region of the summer stars

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Summary

After defeating Voldemort, Primrose Lyra Potter is proclaimed the Girl-Who-Lived and is sent to live with her muggle aunt while her twin brother Hadrian Cygnus Potter is sent to an orphanage. After an incident that leaves Lyra wishing for death, Cygnus decides it's time to go after her.

Notes

Important to know: I know I have rape tagged but it is NOT applied to any of the ships nor will it ever be as I continue writing.

Also, Lyra and Cygnus ARE Harry Potter. I just split his character into two and made one a girl.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

It begins.

31st July 2000; 11:55pm
“Congratulations! It’s a girl!”

31st July 2000; 11:58pm
“Congratulations! It’s a boy!”

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In the early morning hours of August 1st, 2000 Lily Potter sat up in bed feeling utterly exhausted but full of bliss. She couldn’t help the loving smile that adorned her face as she gazed down at the sleeping bundles in her arms. “Can you believe it James? Twins!”

She was sweaty and her hair was a complete disaster after the intense labor; James couldn’t help but think how beautiful she was. “They’re absolutely gorgeous Lils,” James said, love showing in his eyes as he looked at the perfect picture that was his wife and children.

“What are we going to name them?”

James hummed as he picked up the bundle in his wife’s right arm. “Well I know we both had names we liked…”

“We are not naming her Lily.”

“Why not?” James said with a mock pout on his face.

“If we name her Lily,” Lily said nodding towards the bundle in James arms, “then we’re naming him James.”

James barked out a laugh. “Oh Merlin, could you imagine Professor McGonagall’s face upon reading that at the sorting ceremony? Okay, no naming the children after us. What were your choices again?”

Lily wandlessly summoned a notebook from her bag and opened it to a bookmarked page. “Lyra for a girl and Hadrian for a boy.”

“You wrote them down?!?”

Lily just raised an eyebrow at him as if to say, ‘did you really expect anything less?’ James just shrugged, conceding to Lily. His wife was organized like that. Leaning down to look at the notebook himself he noted that Lily also had written his top choices for baby names. “I liked Primrose for a girl and Cygnus for a boy the best.”

“Perfect. Primrose Lyra and Hadrian Cygnus. Our precious summer stars.”
“Our perfect little bundles of joy.”

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“Go Lily!”

“James!”

“Get the children and go! I’ll hold him off for as long as I can!”

With one last glance at her husband Lily raced up the stairs to the nursery. Sleeping curled up next to each other were Hadrian and Primrose. Hadrian had somehow (magically) gotten himself into his sister’s crib once again and the two slept on peacefully despite the sounds of a fight going on downstairs.

Lily was frantic as she searched the room to no avail. Where was the portkey! It was supposed to be right next to the changing table but it was gone! The wards that were erected wouldn’t allow apparition, not that it was safe to apparate with a baby anyway, let alone two, but still! How could they have been so stupid as to not have more safeguards in place? Having just one escape route was not like her or James. Normally they would have contingencies upon contingencies planned out in case the slightest thing went wrong. Something wasn’t right here.

Before she could even consider the implication that something more sinister than they knew was afoot, the door to the room was blasted open. Running on pure instinct Lily threw herself in front of her children. Standing at the threshold was Voldemort himself.

“Stand aside girl.”

“No!”

“Move and I’ll spare you.”

“Never!”

“I’m only here for the children. You don’t have to die.”

“I’d rather die than live to see them killed!”

“Very well.” Voldemort really couldn’t care less if the girl lived or not. He only asked out of courtesy to his Potions Master after all. He didn’t care what the boy wanted with her but what kind of leader would he be if he didn’t throw his followers a bone once in a while. Insane he may be but it wouldn’t do to lose his best servants.

Voldemort raised his wand, only planning on stunning her, but suddenly he found himself on his back, his head colliding painfully with the ground and his wand knocked from his hand. In a last ditch attempt to protect her children Lily let out a feral scream and launched herself at Voldemort. She may not have her wand but she could still fight.

Voldemort thrashed under the crazed girl, there was fury in her eyes and he realized he’d have to overpower her if he was to escape. He grabbed her by the arms and tried to at least stop her from punching him but it didn’t deter her for a moment. She slammed her forehead into his face and brought her leg up to knee him in the groin before locking her legs about his hips to pin him to the ground. Voldemort gasped, the wind being knocked out of him, and Lily, with her arms still trapped, took that moment to bite Voldemort on his hand in an attempt to get him to let go.
Voldemort let out a yell and he ripped his hand away from Lily’s arm. He looked up to see blood dripping from her mouth and before he could even process the demented smile on her face, her fist connected with his jaw and he heard the crack indicating that it was broken.

She may not look it but Lily Potter was not weak, magically or physically. She did grow up in Cokeworth after all. Despite her smaller frame she had been a major player in the street fights that would happen every now and then, much to her parents consternation.

They scuffled for a bit longer, Lily in her element despite it being a while since her last real fist fight. She used every dirty fighting tactic she could think of, going for his eyes and throat, even biting and ripping at him whenever he tried to get a hold of her arms. With this she was getting twice as many hits and drawing as much blood from Voldemort as possible.

By the time he was able to knock her to the side blood was pouring out of various wounds on his face, neck, and arms from where she ripped chunks of flesh from him with her teeth. His nose and jaw were both broken and he was half blind from when she tried to claw his eyes out.

The fact that Lily decided to use physical violence only bought her a few more minutes but it was enough. If she couldn’t live to protect her children she could at least do this. She grinned as she watched Voldemort’s blood spread and soak into the floor. Wandlessly she used a spell to slice open her hand and as she focused her magic she let her blood mix in with Voldemort’s on the floor. With this final act she knew her children would be safe, plus it was very satisfying to look upon the supposed Dark Lord’s face and see how much damage she inflicted.

Voldemort was furious and in a world of pain. How dare this mudblood defy him like this! Summoning his wand to his hand and pointing it at her, he looked the Potter girl straight in the eye hoping to finally find fear but all he saw was defiance, vindictiveness, and was that satisfaction and glee? It unnerved him, the slightly unhinged and feral look in her eyes reminding him too much of his own. Shaking off the feeling and not giving her a chance to recover and attack him again he sent the killing curse at her, unaware of the fact that he just sealed his fate.

As he stared at her lifeless corpse, she was slightly bruised and covered in blood, though he would never admit that most of it was his blood, he felt something rush through his body. Some kind of magical pulse that he couldn’t place. His ears were ringing and as his hearing returned to him it was only then that he heard the wails of the Potter twins.

Shaking off the strange feeling that washed over him, he turned his attention to the twins who were now fully awake and staring at their dead mother. Their eyes were filled with tears and their distressed cries filled the room as they called out for their mama.

Both children had messy, inky black hair with brown skin like their father, which made their piercing green eyes, which they got from their mother, stand out even more. If not for the fact that one had longer hair than the other he wouldn’t have been able to tell them apart. He didn’t know which one was the prophecy child but that didn’t matter, he would kill them both and get it over with.

He raised his wand at the one with longer hair and as he looked into her eyes, he felt a strange pang in his chest, almost like a miniscule crack on his magical core. A small part of his rational mind, which was buried so far in his subconscious that he rarely heard it anymore, was yelling that something was wrong. Unfortunately by this point Voldemort was too far gone, too insane, to even consider listening to what it had to say. Pushing it aside, he uttered the killing curse but instead of it hitting the girl there was a blast and a flash of brilliant light that blew out the wall directly across from the crib.
Voldemort felt a searing wave of pain as he felt his soul get ripped from his body. How! Nothing should have been able to block the curse! That was one of the things that made it so dangerous. He looked over at the children and watched in shock at the dome of white light that surrounded the two. As the dust settled it was only then that Voldemort noticed the glowing runic circle on the ground. It flashed blood red and then faded into the floor, leaving no trace behind.

A blood ritual! How?! As a family of the Light the Potters never would have touched something that was illegal and considered Dark magic and yet, the proof had been right there in front of him. Seeing that he couldn't do anything more without a body the wraith that was Voldemort fled, confusion and disbelief consuming his thoughts.

With his mind on the blood ritual there were several things he ended up missing. He didn’t notice the soul shard that broke off of him, taking more of his sanity with it, hitting Primrose Potter on the forehead, giving her a lightning bolt shaped cut. He didn’t see the ihwaz rune glowing just below the collarbone of this same twin. Nor did he notice the perthro rune on young Hadrian Potter, whose rune placement mirrored his sisters.

If he had noticed maybe the Potter twins childhood would have turned out differently. Maybe he would have realized that, with the twins being marked by such powerful runes and one of them holding part of his soul, they would need to be protected. Maybe they could have grown up being cared for by one of his inner circle. Maybe they would have been happy.

However, that didn’t happen, and unfortunately for the Potter twins, they would have to endure several years of hardship before things began to even remotely get better.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Enter Cygnus.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

At a little rundown orphanage, in the middle of an unknown town, a man stood dressed in outlandish clothes with silvery white hair and a long beard. If it had been day time the man would have attracted a lot of attention, but alas it was the dead of night. No one was around to spot the strange man holding a basket.

Within the basket slept a baby boy, just over a year old. The man frowned as he left the boy, wrapped only in a baby blanket, not even leaving a note with so much as the child's name, on the porch of the orphanage. He wanted nothing more than to just kill the little nuisance but unfortunately the boy still had his uses. With a turn and a crack the man disappeared from sight; he had one more stop to make that night.

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John Smith. That’s what they called him. All that was known about John was that he was left on the front steps of the orphanage on a cold November night and wasn't found until morning. The orphanage matrons always assumed that he was the son of a single mother, possibly a teenager who couldn't care for a baby on their own. Such a thing happened enough times in a town like this after all.

But “John” knew better. John knew a lot of things. For instance he knew his name wasn't John, but he had yet to figure out what it was. He knew that he had two loving parents who died protecting him. He wasn't sure why they died, but knew that with their sacrifice he was able to live. He even knew that he had magic and worked on improving and strengthening his abilities as much as he could.

He knew these things because he remembered. These memories came to him only in fragments but he hoped that one day he’d be able to fully unlock them all and completely learn of his past.

Young John was spending his day as he always spent it, at the nearby library. He may only be seven, nearly eight now, but for the past three years he had been going to the library on his own and reading every book he could get his hands on.

The orphanage matrons didn't mind him going out on his own. On the contrary, they were rather glad for it. The child they called “John” was rather… Odd. He spoke at a higher level than the other children and seemed to know things that he shouldn’t. Strange things happened around him and there was this aura about the boy that made them leave the boy to his own devices. The other children, even the ones who used to bully him for being smaller than the rest of them, started to avoid him.

If he wasn't at the library he could be found in the park making hissing sounds at the snakes that
always seemed to surround the boy. It was unnatural and they couldn't wait for someone, anyone, to come and adopt the boy.

“John” knew the matrons weren't fond of him, but he didn't mind. As he walked into the library he began making his way through the stacks hoping to start a new book. He was thinking about his family again and wanted to find out his name. He hoped it would come to him eventually. Finding a secluded place he closed his eyes and focused on a warmth and soft tugging resonating from his chest. This happened enough times over the years that by now he knew to trust it.

He followed the pull to the space books and grabbed a book off the shelf. He opened it to a random page in the middle and read the words “The Summer Constellations”

Snippets of conversation flashed through his memory.

“My little summer stars!”

“James... Lily flower... You gave them names in honor of... me?” “Of course! You're my honorary brother and their godfather after all!”

“Cub! Cygnus, where are you?”

“Remus, have you seen Lyra?”

“JAMES FLEAMONT POTTER! THAT BETTER NOT BE MY BABIES I SEE ON THOSE BROOMS OR SO HELP ME-!!”

“SIRIUS ORION BLACK! OUR GODCHILDREN ARE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO BE THAT HIGH UP!! OF ALL THE IRRESPONSIBLE-!!”

“Uh-oh, they're busting out the full names.”

“See ya Prongs! Every man for themselves!”

“Padfoot!”

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Young John, no Cygnus, smiled at the newly surfaced memories. He had two loving parents James and Lily, two loving godparents, Remus and Sirius, and he finally knew his sister’s name. Lyra. She was going to be thrilled.

Oh yes, Cygnus had a sister. A twin in fact. They had always been together, even when they were apart. They could sense each other's emotions and send thoughts to each other if they focused hard enough.

He knew his sister, his twin, looked just like him. They even had matching long hair, although Lyra’s had a slightly curlier look that his sleek waves.

He also knew that his sister did not have a happy life. He wasn't sure where she was exactly but he could feel that she was despondent and in a near constant state of despair. He felt her pain and hunger at near palpable levels. He knew her unwavering longing to escape the wretched people she was with.

It enraged Cygnus to be separated from Lyra. This was his sister. His Twin. The other half of his magical soul. They had a bond like no other and knew each other on levels that no one else ever
would. To be separated from her tore at his soul and to know that them not being together indirectly caused her pain made his heartache.

How was he supposed to protect her? He wanted nothing more than to rescue her but how could he? He was only seven.

With a sad sigh he reached out to his sister through their mind link. He concentrated on a feeling of warmth and safety that he wanted to envelop her with and focused his mind on sending the image of a single word.

‘Lyra’

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading! i have no writing schedule so there will be sporadic updates! i’ll just post whenever i have something written!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Enter Lyra.

Chapter Notes

child abuse, rape of a child, and suicidal ideation/wishing for death present in this chapter; please be mindful when reading!

“Girl! Wake up and start getting breakfast ready!”

The door slammed shut before Girl could even reply but she got up nonetheless. She knew the drill. It had been this way for as long as she could remember.

Every morning Girl was woken up by Aunty and had to get breakfast on the table for Aunty, Uncle, and Cousin. If breakfast was satisfactory she earned a cup of water and some bread. If it wasn't then she had to accept the consequences of a poorly done job. She would get no breakfast and Aunty would hit her with the rolling pin. She needed to ‘earn her keep’ after all.

After cleaning up the kitchen Aunty would give her a list of chores that she had to complete before the day was up. This included but was not limited to, scrubbing and polishing the floors, dusting, polishing the silver, cleaning the bathrooms, cleaning Cousin’s first and second bedrooms, doing the laundry, preparing lunch and snacks for Aunty and Cousin, sewing and embroidering various quilts and garments that Aunty would take credit for, and tending to the garden.

If everything was done and she had dinner ready by the time Uncle came home, Aunty allowed her a small plate from whatever was left over. Unfortunately, with the amount of chores Aunty piled on, this rarely happened and she was made to go to bed with nothing but a cup of water and a slice of bread with peanut butter on it.

Today was no different. Girl got up, tugged off the second hand shirt from Cousin that she slept in and put on another second hand shirt as well as the second hand jeans, socks, and shoes that were also from Cousin. She needed to tuck the shirt into the jeans, otherwise it would fall past her knees. Then she had to roll not only the waistband of the jeans but the legs as well to prevent herself from tripping and tie a spare strip of fabric she ripped from another shirt to act as a belt. Cousin was a lot bigger than she was, in every sense of the word.

Slipping her feet into her threadbare shoes she tied them as tight as she could and then left her cupboard to go make breakfast. Yes, despite Cousin having a first and second bedroom, Girl was made to sleep in the cupboard under the stairs. Most times she didn’t mind that she didn’t have her own bedroom. It was a lot easier for her to sneak out of her cupboard at night when everyone was a floor away and she’d be able to hear them coming before they even reached the stairs.

After preparing breakfast Aunty handed her a list of her daily chores and she diligently got to work,
starting upstairs and working her way down. By the time she was on her final task of tending to the
garden she had a bit of hope. Maybe, just maybe she would be able to get dinner today.

Stepping out into the garden she spotted a nice sized spider skittering across the stairs. A treat! She
promptly plucked it up and stuck it in her mouth. She hadn't had a good sized spider in awhile. She
already ate all the ones in her cupboard and with how often Aunty made her clean the house there
were rarely any about.

She knew it was gross but when you're hungry anything is better than nothing. She would never
have considered it if not for her first friend. He was a little garden snake she met a few years ago.
He was long gone now, went off to start a family, but he was the one who suggested eating bugs.
He also suggested small creatures but even she couldn't stomach the thought, no matter how
hungry she was. She hoped she'd never get to the point where she'd be that desperate.

She went through her daily motions of drinking as much water as she could from the watering hose
and stashing some of the rose petals in her pocket for her to experiment with later. Two years ago
she discovered that she could sneak eating plants from the garden. Through trial and error she
learned that petals were the best choice. They didn't taste pleasant but she learned over the years
that any kind of food, even if it was plants, was better than nothing. Plus flower petals at least
tasted better than grass.

However, just a few weeks ago she discovered that she could turn the flower petals into actually
food. She mainly kept to fruits or vegetables because everything else tended to make her stomach
hurt. So now she took to sticking a few in her pocket and when everyone else went to bed she
would stay up, turn her petals into food, and enjoy her little treat.

It was while she was out in the garden that she felt it. Her brother was back and he came with new
information. She closed her eyes and let the feeling of warmth and safety envelop her and then she
saw it. It was only four letters but they were the most beautiful four letters she had ever seen.

‘Lyra’

It was her name! She had a name! One of her very own. She always knew she had one, despite
what Aunty tried to tell her about her being left on their porch in a basket with nothing but a
blanket. Aunty told her that her parents were drunks. Her father was a good for nothing layabout
and her mother a common street whore who didn't even want her. She had been an accident and
they only kept her so they could get money from the government to fund their alcohol habit. They
hadn't even given her a name, that's how unwanted she was. Her parents didn't want her and neither
did Aunty, Uncle, or Cousin.

She tried asking once, if they didn’t want her in the first place then why didn’t they just drop her
off at an orphanage and be done with it? That had earned her a beating and three days in the
cupboard without food. It wasn’t the first time she had been punished that way and it certainly
wasn't one of the worst.

But now she knew for sure. She knew her name. She was Lyra. Her parents cared enough to give
her a name. She was loved. And nothing Aunty ever said would ever change her mind about it.

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“Girl!”

Lyra froze with her hand outstretched towards the plate that slipped from her hand. A plate that
hovered it midair and then floated gently to the floor where it landed without so much as a clatter.
“What did I say about that freakishness!! Not in this house!” Uncle bellowed.

Grabbing her roughly by the arm, Uncle dragged Lyra to his office, and threw her against the wall. She watched as Uncle gave Aunty a look and Aunty gathered Cousin up and hustled him out of the house, cooing about how they were going out to buy him a special treat for dessert and a new toy.

Lyra pressed her lips together, refusing to cry out even as tears fell from her eyes. Lyra didn't know how long Uncle beat her, sometimes he was satisfied once she began to bleed. Other times, not so much. When he finally let up her entire back was on fire and she could feel the blood soaking her now ruined shirt. She was ready to get back to her cupboard and start nursing her wounds but she froze as she heard Uncle begin to undo his pants.

“Freaks are only good for one thing! And if you’re going to behave like a freak, then I’ll treat you like a freak!”

Uncle started in on her and this time, as with every other time her punishments took a turn down this path, she couldn't hold back her screams of pain. Tears ran down her face as he covered her mouth and held her down. Telling her the whole time what a freak she was and how she was a whore just like her mother as he rammed into her.

She was barely conscious by the time she was dragged and thrown back into her cupboard but she couldn’t allow herself to pass out just yet.

Without getting up from where she landed, she focused her mind on the latter part of her punishment. She took those memories and pushed them down. Down down down into a locked box about the size of a brick and then took that box into a room in her mind that was sealed off. The room only had a slot just big enough to slide the box though it. There she kept only the worst of her memories. She had many memories that were bad, she didn’t live a happy life after all. But only her nightmare inducing, scream ripping, worst of the worst memories went to the sealed room where, hopefully, they will never emerge.

Once the memory was dealt with she kicked off her shoes and pulled off the jeans and torn underwear that were bunched around her ankles. Slowly she sat up and pulled off her shirt, wincing as the wet fabric dragged over her torn flesh. The back of her shirt was ripped to shreds and was so thoroughly soaked that there was no way that there wasn’t blood in Uncle’s office or on the floor in the hallway. Blood that she’ll no doubt be made to clean up tomorrow.

She used the ruined shirt to wipe up the excess blood that had dripped down her back and then picked up her ruined underwear and used that to clean up the semen from between her legs as best as she could. She wanted nothing more than to take a bath and wash the filth from her body but didn’t know when she’d be allowed next. Hopefully soon.

Once she was as clean as she could get herself with her wounds still bleeding, she pulled on another pair of underwear, put on the shirt she wore to sleep last night, and laid down for the night.

As she closed her eyes Lyra couldn’t help but think, rather morbidly, that maybe this time would be the time that she bled out in her sleep. If she did die, at this point? It would be a welcome relief. Every time this happened she told herself to hold on, that one day things will get better. That, she wouldn't be living with these people forever. But right now? It all just sounded like empty platitudes. What was the point of living, if the life you had caused you nothing but pain and misery? Yes, maybe this time as she drifted off she would be welcomed into death’s arms and never have to return to this nightmare she called her life.
Fear. Then pain. Lots of pain. It seemed to go on for ages before it stopped. All that was left was immense sadness and then finally a wish for death.

Cygnus was livid. It wasn't the first time that he felt his sister in so much pain. It frustrated him to the point of tears that he was never able to do anything about it, but now? He had never felt her wish for death before. It was a new feeling and Cygnus didn't like it at all.

To know his sister was suffering to the point where she wanted to die was unthinkable. He had to get her away from the monsters that she stayed with, even if he had to tear apart Britain to do it. He was going to find his sister.

Night had already fallen so he made quick work of packing up everything in his room. He had a fair amount of clothing, basic outfits provided by the orphanage, as well as a few books, and other items that he had stolen while wandering around town. Notebooks with his magic experiments scribbled down in them, a pencil case full of pilfered art supplies, and a pouch that held money that he had lifted from various people in the library.

He had been meaning to runaway for quite some time now, thus the saving, it was just waiting for the right moment to take his leave.

He focused on picturing his bag bigger on the inside, like the TARDIS in Doctor Who or like Mary Poppins’s handbag. If she could make all that stuff fit into her bag then so could he. Just as he hoped, everything fit into his bag and he smiled at his accomplishment. He had magic after all, and magic could do anything.

The next morning he set off for the library, not even looking back at the orphanage that he would never again return to. Once there he went straight for the map books, closed his eyes, and thought about his sister. Holding his hands towards the books he reached out with his magic and felt a book fly into his hand. He blindly opened the book and looked down at the page.

*Little Whinging, Surrey*

Surrey! His sister is all the way in Surrey! That’s near London. He could always tell his sister was far, but he never imagined... he lived in the north! Surrey was hours away.

Cygnus glanced at the time, it wasn’t even 9am yet. If he left now for the closest train station he could probably get to London and from there Surrey by the end of the afternoon. From there he and Lyra could figure out what they wanted to do.

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Cygnus was getting impatient. It turned out that getting to Surrey was a bit more complicated than he originally thought. First he had to get to the nearest train station which happened to be all the way in Doncaster. But to even get to Doncaster he needed to walk to the nearest bus station which
happened to be all the way in Finningley, so that took up a good chunk of his morning. After that it was just a matter of getting to the train station, taking said train, and then once he got to London, taking a bus to Little Whinging, Surrey, which is where he was right now. At least this town was big enough to have it’s own bus station.

By now it was already late afternoon, the sun would start to set in a few hours so he needed to get a move on.

Focusing on his bond with Lyra, which grew stronger the closer he got to Surrey, he reached out with his magic and smiled as he felt a tugging on his chest. He followed it to a street called Privet Drive and spotted the house that he knew his sister had to be in.

House Number Four was glowing, literally. Cygnus could see that there was a dome surrounding the house, glowing in a plethora of colors that shifted between each other, giving it an iridescent look. He could feel that these were some type of magical shields but what could they possibly be shielding? The danger was inside the house!

Observing that no one seemed to be home, Cygnus approached the house and found that he was easily able to pass through the shields. He could sense that no one else was inside except for Lyra so using his magic, he unlocked the door and made his way inside.

He didn’t even need to look for his sister because there in the hallway, armed with a bucket of water and a rag, was Lyra. Tears ran down her cheeks and her face was scrunched up in pain and she scrubbed at the floor. She didn’t even seem to notice that he was there.

“Lyra,” Cygnus called out.

Lyra’s head whipped up quickly and Cygnus felt his heart break as he took in her appearance. Her face was littered with cuts and bruises, there were hand shaped marks around her neck, and her face was sunken in from the lack of food. Then there were her eyes, they were dull and empty.

Lyra got up from where she was kneeling on the floor. She couldn’t believe her eyes. “Are you, are you really here?” As she asked a small sliver of something began to bloom in her chest. She didn’t recognize the feeling but she could tell it felt nice.

“Yeah, I’m here. I came for you. I’m going to get you out of here.”

Upon hearing that Lyra’s eyes filled with tears, happy ones this time, as she stumbled forward before collapsing into her brother’s arms. She sobbed openly as she clutched at him, fearing that if she let go he would disappear.

Anger whipped through Cygnus’ body as he held his precious sister in his arms. She was so small. They were twins but he was much taller than she was. They were going to be eight soon but she was around the size of a five year old! And then her weight! Catching her and holding all her weight was much too easy. He vowed that he would destroy those that dared to hurt his sister. Just not right now. Right now all that mattered was his sister and getting her to some place safe.

He realized that the crying stopped and he looked down to find that Lyra had fallen asleep. Picking her up, she was much too light, he carried her to the living room and placed her on the couch before going to collect supplies.

He raided the kitchen for food, bathroom cabinets for all manner of first aid supplies and medicine, closets for clothes, blankets, and spare pillows, the rest of the house was looted for books and valuables that he’d pawn off in London and then… he trashed the place.
He made it seem like a break in and that Lyra had been kidnapped. He even went so far as to take the tv and computer after shrinking them down. If they can shrink things in cartoons and comics then why couldn’t he do the same thing in real life right?

Once everything seemed to be dealt with he gingerly took Lyra, who was still sleeping, into his arms and left the house. As he got to the end of the driveway he found that he couldn’t pass through. Or rather, he couldn’t get Lyra to pass through.

Cygnus felt his anger flare again as he realized these shields probably weren’t to keep things out, but to keep someone in. Lyra. Someone made Lyra a prisoner in this house with those monsters. When he found out who did it, by the time he was done with them, they were going to be begging for death.

He needed to find a way to get Lyra out of there. He ran his gaze over the dome and that’s when he spotted it. A large tree down the road at a park casting a large shadow on the grass. Perfect. Stepping into the shadows cast by the house he felt himself sink into it and he vanished from sight. Finding himself in the familiar dark tunnel he walked through it, focusing on the shadow of the tree at the park and emerged on the other side, unscathed, with Lyra still resting peacefully in his arms.

By nightfall he had made his way to an abandoned building in a less populated area. There he proceeded to set up a small living space for them to rest for the night. Using the blankets and pillows he took he built a small nest and laid his sister on it.

She was still out of it but he roused her long enough to get her to drink some water and eat a bit of the food that he stole. He did his best to clean and bandage her up with the first aid kit but he could only do so much. He hoped it would be enough.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Enter the Stilinski-Hale Pack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Um, Lydia? Where are we going?”

“Home. I’m just following the navigation.”

All conversations in car went silent at that. It had been ages since something like this happened and the fact that it was happening now was worrying.

Everyone traded looks. No one wanted to be the one to tell her.

Lydia however was getting frustrated. The app was clearly broken. It was saying they had arrived but they were just at some empty building on the outskirts of London. Pulling over she turned to tell everyone about the broken app only to find everyone looking at her with varying expressions of worry and trepidation.

“What!” Lydia said getting defensive. “The navigation is broken it's not my fault we’re lost okay!”

“That's just it Lydia…” Allison said, deciding to take charge of the situation since no one else was. “Your phone doesn’t have navigation.”

“What do you mean of course it-” Lydia went to gesture at where her phone was normally hooked up to the car display only to see that there was none. Just a basic car radio. What the hell? Then she remembered where they were and, “Shit.”

“Our thoughts exactly,” Malia chimed in unhelpfully.

Lydia pressed her lips together, steeling herself for whatever they were going to find, and stepped out of the car.

“Well? Aren't you coming? We wouldn't be here if we didn't need to be.” Lydia said heading towards the building. She just hoped it wasn't another dead body.

Everyone else scrambled out of the car and rushed after her. Erica and Malia standing on either side of Lydia, claws out, with Allison taking up the rear, her miniature crossbow at the ready.

As soon as they got close enough Erica and Malia held their hands out stopping everyone. They glanced at each other, confirming that they smelled the same thing.

“Blood,” Erica said.

Malia nodded, scenting the air again. “There's a spread of infection too.”

“Are they…” Lydia trailed off, not wanting to ask.
Malia shook her head. “Not yet, but their signature is really weak. There's one other signature there. Really strong. From how similar they smell I’d say they're related.”

“Do you think one is trying to kill the other?”

“No.” Erica replied immediately. “There's sadness and extreme worry and determination. I think they're trying to save them.”

They all traded looks of confirmation and went inside, not sure who they would find but wanting to help.

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“No no no, stay with me! Come on Lyra fight it!” Cygnus tried pushing his magic into his twin but it wasn't working.

Through the night the lacerations on Lyra’s back got infected and weren't healing. The bruising on her abdomen also seemed to have darkened.

Cygnus was so focused on Lyra that he didn't hear people entering the building. It wasn't until he heard loud gasps that he even realized that he wasn't alone.

Looking up he saw four women staring at him. Two of them, one with red hair and the other brunette, had looks of horror on their face, one, a blonde, had tears in her eyes, and the last one, with short brown hair, had her face twisted up in disgust and had a hand covering her nose.

Cygnus couldn’t help but think that last women seemed a bit rude but other than that they seemed nice. Their aura's definitely looked as though they could be trusted.

The brunette with long hair stepped forward and lowered her, was that a crossbow?

“Hey, I’m Allison. Are you okay? What happened?”

“It’s my sister.” Cygnus decided to trust them. It seemed right. “She’s hurt and now she's not waking up.”

“It’s because she's dying,” the brunette with short hair, who Cygnus thought was rude, said.

“Malia!”

“What? I can smell it. I don't know how she's still breathing at this point. She should be dead.”

Maybe rude wasn't the right word. She was blunt, but it was more like she was just stating a fact. She wasn't trying to be mean about it.

“Malia!”

“What it's true! You can smell it can't you Erica? It's weak but it's there. She’s not healing.”

Cygnus was curious about how the brunette, Malia, knew that. But she was right. He had been pouring his magic into Lyra, trying to heal her, keep her alive, but he couldn't wake her. He wasn't strong enough.

“Of course I can but I wasn't going to say anything. You can't say things like that!” the blonde, Erica, shouted.
“Enough guys,” Allison said giving the two a look. She turned back towards Cygnus and knelt down in front of him. “May I see her? How injured is she?”

Cygnus nodded and gestured to his sister. “She has all these wounds on her back and chest. Then there's the bruising. It seems to have gotten darker through the night.”

Anger flashed through Allison at the sight. What monster did this? Was it a family member? “Are you injured too?”

“No, just my sister. We grew up separately but I found her like this.”

Allison nodded and turned to the others. “We have to get her to a hospital.”

Malia shook her head. “Hospitals can't help at this point. If she wants to live we have to get her to Derek.”

“Surely there's something else? She's so young and she’s not even conscious. You know how he feels about that,” the red haired woman said.

“He'd feel worse knowing he could have done something and then didn't.”

“Can't Stiles do something?” Allison suggested.

“There's only so much magic can do,” Malia argued. “She's on the cusp of death.”

“What if it doesn't take?” Erica asked.

“She's dying! She has minutes left. Nothing else can help at this point!” Malia was getting frustrated. The more she looked at the dying girl on the floor the more her instincts told her she had to save her. There was something there, underneath the smell of death, that was calling to her. The girl was so small, so young, and Malia just wanted to protect her.

“You don't know that!”

Malia growled, actually growled, and her eyes flashed blue. “Yes I do! I'm taking her to Derek!”

“Everyone quiet!” the red haired woman shouted, causing the walls of the warehouse to vibrate and everyone to cover their ears. “No one's taking anyone anywhere. Don't you growl at me Malia.”

The red haired woman turned to Cygnus then. “We have a friend who can potentially help. Would you like to talk to him and see what he has to offer?”

“Please,” Cygnus had no other choice. If his sister was dying he'd try anything.

The red haired woman nodded and turned back to the others. “Erica, Malia. Notify Derek. I'll get ahold of Stiles and have him bring them here.”

Cygnus watched Erica and Malia let out loud howls while Lydia closed her eyes and sent out a magic pulse.

A few seconds later a portal opened next to them and two men stepped through. Both men were tall but while one of them was brunette and lanky, the other had black hair and seemed much more imposing.

“What happened Lydia?” the man with brunette hair said rushing over to the red haired woman, Lydia.
“Who’s hurt?” said the other, sweeping his eyes over the group before landing on Lyra.

“It’s my sister. She’s been hurt and she’s not waking up.” Cygnus explained as both men rushed to Lyra’s side.

The brunette male’s eyes began to glow as he hovered his hands over Lyra. He had a sad look on his face once his eyes stopped glowing.

“Stiles?” the other man asked.

Stiles just shook his head.

The other man, this must be the Derek they were talking about if the other one was Stiles, nodded before looking at Cygnus.

“I can try to help her,” he said, “but there isn’t a guarantee that it will save her.”

“I’ll try anything!”

“I’m not done yet. Once I do this, there’s no turning back. It will either kill her or save her.” Derek took a deep breath and looked straight into Cygnus’ eyes, his own eyes glowing red. “I’m a wolf shifter. I can bite your sister and, if it takes, she will heal and turn into a wolf like me. If it doesn’t take, she will die.”

Cygnus looked down at his sister. Her chest was still moving, but just barely. “She’s dying anyway right?”

Derek nodded his head.

“Okay. Okay, yes. Can you bite her?”

“Hold on. If I do bite her and it does take she’ll have to join my pack. A wolf without an alpha becomes an omega. And omegas tend to become feral. Living strictly off instincts and losing themselves. You would be welcome to join as well of course, but this is something that is non-negotiable. Especially with her being so young. Normally I’d never bite someone so young, a child, but this is a special circumstance. Do you understand?”

“I do. We would be willing to stay with you. You all seem nice, and you’re helping us so, I trust you.”

Derek looked at Stiles and Stiles just made a go on face back.

“There’s one more thing, normally I would never bite someone without their consent, without them fully understanding what it means to be bitten. It goes against everything I believe. The bite is a gift. In my family if you were bitten then you yourself become part of that family. If I were to bite someone who doesn’t want it, who would resent me for it I- I don’t know if I could risk that.”

Cygnus nodded. He could understand where Derek was coming from. He would be inviting a perfect stranger into his family, and if that person didn’t want to be a part of it? If they rejected it? Cygnus could understand how that could hurt. But he knew is sister. She would be thrilled to be a part of a new family. One that seemed to actually want her. He already knew her answer would be yes. However he could understand the worry so, “Let me ask her.”

“She’s unconscious still. I don’t know how we’d rouse her at this point.”
“No, I know but. We’re twins. We have a telepathic link. I can ask her in her mind. Explain to her what’s happening. Would that be enough for consent?”

Derek okay’d it and Cygnus closed his eyes, focusing on his mental link with Lyra.

‘Lyra. Lyra please answer me. There’s a man here. He can potentially heal you but in order to do so he’d have to turn you into a wolf shifter. It’s not guaranteed that you’d survive but it’s our only chance. If you do survive however we’d be joining his pack. We’d be welcomed into their pack. To them pack is family and they seem like really good people who’d take care of their own. You’d like that wouldn’t you? He won’t bite you unless you say yes. He wants to have your consent before he does this. It’s your choice.’

Cygnus wanted to beg Lyra to say yes. He didn’t want to lose his sister, but this was her choice in the end. She was the one who would potentially become a wolf. It was her life so she had to decide.

‘Lyra? Did you hear me?’

‘They really would welcome us into their pack? Make us family?’

‘Yes they would. They don’t even really know us yet and they already seem really protective.’

‘Okay. Yes. Tell them I said yes.’

‘I will.’

“She said, yes.” Looking around he could see the look of relief on all their faces.

“Okay,” Derek looked to Stiles who grabbed his hand and squeezed in support. Cygnus watched as Derek’s features began to shift. His ears grew pointed and his face took on a more animalistic look. He had fangs, claws and his eyes were glowing red. Derek opened his jaws and bit down on her arm.

As soon as he pulled away everyone seemed to move. Stiles moved closer to Derek, wrapping his arms around him. Erica took up Derek’s other side and rested her head on his shoulder. Allison and Lydia took up places next to him, each of them taking one of Cygnus’ hands within their own. Malia, to Cygnus surprise, went straight for Lyra. She lifted her head up, placed it on her lap, and began combing her fingers through her hair.

Stiles looked to Malia and a sad look of understanding seemed to cross his face. Erica and Derek, who both seemed to sense the emotion from Stiles looked to him, only for Stiles to shake his head and mouth ‘I’ll tell you later’ at them.

They waited in silence as a minute passed. Then five. Then finally after ten minutes Derek let out a soft sigh of relief and smiled. That seemed to be what everyone was waiting for because they all began to smile as well.

“The bite took. I can feel the pack bond beginning to form and can sense that she’s healing. It’ll take at least a few hours for all her wounds to heal but they will heal.” Derek said looking at Cygnus. “When she wakes up she’ll be a bit disoriented. The bite will have healed everything. Making her body and senses a lot stronger than they used to be. She’ll need help getting her strength under control and the first full moon is always the hardest but we’ll get to that once she’s conscious. We’re going to bring you to our home now so that she can recover in a proper bed and you can get settled. Is there anything you need to get?”

Cygnus shook his head. “No, just that bag and the bed I put together for Lyra.”
Derek glanced at the backpack that definitely could not have fit more than a few pairs of clothes for each of them. “That’s everything you have?”

Cygnus nodded.

“Is it bigger on the inside?” Stiles asked with a playful smile on his face.

“How’d you know!”

“You have magic like me kid. I could sense the use of magic on the bag as well. Nicely done by the way. You do that yourself?”

“I did. I figured, if the Doctor could do it with the TARDIS, or Mary Poppins could, and they’re just fictional, they why couldn’t I since I actually have magic?”

Stiles huffed out a laugh. “Smart thinking kid. Remember, magic can do just about anything. Obviously there are going to be stuff it can’t do, but most things? If you can imagine it, it can happen.”

“Thanks, Mister…”

“Oh! We haven’t introduced ourselves have we! I’m Stiles Stilinski-Hale. Please don’t call me mister, Stiles is just fine. This big guy next to me is my husband, Derek Stilinski-Hale. The lovely lady next to him is Erica Hale aka Catwoman. The brunette to your left is our resident badass, Allison Argent-Hale. On your right is the super genius Lydia Martin. And the one who seems to have adopted your sister as her own since she hasn’t spent a second listening to us is Derek’s cousin Malia Argent-Hale.”

Malia didn’t react as she was too focused on the small girl in her lap, but everyone else just rolled their eyes fondly and laughed.

“That’s not everyone of course, there’s a few more pack members that you’ll meet back at the house, but we can do that after you’re all settled in.”

“Thank you, I’m Cygnus Potter and this is my twin sister Lyra Potter.”

A couple of them traded looks at hearing that last name. Before focusing again on the two children.

“It’s nice to meet you both and welcome you to our pack,” Derek said. “Come on, let’s go and get you settled in.”

Derek moved to pick up Lyra only to have Malia growl and flash her eyes at him. Derek flashed his eyes back at her in warning, causing Malia to back up. “We’re going back to the house Malia, I was just going to carry her since she can’t walk herself.”

Malia pouted but didn’t protest as Derek lifted Lyra into his arms and stood up. “Are you okay to walk Cygnus?”

Cygnus nodded and stood on shaky legs, he was feeling somewhat weak after using so much of his magic. Just as his legs were about to give out, Stiles swooped in and caught him, picking him up easily and placing him on his hip.

“Just let me carry you okay? You must be exhausted.”

Cygnus could only nod in agreement as his rested his head on Stiles shoulder.
Malia and Erica gathered up the makeshift bed while Allison picked up Cygnus’ backpack. Together they all walked out to the car where Lydia climbed in and started it up. At first Cygnus thought they were all going to pile into the car but then Stiles waved his hand and a portal large enough for a car to go through opened. Lydia drove through and everyone else followed on foot.

As they stepped through the portal Cygnus couldn’t help but stare in awe. They were in a clearing in the woods. Tall trees were surrounding them and in the clearing stood a three story house. It was large and had a wide, walk up porch with a swing. It was painted a rich brown color which blended nicely with the forest.

“I smell blood!”

“Who’s hurt?”

“We have a new pack member?”

“Are you guys okay?”

“Why did you rush off like that?”

A group of people came pouring out of the house, all of them talking over each other until their eyes landed on the two children. They immediately silenced themselves and began moving.

Cygnus watched as a woman with long black curls, began ordering everyone around telling them to prep the infirmary, fetch certain first aid products, and prepare a recovery room. Lyra was rushed off immediately while Cygnus himself was taken to another room.

“You don’t have to worry, Melissa is a nurse and an extremely skilled one at that. She’ll make sure your sister is okay. As for you, I think a bath is in order,” Stiles said as he carried Cygnus upstairs to a room. “This will be your room, if you wish to share with your sister we can easily move another bed in here but if not she will be placed next door. For now though let’s get you cleaned up.”

Cygnus didn’t protest as Stiles took care of him. He was dead on his feet and so exhausted that he fell asleep halfway through his bath.

When Cygnus awoke next he was in a pair of soft pajamas and laying in a bed he wasn’t familiar with. It took him a moment, but he remembered being saved and his sister being bitten by a wolf shifter. He was about to get out of bed when there was a knock on the door. It opened and Stiles walked in.

Stiles explained to Cygnus that he had been asleep for the past three days, mostly due to magical exhaustion. Lyra was recovering well, everything had already been healed up and she was already up and about, working on controlling her new enhanced senses. Derek entered the room with Lyra and Lyra launched herself across the room to hug her brother. She cried as she thanked him for saving her and Cygnus couldn’t help it when his own tears spilled from his eyes. He was so happy that his sister was okay.

As it turned out, Derek had a very important question for Cygnus. With Lyra taking the bite so well it indicated that Cygnus would also survive if he was bitten.

“So do you think you would want to take the bite as well?” Derek asked. “You don’t have to of course, we have had human pack members before, but I thought I would offer since Lyra has already taken the bite.”
Cygnus didn’t even have to think about it. He remembered what the risks were, but deep in his heart he had a feeling that this was the right thing to do and those feelings had never steered him wrong before.

“Yes!” Cygnus replied enthusiastically, a bright smile on his face.

Derek smiled softly and nodded. He shifted into his beta wolf form, his eyes glowing red, and he bit Cygnus on the arm.

Chapter End Notes

this one is a bit longer than the others but i’m hoping that’s okay! i ended up writing a lot. and there's gonna be a time jump soon because i want to write about hogwarts already, just so you're aware.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The Stilinski-Hale family is complete.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Lyra, Cygnus could you come here please?” Derek beckoned them to follow him into the library where he gestured for them to take a seat across from where Derek sat down next to Stiles who was already sitting.

“Don’t worry, you’re not in trouble. We just wanted to ask you two something important.” Stiles reassured them.

“Now I know that you haven’t been with us long, it’s only been a few months but as you can tell, with the pack bond it makes everything that much stronger. You’re family to us and we love you.” Derek had a soft, hopeful but nervous smile on his face.

“We love you too.” Cygnus said.

“Yeah, I don’t know what I’d do without you guys.” Lyra chimed in.

“That’s good. We’re glad. So with that in mind we, that is, Stiles and I, we were wondering,” Derek took a breath and Stiles squeezed his hand in support. “We want to make you an official part of the family. We want to adopt you and become your dad’s. Do you think that would be something that you want?”

Derek and Stiles both looked at the two children that they had come to love as their own. They’ve grown a lot, positively thrived within the pack, and they wanted nothing more than to call them their own. But they also knew that this was a big decision. It had to be something that Cygnus and Lyra wanted as well.

The twins looked at each other, communicating within their minds.

‘They want to adopt us Cygnus! We’ll have parents!!’

‘I always dreamed of being adopted. It was hard not to growing up at the orphanage.’

‘So you agreed? You want them to be our parents too?’

‘Of course! If I’m being honest I’ve already started thinking of them as Dad and Papa in my head.’

‘Me too! Derek is Papa and Stiles is Dad though.’

‘Agreed, it sounds weird reversed.’

Coming out of their conversation the two of them smiled at each other before launching themselves across the room into the arms of their soon to be parents.
“I’m taking that to mean yes then?” Stiles asked as he wrapped his arms around Cygnus.

“Yes!” Lyra cried out from where she had her arms wrapped around Derek’s neck.

“One hundred percent!” Cygnus agreed.

“Wait! Does that mean we get to be Stilinski-Hale’s?” Lyra asked.

“Only if you want to be, you can keep your own last names if you want. We can still be a family with different last names.” Stiles and Derek both hoped that they would want their last names too but they also knew it wasn’t something to push. They still loved their parents after all. It wouldn’t be right to take that away from them.

“We want to!” Cygnus said. “I mean-

“-we still love our parents of course.”

“Yes, no doubt.”

“Just because we change our name-”

“-doesn’t mean we love them less.”

“We’ll still be Potters.”

“We always will be.”

“Just not in name.”

“And we’re sure-”

“at least we hope,”

“-that our parents would be okay with that,”

“-knowing that we’d be joining a loving family.”

“Well that settles in then! Soon we’ll be a new family of Stilinski-Hales!” Stiles exclaimed, pulling Derek and Lyra into his hug with Cygnus.

The four of them sat on the couch wrapped up in each others arms just bursting with happiness. They were already a family in heart but soon they would be in name too, and they couldn’t wait.

Little did they know, Lady Magic smiled down on the family. All her favorites were slowly getting into place. She sent a thank you to her siblings, Fate and Destiny, for helping to bring them together. With her blessing, the Stilinski-Hale’s became a family through means that no one would be able to contest. With them together? There was hope for this world to survive.

Chapter End Notes

short chapter. but i wanted to get this out. there's going to be a time jump next!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Lyra and Cygnus receive their Hogwarts letters.

Chapter Notes

Here's the time jump!

The summer of the year that the twins were to turn eleven was a hot one. Even in the forest where things were much cooler they could feel the humidity. Once again they were thankful that, because the wolves had unnaturally high body temperatures, they had central air conditioning installed even though most of the UK didn’t bother with such things.

It was one such morning where it was much too warm out, still cooler than California temperatures but humid enough for the AC to be on, that there was a niggling at the back of Stiles’ mind and, realizing what it was he sat up straight. “Something just tried to cross the wards.”

Suddenly everyone was alert.

“What was it?” Derek asked.

Stiles closed his eyes and focused on the section of the wards that were set off. “I don’t know. It feels like an owl but there’s something weird about it. Magic, but from something separate, not the owl itself.”

“Stiles,” Lydia said while kicking him under the table to get his attention.

“Ow, what Lydia?”

Lydia widened her eyes and ever so slightly tilted her head in the direction of the twins.

Stiles’ eyes widened, as well as everyone else at the table that caught the gesture and understood what it meant.

"You don’t think…” Stiles trailed off.

Lydia shrugged as if to say, ‘it’s a possibility, we can’t rule it out.’

“Okay, Derek, Erica, and Boyd you’re with me. The breach came from the south so Jackson you’re with Isaac to the north. Peter with Malia to the east. Scott with Kira to the west. I want you to do a sweep of the boundaries, each of you taking a quadrant in case there’s a breach from somewhere else. The rest of you hold down the fort and be ready for anything. It could be nothing but we’re not taking chances. Lyra and Cygnus, safe room, now. Lydia, if anyone gets hurt you know what to do.”
Everyone knew what Stiles meant. In their world, not being prepared, not taking things seriously meant a chance for death. After everything they’ve been through? All the people they lost? They didn’t take chances with anything. Everything was treated as a threat until they learned otherwise.

As they headed out Stiles was a little excited but mostly scared. If the books were real then that meant the wizarding world actually existed! But that could also mean that his children, whose last name was Potter, could potentially be in danger. What if Voldemort was real? What about the prophecy? Were his children in danger? He suddenly very much wished that they were wrong about what could be trying to breach the wards.

When they reached the end of the wards they spotted them. Two confused owls with letters tied to their legs flying in circles. Every time one of them would get close enough to touch the edge of the wards they’d turn around only to fly back and try again.

The moment they stepped outside of the ward boundaries the owls swooped towards them, landed, and held out their legs. As Erica went to untie one of the letters Stiles held his hand out, “Wait. Don’t touch them. There’s something wrong with them.”

Using his magic Stiles untied only one of the letters, that owl then immediately took off. On it read Mr. H. Potter, U.K.

"That’s it? Isn’t it supposed to be super descriptive or something?"

“Well you do have a bajillion wards set up Stiles, maybe you’re just too powerful for them,” Erica teased. She didn’t know how right she was.

Stiles just shrugged before breaking the seal, magically, of course, since he still sensed something was very wrong with the letters. Quickly he skimmed the pages. Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Albus Dumbledore, term begins September 1, await your owl no later than 31 July, Minerva McGonagall. “Shit.”

“Is it?” Erica asked.

“Yeah, it’s Hogwarts. It’s real. Our children are the Potter children. They’re in danger! We can’t allow them to go!” Stiles exclaimed working himself up into a panic.

Derek rushed towards his husband and wrapped his arms around him. “Now you don’t know that. This is a whole other universe, people and circumstances can be different. We can’t base our reactions on knowledge of events that we learned from a book series. Already we know some things that are different. For instance, Harry Potter was supposed to be born in 1980, our children were born in 2000. Also, I’m pretty sure Harry was not a twin and his name was Harry James, not Hadrian Cygnus.”

Stiles snorted. “Pretty sure? Oh please you’re as much of a Potterhead as the rest of us. Which is now weird to think about considering who our children are… But you’re right. We can’t jump to conclusions. What are we supposed to do about the letters?”

“We do what any normal muggle parent would do. We ask our children if they want to go and if they say yes? We send an acceptance letter and ask for help.”

Stiles frowned but he knew Derek was right. Swallowing his worry he opened up a portal in the house and called for everyone, especially Cygnus and Lyra, to step through and join them at the boundary. Derek let out a howl letting the ones out patrolling know that they were to join them.

Once everyone was gathered Stiles addressed Cygnus and Lyra.
“As you two know, we are not from this universe. You know that, where we came from, the last name Potter was well known because of a popular book series.” The two of them nodded. This had been explained to them a few years ago, they were a family. They didn’t keep secrets.

“Right. We told you of our suspicions, but we weren’t sure if those books had any truth to them in this universe regardless of the similar names and people existing in it.” The two of them nodded again, quantum theory and the many worlds interpretation. They had been learning about it with Lydia when they told them about their memories. “We have been taking care of your schooling and I’ve been training you in magic but it seems that the two of you have received letters from a magical school. One that existed in the books.”

“Hogwarts,” Cygnus said simply.

“You know?”

“Sort of. We got a few new memories this morning. Ones of our parents and godparents talking about it. Not a lot, but enough to know it’s a magical boarding school and that our parents and godparents were all in the same house, Gryffindor.”

“Not all of them,” Lyra said. “One of our godmothers was from Slytherin, which was another house at the school.”

“Oh right,” Cygnus nodded as he recalled that detail. “We were going to bring it up after breakfast. Is that what the letters are about then?”

“Yes, you both received letters from the school asking if you would like to attend and that we are to send a reply by the 31st of July. You can look at the letters, all the pages are laid out, but don’t touch it. There’s a strange aura around it, it could be nothing but in case it is something I don’t want either of you getting hurt.”

“Okay dad.” The two of them walked over to the pages on the ground, read through them, shared a mental conversation, and then turned back to their family.

“We want to go,” Lyra said.

Cygnus nodded. “We don’t want to leave you,”

“And it’s not that we don’t appreciate what you’ve taught us dad,”

“But even just looking at the supply list,”

“They seem to be offering a lot of interesting classes,”

“And we want to go and learn those things.”

Derek just smiled, “You don’t have to convince us. If it gives you a chance to learn more of course we want you to take advantage of that, we just wanted it to be your choice.”

“So you definitely want to go?”

At their nods, Stiles smiled.

“Okay!” Stiles opened up a small portal to his office and grabbed a pen, a letter pad, and an envelope. “Let’s write those acceptance letters then!”

Dear Deputy Headmistress Minerva McGonagall,
My name is Stiles Stilinski-Hale and I am writing in the stead of both my children, Lyra Primrose Stilinski-Hale, previously Primrose Lyra Potter, and Cygnus Hadrian Stilinski-Hale, previously Hadrian Cygnus Potter.

As a parent, you can imagine my surprise upon receiving an acceptance letter to a school that neither I nor my partner applied our children to. Even more so due to the fact that said acceptance letters were delivered by owl of all things and that you would be awaiting our own “owl” in return.

I’m not sure what to make of this but seeing as my partner and I are both open minded and not at all opposed to magic we would like to learn more about Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry before making a final decision on the matter.

If possible, would you be able to send someone to meet with us in order to better explain the situation and answer any pressing questions we may have?

I thank you in advance and can only hope that this letter reaches you since I don’t know how else to address it.

Sincerely,

Stiles Stilinski-Hale

“Laying it on a bit thick aren’t you Stiles?” Derek asked with an amused smile as he read over his husband’s shoulder.

“Well I don’t want to let on that we know anything. I certainly never went to any magic school. I mostly learned on my own or from mentors. It’s not as though I can say that we know about it because we’re from another universe where Hogwarts was just part of a story in a book.”

Cygnus and Lyra leaned over their dad’s shoulder and read the letter. “I think it sounds just fine dad, very professional,” Cygnus said with a smile on his face.

“Yes! It’s very eloquent,” Lyra agreed with a matching smile.

“Not at all like how you normally sound,”

“Great job dad!”

“Noooo, you’re ganging up on me stop you’re not allowed to do that!” Stiles whined as his family burst into laughter.

It was then that Chris stepped in. “How are you going to address the envelope? Which decoy house are you going to use?”

“I think the Surrey house will work just fine,” Stiles said as he wrote down the address. “It’s on a large enough plot of land to not have to worry about neighbors. I’ll have to take down the wards for a while so if it becomes compromised it’s far away enough for it not to be a problem and it’s near enough to London that getting there for supplies won’t be a problem.”

“As soon as Stiles sends off this owl we’ll need to head to Surrey and get the place ready. Sound good to everyone?” Derek asked.

At everyone’s confirmation Stiles switched out the letters and let the bird fly off.
They had a house to get ready.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The journey to Diagon Alley is a long one... Enter Severus!

Chapter Notes

... this ended up being a lot longer than i expected. i don't know what happened. this wasn't planned i swear it just kind of happened. anyway, here's the next chapter rolling in at a little over 9k. i hope that's okay!

In a castle in Scotland, a stern looking woman with her hair pinned back in a bun sat preparing for the upcoming school year. All the new muggleborn students had been taken care of earlier in the summer, and now she was just waiting on the replies from the other students. It was then that an owl flew in through her window and dropped a muggle envelope on her desk. Minerva frowned at the muggle way the letter was addressed, there was even a return address written on it!

Stilinski-Hale? She didn’t recognize the name but figured she should see what the letter was about. It was addressed to her after all. Minerva gasped as she read the letter. The Potter children! They were adopted?! How? Albus had said he took care of it! She knew she should have checked in on the situation but every time she brought it up Albus assured her they were fine and were learning everything they needed to know.

She couldn't help but be suspicious that every time she asked something more urgent would always come up. Minerva wasn't stupid. She knew Albus, that conniving old man, was up to something. Over that past years that she knew him she noticed a change in him. He seemed to care more about power and prestige than the well being of the students and the wizarding world in general. Or maybe he was always like that and only recently had Minerva removed her rose colored glasses.

She shook her head. Now wasn't the time to think on that. Right now the pressing matter at hand was that of the Potter children. But how was she supposed to go about contacting them? If she tried to go herself, Albus would get suspicious since the last of the home visits were finished a week ago.

She needed to send someone who would be discreet and who Albus wouldn't notice if they left the grounds. She had no choice. Making her decision she went to her floo and called Severus.

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Severus couldn’t believe it. Of all the things for Minerva to rope him into. He hated doing home visits, not because he disliked muggles no, but because he disliked people in general. He was not warm or welcoming. He was cold and, as much as he loathed to admit it, awkward with people. It’s what made him seem so standoffish. He’d rather glare at everyone to get them to leave him alone, than talk to someone and embarrass himself.
And now Minerva had somehow convinced him to not only do a home visit but to do it for the Potter brats! Minerva knew how he felt about the Potters.

Albus would go on and on about how well off they were. That they lived in the lap of luxury and were spoiled beyond belief. Both being exact replicas of young James Potter. ‘They're just like their father in looks and personality!’ Albus would tell him, ‘It’s a shame that the only thing they seem to have inherited from their mother is their eyes.’

Albus called the two of them troublemakers with no respect for authority who were used to getting everything handed to them on a silver platter. “Rosy” being the worst of the two as she was the wizarding world’s precious ‘Girl-Who-Lived’ but “Harry” was not far behind, riding on the coattails of his sister’s fame.

Albus had confided in Severus that he thought their attitudes would be a problem and so, even though they wouldn't be in his house, how could they both their parents were Gryffindors through and through. He expected Severus to be one of the professors to treat them without favoritism, maybe even knock them down a peg or two to get them to eventually change their behavior.

Severus wasn't sure about mistreating children at first, brats they may be but he remembered being a child himself. He could be stern with them, as he wanted to be with all the students when he first started teaching. However after several long conversations with Albus over the years he found himself agreeing to the suggestion and even found it getting easier and easier to mistreat any child not in his house.

At precisely 8am, Severus apparated to the Surrey home of the Potter brats. If they weren’t awake yet that wasn’t his problem. 8am was a perfectly reasonable time to be awake and days at Hogwarts started that early so they would need to get used to it regardless. As he took in the property he couldn't help the sneer that appeared on his face. In front of Severus stood a large three story home. The grounds we impeccably kept with towering trees, a large open garden, and a gated driveway… Lap of luxury indeed, and that was just the front of the house.

Schooling his features he approached the front door and knocked, not noticing the slight movement of curtains or the fact that there were several pairs of eyes peering out at him.

From inside the house Severus heard a cry of “I’ll get it!”, the sound of pounding feet, followed by an “Erica no!”, a crash, then the sound of laughter. The door opened to reveal a slightly disheveled woman with long blonde hair.

“Hey there, handsome,” she said looking at Severus with a predatory smile on her face. “I’m Erica.”

Severus didn't have a chance to reply, was that an American accent? And did she say handsome? A hand landed on the blondes shoulder and the door opened wider to reveal a man with clean cut brown hair, who wore jeans, a v neck t-shirt, and no shoes. In fact the blonde woman also wore no shoes.

“Erica dear, let's not scare the guest away shall we?” This man inhaled deeply before fixing Severus with an equally predatory grin as he raked his eyes down Severus’ body.

“Erica dear, let's not scare the guest away shall we?” This man inhaled deeply before fixing Severus with an equally predatory grin as he raked his eyes down Severus’ body.

“As if you're any better Peter,” spoke another man with cropped short gray hair and a well trimmed beard. He pulled the other two away from the door. The brown haired man, Peter, was wearing an expression of mock hurt on his face. “I apologize for my family. My name is Chris, I presume you are the representative from Hogwarts that Deputy Headmistress McGonagall spoke of in her letter?”
"Yes, I am Professor Severus Snape. I am here to speak with the Potter children and their guardians and answer any questions they have about the school."

"Of course," Chris said to Severus before addressing the other two. "Peter take Erica and get Derek and Stiles. Let them know their guest is here."

"And what will I get if I do?" Peter said as he ran his hand down Chris' arm.

"You'll get to spend the night in our bed instead of on the couch," Chris said with a smirk. "Now go."

Peter pouted and Erica let out a loud laugh. "I never get any love around here," Peter whined. Chris to rolled his eyes and pressed a kiss to Peter's cheek before turning him down the hall with a light shove, a still laughing Erica following behind him.

"I'm sorry for them. The actual children, not the adults who act like they're still children, are in the study, I'll take you to them but," Chris frowned then gestured to his own sock clad feet. "This is a shoes off house. I won't ask you to remove your shoes but since you do have magic, yes, I know about magic, have for a number of years now. It's hard not to, especially with two magical children running around. So could you make sure the bottom of your shoes are clean before stepping inside?"

Severus was reeling, though he didn't show it on his face. He didn't expect to encounter so many personalities, in such a short period of time. But he nodded his head and did a quick nonverbal spell to clean his shoes as asked.

"If you could follow me?" Chris led him through the entry hall, past a staircase that split off into two directions, past a large kitchen that opened into the dining and living area, then down the hall and through a door.

The study was a large room that had bookshelves all along the walls, a second story that also held books, a sitting area in the middle with several chairs and a coffee table, a fireplace, and two large work desks on opposite sides of the room.

"Cygnus, Lyra, the Hogwarts representative is here. Your parents will be joining us shortly so come on down."

"Yes Uncle Chris!" Severus heard two voices say. One coming from directly above him. He looked up just in time to see a child drop down from the high beams of the ceiling. Before he could even react said child landed in front of him in a crouch.

As the child stood up, flipping her long black curls out of her face his eyes widen at how similar she looked to a young Bellatrix Lestrange, back when she had still held the last name Black. She had the skin coloring of Potter but her inky black hair, high cheekbones and classic aristocratic features reminded him eerily of Bella.

"Show off."

Severus turned to the direction of the voice to see another child making their way down the staircase. This one also had long inky black hair, though it fell in soft waves rather than the large curls sported by the other. Their features were near identical to each other. If not for the way their hair fell he probably wouldn't be able to tell them apart without having to take a closer look.

The child nearest to him turned and made a face at the other before turning back to him. "Hello sir, my name is Lyra." She made to courtesy but it came out awkward looking as she was wearing
cotton pants and a long sleeve shirt rather than a dress.

The other child approached, stopping next to his sister before bowing. “Hello sir, I am Cygnus.”

Severus bowed his head in reply. He may dislike the two but he did have manners. “I am Professor Severus Snape. Potions Master at Hogwarts.”

The two children in front of him perked up upon hearing that and looked at each other with wide eyes. They turned back to look at Severus with smiles on their faces.

“Potions is one of the classes we’re most excited for! We looked through the course list and everything looked so interesting, but personally I’m most looking forward to potions,” Lyra said staring up at Severus with something akin to awe. “To be a master in such a subject, I promise to do my very best in your class!”

“Me too!” Cygnus agreed. “Although, I thought herbology sounded the most interesting. It’s similar to horticulture and botany isn’t it?”

“Of course you would say that,” Lyra said with a laugh. “If he could he would live out in the gardens.”

“As if you’re any better. You love the forest as much as I do.”

Severus wasn’t sure what to make of the situation. The Potter twins sounded nothing like how Albus described. He felt something snap inside him but before he could dwell on it the door to the study opened and two men stepped inside.

“Dad!”

“Papa!”

Lyra and Cygnus ran at and launched themselves up into the arms of the two men.

The man holding Cygnus stepped forward and held his hand out to Severus. “Hey there, sorry for our tardiness. I’m Stiles and this is my husband Derek. You must be the representative from Hogwarts?”

“Yes, I am Professor Severus Snape.” This man had an American accent as well. Were all these people American?

“Come on, let’s get comfortable,” Derek said gesturing to the sitting area. “Did you want something to drink? We have a variety of teas, juices, coffee, or water?”

“No thank you,” Severus said as they sat. “I believe you had some questions about Hogwarts?”

“Yes, what exactly is Hogwarts? We know that it’s a school for magic and we were able to infer what sort of courses were taught based on the supply list but we would just like some more information on it. What’s the school like? How long is the schooling? Also how were Lyra and Cygnus applied there?”

Severus sighed internally. It was these sort of explanations that he hated doing. But regardless he launched into a brief history of the school and explained that is was seven years of schooling, he explained the houses, the grading system, the end of term exams, OWLS and NEWTS, and any other information that he normally gave to families of muggleborn children.
“As for how they were applied, as soon a magical child displays accidental magic their name is added to The Book of Admittance and during their eleventh year they receive their acceptance letter. As I have been informed by the Deputy Headmistress McGonagall as soon as they displayed magic the Potters set aside a fund for their magical education thus ensuring their enrollment at Hogwarts.”

“Okay, now about the supplies?” Stiles asked. “I’m assuming that there must be some place specific that we need to buy them at?”

“Yes, I will be escorting you to Diagon Alley where you’ll be able to purchase everything you need.”

“Okay Cygnus and Lyra you two go get changed and meet us by the door,” Stiles said as he and Derek moved to get up.

“Wait,” Lyra said shooting Derek an asking look who just smiled in amusement and nodded his head. “I just have a few more very important things to discuss, so if we could take a moment to go over a few details. For example, I know the grading system was explained,”

Severus watched in confusion as Lyra continued to ramble on, just repeating what he said without really asking anything. She got up and linked hands with her brother and he watched as both their eyes seemed to glow a bright blue and then turned as he heard several yells coming from just outside the door.

The twins smiled at each other and Cygnus rushed forward throwing open the door to reveal several soaking wet people. Severus raised his eyebrows, his surprise showing for once. Did all these people live here?

“Really?” Stiles exclaimed. “I expected this from Erica and Peter. Our resident foursome too. Boyd, Lydia, and Malia were 50/50, but the rest of you? Dad? Chris? Mom? Even Jackson’s here! I didn't think you’d care enough to eavesdrop.”

A man who could only be described as model like with light brown hair and a chiseled body that was visible through his soaking wet shirt just crossed his arms and pouted. “Whatever Stiles. Everyone else was here.” Actually, looking again, he looked a bit like Peter.

Stiles let it go, turning to the rest of them with an expectant look.

Erica and Peter just smiled, seemingly content with the situation.

A group of four, two men and two women, all pointed fingers at each other. Of the men, one was taller with unruly curls and blue eyes. The shorter one had brown hair, brown eyes, and band tattoos on his arm. Both looked guiltily like kicked puppies. The two women of the group also had puppy like expressions on their faces but more of angelic innocence. Both women were on the shorter side, one asian with shoulder length black hair, the other had long brown hair and dimples that showed from her innocent smile.

A large black man just shrugged and smiled as he wrapped his arms around Erica.

A red haired woman, whom Severus couldn't help but notice was the only completely dry one of the group, just hummed and went to lean against the man Severus assumed was Jackson.

One woman wasn't even paying attention. As soon as Lyra walked over the woman made a beeline for her and started, wait, was she rubbing her face on her head?
“I blame Allison,” Chris said.

“What! Dad!” the brunette with the dimples protested.

“I blame Scott,” a shorter woman with curly brown hair and olive skin said.

“Mom!” This time it was the shorter man from the same group of four.

“This is all on you Stiles,” the last man said. He seemed to be one of the older members of the group. Looking to be the same age as Chris and the woman that had been called Mom.

“How is this my fault?”

The man just gave him a look.

It must have meant something to Stiles because he just nodded. “Ah, okay yeah that's my fault. But only for you Pops. The rest of you...” Stiles just shook his head.

Derek rolled his eyes at his husband's antics. “Alright that's enough. Lyra and Cygnus I believe you were asked to get changed. You aren't shopping in your pajamas.”

“Okay Papa,” Cygnus said and left the room.

“Come on Lyra! I’ll help you get dressed!” Erica said grabbing her hand and pulling her out of sight.

“I don't think so! Catwoman! Get back here! You are not playing dress up with my daughter again! She’s eleven, not sixteen!” Stiles said jumping up.

“Don't worry Stiles, we’ll go make sure her outfit is appropriate,” the asian woman said taking Allison’s hand and tugging her along.

“Thank you Kira!” Stiles shouted as he visibly deflated and laid down on the floor.

“That is exactly how I felt with Allison,” Chris said with a laugh.

“I’m glad I only had you Stiles, you could annoy anyone who even tried anything,” Stiles’ dad said.

“It's not funny! I don't want anyone sexualizing my daughter! She's just a little girl,” Stiles lamented. “Not that I’m also not worried about Cygnus. I know there are sick people out there who will hurt children regardless of gender.”

Stiles got off the floor and took Derek’s hand in his. Derek just smiled at Stiles. An unspoken conversation happening between the two.

“Why aren't you more worried Derek?” The woman who had only been paying attention to Lyra asked from where she was still on the floor. “I mean after Ka-”

“Malia!” Stiles ground in a warning tone, a hard look on his face. At the same time both Peter and Chris placed a hand on her shoulder and Jackson dived down to put a hand over her mouth.

“Real smooth Malia,” Jackson whispered harshly in her ear before he yelped and snatched his hand away. “She bit me!”

Chris and Peter just rolled their eyes as if this were a regular occurrence.
Derek looked at them all gratefully and then, with a glance at Severus, shrugged. “I was the middle child of four sisters and two brothers. As much as I hate to say it, lots of older adults were predatory to us when we were younger. Especially my sisters.”

“Unfortunately,” Peter said with a glare, remembering all the times he beat someone up for his nieces and nephews. “But, they got what was coming to them. In the end.”

Derek nodded. “Yeah, we always had older family members like Uncle Peter looking out for us. As for Lyra and Cygnus? We were very thorough with their self defense lessons. I’m confident that they will be able to kick the ass of anyone who tries something with them.”

Severus took in the dark, angry expressions on the others faces and, despite it not being his business, couldn’t help but wonder what exactly happened in their past to bring out such emotions.

---

“What are you two doing?” Stiles asked when the twins came down the stairs wearing zipped up jackets despite it being rather warm out.

“Nothing,” the two chorused, looking up with faux innocent expressions on their faces.

Derek just gave them a stern look. “Now I know that works on your dad,”

“Hey!”

“But it doesn't work on me. Now what are you two hiding?”

The twins glanced at each other before looking back at their parents.

“Sorry Papa,”

“It’s nothing bad!”

“Honest!”

“It’s only Crowley,”

“And Thanatos,”

“They wanted to,”

“Come along too!”

Oh no, Severus thought, they finish each other's sentences, just like the Weasley twins.

Stiles placed his hands on his hips, fixing a look at them. “You know the rules, your friends aren't allowed to leave the house. Now tell them that we’re sorry but they can't come. Send them to Lydia, you know she favors them and wouldn't mind the company.”

“Yes dad,” the twins said in unison before they both unzipped their jackets and started hissing at the two very large snakes wrapped around their torsos.

Severus almost fell over at the sight. That was a black mamba and a boomslang! And the two children in front of him were talking to them, in parseltongue no less, and laughing like they didn't have two extremely deadly snakes coiled around them.
As they sent the two snakes off they took off their jackets and put them into their bags.

When Lyra took her jacket off Severus just barely controlled his facial features. There were several more snaps in his core but he was too preoccupied with what he was seeing. Her arms were covered in scar tissue that criss crossed over each other and, now that he was looking, the same scars adorned her legs.

Before he could even examine the boy in case he had scars of his own, Stiles stepped into his line of vision, his face turned away from the twins.

“Before your mind runs away from you let me be perfectly clear, we had nothing to do with those,” Stiles said looking Severus straight in the eye. “They were already present when we rescued them and gave them a real home. We would never lay hands on our children the way those monsters we adopted her from did and I can assure you that the persons responsible have been dealt with to the full extent.”

Severus could only nod in response. He knew Stiles wasn't lying. As he spoke Severus took a quick look into his mind and saw what he spoke of, them finding a younger version of Lyra injured and dying, the scars already present. The vision of Lyra, looking so pale, covered in blood, her skin torn to shreds, her face swollen and purple from bruising, was burned into his brain.

Severus felt something in him shatter. Albus had lied to him, lied to everyone, about the Potter’s upbringing. Lyra had been abused, much worse than he ever was, and unlike him it seemed as though no one had been looking out for her if her injuries were that bad. At least he had his mother as a buffer growing up.

Stiles stared Severus down and as the man nudged him out of his mind he couldn't help but be intimidated. There was something about the man, a dark aura that if he didn't know any better Severus would say was magical. How else could he have pushed him out? But that couldn't be. The man was muggle wasn't he? He certainly acted like one, and didn't seem to know anything about the wizarding world. What kind of wizard would feign ignorance?

“Anymore hidden friends we need to know about?” Derek asked, breaking Severus out of his thoughts as Stiles stepped away.

“No Papa.”

“Good.” Derek turned to address the Hogwarts Professor. “Sorry for the delay, I wish I could say this doesn't normally happen but, those two try to bring their friends with them everywhere.”

“Understandable,” Severus said, though he really didn't understand at all. He then turned to address the twins. “Now, Miss and Mister Potter-”

“Stilinski-Hale.”

Severus glanced up at Stiles who had interrupted him. “I’m sorry?”

“What my husband means to say,” Derek said, giving Stiles a look, “is that we officially adopted Lyra and Cygnus three years ago so their legal last names are Stilinski-Hale. I know their Hogwarts letters were addressed to ‘Potter’ but that’s no longer their last name. It was mentioned in the letter we sent to Professor McGonagall. Perhaps it slipped her mind to mention it to you?”

“Yes, it does seem that she failed to mention that.” This certainly was the first time Severus was hearing about it. This might cause a few problems. “The wizarding world is rather, isolated from the muggle one. Legal changes done in the muggle world tend to not get recognized in the
wizarding one.”

“Oh?” Stiles raised his eyebrows. “So how would we go about making that change then?”

Severus sighed internally. It was going to be a long day. “We’ll have to extend our stop at Gringott’s, the wizarding bank, and speak to their account manager. Normally for legal changes such as this we’d have to go to the Ministry, that’s our government, but it will be quicker to get everything filed at the bank. They can get everything settled for a fee and you won’t have to go through any political problems.”

Stiles shared a look with Derek. “Why would there be any political problems? This can’t be the first time a non wizarding family ended up with magical children right?”

“No, it isn’t. Unfortunately the situation with the Potter’s is fairly unique and, whether they want it or not, they, specifically Lyra, will have a lot of political power and many people will want to use her for it.”


“It’s because you are the Girl-Who-Lived.”

Lyra screwed her face up in disgust, immediately disliking that epithet. “Ew. That’s just awful. Whoever came up with that deserves a slap. People don’t really call me that do they?”

Severus couldn’t help his smirk. Lyra was definitely not shaping up to be the image of “Rosy Potter” that Albus had painted. Not even a little bit.

“Unfortunately yes. Many people refer to you as the Girl-Who-Lived because on the 31st of October, 2001, it was said that you defeated the Dark Lord. He had shown up at your house intending to kill you both. After killing both your parents he tried to kill you but something happen and you survived the killing curse, gaining the title Girl-Who-Lived.”

Lyra’s jaw dropped and everyone else in the room made a face of disgust or anger.

“Wait, so the only people present when this happened was Lyra, Cygnus, their mom, and this Dark Lord right?” Derek asked.

Severus nodded.

“So if that’s the case then how does anyone even know what happened? The only people left alive who witnessed what happened were Cygnus and Lyra and I’m pretty sure they didn’t tell anyone.”

“I-” Severus paused, unsure of how to answer. He never thought about it like that. He got a faraway look in his eye, lost in thought. “I don’t know. That was just the story that everyone was told.”

“By who?” Stiles asked.

“Albus Dumbledore.”

“And what sort of authority does he have?” Stiles’ dad asked. “Was he the first one on the scene? Did he conduct an investigation? Who gave him the authority to spread this story?”

Severus looked towards the voice and contained his surprise. He hadn’t even noticed but at some
point everyone else, now dry and in new clothes, had made their way into the entrance hall and were all listening to the conversation.

“No, I was the first one there. I was the one who found them. I brought Lyra and Cygnus out of the house. I was so consumed with grief over losing Lily that I don’t even remember what I did after handing the children over to Albus. As for the rest, everyone was so ecstatic that the Dark Lord was gone that no investigation was really done. Albus has a lot of political power within the Ministry. Everyone just took his word for it.” Severus looked over at Lyra. “He said that you were marked with a curse scar on your forehead and that’s how he knew you were the one to defeat the Dark Lord.”

“We didn’t do anything! It was all mum!” Lyra protested.

“Yeah!” Cygnus chimed in. “Some bald guy with a weird face came into our room and mum beat the shit out of him and did something to him before he killed her!”

“You remember?” Severus asked in horror. There’s no way they could remember that. They were too young. But if they did, to remember something as awful as a beloved parents death. He couldn’t fathom it.

“Yeah, mum really did a number on him. His face was all messed up and he was bleeding a lot. Mum really gave him a proper beating and even bit him a few times.”

Severus snorted. He couldn’t help it. That was Lily alright, the dirty fighter that she was. However unsanitary Severus found it, Lily never listened. Biting was one of her go to tactics. He realized everyone was staring at him.

“Sorry, it’s just that even after all that time Lily was still the same fighter that she always was.” At everyone’s confused looks Severus explained further. “Lily and I grew up together. She was my best friend and acted like a big sister to me, even though I was older than her. But she would always claim the title of ‘big sister’ when we were kids because she was taller than me.”

“She was always getting into fights and protecting me from the older kids. Lily was one of the best street fighters in town and everyone knew it. Biting was one of her go to tactics. He realized everyone was staring at him.

“Sorry, it’s just that even after all that time Lily was still the same fighter that she always was.” At everyone’s confused looks Severus explained further. “Lily and I grew up together. She was my best friend and acted like a big sister to me, even though I was older than her. But she would always claim the title of ‘big sister’ when we were kids because she was taller than me.”

“She was always getting into fights and protecting me from the older kids. Lily was one of the best street fighters in town and everyone knew it. Biting was one of her go to tactics. She was always of the mindset that, there’s no such thing as ‘dirty tactics’ in a street fight. You do what you have to do to win. I got a lot of practice with wandless healing magic because of her.”

Everyone was staring again. Severus cleared his throat and tried to steer the conversation back to the original topic. “Regardless of all that, whether you did or didn’t defeat the Dark Lord, everyone believes that you did and therefore everyone will want to ally themselves with you. I wouldn’t put it past people to try to take you away from your family because they aren’t magical.”

Stiles narrowed his eyes. “And how does the wizarding world feel about non-wizard magic users?”

“Stiles no.”

“Stiles do you really think-”

“Dont-”

“Now is not the time-”

Stiles held up his hand and everyone stopped talking.

“Son, are you sure about this?” Stiles’ dad asked.
Stiles nodded.

“So?” Stiles asked Severus.

“I’m not sure I understand. There are magical creatures such as goblins and house elves that use magic. Unfortunately they are looked down upon as being lesser beings by most of the wizarding community due to their creature status. In fact, there are several laws in place that prevents creatures or wizards with creature blood from having the same rights as wizards, including the right to use a wand.”

“That’s terrible, but not what I meant. I mean, how do wizards feel about those who use other forms of magic such as druidic or mystic magic? Those who pull power from the earth and ley lines as well as from within themselves.”

“Druidic magic… Are you referring to wandmaking? As for mystic magic, I’m not sure what you mean.”

“Not exactly, druidic magic has more to do with rituals, alchemy, being able to manipulate nature, there’s a lot to it. I’m really good with runes and warding from what I learned from other druids. As for the mystic magic, well, let me show you.” Holding his hands together Stiles reached out and twisted them, pulling his hands apart and leaving a line of golden light in the air. As he moved his hands around the line, Severus watched as it became a box, then a circle appeared with runic symbols suddenly lighting up around it.

“How…” Severus said, reaching a hand out before pulling back. He had never seen anything like that before in his life.

Stiles shrugged, doing a move that let the circle fade back into nothingness. “It’s mystic magic. I learned it while researching the sectors of magic at Kamar-Taj. It’s a hidden land. Anyway the point is, I do have magic. I just wasn’t trained the way a wizard would be, so would people still try to claim that I am unfit to raise a wizarding child?”

Severus nodded, seeing where Stiles was going with this. “I’m not sure. Regardless we should deal with this quickly. Once everything has been dealt with and made official through Gringott’s no one will be able to contest you.”

“Okay, that’s in Diagon Alley right? So let’s get going then!”

“The entrance to Diagon Alley is through a pub in London called the Leaky Cauldron. It might take us a while to get there.” Severus said, realizing that it would take a little over an hour to get there from Surrey.

“How did you get here?” Stiles asked.

“I apparated. It’s similar to teleporting. Why?”

“Are you able to bring someone else with you?”

“Yes, I-” Oh. Well it would be faster. “I can, but I can only take one person at a time.”

“Don’t worry about having to take everyone. Just take me.”

Severus gave him a skeptical look.

“Just trust me.” Stiles said with a smile.
“That sucked! Is it like that every time?” Stiles exclaimed as they landed in an alley outside of the Leaky Cauldron. He had always wanted to apparate after reading about it, but now that he experienced it? Never again.

“You get used to it.” Severus shrugged. “You can rest here, I’ll go back for the others.”

“No it’s fine,” Stiles said just as Severus was about to apparate away. “I said don’t worry about it. I got it.”

“Apparating is very dangerous. You can’t learn it after just one trip. If done improperly you could become splinched or splinch the person you’re side-along apparating with you.”

“Who said anything about apparating?” Stiles stood up and with a wave of his hand opened up a portal lined with golden sparks. Severus watched as Derek, Lyra, and Cygnus all stepped through before the portal closed again.

“How-?”

Stiles shrugged. “Mystic magic.”

“I’ll ask you about it later, for now, we’ll need to place a glamour on Lyra. She’ll be easily recognized in Diagon Alley.”

“Wait, why?” Lyra asked. “I’ve never been there before and it’s not like people have seen what I look like. At least I think they haven’t. Have they?”

“Not in the way you are thinking no. In all depictions and descriptions of Lyra or rather of ‘Rosy Potter The Girl-Who-Lived’ she is described as having messy black hair, green eyes, and having a lightning bolt shaped scar on her forehead. It’s been like that since the defeat of the Dark Lord.”

Lyra made a disgusted face. “Rosy Potter? Are they serious? That is absolutely atrocious. There is nothing about me that could ever be described as being rosy.”

“So, everyone has been calling Lyra ‘Rosy Potter’ for the past ten or so years?” Cygnus asked.

“Yes, and you, brother to the Girl-Who-Lived, are referred to as Harry Potter.”

Cygnus made a disgusted face of his own. “Okay, Rosy I can sort of understand because of Primrose, but how do you get ‘Harry’ from Hadrian? Wouldn’t Hades or Rian be a more plausible nickname?”

Severus shrugged. He had an idea that it was Albus’ doing but it was just a theory.

“Well fine, I don’t mind changing my appearance anyway, should be fun,” Lyra said as she looked at Cygnus. The two of them started smiling as a shimmer appeared around the two of them.

When it settled there stood a young woman with shoulder length blonde hair and brown eyes where Lyra was. She wore dark jeans, a purple shirt, a dark blue jacket, and white shoes. In place of Cygnus stood a teenage boy with curly brown hair, light green eyes, and dimples. He wore a white button up shirt, a blue blazer, red pants, and black shoes.

Their eyes lit up as they looked at each other and their parents just rolled their eyes. Severus was surprised. That looked nothing like the glamour spells he was used to. Maybe it was some form of
mystic magic that Stiles mentioned? He’d have to ask later. This family was shaping up to be much more interesting than he thought he would be. He couldn’t help but hope to spend more time with them.

Severus caught Derek’s eye and Derek smiled at him as if he knew what Severus was hoping and was somehow giving him approval. Severus quickly looked away just in time to see Stiles fix the twins with a look.

“You can’t go there like that,” Stiles said to Severus’ confusion. The only problem he could see was that they two of them looked much older than eleven.

“But they’re the ones who want me to be Rose-y,”

“And me, Harry,”

“We’re just giving them what they want,” they chorused with cheeky smiles on their faces.

“And if someone were to recognize you?” Stiles asked.

Oh, that was they problem. These must be two muggle celebrities with the names Rosy and Harry.

The twins hummed and then the shimmer happened again. They still looked like the people they changed into, just younger and their clothes were different. Now Lyra was dressed back in her simple a-line dress in dark green and black boots. Only now her dress had long sleeves and she wore black stockings to cover her legs. Normally she didn't care that her scars showed. It was proof that she was a survivor and she was proud of that, but she figured it would be best to hide them if she didn't want to draw any attention to herself. Cygnus was also back in his original outfit, a dark blue button down shirt and black pants.

Stiles just sighed but it was in a playful way. “I guess it’ll do. Nice work on the details. You’ve improved on your illusions a lot.”

The two beamed at the praise and gave their dad a hug. Lyra glanced at Severus and approached him with a smile. “In case you were wondering, I changed into a character named Rose Tyler from the tv show Doctor Who. Cygnus changed into a singer named Harry Styles. He was on The X Factor, a televised singing competition, last year. Sort of a joke about the whole Rosy and Harry names.”

“I gathered that much, I just wasn’t sure who you were meant to be. I’m not fully caught up with current muggle television. I believe I’ve heard of The X Factor in passing and seen the ads for it in London but I’ve never watched it. However, I do recognize Doctor Who. Your mother and I used to watch the show together.”

“Classic Who! Right, they started the show up again a few years ago. They’re on the eleventh doctor now. But the person I am, was the only companion for the ninth doctor and a companion of the tenth doctor for one season,” Lyra said excitedly. “If you’re interested I could lend you the DVD’s. Oh! Or we could watch them together! My family loves Doctor Who, I’m sure you will too!”

Severus was shocked at how excited she sounded. She wanted to, willingly spend time with him? She wasn’t scared? Most children, aside from his godson, were frightened by his appearance and actively avoided him. That was the purpose of it after all, he looked this way so people wouldn’t get close. But this child didn’t seem to care. It confused him.

“Oh, unless you don’t want to,” Lyra said with a frown. “You obviously don’t have to but, the
offer is there. Right Papa? It would be okay for Professor Snape to watch Doctor Who with us? Maybe even The X Factor too if he’s interested?"

Derek shared a meaningful look with Stiles before looking at Severus who still had a deer caught in headlights look on his face. He approached Severus and placed a hand on the back of his neck. “As long as it’s okay with Professor Snape, I don’t see why not,” Derek said as he ran his hand from Severus’ neck over his shoulders and down his arm slightly until it rested on his bicep.

Severus melted under the touch. It had been so long since he had someone new touch him in such a positive way. First Lyra not being scared of him, treating him like a person, and now this? He closed his eyes and leaned a bit into the touch. There was something about this man, he radiated power and safety somehow. He craved it and somehow he knew he’d be safe around these people.

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The Stilinski-Hale family were thrown. From the moment that Severus closed his eyes his appearance shifted. He shrunk several inches, his shoulder length greasy hair became long and silky, his hooked nose seemed more refined, still slightly avian but it fit his face rather than stood out. He was softer, less angular in his features, and the sallow tone of his skin changed to a healthy glow. The Severus that stood in front of them now was youthful and beautiful. There was a natural allure to him. It made them all want to love and care for him.

Derek sensed there was something about the man as soon as he met him. There was something about his scent. He hadn’t been sure what kind of creature he was at first but now he knew. He was a veela, if the allure was anything to go by. He wasn’t affected of course, being a wolf and already having his mate, but he still could feel that it was there.

Stiles was shocked at the change. He felt a need to protect the man but at the same time he was confused. This was Severus Snape! The feared potions professor and spy within the ranks of death eaters! Stiles knew he shouldn’t base his opinion of people on books but he couldn’t help it. The Harry Potter books were his life and to find himself thrown into a universe where the books were real to the extent that even the characters and place names were similar. It was a lot.

He shook the thoughts away. What mattered right now was the Severus Snape that stood in front of him. He was different. Vulnerable and very clearly touch starved. Stiles moved towards where Derek still had his hand on Severus’ shoulder. Severus was a veela. One that hid his true nature behind a glamour that made him look unapproachable. Stiles felt a wave of sadness go through him. What had happened that caused him to think he had to change his appearance like this?

Cygnus wasn’t sure what was going on. He just saw his future potions professor change his appearance and his parents share concerned looks. Cygnus saw what his Papa did. He scent marked him. Professor Snape was now under the protection of the pack. Any other wolf would be able to smell Papa’s scent on him and know that he was not to be bothered. Those of the pack would feel the need to also scent mark him as he was now considered a trusted person. Wolf packs don’t just scent mark anyone after all. Only those who were pack or those they were considering letting into the pack. If his Papa was trusting Professor Snape that much, then Cygnus would too.

Lyra was ecstatic. Her wolf had been on high alert ever since Professor Snape’s scent hit her nose. It was excited and wanted to be near him so Lyra tried to appease it by interacting with the professor as much as possible. She wasn’t sure what it was, she hadn’t wanted to speak to the man at first, but her wolf insisted. Growling at her when she thought about avoiding the man and then jumping around and yipping in happiness when she would speak with him.

Then when Professor Snape had left with Dad, her wolf whined in sadness. She too began to whine
out loud and it drew the attention of all the wolves in the room.

“No way, really!” Erica cheered, clearly enjoying the situation.

“Wait what’s going on? I don’t get it.” Scott said.

“Really Scott? Professor Snape is her mate!” Jackson said shaking his head. “Even I could tell that.”

“But she’s so young! And he’s so… Professor Snape!”

“That actually doesn’t matter to wolves. You can find your mate at any age. I met my mate when I was still a teenager and he was much older than me, but because of, complications, we were never able to get together,” Peter explained as he grabbed Chris’ hand. “Wolves have a very long life span and can wait years before their mate is ready to be with them. Talia was fourteen when she met her mate.”

“What’s that matter?” Malia asked.

“Because my dear, Talia’s mate came from another pack and he was only six at the time. Just because someone is your mate doesn’t mean it’s immediately a sexual thing. Sometimes being someone’s mate is just being what they need. A friend, or someone to care about you, a lifelong companion. It’s not always about reproduction. Sometimes it can turn into that like it did with Talia and Nathan, but not always. I know of some mates who have been together for years but have not once been sexual because for them it’s not about that. Just being in their company and knowing they’re there is enough for them.”

Lyra stopped listening then as she began to think about what was being said. She hadn’t recognized it at first, but after listening to everyone talk and receiving a meaningful look from her Papa she knew. Her Papa knelt down in front of her, silently asking if she was okay.

Lyra hadn’t been sure. Professor Snape was her mate. But she was still eleven and he was to be her professor. Then there was the war happening in her mind between her wolf and her mind. Something in her mind was telling her not to trust Professor Snape but her wolf was fighting back fiercely against the feeling. Slowly the wolf was winning.

She signed. There wasn’t really anything she could do about it at this time, but she knew that when it came to these things, trusting her wolf was always the best choice. It could sense things that she couldn’t. She gave her Papa a nod and hugged him just as a portal opened for them, leading to an alleyway.

Now they were still in that alley and her Papa was scent marking her mate. That was basically everything one could ask for when it came to one’s mate. Not only was she getting her Papa’s approval but also her alpha’s as well. Papa was welcoming him into the pack, whether Professor Snape realized that or not, it was happening.

Lyra smiled and moved in closer, running a hand down Professor Snape’s arm, scent marking him, and taking his hand in hers. She remembered what Uncle Peter said about mates not having to be a sexual thing but rather about lifelong companionship. She couldn’t help but think how nice that sounded. She had found a lifelong companion, like the Doctor, except she’d make sure not to lose hers.

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Severus felt warm. There was a cocoon of safety wrapped around him. He hadn’t felt this safe in
ages, he wondered where it was coming from but at the same time he didn’t care. He wanted this feeling to last forever. He wasn’t sure how long he basked in the feeling but when he finally came back to himself and opened his eyes he knew that his current location was not where he was before he closed his eyes.

Panic raced through him but he felt it fade away as someone rubbed his hand to get his attention. He looked down to see his fingers entwined with someone else’s. He looked up and it was Lyra! She was smiling softly at him and continued to rub his hand. That’s when he noticed other sensations. He was sitting on a couch with Lyra to one side of him and Derek on the other. Four sets of hands were playing with his hair and he looked up to see Erica, Allison, Kira, and Malia all braiding and brushing pieces of his hair. There was pressure against his legs and he looked down to see Jackson and the man with the curly hair sitting with their backs against his legs.

Looking around, he realized he was sitting in the living area he passed at the house where the Stilinski-Hale family lived. Everyone else from their family was scattered throughout the living area on various couches and chairs.

“Why are we here?” Severus asked, his voice sounding soft and almost musical in quality. He froze as everyone turned to look at him. Why did his voice sound like that? Why were his clothes so loose on him? How were those four able to touch his hair was it was supposed to be too greasy to stand? He started to panic as he realized that his glamour had dropped. When he got his creature inheritance at sixteen his features had frozen keeping him looking boyish and youthful. They had all seen him.

Severus felt a hand on his face and he flinched but the hand only turned him. He found himself looking up at Derek who was telling him to calm down and to follow his breathing. In and out. In and out. Slowly Severus began to calm and he took in the look in Derek’s eyes. They looked kind and understanding.

He watched as Derek’s eyes glowed red, then he nodded his head in the direction of the rest of the room. Severus looked and all around him everyone’s eyes glowed a variety of colors. Most of them were a golden color but a few people had ice blue eyes, the woman with red hair had white eyes, Kira’s eyes was more of an orange than a gold, and Stiles’ was purple.

Severus felt himself relax as he gazed around. Giving into his naturally soft and submissive nature. Having to hide his true self and put on the act that he does always left him feeling physically, mentally, emotionally, and magically exhausted.

“You already know that Stiles has magic but the rest of us? We’re all creatures, just like you. Shifters. We take forms of other animals and we have enhanced abilities in our human form because of it,” Derek explained.

“Except me,” said the red haired woman.

“Right, except for Lydia. She doesn’t shift but she does have other abilities and is just as dangerous as the rest of us,” Derek paused. “But we’re not going to hurt you. We’re considered predators because of our nature, but we’re not killers.”

“All of you? Even,” Severus paused and looked at Lyra and Cygnus who both flashed their golden eyes at him in answer. “Oh, but you can hide it can’t you? Like the way I do?”

“Yes, we can. But why would we have to? I would think the wizarding world would be used to creatures right?” Lyra asked.
“Used to them yes, but remember what I said about creature rights? Unfortunately most creatures are considered dark regardless of what they are, and have less rights than wizards do. They forget our history, that most wizarding families have some kind of creature blood within them. If a wizard gets their creature inheritance then they hide it or move. Wizarding Britain is extremely behind other wizarding countries when it comes to the way creatures are treated. It’s horrible, but it’s the way things are.”

“So no one else knows about you?”

Severus shook his head. “Only my mother, who kept me under a glamour most of my life for protection. She used to say I was too angelic looking. That she knew, even before I got my inheritance that I was going to be a veela so it would be safer for people to get used to me with a glamour now rather than later. I didn’t grow up in a very safe neighborhood so we picked a glamour that would get people to leave me alone.”

Several eyes in the room darkened at that statement. They knew exactly the kind of people his mother was trying to protect Severus from.

“There were a few people who I told after I got my inheritance, your mum was one of them. She helped protect me. Everyone else were those who were also of creature status. Sharing that kind of information here in Britain is dangerous. If I lived in another country like France, Italy, or Bulgaria where veela are openly accepted it would be better but,” Severus shrugged.

“Why haven’t you left?”

“I have obligations that keep me tied here. Ones I can’t get out of. Plus, as horrible as the Ministry is, Britain is my home.”

There were several nods from around the room. They understood all too well how much home meant to them. It killed them to leave theirs behind, but they had to. There was no other way.

Lyra was leaning against his shoulder sending him comfort. He was pressed against Derek and he was emitting a warmth that Severus wanted to sink into. The repetitive motions from the women playing with his hair felt so nice. He just wanted to stay there, but one glance at the clock, it was just after 10am, and he knew they couldn’t. As much as he didn’t want to he spoke up. “We’re running behind schedule, if we want to get everything today we’ll have to hurry. I’m not sure how long we’ll need at Gringott’s.”

“We don’t have to get everything,” Lyra said as she wrapped her arm fully around Severus. She was comfortable, she didn’t want to get up. Severus sighed at the contact. He really didn’t want to get up either. He hadn’t felt this safe and at peace in years.

Derek shot his daughter a warning look while Stiles rolled his eyes. “No, we don’t have to get everything today,” Stiles said as he stood up. “But Severus is right, we don’t know how long we’ll need at Gringott’s so it would be best if we head out now.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Let's take a trip to the bank

Chapter Notes

it only took 21k but we've finally made it to Gringott's!

This time when they portaled back to the alley Severus went with them. He was back under his glamour, his occlumency shields tightly in place, while Lyra and Cygnus both had their illusions up. They made their way through the Leaky Cauldron, no one bothering Severus because no one ever did, and out the back to a seemingly dead end. Severus tapped a few bricks and the entrance to Diagon Alley opened up.

Stiles and Derek’s eyes both lit up at the sight. They were seeing the actual Diagon Alley. Not just the one that had been built at Universal Orlando back in their universe. They both glanced down at their children and saw the same joy and wonder in their eyes. Severus’ face was blank but Derek could tell he was amused by their wonder.

They made their way down the alley and approached an immaculate snow white building that towered over all the other shops. As they entered the building Severus gave a bow to the goblins at the door so everyone else followed suit. The goblins looked surprised at the display but bowed back nonetheless.

As the group made their way into the bank and waited to be called the goblins eyed them with suspicion.

“It’s nothing against you, goblins can see through glamours and therefore become suspicious of anyone hiding their identity,” Severus explained. “I get looks like that everytime I come in here.”

They finally made it up to the front of the queue and were called upon by the next available teller. “Welcome to Gringott’s. I am Bloodfang.”

“Greetings Bloodfang, I am Potions Master Snape.”

“Ah yes, Potions Master Snape,” Bloodfang said looking over some papers on his desk. “We’ve been expecting you. I take it you’ve finally decided to reply to our summons?”

“Summons? I’m sorry but I haven't received anything from Gringott’s lately.”

“No? That is a problem. Well since you’re here you will need to meet with your account manager. During a recent audit there were several discrepancies found that we’d like to discuss with you.”

“Thank you for telling me, but first. Perhaps you could call up the Potter account manager? I have the Potter children here as they are to be starting Hogwarts this year. They need to access their
account but first they have a few legalities to discuss with their account manager.”

“Certainly, and do they have their key?”

“No sir,” Lyra said bowing her head before looking up at the goblin respectfully. “This is our first time in the wizarding world as well as the first time we’ve heard of it. Is there something we can do in order to prove we are who we say we are and acquire new keys?”

“Oh that will not do. I shall alert the Potter account manager to get this dealt with. He shall discuss the situation with you.”

“One more thing, sir,” this time it was Cygnus who spoke. He too bowed his head before speaking respectfully. “I know you said the Potter account manager but does that mean only my sister and I may speak with him or could we bring our legal guardians from the muggle world with us since we are still minors, as well as Professor Snape who is currently introducing us to the wizarding world?”

“Where is your magical guardian?”

Lyra and Cygnus looked at each other in confusion. “I’m sorry sir,” Lyra said. “But the only guardians we have are our parents who adopted us in the muggle world and they’re already here with us.”

The goblin just nodded. “This isn’t something to be discussed here. Griphook with escort all of you to the Potter account managers office.”

“Thank you Bloodfang sir!” Lyra and Cygnus chorused giving quick bows to the teller.

“Yes, we really appreciate the help.” Derek said giving a bow of his own.

“We thank you Bloodfang, for your help today. May your gold continue to grow.” Stiles said bowing to the goblin.

Smiling toothily, Bloodfang nodded. “May your enemies cower at your name.”

Severus looked at Stiles in surprise. How had he known that? Most wizards didn’t even recognize the proper way to speak to goblins anymore.

“Follow me please,” Griphook said before turning to lead them through a side door.

Severus gave a thank you of his own and, after a confirmation that his own account manager will be joining them, followed the group.

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Griphook led then through intricate corridors and after several twists and turns came to a stop in front of a wooden door. They entered a small office where they were instructed to take a seat in front of a large desk. They all thanked Griphook who then took his leave.

Severus let his glamour drop and instructed Lyra and Cygnus to do the same. “Goblins really do dislike people being dishonest, they understand the necessity of glamours used by other creatures but Gringott’s is under goblin territory and therefore falls under goblin law. The ministry have no authority here. It’s safe.”

As soon as they let their illusions drop another goblin entered and took a seat across from them. “I
am Ragnok, the Potter family account manager. Bloodfang has informed me that you do not have you key and that an inheritance test must be done?”

“Yes sir,” Cygnus spoke up. “We only found out about the wizarding world today and were told that our parents left money for our schooling? If not for Professor Snape we wouldn’t have known about any of this.”

“Indeed. Inheritance test first.” Ragnok placed two vials of the same potion and a small dagger onto the desk. “Seven drops of blood into the vial.”

Lyra and Cygnus looked at each other before looking to their Papa who just nodded. Lyra picked up the dagger first and instead of making a cut on her finger like most wizards would have, she pressed the tip against her finger and held it there allowing the required number of drops to fall into the vial. When she removed the dagger there was no indication that she had just been bleeding from her finger. Wiping down the dagger she handed it to Cygnus who repeated the process with his own vial.

Ragnok nodded after Cygnus finished with the dagger. He took both vials and after swirling each three times counter clockwise, poured them onto their own sheets of parchment. Instead of soaking through, the liquid flowed over the parchment and formed words before glowing. The glow faded and as Ragnok looked over the results his face hardened. He said something in gobbledygook and shook his head in disgust as he handed each sheet of parchment to their respective owners.

“I will be calling in a healer to escort you all to the medical wing. Both children will need a full purge of all foreign magical interferences,” Ragnok said before leaving them to look over the result.

Name:

Lyra Primrose Stilinski-Hale Potter Black [granted by Lady Magic]

Previously Primrose Lyra Potter Black

Born:

31 July 2000, 11:55pm

Parents:

James Fleamont Potter (Birth Father) [deceased]

Lily Rose Potter née Evans (Birth Mother) [deceased]

Sirius Orion Black (Blood adopted Father - 1 August 2000) [compromised]

Remus John Lupin (Blood adopted Father - 1 August 2000) [declared unfit by the ministry]

Bellatrix Lestrange née Black (Blood adopted Mother - 1 August 2000) [compromised]

Mieczysław Genim Stilinski-Hale (Father - 22 September 2008 granted by Lady Magic)
Derek Samuel Stilinski-Hale (Father - 22 September 2008 granted by Lady Magic)

**Godparents:**

Sirius Orion Black (Godfather) [compromised]

Remus John Lupin (Godfather) [declared unfit by the ministry]

Alice Longbottom (Godmother) [compromised]

Bellatrix Lestrange née Black (Godmother) [compromised]

**Magical Guardian:**

Mieczysław Genim Stilinski-Hale (22 September 2008 - present)

Previously: Albus Dumbledore (2 November 2001 - 21 September 2008)

**Inheritances:**

Potter (Birth - Paternal) - Eligible to claim Heir at 7

Peverell (Birth - Paternal) - Eligible to claim Heir at 7

Gryffindor (Birth - Paternal) - Scion

Slytherin (Birth - Maternal) - Eligible to claim Heir at 5

Black (Blood Adoption - Paternal) - Scion

Ravenclaw (Magic) - Eligible to claim Heir at 5, test required

LeFey (Magic) - Eligible to claim Heir, test required

Emrys (Magic) - Scion

**Vaults:**

Potter

Trust Vault: 10,000 Galleons (self refilling, yearly from Potter Family vault)

Family Vault: 34,693,839 Galleons, 839 Sickles, 910 Knuts; 189 magical artefacts and 1840 books

Peverell

Family Vault: 85,472,434 Galleons, 524 sickles, 818 Knuts; 1013 magical artefacts and 1920 books
Gryffindor

Family Vault: 39,874,346,013 Galleons, 456 sickles, 12 Knuts; 1346 magical artefacts and 11,435 books

Slytherin

Family Vault: 23,586,346,013 Galleons, 752 sickles, 438 Knuts; 2131 magical artefacts and 18,975 books

Black

Trust Vault: 20,000 Galleons (self refilling, yearly from Black Family vault)

Family Vault: 94,356,203 Galleons, 648 sickles, 18 Knuts; 1643 magical artefacts and 15,802 books

Ravenclaw

Family Vault: 53,113,790,061 Galleons, 648 sickles, 18 Knuts; 9214 magical artefacts and 703,902 books

LeFey

Family Vault: 41,785,986,121 Galleons, 198 sickles, 90 Knuts; 2197 magical artefacts and 101,734 books

Emrys

Family Vault: 92,771,009,984 Galleons, 218 sickles, 93 Knuts; 3001 magical artefacts and 100,043 books

Gifts (to the Girl-Who-Lived): 14,000 Galleons, 679,003 sickles, 987,092 knuts, toys (6,003), letters (18,432), miscellaneous

Properties:

Potter

Potter Manor
Potter Cottage
Potter Villa
Marauder’s Den

Peverell
Peverell Castle
Peverell Manor

Gryffindor
Gryffindor Castle
Gryffindor Hall
Opaleye Hideaway

Slytherin
Slytherin Castle
Slytherin Manor
Naga’s Estate

Black
Castle Noir
Black Manor
12 Grimmauld Place
Isle Black
Villa de Noir
Sage Cottage

Ravenclaw
Ravenclaw Castle
Eagle’s Nest
LeFey

*LeFey Chateau*

*LeFey Lake*

Emrys

*Emrys Castle*

*Druid’s Cove*

**Magical Abilities:**

- Parseltongue (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)
- Parselmagic (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)
- Metamorphmagus (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)
- Mage Sight (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 10% broken)
- Magical Sensitivity (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)
- Shadow Walker (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)
- Elemental Affinity (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 70% broken)
- Blood Magic (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

**Skills:**

- Natural Occlumens (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 95% broken)
- Natural Legilimens (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 80% broken)
- Natural Healing (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)
- Eidetic Memory (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 60% broken)
- Potions (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)
- Charms (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)
- Transfiguration (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 80% broken)

**Magical Bonds:**
Twin Mind Connection (failed block by Albus Dumbledore)

Soulmate Bond (blocked by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)

Godfather Bond to Sirius Orion Black (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godfather Bond to Remus Lupin Black (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godmother Bond to Alice Longbottom (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godmother Bond to Bellatrix Lestrange née Black (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Creature Inheritance:

Veela

Magical Charms/Compulsions/Blocks:

Magical Core - Dark (blocked 85% by Albus Dumbledore - 90% broken)

Ihwaz Rune Protection (placed by Lily Potter)

Blood Ritual Protection (placed by Lily Potter)

Horcrux Scar (Tom Marvolo Riddle)

Blood Glamour (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)

Loyalty Keyed to:

Albus Dumbledore (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Molly Weasley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Ronald Weasley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Ginerva Weasley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Gryffindor House (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Obedience Keyed to:
Albus Dumbledore (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Vernon Dursley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Petunia Dursley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Distrust Keyed to:

Slytherin House (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)

Severus Snape (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)

Black Family (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Dark Magic (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)

Hadrian Cygnus Potter (placed by Albus Dumbledore - failed)

Shame Keyed to Home Life (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)

Tracking Charm (place by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)

Submissiveness Charm (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)

**Medical Health:**

Fractures

*Skull (age 5)*

*Ribs (age 5, 6, 7)*

*Right arm (age 3, 4, 5, 6, 7)*

*Left arm (age 3, 4, 5, 6, 7)*

*Right leg (age 4, 5, 7)*

*Left leg (age 5, 6, 7)*

Broken bones

*Left arm (age 6, 7)*
Right arm (age 5, 6, 8)

Fingers of the right hand (age 4, 5, 6, 7)

Fingers of the left hand (age 4, 5, 6, 7)

Ribs (age 5, 6, 7, 8)

Concussion (age 4, 5, 6, 6, 7)

Optic nerve damage (age 5)

Food Poisoning (age 5, 6, 7)

Bruising (recurrent age 3 through 8)

Lacerations on back, torso, legs and arms (recurrent age 4 through 8)

Burns - hands, arms, torso, and back (recurrent age 4 through 8)

Severe Vaginal Tears (recurrent age 6 through 8)

Severely Malnourished (age 2 through 8)

Nutrient Deficiency (age 2 through 8)

Anemia (age 2 through 8)

Stunted Growth (age 2 through 8)

Name:
Cygnus Hadrian Stilinski-Hale Potter Black [granted by Lady Magic]

Previously Hadrian Cygnus Potter-Black

Born:

31 July 2000; 11:58pm

Parents:

James Fleamont Potter (Birth Father) [deceased]
Lily Rose Potter née Evans (Birth Mother) [deceased]
Sirius Orion Black (Blood adopted Father - 1 August 2000) [compromised]
Remus John Lupin (Blood adopted Father - 1 August 2000) [declared unfit by the ministry]
Bellatrix Lestrange née Black (Blood adopted Mother - 1 August 2000) [compromised]
Mieczysław Genim Stilinski-Hale (Father - 22 September 2008 granted by Lady Magic)
Derek Samuel Stilinski-Hale (Father - 22 September 2008 granted by Lady Magic)

Godparents:

Sirius Orion Black (Godfather) [compromised]
Remus John Lupin (Godfather) [declared unfit by the ministry]
Alice Longbottom (Godmother) [compromised]
Bellatrix Lestrange née Black (Godmother) [compromised]

Magical Guardian:

Mieczysław Genim Stilinski-Hale (22 September 2008 - present)
Previously: Albus Dumbledore (2 November 2001 - 21 September 2008)

Inheritances:

Potter (Birth - Paternal) - Scion
Peverell (Birth - Paternal) - Eligible to claim Heir at 7
Gryffindor (Birth - Paternal) - Eligible to claim Heir at 5
Slytherin (Birth - Maternal) - Scion
Black (Blood Adoption - Paternal) - Eligible to claim Heir at 8
Ravenclaw (Magic) - Scion
LeFey (Magic) - Scion
Emrys (Magic) - Eligible to claim Heir, test required

**Vaults:**

**Potter**
Trust Vault: 10,000 Galleons (self refilling, yearly from Potter Family vault)
Family Vault: 34,693,839 Galleons, 839 Sickles, 910 Knuts; 189 magical artefacts and 1840 books

**Peverell**
Family Vault: 85,472,434 Galleons, 524 sickles, 818 Knuts; 1013 magical artefacts and 1920 books

**Gryffindor**
Family Vault: 39,874,346,013 Galleons, 456 sickles, 12 Knuts; 1346 magical artefacts and 11,435 books

**Slytherin**
Family Vault: 23,586,346,013 Galleons, 752 sickles, 438 Knuts; 2131 magical artefacts and 18,975 books

**Black**
Trust Vault: 20,000 Galleons (self refilling, yearly from Black Family vault)
Family Vault: 94,356,203 Galleons, 648 sickles, 18 Knuts; 1643 magical artefacts and 15,802 books

**Ravenclaw**
Family Vault: 53,113,790,061 Galleons, 648 sickles, 18 Knuts; 9214 magical artefacts and 703,902
LeFey

Family Vault: 41,785,986,121 Galleons, 198 sickles, 90 Knuts; 2197 magical artefacts and 101,734 books

Emrys

Family Vault: 92,771,009,984 Galleons, 218 sickles, 93 Knuts; 3001 magical artefacts and 100,043 books

**Properties:**

Potter

*Potter Manor*

*Potter Cottage*

*Potter Villa*

*Marauder's Den*

Peverell

*Peverell Castle*

*Peverell Manor*

Gryffindor

*Gryffindor Castle*

*Gryffindor Hall*

*Opaleye Hideaway*

Slytherin

*Slytherin Castle*

*Slytherin Manor*
Naga’s Estate

Black

Castle Noir

Black Manor

12 Grimmauld Place

Isle Black

Villa de Noir

Sage Cottage

Ravenclaw

Ravenclaw Castle

Eagle’s Nest

LeFey

LeFey Chateau

LeFey Lake

Emrys

Emrys Castle

Druid’s Cove

Magical Abilities:

Parseltongue (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)

Parselmagic (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

Metamorphmagus (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

Mage Sight (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 80% broken)

Magical Sensitivity (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 60% broken)

Shadow Walker (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 100% broken)
Elemental Affinity (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 70% broken)

Blood Magic (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

Skills:

Natural Occlumens (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 70% broken)

Natural Legilimens (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 80% broken)

Natural Healing (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 40% broken)

Eidetic Memory (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 85% broken)

Potions (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

Charms (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

Transfiguration (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore)

Magical Bonds:

Twin Mind Connection (failed block by Albus Dumbledore)

Soulmate Bond (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godfather Bond to Sirius Orion Black (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godfather Bond to Remus Lupin Black (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godmother Bond to Alice Longbottom (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Godmother Bond to Bellatrix Lestrange née Black (blocked by Albus Dumbledore)

Creature Inheritance:

Veela

Magical Charms/Compulsions/Blocks:

Magical Core - Grey (blocked 100% by Albus Dumbledore - 90% broken)

Pertho Rune Protection (placed by Lily Potter)
Blood Ritual Protection (placed by Lily Potter)

Loyalty Keyed to:
Albus Dumbledore (placed by Albus Dumbledore)
Molly Weasley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)
Ronald Weasley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)
Ginerva Weasley (placed by Albus Dumbledore)
Gryffindor House (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Obedience Keyed to:
Albus Dumbledore (placed by Albus Dumbledore)

Distrust Keyed to:
Slytherin House (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)
Severus Snape (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 75% broken)
Black Family (placed by Albus Dumbledore)
Dark Magic (placed by Albus Dumbledore - 50% broken)
Primrose Lyra Potter (placed by Albus Dumbledore - failed)

Medical History:
Bruising (age 5, 6)

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As Lyra looked down at her results she saw red. This man, this Albus Dumbledore, ruined her life. He was responsible for her suffering. She was going to kill him. She was going to make him suffer and then kill him and no one was going to stop her. As she read further down the parchment the temperature in the room began to drop and the surfaces began to ice over.

Cygnus was experiencing a similar emotion. His magical abilities were being stunted by this Albus Dumbledore person. Just who did he think he was? Loyalty and obedience? To people he didn’t
even know? Then there was Lyra’s results. He knew the abuse was bad, but to see it all laid out like that? He was furious. Everything that happened was this man’s fault. Cygnus was going to kill him. Gale force winds began to whip around him in anger, causing things to fly around the room.

Cygnus’ winds coupled with Lyra’s ice caused a blizzard to start up in the room. In their anger, their eyes glowed golden, their facial features began to shift, and they grew fangs and claws.

Severus’ was freezing and he wanted to leave the room but he couldn’t take his eyes off of Lyra and Cygnus. First the powerful display of elemental magic and now this? Their features shifted and he didn’t know what to make of it. It was definitely canine in nature but they couldn’t be werewolves. Werewolves only shifted on the full moon. This had to be something different. Some other creature he wasn’t familiar with.

Derek was very close to losing his temper. The more he looked at the results the harder it became to calm his wolf. He already beta shifted and it took everything in him not to hunt down Albus Dumbledore and rip his throat out right then and there. Cygnus and Lyra were his betas, his pack, his pups. He loved them unconditionally and to actually see what the man had done to them? He needed to focus on his anchor, his family, just to keep himself seated.

Stiles was full of fury. Oh, he was shocked at first. To see that the great Albus Dumbledore, hero, and leader of the light, was responsible for his children’s suffering was unbelievable. But just like with Severus, he knew he shouldn’t base his opinion of people on books. If anything signified that this universe was nothing like the Harry Potter books he knew, this was it. Albus Dumbledore was a despicable man and Stiles was going to do everything in his power to stop him.

It was then that Stiles finally noticed how cold it was in the room. Severus was shivering and Stiles had to squint to see what was going on. Lyra and Cygnus were beta shifted and were the cause of the blizzard currently happening in the room. There was already a foot of snow on the ground and it was getting deeper. He spotted Ragnok and another goblin by the door watching the scene with interest. More impressed with the display of power than the fact that the office was being destroyed. Derek was also beta shifted and as lost in his anger as the twins.

Stiles placed his hands on either side on Derek’s face, forcing him to look up. “Calm down. I know you’re furious. I am too. But your children need you. They need their alpha.” Stiles pushed Derek’s head so he was now looking at his children who were lost in their anger.

Derek nodded, gaining control of his emotions and got up. He nudged Stiles towards Severus who was huddled in a ball from how cold he was. Stiles got the message and wrapped himself around Severus, shielding his face and covering his ears. He put up a silencing ward just as a precaution.

Derek’s eyes glowed red and he roared, long, loud, and commanding. It was that of an alpha calling out to his betas. However, rather than a feeling of anger, it projected a feeling of safety. The blizzard stopped and the two betas turned towards their alpha, the glow from their eyes fading. With their anger gone all that was left was their sadness. They rushed forward and threw themselves into the arms of their Papa. The group collapsed into the snow at their feet and held each other. Stiles soon joined the group on the ground and held his family as they cried.

Severus watched the family in front of him. He hadn’t seen what was on the parchment but for it to cause that kind of reaction it couldn’t be anything good. Just as he was about to avert his eyes, Lyra peaked up over Derek’s shoulder. She still had that canine-esque look about her but her eyes, now rimmed red, were soft. She held a clawed hand out to Severus, beckoning him over with a small smile on her face. He walked over and sat next to the group on the ground, taking her hand in his.

Ragnok cleared his throat, alerting the others to his presence. “I have healer Maben here who will
escort you to the ritual room for the cleansing.”

Stiles got up first. “Sorry about the mess, let me just.” With a wave of his hand the ice and snow vanished, the books and papers that went flying around the room righted themselves, and anything that had broken was fixed.

Lyra and Cygnus got up next. “We’re sorry for the mess.” they both said as they shifted out of their beta form.

“We lost control of our anger,” Lyra said looking disappointed in herself.

“And our magic got away from us,” Cygnus continued looking equally as disappointed.

“We promise to try to keep our tempers in check from now on,” they finished with a respectful bow.

Ragnok waved his hand. “It is of no consequence. It has been ages since true children of the moon have graced these halls. But the question is, are you children of Lycaon or children of La Loba?”

“La Loba,” Derek answered. He was surprised. Most knew the story of Lycaon and his sons but few knew of La Loba and her daughters. It was the one difference between the two, children of Lycaon were descendants of people who turned into wolves. But children of La Loba were descendants of wolf spirits, brought back to the living realm, who turned into people.

“Then I must warn you to be careful, the status of children of the moon has been tainted over the past few centuries. False children, cursed children, have taken the name meant for your kind. It’s not their fault that wizards aren’t able to tell the difference between creature species but the misconception remains.”

“Cursed children,” Cygnus said a thoughtful look on his face. “You mean, rouxgarou?”

“Clever boy,” Maben commented. “Yes, there are many rouxgarou within the wizarding community and unfortunately, most wizards regard them as being the only type of werewolf.”

Cygnus nodded. “Is that why we call ourselves shifters Papa?”

“Yes, as children of La Loba we are not cursed. Our wolf is a gift. Those of us who are born wolves are just that. We are born with our wolf spirit as being a part of us. It’s who we are. The same goes for bitten wolves. You are given the gift of the wolf spirit and the two spirits become one.”

“Whereas the rouxgarou are cursed. The wolf spirit is forced onto them like an infection. The cursed human refuses to accept the wolf, locking them away for most of the month. This is what causes the forced shift on the full moon. It’s when they’re strongest and able to break free, but because they aren’t one with their human host they’re feral and run off pure instinct.”

“Really?” Severus asked. He didn’t know any of this as apparently it was not common knowledge among wizards.

“Yes, we can shift between human and wolf or be in a between form called a beta shift, but technically we’re not werewolves. Though people do refer to us as such,” Derek said.

“Ah yes, Potions Master Snape, I believe your account managers will be here in just a moment. If you could wait here while the Stilinski-Hale family goes with Maben to the ritual room.”
“Of course,” Severus said as he took a seat at the desk.

With that said the Stilinski-Hale family filed out of the room behind Maben, leaving Severus to wait. He didn’t wait long for a few moments later two more goblins entered the room. One Severus recognized as Stak, his account manager for his personal vaults, the other he was unfamiliar with.

“Potions Master Snape, I am Vrallag, account manager for the Prince vaults,” the unfamiliar goblin stated as they sat down. “During a recent audit we discovered that you have not claimed your Prince Lordship nor have you been managing your accounts. Your magical guardian has been handling everything but seeing as how you are an adult now, we see no need for your magical guardian to keep control of your accounts.”

Severus frowned. “My mother was disowned from the Prince family. We aren’t in contact with them.”

“Yes your mother was, but you were not. You were named heir to the Prince family and when Lord Prince passed, that title was to be passed to you.” Vrallag explained. “However, Lord Prince passed while you were in Azkaban and as such, your magical guardian claimed the vaults in your stead and sealed Lord Prince’s will.”

“My only magical guardian is my mother, Eileen Snape.”

Vrallag shook his head. “Unfortunately not, because your mother was disowned the Ministry saw it fit to appoint you a magical guardian, that position is held by Albus Dumbledore.”

Severus narrowed his eyes. “And how do I go about fixing this situation?”

Vrallag nodded in approval. “Claim the Prince Lordship and as Head of House you will have complete control over the all Prince accounts.”

“But first,” Stak said pushing a vial and dagger towards Severus. “Merely a formality but it must be done.”

“Understandable,” Severus agreed. He cut his finger and let the required number of drops fall into the vial. While Vrallag swirled the potion and poured it onto the parchment, Severus healed his finger and cleaned off the dagger before placing it back on the desk.

Once the parchment settled, Stak and Vrallag looked over the results. Anger clouded their faces as they spoke in gobbledygook to each other. Vrallag handed the parchment over to Severus and stood up. “We will be needing another healer. It looks like you will be needing your own magical purge. I’ll tell them to ready another ritual room.”

Severus’ eyes widened in fear and he quickly grabbed the parchment to look it over. As he held his results sheet in his hand Severus felt his control shatter. He was absolutely furious.

He was under a truly abhorrent number of loyalty, distrust, and hatred charms as well have having been subjected to copious amounts of obliviates, compulsions, and memory altering spells. There were also several blocks placed on his magic and abilities. Most of them done by Albus Dumbledore but there were a few done by Molly Weasley, Andromeda Tonks, and to his surprise, a few memory altering rituals done by Lily. But she also placed blood protection rituals and runic protections upon him so he figured Lily must have done what she did for a reason.

Surprisingly the only things placed by the Dark Lord or according to the parchment, Tom Riddle, were the Dark Mark and a variety of protection charms.
Severus was shocked and angry but mostly confused. How had all of this happened without him even noticing?

As Severus thought it over, Vrallag returned with another goblin. “I am healer Abrone. You will follow me Potions Master Snape.”

Severus could only nod as he followed Abrone out of the room.

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Once the cleansing rituals were over, Cygnus, Lyra, and Severus all felt drained but also lighter than they had in years. Their magical cores were shining brightly and radiating power now that they were no longer bound. Getting through everything else at Gringotts turned out to be not as difficult as they thought.

According to the inheritance tests, Lady Magic had recognized the adoption and name change of Lyra and Cygnus and said change had been filed within the Ministry from the date it was done. No one would be able to contest it since anything granted by Lady Magic was writ and must be followed.

Since all the political and adoption things had been dealt with they went about claiming their titles, which turned out to be pretty easy. All they had to do was try on the house rings and if they were deemed worthy they’d be able to claim the title for that house. In the end, Lyra held the Potter, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, and LeFey heirships while Cygnus held the Peverell, Gryffindor, Black, and Emrys heirships. Once they became of age they’d be able to claim the Lordship or Ladyship of each house except for the Black Lordship. Cygnus would have to wait for the current Black Lord to pass before being able to claim it.

Along with their heirship rings were their signet rings, one for each house, which also allowed for a blanket access to those vaults. Using the signet rings they were able to pay for purchases by pressing it against an invoice parchment. A copy would immediately be sent to Gringotts and the transfer of funds would occur. The Potter and Black signet rings only allowed for access to the trust vaults until they became of age, but the other houses had no such stipulation allowing them full access to the family vaults.

All rings would remain hidden unless the wearer chose to have it be visible.

As all but the Potter and Black vaults had been considered inactive they all fell under the jurisdiction of the head of Gringott’s, which just so happened to be the Potter and Black account manager, Chief Ragnock. So he would personally be handling any changes, investments, and invoices coming through for all of their accounts.

Once that was dealt with they had to go over finances. It was a lot but the gist of it was, for the past 10 years withdraws and allocations of both money and assets had been made from the Potter Trust and Potter Family vaults. Money had been going to the Dursley family, a few women named Molly Weasley, Andromeda Tonks, and Nymphadora Tonks, some organization called “The Order”, and Albus Dumbledore’s personal accounts. Several books and artifacts had also been taken from the vault.

Unfortunately, they wouldn’t be able to recall all the money, seeing as how, as magical guardian, Albus had the right to do what he wanted with his access to the vaults. But due to the change of magical guardian as granted by Lady Magic, they were able to deem every transaction made after the 22nd of September 2008 as being illegally made and could be recalled with interest. They decided that a recall of the items and money from the Dursley would be in order but just stopping
the monthly transactions without notifying the other recipients would be fine. They didn’t want to draw too much attention to the situation yet.

With Stiles being the twins magical guardian, also granted by Lady Magic, it put him in charge of their finances and political proxies until they became of age. Stiles promised to take it seriously and to make sure to read up and research everything he would need to know. He and Lydia would have a lot of work to do. He also gave the goblins blanket permission to say whatever they wanted if anyone came in to complain about the funds no longer being transferred into their account as long as they didn’t reveal that it was due to the Potter Vaults being under the control of a new magical guardian. The goblins gladly agreed to this, having a strong dislike for thieves.

Lastly they purchased money pouches for 5 galleons each. These had a direct connection to their trust vaults and would be used for smaller purchases that didn’t require an invoice. All they had to do was reach into the bag, thinking of the amount they wanted, and it would appear in the bag.

With everything sorted they were able to leave the bank, surprisingly, just a little past noon.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Enter the Malfoy family.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As the group entered the shop a witch came out of the back and introduced herself as Madam Malkin.

“Hogwarts?”

“Yes ma’am,” Lyra said.

“For both of us,” Cygnus added on.

“Very well, into the back both of you. I have a young man who just arrived that is also getting fitted for Hogwarts.”

“Ah! Severus dear! So good to see you, how is your mother?”

Lyra and Cygnus entered the back as Madam Malkin spoke with Severus. Two young women greeted them and told them to step up onto the stools where they began taking their measurements.

There was another boy standing on a third stool. He had white-blonde hair that had been slicked back, ice grey eyes, and fair, alabaster skin. He was almost doll like with his sharp, aristocratic features but also held an angelic air to him.

Cygnus couldn't help but think how pretty the boy was. He subtly scented the air and a wave of happiness went through him, causing his wolf to start yipping in joy.

The boy glanced over at them. “Are you going to Hogwarts too? You must be, it’s the only magical school in Britain. It’s not as though there’s a choice. Are you first years? You look like first years. If not, you're rather small for second or third years.”

“We are first years yes,” Cygnus replied.

“Do you know what house you’ll be in? No one really knows of course, but I'm definitely going to be in Slytherin. It's the best house wouldn't you agree?”

“If no one really knows what house they're going to be in, how do you know that will be your house?”

“Everyone in my family has been. It's expected. Have you bought your supplies yet? My father is picking mine up for me.”

“We have,” Cygnus smirked holding up the chain with his trunk attached to it. “It cost extra to apply the shrinking and featherlight charm as well as the added attachment but we felt it was worth
“Oh, that’s really clever! You’ll probably be in Ravenclaw then.”

“Wasn’t really our idea. The Hogwarts representative that brought us here suggested it.”

“Representative? What would you need one of those for? Are you mug-ow!” The blonde boy yelped and rubbed the spot where he got stabbed with a needle.

“Oh, sorry hun,” the witch working on his robes said, while not seeming sorry at all. “Well that’s you done. Hop on down, you can make your way to the front of the store.”

“Oh, um, okay.” The boy slowly stepped off the stool in what seemed to be an attempt at being regal but really just came off as awkward. The boy seemed to take his time, hovering by the curtain and shooting hopeful glances at the twins.

Cygnus glanced at his sister and withheld a smirk. The boy didn't even introduce himself. He smelled nervous and eager, probably wanting to make friends, but not knowing how. He was probably trying to make himself sound impressive so they’d want to be friends with him. The poor boy probably didn't know that his attitude came off more as being arrogant.

‘Poor thing,’ Lyra sent to her brother.

‘Be nice.’

‘He’s so cute and unsure. Let's keep him.’

‘We can't keep people.’

‘Ah, but you want to. I can tell.’

‘Shut up.’

Draco was still hovering by the entrance so Lyra raised her eyebrows in a way that meant ‘well go on then!’

“Wait,” Cygnus called out. “We didn't catch your name?”

“Oh right! I’m Draco! I mean,” he cleared his throat and tried, but failed, to school the bright smile off his face. “I’m Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.”

“That's you two done. You may make your way to the front.”

They both said their thanks and stepped down, approaching Draco.

Cygnus held out his hand. “I’m Cygnus Stilinski-Hale.”

Draco took his hand and shook it. “It's a pleasure to meet you.”

“I’m Lyra Stilinski-Hale,” Lyra said holding her own hand out.

Instead of shaking it, Draco took it in his own and kissed the air above it. “A pleasure to meet you.”

Lyra giggled and pretended to blush while she discreetly shot Cygnus a smirk.
Cygnus in return subtly growled at her and mentally told her to shut up.

“You said your father was picking up your other supplies. Did you have to meet him somewhere or were you to wait here for him?”

“Mother is supposed to be meeting me here and then he was going to meet us at Ollivander’s to get my wand.”

“Oh good, we were going to get our wands as well. We could all go together,” Cygnus suggested as they stepped past the curtains.

“That sounds like a great idea! Oh, there’s my mother! Mother!”

The woman Draco rushed towards was tall and slim with long blonde hair that held a slight curl to it and sharp blue eyes. She had beautiful, fair, unblemished skin and greeted Draco with a kind smile. “What’s got you so excited Draco, dear?”

“Mother, this is Cygnus and Lyra Stilinski-Hale. Cygnus, Lyra, this is my mother, Lady Narcissa Malfoy,” Draco introduced.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Lady Malfoy,” Cygnus and Lyra greeted.

“Please, call me Cissa. I insist,” Narcissa replied. The two smiled at her in return.

“Papa, Dad, this is Draco Malfoy,” Cygnus introduced. “Draco, this is our Papa, Derek Stilinski-Hale and our Dad, Stiles Stilinski-Hale.”

Draco looked over at the two unfamiliar men standing next to his mother.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Draco paused, unsure of how to continue. He wanted to make a good impression on the parents of whom he hoped would be his first friends that he made all by himself but he didn’t know what title he should use or if he should use one. He didn’t want to be disrespectful. “Mr. Stilinski-Hale and Mr. Stilinski-Hale.”

Stiles laughed. “Call me Stiles, please, being addressed as a mister makes me feel so old.”

“Yes, you can just call me Derek.”

Draco nodded. He was a little embarrassed but at least they weren’t angry.

“Mother, Cygnus and Lyra are going to be first years at Hogwarts as well. Do you think they could come with us and we can go get our wands together?”

Narcissa smiled indulgently, glad to see her little dragon so excited. “I have no objections to it. But I believe that decision should be up to their parents.” She smiled at the two men standing next to her.

When she came into the shop she had been surprised to see Severus but he explained that he was escorting the Stilinski-Hale family on their first trip to Diagon Alley. Since she needed to wait for Draco anyway she struck up a conversation with the couple and found they were rather good conversationalists. Both men were intelligent in their own right, although Stiles seemed more keen to do most of the talking.

The two men looked at each other. Derek tipped his head and Stiles just smiled. “We have no issues with it. Severus? Are you finished? We’re about to leave.”
Severus looked up from where he had just finished purchasing something from the front counter and walked over.

“Uncle Severus!” Draco exclaimed giving his godfather a hug.

“Hello Draco,” Severus said, hugging his godson back.

Lyra and Cygnus both let out subvocal growls at the action, catching both Derek and Stiles by surprise. Derek placed a firm, warning hand on each of their shoulders, and the two stopped and glanced up at their Papa.

Derek just raised an eyebrow at them and they at least looked properly chastised. He released them and the two moved closer once Draco and Severus stopped hugging.

Cygnus, being taller, draped an arm over Draco’s shoulders, pulling him close. Draco looked surprised at first but smiled and leaned into the touch. Meanwhile Lyra leaned against Severus’ arm and smiled up at him sweetly, causing him to blush slightly before he quickly covered it up behind his normal mask.

Narcissa however did not miss the reaction and filed it away to ponder later.

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Ollivander was strange. When they entered the shop he appeared from the shadows and spoke about previous wands that he had sold to their parents. He was odd, but he seemed like a good man.

He started with Draco. He went through several different wands, some of them reacting violently while others didn’t react at all.

“Hawthorn and unicorn hair. Ten inches precisely. Go on, give it a wave.”

Draco waved the wand and golden sparks lit up the room.

“Oh well done! That’s you done then!”

Next he worked on Lyra. Wand after wand he tried but none seemed to work. “Hm, I wonder.” Derek and Stiles glanced at each other, wondering about what the wand was going to be. Olivander returned and held out a wand. “Maybe this one, holly with a phoenix feather core. Ten inches.”

Lyra held it in her hand and frowned. It shot off a few blue sparks but didn’t do much more than that.

“Close, but not a perfect match,” Olivander looked at Lyra then glanced at Cygnus. He started mumbling something about twins and siblings and then rushed to the back.

He came back holding two boxes. “A few years ago I awoke one night with an idea for a unique type of wand. One wand is holly blended with yew while the other is english oak blended with fir wood. Both wands have twin cores. Phoenix feathers from the same phoenix wrapped around a shard of horned serpent horn given from the same serpent that had been coated in basilisk venom.”

As soon as he opened the boxes the wands within flew out and straight into the hands of Lyra and Cygnus. The holly and yew one went to Lyra while the english oak and fir one went to Cygnus. A variety of multicolored sparks and flower petals flew out of the wands and encompassed them in a gentle swirl. Soft hissing filled the air and the scent of earth and ozone was abundant. It was a
beautiful display that spoke of brilliant power. Once everything settled a sense of peace swept through the group.

“Such a display. I’ve never seen anything like it. I expect great things from you two. The tides of the wizarding world will certainly be changing for the better.”

They purchased their wands along with holsters for all three children and then left the shop. Sometime during the wand testing Lucius had shown up and as he praised Draco on acquiring his wand he caught the eye of the two men who were parents to a pair of astonishingly powerful twins.

Lucius had never seen them before and they weren't dressed in robes so his first thought was that they were muggles. He had nothing against muggles personally. He didn't mind them as long as the majority of them stayed away from the wizarding world. But after the display of power from the twins he had to wonder. He opened up his senses and was overcome with the wave of power emanating from both of them.

Stiles and Derek were also curious about Lucius. From the books they knew him to not be a good person but with how different everyone was, they wanted to know just how different Lucius was.

Introductions were made and an invitation to the Malfoy Manor was made to the Stilinski-Hale family for lunch on the first Sunday of August. Severus was also invited but that went without saying. Severus was family and had his own quarters within the manor.

Both Lucius and Narcissa wanted to know more about them after seeing their power and because they also sensed that they would become a part of their lives very soon if Draco and Severus had anything to say about it.

Chapter End Notes

that's Diagon Alley done! i hope it read well. i didn't want to spend too much time here; i really am excited to get started writing about Hogwarts. we have a bit more to go before we get there, i have one more plot point to touch on at the Malfoy's but after that it's off to Hogwarts!
The following Sunday, Severus apparated to Surrey to pick up the Stilinski-Hales. He got there a bit early but it was fine with everyone because the whole pack had missed Severus and wanted to dote on him. They all greeted him with hugs, scent marking him in the process, before leading him over to the living area just to spend time with him. Lyra stayed glued to his side the entire time.

When it was nearing time to arrive at the manor Stiles opened a portal to the Leaky Cauldron. It was from there that they would be flooing to Malfoy Manor. Severus would go first since he was keyed into the wards and from there he’d keep the floo open so they could all come through.

Floo travel was a strange experience that Cygnus and Derek seemed to master immediately but both Lyra and Stiles ended up stumbling out of the floo. If not for Severus and Derek catching them they would have landed on their faces.

With Lyra in his arms and Severus being in a safe and familiar place surrounded by people he trusted, his glamour melted away, revealing the beautiful young Veela beneath.

“Thank you Sev,” Lyra said as she caressed his cheek. With him in his true form he was less than a foot taller than she was, standing at five foot and six inches, so she could easily reach his face.

Severus smiled at her shyly and ducked his head, trying to hide behind his hair. An action which Lyra was having none of, as she reached up again and brushed his hair behind his ear.

Lucius and Narcissa, who had been in the floo room in order to greet their guests, glanced at each other, sharing a look of shock. For Severus to reveal his true nature in front of these people after only knowing them for a short amount of time, it was unheard of from a creature. Especially a submissive like Severus was. They knew the dangers of revealing themselves to the wrong person.

Unfortunately as it was some wizards were all too willing to take advantage of a submissive veela. Since veela were considered creatures, and dark ones on top of that, many wizards didn't consider it wrong to force themselves onto a submissive veela who had come into their creature inheritance.

If Severus was that confident in his trust with this family then they must be something special. They watched as Lyra seemed to shower Severus with positive attention and touches that he relaxed into.

Narcissa wondered what Lyra’s parents thought of her behavior seeing as the girl was still just eleven and Severus was much older than she. To her surprise they just looked fond. It made her wonder if they were creatures too. That seemed the only logical explanation for Severus to be so comfortable with revealing himself and her parents being okay with such an age gap.

Lucius’ first thought was that this girl must be Severus’ mate. But the girl was only eleven! There’s
no way she could have gotten her creature inheritance yet. If she would have one at all it wouldn’t present itself until her fourteenth birthday. But as a submissive himself he knew the signs. He had acted the same way when he first met Narcissa and she towards him; he would automatically drift into Narcissa’s orbit, unable to hide how much he craved her attention and affection, but she would always be kind and gentle with him, despite the fact that neither of them had come into their inheritance yet. It was in their blood, an instinctual reaction that was just part of their nature. The care with which Lyra treated Severus and the way he automatically gravitated towards her? Lyra had to be Severus’ dominate.

But Stilinski-Hale? It was definitely not a pureblood name. Maybe they were half-bloods? They still didn’t know their family history. Regardless they had to be magical since he could sense power radiating from the two.

While they waited for the food to finish being prepared by the house elves, the group found themselves in the family sitting room. A few different conversations going on at once. Draco was chattering away at Cygnus about quidditch. A game Cygnus knew nothing about and so Draco took it upon himself to explain the whole thing to him and talk about the best quidditch teams.

Lyra was happily curled next to Severus, her first year potions book open on her lap and a pen in her hand, making annotations within the book as she read it with Severus. Some were remarks from Severus but what really surprised him was the knowledge she already seemed to have about some of the plants that were mentioned. She talked about properties and uses for the plants that Severus had never heard of before. Having learned druidic magic she had knowledge of some plants that wizards didn’t possess. Soon enough Severus pulled out a notebook of his own and started taking notes on what she was saying.

“Lyra seems like a very bright girl,” Narcissa said as they listened in on her going on about different types of mosses and their uses.

“She is. Both of them are very into plants. They spend so much free time out in the forest that if they could I’m sure they’d want to move there,” Stiles said.

“The forest? You don’t have greenhouses?” Lucius asked.

“Not greenhouses no. Most of the plants we use come straight from the forest or our garden,” Derek said. “Any other vegetables or fruits we may want we purchase from local farmers.”

“Are you,” Narcissa paused, she could sense power from them, just like Lucius but she wasn’t sure what kind. She wanted confirmation one way or another. “Non-magicals then?”

Stiles glanced at the children and Severus, who were all too wrapped up in their conversations to notice anything else, and then threw up a few privacy wards around their little group.

“I’m just gonna say it,” Stiles started to say. Derek shot him a look. “Oh don’t look at me like that sourwolf, one of us has to say something.”

Derek just raised his eyebrows at him, but leaned back into his seat, allowing Stiles to take the floor.

“The short answer is no, we are not non-magicals, or muggles are you call them. Personally I prefer the term mundane but to each their own. However we are not wizards either.”

Before they could continue on a house elf popped into the room. They started to announce that lunch was ready but took one look at Stiles, let out a squeak, and popped away.
Narcissa and Lucius looked at the two curiously as Derek had burst out laughing while Stiles hung his head and groaned.

“Stop laughing, it’s not funny!” Stiles looked up. “How many house elves do you have?”

Lucius raised his eyebrows in surprise at the subject change. “We have eight. The manor is rather large and would take too much out of one elf to maintain. Tilsey is the head elf in charge and she’s the one who assigns duties to the other elves.”

Derek shrugged. “It’s only eight.”

“Still,” Stiles said. With a wave of his hand he took down the wards and after apologizing to the Malfoy’s for the oncoming display, informed everyone that they would be having company.

Eight house elves popped into the room with Tilsey taking the lead. “Master Malfoy and Mistress Malfoy, Tilsey apologizes for intrusion but Tilsey and other elfies sensed great power enter the manor earlier. When Tilsey came here to announce lunch, Tilsey discovered where the power came from and in Tilsey’s excitement, informed other elfies. Elfies think we knows the source but elfies just wanted to makes sure.”

Lucius glanced at his wife who inclined her head. After giving his permission the house elves gathered around Stiles.

“Is it truly you’s? You’s are High Elfi Ancir?” Tilsey asked in a language that neither the Malfoy’s nor Severus had ever heard spoken before.

“Yes and no. You must understand, I am not of this world. I traveled here with my family from another universe. One that was dying. In an attempt to save another world from befalling the same fate the bloodbourne elves came to me and asked that I allow them to bless me with their magic so that I would be able to perform the ritual that brought us here. High Elf Ancir was the one who performed the ritual to give me his magic. They were the ones that granted me with knowledge of the arcane ritual that brought me here. I offered to bring them with me but they couldn’t. They were bound to that earth and any attempt to separate them from it would end in their death.”

The house elves all nodded. They knew of the rituals that Stiles spoke of. They also knew how important a binding was. To break it meant death.

“Because I was gifted their power, I do have the power to help you if you so wish it. But if I do I would have to inform your Master and Mistress.”

“That would be’s okay! Master Malfoy and Mistress Malfoy are very kind! They’s has been fighting for us elfies in the Ministry and trying to see that we are treated better,” Tilsey informed Stiles. “It be’s okay to tell them.”

Stiles turned to address Narcissa and Lucius. “Okay, so the gist is that I have bloodbourne elf magic in me, aka the race of elves that originally cast out the highbourne elves for revolting. These highbourne elves are who you now know of as house elves. They had been cut off from using arcane magic when they stole knowledge from druids and attempted to drain the bloodbourne elves of their magic. That’s why they must bond with a wizards magic. If they don’t they will die.”

“This all happened many centuries ago but magic has a memory and the elves you now know of as being house elves today are still paying the price for something committed by their ancestors. However, I have the ability to give your house elves access to arcane magic again. They will still be bound to you, because to an elf a binding is sacred and your elves have high regards for you.
But they will be stronger and be able to perform more magic.”

Lucius didn’t even have to think about it. The thought of being cut off from magic at all sounded awful and to be cut off from it for a crime you didn’t commit personally was horrible. He immediately agreed, much to the joy of the house elves and Stiles went about performing the ritual to unbind the elves.

Stiles began to chant in the language of the elves. As the chanting went on a silver glow began to emanate from the ground where the house elves were standing. Stiles made a slicing motion with his right hand across his left palm and a cut appeared. The blood that flowed from the wound moved outwards and formed symbols that were elvish in origin on the foreheads of each of the eight elves. The symbols glowed and a white dome surrounded the elves, hiding them from view. There was a pulse and as Stiles stopped his chanting the dome shimmered and faded to reveal the elves in their true form.

They were taller, standing between five to six feet, and their heads, eyes, and noses were now in proportion with their bodies. Their ears were still large and pointed but they pointed up rather than flopped down. One of the stranger changes was the change in color. Their skin tone and eye color now varied from elf to elf, some were bronze, copper, or fair with a purple or blue tint with eyes of blue, violet, green, silver, or brown. The elves also now had hair in various shades but whatever shade it was in complimented their skin tone perfectly.

It was, odd. They were so humanoid in appearance that one could accidentally mistake one for a human if they weren’t looking properly.

The elves themselves were ecstatic. They took a few moments to revel in their new appearances and power levels before crowding around Stiles, crying and thanking him for his kindness. Then they rushed as a group towards Narcissa and Lucius, thanking them for being so kind as to allow Stiles to grant them access to their magic again.

To which the Malfoy’s waved away, stating that it wasn’t right for them to be cut off from their magic for a deed they did not commit.

The elves cried and thanked them for being such good masters before popping away to get back to their tasks and test out their new abilities. Tilsey was the last to leave, stating the lunch was ready for them if they would just make their way to the dining room.

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Lunch was an interesting affair. As it happened, Derek's phone went off during the meal which, after the call was taken care of, spurred a conversation about muggle technology.

“How did you get it to work?” Lucius asked.

“What do you mean?” Derek replied.

“Muggle devices aren’t supposed to work around magic.”

“According to who? Have you ever tried it?” Stiles asked.

Lucius paused. Now that he thought about it he didn’t actually know. It was just something he grew up being told.

“I have,” Narcissa said to Lucius’ surprise. “It was during school, remember Severus? You were only a first year then. You brought that device with you to school, what was it called?”
"A Game Boy."

"Right! You said it was working fine on the train but when you tried to use it at school it broke," Narcissa said. "Severus was so upset and I, being the fifth year prefect at the time, tried to console him by explaining to him that muggle electronic devices simply didn’t work around magic."

"And I didn’t believe you because that explanation didn’t make sense. There was no logical reason as to why magic shouldn’t work around electronics and I was right. So when Lily went home during winter break I asked her to bring back whatever electronic devices she could spare and wouldn’t mind if they broke. She came back with loads of stuff and together the three of us figured out that magic works just fine around muggle devices. It was just that Hogwarts itself had wards on the grounds that prevented muggle technology from working."

"You’re joking!" Lyra cried out.

"Unfortunately, I am not. Technology just isn’t going to work at Hogwarts."

Narcissa shrugged. "It’s just the way things are. Several other wizarding places like the Ministry and Diagon Alley have the same anti muggle technology wards up. It’s one of the ways wizards are trying to keep the muggle world separate from the wizarding one. They think that by making muggleborns and half bloods give up muggle technology it will help secure the Statute of Secrecy."

Lyra’s eyes widened as she glanced at Cygnus. ‘We’re going to have to have to work on our portals.’

‘Will that even work?’

‘It’ll have to. How else are we going to be able to keep up with everything.’

‘Maybe we can get one of those two-way mirrors Severus mentioned?’

“Excuse me you two,” Stiles said. “Care to share your thoughts?”

“We’re trying to think of another way to keep in contact with everyone, keep up to date with our shows, and stay in touch with our online friends.” Lyra explained.

“Yeah, we don’t want to be cut off from the rest of the world for the majority of the year. It’s impractical.” Cygnus pointed out. “Do those in charge honestly believe that those raised outside of the wizarding world will give up everything just to move here?”

“Maybe in the past it was easier but with the advancement of technology and entertainment? I honestly can’t see it happening. I certainly won’t be able to. Even without the temptation of the internet, tv shows, and music, I’d never be able to leave my family behind.” Lyra looked up at Severus. “Only those of wizarding blood are allowed to live in the wizarding world right? They don’t allow others?”

Severus shook his head. “The Statute of Secrecy must be upheld. The only time muggles are allowed into the wizarding world is if they’re escorted and even then they aren’t permitted to live here.”

“Not even if they’re married to someone magical?”

“Unfortunately not. If a magical decides to marry a muggle they must live in the muggle world.”
“Oh, but they are still allowed to come and go from the wizarding world right? They don’t get cut off from it?”

“Yes, they are still able to enter into the wizarding world at their leisure. They have every right to be here as any other magical,” Narcissa explained. “The only instances in which the Statute can be broken is if a magical child is involved. A muggle born child’s parents must be informed or if a magical and muggle have a child who also is magical, only then can the muggle be told.”

“Oh,” Lyra frowned. That didn’t sound right to her. Yes, she agreed that the statute needed to be kept, but surely there was a better way to go about sharing the secret besides waiting until a child is involved. Couldn’t waiting put that child in potential danger?

“What about anti anti wards?” Stiles suggested.

Everyone looked at him.

“No just, hear me out. If there are wards that prevent muggle tech from working then can’t we make wards that prevent those wards from working? An anti anti ward?”

“It’s not,” Narcissa paused. “I suppose one could, it might take a while to find the right rune combination but it could certainly be doable.”

“Great! Wards and runes happen to be something I excel at so I’m sure I’ll be able to come up with something.”

“Like the WWN,” Severus said. “It was adapted from muggle radio and was made to work even with the wards in place.”

“Oh that’s brilliant! I’ll just have to adapt the runes from that so that it can work for other tech like phones and laptops.”

“And tv’s,” Cygnus added. “We want to be able to watch The X Factor this year. I have a feeling that it’s going to be a good one.”

“I think we can just use the portals for that though, right?” Lyra said. “I mean having a tv on hand would be pretty distracting, at least for our first year. Besides watching it with everyone is what makes it fun.”

“Sounds like a plan. I’ll get to work on the wards and depending on how difficult they are, I’ll try to have it ready by Christmas. It can be one of your presents if you do well in your courses. Does that sound fair?”

“Yes Dad!” Lyra and Cygnus chorused.

Chapter End Notes

thoughts? was it good? bad? confusing? i know it seems a little out there. i DID tag that i was taking liberties with magical theories and creature lore. this just happened to be one of those instances. but i mean, it's fiction. we can write it however we want right?
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Platform 9 3/4 and the Hogwarts Express!

Chapter Notes

Lyra and Cygnus meet new people! Yay!

Please remember the tags. I needed someone to be an antagonist and unfortunately, as much as I normally adore Ron, he's an antagonist in this fic. If you're not for Ron bashing well, I did have it in the tags since the beginning so it's not as though you weren't warned!

The last week of August was spent in London. The pack drove out a few days earlier to allow everyone ample amount of time to explore Diagon Alley. They went in small groups every day so that Lyra and Cygnus could buy anything else they could possibly need or want to furnish and stock their trunks. Plus Lydia and Peter had a field day raiding Flourish and Blotts as well as other smaller bookshops in other alleys.

When September 1st finally rolled around the Hale Pack arrived at King’s Cross early, 9:40am to be exact, with the platform itself opening at 10am, and made their way to the platform entrance. The whole pack wanted to see Lyra and Cygnus off, not to mention there was the curiosity bubbling in everyone of wanting to see the actual Platform 9 ¾ and Hogwarts Express. With the group being as large as they were they looked a bit out of place hovering around the platform but they wanted to get there before the rush. At 10am exactly there was a subtle burst of magical energy coming from one of the columns, signifying that the entrance was now open, and the Hale pack made their way through.

Everyone was in awe. The Hogwarts Express was breathtakingly beautiful. Since close to no one else was around many of the pack rushed towards the train and began taking pictures in front of it before they could get caught. Stiles took pictures of Lyra and Cygnus while Melissa recorded them, wanting to document their first time at Platform 9 ¾.

Before long the Malfoy family apparated onto the platform and joined the Hale Pack. Introductions were made and Narcissa and Lucius looked at the group in wonder. They couldn’t help but note that there was something beautiful about them, that much was obvious, but there was also and underlying sense of danger and power that made them the tiniest bit wary of the group. One of the women, who was introduced as Lydia, had a sharp look in her eye as she sized them up but seemed to approve of them in the end.

“Draco! Let’s take a picture!” Cygnus said pulling Draco towards him and handing his dad his phone.

“Where’s the camera?” Draco asked looking around for something akin to the large enchanted
camera he was used to his parents using.

“Right there.” Cygnus pointed to his iPhone 4.

“That thing? It’s just a flat rectangle! That’s not a camera.”

“You’re right, it’s a phone, but it has a camera. Just smile and I’ll show you after.”

While Stiles was taking the picture Narcissa stepped up beside Melissa, the way the woman’s hair curled reminding Narcissa just the slightest bit of her elder sister. “That’s one of those muggle phones isn’t it?” She remembered the one Derek had pulled out at the manor.

The two families made small talk, Lucius taking a liking to Chris and John while Narcissa had a riveting conversation with Melissa about medical differences between the muggle and magical world.

Soon the platform began to fill up and the odd group began to attract attention. Many people began to whisper about the beautiful group of people standing with the cold and closed off Malfoy family. Soon the Hale Pack and the Malfoys said goodbye to their children. The Hale Pack piled onto Lyra and Cygnus, each of them taking off a piece of clothing, jackets, scarves, hats, and bandanas of all sorts, and putting them onto the children so that they could take their scent with them. The Malfoy’s watched with curiosity and with one final wave sent the children off as they entered the train.

Lyra and Cygnus found a compartment in the back while Draco went off to find a few of his other acquaintances, saying he would be back later. They unshrunk their school trunks, packed away their things from their family, and placed them on the racks before settling in. They sat opposite each other as both wanted a good view out the window. As they waited for the train to leave they each pulled out a book, Cygnus grabbed his copy of Guidelines for the Treatment of Non-Wizard Part-Humans and Lyra, Magical Hieroglyphs and Logograms. Each also grabbed a pen, a highlighter, and a notebook before reading. Cygnus wanted to learn more about the laws in place that concerned creatures like himself and his family while Lyra wanted to expand her knowledge on runes to improve a few rituals she found over the summer.

About ten minutes into the train ride their compartment door slid open revealing a red haired boy. A look of triumph flashed across his face before he quickly adopted a meek expressed. “Do you mind if I join you? Everywhere else is full.”

Lyra and Cygnus glanced at each other. The boy was obviously lying. Even if they didn’t have their advanced senses, it was obvious. There was no way the entire train, with how big it was, could be completely full.

“Go ahead,” Cygnus said simply before they both turned back to their books. Mentally they picked up a conversation.

‘So what do you think?’

‘He’s obviously lying. He must have been looking for us, he smells much too pleased. What other set of twins with black hair and green eyes could there be on the train after all?’

The boy smiled at them and moved to sit on the bench next to Cygnus. He glanced at Lyra and quickly looked away. He had a smudge of something on his nose and looked to be trying to work up the courage to say something. Lyra hoped he wouldn’t say anything for the whole train ride but she doubted it.
The door slid open again and in stumbled a matching pair of redheads who were clearly related to
the boy. They were breathless, doubled over with laughter.

As the compartment door shut there was a cry of “Fred! George! That was not funny you get back
here this instant or I’m owling dad the moment we get back to school!!” that could be heard door
the corridor.

Followed by, a much softer, “Oh calm down Perce, they were only teasing. They always say flirty
stuff like that to me during practice. It’s okay!”

“Did you see,” one of the boys wheezed.

“Percy’s face!” the other finished.

“Red as a tomato that one!”

“Priceless!”

Once they calmed down they looked up to see who’s compartment they just barged into. “Look
Gred, it’s ickle Ronniekins!”

“I see him Forge! And he’s got two more ickle firsties with him!”

“Not just any firsties Gred! Twins!”

The older pair of twins shared a conspiratory look upon seeing Lyra and Cygnus. The two of them
stepped up and bowed dramatically. “Greetings fellow twins! He’s Gred!”

“And he’s Forge!”

“Together we are the resident twins of Gryffindor House,”

“Known for practical jokes,”

“Parties,”

“And pranking!”

“As fellow twins;”

“We must look after our own;”

“If ever you should need us;”

“The Weasley twins are at your service!” they finished their little speech together with bright grins
on their faces.

Lyra and Cygnus smiled. They liked the feeling they got from these two. They were genuine and
knew right away that they were trustworthy. After a quick glance at each other they stood up and
played along.

“Greetings fellow twins!”

“It’s an honor to make your acquaintance!”

“He’s Lygnus,”
“And she’s Cyra.”

“We’re first years as you noticed,”

“And if we do ever need help,”

“We won’t hesitate to call on you!”

“Please feel free,”

“to do the same with us,”

“For the Stilinski-Hale twins are here for you!” When Lyra and Cygnus finished their alternating speech together, the Weasley twins were smiling even wider than they were before.

“Fred Weasley,” the twin on the right said as he held his hand out to Lyra.

“George Weasley,” said the one on the right as he held his hand out to Cygnus.

Fred and George were identical in every way, but they had a tell that was incredibly obvious to Lyra and Cygnus. They had different scents. Fred smelled of mint and lilac while George smelled of honey and lavender. Both scents were intoxicating and very calming.

“Lyra Stilinski-Hale,” Lyra said as she took Fred’s hand and held the other one out to George..

“Cygnus Stilinski-Hale,” Cygnus said as he took George’s hand and reached his other hand over to Fred.

They all shook hands, arms criss crossing over each other. There were smiles all around. Lyra and Cygnus knew that they just made two really good friends.

A cough came from the other boy and Fred and George pounced. “Aww, is ickle Ronniekins feeling left out?”

“It’s alright we were just leaving.”

“We’re heading down toward the middle of the train.”

“Lee’s got a giant tarantula down there!”

“Want to join us?” they wore twin smiles of mischief.

“No thanks,” Ron mumbled, squirming at the thought of a spider being somewhere on the train.

The Weasley twins shrugged, but looked pleased with themselves. They said goodbye to Lyra and Cygnus, telling them that they’ll see them later, before exiting the compartment.

Ron snuck another anxious glance at Lyra and Cygnus before looking away.

‘Ronniekins they said.’

‘Must be Ron Weasley.’

‘We were supposed to be loyal to him?’

‘Unbelievable.’

They turned their attention back to their books, determined to ignore Ron, when he spoke up.
“You said your last name was Stilinski-Hale?”

So much for ignoring him.

“Yes,” Cygnus said.

“That’s a muggle name isn’t it?”

“I suppose,” Cygnus said noncommittally.

“The names you gave my brothers, are those your real names?”

“Of course they are.”

“Are you sure? Because you look an awful lot like Rosy and Harry Potter. And if you were lying about your names to avoid attention I would completely understand. It’s something I would do if I were famous and didn’t want anyone to bother me!” Ron smiled as if he figured them out.

He was sure that this was Rosy and Harry. His mum had told him all about them and he knew that he was destined to be best friends with the two of them. He’d been in the same dorm as Harry and the three of them would be best friends and have amazing adventures. It was going to happen. His mum told him so.

Rosy didn’t have her glasses and Harry had long hair like some kind of prissy pureblood but it was okay. He could look past that. They were going to be best friends after all.

Lyra began to glare and Cygnus took a calming breath. “I have never been called by the name Harry in my life and my sister has never been called Rosy. We have chosen to go by the names Cygnus and Lyra. It is our names and is what our family has always called us. Stilinski-Hale is our last name.”

Ron looked unsure but with Lyra glaring at him he didn’t want to push his luck. Just then the compartment door slammed open revealing a girl with bushy brown curls and large front teeth standing next to a pudgy blonde boy.

“Have any of you seen a toad? Neville here has lost one.”

“No we haven’t,” Lyra spoke up. This new girl seemed interesting and she smelled nice, like petrichor and hazelnut with cinnamon wrapped into one. “Have you tried asking a prefect? They’d most likely be able to help with that sort of thing.”

“I hadn’t thought of that,” the girl frowned. Then she noticed the book in Lyra’s hand. “Oh! What are you reading? Is that one of the course books? I’ve learned all our course books by heart, of course, and I’ve tried a few simple spells for practice. They’ve all worked for me, I just hope it will be enough. Nobody in my family’s magic at all you see, it was ever such a surprise when I got my letter, but I was ever so pleased. Hogwarts is the very best school of witchcraft there is, I’ve heard. I read all about it in Hogwarts, A History. I’m Hermione Granger, by the way, who are you?”

“I’m Lyra Stilinski-Hale. That’s my brother Cygnus. And that’s,” Lyra made a show of pausing and looking confused as she turned to Ron. “Actually, I’m not sure who that is. You never did actually introduced yourself. Unless, your name actually is Ronniekins?”

“Ron. Ron Weasley,” Ron said. At least he had the decency to look embarrassed.

“Right. Anyway, no, it isn’t one of the course books, though I have read all of those as well, just
one I picked up because it seemed interesting.” Lyra lifted the book up so it showed the title. “What do you mean by you hope it will be enough? What are you hoping will be enough?”

“Oh.” Hermione looked embarrassed as she took a seat next to Lyra. “Well I’m sure I’ll be terribly behind everyone else, being muggleborn and all. Everyone who grew up in the wizarding world must know so much information meanwhile I didn’t even know this world existed until I got my letter. I tried to learn as much as I could in the past year, but I don’t know if it will be enough.”

“You won’t be,” Lyra assured her. “You’re not going to be the only muggleborn student after all. Plus there are going to be half-bloods who would have grown up in the muggle world for most of their lives before learning about magic. And just because someone grew up in the wizarding world doesn’t automatically mean that they’re smart. Wizards are just like muggle’s, they just have magical cores. You can still be a halfwit while having a magical core. Magic doesn’t equal smarts.”

Lyra said this as if it were the most obvious thing in the world and Hermione seemed to relax a significant amount.

“Do you really believe that?” Neville asked.

“Of course I do,” Lyra said. “You’ve got nothing to worry about. It’s just school. If you work hard and study the material you’ll do just fine. Are you worried about your grades too?”

“Not so much as what house I’ll end up in. I’ll probably be in Hufflepuff,” Neville said with a sigh as he sat down next to Hermione.

“What’s wrong with Hufflepuff? From what I’ve read it’s the house where people are hard working, dedicated, patient, loyal, friendly, and impartial. They have strong moral codes and a good sense of right and wrong. They care about others and the world as a whole,” Cygnus said. “I don’t know about you but that sounds like a great house to me.”

“And,” Lyra added. “If you’re worried about not making anything of yourself, one famous Hufflepuff I can name off the top of my head is Newt Scamander. A world renowned magizoologist! Any wizard can be great. It doesn’t matter what house you are sorted into.”

Hermione looked thoughtful. She had been considering either Ravenclaw or Gryffindor but had been leaning towards the latter because she heard that all great and light wizards came from that house. But if Lyra was right, then it didn’t matter what house she was in. As long as she worked hard she could make something of herself in this world.

“Sure, unless you’re a slimy Slytherin snake,” Ron sneered. “Everyone knows that house is full of evil witches and wizards.”

Lyra frowned. “First of all snakes aren’t slimy. A snakes scales are actually rather smooth and cool to the touch. The notion that snakes are slimy is due to the natural illusion that their scales create. It makes it seem as though liquid is enveloping their skin, causing them to acquire a shine when light hits them a certain way and for them to seem fluid like water when they slither. But snakes don’t produce any sort of mucus the way amphibians do. If a snake were to slither over your skin it would feel like how dry sand feels as it falls through your fingers.”

“Second of all, there is nothing wrong with Slytherin. A house doesn’t determine whether a person is evil or not. It’s the actions that they make that determines one’s character. Besides that, Slytherin is the house of those who are cunning, resourceful, ambitious, and believe it or not, loyal. But rather than being loyal to the world as a whole like a Hufflepuff they are loyal to those that
they consider to be theirs. They’re protective of themselves and those they care about. They will go to great lengths to keep people they love safe. How is that evil?"

“Slytherin’s are evil because they use dark magic! Everyone knows that only the darkest of wizards like You-Know-Who and his Death Eaters used dark magic! That makes Slytherin’s evil!” Ron shouted.

Lyra narrowed her eyes. “Well I guess that makes me evil then because I’ve read up on all the houses. I did extensive research, pulling information from various resources, looking at famous magic users, and reading old texts that cited the earliest days of Hogwarts when the Founders themselves were still in charge and you know what? After all of that, the one house that seemed to fit me the most was Slytherin. It fit my personality, my goals, and overall demeanor to near perfect degree and I’m proud of it. Not to mention? Magic is not dark. It can’t be, it's magic. It doesn't choose whether it's light, grey, or dark. It just exists. It's people and their intents that determines what magic does. Magic users are the ones that decide which way they want to lean. It has nothing to do with magic itself.”

“That’s a lie! Only dark wizards can use dark magic and that’s what makes them evil! Light wizards are pure and good and would never do anything evil!

“I don’t know who’s been feeding you that information but it is a blatant lie. Even the most basic of research can bring you to the conclusion that magic is magic. People and their intent is what determines light and dark. That's just a fact. If you can’t deal with that? Leave.”

Ron turned red in anger and looked like he was about to start yelling but he met the cold look in Lyra’s eyes and suddenly didn’t feel like arguing anymore. Instead he turned and stormed out of the compartment, slamming the door behind him.

Lyra let out a breath and collapsed back into her seat, not even realizing that she had stood up sometime during her impromptu speech. “Sorry for that,” she said, glancing at Hermione and Neville. “Normally I try not to be so confrontational but I absolutely loathe people with attitudes like that. You can’t judge a person based on the actions of others. That doesn’t even make sense. You have to look at the individual person. Then his comment about dark magic? There are magic users with dark cores who are more inclined to use magic for darker means yes, but dark magic? As if Lady Magic herself would ever! Ugh. There's no such thing! That's not how magic works.”

Hermione looked at Lyra with wide eyes. “No, don’t apologize! That was brilliant!” she exclaimed, excited to find another person who seemed to be as interested in academics as she was. Lyra did research on her own time! Just like her! “You like learning too?”

Lyra blinked at the abrupt change in topics but decided to roll with it. “I do. My grades are pretty good I think. I’m homeschooled you see, so I was able to go through the course work at my own pace. In a year or two I would have been able to take my GCSE’s. Now I’ll just have to wait a few more years. After that I’m not sure if I’ll take any A-levels, but I at least want my GCSE’s out of the way. I’m shooting for A* in all of them which is ambitious, I know, but I’d be happy with B’s as well I think. I want to learn as much as I can.”

“You’re still going to study muggle subjects?”

“Of course. Why would I stop? Look at the course work offered at Hogwarts. It’s all magic. There’s no maths, sciences, english language, nothing. If I want to have as much knowledge as possible I’m going to need to study mundane subjects as well,” Lyra explained. “Besides, I am very into technology and if I do end up taking A-levels it will most likely be in computer sciences. Something that is definitely not offered in the wizarding world.”
Hermione looked thoughtful. “That actually seems like a good idea.”

“Yeah, I’m only doing it right away because it’s something I really want to do and I’m willing to work for it. Cygnus isn’t doing it this way, though he’s learned just as much as I have.”

“You’re not?” Hermione asked.

“No,” Cygnus replied. “I’d much rather focus on the wizarding world right now. Wizards live long lives and you can take your GCSE’s at any age. No one will think twice about a 30 or 40 year old sitting for their GCSE’s.”

Hermione hummed. That actually seemed like a better idea than Lyra’s. As much as she wanted to learn, getting situated in the wizarding world first seemed like a good idea.

“What are GCSE’s,” Neville asked.

“Um, I suppose it’s the mundane version of OWL’s,” Lyra said thinking of the easiest way to explain it. “Which makes A-levels the mundane version of NEWT’s.”

Neville nodded in understanding.

“Why do you call it that?” Hermione asked. “You say mundane instead of muggle.”

“Hm? Oh, it’s what I’ve used to, I guess. My dad always used the word mundane when referring to those who don’t use magic. They’re just,” Lyra shrugged, “Ordinary. At least in comparison to magic users. When compared to each other a mundane can be extraordinary in their own right. It’s all a matter of context.”

“Our grandpa and grandma were mundanes after all and they were rather extraordinary in their mundane jobs,” Cygnus continued, thinking of John and Melissa. “They were in law enforcement and a nurse respectively, and they saved many lives in their line of work.”

The four of them continued their conversation of comparing the wizarding and mundane world with Neville explaining the wizarding one and the other three the mundane. They started with the education system, moved to government, and now were discussing traditions and etiquette.

The trolley came around eventually and they all declined. Hermione stated that sugar would rot her teeth to which Cygnus replied how that would only happen if you let the sugar sit on your teeth long enough for it to build up into plaque which then would cause your teeth to rot. Lyra and Cygnus both declined because at that moment, none of the treats had smelled all that appetizing. Neville just hadn’t brought his money with him. It was stored in his trunk still.

“You don’t have your trunk with you? Where’d you leave it? Should we go get it?”

“Oh, it’s on the train, I left it in a compartment with a few people I know from play dates when I was younger. Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot. They’re both really nice, and Susan’s aunt is the head of the DMLE. Hermione’s trunk is in the same compartment so our stuff will be safe there.”

Lyra nodded as she rummaged in her trunk’s food compartment and pulled out something for lunch. She had fresh fruits, roast beef sandwiches, turkey pesto sandwiches, chicken wraps, vegetables for salad, and an assortment of juices to drink.

“Whoa, you brought all that for lunch?” Neville asked, eyeing the plethora of food.

Lyra shrugged and smiled knowingly at Cygnus who just laughed. With their metabolism and
wolish appetite this was nothing. “I couldn’t decide what I wanted to eat. But it’s good because now we can share our lunch with the both of you!”

The rest of the train ride was spent with them enjoying the food and having great conversation about a variety of topics. At one point they even explained the X Factor to Neville who was confused but intrigued by the idea of a singing competition being something that people watched for entertainment. Turns out Hermione watched the show too and was gutted about Hogwarts having wards that prevented muggle technology from working.

Once it began to get dark a prefect visited their compartment and told them to get their robes on as they were to be arriving at Hogwarts soon. Hermione and Neville said their goodbye’s then, saying that they’ll try to find them when they get off the train, and exited the compartment to get to their trunks.

Lyra and Cygnus changed into their robes and soon enough the train slowed to a complete stop. There was an announcement for everyone to leave their trunks on the train, as they were to be transported to the school separately. After making sure that their school trunks were properly locked and their personal trunks were secure on the chains around their necks, then made their way off the train and onto the dark platform.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Hogwarts! The sorting ceremony and their first night in the castle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Most of the crowd seemed to be going one way so Lyra and Cygnus made to do the same. That was until they heard a loud voice bellowing, “Firs’ years! Firs’ years over here!”

A very large man in a very large coat gathered up the first years and led them down a steep, dark, and narrow path. Tall trees towered to their sides, blocking out most of the moonlight, making the already slippery path harder to navigate with only the large man’s lantern as a source of light. Everyone slipped and stumbled, grabbing onto each other in the dark. If not for their reflexes and their ability to see perfectly fine despite the poor lighting, Lyra was sure she would have fallen already. As it were, her and Cygnus were doing a good job of making sure no one around them fell over.

Finally they reached their destination. They emerged from the wooded path to find themselves at the edge of a large, dark lake. The view was spectacular. Hogwarts looked positively beautiful lit up by the moon with a full, starry sky as it’s backdrop.

As they neared the waters edge they were instructed to board the boats waiting for them. “No more’n four to a boat!”

“Who is that man anyway?” Cygnus asked.

“That’s Hagrid. He’s the groundskeeper here,” Neville answered.

Cygnus spotted Draco, who was accompanied by three other first years, and rushed to him. Lyra rolled her eyes and pulled Hermione and Neville along. There was a bit of shuffling but in the end Cygnus ended up on a boat next to Draco and two of his other friends while a boy with long, soft brown hair that was kept out of his face with a black ribbon, and hazel eyes ended up in the boat with Lyra, Hermione, and Neville.

Lyra smiled at the boy, sensing he was nervous to be around new people. She could also smell that the boy was in pain underneath his base scent of forest and vanilla. Lyra wasn't having any of it. “I’m Lyra Stilinski-Hale,” she said, holding her hand out to him.

“Theodore Nott,” the boy said quietly. As he took her hand he gasped at the sensation. A feeling of peace and relaxation washed over him as the pain he had been feeling that had been a constant in his life was drained from him. He looked down at their joined hands and watched as inky black lines made their way up Lyra’s hand.

“Lyra smiled and pulled the boy close, her mouth near his ear, “It won't last forever. It’s just a temporary remedy, much like a pain relief potion. You’ll have to go to the infirmary if you want to be truly healed.”
Theo shook his head, saying he couldn't.

Lyra frowned and studied the boy. “Do you expect to be sorted into Slytherin?”

He nodded.

“I’ll take you to see Professor Snape then. He’s a potions master and the head of Slytherin House. He’ll help you and be discreet about it. Do not worry.”

Theo looked at her gratefully and Lyra pulled him in for a hug. Keeping his hand in hers even as he pulled back, Lyra decided she’d keep this boy safe.

Once everyone was settled the boats moved forward across the lake. About halfway there yells could be heard from one of the boats. A large splash soon followed as one of the boats capsized. Many of the students began to panic, leaning over to see what was happening. Those in the boats closest to the commotion just laughed, clearly knowing that whatever happened had been the fault of whomever ended up in the lake.

“Not to worry!” Hagrid shouted from the first boat. “They'll be fine, the squid will save them.”

Just as he said, four tentacles rose out of the water. One arm righted the boat while the other three, each holding one boy, placed them back into the boat. Lyra recognized one of the boys as being the Weasley boy but she was unfamiliar with the other two.

“Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle,” Theo said. “They’re, sort of friends. Acquaintances really. They’re nice and all but we only got to know each other because all our parents were part of the same social circle.”

Eventually the boats reached the castle and Hagrid brought them to the entrance hall where they were greeted by a stern looking woman in emerald green robes and square framed glasses, who had her black hair pulled back into a bun.

“Oh goodness! What happened here?” she said looking at the three boys who were dripping lake water all over the entrance hall.

“Fell into the lake they did,” Hagrid explained.

With a wave of her wand all three boys were dry. She instructed them to follow her and she led them to a room off the side of the Great Hall. She introduced herself as Professor McGonagall and explained that they would be participating in the sorting ceremony.

Cygnus glanced over at Draco and grinned, then proceeded to roll his eyes as Draco just smirked back. Cygnus knew that the Malfoys had two personas to them, public and private. Since meeting Draco, he allowed his mask to fall and always displayed his private self, his real self, around Cygnus. But now that they were in school Cygnus knew that he would be seeing Draco’s public persona a lot more often. He glanced at the two friends that had shared the boat with him and Draco; Blaise Zabini and Pansy Parkinson. He wondered which persona of Draco’s they knew.

Soon enough the first years were led into the Great Hall. Lyra spotted Severus and smiled brightly, letting her eyes linger on him for only a moment, long enough for him to notice and incline his head slightly, before smiling at the rest of the Professors sitting at the head table. She didn’t want to be caught being so familiar with Severus. She knew very well the role he was expected to play.

She wasn’t going to lie, it had disappointed her a bit to learn that she wouldn’t be allowed to be friendly with Severus at school. Obviously she wouldn’t act the way she normally did with him
while they were in private. It wouldn't do for her to be holding his hand, cuddling up to him, and making him blush as she loved to do, but to not even be friendly? It bothered her. Severus was hers, she should be able to show it.

As her eyes tracked over the table she knew immediately which one was Albus Dumbledore and she had to hold herself back from attacking the man. This was the man who ruined her life, that cause of all her suffering, and the reason why Severus was going to have to mistreat her and Cygnus. She hated him immensely and couldn't wait for the day that she'd be able to put him in his place. She had grand plans to dismantle all he worked for, his power, his reputation, she'd rip it all from him before finally killing him. Him and all his little sycophants would rue the day they decided to mess with her life.

Lyra was torn from her thoughts as the sorting hat sang a song about the houses that seemed to over simplify what they represented and the kind of people chosen for each house. It was a little sad really, that no one really knew how amazing each house was. Instead they were watered down to Gryffindor for the brave, Hufflepuff for the loyal, Ravenclaw for the studious, and Slytherin for the cunning.

"When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted," she said. "Abbott, Hannah!"

A girl with her hair pulled back in blonde pigtails made her way up to the stool. When she sat down and put on the hat it fell right over her eyes. The hall was silent for a moment as they waited.

"HUFFLEPUFF!" shouted the hat.

The table of students who had yellow accents to their robes and yellow and black ties cheered as Hannah made her way over to the table.

It continued on like this as the students were called up alphabetically.

"Granger, Hermione!"

As Hermione made her way over to the stool she glanced back and Lyra smiled at her encouragingly. The hat was placed on her head and then, "RAVENCLAW!"

More names were called until, “Longbottom, Neville!”

Neville was so nervous that he stumbled on his way up to the stool. Cygnus shot the boy a thumbs up just as the hat fell over his eyes.

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

Two more students were called up and sorted before, “Malfoy, Draco!”

To no one’s surprise Draco sat on the stool and the hat barely brushed the top of his head before it called out, “SLYHERIN!”

Lyra felt Theo tense beside her. He knew he was going to be called soon. Lyra discreetly squeezed Theo’s hand in hers and nuded him so subtly with her shoulder that most would have assumed it was an accident. But Theo recognized it for what it was, a show of comfort, and relaxed slightly.

“Nott, Theodore!”

He made his way up and he too was sorted into “SLYHERIN!”
“Parkinson, Pansy!”
“SLYTHERIN!”
“Patil, Padma!”
“RAVENCLAW!”
“Patil, Parvati!”
“GRYFFINDOR!”
“Perks, Sally-Anne”
“RAVENCLAW!”

The Great Hall was silent. The Potter twins should be next. No one had seen them yet, though many searched the platform and train beforehand. There was a set of twins that others had spotted that somewhat matched their description but they had been seen with the Malfoy family. That couldn't be the Girl-Who-Lived and her brother.

But looking at the group of first years, there was no other set of twins present.

Whispers erupted in the hall when Professor Mcgonagall didn't even call the name Potter. They were supposed to be there, weren't they? Even Dumbledore looked slightly shocked.

Where were those brats! He had carefully laid out plans for introducing them to the wizarding world but neither of the children had been where he left them. When he asked Minerva about it she said that she had already taken care of everything and that the children would be there on September 1st. That had ruined his plans dramatically.

He was going to have Hagrid pick up Rosy first and bring her with him while he did an errand for Albus. It would be a seed planted in her mind so that the rest of the school year could be spent with her running around with Ron trying to solve the mystery. He needed to make sure his little soldier was worthy. If she wasn't? That’s what Harry was for.

The whispers in the hall quieted after a stern look from Professor McGonagall and she continued on with the sorting. Only a few more names went by before she called out, “Stilinski-Hale, Cygnus!”

Cygnus made his way to the stool and smiled at Professor McGonagall before sitting down as the hat was placed over his head.

“Oh, and what do we have here? One of the lost Potter children! And a child of the moon at that! This is certainly a new development!”

“Hello,” Cygnus greeted cordially. “Are you speaking to me in my head?”

“I am! Oh and I see we are not alone. Hello Miss Stilinski-Hale, I’m sure you’re curious but you will be sorted soon enough.”

“Sorry,” Lyra said, though she wasn't actually and the hat knew it. “What’s your name?”

“No one, not once in all the years that I have been sorting students, has ever asked that before!”

“But you do have one?” Cygnus asked.
“I do, it is Alistair. But back to you, I see courage and a sharp mind. You’re rather protective of those you consider yours and will anything to see them safe. Quick on your feet, a great strategist, and very ambitious. I see those plans you have to change the wizarding world and, I for one, can’t wait to see the impact you have on our world. Enough chit-chat, better be,”

“SLYHERIN!”

Cygnus got up from the chair, thanked Professor McGonagall, and walked to the Slytherin table. He made his way over to Draco and sat beside him, bumping against his shoulder.

“I knew you’d be a Slytherin,” Draco said.

“If I recall correctly, your first guess was Ravenclaw wasn’t it?” Cygnus teased.

“Well that was before I really knew you. You’re a Slytherin through and through and you’re right where you belong.” Next to me, Draco thought to himself.

They turned their attention toward the front just as, “Stilinski-Hale, Lyra!” was called.

Lyra quickly darted a glance towards Severus, catching his eye, before looking back towards Professor McGonagall to smile at her. Knowing that Severus would pickup that the smile was meant for him too.

When the hat was placed over her head she greeted him with a cheery, “Hello Alistair!”

“Cheeky thing you are. Let’s get right to it then. Another child of the moon, just like your brother. You’ve been through much, so much that you didn’t deserve and I’m sorry for those experiences but they helped turn you into the survivor you are today. Resourceful, cunning, completely ruthless when defending those you feel protective over, and an independent spirit. You know what you want and are not afraid to do whatever it takes to get it. I see that darkness in you that you’re not at all afraid of embracing. You’re a fighter and rather bloodthirsty at that! Just like your mother! Yes, I know the perfect place for you, where I should have placed dear Lily in the first place, if not for that old man’s machinations,”

“SLYHERIN!”

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Professor McGonagall was shocked, both of James and Lily’s children ended up in Slytherin? She knew exactly what sort of child tended to end up there if they weren’t raised by Slytherin parents. Children who learned from a young age to be resourceful, to rely on themselves, who fought tooth and nail for what they had and held on tightly once they had it. Slytherin was, unfortunately, the house where most abused and neglected children ended up. The only good thing about it was that they had Severus as their head of house, another who knew exactly what it was like to be abused, and he could properly care for them.

Shaking herself from her thoughts she continued on with the sorting.

Up at the head table Severus was feeling rather pleased. Since getting to know Lyra and Cygnus he knew they would end up in his house. But to have it confirmed that they would be was another feeling. He was proud to have them in his house and now? He had an excuse to not mistreat them because he was supposed to mistreat ‘Rosy and Harry Potter’ two students who now didn’t exist. It was how he got around another such situation. Semantics were everything.

Early that day he had been approached by his house elf Mipsey, who had another elf, Tilly, with
her. Tilly had been distraught because the Headmaster had ordered her to put potions into Rosy Potter and Harry Potter’s drinks. As a Hogwarts house elf it was her duty to protect and care for the children of Hogwarts. Not to mention, to house elves, children were precious and must be cherished until such a time that they prove themselves to be no longer worthy of such care. House elves were actually rather proud creatures despite the way they acted and if you slighted them, and they weren’t bound to you? You would pay for it.

Unfortunately, Hogwarts house elves were bound to the magic of Hogwarts and thus the Headmaster so Tilly had to obey his orders. She didn’t want to drug the children but she had no choice and she was going mad with how upset she was. Severus had looked at the potions and was not pleased. Loyalty potions, distrust potions, obedience potions, potions meant to make one reckless and foolhardy, and ones to leech magic. It was horrifying how much Albus was trying to control Lyra and Cygnus and for what? So they could defeat the Dark Lord? It didn’t make sense.

“Thank you for bringing this to my attention Mipsey. You did the right thing by coming to me. Now Tilly, what were the Headmasters specific instructions, word for word?”

“Master Headmaster be’s saying that Tilly must put these potions into the drinks of Rosy and Harry Potter at the welcoming feast tonight and every night after until the supply of potions runs out. Tilly be’s having enough potions to last until Yule!” Tilly cried.

Severus thought for a moment and then smiled. “Then you have nothing to worry about Tilly, for there will be no Rosy Potter or Harry Potter attending Hogwarts.”

Tilly looked at Severus with hope in her eyes. She really didn’t want to hurt these children.

“You see Tilly, the names of the Potter children have been changed. A change granted by Lady Magic herself, so you see, you can’t put potions into the drinks of children who do not exist,” Severus said feeling pleased with himself. “However, if this happens again, with any other children, please let me know and I will help in any way that I can.”

Yes, with them in his house things would be a lot easier. He had no doubt that Albus would try something, possibly tomorrow once he found out the identity of Lyra and Cygnus, but until then, he would enjoy this moment.

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“Weasley, Ronald!”

“GRYFFINDOR!”

“Zabini, Blaise!”

“SLYTHERIN!”

With that the sorting ceremony was over. With everyone in their seats Albus stood, said some words, and the feast began.

The table was filled with all sorts of delicious foods but Lyra and Cygnus’ noses zeroed in on one thing. Deer. In between the two of them was a plate with medium rare venison tenderloin, seasoned to perfection. It smelled heavenly and the two wolves wanted the whole thing for themselves. The twins locked eyes and their hands darted out, each grabbing the plate with both hands.

‘Hands off!’
‘Not a chance, it’s mine!’

‘Get your own plate!’

‘This is the only plate!’

‘Give it to me!’

‘No!’

They glared at each other, neither wanting to give up their favorite dish.

“There’s enough for both of you. Share it or I’ll add it to Slytherin’s banned food list.”

Cygnus and Lyra turned betrayed eyes towards the head table only for Severus to raise an eyebrow at them before turning his attention back to his food.

“Fine,” they said, both clearly unhappy with the situation. They piled the meat onto their plate, both of them taking exactly half, before adding other sides like vegetables.

Lyra frowned suddenly and looked up at Cygnus.

‘Where’s the rice?’

‘It, huh. I don’t know.’

They glanced around the table but couldn’t find it. They could tell it was somewhere in the Great Hall, they could smell it.

‘There! At the Ravenclaw table!’

‘Why do they get rice! That’s not fair! I’ll ask Severus and see if he can add it to the menu.’

Since they couldn’t do anything about the rice they stuck with just the vegetables and began to eat.

Meanwhile several of the other Slytherin first years eyed them warily for their odd behavior. They seemed to have silent conversations between the two of them and then their faces when they turned to look at the head table as if they heard someone say something? It was odd. To top it off they just halved an entire platter of meat between the two of them. There was no way they’d be able to eat it all, right?

They didn’t know what to make of the two of them. Stilinski-Hale was definitely not a pureblood name, but they were friends with Malfoy and the female twin seemed to be getting on Nott’s good side very quickly. It was very strange.

“So how did the train ride go?” Draco asked Cygnus. “Sorry I didn’t come back, I got caught up.”

“It was,” Cygnus paused thoughtfully, “interesting. We met some few people and even made friends with most of them.”

“What! Who?” Draco demanded. He didn’t want anyone trying to take his best friend away from him.

Cygnus bumped against Draco’s shoulder and grabbed his hand under the table. “Two upperclassmen, Fred and George Weasley from Gryffindor. Then two from our year. Hermione Granger, who ended up in Ravenclaw and Neville Longbottom, who ended up in Hufflepuff. All
we did was chat a bit. They seemed nice and even though we didn’t know their houses beforehand it worked out for the best. It’s advantageous to have contacts in other houses.”

“Oh,” Draco said, remembering that Cygnus had taken an interest in politics and had several conversations with his father about the current state of the Ministry and what needed to be changed. “Yes, I agree. That was smart.”

“Smart? Befriending blood traitors, light followers, and mudbloods? It’s detestable!”

Before Draco could even reply Lyra narrowed her eyes at the older blonde boy sitting several seats down. “Excuse me? Were you a part of this conversation? No. So stay out of it.”

“Do you have any idea who I am?” the boy said angrily.

“No, and I don’t care to. Don’t talk to me,” Lyra said in a clear dismissal as she turned back towards Draco.

The boy opened his mouth to say something else but no words came out. He tried to yell and nothing happened.

Everyone that caught the interaction, so everyone from third year down, turned to look at the girl who just cast a silencing charm wandlessly and non-verbally. She clearly had power, the question was how much?

The rest of dinner went by uneventfully after that. Lyra was properly introduced to Pansy Parkinson, a petite, pale skinned girl with shoulder length black hair and light brown eyes, and Blaise Zabini, a tall, dark skinned boy with high cheekbones, short cropped hair, and dark brown eyes. They seemed nice and seemed to care a fair amount about Draco. Lyra figured they must be two of his closest friends from growing up.

Cygnus was also introduced to Theodore Nott, whom he could already tell his sister had adopted as one of her own. The boy had an underlying scent of pain clinging to him and it bothered him, but Lyra informed him that she already had it handled and would be taking him to see Severus before the night was over.

Once dessert had been cleared away, the Headmaster made some more announcements that Lyra and Cygnus paid absolutely no attention to, before being dismissed for the evening. The prefects gathered up the first years and led them to the Slytherin dorms which were located in the dungeons. Unlike the rest of the school there were no moving portraits adorning the walls, only torches to light the way. It was cold and damp and their footsteps echoed as they made their way through the maze of corridors. Lyra looked around, getting a feel for the area. She could tell the dungeon stretched out much further and she couldn’t wait to investigate.

Soon the group stopped in front of a blank space of wall. Cygnus could sense the magic surrounding it. There was magic throughout the entire castle of course, but here the scent of ozone was stronger and he could feel the hollowness behind the wall signifying that there was something behind it.

“Monkshood,” one of the prefects said and the wall opened up, revealing an entrance that the group of first years was ushered through. Lyra and Cygnus smirked at each other, mentally laughing about the password.

The common room was beautiful. All polished stone with carvings of snakes, high ceilings, and against the farthest wall was a large window that looked into the black lake. There were several
fireplaces with their own croppings of dark green and silvery grey furniture, areas sectioned off with mahogany desks and comfy looking high backed chairs that were clearly meant for studying rather than socializing, and against another wall was a selection of bookshelves as well as a bulletin board. The first years were led over to the largest area where most of the house was already settled in. The prefects introduced themselves as Gemma Farley and Marcus Flint for the fifth year prefects, Fey Carrow and Loren Avery for the sixth year prefects, and Levi Rosier and Malinda Pucey for the seventh year prefects. They went over the house rules, which were as follows.

1. Slytherin’s present a united front. While here we are a family. You don’t have to like everyone but we must protect our own.
2. Behave in a manner befitting Slytherin. We do not act rashly and we do not display impropriety.
3. The Hogwarts House Elves are not your personal elves. While here you will keep your personal rooms and common rooms clean.
4. If you must break rules or misbehave, do not get caught.
5. There are no mandatory lights out within the house out but you must at least be in the common room by curfew.

There was a lot of emphasis on house unity, but the rules seemed simple enough to follow. They then introduced Severus who seemed to emerge from the shadows.

“Welcome to Slytherin House. The prefects already went over the rules but if you ever forget them you will find that they are permanently posted on a silver plaque next to the bulletin board. These are not the only rules, just the ones that remain constant. As you progress through your years here are Hogwarts I will be adding additional rules and guidelines for you to follow as I see fit.”

“I’m sure most of you know Slytherin has a reputation of being the ‘evil house of Hogwarts’ but I am here to tell you that that is far from the truth. You are cunning and ambitious. Resourceful and clever. You know the importance of self-preservation and keeping those you care about safe. Slytherin is the house of survivors. We are not despicable. We are not wicked. We are strong and we are stronger together.”

“Outside these walls I expect you to be united as a house. Any disagreements you have with each other must be settled in house only. Do not air your grievances with your housemates to others. If any of the other houses even suspect that we are not as united as we proclaim to be, they will not hesitate to extort that fact. I expect you all to travel in groups of three or more when outside of the common room as a safety precaution.”

“I do not take points from my own house. Others will see this as favoritism towards Slytherin’s but it is in fact to even out the sheer amount of unfairness involving the points system. You will notice that when it comes to receiving points, Slytherins tend to get less than those of the other houses for performing something at the same or higher level of skill. Punishments are the same. Slytherins are more harshly penalized than other houses.”

“That being said, that does not mean that I will not be punishing you if need be. As a fellow Slytherin I also hold myself to the rule of taking care of business in house. While I will never harshly correct you in front of others, if you get caught doing something you shouldn’t be, you will be punished accordingly with detention.”

“Lastly, while you are here, I will be your acting guardian. You may come to me for anything, academic or personal, and I will try to help you to the best of my ability. This isn’t an empty platitude. I truly mean every word of this. I am here for you if you need me. Please feel free to knock on my head of house door, the entrance to which is located just behind me, whenever you need me.”
“As tomorrow is Friday, there will be classes tomorrow so I expect you all to be at breakfast to receive your class schedules. As everyone else is aware, I have scheduled the yearly mandatory medical evaluations for everyone with myself and Madam Pomfrey, the times of which will be posted on your schedules. With that said, prefects, lead the first years to their quarters and the rest of you, I’ll see you at breakfast tomorrow.”

The prefects then led them down a corridor until they reached a pair of double doors. “Through this door are all the dorm rooms for your year. Since we have the whole lower end of the dungeons to ourselves, every year has their own private sitting room meant for their year, though students from other years may also enter with permission. We do not segregate our house by something as fluid as gender so everyone will be sharing this space. From there you may enter your dorm rooms and you will find that everyone has their own room. Each room has their own en suite bathroom so you do not need to worry about privacy. As Slytherin’s we understand how important that is. These will be your rooms for the next seven years, so choose wisely.”

With that said they left, leaving the first year's to themselves. Quickly glancing at each other the first years darted forward to claim their rooms. Theo claimed the one to the far left end, one of the two doors that wasn't sandwiched between two other rooms. Lyra snagged the one next to it, with Cygnus claiming the one on her other side. From there the order went Draco, Blaise, Pansy, Daphne Greengrass, Millicent Bulstrode, Tracey Davis, Gregory, and Vincent. As rooms were claimed their names appeared on the doors, marking them as theirs.

The rooms themselves were magnificent. Each room had a large four poster bed, bookshelves, a walk in wardrobe, a personal fireplace, and a decent sized desk to work at. The en suite bathroom was large, holding both a walk in shower and a large in ground tub, a sink with lots of counter space, a vanity, and a sectioned off area with a toilet and a bidet of all things.

Lyra noticed her trunk was already in her room. She figured the house elves must have brought them so she said a thank you to them out loud. She knew it was the right thing to do when a plate of brownies appeared on her desk. She said another thank you, grabbed a few of the brownies and then left her room to go get Theo.

She knocked on Theo’s door and smiled at him when he answered. “Just a quick question, did you want to see Professor Snape tonight, tomorrow, or did you want to wait until your medical examination?”

“You won’t be, trust me. He really does mean it when he said we can go to him with anything. I know he looks scary and can be tough but it’s a necessary persona. He’s the potions master after all. It’s a volatile subject and, I’ll let you in on a secret, he scares students so that they won’t act out in his class and cause an accident. He’s the only Potions Master in the history of Hogwarts that hasn’t had a student die or be irreversibly injured on his watch from a potions accident. He is actually very nice when he wants to be.”

Theo nodded and so Lyra took his hand in hers and led him out to the common room. There were still a few older Slytherin students mingling about but for the most part it was empty. She made a beeline for Severus’ door and knocked.

When Severus answered, he was surprised to see Lyra but then noticed the Nott boy and had a good guess as to why he was there. He ushered them into his office and sat them down on a plush deep green couch in front of the fireplace, taking the armchair for himself.

“Miss Stilinski-Hale, Mr. Nott, how can I help you?”
“Professor Snape,” Lyra said, taking control of the situation. “I met Theo on the boat ride over here and, well, he was in a lot of pain. I did what I could to help him but I don’t know what the cause is so I thought to bring him to you.”

“Mr. Nott, would you like to tell me or would you rather me perform a diagnostic charm to find the source of the problem?”

Theo knew he would never be able to say it so he agreed to the diagnostic charm. Severus waved his wand and when he read off the parchment his face darkened. He stood up abruptly and rushed out of the room. He was very familiar with the Nott family and knew that since Theo’s mother passed when he was young and his father was sentenced to Azkaban, Theo had been living with his grandfather, Tyran Nott.

An awful man who was one of the Dark Lords inner circle. He was ruthless and cruel and had a penchant for taking things too far. According to the scan young Theo had been subjected to the cruciatus curse on an almost weekly basis over the years as well as being neglected. The boy was suffering from malnourishment, damaged vocal chords, pain within his nerves, and his mind was damaged. If it wasn’t dealt with swiftly it could result in a permanent condition and he would have to be admitted to St. Mungos.

Severus came back with several vials. “Pain relief potion, a potion to help improve damaged nerves, a potion to help heal the mind, a potion for your vocal chords, and a nutrient potion. I’m going to start you on a regimen. I want you to take all these now, and then tomorrow you will start taking these daily at breakfast. I will check on your progress weekly to see if we need to change up any of the doses. If you have any problems please come see me so we can sort them out.”

Theo looked shocked. Growing up with his grandfather he never had anyone try to help him before. He was forbidden from talking about it at social events, having to put on the perfect pureblood heir mask, and even though the house elves broke the rules and tried to feed him whenever they could, it still wasn’t enough. He looked forward to Hogwarts, knowing he’d finally be able to get away from it all, but to actually have help? He never expected.

The look of disbelief on his face was heartbreaking, but unfortunately one that Severus was very familiar with. People always assumed that Slytherin’s were all pureblood but those who actually paid attention would notice that Slytherin actually had a fair amount of muggleborns and half bloods. The students that ended up in Slytherin were usually those who came from abusive homes or orphanages where they were mistreated.

Lyra leaned over and wrapped her arms around Theo and whispered into his ear, wanting to comfort him. “I told you, Professor Snape is nice. He truly cares for those in his care. He’ll always listen.”

Theo took the potions and Lyra led him back towards the door after they had been dismissed. She paused, asked Theo to wait for her just outside the door, before running back towards Severus and giving him a hug. “Thank you for helping him.”

“Of course, I’ll always help my snakes. I didn’t just help him because you claimed him as yours,” Severus said with a smirk when Lyra raised her eyebrows at him. “Yes I noticed. I also noticed that you collected the Longbottom boy and Granger girl.”

Lyra smiled. “What can I say? I’m caring that way.”

“Yes, you are.”
hi. thank you for reading! i know this update took a bit longer than the others but i had writers block for this fic specifically and also... i might have found a new fandom and had starting writing fic for it; it's not posted yet but uh, if anyone is in the It fandom well, i'll be posting fic for than fandom soon.

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