and guidance.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry was recovering from a sprained ankle that he got, this time not on a mission, but from a misstep over a cliff during mock training at Alpha sight. Harry was rather embarrassed by it, but Jack assured him that they all have d’oh moments. Because of this injury he missed the trip to Abydose, Daniel’s old home from his original first mission and the home planet of his wife.

When they had returned, it was a somber group indeed. Daniel’s wife had apparently showed up, heavily pregnant with Apophis’ child, the nsoon after the birth, had been killed by Teal’c as Amunet had been trying to Kill Daniel with a hand device, thus giving the Jaffa no choice.

It was later revealed that she had managed to implant a message into Daniel’s mind during the attack that revealed the location of the infant, a human born with the genetic memory of the Goa’uld, a rather fascinating concept. Unfortunately it was only the name of a planet and not the actual Stargate address that was revealed.

It was a sombre group indeed that reported to the Med bay, and while Harry had never lost a great love as Daniel had, he did understand the loss of family, and sympathized greatly with Daniel.

While Daniel was recovering, Harry sat with him and he talked about his own losses (though edited versions of course) and Daniel talked about Shar’re, his own parents, and other friends who were also deceased. It was a surprisingly cathartic moment for both Daniel and Harry.

Harry managed to escape Frasier’s watchful eye when she became distracted with Daniel and hobbled on his crutches to Teal’c’s quarters. There were no words needed to be said by Harry, as soon as he hobbled in and took a seat on the cushions beside his mentor, Teal’c talked and didn’t stop talking for some time about what happened, his regret over the pain he had caused Daniel, the memories it elicited of the less then savory things he did as Apophis’ number 1. It was Teal’c that was in part responsible for Shar’re’s fate as a host after all. Harry eventually talked him through the guilt and the pain that he had killed the love of his best friend.

When Daniel recovered, things were strained for a time between him and Teal’c, but Daniel did eventually recognize the impossible situation Teal’c had been in, and had eventually forgiven him. Teal’c had vowed to help Daniel find the baby, no matter what.

Harry himself was rather quiet in his opinion about the infant. He knew what it was like to be born with so much importance saddled upon it before eyes even opened to the world for the first time. He secretly hoped, for the baby’s sake, as much as he would long to agree with his friends otherwise, that the baby remained happy, healthy, and hidden.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry was yet again kept out of a mission, despite the fact that his leg was fully recovered by that point. It had been the first time that Teal’c was absolutely adamant not to have Harry along with them through the Stargate.

Teal’c explained to a protesting Harry later in his quarters, that they were walking into the Goa’uld equivalent of hell, Sokar’s world. He did not want Harry to be subjugated to that kind of place.

Harry had protested, but had grudgingly accepted the order to remain put, and spent his time during
that little trek worrying about SG1 as he studied other SG team mission reports, had mock battles with his unit and whoever was bored, and attended a baseball game with Cassandra, Dr. Frasier’s adopted teenaged daughter as a favor to the Doc. He was so bored and worried he even went over SG1’s own mission reports, editing and putting the final touches on Jack’s latest batch that Sam was harping on him to finish already.

When they returned finally Harry was there to greet them. They were tired, thinner, and banged up, but there. Since they had literally walked out of Hell, it was understandable. He brought them a few things to unwind while they were all in Med Bay: Jack a six pack of beer and a stack of Simpsons comics, Carter a subscription and stack of back issues of a science journal that Hailey insisted she would find intriguing, Daniel an archaeology journal and a book of ancient Hebrew poems at the suggestion of Joe, and Teal’c in the privacy of his quarters, he offered soft words, a cherry pie (the Jaffa loved pie) and his company. Harry understood more than anyone that when having experienced hell, turning to the simple things can sometimes help, and for Teal’c good food and the company of familiarity was what he needed the most.

Ooo ooo ooo

A/n: I know, short and drabbly. I didn’t feel like writing long chaps involving these episodes so brief mentions for continuity’s sake towards later plot.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry decided to call this little piece of damp rock, or P43-1b1, Soggy.

Planet Soggy had been one of the numerous addresses from the Ancients repository of knowledge that Jack had left in the computer during his alien brain upload days, and had revealed the presence of some promising ruins that lead Daniel to believe that it might be Keb, the planet that Shar’re had told Daniel the Narseesuss baby might be.

They were wrong, and their return home was overdue as they had been caught in what appeared to be an entire season of storms.

They’d had to wait for the daily rain of lightening and hails to let up enough, pinned under the dubious protection of a rocky overhang nearby, and then dial up. Of course the slight break in weather didn’t last long and they came home in a wall of water that poured down on their heads … and that was the gentlest of the weather.

They were soon ordered to the med bay, Jack half deaf from waterlog and muttering about mushrooms.

Harry grimaced as he took off his cap and squeezed water out of it. Poncho or no poncho, he was soaked.

“Jack?” he addressed his superior, the recent change from "sir" having finally made it into the familiar address that Jack had been fostering between them for a while now, and was finally breached through their shared mutual damp misery, "Do you think that we’ll be allowed to change out of our cloths into a set of scrubs or something at least?" Harry complained, “I’m soaked to my tighty-whiteys here.”

“What?” Jack yelled, frantically rubbing a finger in an ear, “flighty kite-ys? What the hell are you talking about?”

“Nearly all of us are soaked to our undergarments Harry,” Teal’c added, “I am sure that you all will be allowed to change as soon as the examination is done.”

“Nearly?” Daniel asked with a frown, “you look as soaked as the rest of us.”

“Indeed,” Teal’c agreed.

It took a second for the other three to catch the slight infliction in that "Indeed," Daniel and Harry blushed while Carter smirked. Their accompanying solider remained unmoved and Jack looked blissfully unaware.

It turned out though that Harry’s knickers would have to wait, as not long into their stay in the med bay Harry was being injected with what he thought was the usual cocktails of antibiotics and multivitamins, and was agreeing with Jack about this particular procedure needed being scrubbed, when the chatter was suddenly silenced from behind the other curtains.

Harry frowned as he stood up from the usual bent over position, sensing something wrong, grabbing his pants and trying to do up his fly. Only to have the nurse tackle him to the bed and jab him with
yet another needle.

“Isn’t this a bit excessive?” Harry grunted as he struggled under the surprisingly heavy nurse for such a wisp of a woman.

More nurses piled on and he was stabbed with 3 more needles until he was able to wiggle out from under the pile up, various syringes sticking out of his torso.

He backed away, eyeing the medical staff and approaching soldiers. He also took in the fact that the rest of the team was unconscious (and Harry getting more of an eye full of the Colonel’s full moon then he was comfortable with, even if it was a rather nice arse).

::I take it that I am not getting my change of underwear then?: Harry hissed. When the swarming staff showed no reaction then a bit of confusion, he was at least assured that the out of character medical staff and soldiers were not Goa’uld. Not so good for Harry though, Goa’uld he could deal with.

“Well bollocks,” Harry grunted as he was swarmed and was doing quite well until he was smashed in the back of the head with a bedpan for his troubles and things went promptly black.

Ooo ooo ooo

When Harry regained consciousness, he found himself in a holding cell in the brig.

“Well this is just super,” Harry sighed as he examined the bars, and the rather empty brig.

He supposed that they thought with him locked up and not being the escape artist they thought he wasn’t, they could leave him unguarded inside. Though he was pretty sure that there was a camera watching him…a yes, there it was.

Harry dragged himself from off the floor and sat down on a pallet and considered his options, rubbing his aching head.

He sighed as he realized he might have to do something risky if he was going to escape, and groaned in annoyance as a ready solution came to him. It was like something/someone was purposefully seeing to it that Harry would have to use his magic in increasingly risky situations of him getting found out.

He sighed and considered the first little problem of electronic witnesses.

Harry focused inward, taking deep even breaths, and eventually sank into his mental plane.

The best thing to do was release a surge of magical energy that would knock out the cameras and anything else electronic, and hopefully give him the window he needed to escape in all the chaos.

It was risky though, what he was planning could drain him. He wasn’t used to doing such large amounts of magic after going so long without using it. Voldemort and the goblins both had warned him about that, but like a fool he had wanted to avoid reminders of what he was running from and sink himself in the dream of his childhood before wizards co-opted them.

Still, he had no choice. Chances were good that the rest of SG1 were compromised as well, though he was unsure about Teal’c or Carter as whatever was affecting the rest of the mountain, may not work with their altered physiology. It had happened before, so he was at least hopeful in that quarter. Harry could only thank Merlin that the sedatives, or whatever they were injected with, had not worked on him per usual.
With a careful mental probe, he felt around the barriers that suppressed his magic, took a breath when he felt the thrumming energy eagerly gathering under his attention, and with a breath outwards, let his magic loose.

There was a wave of intense silvery light that exploded outwards from Harry’s body and spanned outward in an expanding ring until it engulfed nearly half the mountain.

Harry used the last remaining bit he had held back and thought of McGritty’s Pub where he and the trainees had had a steak night last month, and with a shaky twist of his body and a loud pop Harry apperated.

When he arrived, he grimaced as his energy left him and he crumpled behind a Toyota in the heart of Colorado Springs.

He knew that he needed help. Who knew how much of the mountain had been taken over?

It seemed that Harry was actually dealing with a real foothold situation and not some body-switching mistake this time.

Harry crawled into some nearby bushes to catch his breath and think.

Carter had told him stories about the NID and the man known as Mayborne. He sounded like a smarmy asshole with way too much intelligence, like a cross between Malfoy and Snape (ugh! There was an image!).

Still, it was likely that the situation was contained at the base for now, and with Harry’s little magical disruption, he had likely taken out a fair amount of the facilities equipment, including the dialing computer. That would hopefully stall things until he could get reinforcements.

Harry took 15 valuable minutes to catch his breath, then staggered out of the bushes and flagged down a taxi, using his military ID that was still hanging around his neck, as meager as a Private’s authority was. Fortunately, the man was rather easy going, and was willing to wave the money, especially when he saw Harry’s pathetic condition.

Harry gave the man directions to an air base not too far away where he and the other Airforce soldiers from the SGC had been logging their flight hours (He was an air force officer after all and he had been taped to experimental test flying before SG1). He was not sure if the base, especially being close to the mountain, had gotten compromised, so he would have to be sneaky and hope that the court martial that was coming his way for what he was about to do would be weighed against a threat of national security.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry would admit that stealing a jet from an air force base was one of his more radical ideas, but he managed to pull it off, though it had taken some fancy flying to avoid the pursuit of the ticked off fighter pilots before he managed to shake them.

The particular model he had grabbed was an experimental fighter jet that had been built with a reflective surface that blended in with surroundings, making it difficult to see the plane unless you were right on top of it. It had a matt finish to avoid light reflection.

Yep, he was definitely in some hot water.

He managed to land the plane in an open field not too far outside Washington, DC with the sunrise.
Harry took another Taxi, catching a quick catnap the rest of the way, this taxi driver was more jaded and unmoved by his badge, though when Harry pulled out a wad of cash, he was much more willing. Harry was just lucky that he kept an emergency pack at the airfield, buried under a floor board in a storage shed, a just in case. He figured he had enough money to see him for a few days if need be, though he hoped that this situation would work itself out by then.

ooo ooo ooo

By the time that Harry had situated himself outside NID headquarters, it was later morning. Harry drank a large coffee with three sugars and watched the building with intense bloodshot eyes. It wasn’t long before the bedraggled young man spotted an official looking navy coloured car pull up and the familiar features of the man of the hour himself that he recognized from the files though lacking Jack’s penned devil horns and goatee, appeared.

Nodding to himself, he strolled up to the man nonchalantly.

Perhaps they hadn’t expected such a bold move as to what Harry was planning, which is why Mayborne was caught unawares.

Though Harry had to admit that his method was a little unorthodox.

“Well if it isn’t Eddy!” he told the startled middle-aged man, he punched the guy in the arm and leaned inwards, pressing his body against Mayborne’s, “it’s been a long time Eddy, you don’t call, you don’t write…”

Snick!

“Unhand me! I am not this Eddy person, you have the wrong man,” Mayborne only slightly stuttered, to give him credit, “your obviously drunk, I’ll do what I can to see you some place to sleep it off.”

‘Yep this man knows his stuff alright,’ he’d been able to act naturally enough, responding to the situation exactly as he should.

Of course a little pointy incentive in the form of a dagger pressed against a back helps things along tremendously as well.

He was led away, Harry occasionally staggering to give the impression of inebriation. When they were out of sight of witnesses in a nearby alley, Harry straightened and pulled out a gun before Mayborne could go for his. The man quickly lifted his hands as Harry marched him to a motel, paid for a room with the gun digging into Mayborne’s side unseen, and when they were alone, both males dropped the act and Mayborne said casually.

“Well, for only a Private, I will admit that you caught me off guard, bravo” he clapped sarcastically, “it’s not often that I am surprised. Your personal records had you pegged as to honest for your own good.”

“I’m flattered that you took the time to read up on little ol’ me,” Harry cooed sarcastically.

Mayborne smoothed his uniform, "Of course I would, leader of an experimental team, and member of SG1, that alone makes you worth the look into. I must say, your file has become much more...interesting since your apprenticeship to our resident alien."

"Yeah, I’m full of assets, now it’s time to reveal yours, strip!” Harry demanded.
Mayborne's hands stilled and raised an eyebrow.

“Perhaps I am mistaken after all, and this is some sort of crush that has taken on a rather dark turn…” mused the man.

“Oh please!” Harry scoffed, “you’re not my type.”

Mayborne sighed, but didn’t even object, and actually laughed when Harry’s face blushed when Mayborne actually did a mocking strip tease. Gads! Harry made a mental note to make sure that Jack never found out about this.

When the man was as bare as the day he was born, Harry sucked up his embarrassment, and examined the man thoroughly.

Harry had remembered, during his second cup of coffee, that he had seen a glowing circular device attached to Frasier’s chest when he had accidentally ripped the woman’s top during his struggle. He surmised that this is probably related to something that the aliens were doing to infiltrate and invade. Seeing nothing similar on the man, he would just have to trust that Mayborne was relatively clean, or, as one could expect of the man anyway.

Harry lowered the gun and allowed the man to get dressed.

“I suppose that there is a reason for that…little bit of awkwardness Private?”

“Yes sir,” Harry sighed, letting himself take a seat on a nearby chair, “we have a foot hold situation sir. I don’t know about the status of the rest of SG1, but I am working under the assumption that Colonel O’Neil, Dr. Jackson, and possibly Major Carter and Teal’c, though I am not completely sure on the later two, are compromised, as well as possibly everyone else on base…” he began his explanation, altering the story a bit to say that he had managed to pick the lock on his prison and sabotage the base systems with an EM surge from a device in one of the labs before escaping. He talked about stealing the experimental jet, which caused the man to choke on his saliva at that, all the way to absconding with Mayborne as his best shot for help in dealing with the situation.

“So let me understand this,” Mayborne explained slowly, “SGC has been compromised by invading aliens that is either controlling or taking on the appearance of our people somehow, you were taken with the rest of SG1, but why are you not tranquilized like the others?”

Harry shifted uncomfortably then admitted, “when I was much younger, I was afflicted with certain ailments and I underwent treatment with experimental medications under the directive of a private organization that are too classified for me to name, but were friends of my family. The treatments were eventually discontinued after I turned 17, but the side-effects were not only better health, but a resistance to many chemicals and toxins, including sedatives.”

Mayborne raised an intrigued eyebrow at that little tidbit; the wily man was most likely going to spend a fair amount of time when this was all over finding out who it was. From what he understood, secrets were this man’s hobby, other than giving Jack a bad hair day.

“Very well, and the strip search was what? To be sure that I was not compromised?”

Harry nodded, explaining the device he had seen.

“I’m not 100% sure about you sir, so forgive me if I shoot you at some point should you do anything suspicious.”

Mayborne snorted.
It was then their contemplative silence was disturbed by a ringing cellphone.

Harry gestured that it was fine and Mayborne picked it up.

“Well, General Hammond! What a nice surprise!...chemical spill you say…Major Carter, Teal’c exposed and running wild…hmmmm…yes I will let you know if I see them.” Click.

“I might have believed that if you hadn’t approached me first,” Mayborne mused, “and he didn’t mention you. They must think you are still on base in their little cage. It seems more distraction in the way of Teal’c and Major Carter escaping on top of the technical issues has left them little time to check on you yet.”

There was another ring, Mayborne hummed; “now I wonder who that could be?”

Harry rolled his eyes as the man answered the phone and it turned out to be a rather frazzled Major Carter.

After that abrupt conversation, Carter claiming a foothold situation and nothing more than commanding the man to a meeting place. Harry couldn’t fault her suspicion, he himself was going to be suspicious of everyone that didn’t have a strip search and proved they were lacking a certain alien decoration.

Mayborne of course, informed him that he had a plan.

Since they could not be certain that Carter herself was not compromised, after all, it could be a double whammy deception by the aliens to lull Harry out of hiding. So Mayborne would play Carter’s game for the moment, and meet the woman at the café that she had designated, have a little coffee, and talk. When he would enter the café to pay his bill, Harry would subdue Carter and Mayborne would acquire them a room somewhere and check for devices.

It was a solid plan and Harry could find no fault with it.

“Alright,” Harry nodded, wiping his face with the unoccupied hand, merlin he felt like crap!, “let’s do it then sir, since we have no alternative.” Harry took only a moment to use the facilities to freshen up a bit before they left.

Ooo ooo ooo

Hiding out in a men’s loo was perhaps one of the places he least envisioned doing a stake out. Occasionally, a patron would zip in and out, giving him odd looks. Harry would just shrug uncomfortably and mumble something about a crazy ex. The odd looks would usually turn sympathetic, and Harry would even get the occasional comradely slap on the back, before he was left alone again.

Just as they had planned, a rather edgy looking Major Carter followed Mayborne into the café up to the cash. Harry made his move.

He sauntered up to the surprised woman with an easy grin and hugged her before she could react, though she did stiffen when she felt the harsh end of a gun barrel digging into her spine.

To the untrained observer, it would look like he was an eager kid greeting a favorite aunt. His short stature and boyish looks, as a bane as they were at times, could come in handy.

“Aunty Clare!” Harry exclaimed, “It’s great to see you again! Oh! And you must be her new boyfriend!” Harry exclaimed and smirked inside when he saw the rather ill look on Carter’s face and
the amused distaste on Mayborne’s, though quickly hidden. Maybe he wasn’t into blonds?

“Well if it isn’t that rapscallion nephew of yours! John was it? Why don’t we find somewhere we can all catch up?” Mayborne declared.

Carter was herded outside and towards another nearby motel. To give the desk clerk credit, he only lifted a brow at the odd trio, but didn’t say anything as Mayborne again paid for the use of a room for an hour or so.

Once they were inside, Harry and Mayborne gave her space and the childish delight drained from his face and turned deadly serious.

“Sir, I know that this must be a trying time for you, and I will say that you look like shit, but then again, it could be an act, I have to know if I am not being led around in a merry chase, so I need you to strip.”

“What?!” Carter squawked, “Private! That is completely out of line…!”

“Perhaps,” Mayborne cut in, “but neither of us can take chances. So I suggest that you suck it up so we can continue on with explanations, shall we?”

Carter grit her teeth, but nodded as she reached for her shirt.

When she was completely nude, Harry carefully inspected her as much as he had Mayborne, keeping it as clinical as possible.

“Alright, you’re clean,” Harry declared, lowering his gun.

The Major huffed but quickly dressed and Harry explained his experience so far and his reasons behind the strip search.

“So you’re saying,” Carter replied, standing up from tying her last shoe lace, “you’re the source of the base going crazy? Well thanks, while you were making your own escape, Teal’c and I were making are way to do our own. You bought me time…though how did you get to Mayborne so soon before me; you can’t have been that far ahead of me?”

Harry rubbed the back of his head awkwardly, “um…well, I…”

“Sport here snuck onto a nearby airbase and took a piece of rather expensive experimental military hardware for a joyride, really, what are you teaching the kids in that mountain of yours?” Mayborne drawled from the corner he was standing in at Carter’s insistence.

Carter gave Harry an incredulous look.

“Um…”

“Never mind that,” Mayborne sighed, “we really should be dealing with the matter at hand, and we’ll talk about theft of expensive government equipment later.”

Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

Before Harry or Carter could react, Mayborne turned around, gave a relieved sigh and opened the door.

There, standing non-chalantly were the concerned faces of Jack and Daniel.
“We told you we had a foothold situation!” Carter snarled turning a wrathful glare on Mayborne.

Harry raised his weapon and pointed it at Jack and Daniel.

“Easy there sparky,” Jack said soothingly, “there’s no need for that, we just want to talk.”

“Like hell!” Harry snarled, “you’re not going to convince me that I am suffering from some sort of delusion brought on by a gas leak…the story you lot are probably going with.”

“Really? What makes you so sure?” Jack retorted, “after all, you are the one waving a gun around…”

“Jack, if he thinks there is a foothold situation like Carter does, he would have every right to wave that gun around,” Daniel pointed out soothingly before turning to Harry and asked him logically, “how can you be so sure that you’re not suffering the effects of the gas?”

Harry’s eyes narrowed.

“The Private informed me that due to some…experimental medicine he took, that it has left him resistant to the effects of many chemicals such as tranquilizers.” Mayborne’s eyes narrowed at Harry, “though that could have been the gas talking, it does sound rather farfetched, and even if it wasn’t, how can you be sure that you can be completely unaffected by everything?”

Harry cursed softly. Mayborne did have a point, it was possible, though highly slim a chance, that the cocktail of medications, combined with the basilisk venom and the phoenix tears could not completely work against all man-made chemicals out there. The goblins may have an extensive knowledge base on the subject, but muggles had progressed significantly over the years in mass production of chemicals as well as other things, and the goblins were not as in tuned with the muggle world advances as they would like to think.

Perhaps seeing the indecision beginning to flicker in his eyes, Daniel asked sympathetically, “It’s starting to ware off isn’t it?”

Carter slumped, rubbing her forehead. Jack and Daniel and…curse it, Mayborne, did have a point about the gas.

Harry meanwhile, knew he was stuck in a corner. He could see Carter’s surfacing doubt. The fact that what everyone else said sounded rational, but…he needed to be sure.

He gripped his gun more steadily.

“I’ll tell you what?” Harry hissed, the slightest hint of Parseltounge seeping into his voice, adding a very sinister edge, “you prove to me that you are who you say you are, and I’ll go with you.”

“What can we do to prove to a delusional man that his delusions are untrue?” Jack asked dubiously.

“Simple really,” Harry growled, “strip!”

“What!” Jack and Daniel said at the same time, outraged.

“Really, must we go through with this again?” Mayborne sighed, “I am beginning to think your delusions are also stemming from a rather thick streak of sexual repression young man.”

“It’s a reasonable request,” Carter said, her energy back, “Harry said that there was a device on the imposters, and I saw Jack and Daniel along with General Hammond welcoming aliens onto the base
just before we lost the camera’s to Harry’s bout of sabotage. Harry may not know for sure, but I saw
what had to be compromised friends, so if they don’t have the device then that means what I saw
was a delusion and I was affected by a chemical spill is as you say and Teal’c and Harry were also
affected, but if we find what Harry saw…”

“If he’s right, then we got a whole new problem.” Mayborne finished with a put upon sigh, then
made a go ahead gesture, “let’s get this over with, I got better things to do.”

Any protests died on the men’s lips when Carter pulled out her own weapon.

Both men exchanged suddenly hard blank glances. That was when Harry knew that they were not
going to comply with the demand, and that he and Carter were not delusional.

“Really still think this is unnecessary,” Daniel sighed, reaching for the back of his waist band
seemingly to comply.

Harry growled and pulled the trigger.

The sound seemed to echo in the suddenly shocked room. Harry turned and fired a second shot at
Jack, who had just been about to pull out his weapon from the inside of his coat.

Both men fell to the ground.

“Private!” Carter and Mayborne yelled in shock.

“Relax,” Harry huffed as he strode over and quickly began divesting the shocked invaders of their
weapons while they were temporarily distracted by their injuries, “I shot them in the legs, they’ll
survive…here!” Harry snarled and, his gun pointed at the head of Daniel who snarled back, reached
into the man’s shirt and pulled off something that was hard and circle shaped, attached to his chest.

Upon its removal, Daniel disappeared and a distinctly alien shape was revealed.

He tossed the device to Mayborne who caught it instinctively, the man looking pale.

“Is that proof enough for you sir?”

Suddenly, Jack reached for a second gun that he’d had hidden and took a shot at Carter.

Harry and Carter dived out of the way as another gun report filled the room, shooting first Jack, then
turning it on the other lunging alien and shooting that one to.

Mayborne let out a smile as he looked down at a dead Jack imposter.

“I have to admit, that was definitely satisfying,” Mayborne purred mood improved vastly, then he
turned a serious look at Carter and Harry who looked up over the edge of a couch, weapons
uselessly trained, “I can admit to being as wrong as the next man, so let’s forgo the ‘I told you so’s’
and secure the scene before the local authorities barge in here and find more than a seeming orgy
turned violent.”

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry had to admit, for sneaky pencil pushers, the NID scrambled fast to secure the scene and keep
the locals unaware of the dead aliens in the motel room. Mayborne soon had a large carrier jet
prepped and ready with armed to the teeth soldiers that had been checked ahead of time, Harry
seeing more buttocks then he thought he would ever see in one lifetime, to be sure that they were
legit, and they were flying towards Cheyenne mountain to retake the base.

It was as Carter was playing with one of the devices by putting it on and appearing as Daniel, that the plane hit mild turbulence, causing the engines to make some sort of altitude adjusting noise, when at the exact moment the image wavered before the plane realigned itself and the image became solid again.

After doing it a few more times to be sure that it wasn’t a fluke, an addition to the pre-existing plan was added.

Ooo ooo ooo

The first part of the plan was handled smoothly as Mayborne called the General, telling Hammond that he would be sending Major Carter and Private Grey on ahead, with Mayborne to arrive some time later with a team to investigate matters.

Harry and Carter were dropped off a mile outside of Cheyenne Mountain and would be approaching from the forested end, using the escape hatch that Carter had used to escape with. Carter and Harry would be wearing the alien devices to look like Daniel and Jack and infiltrating the base. Carter would go to her lab to hook up a recording of the sound from the engines that had interfered with the devices and Harry would go to the level that the supposed chemical spill was located, surmising that was where their people were being kept and rescuing them if he could, or getting the lay of the land if he was unable to.

With the devices neutralized, Mayborne and his men would be able to tell who was an imposter and who was a human, since they were not sure if everyone was compromised or not.

The first part went smoothly, Carter and Harry slipped into the base without being seen and Carter as Daniel peeled off to hook up the equipment with a nod, while Harry made his way down to the “Chemical Spill”, taking the time to…acquire a card key from a nearby guard who was manning the door.

When he slipped inside, he raised his gun.

There, standing over an unconscious alien was a rather ticked and confused Jack.

Ooo ooo ooo

Jack was not pleased. Though waking up in a giant kumquat hanging from the ceiling was not his idea of a wake-up call. His mood further soured at finding that a fair amount of the SGC was sharing in his sleeping arrangements.

Jack had observed as the aliens took people in the meanwhile, putting them through a machine that strapped them to the wall, and pinged out some sort of small round device that a waiting alien with Dr. Frasier Look-a-like of all people, slapped it on and soon a perfect replica of a soldier was standing there while the original swung gently in the air conditioned breeze.

Jack decided that escape was in order when the aliens left and they were alone, and set about first freeing himself (which took longer than he liked, there was a lot of alarming repeat visits and the kumquat was rather difficult to shirk off) then set to freeing Frasier, who was hanging closest to him. As soon as he tried to though, it set an alarm blaring and had soon brought fake Fraiser running. Fortunately, the alarm had not alerted her friends and Jack took advantage of this fact and has jumped the infiltrator.

After a scuffle, and one reach down the fake doc’s shirt that he was sure as hell not going to go into
specifics over in the report he was going to have to write later, he was about to set about leaving the room and seeing what he could find out when he saw himself burst into the room.

Jack raised his weapon and they both eyed each other, both tensely waiting for the other to crack. Actual Jack, bored with the standoff and his arm getting a little sore tried a standard greeting.

“Hello Asshat,” Jack greeted.

“Colonel?” replied the fake Jack, sounding confused and amused.

“Um…yeah,” Jack looked at fake Jack with narrowed eyes.

“Oh!” fake Jack said, as if realizing something, he reached down his shirt feeling around (man that was vaguely disturbing to witness) and with a wispy click, the fake Jack’s image wavered and revealed none other than Private Grey.

“Well, either this is one of those whole disguise in a disguise things, or you’re really not one of the aliens that is wearing us like Halloween costumes?”

Harry nodded grimly, though neither lowered their gun.

“This may sound extreme sir, but I am giving you one of two options: strip or cut yourself.” Harry finally said.

“What? You can’t be serious!”

“Like the constellation sir,” Harry quipped dryly, and tossed a knife at his feet.

Noting the red color of the blood, the fact that the aliens had purple blood only a recent discovery after inspecting the bodies of the fake Jack and injured a fake Daniel, who was still under custody, no one at least had to strip to the bare essentials to prove themselves afterwards if they agreed to spill a little.

Harry lowered his gun, looking satisfied and explained the situation and the plan to overtake the mountain after he cut his own hand to prove his blood color.

Jack being awake while the others, still unconscious, were still hanging from their fleshy vests and tendril hookups, the supposed devices that Carter surmised might be how the originals were hooked up so that thoughts could be transferred to the aliens, via a second device attached to the temples, made Harry surmise out loud that because the device was damaged temporarily when Maybourne had killed him, though Carter had been able to repair it, it must have released Jack, but not Daniel, whose duplicate’s device had not been damaged.

“I always knew the slimy bastard was gunning for me,” Jack sighed after being told that Mayborne had shot his fake self, then clapped his hands together, “so, since we can’t wake up the others or we’ll alert the alien troops like it did when I tried to free Frasier,” he gestured to the unconscious alien, “what say we mosey on to the armory?”

Harry nodded, and then suggested that he use the Frasier device.

“Well, this is interesting,” Jack, now Dr. Frasier hummed, posing “does Dr. Frasier make my butt look to big?”
“No more so then Jack makes mine,” Harry drawled as they made their way to the armory, sniggering.

Jack/Frasier frowned for a moment, then let out an indignant "Hey! I'll have you know that my butt is the height of perfection!"

Harry/Jack suddenly leered at Jack/Frasier and purred, "I certainly agree," and gave a saucy little wink.

"That..." Jack intoned, "was seriously disturbing. Do I always look like that when I flirt?"

Harry/Jack waggled his eyebrows and did his best to give a come hither look.

"Gah! don't do that!"

Harry laughed quietly.

They managed to retrieve their weapons easily enough. Either the aliens were over confident in leaving it unguarded, or they were still dealing with the chaos Harry had left behind him during his earlier escape.

“Alright,” Jack said, as he handed Harry a P-90, his staff weapon, and his axe “you’ve done enough from here on, head back and guard our people.”

Harry bit his lip, “Sir? What about Teal’c?"

Jack gripped Harry’s shoulder and said, “Teal’c is strong, I’m sure he’s fine. I’ll go rescue him first before I make my way to Carter alright?”

Harry nodded, and left to take his position in the holding room.

It was the toughest thing he’d ever had to do, waiting in the relative quiet of that room, only the shadows of their silent people swaying slightly his only company.

The silence was soon broken by the sound of a high pitched mechanical whine bleeding through the PS system, making his Jack guise flicker then turn off. Harry removed it and tossed it aside; it was no longer needed, and waited tensely.

Then there was the occasional distant sound of Zats and gunfire. The retaking of the mountain had begun, and by the sounds of it, Mayborne and his men had arrived.

Then a horrible screech filled the air. “Sounds like the call of retreat,” Harry commented to the crew above him, and along with that came the familiar alarm and tingle from Harry’s magic indicative of a Gate activating, “huh, I guess they managed to repair the computers, at least concerned with dialing the Stargate.”

Then there was the distant sound of an explosion.

“I wonder what that means.” Harry wondered out loud, but stiffened and watched the door more tensely.

He was distracted though by the groans and confused voices above him.

Harry’s eyes turned upwards a moment, catching General Hammond’s eye before returning back to his post.
“Glad to see your awake sir,” Harry greeted the confused man.

“Private, would you mind explaining why I am hanging from the ceiling?”

“Love to sir, it all started when we returned from Soggy World...”

There were others awake, mumbling questions but everyone quieted under General Hammond’s glare as Harry continued to recount everything that had happened.

Eventually, the door knob shook, and the first person to walk in was Teal’c. Harry lowered his gun, relieved, and allowed the SC’s and Mayborne’s men behind his mentor to begin taking down personnel.

“Teal’c!” he exclaimed, and as if sighting his mentor had finally relaxed something in Harry, the tension of the past 12 hours, the lack of food, the lack of sleep, had caught up to him. Harry’s weapon fell from suddenly nerveless fingers, and his eyes rolled back into his head as he passed out.

Teal’c managed to catch him before he hit the ground and gently picked his apprentice up carefully. He refused to release him to one of the attending medics and carried the young soldier himself to the medbay.

In a meeting a day or two after they had taken back the mountain, once Harry, Sam, and Teal’c had recovered from their ordeal, they were informed by Hammond that another planet, that had been nicknamed by Joe as "Copycat", had been closed off from the dialing list, and the events surrounding the foothold situation were buried as a need to know.

Harry’s fellow trainees had fortunately not been injured when they had been taken by the imposters, as he had been told while they had visited him in Medbay, though Fan recounted with a miffed air how his particular double had caught him in the shower with a dart gun. Hailey meanwhile was not happy at all with the damage that Harry’s supposed playing with an EMP emitter and explosives had done to one of her experiments that she’d had going at the time, though she didn’t immediately strangle him since he was recuperating and had been instrumental in saving their backsides after all. She was even appeased somewhat when Harry snuck her a copycat device for her to experiment on later.

Mayborne at some point had tried to take him into custody during his recovery, citing the various laws and rules he had broken, though Harry strongly suspected that his revelation about his little dabble with experimental medications had peaked the interest of the NID, but General Hammond came through and got the man to back off for now, helped along by actually being pardoned by the president of all people, giving himself, Teal’c and Carter blanket pardons for any crimes committed during the Foothold.

Chapter End Notes

Forgot to mention it in the chap.
Mayborne had the call faked when he was with Harry, he’d already received the call from Fake Hammond about the supposed gas leak, mentioning Harry as well.

A/N: Mentions of season 3, episode 14 “Foothold.”
I also took a different tone with this chap for kicks.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Season 3 episode 22 "Nemisis" was used.

Harry is training somewhere else during Season 3 ep 15, so he wasn’t around for when Scarra has his trial and his G’ould removed by the Tollan. Season 3, ep 17-21 happened while Harry was away training at other facilities.

Harry had hoped when he had gotten the sniffles that it was just a simple cold.

When he woke up, shivering and covered in sweat, his magic thrumming under his skin, he knew he was in trouble.

Wizard’s flu was no laughing matter. He had cursed softly in the darkness of his bunk, trying not to wake up Fan, who was the only one else there with him as the girls were currently off world with their SG teams.

He padded towards the bathroom as stealthily as his shaking limbs could take him, there was something he could take, an emergency safeguard that should such an incident as this occur, he would not have to worry about risking his identity by going to a Wizarding hospital, which was necessary for someone with his condition.

Why was something like the Wizard Flu so serious?

Wizarding flu, unlike the regular variety, was much more disastrous, both to the unfortunate wizard and to their surroundings. He would suffer from flu-like symptoms, fever, nausea and the like, but this particular illness also effected magic. As Harry understood it, his core would be drastically distroited. He would have magical surges that could have unpredictable and even devastating effects that could obliterate both the afflicted wizard and their surroundings like the epicenter of a nuclear bomb.

Even with his Occlumency shields would soon be barely effective, with minimal control that was only prolonging the inevitable as ever increasingly severe surges of magic would rip through his control and wreak havoc.

That was why it was so important to get to a Wizarding hospital right away when cases sprung up, particularly among adult wizards, who had access to greater stores of their magical core then children. They had rooms specially equipped to handle the surges and potions to deal with the side effects.

Harry could not risk finding one though, if he were to step foot into any Wizarding facility it risked him being potentially found. He would not put it past Dumbledore or the Ministry to have agents within any facility he went to, even overseas. He also did not want a certain nosy Dark Lord, whom he assumed the same about if not more so, to find him as well and some how work his way around their mutual no interference pact.

That is where the special little emergency backup provided by the goblins came in.
Harry rubbed his inner elbow of his left wrist.

Inside, carefully hidden under not only flesh, but magic that disguised it as nothing more than an extra bit of bone or muscle to muggle technology, was a small potion vial, and inside was a very rare substance, so rare in fact that it could only be used once as there was so little of the quantity in existence. Harry had to give up even more of his gold to pay for even this small amount.

He was only to use it in an emergency like this. It would cure him instantly, though the goblins could not say in regards to side effects.

He was about to slip into the shared bathroom to do precisely this when he suddenly broke out into loud deep coughs. The gold bubbles that burst from his mouth didn’t help matters when Fan was awoken by the sound and stared wide eyed at the trainee leader’s sickly state, and the bubbles that finished flying out of his nose.

Being the proper soldier that he was, he dived for the button on the wall that was pushed in the event of a medical emergency.

Ooo ooo ooo

It wasn’t long before Harry was being wheeled down the cement pathways, trying valiantly to think of a way to escape, while the EM’s and doctor Frasier yelled readouts all over the place.

They were just streaming past Jack, when Frasier spotted him and halted the stretcher, “Colonel O’Neill, I’m going to need to ask you to remain on base for a time. We may have a quarantine situation sir.”

Carter, who had been a ways down from Jack also approached, looking concerned. “What’s the matter Frasier?”

The harried doctor was just about to explain when Harry felt the dire tingles under his skin that heralded an impending surge.

At the moment both his panic and the magical surge peaked, there was a sudden flash of white light.

When everyone blinked again, they found both Jack and Harry gone.

Carter dived at an emergency button, and a phone.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry was lying on a hard surface staring up at a ceiling that was definitely not the SGC.

The sneakers by his head and the confused look of Jack also attested to the fact that they were not supposed to be where they were.

Harry had a brief panic that he had accidentally transported them to somewhere else, but as Jack helped him to his feet, helping him to keep his balance with an arm around his waist, Harry caught sight of the sprawling majesty of his home planet below, and thus surmised that he wasn’t the source of the new location.

“Um sir?” Harry asked faintly, looking a little goggle eyed down at Earth. He’d never been up in orbit like this before, with the planet laid out like this, practically beneath his feet.

“Looks like Thor invited us up for a bit of a visit,” Jack explained, as he lead Harry away from the
window and they made their thankfully slow way further into what Harry realized must be an Asguard ship. Harry groaned when he suddenly remembered the flare of both his magic and the flash of white light that must have been a teleportation beam. The surge must have latched onto the energy of the beam and dragged him along; forcing both of them to teleport instead of what he suspected was meant to be just Jack, given the Asguard's favor of him.

“Thor!” Jack called, as Harry concentrated on maintaining his balance, “Thor! Hey it’s nice that you invite me up from time to time, but you seemed to have taken a rather sick Private along for the ride, it may not be…” his voice trailed off as the sudden sound of clanking metal and whirling gears, a lot of them, filled the disturbingly empty ship.

Or…what had been empty. Both men’s eyes widened at the sight of hundreds of purplish colored metal bugs swarmed towards them.

Jack, thinking quickly, pressed them up against a wall, covering the smaller male, as they swarmed past.

Fortunately, they seemed to be uninterested in them, and Jack only shivered and swore colorfully in disgust when a few of them crawled along the walls and over his body. When they were gone, Jack gave him some space and asked.

“Grey, I know you don’t look so hot right now,”

"be still my broken heart," Harry quipped dryly.

Jack gave him a look and continued "but I need to ask: can you move if we need to?"

Harry bit his lip, but nodded. He did feel a little stronger. He knew that it was likely a false sensation, the Wizarding flu often wreaked havoc on adrenaline, but for the moment he would take whatever he could.

“At the moment sir,” he replied honestly.

Jack nodded, “can you tell me why Frasier thinks the SGC may need quarantine before our little side trip?”

“Ummm….” Harry sighed, no use for it, if they ever made it back he would find out anyway, “I may have…puked bubbles sir.”

“Bubbles?”

“Large golden bubbles sir, that floated around the trainee barracks and made it smell like raspberries sir.”

“I…see,” Harry had to give Jack credit for not making the obvious joke, ”so since that isn’t exactly your standard sniffles, Frasier thinks you might have gotten something from off world?”

Harry nodded glumly.

While Harry knew that Wizarding flu was not contagious, he could not tell Jack that, as there was no way Harry was supposed to know for certain if it really was an alien virus so he offered, because it was expected and because it might give him a chance to access his medicine, he offered, “sir, perhaps you should leave me here, the bug things seem to not be interested in us, and it would lessen the chance of me passing it on to Thor or any other Asguard when you find them.”
Jack huffed, “I can’t take that chance Grey, we’re in an unknown situation, no separating. Besides, the moment they beamed you up with me, you’re breathing the same air and sharing your personal space would have already done it. Damage it done, so we might as well stick together.”

Harry cursed inwardly, but nodded.

With an arm still around Harry’s waist they continued further into the ship.

It wasn’t long though when they heard a familiar voice fill the silence.

“Greetings O’Niell, turn right and then enter the door at the end of the corridor.”

“Thor?” Jack called out, “there better be a good reason for all this!” but he followed the directions.

The room they entered into was relatively small, though not bedroom-at-the-Dursleys small. There was glowing machine panels, a motif that featured a lot of primary colors and subdued blacks, and what looked like some blinking golden pod on a pedestal where a prone Asguard lay.

Jack and Harry approached, Harry taking point and watching the closed door without being told.

“Thor!” Jack exclaimed worriedly, “you alright? You look as well as Grey does at the moment.”

“I am dying,” the Asguard said in its usual bluntness.

“What happened?” Jack asked, looking dismayed. Harry closed his eyes, leaning against a wall, before forcing them open and watching the door with a grim look as he listened in.

“It is, as the humans say, a long story.”

“Does this have anything to do with those bugs in the hall?”

“I could not transport you directly into this room the…bugs as you called them, are attracted to the high energy output of the transporter…” his voice trailed off and his gaze shifted to Harry, “…I had not intended to transport Private Grey, it is possible that in my weakened state I accidentally transported the both of you.”

“What are they?” Jack asked, ignoring the mistake for now, after all, the guy was in pretty bad shape.

“They are the enemy of the Asguard,” Thor explained,

“This…would be the enemy worse than the Goa’uld you told me about?” Jack’s tone was a little dubious.

Thor though seemed to have reached his limits for a time and said, gesturing with his gaze, “I am weak, the information you need is contained within the stones,” then he looked back at Jack and said, voice weaker, “forgive me.”

“For what?” Jack asked softly at the look his little buddy was wearing.

But Thor had lost consciousness.

Since it didn’t look like they were likely to be interrupted, Harry left his post and went to stand beside Jack as he fiddled with said glowing white stones. Both of them shared a dubious look.

“No help for it sir, best to just try one and see what happens.”
Jack took a breath and nodded, tentatively reaching for one, and shuffling it slightly to the right. Fortunately, this didn’t blow up the ship and instead activated Thor’s message.

The news was not good.

According to Thor’s message, his ship had been taken over by a species known as the Replicators, which had taken over large portions of Asguard territory, Thor’s ship among the recent casualties. They were a mechanical based species that took over and ate certain resources, usually anything that was technologically advanced. Asguard weaponry had proven ineffective, and the creatures had the added advantage of being able to adapt to any environment and situation.

Unfortunately for Earth, the Balisner, the name of the ship, had records of Earth in its files and the Replicators had plotted a course for Earth.

Thor had managed to transport his crew to safety before the ship had left the battle ground, and Thor had managed to tamper with the transporter to not allow anymore outward transportation. One could beam in but not beam out.

“Great,” Harry sighed, the 'your all doomed' sentiment loud and clear from the recording.

“Well, I guess we have a little homework ahead of us Grey. Better settle in.”
A few hours later, in the debriefing room Sam, Frasier, Hammond and Teal’c were just discussing the problem of said kidnapping, when there was a shimmer in the air before them and a slightly transparent Jack, his back facing them, appeared.

“Hello?” the hologram called out, “hello?”

“Sir?” Carter called out, the first to recover from the odd appearance.

Jack turned around and said, “Carter?”

“Sir? What’s going on?”

“Well,” Jack drawled, “I need a Spazz 12, a BF-8, and 10 pounds of PBX at the base of the Stargate…”

“And my axe and staff weapon!” a younger, tired sounding voice added in the distance, "and a gun!".

“…Oh, and Grey’s butter knife and staff weapon.”

“Hey! I worked hard making that “butter knife” sir! Show it some respect!” came the indignant reply in the background.

“Sure you did,” Jack drawled, to the invisible figure out of sight, before looking back at them, “anyway, that’s the grocery list, and I need it in oh…15 minutes?”

“That’s a lot of explosives sir,” Carter said finally.

“May I ask what you need them for?” General Hammond asked severely.

“Yeah,” Jack answered with his usual unconcerned sounding tone, which usually signaled a very concerning situation, “Thor’s ship is overrun by some sort of techno bugs.”

“Were the Asguard not able to defeat them?” Teal’c asked stoically, but if one looked carefully, they would notice the clinched fists under the table, and the tick in his jaw going warp speed.

“I guess not,” was Jack’s droll reply.

“Sir? Your saying these bugs are technological?” Sam asked, an interested gleam in her eye.

“Yep,” Jack popped the ‘p’, “apparently they plan to land the ship and infest Earth…Thor says this would not be a good thing.”

“What are you going to do?” General Hammond asked seriously, though he had an inkling as to what.
“Destroy the ship,” Jack declared calmly.

Sam gave him a look and asked, “Where’s Thor?”

“Oh, he’s here, he’s just not feeling to well at the moment.”

“Colonel,” Dr. Frasier butted in this time, “I need to ask, Private Grey was displaying signs of a possible foreign illness, what we were able to tell in the brief time that I had him on the stretcher wasn’t much but it could be life threatening for him. His fever was awfully high…we also don’t know if it is contagious or not…”

“Won’t matter,” Jack said with a shrug, “anyone who comes up is not getting down. Thor put up a fight, and managed to do a number on the transporter. He left me a guide to run the little toys up here, so I can beam up the supplies, do what needs to be done. No one is to follow, that’s an order.”

“Sir!” Sam exclaimed, “How will you get off the ship…” then her voice trailed off as she cottoned on to what his plan was, and shook her head in frantic denial, Teal’c meanwhile had stopped breathing.

“Carter! That’s an order major!” he barked.

Sam bit her lip, but kept silent.

“Good luck Jack…and pass the same onto Private Grey,” General Hammond said heavily.

“Thank you sir, I will,” with that Jack turned and fiddled for the moment with something before the apparition disappeared.

No one noticed the stiff distress that was Teal’c behind his stoic face, knuckles pale on the edge of the polished table.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry was leaning against Thor’s pod.

His fever had spiked and he could feel the first warning tinges of another surge. Fortunately this one was slow moving though, so he would have at least another few minutes before it happened.

He bit his lip. They were in a desperate situation. The one that knew the ship best was dying, and while Jack’s idea to blow up the ship was solid, Harry knew that the ordinance would not be up here and readied in time before the next wave hit him. It was possible that he might even take out the ship itself. Or do something to Jack or himself that would disable them and leave the ship unopposed to land on Earth.

They needed someone who was familiar with the ins and outs of the ship to fix the transporter, and that lay with the dying alien that did it in the first place.

There was a way to do that, it would raise questions, but he was already going to raise them if what he had planned worked anyway.

Right now, he would not let his illness risk Jack or Earth.

He managed to pull himself up and, while Jack was distracted, leaned over the pod and looked down at the damaged alien. Harry let out a breath of relief when he saw that the aliens large black eyes were flickering open.
“I have a proposition for you Thor,” Harry whispered in the aliens ear...or what he thought might be anyway, “I have a way to heal you, it may even be instantaneous, I am not sure on your physiology but I am about 90% sure it would work. After I do this, I want you to fix the teleporter, if only once, and teleport Colonel O’Neill back to Earth. I will remain and help you defeat the replicators. I believe I have a plan to do it, but I am not absolutely sure. Its better then blowing us, the ship and Jack up and I know your fond of Jack, for whatever reason, so by agreeing to do this, you save his life and possibly defeat your enemy this day. Do we have a deal?”

The Asguard stared at him contemplatively and whispered faintly, “I can fix the transporter and risk one transport...” though he looked dubious at Harry's deal.

“If it doesn’t work, then we do it Jack’s way and blow this ship a part, taking us with it. Jack at least will be safe and so will Earth. Either way the job gets done,” Harry sighed, twitching as the tingles began to grow steadily worse.

Thor sighed, but nodded. Perhaps he didn’t really believe that Harry would have the means to heal him enough to do what needed to be done, but he seemed willing to try at least.

Harry smiled, at the somewhat doubtful alien, but took it as consent.

Harry looked at the crook of his elbow, taking only another look to be sure that Jack was still distracted with the vids Thor left him, then without ceremony intoned gravely, “Pax.”

It was a keyword that activated the magic that hid the vial. The skin in the area glowed softly, then parted like water as a small spherical shaped vial rose out of his skin before it became ordinary skin again.

The vial was small, the size of a large marble, and glowed a liquid silver.

He tapped the vial, intoning “porius digestus!”

The marble warped and shifted until it was more a jelly-like surface and not a hard surface.

Harry, without ceremony, shoved the sphere inside Thor’s mouth, which was helped along as the alien was currently gaping in astonishment. Harry placed his hand over the mouth and nose and commanded sternly, “swallow it.”

The Asguard did as he was told, with Harry helping him along by massaging his throat to help him swallow.

When it was too late for the alien to potentially spit it up, Harry removed his hand. He was in time to watch as Thor’s eyes nearly bugged out of his head (more than they already were naturally), his breaths becoming rapid, and his skin taking on a silvery blue iridescence.

The light show and the loud gasp from Thor drew Jack’s attention.

“What’s going on over here?” Jack demanded. He noted the satisfied, but tired look on Grey’s face and the rather unusual sight of his little buddy lit up like a glow stick.

Soon the glow died and Thor’s eyes returned to their sockets and his breathing relaxed.

The Asguard sat up, and Jack was surprised to note the rather amazed look on Thor’s face, a look that was rather unusual when compared to the benign calmness he sported all the time.

Then Grey swayed, and this time it was Thor who caught him with surprisingly strong arms for such
a small, spindly guy.

“Remember your promise…” the Private gasped, much to Jack’s confusion and growing concern and annoyance, “if I am going to do this, I don’t have much time left.”

Jack, who had also raced up and steadied his teammate, helped lower Grey to the floor, and Jack began checking him over.

“What the hell is going on?!” he demanded.

The Asguard sprang from the med pod saying, “there is not much time. All I can say is that he healed me with some sort of medicine, and…proposed an alternative that will not require your life O’Neil, and though I am unsure what that is.”

“Well, I’m glad that whatever the kid gave you it was the jump start you need to help with the situation, and believe me we will be having words about that miracle juice,” the last part he directed at Grey who only smiled up at him cheekily, the squirt, "but what exactly is this alternative that my less experienced rugrat of a subordinate feels can take care of the issue?".

“I am uncertain,” the alien looked at Harry who just closed his eyes and gripped his knees, but otherwise when they opened again were filled with determination, at a nod from the young human and a mouthed, "trust me it will work” he turned back to Jack. "There is no time. A new option has presented itself, but should it not work, we will still use your offered primitive ordinance,” Thor said, hands and glowing stones flying over the console, then he turned to Jack, and his look was suddenly regretful, “but at least you will be safe O’Neill, that I cannot regret, but as for us... I am sorry.” Jack didn’t even have time to protest before he disappeared into a flash of light.

Thor closed his eyes for a moment, before he quickly worked the controls, beaming up the promised supplies (making sure that the transporter didn't inadvertently acquire anymore humans), then disabled the transporter again and padded over to Grey and helped the boy into a sitting position.

“Whatever weapon you have upon yourself that is as effective as you said against the Replicators, it will need to be soon, the transportation has likely attracted them to us.”

“I know,” Harry sighed, he could feel the tingles dissolving into a steady burn, any time now.

“Listen, if this works…I’m not sure exactly what will happen to me afterwards, but if I am still alive, I need you to leave me on a planet somewhere. A planet with a Stargate, one that can support life but does not have any sentient life forms not useful to anyone…I can’t return to Earth until this flu rides out. Please.”

Harry closed his eyes to the Asguard’s confused questions and dived inwards towards his fevered and chaotic mind, while Thor retreated to await whatever was about to happen.

Harry found a corner of calmness and rationality that was not being ravaged by fever, and gathered his focus there, choosing to ignore for the moment how pecarious it was to his connection to Voldemort, and centering it on what he wanted done. He may not be able to stop the coming tide but he could at least, hopefully, direct it towards something useful. He pushed away all the doubts and what ifs, and focused only on what will happen, and the will, in "will succeed."

Thor’s attention was drawn to the doors where the Replicators were eating through the metal. It would only be seconds before they were overcome, he turned back to the boy, only to feel another unaccustomed flare of shock as the young human began to glow.

It started off under the skin where the veins bisected throughout his body…
The replicators had managed to make it through the door and were swarming in droves directly for the console. Thor dragged Harry up with him onto the pod.

The alien light soon seeped into Grey's skin and took on an intense white blue…

The Replicators, while ignoring the human and Asguard upon their arrival at first, seemed to have realized something was happening, they turned as one and rushed the pod.

Then a pulse erupted from the human’s body, it exploded from every pore, from every crevice and Thor was blinded and overwhelmed and sent flying off the pod and skidding away, where he managed to roll behind a console and closed his eyes and covered his head.

There was a sense of heaviness, as if something massive and feral had suddenly entered Thor’s presence. It rubbed along his body for a moment, as if testing him, nearly crushing the alien to the ground, as if he were held down under a great paw, and he was sorely tempted to open his eyes and look up, but some part of him, some part that he had not even thought still existed in an Asguard, a primitive instinctual part, kept his eyes closed.

Then the heaviness was suddenly lifted, the…whatever that had been’s attention was turned away from him now, and that’s when a sound filled the room, a long drawn breath, and a pressure seemed to pop! and suddenly the recycled air was cleared, the strange alien light was gone, and poor Thor was left stunned on the floor for a moment, blinking spots out of his eyes, before he scrambled to his feet.

He peeked out from behind the console and what he saw boggled his overly advanced brain.

Where once there had been hundreds of replicators, were hundreds of squeaking purple colored mice.

He made his way to the console shakily and activated internal scanners finding that the replicators had mysteriously disappeared, but not only that, he was showing even more life sign readings belonging to the primitive biological life forms such as what was on his bridge.

Not quite believing it, but unable to deny it, given the evidence before him, he had just come to the conclusion, as impossible as it may seem, that the Replicators, every single one of them, had been molecularity transformed into primitive Earth vermin.

Grey meanwhile was not looking so healthy.

He was pale and had a tinge to match his name.

Thor quickly lined him up properly, rather relieved that the human…if he was a human as he had his doubts at this moment, was just small enough to fit into the life pod. He ran a quick medical scan which revealed that the readings were indeed dire. His body temperature had risen to dangerous levels and his heart rate was erratic. At this rate, if his fever was not brought down soon, the boy would likely suffer organ failure at the worst, brain damage at the least. Thor couldn’t find any hints to what was causing his sickness however, and his readings could find nothing else foreign to the average human make up, which his technology was frustratingly insisting was lying before him. Even his brain scans showed the usual he had come to expect in a human, though obviously displaying the distress of his condition.

There was no physical evidence to what he had done either, and when he had scanned himself, he could find no evidence to the compound he had been given, despite still sporting a now obvious difference in his physical make up visually, so he wasn’t able to synthesize it to help the boy.
Feeling another rare emotion, frustration, he closed the pod and activated the ship’s hyperdrive, which had fortunately not been damaged by the Replicators.

He remembered the boy’s request. Chances were high that if his condition defied his scanners, then it would defy the rest of their advanced medical equipment. As much as it went against his better judgment, he would have to do as the human that was not a human requested.

The Balisnor soon disappeared from orbit.
The planet that Harry had been left on to ride out the last of the Wizard Flu was a rather mountainous world, with a vague timberline here and there.

When Harry’s body had been removed from stasis and beamed down to the planet, this cozy primitive rock of barely there life was never the same again for his visit.

Thor observed from orbit as Harry fought to live, with the entire planet now his battleground, and possibly his epitaph.

Upon realizing hazily, that he was somewhere that he was not going to hurt anyone, that Thor had kept his promise, Harry let loose on the last bit of control that he had been using to restrain his magic, and the surges came faster, harder and close together.

Mountains that had stood for billions of years toppled under Harry’s fevered writhing, the very mantle of the planet morphing and changing along with each desperate heave of Harry’s chest.

Gauges were raked into the ground, molten magma seeping from the gaping wounds the way blood seeped from Harry’s flesh where he scratched at himself in distress and agony.

Storm clouds gathered and rain sleeted down for days on end with multi-colored arcs of lightening dancing in tune with Harry’s whimpers and screams.

Then from chips of rock, molecules of air, random bacteria, even flecks of Harry's own skin, hair, spittle and blood, creatures appeared, some perhaps seen before, taking their que from Harry’s memories, others to fantastical to have even existed outside fever dreams, sprang forth and ran, swam, swarmed and flew away with each of Harry’s frantically pounding heartbeats.

Grass, trees, flowers, all manner of flora, exploded from the ground, rocky terrain softening and turning into fertile soil, crawling with worms and other insects with each sneeze and sniffle.

Thor watched it all through the portal window as what had been a useless barely viable planet erupted with life, and at the epicenter of this blast of frantic improbable creation was a being that Thor did not know how to define.

He had turned off his instruments when they proved useless in trying to determine what was happening. It was as if, what was scanned as solid stone one minute suddenly was something else another, and there was nothing to show the transition in-between. So Thor finally turned it off and went to watch the spectacle with his own eyes from orbit.

He waited for nearly a week, ignoring the summons from the high council, sending off a terse "will be delayed" message when pinged, to enthralled by what he was witnessing and was much more important right now.

Sometimes, while he was not observing the events outside his portal window, he would break only
to get the required amount of sleep and dietary substance. During those times he would occasionally glance down at his hands and arms, watching the faint silvery sheen dance in the light, which had yet to fade, and wondered soberly what this would mean for him, what this could possibly mean for his people, and made sure to diligently take samples as time passed, storing them in stasis.

The discoloration and any other side effects did show on the instruments, but it was as if it had always been there. Like the planet, there was no evidence of how one thing became another. All logic dictated that what had happened to him, the replicators, and the world below him was impossible. It couldn’t happen.

He had a rather large headache.

Finally, the visual recorders that he had trained on the boy alerted him 5 days later that he was moving in a manner that did not indicate fever, and that whatever abilities the boy was utilizing appeared to have subsided.

Examining the visuals, he saw Grey sit up from a pedestal that had rose under him during the surges and transformed into some type of mushroom. He watched as the boy took stock of his surroundings, looking confused at the wild plant life before he stumbled to his feet and began tottering his way to the Stargate which had miraculously survived the terraforming, either due to its construction or was by chance overlooked by the forces at play.

He watched as Grey paused before dialing, and Thor knew what must have just occurred to him. The boy had no means of returning home without proving that he wasn’t an unfriendly inbound traveler, and thus be splattered against the Earth gate’s iris.

He watched, curious to see how the boy would deal with the situation, before Grey nodded to himself and pressed out a Stargate address and leapt into the wormhole with familiar ease.

Thor by this point had many questions, perhaps Thor’s first moment of ’understatement' as O’Neil would have observed.

Thor could have detained Grey, taken him into custody while he was still clearly weak. After all, to have such abilities that, when running rampant, could not only destroy a ship full of replicators, but terraform an entire planet and populate it with transmuted creatures! It was…a daunting thought! But at the same time, Grey had cared very deeply for both saving O’Neill and Earth. He also had a feeling that the compound he was given had been meant for the boy, and would most certainly have cured him the illness, despite it's extraordinary effects. Thor owed Harry Grey his life.

Further, Asguard technology had failed to detect what exactly the boy was. Everything that could be done to study his physical make-up had led to the frustrating conclusion that the best of his people's technology kept insisting he was an ordinary human who'd had a standard illness common among his species. So even if he brought the boy back, it was unlikely that they would be able to learn anything about him physically, and if it was done under duress, he would not likely be willing to divulge his secrets willingly.

So he would let the boy go for now, he would not reveal the boy’s true status to the Earthlings, whom he was sure remained ignorant of his abilities. Though he would watch; he would keep him where he was most useful, under O’Neill’s command, were this powerful entity seemed content, and thus relatively protected from more corrupt beings who would use the powerful boy could wreak havoc, and Grey in turn would be the advantage, hidden though he was, in ensuring that O’Neil was safe. Because of this later point specifically, he decided not to reveal the boy's secret to the head council, for now at least.
It was 6 days later that Harry stood in front of the Stargate. It was not the SGC gate, but rather the one being used by Jaffa rebels that thankfully had recognized him instead of shooting when he had stumbled through a day ago.

He was detained for the next 24 hours and questioned until Bray’tac had arrived from his own mission and heard the news of his arrival. He’d told the man what he had told the others. He had been helping the Asguard battle a dire enemy and infestation, the events of which he was not at liberty, and honor bound, to say. When he was done saying all he was going to say, the rebels had let him be, and decided to wait for Master Bray’tac to get in touch with Harry’s people for him, as he didn’t have a means to assure that he didn’t splatter himself on the Iris.

Bray’tac had looked him in the eye, and Harry was reminded of their earlier conversation what seemed so long ago over his apprenticeship.

“You again hold many secrets Harry Grey, and I can tell that, while there is truth in your words, there is also subterfuge.”

Harry nodded, “I wish I could tell you something else Master Bray’tac, but much of it is secrets that are not mine to tell.”

“That, at least, I can believe,” the old man sighed, “and since we have not detected any Goa'uld within you, and I have been in contact with Teal’c, the last being 2 days ago where we talked yet again of the events that lead to your disappearance from orbit, as he knows it, I shall inform the T’auri that you have been found.”

Bray’tac paused and gave the boy a look and said severely, “I understand your reasons for leaving as you did, to a certain extent. Part of being a warrior is knowing when sacrifice is nessesary, whether it be the trust of one’s friends or one’s own life, in this, I think you understand very well, as do we all, including Teal’c but…as a man who cares deeply for his old friend and student, I ask that you spend some time with Teal’c as much as you are able when you reunite, he…has been very distraught over your disappearance.”

Harry nodded, and Bray’tac left him alone in the tent that had been provided for him, along with a fresh set of clothes which he donned gratefully after a quick rub down with some dampened cloths.

He knew that he would have to think up something. He had a suspicion that the higher ups, including his friends, would not be happy with him, but he had to try anyway. If it didn’t work, well, he would just have to try something else.

Harry rubbed a small white stone that hung around a necklace.

A few hours after his arrival, when he had been left alone by his questioners, Thor had had spoken to him via a hologram, obviously having determine where he had headed and was now in secret orbit above Abydos.

“I wish to thank you for helping me in defeating the replicators Grey,” using his last name in a similar way that he used Jack’s, “I understand that you are not likely to reveal how it is that you have accomplished…the impossible. I have also deduced that the humans who you work with are also ignorant of your abilities?,” Harry had nodded, “then, in repayment for your services to the Asguard, I shall continue to keep your secret, unless you pose a threat to Earth or another world.”
“That’s reasonable,” Harry agreed, relieved.

“Know this Grey, that, for now, High Command shall not be informed about your abilities, unless I deem it necessarily dire enough to do so, but I will have to inform them about the material you gave me, as the effects are quite obvious, there may be attention on you from certain quarters of my government for that, so it will be impossible to keep you completely out of it.”

Harry had grimaced, not liking the sound of that, but just in case Thor did change his mind, he clarified a few things, “listen, what happened on board the Balisone… I may not be able to do again. I was severely ill, and what happened was a side effect of that illness. I may never be able to access the power that you witnessed again. I am also not likely to be ill again with that particular flu, as it is a onetime thing among my people. I’m just glad that I survived it, and I didn’t kill anyone or cause any damage.”

There was a flash of white by Harry’s hip, “this subspace transponder will send out a beacon that will attract any Asguard ship that may be nearby.”

Harry had picked up the stone and found that it had also been fashioned into a necklace with a silverish chain.

“I made sure that it was easily dismissed as an adornment so you can keep it hidden. I shall depart now. Know that we shall definitely meet again.”

With that, the hologram had disappeared.

Harry was roused from his recollections when the tent flap pulled back and revealed not only Bray’tac, but Teal’c as well.

The man strode over without a word and lifted Harry off the pallet and pulled him to his chest. Much to Harry’s shock, the man was visibly shaking.

Bray’tac left the two alone, closing the flap behind him to give them privacy.

Nothing was said for a long moment, and Harry just let the man hold him without resistance.

It was a long time before Teal’c would relax his grip, and Harry’s feet would touch ground.

When they returned through the Stargate he was greeted by General Hammond, the rest of the SG1, the rest of the Universal Soldiers, as well as the usually armed guards that was a standard for any inbound traveler, friendly or not.

Frasier though, who had been waiting for him with a med team, dived on him before anyone had a chance to speak, and he was hogtied and dragged away, much to the protests of General Hammond who very much wanted a report, though he was silenced by an aggravated glare from Frasier.

Luckily, he and Thor had discussed matters and he knew what he was going to say when Frasier began firing questions at him as needles, swabs and sample cups approached him from every direction.

“Um Doc, after the incident on Thor’s ship, the Asguard managed to cure me of the disease,” Harry hurriedly blurted.

Things didn’t halt, but a few things retreated from his view as he explained. “According to Thor I picked up from Hoth- ack! Not my shorts!- " Harry watched gloomily as the rest of his cloths disappeared, "-a few weeks ago during that survey mission with SG1. It was a parasite that
hibernates in ice and is attracted to heat. He said it is not contagious, and if the others had contracted it on the planet, it was likely they would have come down with symptoms by now.”

“I see,” Frasier said, looking relieved that at least they didn’t have a quarantine situation on hand, but Harry suspected, from the gleam in her eye, everyone that had paid a visit to the planet was likely to get the check-up of their lives anyway. Harry tried to not to feel guilty about that.

“You won’t find any evidence of the parasite or whatever they used to cure it Doc, he made sure that I tell you that.”

Frasier huffed, but made a note to tell General to strike… “Hoth?” Harry shrugged, “Don’t look at me; it was Jack who named it this time. Joe was rather miffed that he was able to use a Star Wars reference before her when I told her about it afterwards- ow! That smart! Geez!- I think other people call it PQ7-674 ma’am.”

She finished her note.

By the time that Harry was allowed to be released, he was immediately shadowed by a looming Teal’c, who had not let Harry out of his sight as he was escorted to General Hammond’s quarters with Frasier’s notes on Harry clutched to his chest.

Harry handed them over and stood at attention.

Hammond read through the information, made a call to the dialing room to have Hoth tagged as an undesirable, and finally set it aside, folding his hands in front of him.

“Take a seat son, Teal’c, you can leave us for now, I’ll send Harry along when I am done.”

Teal’c didn’t leave though and instead moved to stand behind Harry, a hand resting on his shoulder.

General Hammond sighed, seeing that the overprotective Jaffa was not moving, so decided to dismiss the insubordination and got down to business.

“Since there is a lot that needs to be discussed, a lot of questions answered, I will just listen to your side of things and when you’re done talking, I will ask you some questions, alright?”

Harry nodded nervously, and began speaking.

“I had woken up in my quarters…” Harry described the events that led up to him landing on the ship, the techno bugs and meeting Thor which jived with Jack’s account of things, then it began to deviate from the truth drastically just after Jack got in contact with the SGC.

“…I was resting by Thor’s stasis pod while Jack was busy with the studying the vids, and then Thor spoke to me. He was in a bad way, and he apologized for the mix up with the transporter, and said that if he were only well, he could help them, instead of us helping him. That he would even be able to risk sending at least one person back to Earth. It was then I…knew then that I would have to risk using my fail safe sir.”

“Fail safe?”

Harry nodded, then turned to Teal’c, giving him an apologetic look, “remember our discussion about the experimental medications that a company, whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, gave me before I joined the SGC?”

General Hammond nodded, both in understanding and permission to reveal the secret of their earlier
“Well sir, my associates were worried that my immunity to too many of the chemicals and poisons out there, would also bite me in the ass when it came to medical treatment if I ever got sick,” Hammond’s eyes widened as he realized what the boy was cottoning onto, and why Fraiser in particular dragged him away for check ups more then any other soldier.

"No anesthetic, no painkillers...?"

Harry nodded grimly at the General’s horrified look and continued, “So they gave me something extremely expensive and extremely rare. A medicine that has high regenerative capabilities. It…cures all ailments and infirmities instantly, even if you are close to death.”

General Hammond and Teal’c sucked in breaths of shock. Something like that could well break or make nations, Worlds even!

“The Miracle Juice, as the Colonel called it a bit back, is precisely that, after a fashion. However, it is so hard to manufacture, and so expensive to produce, that after the first supply was made, it was scrapped. There was also the risk that if it was manufactured incorrectly, it could doom the unfortunate individual with a sort of half-life,” Harry kept that vague, but his tone implied death would be the better preference over that.

“I see,” Hammond said heavily, “so it was only for extremely dire emergency situations then? And how were you able to hide it?”

“I have my ways sir, I’m sorry that I cannot tell you more, but that is classified…”

The General sighed, frustrated.

“I certainly look forward to the day, if it ever comes, when you can finally crack open the safe that you keep all those secrets in. I can assume you gave your only supply to Thor then?”

Harry nodded.

“Well, for the sake of National Security and you not getting taken in the night by some over enthusiastic secret organization for said secrets, I will not add the...Miracle Juice...to the record, and merely say that you found alien technology on board that helped Thor.”

Harry nodded, relieved. He already had to worry about the Asguard one day beaming him away if Thor was unable to keep them at bay, the last thing he needed was to worry about more terrestrial based organizations outside of the Wizarding World that is, trying to get their mitts on him.

“Now to the matter with your conduct with your commanding officer,” Hammond changed gears, expression severe.

“I…I knew that most likely he, and yourself would be mad, but when Thor told me that he would be able to send one of us back, I made a deal with him that if I helped heal him and helped him defeat the Replicators, if he sent the Colonel back.”

“Can you explain to me why you made the decision that you did without confiding in your commander?”

“Sir, the Colonel is important to the SGC. He, along with the rest of SG1 in particular have saved this planet and gone through more things than any of the other teams. He has a report with an advanced alien species, and I’m sure has his own political power here at home. He is a powerful
asset that, when compared to a barely experienced private, despite my own contributions, and who was deathly ill…”

“Deathly?” Hammond interrupted quietly.

Teal’c nearly squeezed his shoulder off, and Harry could feel fine trembles from the fingers.

“I was sir,” Harry was completely serious. It was not uncommon for severe cases of Wizards Flu, particularly in adults, to die from the illness if not properly treated. Harry had been lucky. Very lucky.

“I already knew there was a possibility that what I had may kill me, and I may have been contagious or not i didn't know, but I knew who the more valuable one to spare was.”

General Hammond steepled his fingers and said heavily, “I see.”

“The Colonel was not aware of the deal we struck, and when the Asguard beamed him away, I am sure he was unprepared and was likely very cross with me.”

“He still is,” the General said, this time a bit dryly.

The young man had the good form to swallow thickly and look nervous at that.

“But I will explain to him your reasoning, though he may still be angry with you. I have to admit that I do understand the choice that you made, but I can’t condone the actions you took.”

Harry nodded, continuing with his story, “As far as the danger to Earth is concerned, we managed to have the Replicators leave orbit when Thor got the idea to place a false alert into the computer system, a general mayday for a highly technological planet desirable enough to attract the replicators away from Earth.”

“A diversion,” Teal’c intoned approvingly.

Harry smiled up at his teacher, and returned to the conversation.

“Before we left orbit though, Thor took the materials and parts from random military bases all over the world, and we constructed a nuclear warhead.”

General Hammond’s eyes widened at that, nearly choking.

“It didn’t take long, my job was help in construction and running with the equipment with Thor when we had to high tail it from the beam in sites, as the energy attracts the replicators. Luckily, as long as we didn’t do anything obviously aggressive, they left us alone for the most part. Thor said that the nuclear warhead that we were building was far too primitive and crude to attract their attention. Fortunately, I remembered some of my engineering classes, so I was able to scrap together the necessary ingredients and know-how, supplemented by Thor, and we managed to finish it quickly.”

“Then Thor and I placed the device in the engine room, nearby the hyperdrive, and we blew the ship up. We only survived because a passing Asguard ship was alerted by the presence of a lone ship near a mining planet, and had been sent to investigate. Luckily for them and us, the others remained unnoticed, as their ship was less sophisticated then the Balisone. They were tracking the whole thing on scanners and beamed us out just before the ship was destroyed.”

“I see. So you stuck with Jack’s original plan then, just slightly altered.”
Harry nodded.

“And afterwards?”

Harry idly placed a hand on Teal’c’s, calming the man down with a touch of his fingers since he was starting to loose feeling in his arm. The grip relaxed marginally.

“By then, I was in a pretty bad way sir. My temperature was at dangerous levels and Thor told me that any longer and I might have suffered permanent brain damage and organ failure. I was placed in a stasis pod and they took me to a small Asguard outpost on the edge of our galaxy where I was fixed up. We were on our way back when my ride received orders to re-deploy to drive a group of Replicators from a convoy, so they left me on a non-populated planet with a Stargate, and I made my way to one of the rebel Jaffa camps that Teal’c had told me about, and from their I was sent to Abydos and got in touch with Master Bray’tac to let you all know I was alive.”

When he was done, Harry leaned back in his chair and waited for the General’s reaction.

“That’s quite a report. I dare say it’s on par with the usual excitement of SG1 that you seem to have picked up,” the general fingered the pink edge of a nearby industrial sized bottle of Pepto resting near his in-box, “While I do not approve entirely with beaming away a more capable officer in a situation of planetary security, I also understand the motivations behind it. I am also not comfortable with the theft of military equipment but, like the jet you stole earlier, I again will overlook the incident as it was an emergency situation…just don’t make a habit of it.”

Harry agreed, smiling slightly.

“As for the rest of it…” the General stood up, Harry quickly followed, standing at attention as the General stiffened into his own and, much to Harry’s surprise, raised his hand and saluted him.

Harry did the same.

“All things considered, you did a hell of a good job son.”

“Thank you sir.”
Chapter 18

Harry was on leave at his Cabin during the time that the SGC received their first contact from another world that wasn’t already affiliated with them.

Harry had been miffed that no one had told him about the resulting humanitarian mission to Euronda, so he could go, but judging by the report of the supposed “aggrieved” party, they had nearly aided that planet's equivalent of the Nazi’s, something he would not have been fond stumbling into, so he supposed that it wasn’t a total loss.

After that, cautions about knowing how to deal with a less technically advanced or warring civilization were added to the training roster for the trainee’s as well as fresh orders for the more experienced officers.

Fan and Hailey not long after the Euronda incident, were cooking up some new designs for small compact bombs that were looking promising for off world use, and they had left with SG3 to test them out on a barren world that was unoccupied, and dubbed Planet Boom-Boom by Joe. Further, without Fan or Hailey, she managed to beat Harry soundly at poker, being the third best player in their group, and thus Harry’s first week back was a relaxing week of a lightened duty roster of chores on base, while Harry learned the sins of gambling through his double duty roster and dish water hands that he hadn’t experienced since he was a child.

Ooo ooo ooo

Season 4, ep 3. Doesn’t happen.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry had always known that he was treading several lines.

The line between magic and muggle.

The line between student and active soldier.

And the line between Jaffa Apprentice, Airforce Soilder, and Universal Soilder.

He was unsure exactly where it started to become a line between Apprentice and Solider, Jaffa and Earth. He had started training under Teal’c as his dominant instructor with SG1 mainly because he suspected that the others were always so much busier. Harry had not minded and had taken the unique opportunity that it was and soaked up all Teal’c willingly taught him and, as far as he knew, he was the only official Tau'ri to be a Jaffa apprentice. But at some point, something changed to make it something more when compared to his regular trainee studies.
Harry never gave it much thought really, until the day that She showed up, and with her arrival, started events that would make Harry realize that there was indeed a divergence between them. A divergence of loyalties, and Harry would soon be forced to choose what mattered to him more.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry woke up early one morning to the alarms of off world activation.

“Gads!” Joe groaned from her bunk across from Harry, “Haven’t those aliens ever heard of proper visiting hours?”

“For all we know it probably is on whatever world our new arrivals are coming from,” Harry chuckled, “come on Private let’s get into gear, you know the drill when it’s off world activation and that particular alarm.”

“Yes sir Commander Private,” the woman grumble-snarked back as she dragged herself out of bed.

The both of them were dressed and making their way to medical, their usual at ready position for the trainees, though before they could get there the alarm turned off, and they slowed slightly when the announcement of "all hands stand down" was broadcasted.

“Well, that’s a waste of a perfectly good alarm,” Joe grumbled, “Should we make our way to mess now?”

“We’ll check in with Frasier, just to be sure, and then we can answer the call of bacon and coffee.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot its Bacon Bonanza Wednesday! Sucks to be Fan and Hailey, still on their little vacation.”

Harry chuckled and waved the way ahead.

After they were informed that Frasier would not need their assistance, they ambled off to breakfast.

When they took their plates from the amused cafeteria person, stacked high with bacon, though Joe had included fried tomatoes with hers, while Harry drowned his in Maple syrup, Joe and Harry looked for their usual seats among the crowded heads.

“It looks like your great Jaffa master is with the rest of the A-team dealing with the new arrival huh?” Joe teased.

Harry sighed, rolling his eyes, “I see that Daniel, the saint of the Dead Languages and Boyish Good looks is also missing then,” Harry pointed out back; Joe stuck out her tongue at him. It was a well-known fact that she had a slight crush on Daniel, one of his thick dissertations hang up beside her pin-up of Lady Gaga, who also owned her heart, and made no bones about it, working a long game of subtly sitting with him when he was alone, which was apparently stage 5 in her grand orchestra that involved a committed poly relationship and many heated threesomes.

Harry and the others never asked what stages 1-4 had been.

Harry shrugged at Joe's comment form before. It wasn’t unusual that he missed Teal’c, as he was always busy, but when their meal paths crossed, he often sat with Teal’c, as is custom for Apprentices, so they could observe proper etiquette and the veiled political innuendoes an verbal parrying that were common in the normally communal settings among Jaffa soldiers. Though there wasn’t much call for that in regards to the last 3 in the mess hall at the SGC, so far anyway. He sat with Joe and a few newbies that had recently been assigned here, though not part of his program, and
were looking a little amazed and lost. Those were the ones you could always tell were new, by those looks, the ones whose world views had been completely turned on their heads.

Joe and Harry spent the rest of breakfast answering questions and relating stories.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry didn’t see Teal’c again for the rest of the day, obviously busy with the latest crisis, and Harry himself was busy with Joe studying for an exam on off world field tactics for the following week.

Harry was called out of his room by the arrival of Teal’c, who was standing there with the rest of SG1.

“Harry I require your assistance,” Teal’c said in his usual tone, though to Harry he could detect a hint of something. Though it was too subtle to figure out, Harry could tell that something had disturbed his mentor.

“Of course,” Harry said and followed Teal’c as he explained about Sha’noc, a Jaffa priestess he had known from back in the day and their visitor from this morning, who claimed to be able to commune with her symbiote, whom she’d named Tanis, and the possible benefits that lay should she be telling the truth, despite his doubts about it.

Much to everyone’s surprise, Harry didn’t express the same incredulity as the others.

“Is it really so unreal to believe?” Harry said, “I mean, after everything that everyone has encountered, “Being able to talk to the symbiote's themselves? I mean, Jaffa and Goa'uld have been connected together for ages, and you yourself told me that there are things a Jaffa can do with Kel'nor'reem that even you aren't fully aware of or dared to explore.”

The others look contemplative at that, though skeptic, which is why Teal’c had decided that the best thing to do was to test Sha'noc's claim for himself.

Soon they were all gathered in Teal’c’s quarters, and Harry set about lighting the candles while Teal’c began readying himself.

When he was done and the lights were turned off leaving everyone bathed in candlelight, Teal’c began explaining for the benefit of the others, as Harry already knew most of it from his lessons.

“In the deepest levels of Kel'nor'eem, the heart beats between extremely long intervals. It is even possible that we meditate so deeply that we may even stop the heart altogether, and the practice of such an intensely deep state is forbidden.”

“Wouldn’t your symbiote try to start up your heart again?” Carter asked curiously.

“That is correct,” Teal’c agreed, “but according to Sha’noc, it is only possible at this time to commune between Jaffa and symbiote.”

Harry nodded to himself, as he listened a bit longer, then when it seemed that everyone had said their piece, he took up position directly behind the kneeling Teal’c, who looked upwards at his apprentices face.

“This could be dangerous,” Teal’c said, searching the green eyes, “to take position as support is not needed…”

“It is Master,” Harry said, eyes narrowing in determination, using the Jaffa’s title to show he was
serious.

“Support?” Daniel asked in interest.

“It is not uncommon for an Apprentice to stand watch over the body of a meditating master. They sometimes act as a grounder to ensure that a master does not lose track of their surroundings and will revive the master should they be needed.”

“So he’s a kel'nor'eem alarm clock then?” Jack clarified.

“Indeed.”

“Well, alright then, knock yourselves out.”

Teal’c closed his eyes while Harry placed his hands on either side of Teal’c’s head, standing at relaxed attention.

It wasn’t long before Teal’c jerked awake, his eyes snapping open.

Harry soothingly rubbed his temples and calmed the Jaffa.

“It’s alright master, easy, even breaths now.”

“I…I believe I just saw a vision of my father,” the Jaffa said in a stunned voice.

“So…this is working then?” Jack asked, but stopped speaking when his subordinate shot him a look, and the colonel actually quieted. In instances like this, trust the one’s that had more knowledge to handle something outside of his bracket of dealings.

“I will begin again,” Teal’c said.

“Are you certain master? Your heart…and the symbiote may punish you even more on top of it…” Harry was pale. He knew the fate of Teal’c’s father. He did not like where this was going, but when Teal’c was not swayed he sighed and the two settled back into position.

“Can one of you stay by the phone and be ready to alert medical? Just in case?” Harry told the other’s as he took up position again.

Daniel obligingly hovered near a phone, and everyone settled in to start again.

After some time past and Jack was starting to fidgit from boredom, they were all startled when Teal’c suddenly stiffened and let out a yell of pain as his back arched and his eyes bulged open.

“Master!” Harry called, gripping the man’s face and directing the frantic eyes to his own, \textit{come back from the abyss and defend}...

It was a standard phrase that many apprentices were taught to say that helped to trigger the subconscious into waking the meditator.

The man suddenly buckled and Harry pulled him back against his body, as they slid sideways while Daniel called for medical.

“That will not be necessary Daniel Jackson,” Teal’c said a little breathlessly, but otherwise sounded unharmed. Daniel reluctantly cancelled the emergency and hung up the phone. Harry softly and agitated, stroked the man’s head in soothing motions as it rested in his lap, while Sam and Jack helped the protesting Jaffa to uncurl from his side and stretch out in the cradle of Harry’s legs.
Teal’c grabbed the restless hand and squeezed it in reassurance.

“I am alright Harry, you can let me rise…”

“Teal’c don’t give me that,” Harry snapped back with a huff, “it’s my job to know when you need to fight and when you need support and rest, and right now, you are just as able to report what happened prone as well as standing. Jaffa or not, you stopped your heart twice and were punished by your symbiote as well. So lie back, say your bit, then after an hour I’ll let you up to get something to eat…and eat you will, you skipped breakfast and lunch! Then you can join the others.”

Teal’c gave Harry a fond exasperated look but explained what he saw and experienced, and the hate that the symbiote had passed through to him all while he was prone.

“So then it’s possible?” Sam breathed, “Sha’noc was telling the truth.”

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry kept his word and didn’t allow the Jaffa to move for a full hour. In that time, Harry asked about Sha’noc, and Teal’c told him fond stories of their times together before she joined the temple and he moved up in the ranks of Jaffa.

“You sound very fond of her,” Harry said quietly, hands back to massaging Teal’c’s head and face to help ease the last dregs of the man’s headache, noting the soft expression he wore.

“Indeed,” Teal’c sighed, “and now that we know that Sha’noc is right, things may very well change for all of us.”

Harry bit his lip, his worry beginning to grow over just what those changes might be.

“Now, I believe it has been an hour,” his tone was amused now, slightly exasperated over the coddling as he sat up and took to his feet. Allowing his apprentice to fuss over him for a moment more before the two left his quarters.

Teal’c was heading straight for Sha’noc determinedly, making Harry sigh in exasperation, which left him to grab his one-track Master something to eat before the man forgot yet again.

When Harry went to the medbay to give Teal’c his food, he found the man sitting very close to a woman dressed in the garb of a priestess, with the golden tattoo of Anubis on her head. She had long straight brown hair, and a rather beautifully regal countenance.

He watched as the two whispered together, noticing that he had never seen Teal’c smile so much before. It made something twist in his gut, something he couldn’t identify, so he shoved it away deep down and approached the two Jaffa with a plate in each hand.

“Ah! You must be Teal’c’s Apprentice, Harry Grey Yerror of Anubis,” Sha’noc said in polite greeting as Harry handed the man his food, a heaping plate of sandwiches, and handed Sha’noc a slightly smaller helping in difference to her condition.

Harry bowed his head, resting a fist over his heart, :.Greetings and respect High Priestess,.: Harry greeted with the proper respect he had been drilled in, :.I am honored to meet the one that has braved such a task.:.

:.Thank you,.: she replied, and her face softened, :.greetings onto you Apprentice, and from what Teal’c has told me, you were the only one to not cast doubt on my claim, may I ask why?:.
Harry looked up and met her eyes and replied, :I may appear young Priestess, but it has been my experience that the notions of 'possible' and 'impossible' are rather intangible things.: 

:A wise apprentice you have claimed Teal’c, Sha’noc said approvingly, :and when the time comes, I will look forward to your wisdom in the future should I survive.: 

Harry bowed his head again, that uneasy feeling returning. 

Teal’c was soon called away by General Hammond, and Harry suspected that it was the Tok’ra, judging by the incoming traveler alarm. 

Harry remained with Sha’noc at Teal’c’s request and the youth nodded, shooing the still hovering man away. 

“You manage your master well,” Sha’noc said dryly in English this time, leaning back against the pillows with a sigh. 

“Indeed,” Harry said in perfect imitation of Teal’c, then his tone turned more serious after they shared a smile, “you don’t look well High Priestess…” 

“Please, call me Sha’noc, for we that bear the same man close to our hearts should be allowed the privilege through this commonality.” 

“Sha’noc, then,” Harry nodded, ignoring the odd quiver in his gut, “I understand from Teal’c that you are already past your Prim’ta carrying time?” 

Sha’noc nodded grimly, “this is why I am likely to die. I know that their is no prim’ta to replace my symbiote, and should the Tok’ra not agree and provide a host, my child shall die with me as well.” 

“I see,” Harry said quietly. He watched as the cloth that covered her pouch bulged slightly, the Goa’uld obviously aching to take a host. The woman paled further, and her breaths became quick. Fortunately, no one had noticed quite yet, so Harry took the brief window of advantage to give Sha’noc a hand. 

What he was doing was risky, but…Sha’noc meant a lot to Teal’c, and he would not risk the man’s happiness. 

:Sha’noc:: Harry intoned reverting to Jaffa, :there is something I can do, a sort of…chant in another tongue that will calm the symbiote, at least for a time, but I must ask that you not reveal what I am about to do to anyone, not even my Master. I promise that it will help you, but I need your word as a High Priestess and on your honor as a Jaffa before I can do it.: 

::This will help my child? Buy us a bit more time?: she asked, resting a hand protectively over her pouch. 

::Yes:: 

::Then you have it:: 

Harry nodded, relieved that she didn't ask any questions, just settled back and waited. Harry climbed onto the bed and carefully settled lower on her body, bending close to the wreathing pouch covered by cloth and he began to whisper in Parceltounge. 

::Calm yourself:: He ordered, ::you will not have any more of these outbursts unless it truly becomes a life or death situation and you have absolutely no more choice but to leave. Now rest and support
Sha’noc relaxed as Harry’s order took effect and her symbiote instantly settled.

“What…?” she asked, voice trailing off when she saw his eyes give her a firm look just as Teal’c came rushing in. Harry began massaging the pouch, humming under his breath to mask what he had done.

“Sha’noc, we have managed to get in contact with the Tok’ra, it is not confirmed yet, for the Tok’ra agent is in council, but they seem to show favor in providing your symbiote with a willing host…” his excitement wore off as he saw her pale face, and Harry’s position. He took her hand, watching what his Apprentice was doing with concern, “You had another episode?”

“Yes, but your Apprentice helped me…calm down the symbiote. He told me of a practice of humming and massage that he believed would help and it seems to be holding so far.”

Teal’c let out a relieved breath, nodding his appreciation to Harry who continued with what he was doing with a carefully disguised relief.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry was soon dismissed after Teal’c decided that he and Sha'noc would await the decision of the Tok’ra in his quarters, though Harry was to be ready should he be needed to help calm the symbiote down with his strange method.

Said method was overheard about by Frasier, who came to give Sha’noc another once over, and Harry spent his time explaining a fabricated method that he picked up from Hargrid’s lecture on pregnant Thestrils once (though he replaced Thestrils with horses).

After getting a lecture on using veterinary practices on a high risk alien patient, she nonetheless sent him off and made sure to tell him that when this was all over, he was to demonstrate for the staff on Teal’c for the next time it may be needed. A practice Harry fervently hoped would never be needed.

Ooo ooo ooo

It wasn’t until the next morning that Harry saw Teal’c again, and while there was no literal spring in his step, he was a decorous warrior after all, the sentiment was certainly there, and with a certain Teal’c brand excited smile, Harry, and Joe who was accompanying him to breakfast, gave them a cheerful “Kel sha!” in their direction.

“Morning” they both replied, exchanging an amused and slightly baffled glance between them at the uncharacteristic display.

“I require a moment of your time Harry, there is something we must discuss,” Teal’c said, still looking excited.

“I’ll see you later Harry,” Joe said and rushed off, shooting Teal’c an amused look, and in a decided rush as it was Waffle day and they tended to go fast.

Harry walked to catch up with the man’s long strides and commented, “You seem…well, this morning.”

“Indeed I am,” they stopped at a turn and Teal’c suddenly rounded and seized Harry’s shoulders, meeting his eyes intently and said with a certain zeal, “Harry, if all Jaffa can be taught to commune with their symbiote, then the days of the Goa’uld are truly numbered!”
“And Sha’noc can teach them?” Harry asked.

“Yes, and if she survives, I intend to be at her side,” he answered, and then more subdued, “and if she does not, I do not intend to let her sacrifice be in vain.”

Harry felt as if his heart had stopped, as if suddenly, something very vital was about to be torn from him.

“I…see,” Harry replied, voice as stoic as he can make it. He knew what Teal’c was saying.

He was leaving the SGC to help spread the word of Sha’noc.

Teal’c frowned when he felt the smaller body of his apprentice tremble slightly despite Harry's bright smile.

“Are you well Harry? What is wrong?”

Harry shook his head and rasped, “it is nothing sir…I…” Harry’s voice trailed off, and Teal’c froze at the term ‘sir’ from his lips and not his name or his honored Jaffa title. It suddenly occurred to him what his apprentice must be thinking. He gave a gusty sigh and shook his head as he shook the young man gently.

“Do you think me a man without honor?” he asked the young Tau'ri with exasperation.

Harry stiffened and gave him an outraged look, “of course not! You are the most honorable person I know!”

“Then do you think I am a man to abandon his sacred duty as your master?”

“N..no…” the boy’s voice was slow but then Teal’c saw with satisfaction that Harry was was catching on to what he was implying.

“Then that is settled,” Teal’c said briskly, “we shall discuss the specifics of our leaving later after the Tok’ra have…”

He was interrupted as Carter came careening around the corner and he was soon distracted when she told him that the Tok’ra had agreed.

After that it was a flurry to prepare for the transfer, and Harry was left to quietly follow, his own thoughts in turmoil.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry had offered to stay behind. There was two reasons for this: one, he didn't want the Tok'ra to eye him up like a prime stake. The second reason was that there were things that needed to be done or, to be more exact, a decision that he needed to make.

Teal’c seemed to understand that something was bothering Harry, and told him that he would fetch him later when everything was seen to.

Harry retreated to the surface of the base.

It wasn’t normally allowed, but it seemed that General Hammond had caught wind of Teal’c’s plan and had allowed Harry some air to think things over.

Harry paced along the stony brush and tall pines of Cheyenne Mountain.
He was at a crossroads yet again it seemed.

The military had been like a second home to him when he had left the Wizarding World. It had given him an education, a structure, a home and a future. Never had it occurred to him that he might face the possibility that he would want to leave.

But…

Teal’c had looked at him and saw possibility in him to become something more then just a Tau'ri soldier. The potential that he could be a warrior. Not a weapon, the way that the wizards saw him, not another duty bound cog expected to follow orders. Teal’c cared about him in a way that went beyond molding him to defend a country or even a world; he cared about Harry the individual. And Harry…he swallowed heavily, Harry cared about Teal’c more then he should at times.

Harry also knew that if he left Earth to help the spread Sha’noc’s teachings, once off the planet and out from under the statute of secrecy, he could even be truthful with Teal’c, reveal his true past, his magic. He could use his Parceltouge ability in the open, which he knew would be invaluable to something like this. He knew that Teal’c would not turn on him as others have done over the years, and finally, he would definitely be beyond anyone who still may want a piece of the Boy-Who-Lived.

Harry spent some time outside, feeling the breeze and looking up at the blue sky with fluffy clouds and wondered if this would be the last time he would gaze at them.

It was sometime later that he returned underground.

Oooo oooo ooo

It was night time by the time that SG1 returned.

As usual, Jack looked distinctly dissatisfied with his visit to the Tok’ra and their apparent reluctance to share the information that the newest member carried.

Teal’c’s attention was caught by his Apprentice’s arrival to the debriefing room.

In the excitement of everything, it had not truly occurred to him just how difficult this might be for Harry. His apprentice was Tau'ri, and had not been raised with the same one minded mentality that Jaffa were about honorable positions such as master and apprentice, though he did show respect and appreciation for the position. From what he had observed of the people and from his own discussions with his friends and comrades in the SGC, they were raised to expect to leave homes, friends and family at any given time. He may look at his time with Teal'c as just another moment of transitioning in his training. Harry was very loyal to the SGC after all.

Teal’c felt suddenly guilty that he had not given Harry any consideration to his connections to Earth, while at the same time he felt a sudden worry that Harry would not want to go with him and Shan'oc. What if Harry decided to stay? The thought made his insides twist uncomfortably.

But then that small point of panic at the thought of Harry being absent from his side dissolved as their eyes met when Harry entered the debriefing room, and a silent sort of communication past between them, he saw the conflict, the sadness, but not that of one staying behind and saying goodbye, but the one of leaving everything he knew behind him.

Harry padded over silently and stood at his shoulder, aligning himself with Teal'c for the coming conversation. Teal’c relaxed and turned his attention to the matter at hand.
Standing, with his apprentice by his side, he declared to his gathered friends:

“It is with much sadness that I must take my leave of the SGC.”

What followed was first disbelief then argument, mostly from Jack, but when they realized how important it was to him, they eventually conceded to the Jaffa’s decision and then it was Harry’s turn.

He took a step forward and took a deep breath and was about to speak when the sudden alarm and announcement of an unexpected off world activation blared through the room.

Relieved of his own speech, Harry ran for his post at the medbay, Joe meeting him there, and tossing him his p-90 and his staff weapon.

They and the medical staff waited tensely for the all clear or the gear up.

The all clear was given, though to their surprise, Harry was being personally called to Hammond’s office.

Harry suddenly had a bad feeling, a very bad feeling.

When he skidded to a halt outside Hammond’s office, the General was not there, but Jack and the others were, hovering outside and uncustumary unsure.

Jack informed him in quiet tones of what had happened, that Sha’noc had died and her body had been returned by the Tok’ra through the stargate. General Hammond was seeing to the storage of the body for Teal’c after the autopsy, and had let SG1 use his office, which was nearby and private, to deal with Teal’c.

“General Hammond thought that since you have the whole apprentice connection thing, you might be able to help him,” Jack finished with a weary sigh, shooting the office that held Teal’c a look of worry and sympathy.

Harry nodded and entered the office. He took one look at his Jaffa Master and he now understand their pause in approaching Teal’c. He had never seen the Jaffa so utterly devastated and almost...feral in his grief.

“Don’t worry; I’ll take care of him,” he told the others, and unceremoniously shooed them off, since there was nothing they could do here now.

The others nodded, letting Harry take the lead on this. Harry entered and closed the office door.

Harry went over to the stiffly standing man that was staring at a picture of General Hammond’s first airplane he’d flown.

Harry didn’t say anything and just wrapped his arms around Teal’c from behind and hugged him. Teal’c’s body was so stiff that he might as well be hugging a bolder.

“She…she was fine, a little weak, but fine when I left her,” the man rasped, “She was so excited about returning to Chu’lack.”

Harry listened silently as the man continued to ramble and then the bolder crumbled and Teal’c silently cried for a very long time while Harry held on to the pieces.

Ooo ooo ooo

Sometime later after they had retired to Teal’c’s quarters, Harry left him at the man’s request so he
could meditate in private and gather his thoughts and broken composure. Harry, respecting his wish, left him.

He managed to find Daniel and tell him that Teal’c was resting in his quarters, and then went to General Hammond to request, on behalf of Teal’c, some leave time so the man could handle the funeral rights and take a bit of time to grieve. He informed Hammond that he would be taking Teal’c to his cabin, and both were given the go ahead.

That set up, Harry set about packing a bag for Teal’c and storing his weapons in the weapons locker, leaving only his axe strapped to his back like usual.

He decided to head towards the medbay after that, when Teal’c suddenly came careening out of the medbay, with an unholy rage in his eye that he had not seen since Chronos’ visit, followed closely by Jack.

Harry fell into a step with Jack and asked:

“Sir?”

“Teal’c had a talk with the snake again and he realized something that made him think that Sha’noc was murdered. We just confirmed what he was looking for with the doc who examined the body.”

Harry sucked in a sharp breath.

“Yeah, were heading to the Tok’ra base, apparently ol’ Tanis has a few things to answer for.”

Harry nodded, and given the situation, the Colonel didn’t argue about not giving the other permission to come.

It occurred to Jack, as the young man trained his eyes on the Jaffa before them, that had the Tok’ra and Sha’noc’s body not arrived when they did, he might very well have heard something similar to Teal’c’s speech in the debriefing room. It was then he realized after that, whatever this thing that was going on between Grey and Teal’c was, Grey took it serious enough that whatever, or wherever, Teal’c was destined to go, Harry Grey would follow at his side, despite his oaths to the Airforce and the Universal Soldier Program.

It would be a shame to ever lose someone as talented as Grey, but Jack made a decision that whenever it came to the connection between those two, he would not get in the way of it.

And to also be weary of it, because now he knew for certain that Harry Grey’s loyalty was not to Earth first and foremost.

The two managed to grab some gear from SG4 which had just returned through the Stargate, and after a brief explanation to General Hammond, the man allowed the trip and soon they were all piling through the wormhole.

Ooo ooo ooo

When they marched into the Tok’ra underground base after ringing in, Harry would later look back and think 2 things: one, the facility was a magnificent example of technology, the entire thing using crystals, and Harry admitted, that while a little jagged in some areas. He rather liked it, if a bit alien, but then again having a bedroom had been alien to him after he had gotten his letter at age 11.

The second thing was that in his haste to help Teal’c he had perhaps not thought things though, which was more presently realized when the eyes of passing Tok’ra settled on him.
Harry felt distinctly uncomfortable as they watched him pass. He was glad though that their training as spies, and their infinite near suicidal patience (which Jack called stagnant fear to take action), seemed to keep them from rushing him, though they did follow him, discreetly, at a distance.

When they burst in on 3 of the council, two men and one woman host, Harry settled next to Teal’c’s side as the Jaffa presented his case.

Harry could tell that they appeared to believe him, but when they denied Teal’c his much needed revenge on Tanis, the Jaffa unsurprisingly went berserk and Tok’ra went flying as the man barred down the halls.

It took six Tok’ra to hold Teal’c down.

Harry though was not kosher with his mentor being restrained and his axe came out of its sheath at his back as Harry hissed in anger.

The guards shivered at the barest hint of Parcelfounge in that outraged sound.

“Stand down Private! That’s an order!” Jack bellowed.

Harry growled, his hand clenching, the axe twirling agitated in his hold. Even the female Tok’ra council leader shivered at the angry hisses as she came within hearing range, following at Jack’s heels.

She cleared her throat, knowing that she had to speak quickly as Jack began talking the younger male she had yet to meet, in fact as she caught his enraged green eyes in the iridescence of the crystal walls, she rather thought she would like to get to know him more…she blinked, shaking her head in embarrassment, and instead focused on trying to get the human into sheathing his primitive weapon and the Jaffa to settle down.

Teal’c eventually stopped struggling as she talked and explained the benefits of having Tanis alive so they could leak false information to a known spy of the enemy, information that could save thousands of lives and potentially cripple the Goa'uld.

The angry hiss from the boy though didn’t stop until Teal’c was released.

It was Harry, after calming down and seeing the light of the situation, that managed to talk Teal’c through the Stargate and leaving Tanis to his fate among the Tok’ra, though no doubt was left in anyone’s mind that when Tanis’ usefulness was at an end, Teal’c would be back to complete his vow of revenge, and his apprentice would make sure that no one was in his way.

Ooo ooo ooo

They cremated Sha’noc on Chu’lack, and when it was done, and Teal’c had said a few words to some of the other Jaffa, introducing Harry as well among them, they soon returned through the gate and Harry took no time informing Hammond that he was initiating his plan, and whisked the distraught warrior away to recover at his cabin, despite Teal’c’s protests that he didn't need it.

For those blissfully peaceful few weeks Harry introduced him to spear fishing, a few sports, and just generally letting the quiet solitude of the place help soothe the Jaffa, even if, after a few days, Teal’c insisted on more Jaffa training for Harry, which he suspected was because Teal’c was not entirely comfortable with leisure. But whatever he needed, Harry was there to patiently give.

And if at night, Harry would awaken to find Teal’c meditated in a chair or on the ground at the foot of his bed, or if Teal’c was disturbed in his Kel'ner'reem by disturbing images that wouldn't leave
him, Harry was there with a cup of hot cocoa and an ear for the rest of the night as they sat beside each other on the couch in front of the television, which would be turned on to some inane show and Harry would hum softly under his breath as Teal'c rested against him, head against Harry's chest and listening to his reassuring heartbeats, legs dangling over the armrests of the couch as he was soothed by Harry's presence

Chapter End Notes

yes, i am aware that i misspelled some names. i noticed after editing and just didn't want to go back and fix them.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Season 4 ep 6 doesn’t happen.

Season 4, ep 7 "Watergate" references in this chap.

Also keep in mind that I don't know much about the military, so just accept events in this chap as is.

Harry was not a big on birthdays.

Certainly he had celebrated them with the Weasley's and the Order a time or two as Potter, had lost his virginity with the goblins on his first 19th birthday, and when he was in Military school he had done so if his roommates insisted, but other then his 17th birthday, the age of majority among wizards, he most of the time was so unmoved by the anniversary of his birth, that he often sometimes even forgot that they had come and gone without those reminders.

This was mainly because he'd had several years worth of life experiences in those Time Dilation fields. Looking back on it even now, he could not rightly pinpoint just how much time passed, since he didn't age in those things, thus things like birthday's had long since lost their significance to him.

His second 19th birthday had come and gone since he had been at the SGC, and on the day that his 20th birthday rolled around, it would have passed unnoticed just as the previous, if it wasn't for the fact that on that particular day the Universal Soldier Program had passed it's 2 year probationary marker, and given the success of Harry and his fellow USP, the pentagon had green-lighted the project as a permanent staple of the SGC.

To mark the occasion, Hammond had set up a nice little ceremony, and Harry, Hailey, Joe, and Fan marched out in their ceremonial uniforms, which for the USP, was all black with dark blue piping along the sleeves, silver buttons down the front, a Staff Weapon polished to a shine slung over their backs, and a patch over their right breast that displayed an image of an active Stargate with the Shevron for Earth in the center.

The 4 USP's stood at attention on a small stage set up in front of the Stargate and the Secretary of Defense, again in lieu of the President who could not be here at this time, gave another stirring speech, and then they had a pip attached to their colors each that indicated their new raking as 'Sergent' though in Harry's case, for all that he had done for the SGC, he was bumped up to 'Master Sergent' much to Harry's surprise, his face turning red as a tomato when the entire SGC in attendance cheered.

When asked to give a speech, Harry stepped up to the mike, cleared his throat and said.

"er...Thanks for this honor...um, it means a lot to myself and the others...uh...that's all I guess," Harry blushed harder, rubbing the back of his head, and retreated to stand with the others, groaning quietly while Hailey subtly elbowed him in the ribs.

A smattering of chuckles from the crowd, but they clapped politely at the awkward speech. General
Hammond made a mental note to make sure Master Sgt. Grey was chucked at a public speaking class sometime in the near-future.

After the ceremony and complimentary reception, Harry and the others tore it up at McGrady's (to be put on Jack's tab), wandered around in a buzzed revelry which ended up with them all meandering into a tattoo parlor at some point where Harry received the second tattoo of his life in comradely with his fellow USP, then staggered back to base to sleep it off, idly wondering how it was that he could still get drunk when he was practically immune to everything else.

When Harry had gotten up the next morning, it was to find a small wrapped box in plain paper sitting on his bedside table and inside it was a dagger. The blade was curved like a talon and made of a dark metal with a grip of the same material wrapped in simple dark leather. At the base of the blade was the Jaffa symbol for 'Warrior.' As he was examining the dagger, a small folded note fell out of the wrapping.

\[\text{Congratulations on your achievement and on the anniversary of your birth.}\]
\[- Teal'c.\]

Harry felt..touched and surprised. Of all the people who would figure out his birthday, he never suspected it would be Teal'c, as he didn't strike him as the type. Still, the new 20 year old was appreciative of the thought, and made sure to give his Master an enthusiastic hug thank you the next chance he saw him.

ooo ooo ooo

Harry was rather looking forward to a relatively straightforward off-planet mission, in this case involving a people called the Dolians that were in need of a new home world, and were running low on time. Despite the circumstances surrounding the trip, it was more along the lines of escort work of civilians through their Stargate to a more viable planet that wasn't about to give out on them like their current one.

While there was something that could be said for a little blood pounding action, He also appreciate missions from time to time that weren't all about ducking for cover while Goa'uld took pot shots at him, just "Only what you can carry ma'am/sir/zir" and "please stick to the group ma'am/sir/zir."

Yeah it was surprisingly boring for something as urgent sounding as a planetary evacuation, but in this case the Dolians had a few months yet before the planet became non-viable. It was just a matter of packing right, keeping calm, and keeping things moving. Though he supposed it helped that SGC had a few viable planets already on record when their plight was discovered during a routine mission by SG4.

It was during these not-fighting-for-his-life missions that the others taught him various things, even though he was no longer a trainee any more, now a full time member of SG1, such as how to use some of the various highly technical equipment by Carter, how to search for signs of current or extinct civilizations by Daniel, Teal'c with his Jaffa field training, and Jack…well, whatever struck the man's fancy when he happened to be bored and Harry was nearby. He also learned basics like how to manually dial gates using only the gate, using sticks to start fires, and of course the standard 101 uses of a grenade.
SG1 and SG7 had been taking the Dolian mission in rotating shifts, and SG1 was already waiting patiently for the dialing sequence. Harry was listening to the others talk with half an ear, already focused on steadying his magic, a chore he had found was becoming easier with continual exposure to the gate, when something unexpected happened.

“Sorry SG1,” Sgt. Walter Harriman, the ‘face' and 'voice' of the dialing room, called out over the speakers, “Shevron 7 won’t lock.”

Sam quickly left to see what the problem was, while the others waited.

10 minutes later, Carter’s voice announced “sir, this is going to take awhile,” which was the sign that they were all clocking out early today it appeared until the little technical flub up was ironed out.

“So…want some pie while we wait?” Harry asked the others, rubbing his hands together, “I hear they have Jumbleberry in the cafe today.”

Teal’c looked interested, while the others shrugged and left the room, still remaining in gear should it be fixed sooner then ‘awhile’, though Jack seemed highly doubtful of that.

After a few hours of triple checking the computers by Carter and the rest of the techs, (and by this point the others had stowed their gear away), Sam had finally managed to find something and called them and General Hammond into the debriefing room.

The explanation she and the techs had was that another gate was being used around the same time as their gate, which from what she explained, made it impossible for there’s to work, and left them with a base of soilders with time on thier hands and stranded soilders and desperate civilians unable to reach SGC.

They had managed to track down a similar, minor systematic event like the one that happened when the NID goons were using an extra gate from before Harry’s time, and the blip was coming from a direction that obviously did not please Jack one bit, when she showed them the geosynchronous point of origin on the map displayed on the large screen.

“Is that coming from Siberia?” Jack growled.

“The Russians must have a Stargate,” Daniel declared unnecessarily.

“But how did they get it?” Harry asked, confused, “from what I understand, the second stargate was put into deep storage in Area 51,” Harry refrained from making the obvious Roswell jokes, barely.

“It’s possible that some shady individuals, cough!*Mayborne*cough!, got their mitts on it and sold it to the Russians,” Jack replied sourly.

After a moments wait where General Hammond decided to at least check the theory out and sent a few people he trusted at Area 51, it was one call later that it was as they had feared, they had found fake.

“This is getting old,” Jack grumbled into his coffee an hour later in Hammond’s office with the rest of SG1.

Harry had to agree, but kept his face in his own coffee.

According to Hammond, he had managed to get the Russians to admit to having the Stargate, which was helped along by him bluffing that they had the evidence of the theft. The news was further
impacted by the fact that apparently there was something going on with the Russian Stargate other
then them knowing a disturbing (Jack's opinion) amount about the SGC.

The problem though was rather alarming.

“It won’t close,” was the General’s sum up shit storm statement.

Carter went into what Jack called her "Nerd mode" over that and Ideas were tossed around, but
nothing concrete could be agreed on and General Hammond continued to lay out the situation in
Russia.

“The Russian government is divided on how to deal with the situation, it seems the Russian president
did not support setting up a Stargate program and until we called, they were planning on bombing
the whole thing and covering it up.”

“So…not that I am surprised by their choice of solutions, but why haven't they done it already?” Jack
drawled.

“A scientist who was part of starting up their program convinced her government to send in another
team to assess the situation and see if it can be resolved in another way.”

“Whose the scientist?” Carter asked curiously.

“Svetlana Markov,” General Hammond replied.

Carter’s eyes widened and she said appreciatively, “wow, I know of her work, she’s brilliant!”

Apparently, she had heard of Carter to it turns out, as the woman had requested the team of Dr.
Samantha Carter to be the one to assist in the investigation of the base.

Jack didn’t look to inclined to help them, but after a few salient points by Hammond, Carter, and
Daniel, the man subsided with an aggrieved pout.

Harry was beginning to suspect that the man held a less then fond tolerance for Russia.

He had come across this sentiment a time or two before among the older generations within the
American military, but had not thought that the easy going, come as they come Jack O’Neill would
share these sentiments.

Obviously the American and Russian military had never held their own Tri-wizard tournament to
foster good relations, he rather thought with bemusement.

Harry himself didn’t have an issue with Russians or any other country really, just certain aspects that
he might not agree to, like the highly conservative government in charge of muggle Russia, or the
way that his own UK was willing to ignore child soldiers being lost in the shuffle to keep their
magical counterparts happy...Harry shook his head, and turned his mind away from global politics to
deal with the matter at hand.

Ooo ooo ooo

Doctor Markov was an average sized person with thick reddish brown hair pulled back into a tightly
braided loose bun, an easy smile, dry wit, and a rather disturbing knowledge base on the SG1.

When she went through listing off names and shaking hands with Carter and the others, she was
finally left with Harry, who stood their silently, bristling with his usual assortment of weapons, his
dagger from Teal'c sitting with a place of pride on his left hip, though he was feeling the lack of his axe, which Hammond thought might be a bit much, diplomatically speaking, for the situation.

"Ah yes, Sgt. Harry Grey, recent graduate of Universal Soldier Program, I believe. Your also the first Earth based human to become apprenticed to an off-world alien," the woman rounded down, giving him a nod and a handshake, "I must admit, we had considered something similar for our program. To have those trained from the beginning specifically for off-world missions would be most beneficial."

Harry inclined his head, and unlike the others, he was not overly bothered by her knowledge base of him, and just took the compliment she gave him in stride. The Wizarding World's media had long prepared him to the notion that his identity was never completely his alone.

“Yes sir, it is an honor to meet you. One of my fellow USP's has also heard of you, and if she were here, would most likely want your autograph,” Harry replied dryly.

Carter coughed slightly at that, a slight blush on her cheeks, and privately thinking that Hailey wouldn't be the only one, if she didn't have an image to uphold, and that Jack would pout for months.

The woman chortled, and the two exchanged idle chit chat and jokes in Russian, a few making Daniel blush, while Jack eyed their backs unhappily as they made their way to their ride, and boarded the large transport plane muttering to himself, "well of course he knows Russian!"

Harry settled in beside Teal’c and listened as Malkov got down to business and turned to the others to talk about the start up of her people's program, and the last that anyone had heard from the base before the shit had hit the fan, though the others noticed that many names were not mentioned, nor how the device was obtained in the first place.

The news that the Russians had a dialing device instead of a dialing computer stunned the others.

“you found the one from Giza,” Daniel concluded.

The Doctor nodded and said, “it was discovered by the Germans in the second world war and then later confiscated by us.”

“And as long as your DHD was connected, your Gate superseded ours,” Carter concluded.

It wasn’t long before that the signal was given by the pilot and parachute bags were being passed around.

Harry couldn’t help the delighted grin that filled his face as he received his own pack eagerly.

“Brilliant!” Harry crowed into the mike in his helmet.

Teal’c meanwhile was looking down at his parachute with confusion.

Harry took Teal’c aside and began to patiently explain to the doubtful Jaffa about the mechanics of skydiving.

Doctor Jackson also did not look to thrilled, in fact he looked a wee bit ill.

Harry chuckled when he remembered that little game of chess a few months back. They had made a little wager and when Harry had managed to beat him, Daniel had been required to take skydiving lessons as payment and jump out of a plane at least once.
To give the man credit, he had not gone back on the bet, though his high pitched multilingual profanity screamed halfway down was quite memorable.

“Jack?” Harry said, dragging the reluctant Jaffa to the open back of the cargo plane, while Sam, who was already ready was hand holding Daniel through his final prep, “if it’s alright with you, Teal’c has never had any lessons, so I think I should partner with him for his first jump.”

“How many dives have you done Grey?” Jack asked curiously.

“Well,” Harry scratched his chin thoughtfully trying to count up the jumps, as Daniel who knew very well of Harry’s little hobby, snorted in the background, ”I think I hit about close to 200, but I kind of lost count a year or two back, I do it during time off, so my visits vary.”

“What, you do this for fun?” the Colonel said disbelievingly, but at Harry’s shrug, he sighed and said something under his breath that sounded suspiciously like ”Adrenaline junkie nut job,” and shook his head and gave the two an ‘after you gesture.’

Harry strapped the reluctant Teal’c in, awkward as Harry was essentially being carried piggyback due to size difference, while Teal’c was muttering “this is not wise” over and over.

Harry attached the connection harness between them then after first confirming with the crewman that was checking the others to make sure everything was properly strapped and not damaged and was finally given the confirmation that they were a go, and the two were soon lined up with the others.

To give Teal’c credit, his scream was not as loud as Daniel’s on the way down, though both were quickly drowned out by Harry’s whoops of delight.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Not completely pleased with the chap, some mistakes made as I am tired and its super late where I am. Sorry ahead of time.

Events continuing from episode mentioned in prev chap.

The landing for Teal’c, Harry, and Daniel went rather smooth enough, and everyone landed relatively close together. Luckily for them as well, they had managed to touch town very close to the base of a building that Harry knew from the location maps provided by the good doctor was their target.

Teal’c had to be peeled off Harry, wearing a rather greenish tinge under that stonily stoic expression, saying tightly, "I do not think this Terrain custom of Jumping out of transports is advisable."

“Well, that was fun!” Harry said enthusiastically, smacking his thighs to return some circulation to his fingers from the cold, “I haven't dived in such cold climates before though! Merlin what a rush!” Harry crowed as he helped the others properly fold their chutes and stow them away.

"I can’t feel my face,” Daniel moaned.

"Don’t worry Daniel,” Sam said reassuringly as she helped Jack out of a snow drift while Marlov waited nearby looking amused, “I’m sure the gas masks will warm it up in no time.”

The group pulled on their masks, with the stargate being open for so long, no one was sure as to the alien climate that had leaked through, so safety precautions were in order. They raised their weapons, and entered the building.

The first people they came across were dead. Teal’c began examining the bodies while Harry and Jack searched them, looking for clues to the possible cause of DOA, as well as ID to identify the bodies for later. Marlov, Daniel, and Teal’c headed further in while Sam went to see if there was any viable footage from security.

It wasn’t long before they heard the others over the COMM links, and soon met up in the dark and damp twisted halls of the rather abandoned looking facility that housed the base of operations.

The later 3 had found more bodies as they had gone along, bringing Harry and Jack to their position.

“These three were shot,” Teal’c said, gesturing to his group of bodies, “I am uncertain about what happened with the others,” he pointed to two more.

Harry and Jack had found similar evidence with the first batch of bodies, and much like the previous find, there was also no one alive.

“These doors,” the Markov intoned gravely, “lead to the Stargate.” She opened the huge red steel doors and inside they found even more bodies and an open Stargate.

Fortunately the others were to busy checking these over to notice that Harry was suddenly leaning against a wall.
He had sensed the Stargate as usual of course, but as soon as he had entered the room, it was like getting hit by a truck while attached to a Bungee chord at the same time.

Harry had not been this close to a gate that had been active for so long, it was...overwhelming, and he could sense his magic leaking through the edges of his Occlumency shield like a manic Doberman clawing at a wooden door.

Fortunately he was in the back, so no one noticed when, with a shimmer, Harry suddenly grew fur on his extremities and his ears expanded, popping out the side his helmet painfully.

‘Shit’ he mentally swore, ‘shit shit shit!’ the malfunctioning gate must have stirred his magic enough to cause an actual unwilling partial Animagus change. He felt so embarrassed and horrified at the same time. He felt like a character from that fanfiction he had caught Ginny writing about him once in his third year.

Harry hastily, and rather uncomfortably, shoved the large ears back under his helmet, and hoped that, combined with his messy hair, would hide them.

Harry was vastly relieved when the others decided to leave the departure room and towards the nearby security, a Science station where Sam had set up shop.

“Its safe,” she said, removing her gas mask, which was followed by the others. though Harry kept his hat on.

The doctor looked upset when the mask revealed her face, and he couldn’t blame her, seeing all her contemporaries like that must be blow.

“So what happened here?” Jack asked the painfully obvious.

“Colonel Socalav enacted the Extreme Measures Protocol,” she replied grimly, wiping her eyes, but otherwise refraining from giving up any more emotional reaction.

“What’s that?” Daniel asked, not liking the sound of that.

The woman replied in a brusquer manner, “the Stargate room is sealed and Substance 35 is released through out the base.”

The others paused in alarm at that little announcement.

“Substance 35?” Harry asked, also uneasy, though more for the others then himself.

Carter answered for her though.

“Nerve gas.”

“Nerve Gas?!” echoed Jack in a much more incredulous voice.

“There is no need to worry,” Markov reassured, “it’s a non-persistent gas that dissolves within 3 hours. We are perfectly safe from its effects; enough time has passed by now.”

“According to the computer the call was enacted yesterday,” she continued to explain, fingers flying over the keyboard, standing next to Sam.

“For what reason?” Teal’c asked.

The woman gave a frustrated huff, “the computer doesn’t say.”
“Alright,” Jack said, as they began shedding unnecessary gear, “these people started shooting each other up before they were gassed, judging by the condition of their bodies, so I want to find out why.”

“Well, I guess we better get to it then,” Daniel sighed.

The doctor handed them a list of all personnel assigned to the base, and she mentioned that all of them should be wearing ID tags. It went unsaid that she would like them collected from the bodies after they had been found.

Daniel and Teal’c left to attend to the found bodies while Harry remained with the others, watching the door.

Markov also informed them, with much confusion, that the wormhole was an outgoing worm hole, but when the emergency protocol was enacted, it didn’t automatically shut down the gate, and she couldn’t figure out where it was getting its energy to remain open the way it was. Carter suggested that the gate may be dawning it’s power from the destination point, and Markov’s “of coarse, the blackhole incident.” Caused another flick of a gaze sent between the blond and Jack about yet more confirmation about their secrets being known.

Then the woman paled as she continues to read the computer screen, and let out an incredulous “what were they doing?” before she ran out of the room passed Harry, who immediately was on her tail, with the others following closely after.

They followed her to the base of some sort of large storage cylinder, where she climbed a latter, unscrewed the hatch and looked inside, exclaiming. “its gone!”

Jack was not amused and said, “if I ask what the hell is gone, and you say its classified, so help me god!”

The woman’s shoulders slumped and she sat down at the top of the storage container with a sigh and explained.

“The seventh address that we tried on the Stargate lead to a planet completely submerged in water. We sent a recognizance drone and found a dialing device, so it was decided that a manned mini submarine would go next. A sample of the water was retrieved, it seemed to have unbelievable properties when we brought it back for examination.”

“Like what?” Harry asked curiously, beating Carter to the punch.

“It was spontaneously emitting power in the form of heat. If this liquid turned out to be an abundant clean energy source…” her voice trailed off, the implications of such a find were obvious, even to Jack.

“That doesn’t seem possible,” Carter said dubiously, but subsided at both Harry and Jack’s raised eyebrows, this was something from the stargate they were talking about after all.

“I was called away to Moscow before I could preform any experiments,” she admitted.

“So…shot in the dark here, but I take it your now saying this water sample is gone?” Jack asked.

“Yes,” the woman replied and thus intensifying the mystery.

Harry felt the tips of his magicked fox ears tingle and twitch at that.
“And the Stargate is dialed into this water planet still?” Carter concluded.

“Apparently,” the Russian sighed, “but they were not supposed to revisit the water planet until I got back and continue onto the next planet in the dialing sequence.” Huffing she slid down the ladder and lead them back to the control room.

She returned to the computer screen and began typing, while she requested that Jack call Daniel and Teal’c back from what they were doing because she thought their may be something they would want to see, so Jack past it along.

Daniel and Teal’c rejoined them and they reported on finding 27 of the 43 that were on the list, and others, dressed as civilians, were shot up as well, which Markov identified as scientists that worked in the lab.

“So, the guys working on the water gave the soldiers reason to shoot them,” Jack concluded with a frown after the report in which Teal’c gave his summation from the clues he had gathered from the bodies.

“So it would seem,” Markov agreed grimly.

Carter briefly explained the water and the world it came from to Daniel and Teal’c while Markov stored the tags away in her pack.

Daniel was directed to a screen which was showing images of ruins.

“Can you get a close up?” Daniel asked, leaning forward curiously.

“No, the mount appears to be malfunctioning, I can only pan and tilt,” doing that she then let out a curse as the images of drowned humans filled the screen. Recently drowned humans, like the scene from a bizarre horror film.

“Why would those men proceed through the Stargate knowing that they would drown on the other side?” Teal’c asked out loud in confusion. Harry didn’t blame him, it was very disturbing. The only thing he could think of that would make a person do something like that was... Harry felt his heart freeze, something that made them do it against their will, like a certain forbidden curse for example.

Carter then got the idea that it maybe the drone being active, sending radio waves through the gate combined with the power from the water world keeping it open. Unfortunately, when the doctor tried to shut it off, it wouldn’t respond.

The drone was also not likely to run out of power anytime soon as they were apparently nuclear, and Jack’s squawk of “Nuclear!!?” showed his shock at that bit of news.

The others ignored his incredulity and eventually a new plan was devised by the two women, as Harry shook his head and made a notation on the personnel list of the number of bodies he could see through mount cam, ears pressed low to his skull.

Ooo ooo ooo

The Sub was small, and the news that it only held 3 was not exactly what Harry liked to here.

The plan was to take the sub through the wormhole and try to deactivate the mount from there.

When it came to volunteers, Markov was automatically going because she was familiar with the equipment, Daniel decided he wanted to go to get a better look at the ruins, and that left one last
Harry was not keen at getting close to the Stargate, and he would have allowed one of the others to take the spot, but when Sam volunteered to go, maybe it was his magic being around an open gate for so long, but he felt a sudden and overwhelming foreboding, a sudden gut surety that he needed to go through that gate, or something bad was going to happen.

“Sir!” Harry called out, the feeling driving his voice, “I have had experience on a sub.”

Jack gave him an incredulous look, “your telling me that first you skydive for relaxation and now you’ve been on a sub?”

Harry nodded, “a sub not to dissimilar to this,” he replied reluctantly, but the feeling drove the words from his mouth, “a roommate of mine at the Academy had an uncle that was a marine biologist, and I spent the summer with him and his uncle learning about mini-sub and exploring coastal regions off Cape Code.”

“You are really full of surprises, “ Jack sighed, "Alright, go ahead.”

Harry took Carter’s place and they climbed into the sub, sealing it shut.

Harry could see Teal’c’s worried gaze through the port window.

“Well,” Daniel commented, “this is certainly roomy…”

Harry and Daniel twisted around each other in the small space as Harry took a seat in one of the assistant helm positions.

Markov and Harry went through system pre-checks and Daniel was directed to a third seat and told not to touch anything.

Ooo ooo ooo

The other side was eerily calm in the way that underwater scenes usually were. The scientist explained to him that there was no apparent plant or animal life, just water and some ruins.

Poor Daniel was not able to hear much for the first little while as the rapid pressurization had caused his ears to pop. Harry and the Russian scientist shared appreciative comments on the scenery in her native lounge while Daniel waited for his ears to normalize.

She made sure to radio in through the Stargate to the others, reporting their status and confirming Harry’s own speculated count on the bodies, which meant that there were still people missing from the list, so Jack radioed back that they would check around a bit more while the sub team set about finding the mount, letting Daniel have his look, and then disabling the Mount.

They managed to capture the drone into a containment tank and disable it. Much to their relief, and to everyone's relief, Sam's theory proved correct as the gate shut off, which left them to explore around a bit.

Markov frowned when she noticed something odd.

“What is it?” Daniel asked, his hearing having settled by now and was happily sketching the ruins in one of his notebooks.

“It’s odd, the controls are getting heavy,” she replied with a frown. Harry also tried a few on the
controls and had to concur.

“I agree, a change of current perhaps?” he suggested, though the way his fur was prickling he was beginning to suspect something more.

“Perhaps,” the woman said with a frown, “but I am pushing it to full power.”

The sub gave a rather alarming whine and Daniel asked uneasily, “what’s that sound? And what’s that smell?”

“We’ve completely stopped!” the scientist exclaimed, and not soon after that there was a small explosion of sparks and flying metal plaiting.

Harry and the Russian both swore in their respective native tongue, Daniel adding a few in several dead ones.

Both Harry and Daniel grabbed for an extinguisher and set about trying to put the sudden fire out. It needn’t be said among the three, even Daniel who was not as familiar with subs, knew that a fire on board was not good.

“The fire’s out,” Daniel declared as the two men stood back, giving Markov ample room to move past them, looking vastly unhappy, and lift some of the floor paneling to get at the afflicted area.

“You’ll be able to fix it?” Daniel asked hopefully.

“I’ll be able to,” the woman replied irritably, and grabbing a near by tool box, dived into the sub’s innards to work, while Harry retired to the large clear dome of the front window, frowning out at the vast deep blue to give her room.

Daniel came to stand beside him asking him what was wrong.

Harry’s brow was furrowed deeply, idly scratching underneath his glove at his furred hand as he replied, “I may not be the expert diver that my friend’s uncle was or that Markov is, but…”

“But…?” Daniel prompted uneasily.

“But if it were a strong current, we should at least still be moving, caught in it’s wake, if even a little. But we aren’t, it’s more like were caught in thick cement or mud.”

"But without the mud or cement,” Daniel finished for him uneasily.

Harry nodded and added, “this may sound out there, but I think... there is something more to this water then meet’s the eye.

After digesting that little gem for a few minutes, Daniel eventually left Harry to his suspicious glowering outside the window, and went to check on the repair work, and was not reassured in that quarter either as the scientist had reduced her prognosis of “I’ll be able to” to “maybe.”

Daniel and Markov shared barbs after that, both feeling the stress, before he eventually backed down with an apology and mutterings of Jack rubbing off on him, while Markov did her own mutters, much more loudly, “there was nothing impeding us, this shouldn’t have happened.”

“Hmmm…” was Harry’s own vocal contribution to the tense situation, “to the naked eye perhaps, but it’s been my experience in life so far that dangerous things can often be invisible.”

“That sounds a little paranoid don’t you think?” Daniel asked dubiously.
“Hathor, the Retou, Neriti…” Harry began listing off.

Daniel raised a hand and said sheepishly, “oh yeah, you have a point there.”

Harry huffed and returned to glowering out at the water with a hairy eyeball.

Harry’s eyes, out of safety habit idly swept over the instrument read outs and he paused when he noticed something a bit alarming.

“Well, to add to our day, it appears that the pressure is increasing outside.”

“What?!” Markov exclaimed, popping up from the sub’s innards and hustled over the console.

Both Harry and Markov were confused by this, as the pressure should be remaining constant, since they weren't sinking deeper, and at Daniels confused look Harry explained that if the pressure continued to rise as it was showing, the sub was likely to implode, which again did not reassure Daniel.

The Scientist let forth a spew of cussing and dived back at the ships innards frantically, motivation to fix the engines increased by the promise of impending death, the creaks of the sub echoing that urgency.

Daniel decided to work through his own rising anxiety by recounting the previous mission conducted by the Russians in the hopes that it might help matters.

“It went normally enough, they entered through the Stargate by the sub, explored, took footage, studied the ruins for a time, collected a sample of the water then returned.”

“And there was nothing unusual at all?” Harry mused curiously, for lack of anything better to do, “Nothing even the slightest bit odd?”

“Well…just after we gathered the sample just before we entered the event horizon of the Stargate, there was a slight resistance,” the woman recounted from the bowels of the engine, "but it’s possible that it might be something inherent in the stargate to keep things like the water from going through… though that is Major Carter’s theory more then my own, from what I read, but it seems to fit.”

Daniel frowned thoughtfully.

The sub continued to increase in the frequency of it’s groans as the pressure closed steadily inwards.

“Alright,” Daniel finally said, “You said earlier that it was almost like them was something invisible keeping us here?” he asked Harry.

Harry shrugged but nodded, “more or less.”

Daniel turned to Markov and asked, “what exactly were the types of tests you ran on that sample you brought back?”

“I was unable to do much before I was scheduled to go to Moscow. I only knew it had the potential to be a heat source because of the warm temperature of the sample container. It was to be kept stored until I returned, but it seems that they could not wait for me,” she gave an aggravated sigh, “the commander of our base was under pressure to find something to prove the worth of the money that was being put towards our program.”
“So…” Harry said slowly, a sudden idea dawning, “there is no way that we even know if that’s water out there?”

What if…it’s a life form?” Daniel stated thoughtfully, both on the same wavelength now.

“That’s a just a pure assumption,” Markov scoffed incredulously.

Harry whirled his head as he stared at the creaking bubble of glass, eyes goggled as the implications.

“Oh Merlin,” he breathed, “what if it’s really not water, and it’s a life form? what does that mean?”

“That would perhaps account for the resistance you felt just before you entered the Stargate, they or it, were trying to stop you,” Daniel added, “and it’s possible that if the sample was alive some how and perceived the scientists as a threat, it caused the deaths, perhaps when trying to get back through the Stargate…”

Harry tuned out the speculating. His magic had settled somewhat after the gate had closed, enough that he as able to return his animal attributes back to normal thankfully, but his magic still felt agitated, that kind of low level hum it sometimes had when he was in a dangerous situation. Not Stargate agitated, but more like there was something just beyond his conscious awareness that he really needed to pay attention to but he just hadn’t cottoned on yet.

Now that he had, he allowed a small thread of magic to unfurl and reach out through the clear glass and towards the so-called water, and prodded it carefully.

The response was immediate. The sub stopped creaking and groaning.

Markov scrambled to the pressure gauge and stared at the readings in confusion.

“The pressure on the hull of the sub has return to normal levels for this depth, but…” suddenly she lunged for Harry and Daniel, pulling them away form the front bubble, “but not the front glass of the sub!” she yelled in dismay as the glass creaked, cracked and imploded.

Only…All three of them opened their eyes, staring in amazement.

Where once the glass had been being a wall of a water.

‘Well,’ Harry mentally huffed, ‘I guess that caught its attention.

Well, he supposed, since he had technically, urm, knocked, and Harry, as the only solider in the bunch, took a step forward against the others objections and reached out tentatively towards the surface.

It was...thick and cold, like syrup fresh from the tree. The surface rippled outwards were his fingers touched.

And that is when Harry had the strangest sensation filled him. It was like feeling, not hearing, billions of tiny voices all in perfect sync vibrating against his skin. Like unsolid ants, only he felt this communication through his pours and tingling along through his veins.

He was so lost in sensation that he didn’t realize that his whole arm was encased in the alien substance until he was being dragged forward and out of the sub to the screams of the others, which abruptly stopped when they were snatched right behind him. Harry didn’t fight it though, allowing himself to be completely submerged.
They whispered in the crannies of his brain that the three humans would come to no harm.

He felt them examine his mind, he felt slight jolts of energy that played from microscopic being to microscopic being.

He could feel their weariness, they had not liked that they had been attacked, some of them taken, but they also knew now from his mind that it had been an accident, a mistake. Though they felt no remorse for the lives lost, as they had lost many more of their own to the intruders.

The return of their brethren from the singing circle (stargate) to elsewhere, was the only way to assuage their ire.

They flung two of the three that they had taken back into the sub. They were of no need now, it was a fair bargain they had offered to the group. They were not cruel after all. They would not take what did not belong to them once their people had been returned.

However…

Harry would have groaned had he not been saturated in billions of lifeforms reading, studying, and singing along through every orifice and soaking into every bit of matter he was made from.

They liked him. They liked the energy they sensed when he had brushed through them with his presence in a similar manner that they did with each other. They wanted him to understand that he was just a very large version of them and thus should remain to eventually become one with them, as was proper.

Harry didn’t want to be absorbed and become a part of a giant alien watery collective. As peaceful and exhilarating as their existence was, this was not him and this was not his home. He had others he was connected to, though he could not become as close as he potentially could as part of this…hive. He had his own crude version, thanks.

He sent out those thoughts, pushed them with a touch of his magic, and it flared outwards, building strength, like a sonic boom made of ripples as it flared through the entirety of his surroundings.

Fortunately for him, they understood.

So instead of keeping him, they gave Harry only a brief taste of the oneness that they were, the wholeness of many minds with a single purpose of the joy of existing. Never alone…and for a moment, a part of him did at least somewhat regret not taking them up on their offer. After that, they finally detached themselves from him, reluctantly they eased him through the Stargate after the water samples had been returned, and the last thing Harry saw was Teal’c’s rather sickly, but concerned face before he passed out.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry came to his senses in a Russian hospital, with the rest of SG1 sitting around him.

Harry listened to Sam, Jack and Teal’c tell their versions of events, how they found more bodies later, even a frozen Mayborne of all people, who was in their custody, found in a meat locker. Apparently the so called "water" from the sample were taking control of people's bodies, and trying to return, as surmised. Maybourne had also been taken over, but had enough presence of mind to throw himself inside the freezer before he was overwhelmed. Only the fact that he was filled with the aliens was how he had survived.

When they got to the part where Teal’c was possessed, Harry reached out a hand and squeezed the
large dark fingers sympathetically, the man willingly acting as a vehicle for the creatures to return in exchange for Harry after Markov and Daniel had been allowed to return from making contact, and assuming that Harry had been taken as a hostage to insure the exchange. Harry didn't disabuse them of that notion, but was touched that Teal'c had risked himself in such a way to get him back.

Harry was soon released when it was determined that he was fine, and Harry was rather glad to be returning home to the SGC.

Harry never told anyone what he experienced in the water world or that he still remembered clearly everything that he had felt and experienced with the aliens, even when the memory of the event began to fade for Markov and Daniel's minds, and how sometimes he would wake up in the night and feel an odd ache to be that close to another, as he had been, briefly, with those aliens.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Season 4, ep. 8-9 happen while Harry is away from base.
Couple of adventures here

A/N: Season 4, ep. 8-9 happen while Harry is away from base.

Chapter 21.

Harry, it could be said, was protective of his friends and loved ones, what few, if any, he had.

General Hammond was aware of this personality quark of course. He made it a point to know as much as possible about anyone working under him, especially those tied to SG1, but this particular quirk of Grey's was rather forcefully drilled home to Hammond during times like when SG1 disappeared during a mission while the the young soldier had been attending to an exam.

It would be moments like this when he would note that, as useful and commendable as Harry's "saving people thing" was, there was a certain dangerous quality to it as well.

Harry had returned to the SGC feeling a dep sense of relief to have finished his last exam for a long while. Certainly their team may have finally finished their probationary period, but the Learning had not stopped, particularly for Harry as he had been enrolled in a Leadership program and a few extra tidbits through the Pentagon. Harry could see where the wind was blowing with these classes. He knew that he was being groomed for a leadership, or possibly an ambassadorial position further down the road. Harry didn't rightly know how to feel about that. He was both terrified, a little flattered, and a little excited by the prospect, but above all, he felt undeserving of the attention.

Harry was of the opinion that they were expecting more then what he was capable of frankly. Most of his achievements with SG1 had happened mostly because he'd had to resort to his magic, or the inherent qualities with being a Parceltounge, or his conditioning into being the Grey Lord.

Unfortunately he couldn't tell them that, so he swallowed his misgivings and went along with it.

Harry's troubled thoughts on the issue, and his relief of returning to the normal caos of the SGC, was shoved to the back burner when he was called into Hammond's office as soon as he hit the elevator. It was there that the man grimly informed him that SG1 had gone missing on that ice based planet that had been on SG1's roster just before he left. The planet had been of priority interest to the higher-ups due to a large domed city containing an isolated and technologically advanced civilization.

The mission was meant to be a simple mission of diplomacy with the local head of government, but when time had passed past the scheduled check-in point and no one was responding, and the Dome Leader's aides were giving them the runaround, they'd sent in SG4, who had been informed by the the Administrator himself, that SG1 had gone missing investigating old ruins near a hazardous area of glaciers, and after searching, they were believed to be not only missing, but dead.
Grey's arrival coincided with the return of the rescue teams that the General had sent out to confirm the Administrator's claim, and had returned empty handed and rather dubious of the story by Administrator Culdar, a feeling that both Hammond and Harry shared. After that news, Harry had stiffly left the meeting room and Hammond didn't see the Master Sergent again until much later as he was organizing a new mission to rescue the missing SG1.

George was just accepting Frasier's bid to volunteer on a covert ops to find the missing team, when a stiff voice alerted them from directly behind them in the hallway outside the Medbay.

"I wish to volunteer to go to sir," Harry offered tightly, face pale and fire in his eyes, "on my own. I think that I would like to speak to this...Administrator Culdar sir," before Hammond could point out that Harry was to close to the situation, "They are my team, and with all this training that you all have been tossing at me, perhaps I can talk some sense into the man to...co-operate while the covert team does it's thing?"

General Hammond was about to object, it was a delicate enough situation as it was, but before he did, he paused and thought about it. He could see something in the young man's eye, something almost scarily determined, and he had a feeling that the boy would find away through the Stargate no matter what he said.

"You are correct that you have displayed an ability to handle difficult personality's," Hammond replied carefully, "but I do not like the idea of you going alone into a situation that has already possibly proven to be hostile, I'm sorry son, that's all I will say on the matter."

The boy whirled around and rushed out of the debriefing room with a low snarl.

"He looks very...angry," Dr. Frasier cautioned warily, "are you sure that he is not going to do anything...fool hardy?"

"Yes, well, they are his team, and Teal'c especially matters a great deal to that young man," the General sighed, suddenly reminded of the little conversation that h'd had with Jack soon after the Tanis incident.

"Are you sure that's wise?" Frasier rubbed her neck, "Sir, I wasn't going to bring this up, and it was a stressful situation, but...you remember the incident with him being accidentally trapped with Apophis?"

Hammond frowned, how could he forget THAT, "Yes, vaguely, some sort of malfunction. Why?"

"I never mentioned this to anyone, and dismissed it initially under the stress of the situation, but...when I reviewed the tape of them together during that period while writing up my report...There was something...off about Mr. Grey. Something that I couldn't get on the tape, something that...terrified Apophis, and...even though I couldn't see or hear what it was, for a brief moment, when he turned his head in the direction of the camera, there was an expression I couldn't describe, but...I could sympathize with that horrible man in that moment, because...It scared me to, and just now...I was reminded of that."

General Hammond was silent for a moment, then said finally, reluctantly, "Perhaps it would be best if I took him with me through the Stargate with SG2 after all."

Frasier nodded and left in a hurry to gather emergency medical supplies while Hammond hunted down Grey to tell him he had changed his mind and he would be able to go after all.

Ooo ooo ooo
To give Harry Grey credit, he had at least allowed the General some time to say his piece, but when the weaselly man tried to dance around the subject with false platitudes and allusions a second time, Harry's patience finally snapped.

The young man burst forward from behind General Hammond, marched up and grabbed a heavily ornate metal chair, and everyone, SG2, the Administrator and Hammond watched with mouths dropped open as the smallest male in the room picked it up and smashed it at a window that overlooked the sprawling domed metropolis below from the highest point in the city.

The chair smashed through the window with a resounding crash of tinkling safety glass.

In the ensuing stunned silence, the Administrator suddenly blustered "if you think your immature intimidation tactics will be tolerated…" but he didn't get a chance to finish what he was saying or press the discreet alarm under his desk, as the younger male grabbed the man by the scruff of the neck and dragged him towards the window unceremoniously.

The administrator screamed, easily overpowered by the smaller warrior, not exactly being trained in the warrior arts that Harry was, soon found his legs dangling over oblivion.

"Grey!" Hammond finally hollered, having managed to gather himself after witnessing the rather quick abrupt violence, "stand down!"

"Don't worry sir, I'm just using diplomacy I swear," the boy's eyes rose and met Hammond's square on, "trust me sir, please."

The plead in that 'please' and the steady look in the boy's eyes gave Hammond pause. He pursed his lips, rather feeling that he was going to regret this, but they weren't getting anywhere with traditional means, and normally he would be subduing Grey and rescuing the man, even if he was annoying, but... for whatever reason that he couldn't name, and would disturb him in the rare quiet moments in his office later from time to time, found himself defying everything that yelled about how wrong this was, even with an enemy, and found himself nodding his assent.

Harry's falsely calm look disintegrated outside the view of his people when he turned his back towards them, and a sinister look only Culder bore witness to unfurled, lips baring teeth, "tell me where SG1 is." The boy hissed.

"They, they, went out into the ice to look at a glacier!" the man stuttered.

"Try again," Harry growled and let go of on of one side of the collar of the man's suit.

The Administrator whimpered as he found himself falling back a few inches.

"I swear!" the man yelled, "I don't know where they are! Hammond please! Control your solider before he kills me!"

"Just tell him what he wants to know," Hammond said tensely.

"I told you I don't know were they are…agh!"

The man let out a scream as Grey let go of the other side of the collar.

Hammond's heart nearly stopped as he thought for a moment that the boy really had taken it to far and let the man plummet to his doom. He rushed forward, but stopped when he saw that the man
was now being held, seemingly effortlessly, by his ankles.

The administrator was shrieking wordlessly.

"Answer me now vermin!" the boy thundered, his normally easy going tenor suddenly booming throughout the office and the city before them. It made Hammond’s old bones shutter under his skin in sympathy.

The administrator looked close to fainting, but finally, he seemed to give up as he rasped out,"they've been stamped," the man conceited in defeat and terror.

The boy shook his ankle, making the man whimper an shriek again, tears and snot tripping down onto his beloved city below.

"You'll tell me what you mean, explaining from the beginning. If I think you left anything out or are lying..." another shake to emphasis his point. The man sobbed harder but he spilled his guts as he revealed everything.

When he was done, Hammond was relieved to see the boy drag the man back inside and toss him against his imposing desk, where he curled into a ball, traumatized, as the stone faced SG2 (some of whom were not bothered at all by the events that had just happened) kept the man under riffle point.

"You will take us to them, and so help me, you better pray to whatever deity you worship that they are well, or you will wish that my soldier had let go," Hammond said severely.

The man conceded and shakily showed them a secret tunnel connected to his office, the city's guards positioned in the tunnel were kept at bay by the hostage taking of their leader.

When the door opened it revealed a dim lit office, a surprised brunette woman, who backed away from them with wide eyes, and SG1 all gathered together.

"Jack?" Hammond asked Colonel O'Neill worriedly.

"Um…Hammond? Or is it Homer?" his soldier asked confusedly.

"The first one, Jack," General Hammond corrected gently with a sinking heart, so it was true then, they had their memories altered. Though he took heart that Jack had at least somewhat recognized him, maybe it didn't work right with Terrans? "are you all alright?"

"Not really sir," the man replied truthfully, looking tired and confused, "but we are starting to remember. I think we may, eventually."

"The memory stamp is beginning to degrade," the brunette woman explained, stepping in wearily, "given a bit more time in familiar settings especially, and they will regain what they lost."

It turned out that Brenna, the woman that had spoken, while she had been part of the horrendous methods used on the working class, or slave labor more like, forced to till underground while those above benefited, had come to her senses during SG1’s incarceration, and had been about to get SG1 out of the city when she found out that the Administrator planned on killing them as evidence of their original identities were returning, which was soon followed by the rescue team.

The Leader had up and fainted at the look Harry tossed him at that bit of news, and Brenna didn't look much better, because, despite coming to her senses, she had still committed horrible acts against many people with her Stamping. Harry thought that the process was a twisted version of the Oblivious Curse, a spell that he thought really should have been put on the "Unforgivable" list in his
opinion. It was exactly what had happened to SG1 and the rest of the Underground that proved his point. It sickened him to have to use his own version on the G’ould and Tokra.

With the later addition of more military, and the help of Brenna, they managed to not only rescue SG1 but also to give the domed city a rude awaking to the fact that it was run on slave labor, by blasting a hole in a secure location in the roof of the Underground, which opened directly in the heart of the downtown core of the city, which had the slave labor realizing the utopia that had been above their heads the entire time, and the people above made to face, literally the horrible truth behind their comfortable lifestyles.

Hammond offered the former slaves the opportunity to settle on another planet. They readily agreed, and those that had supported the slave system were left to do their own work for a change.

SG1 did recover fully from the ordeal, their memories returned, and were given a month off to recover and come to terms over everything. Jack, when told about what happened, later congratulated Grey outside of Teal’c's quarters, where the boy was seeing to Teal’c, on his rather impressive diplomatic technique, saying the Batman would definitely have been proud. This caused Harry to ask who Batman was, and was summarily dragged off for a Batman:The Animated series Marathon, much to everyone's amusement.

Ooo ooo ooo

Season 4, ep 11-13 happen but Harry has no significant part.

Ooo ooo ooo

"Come on Teal'c, it's not that bad," Harry wheedled, as he glided to a stop in front of the Jaffa.

Said Jaffa was looking dubiously down at his feet where Harry had slapped on a set of roller blades.

The park was quiet this early in the morning. It was a skate park in Colorado Springs that Harry had discovered when he and his fellow trainee's had been on leave and had gone out to paint the town red.

"I do not see the purpose to wearing wheeled boots. This would not be conducive for battle."

Harry chuckled, "it's not so much about battle, it's about speed and control, kind of like flying a glider. It's also about fun!"

"I do not see how this can be considered…fun."

Harry sighed as he glided over to a near by picnic table and turned on the boom box that had a disc of music that Carter had burned for him when she lost their chess game…yes gambling was a filthy habit, though a rather useful one when played with the right game and with the right person.

"Here let me show you what I mean," Harry called as he skated into position.

Teal'c grunted and leaned back, arms crossed over his chest dubiously.

Music began to filter through the morning fog.

"When the days are cold, and the cards all fold, And the saints we see are all made of gold…"

Harry started off easy, like the lyrics of one of his current favorites, doing a few lazy forward figure eights, building his steam slowly along with the verses, but continued to talk as he moved, "I admit i
twasn't sure myself, but Joe got me hooked and I found its actually improved my agility when I fight and fly."

This caught Teal'c's attention, as Harry knew it would,

"When your dreams all fail..."

At the start of the second stanza Harry reversed himself so that he was continuing to do his lazy figure eights backwards, now facing Teal'c.

"Its all about rythem, and flowing from one point to the next, utilizing the music as a guide, like wings in air currents, as well as being aware of your surroundings and utilizing it to your advantage."

Then as the verse ended, Harry smiled, crossed his arms in front of his chest in an X and crouched and fell backwards and disappeared.

Teal'c stood in alarm, only to spot the previously unseen gully of ramps below.

Harry, using his momentum, ricocheted off the opposite end and was suddenly flying in the air towards the next ramp in a twirling arch.

"When you feel my heat..." the music continued. Land, twirl, crouch leap!

"...Look into my eyes..."

Laughter filled the air, body weightless, contorting in shapes that gravity would say wasn't possible otherwise.

"...It's where my demons hide, It's where my demons hide..."

Landing, leaning forward, skates picking up speed...

A guitar solo, green eyes wild, heart pounding, moving faster and faster along the lower snake-like path in a loose ring...

"...It's where my demons hide..."

Knee's crouched again, body leaning forwards on an angle, reaching out and shifting feet, shooting up the tallest ramp at break neck speed...

Teal'c felt his heart stop for a moment as Harry shot into the air like a rocket as though wings had suddenly appeared and lifted him into the air. For a moment, he seemed to hang there, floating, Teal'c seemed to have stopped breathing. He had never before seen such a...sublime expression on Harry's face before. The utter ecstatic smile, the blissful peace, eyes wide open and full of the early morning sunlight making them glow in away that was almost inhuman. And those eyes turned to him, as gravity remembered him, and Harry smiled at his mentor, landing in a slight, but balanced crouch.

"...It's where my demons hide."

When Harry returned to earth and Teal'c's side, chest heaving with exertion, Teal'c no longer wore that disbelieving look on his face. In fact, Harry didn't know how to describe the look really, only that it wasn't a bad look, at least he didn't think so, and Teal'c didn't argue when Harry took his much larger hands in his and gently lead him through the first steps in learning to roller blade, though decidedly less graceful then Harry's, who politely didn't laugh, out loud at least, and the number of
tumbles and awkward arm waving his Jaffa Master made.

Ooo ooo ooo

It was a meeting that went wrong on Chulak which lead to yet another encounter for Harry with a Go'uld head on.

The meeting was meant to be secret.

Harry, accompanying Teal'c as his apprentice, wore the Jaffa armor that Teal'c had recently acquired from who knows were. He wore his weapons under a sand collared robe that had a hood that hid his face, and he stood as a smaller, skinny version of Teal'c's own look as general Hammond had bid them goodbye.

The night was dark when they arrived on Chulak, and they slipped into the city like two shadows, blending with the citizens as one of them.

Their contact was the son of one of the rebel Jaffa, a young child of no more then 8 who guided them with big hero worship eyes and quiet steps.

They were lead to a tent were they met the boy's father, a rather nervous looking Jaffa.

Raknor was a jaffa with a scarred forehead where his system lord marking should be, and the reason for their visit. According to Bray'tac's contacts, was because it was said that Raknor knew many loyal Jaffa contacts who would be potential rebel sympathizers within the active Go'uld ranks.

Unfortunately, it was a ruse. Raknor betrayed his intentions and both Harry and Teal'c were shot with a 'zat and knocked unconscious before they could go for their weapons, from behind, the bright hero-worshiping eyes having turned sly unseen.

Ooo ooo ooo

Regaining consciousness while hanging beside his mentor with a face full of fowled water and sneering Jaffa, was not a good sign for his day.

"That will not be the only indignity you will suffer Sho'va!" Raknor sneered at Teal'c who was also dripping, tossing the bowl aside and turned glaring eyes on Harry.

"And you shall suffer as well, for taking on this Sho'va as your master."

Harry didn't say anything though. He would bide his time, like he was taught. There may be a chance to escape yet, he just had to be patient.

And then the torturer arrived.

Terrock was of average height, but highly compact and with a rather crazed look in his eye, more so then regular Go'uld, and seemed to favor spiky armor.

"Back away!" the man ordered of the Jaffa, who did as told rather hastily, "welcome Teal'c," the man said maliciously, his attention for the moment, was satisfied with tasering Teal'c and punching him, as he circled the stoic man. Harry gritted his teeth though when some sort of pain prod was slammed into him an he let out a yell of pain, and then Harry knew he would have to do something right away, as his master was spitting on the torturer in disgust would not sit well for his chances in escaping the man's full wrath.
The man raised his fist to smash it into Teal'c's face when Harry, in English for now growled out boldly, "Well aren't you the big man, putting a beat down on a chained prisoner, weakened from a zat blast. Real horror you are."

Harry's snark drew the eyes of the Go'uld at the same moment that the Jaffa guard smashed his fist into Harry's solar-plexus for his cheek.

Harry coughed and tried to double over as his insides screamed, his chains rattling.

"You dare to disrespect one of your gods?!" the Jaffa hissed angrily.

An infusion of magic into the damaged area was all that Harry had to return his breath to him as the man grabbed his hair and bent his face upwards, green eyes meeting blazing gold for the first time.

As expected though, the Go'uld's eyes dulled from rage into curiosity, and, as he was coming to expect by this point, want.

"Well now, what do we have here?" Terrock purred, stroking the handle of his prod down Harry's cheek.

"He is the apprentice of the Sho'va," the Jaffa explained hastily, though looking somewhat confused by their god's strange focus on someone obviously less important then the great Sho'va that was already legendary among the Jaffa.

"Hmm…so then you are at least talented in the ways of service," the man crooned, continuing the stroking motions, "though I wonder if your master has been...thorough in all manner of service?," the Go'uld purred, while Teal'c strained uselessly at his chains, looking quite enraged as he saw where this was going for his apprentice.

That thought, weirdly, suddenly did not seem to please the man as he suddenly whirled and jammed the pain prod into T'ealc's chest again, making Teal'c scream and writhe.

"What? Ignoring me so soon?" Harry hastily drew the man's attention back to him.

Immediately the torturer left off and returned to casually pawing at Harry, crooning in delight.

"I don't know what it is about you…but I think that I shall…keep you to myself. After all, the main prize is caught, Her'uer need not know that the true prize will be safely kept away from prying eyes…mmm…I shall teach you many things, little prize, so many painful but delicious things…"

Harry cringed in revulsion at the man's touch, but didn't fight it. If Terrock was focused on him then he would leave Teal'c alone for now.

He could try to use Parcetounge, but there were still the guards and while he could command the prim'ta to leave the Jaffa's pouches, they would still have time to kill him in retaliation before they died. The only difference with Hathor's goon's to now was that they had been taken by her whiles away from their lords and thus felt like they had betrayed their gods.

Harry did not feel he would be lucky with this lot. He would have to play this carefully.

Harry was removed from his chains and dragged out of the cell by the guards. Harry manged to throw his master a reassuring look, but Teal'c's agonized look spoke enough to what he believed to be Harry's chances.

Fortunately for Harry, Terrock was an eager little Go'uld, and had ordered Harry be taken to his
quarters.

They weren't stupid though. Harry was bound head to foot in chains before they tossed him on a large bed that held more chains and manacles then the dungeon he had just been in.

The man licked his lips as he dismissed the guards, ordering them to guard the sho'va.

When they were finally alone, Harry grimaced as the man leaned over him.

"Mmm…such a delightful thing you are, though for the life of me I do not understand why…"

Harry took his chance, now that they were alone.

::You disgusting low crawler!: Harry hissed, ::do you think yourself worthy to touch me?:

The Go'uld actually fell off the bed startled, much to Harry's amusement.

::I shall not even dignify you with a conversation! You shall leave your host! Now!: The alien screamed as he was forced by Harry's will to leave the host body. Harry commanded it to not move.

After wriggling around, Harry grunted in the tight grip of his chains, and seeing no other way, shifted into his animagus form to get out of the chains.

After wriggling loose, he jumped to the floor and unceremoniously bit the frozen Go'uld's head off. Spitting out the nasty taste of the blood, and padded over to the door.

Then the first snag in Harry's plan happened.

The world seemed to lurch and blur for a moment, before things clarified and Harry suddenly didn't feel to good.

He whimpered, fur standing on end. What the hell had that been?

Harry tried to frantically turn back, sensing something wrong, but his magic lurched suddenly then settled, but Harry wasn't turning back! He was stuck!

He let out a whimper at the frightening sensation.

Not only was he stuck, but he was effectively trapped in Terrock's quarters as the keypad to open the hatch was to high up for him now to use.

The mental curses were long and fruitful.

Ooo ooo ooo

It had taken over 2 hours for one of the guards to finally come around to summon Terrock to the bridge, and another 20 minutes before anyone worked up the nerve to enter the room.

Harry meanwhile had waited patiently under Terrock's bed, hidden in the darkest corner he could find. The space was luckily to small for a human to slip under, so when the alarm was raised when they discovered the body (the host had not survived the shock of the extraction) and the empty chains, an alarm filled the air and Harry was left unnoticed to take advantage of the chaos and slip out.
Harry slunk from one corner to another, but it was a rainbow light coming from a floor to ceiling window that caught his attention.

Harry had heard Hyperspace travel described in the reports, but it was quite another thing seeing it altogether. The only times he had been in Hyperspace, Harry had been to busy dealing with other matters to notice it much before, or to sick to care.

It also made him nauseous to look at, despite its beauty, and Harry suddenly realized what it was effecting his animagus transformation.

It was possible that this was what was causing him to have a hard time establishing contact with his magic, which was why he was stuck as he was now. Come to think of it, he hadn't been using his magic those last few times he had gone through Hyperspace, and the one time he had, while with Thor, he'd been undergoing the Wizard's Flu which was its own beast outside of normal reactions anyway.

That meant that he would likely be stuck until the ship dropped out of hyperspace.

'Well that's just bloody brilliant,' Harry snarled mentally, as he slunk from shadow to shadow, his vulpine mind not liking the blatant gold of the walls and the brightly lit corridors, nor the vibrating floor panels or the slight hum of the working innards of the decidedly non-terrestrial scenery.

He barred his teeth from a patch of shadow as a troop of Jaffa marched past, weapons raised and clearly searching for him.

While in this form he would also not be able to use parceltounge to call the alien snakes from their bellies, so his major weapon was useless.

He decided that for the moment, he would try to retrace his steps back to the holding cell where Teal'c was being held, and wait for his chance.

Ooo ooo ooo

His apprentice was gone. Taken by some scum flunky and it was his fault.

Had he not brought Harry, whom he was aware that the go'uld held some sort of fixation for upon first glance, a fixation that was never readily explained or understood by anyone really, to a planet that had known for their presence and the potential for betrayal-and he was going to destroy the betrayers, do not get him wrong- then Harry would not be in the clutches of Terrock who was doing who knows what sort of depraved things to his precious apprentice.

He was sure that his apprentice was skilled at getting out of bad situations, but one lone warrior against Terrock and his many, many guards while immobilized in chains, there was little hope that he would slip free.

He pulled on his chains uselessly and then slumped in dispair for the moment. He might as well save his strength. When the opportunity came he would escape, rescue his apprentice and destroy the filth that dare lay a hand on him, of that, no matter Harry's fate, he could promise.

Ooo ooo ooo

Harry took the opportunity to do a bit of scouting before he settled in front of Teal'c's prison.

Once he got over his vulpine disgust and uneasiness with his surroundings, he had to reluctantly admire the odd commingling of stark military order and intimidating purposefulness combined with
the sheer audacious décor. The bridge was also a throne room, a throne room for Merlin's sake! Not an uncommon feature in a ship such as this he knew, but still it was quite something to see in person.

He rather thought that Voldemort would be right at home.

Harry finally got his chance to enter the prison when Rakor strode through the door, carrying a goblet.

Harry slid in silently and unseen by the skin of his tail and settled into a dark corner, glad that his fur matched his hair for once.

Teal'c did not look good, he was slumped forwards in the chains, and before him, on a small stone stand was some sort of rounded device with a glowing blue eye. Harry remembered it being mentioned in his jaffa lessons, it was some sort of recording device.

The jaffa held the cup to Teal'c's mouth and intoned, "drink."

Teal'c turned his face away, eyes blazing, and straying over to the device.

"It is not recording now," the Jaffa grunted, "you can drink this water without your pride being offended."

The jaffa continued to turn his face away from the offered drink again.

Rankor growled at the stubbornness, then eyed the warrior considerately, as if he were mentally deciding on something.

"Your apprentice," he said finally, the mention of which caused T'ealc's head to whip forward, "you trained him well it would seem…he…he escaped Terrock. No one has ever escaped Terrock, and…he is dead. Not even the sarcophagus could revive him now."

Teal'c's attention immediately sharpened.

"He will be captured," Rankor assured, "he is but a single boy on a ship filled with my lord Her'urer's finest. Her'urer himself lies in slumber in his own sarcophagus. When he rises, your apprentice is doomed, and shall fall to his all knowing grasp."

"If your gods are so all knowing, then how did Terrock, one of your supposed gods, not foresee his own doom coming?" Teal'c rumbled.

The Jaffa bore a confused and angered countenance as he slapped the jaffa rebel in the face for his impertinence.

"Do not speak any more!" the Jaffa yelled, then turned and marched out of the holding cell, tossing the goblet of water aside.

Harry waited until the jaffa was gone. His master stared stonily ahead again, still unable to hold his own weight completely, but there was a slight look of relief in his eyes, a twitch upward of his lips, and Harry knew that T'ealc was relieved and pleased that he had escaped.

Harry considered what he needed to do.

Perhaps…yes, it was a crazy plan, but then again they were all crazy plans in the end.

If these people could so believe that a snakehead was a god, even after they had been proven that they were not all powerful, lying on the floor dead and beheaded, then perhaps it would take
something more powerful seeming.

Hmmm…

When the door to the cage opened again, guards checking to see if he was hiding in here trying to release his master, Harry slipped out of the cell, and slunk with determination towards a small space near by where Harry had stored the head of the G’ould. Frasier had been wanting a sample to study, and teams were made aware to keep a look out should the opportunity arise without lives being at risk, which was the only reason he had been carrying around the thing.

Wrinkling his muzzle in disgust he carried the thing delicately in his teeth, and slipped into the crew quarters, following his nose until he found Rankor’s scent near a bunk in the back, separated by dividing curtains.

Rankor himself was sitting, arms folded over his chest looking troubled.

Well, it seemed that what Teal'c had said, combined with Harry's own actions, had planted a seed of doubt. Perhaps this would be easier then he thought.

He flipped the head in the air and batted it with his tail like a tennis racket expertly onto the cot and right near the man's left hip.

He let out a small yip, startling and attracting the jaffa's attention and the man sprang up, his zat raised, eyeing his surroundings suspiciously.

It didn't take long for him to find the head, and his horrified gasp was music to Harry's ears.

Harry hid under another bed as soon as the act was done, and was already slinking away.

Ooo ooo ooo

Sometime later, Harry was waiting yet again inside Teal'c's cell when Raknor returned, yet again carrying a goblet of water.

Apparently, Her'uer's orders were that Teal'c needed to be kept alive for a meet up with Apophis. A little revelation that had shocked Harry, the recently resurrected and taken over Sokar's forces when Sokar had been destroyed by SG1 during a rescue mission. He was a real threat and Harry was not happy that the only living snakehead that knew of his ability was roaming the galaxy again. It was a loose end that was making Harry decidedly uneasy.

It would not surprise Harry if he man had it in for him with about equal measure, if not more so, then Teal'c and the rest of SG1 combined, since Harry had the gall to intimidate the man successfully. Megalomaniacs do not like to be reminded that they could be lesser to others, as was Harry's experience.

Again, Teal'c refused to drink from the hand of his enemy, no surprise there. Raknor was not having a good day either, as after swearing on his father that the drink was just water, a very grave vow, even among enemy Jaffa, the man still refused and Raknor threw the goblet of water in Teal'c's face, and tossed the goblet aside, giving a wordless growl and began pacing back and forth in front of Teal'c.

"Who is your father?" Teal'c rasped, water dripping down his chin as he watched the Jaffa calmly.

The Jaffa halted and whirled on Teal'c and said agressivley, "I suppose swearing on my father's name mean's nothing if you do not know who he was."
Then Raknor went off explaining about how his father had been spared by Teal'c while he had been in the service of Apophis, and how his father had believed as Teal'c did, that the G'ould were false gods. His father had even burned the symbol from his brow (which explained the scarring) calling him free.

"But you are free," Teal'c replied, and Raknor hissed, his agitation and desperation spilling out.

"Other Jaffa warriors also began to believe when you turned away from Apophis," he gave a desperate snort of contempt, "Like my father, they had followed Bray'tac, who said that one day all Jaffa would be free from enslavement at the hands of the g'ould."

"He spoke only truth."

"NO! it was blasphemy! The G'ould are gods! Look at yourself! Look at how you are their possession, brought low by them! How can you still not believe that they are gods!"

"And how can you not believe your own father's word?"

"My father believes nothing anymore. A dead man cannot believe in anything."

There was a moment of silence. Harry, despite being angry at the Jaffa, felt a flare of reluctant pity.

"My father was a fool, and Apophis killed my whole family because of it," Raknor said bitterly, "and he who died, Apophis himself, returned from the dead to slay Sokar and lead his people. He had the power to slaughter millions in an instant and lead the greatest army the Jaffa have ever known. How is that not a god?"

Harry considered this. He supposed, given Raknor's position, reared in a brain washed culture, not to mention that the ones that spoke of freedom had been in part responsible for burning his face and then die themselves...Harry sighed. Yes, he could see how Raknor would feel as he does.

Teal'c didn't get a chance to argue as the cell opened and Her'uer's first Prime came in, sneered threats, adding a few rounds of a pain prod, and then left in a rage when Teal'c, even after an hour under the man's attention, did not cede for asking forgiveness from the gods for his treachery.

The Prime turned away in a rage, smashing the recorder into the wall. Raknor remained, starring, face baring his warring thoughts.

The Jaffa finally managed to control his face and paced over to the broken device, picking it up and setting it back on its stand mentioning, almost idly,

"My commander is frustrated by you and your apprentice. Terrock was seeking to record your humiliation before he was...ended by your apprentice. An end that your apprentice has mocked us with by leaving his head within my bunk. A futile effort of intimidation as they are loyal to Terrock and wanted to finish his work."

"And do you believe that Terrock shall return from the dead as well? despite holding his own head in your hands?" Teal'c rasped.

The Jaffa was silent for a time, still pacing around Teal'c slowly, like a considering wolf.

There was an edge to Rakor's voice as he asked, ignoring the question, "do you not believe that your soul will not be punished for your blasphemy? Certainly your apprentice bears the same fate as well."
"The Gou'uld are not gods, they are parasites that use our people as incubators until they are ready to take human hosts, I have seen the world from which they originated," Teal'c growled, "I have stood on the shores near the swamps and ponds which they first rose, they are merely flesh and blood like you or me."

Harry remembered Teal'c talking about that mission. Daniel actually was kidnapped, then later accepted by a teen-aged Unas, the first known host's for the Gou'uld and some good people lost their lives to the primitive Go'uld that were still there as well. He remembered Teal'c's rare laugh when Harry suggested a fishing trip.

"Lies!" Raknor yelled in desperation. Harry smirked from the shadows at the breaking tone. There. He was beginning to crack. Raknor knew that Teal'c was telling the truth, Harry had literally left the evidence of that fact in his bed cloths, he just didn't want to accept it, but Teal'c's words, his insistence, even in the face of torture and humiliation, were weakening Raknor's resolve.

"Why would I lie?" Teal'c yelled back, with what energy he had left, "if there was a chance that they were Gods, if my soul and that of those who follow me, including my apprentice, were at true risk for being Eternally punished, why would I still lie and risk myself and those I care about into damnation?"

Raknor was struck silent as Teal'c continued, "they have manipulated our bodies for their own ends, and our minds with false beliefs to create a ready army that would serve and die for them."

"You believe in this so strongly that you would risk dying in sin?" Raknor asked more subdued.

Teal'c meant the younger jaffa's eyes and intoned with deep conviction that for a moment he practically radiated it.

"I believe in it so strongly because I know that we do not risk dying in sin, but instead we risk dying for the freedom of all Jaffa!"

With that, he seemed to lose his energy and slumped in his chains, body shaking from strain.

Harry wanted to go to him, but he forced himself to remain in his dark corner.

Raknor eventually left when his communications went off.

Harry remained with his master. It was only a matter of time now to see if Raknor would see the light.

He, the Prime, and another guard soon returned though.

They removed Teal'c from his chains and dragged the man out of the cell, Harry following as best he could. During that moment, Harry felt a sudden wave of vertigo and dropped to his fury belly, whimpering.

Something had happened.

Then he realized what it was when he was slammed by his magic like an over eager large dog that had been straining at it's leash.

Harry had only enough time to roll into an empty room before he found himself gasping in his very human body on the floor.

Shaking himself, he bit his lip to keep from groaning out loud, and peeking out into the hallway, finding it empty, everyone likely reporting to the bridge where all the action was.
Harry turned back into a fox, feeling the ache all the way to the tip of his tail, and slipped in behind the metal heels of the last Jaffa. He settled in an obscure corner where he spotted Her'uer, obvious in his jewelry and authoritative air, who was talking to Apophis, who definitely looked more... Phantom of the Opera-ish since the last time he had seen him.

"Your army is impressive Apophis, but not yet great enough to defeat the system lords.:: Her'uer intoned blithely, Harry having come in while in the middle of barbs being exchanged.

Harry tuned out the traditional Go'uld meet and greet posturing, and slunk around dark spots and settled near by Teal'c's prone form near by the throne, with Harry a few feet away beside it.

Teal'c meanwhile was on the floor where he had been left, unable to stand on his own power, and stared at the golden side of the throne blurry.

He was worried. So gravely worried, yet filled with weary hope. His apprentice must yet continue to allude Her'uer and his forces, or else he would be lying beside him right now. Something drew him from his thoughts, a movement out of the corner of his eye. There, hunched in the corner of the throne, was a shadow. A shadow that didn't make sense. A shadow, that for a moment showed flickering green eyes staring directly at him, before it pulled away deeper into the darkness.

The Gou'uld's next words words caught Harry's attention from Teal'c.

"To show my loyalty to our arrangement Apophis I will present you a gift.::: the man intoned grandly, "if you accept, we shall swear an oath to solidify our bond.:::

With a nod, the guards dragged Teal'c to his feet and within field of vision of Apophis, who shooed away the stroking hands of his concubines and his pleased smile did not bode well for Teal'c.

"The Shova!" he said in English this time, pleased.

Apophis sat back and the slaves continued with their worshipful caressing as he thought about it. Her'uer gestured for Teal'c to be taken to the ring room to await transfer. He knew that Apophis would not be able to resist such a prize.

"Was he alone?:: Apophis asked suddenly, the pleased look disappearing as he sat stiffly in his throne, "what of the Shova's Tauri? Was any with them? Particularly an Apprentice, a human with unique green eyes?:

Heu'uer managed to not shift in discomfort. He could not let Apophis know that the boy was currently running amok on his ship. While he had done nothing but kill a minor go'uld minion and terrorize his jaffa with the head, he had as yet not damaged any systems, and he suspected that the boy may be waiting for an opportunity to save the shova. That was why he had doubled the guard in the ring room. When the fool made his attempt, he would capture or kill him for his insolence.

"No,:: Her'uer replied, deciding to keep that little hiccup a secret :he was alone on Chulak when my agents apprehended him.:

Interestingly, Apophis displayed a moment of both relief and disappointment. Her'uer caught on to that, unknown to Apophis, and mentally amended to 'just capture.' Was there something about the apprentice that bothered Apophisis?

If so, he needed to find out what that was. He may yet be useful. He cut the sound on the transmission and made a side call to his Prime to make sure that he boy was captured alive. Before returning sound.
Meanwhile in the ring room, Teal'c was left, chained to a wall by one hand with Raknor attending to him. This time, Teal'c did not have the energy to refuse the offered water.

"I have never seen anyone endure the torture that you have," the Jaffa finally said quietly, a little awe seeping through, "and you also face a thousand times worse at the hands of Apophis when the transfer is made."

"That I am certain," Teal'c said, leaning against a wall, barely able to stand.

"And yet, even now you still will not admit that they are gods?"

The man turned blazing eyes on Raknor, "Never."

Raknor looked like he was about to say something else but Her'uer's first Prime came in, the guards still remaining outside watching for the apprentice.

"The Shova is to be transferred to Apophis," the man growled, glaring angrily at Teal'c, pissed that he had not been able to honor his lord by finishing Terrock's work for him.

Harry watched from behind a storage carton helplessly as Teal'c was dragged towards the center of the rings. Teal'c somehow managed to summon enough energy this time as he fought the guards that had unchained him, sending one of them to the ground with a broken nose curtsy of his elbow. It was times like this that Teal'c's indomitable strength awed Harry.

Teal'c didn't get far as he was sent flying by the shove of the pain prod, and he finally screamed as his mouth an eyes blazed with fiery light.

"what do you think you are doing!" the Prime roared, enraged, at Teal'c another zap and a scream.

"Commander!" Raknor said in alarm, "you are killing him!"

The first Prime sneered, bloodlust filling his eyes, "he made me fail my lord, and his worthless apprentice even now defiles my honor by alluding my grasp, to cowardly to even try to rescue his master. He defied me, both of them, and they blasphemy our gods! I want the satisfaction of watching the sho'va die…at least once!"

Harry snarled, unable to hold back any longer, and jumped for the man's neck just as the first prime shrieked as another pain prod came out of no where and jammed into his back just as Harry's fangs dug into his throat.

Harry couldn't help the squeal of pain that erupted from his muzzle as he got his own share of the electrical current, but bit deeper until blood flowed around his body, and the Prime hit the deck.

Both jaffa stared at the creature that suddenly appeared out of no where and ripped the torturer's throat open. Raknor raised his weapon in alarm. Teal'c stiffened, as the creature spat out a hunk of flesh and blood still dripping from it's muzzle, it crawled on it's belly towards Teal'c ears low and whining softly.

Both jaffa waited to see what it would do, and were surprised when it rubbed it's self against Teal'c's leg, tail wagging in happiness, before it backed away, still slowly, as if aware of the weapon trained on it, and back into the shadows.

"What…what was that?" Raknor gasped lowering his weapon when he figured the creature to be gone.

"I am uncertain," Teal'c said, frowning in confusion then turned his eyes back to Raknor, the odd beast forgotten for the time being.

"You saved me."
The Jaffa nodded his head.

Nothing was said as the two exchanged a look then Teal'c said finally, "they will be expecting a transfer" and a plan formed between the two. Raknor left Teal'c's side and dragged the dead Prime to the rings, activating the device and the body disappeared.

"Come," Raknor said, "we cannot stay here, the subterfuge will be caught soon, and we still have to deal with the extra guards."

Raknor helped Teal'c to stand, slinging an arm around his shoulder and the two staggered towards the door.

The guards were dispatched with a quick communication that Raknor made through the comm, stating that they were ordered to the engine room where the apprentice had been sighted.

When they were gone, Raknor helped Teal'c towards the fighter bay, their way unimpeded as alarms went up all over the ship at the imminent attack by Apophis.

Harry slipped after them, still a fox.

"My apprentice..." Teal'c denied, when Raknor tried to put him in a fighter, struggling in futility.

"He is likely already dead, there is no time Teal'c! Apophis has to many ships under his command, we are moments away from being blown up along with Her'uer."

"No! I can't leave him!" Teal'c cried desperately, but slumped in unconsciousness when Rankor grimly hit him with a zat blast.

Raknor lowered his weapon and said sadly, "I'm sorry Teal'c, but you are to important to our people. I will make sure that others know he died with honor."

With that, he climbed into the fighter, closing the hatch behind him, not seeing the furred streak that settled behind the the seat when he had his back turned.

The fighter had just left Her'uer's ship in time when the whole thing exploded in a hail of weapons from the fleet of Motherships sitting around Apophis' much larger ship.

The glider didn't get far amidst the explosions outside the glider courtesy of a field of in the area mines.

Fortunatly for the Jaffa, a stern voice sounded over the comm.

:\Declare yourself in truth!:\

Harry quickly changed back in his little hiding spot behind Teal'c's seat.

The voice repeated itself.

Raknor sweated, not sure how to answer, and then a slim hand reached from behind him and pressed a button, and a youthful voice replied in Gou'uld.

:\Fool's gold.:\

Raknor whirled and stared in shock at the familiar, though blood coated, face of the apprentice who gave him a toothy grin, which was also stained red.

After a moment the silence from the other line was replaced by English.
"This is Jacob Carter, Identify yourself!"

Harry sighed when the Jaffa continued to stare at him, then gestured to Raknor and the comm, turning from the stunned Jaffa to attend to Teal'c crooning as he settled in the man's lap, through lack of space, and began checking him over, probing at his injuries gently.

Raknor seemed to snap out of it and replied to the voice.

"This is Raknor, I am the jaffa that helped Teal'c escape."
"How do we know that?" another voice, very familiar and welcome to Harry's ears, filled the cockpit.

Harry sighed, feeling quite drained all of a sudden, now that Teal'c was safe.

"Hello sir," he replied, letting his relief fill his reply, "it's damn good to hear your dulcet tones."

A moment of silence then Jack said, "glad you made it Sergent, is Teal'c alright? Are you?"

"He's pretty banged up, but he'll be fine. I'm fine to, just a little tired and looking forward to a long shower, somemouthwash, and bed sir."

"We'll meet on the third moon of Tishner," the other voice said, and Raknor gave the affirmative before the two parties signed off, luckily the third moon was close by and one of the few areas not teeming with ancient space mines.

Harry wrapped an arm around Teal'c's neck, and sighed into the man's chest and fell asleep.

By the time that Harry had met up with SG1 and the Tokra on the inhabitable moon, Harry had awoken and was helping Raknor transfer Teal'c with the help of the others, into the cargo ship while he gave his report to the others. In it though, he described a portion of the truth in that he had taken Terrock by surprise and killed the gou'uld torturer and had been evading the jaffa on the ship since, trying to figure away to help Teal'c but had been unable t. When he saw Raknor was helping Teal'c, Harry had abandoned his ambush plan at the ring room and had instead, upon realizing that they were headed for the glider bay, moved ahead and watched which ship they were going for then snuck on to the glider just behind them, keeping an eye for any Jaffa and then revealing himself when they had already left the ship.

Raknor backed it up, but did not mention, like Harry, the Gou'uld head that was left on his bed, or the strange furred creature that had bitten the Prime's throat out, but he was somewhat amazed at Harry's quickness and stealth in getting on board the ship, and even admitted his own part in Teal'c's capture, then his realization that Teal'c was right, and eventual turning on his go'uld masters. Harry in turn said he didn't wholly trust the Jaffa to not change his mind while on board the ship and had kept out of sight just to be sure.

When Jacob called the glider though, Harry recognized the Tokra code, and had replied with the standard one that was assigned by the Tokra for jaffa sympathizers, what few that were allowed such a privilege.

When he was done, he curled up beside Teal'c in the cargo bay on the nest of sleeping bags, and fell back asleep.

ooo ooo ooo

Teal's awoke in the hold of a cargo ship, thrashing and yelling.
It all came to him, the torture, his apprentice being dragged away, his apprentice still on the ship that was now destroyed!

"Harry!" he yelled in disrepair.

Hands gently grasped his face and drew the fevered eyes towards large green ones. For a moment, a hazed image of a black furred creature, muzzle dripping with blood superimposed over the pale human features, before the image quickly faded and Teal'c lunged forward.

:Hush: Harry crooned, gently stroking hands down the man's bald head, Teal'c's face buried into his shoulder. He gestured to the others, who were looking alarmed, that he had everything handled, and they left them be, awkwardly gathering in the front to give them some space so Harry could calm Teal'c down.

:These perpetual moments of nearly losing you are getting old,: the man rasped.

Harry huffed a laugh, but then felt water fill his own eyes.

Then Teal'c found himself addressing what needed to be addressed,:I was unable to protect you from Terrock...:

:No,; Harry said sternly, drawing back and meeting the man's eyes sternly, :you had no choice in any of this. You were unable to help me in that moment.:

Teal'c grip tightened, :did Terrock?...:

:No,; Harry quickly reassured, :I ripped him from his host's head myself before he even laid a hand on me.:

Teal'c let out a relieved breath, not bothering to ask precisely how Harry had accomplished that, just relieved that his Apprentice had not been harmed. He allowed Harry to lay him back down and was soon sleeping peacefully under his apprentices touch and the sound of his friends and allies talking quietly in the background.
A month and a half of relative quiet was all Harry had until he faced the next crisis.

The next one which came with the arrival of a tiny little balding man who greeted them with a friendly, “Contrya!.”

The others didn’t appear to fond of the tiny little man in robes that reminded Harry strongly of an alive version of the Fat Frier from Hogwarts.

Harry himself meant the man for the first time in the debriefing room after the stand down call was made soon after his arrival.

He was followed by his fellow Universal Solider Fan who had been summoned as well.

From what Harry understood, the small visitor, named Harlen, had met SG1 a few years ago and had replicated SG1 and made robot twins of them to keep him company on his homeworld. After hearing the details and looking over the mission report, Harry honestly couldn't blame the others for their ire.

Eventually the robots were left with Harlen after the originals were returned to the SGC and they hadn’t heard from their duplicates or Harlen since, and frankly SG1 was satisfied with that.

Now though, there was a problem and Harlen had come to the SGC for help. Help to…well, help themselves, the robotic ones anyways.

Once Harry and the others had settled in their seats, Fan looking curious as to why he was sitting with the A-team as it were.

Apparently, the SG1 duplicates had not been happy about remaining with Harlen on the planet, according to the worried and aggrieved man, and despite the dangers, had decided to go explore through through the Stargate.

"They know who these robots take after right?" Fan whispered in Harry's ear, "I mean, telling SG1 to not go through the Stargate and hang around on dangerous planet all day is like telling fish to stick around on dry land."

His rather loud whisper caused a few sheepish looks and some amused eye flicks among said team.

The big problem with disappearing on some far off planet was that apparently they had some sort of portable power pack in their chests that needed to be re-powered every 24 hours, and thus the robots always returned after a certain amount of time to re-charge, but this time, they were overdue and they had only a small window of power left to function.

Apparently, SG1 had not been exactly thrilled with the idea of rescuing their doubles, and had
refused at first, but after Harlen had asked them to dial the world that the duplicates had been on to rescue them himself, Carter realized that it was the planet Juna, a world that had been liberated from Her’uer not long before Harry had joined the SGC. The concern this raised stemmed from the fact that the locals had been told to bury their Stargate, and it was believed, until now, that they had.

Sure enough, when the SGC dialed the gate on Juna, it was functional and when they sent a probe through, they were startled to find the other Jack and were informed by him bitterly that Chronos had taken over the planet, having inherited a few territories upon the Go'uld's demise, and enslaved the people, and that the other robots had been captured, and his Daniel had been killed.

They were given the go ahead after that, which was why Harry and Fan had been called in.

Harry was going because he had proven to be skilled in dealing with the Go'uld already, and had spent time with Chronos during his time as liaison, so he might be able to predict how the Go'uld would think and react. The fact that the man had been obsessed with him was left unsaid, but was a possibility to exploit if they were looking for possible methods in taking him out.

The grip on Harry's arm under the table was the unseen and unsaid "Hell No!" from Teal'c in that possibility coming to fruition, except over Teal'c's dead body perhaps.

Fan was going along because of his expertise with munitions, and his wide knowledge base with explosives would come in handy in dealing with the ground forces.

They were given a go, and the two Universal Soldiers were in their gear and walking up the ramp along with the rest of SG1 towards the Stargate.

Ooo ooo ooo

"Man, this is so going in my diary," Fan whispered in Harry’s ear with amusement as the two bemused young men watched the tussling Jack and his duplicate trying to put each other in a headlock.

It was a surreal comedy moment that’s for sure, despite the seriousness of the mission.

The fact that, once the battle was broken up and the Juna warrior informed them that he and the duplicate were the only ones on the planet that were part of the latest rebellion, it did not instill confidence in any of them about the likelihood of success for the mission. But as both Jacks said, at the same time unintentionally, "We've been through worse and with greater odds!"

The two counterparts glared at each other, then Robot Jack suddenly punched Original Jack in the shoulder, who yelped and rubbed the bruised appendage.

"You owe me a root beer!"

"Owe you a root beer?!" Jack exclaimed, "You don't even drink!"

"Well that's just rude!" Robot Jack huffed.

The sound of a horn in the distance alerted them to a patrol, so the Juna man lead quickly them away.

They soon found themselves in a large tent after an hour or so of walking, and Harry and Fan began going through the extra bags of Fan’s impressive, yet disturbing, supplies.

“Let’s see,” Fan mused, while the others hunched over a nearby map, “grenade, grenade, TNT,
plastic explosive, grenade belt, box of nails…hmmm…”

“Nails?” Harry queried dubiously. There were actually several packs of them.

“Yep! Naquada laced ones, adds an extra whammy to the gorefest, watch out for those though, the Naquada coating might be super thin but there’s enough in there to blow up a parking lot or two.”

Harry carefully set those aside gingerly.

“Now lets see, firecrackers…maybe for later…timer, timer, land mine…Peanut butter sandwich…”

"Wait, what’s that for? is it some sort of stealth bomb disguised as food?” Harry asked curiously.

Fan gave him an incredulous look, "no, that’s my lunch," a thoughtful pause then, "but that’s not a bad idea."

Harry groaned.

“So…” Fan drawled, “I here that Joe finally worked up the nerve.”

Harry perked in interest, “Really?” he asked curiously, “So she’s going to ask her then?”

“Yep, after three weeks of hearing her practice in the mirror this morning for the gazillionth time, so its safe to say we can finally brush our hair in the mirror again…of course when I say we, I mean those of us who have combs.”

Harry punched his friend in the shoulder, “I do so use a comb Mr. Straightlocks.”

“Hey we can’t all have hair gifted by the gods,” Fan drawled, running a hand through his short wavy dark brown hair.

Harry rolled his eyes but otherwise turned to the latest gossip, "So Joe finally gave up on her extensive plan of wooing Dr. Jackson and Lady Gaga to her bed then?"

"Well, we all got to face reality sometime I guess, and it doesn't hurt that Lieutenant Farl looks an awful lot like Daniel and Farl's partner is blond and bold in everything."

"That and Daniel has not shown the slightest bit of interest in Joe?"

"Well that and soon after Joe confessed her feelings to the good doctor in his office, he actually sat her down and the two of them had a heart to heart over it -now where the hell is that pipe bomb? I know I packed near my extra underwear..."

Harry's eyes widened, "Wow, really?"

"Oh yeah, apparently the good professor wasn't as oblivious as we all thought -aha! there you are you Little Dickens!" Fan held up a rather large pipe bomb with "Little Dickens" scrawled on the side in Neon Pink.

"Huh," Harry hummed, "who knew that Joe or Daniel had it in them?"

"Yeah, while it didn't end how Joe wanted it to, she seemed ok with the let down, I guess Dr. McGlasses knowing all those dead languages comes in handy in knowing precisely what to say to let a person down gently," Fan gave Harry a look sideways, a knowing glint in them, "You know, we can all take a lesson about talking with others that we are into about our feelings."
Harry shrugged, scratching his chin, "I guess," though he said it in a manner that implied Fan's hidden meaning went completely over Harry's head.

Fan sighed, shook his head, and said finally, "Come on, help me untangle these detonator cables."

Ooo ooo ooo

The plan was fairly straight forward.

Robot Jack would pretend to be captured by the Juna rebel and take him to the Jaffa in charge planet side. He would create a distraction and the others would come up from behind the guards that would come to assist. After that, SG1 would be ringed up to the Ha'tak vessel by the other duplicates, who informed Jack via some sort of internal communicator that Original Jack called Robot telepathy, who will also create a diversion, disable doors between levels and block most of the Jaffa on the lower levels while they dealt with Chronos on the upper level with his skeleton crew of personal protectors.

Fan meanwhile was to secure the surrounding perimeter of the ground base with Harry’s help and the other Juna rebels from returning patrols.

Things went off well enough.

Fan's special grenades combined with everyone’s fire power, managed to overwhelm the present Jaffa, Fan’s cackles rang in dubious reassurance between each ground shaking boom!

While the distraction and infiltration had worked, it was not without any hitches.

Robot Jack was not in good shape by the time that SG1 utilized the distraction to get to the Ha'Tac vessel, having been let in by the heavily injured man.

When SG1 was ringed away, Harry and Fan left behind to secure the planet side ring room. Harry told a Juna rebel and Fan to man a few more trip explosives with the rebel showing Fan the likely trails the remaining Jaffa planet side would use. Harry himself would keep watch on the ring room and see to the injured Robot Jack.

When the others left, Harry kneeled down and wrapped Robot Jack's wounds, the man clearly unhappy over being sent back by his counterpart after going through all the trouble of getting everyone access to the rings.

“So…” robot Jack hummed, “your new.”

Harry finished tightening the last knot and settled in a ready crouch by the man’s side.

“Yeah, Fan, Two others and I are part of a new program at the SGC, a sort of on base training program unique to SGC, soldiers specially trained from scratch specifically for the Stargate Missions called the Universal Soldier Program.”

“Wow, sending kids through the gate now, what pencil pusher came up with that idea?”

Harry chuckled, “that’s almost exactly what Colonal O’Niell said as well, he wasn’t to fond of me, still don’t know if he likes me or not, but we get along…sort of. You know, he was the one who told me about the program and the Stargate.”

“Huh, don’t worry about it kid, your still alive and he took you along regardless, so I suppose the other, less handsomer me, at least tolerates you alright.”
“Gee thanks, I can just feel the love” Harry said dryly, then more seriously, “you don’t look so good.” Harry eyed the silvery blood leaking at a continuous pace despite his efforts, "...your dying aren’t you?"

“Wow, right for the jugular in the truth department, I like that, but yes, I am nearly out of power, and my systems are so damaged to survive a reboot, it wont be long now.”

Harry bit his lip. Harry had seen people die right before his eyes before, hell he had even killed one of them with his literal bare hands, but he had never…well, sat with a dying person and had a chance to talk with them during it.

“Is there…anything you need?” Harry asked lamely, not sure what to do.

“Wouldn’t mind seeing the Simpson’s one last time, I missed so many episodes. They don’t get good television on that robot planet of ours.”

Harry couldn’t help the chuckle as he rested his chin on the butt of his axe.

“You know, your other self made me watch nearly all the episodes from that show. I keep up with the series occasionally to understand what he talks about…and don’t tell him, but I actually somewhat like it from time to time. I can…tell you about a few episodes I saw from the last season.”

“The Halloween special?” he coughed, voice holding a distinct static buzz.

Harry smiled, even if it was watery around the edges, and nodded. He began speaking, and that’s what he did for the time it took for SG1 to complete their mission. Occasionally during that time, explosions could be heard off in the distance, the remaining Jaffa on the planet meeting their makers through Fan's pride and joys, and Harry would tense and go to a nearby window to watch for the signal flare that would indicate immanent attack and then return to jack when things seemed all clear.

When original Jack ringed back down to the planet to report that the Ha’tak had been taken successfully, and Chronos killed as well as receive a report from his to youngest subordinates, he found Grey sitting with the robot’s head in his lap, gun still at the ready, but otherwise regaling him with prime time television animation stories.

“…and then Homer decided to sign up on the island of man-animals and became a walrus!” Harry finished.

“I remember that episode, that’s a good one,” Original Jack said with a smile.

“Sir?” Grey looked up at him in concern.

Jack sighed rubbing the back of his head.

“We managed to take over the ship and kill Chronos,” Jack replied.

“Teal’c and Carter?” Harry asked.

“Heck are alright, but the counterparts...” He shook his head, then in an unusually soft tone said, “Grey, why don’t you go check in with that Firebug friend of yours and that Juna guy? Tell them that Chronos is dead and if the people don’t believe it, they can have a look for themselves.”

Harry frowned, "but what about other you? I mean, I was just catching him up on some things he missed and..."
Jack took a seat next to his counterpart, "Hey don't worry about it! I'll catch me up on all that he missed, no worries!" and he gave Grey that easy sardonic smile of his.

Harry nodded and slid out from under the grey and brown head to complete his task.

Jack waited until Harry had left before he looked down at himself. There was something disturbing about sitting next to your own, slightly younger, dead body.

Jack wordlessly closed his own eyes.

Ooo ooo ooo

They remained on the planet for another week to help the Juna people come to grips with their, yet again, free planet status and the fact that the Go'uld were not a gods.

The surviving Jaffa were given the chance to also come to the same realizations, and while some of them resisted, a surprising amount chose to be free and were sent to Chulak and Master Bray’tac. Those that refused to believe otherwise were sent to Chulak as well, though in chains, for their people to deal with.

Teal’c meanwhile was recovering back at SGC, having gotten injured while finally fulfilling his pledge for revenge after all these years. Harry was regretful that he couldn't be there with his Master, but Teal'c was privately glad Harry had not been there. Chronos had made no bones about hiding what he would do to Harry had he been there. It had been a tactic to distract Teal'c and it had worked, which was how he had gotten so severely hurt during there final one on one battle, and if it hadn't been for the fatal intervention of his counterpart, Teal'c might have been dead. Teal'c didn't say that out loud though and made sure to not mention it in his final report to Hammond.

When they were set to return to the Ha’tak, to be flown to the Tokra homeworld, Fan had decided to return to Earth as his own SG team needed him for a mining excavation.

Teal’c, when they were alone in his quarters on the night before they were due back to Juna to fly the ship back to Earth, he told Harry about how exactly Chronos had died, baring the mention of Harry, shot in the back by his robot self. He described with relish the look of confusion on his enemy’s face as he drew his last breath. Though he was somewhat dissatisfied that he had not been able to kill him with his own hand, though his other self had honored them both in completing the task before he to succumbed to his injuries.

Despite missing out on killing Chronus with his own hands, Teal’c did inform Harry with a certain amount of zeal, that he believed that the time was drawing nearer that he would finally be able to exact his revenge on Tanith and he was looking forward to fulfilling his final vengeance vow.

Harry himself, as he said before, promised that he would stand at Teal’c’s side. The Jaffa had smiled and gripped Harry’s shoulder. Teal’c was proud of his apprentice. He may not be a Jaffa born, but he had the honor of one, and he couldn't be more grateful to have him in his life.

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