Penpal

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Summary

It is Harry's tenth birthday and a mysterious package arrives on the dursleys doorstep, how will this change Harry's story

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Birthdays had never been important to Harry Potter. The Dursleys’ never celebrated them—he only knew what day he was born because of a school project so when he woke on the morning of his tenth birthday to a package wrapped in silver and green paper he was surprised to say the least. He thought it was a mistake at first but his name was written on the tag with swirly writing. Didn’t know how his Uncle hadn’t seen it when he had gone to work that morning but he picked it up and ran his finger over his name. The package seemed to tingle as he touched it and Harry let out a breath before taking it inside and tiptoeing to his cupboard. Once inside he hid the package under the thin sheet he had for a blanket and then hurried to the kitchen where his Aunt was shouting at him to wash the dishes from breakfast before getting out into the garden to pull the weeds.

“I have a headache so I can’t deal with your attitude today” She snapped though Harry hadn’t said two words to her all morning. He washed the dishes quickly ignoring Dudley who waddled back and forth from the living room to the kitchen to get snacks and drinks. He kicked out at him a few times but Harry was too distracted by the package hidden in his bedroom to care.

Once he had washed and dried the dishes, carefully putting them away and avoiding all Dudley’s attempts to get him to drop them Harry went out into the garden. As always his aunt was wearing the only pair of gardening gloves though she just stood over him with her hands resting on her narrow hips. She would chat happily to neighbours when they walked passed but otherwise she only spoke to bark orders at him. His aunt kept him working in the garden all day, he was only allowed one stop to use the bathroom and he used the time to take some water from the tap to drink before having to go back out and clean out the shed.

At four he was called in to make the dinner for Vernon and his hands were covered in blisters and bruises from his day in the garden. Nettle stings ran up his arms and he wanted to itch them to stop the prickling but he knew that it would just make it worse.

“Had a fun birthday cousin?” Dudley laughed as the family sat down for dinner and before he could speak Vernon muttered;

“Hope you weren’t expecting a gift, you get enough out of us just living here...”

“Of course, Uncle Vernon” Harry replied finishing his meal and starting on the dishes eager to get
back to his cupboard and open the package. He wondered if a neighbour had given put it there but it seemed unlikely. In the years that he had lived with his aunt and uncle only Mrs Figg, the batty old lady from down the road, actually talked to him the rest of them believed that he was a dangerous delinquent and she had never given him a gift before.

Finally at half passed eight he was allowed to slip into his cupboard with a glass of water and a bucket and was told not to come out until morning. He heard the lock slide into place and then he waited for a few minutes before slowly taking out the package. For a moment he was positive that it wouldn’t be there, that he had imagined the whole thing but his fingers brushed against it and he pulled it out. The name seemed to shine in the dullness of the cupboard and the tingling feeling happened again causing the hairs on his body to stand on end as he untied the silver ribbon.

With anticipation curling like snakes in his stomach he lifted the lid and looked inside gasping just little too loudly as he saw that it was filled to the brim of sweets, and strange looking toys. There was a stick and a feather on one side and then a little sweeping brush on the other that seemed to hover when he touched it before zooming around the box that was holding it. Under the sweets and toys were books, the were tied together with another ribbon and although it was dark in his cupboard he was almost positive that the pictures were moving. Trying not to make too much noise he pulled out the items one at a time before taking out the books which seemed to be fairy stories but the names were nothing like the ones he had seen at school and sure enough the pictures were moving. On the front of the top was a wolf that was running up the side of a mountain and was called the Wolf who cried. The next books were all in the same vein, the tales of beadle the bard and a more adult looking book called Hogwarts; A history. He had no idea what a Hogwart was but there was a huge castle on the front along with a fancy looking crest.

The last thing in the box was a thick looking envelope with a wax seal over the flap. The imprint in the centre was of a dragon and Harry smiled running his finger over it before he lifted it up and pulled out a slip of folded paper. It was written in the same hand as the front of the package and he carefully opened it out and started reading.

“Dear, Harry Potter, allow me to introduce myself, my name is Draco Malfoy. I asked my mother when your birthday was and she informed me that it was the 31st of July. When I was with father in Diagon Alley I thought that I would buy you a few things. I hope that you enjoy them and that you don’t already have the books. Many happy returns, yours in hopeful future friendship...Draco Malfoy...”

“Draco...” Harry whispered looking at the books, toys, and sweets again his eyes itching with a prickle of tears surprised that somebody, anybody he didn’t know would send him a present and he wondered if there was a way of sending a letter back to thank the mysterious boy.
Harry sat crossed legged in the bush of Mrs Figg’s front garden. He had a rare day off from chores and had been told to get out of he house. He had only managed to have enough time to grab one of the books from the mysterious Draco and it happened to be Hogwarts: A history. At first Harry didn’t know what to make of it, it was written as though it was a real place but it talked about magic, spells, and potions as though they were all real things that could be learnt at the school Hogwarts.

Although not directly about the game the book did mention the schools Quidditch teams and mentioned all of the famous players and what houses they had been in. The book had told him that the toy broom he had gotten was a model racing broom used by the England Quidditch team and again it spoke as though brooms could really fly. Eventually though he knew that some, or all, of what the book was saying had to be real because the pictures were moving, some of them even waved at him and one particular looking old man gave him a huge thumbs up whenever he tried to read a difficult word and got it right.

There was also the odd things that happened around him. The way he had turned his teacher’s wig a different colour and how he had found himself on the roof of the school when being chased by Dudley and his gang. If his parents were magic though how would they have died in a car crash? It was one of the things Vernon delighted in telling him. His parents had been drunk and had died in a car crash.

“Oi, where’s Potter?” A voice sneered not too far from the bush he was sitting in and Harry carefully closed the book, where he had been reading about postage owls, and crouched down as low as he could. Dudley’s gang had decided that it was time for a game of Harry hunting now that he had been allowed out and they were bored which was why he was sitting in the bush in the first place. He normally went to the small playground on the next street over but the Gang knew about that spot and he had been beaten up more times than he could count there already. Dudley never came into Figg’s garden however because none of her many cats liked him and would spit and hiss whenever he got too close.

Most of the residents of the Drive thought that Mrs Figg was a witch because of how many cats she kept but the book hadn’t told him that having lots of cats was a requirement for being a witch though it had said that students were allowed to take an owl, a cat, or a toad to school when they attended.
“Maybe he’s at the park?” Piers Polkiss suggested his ratty voice close to the Bush and quickly
Harry slammed his hand over his mouth and nose so he wouldn’t accidentally breathe too loudly
and alert the gang to his hiding spot.

“Didn’t we already check there?” Martin Sorrell sneered coldly and Harry could imagine the boy
making almost money eyes at Dudley. Martin had once been a friend of Harry's until Dudley had
picked on him for staying close to the freak and now, not wanting to be a target again, Martin
followed everything Dudley did. Of course Dudley still bullied him but only when he couldn't find
Harry. “Yeah, but he might have gone back! Come on!” Dudley shouted and there was the sound of
running feet heading away from the bush. Harry allowed himself to breathe again his arms relaxing
around his book preparing to read it again until he heard the sound of an old woman clearing her
throat.

“They’ve gone now Harry, why don't you come in?” Mrs Figg said lightly and jerking his heard
around Harry peered through the branches of the trees and saw her standing on her doorstep one of
her dozen cats wrapped around her leg. “come on, more comfortable than the dirt and it wont be
long before they come back again, I’ve just made some dandelion and burdock"

“Um, thank-you” Harry whispered pulling himself reluctantly out from under the bush his cheek
burning a bright pink as he hugged his book to his chest. Mrs Figg looked at it in surprise but
didn’t mention it and Harry hoped that she would just think it was just a fairy story.

“You’ve got leaves in your hair, looks like a regular old birds nest...” the woman chuckled turning
on the doorstep and almost tripping over the cat that was standing there. “Freddy, what have I told
you, gonna break my neck one of these days, come on in...”

Harry had spent a lot of time with the dotty old lady in his time with the Dursley’s mostly when
they went on family trips and didn’t want him around and although she wasn’t as bad as his aunt
and uncle she wasn't his favourite person in the world either. Walking through the doors and into
her house was like walking into an oven. She had an open fire burning in the grate even though it
was summer and all her windows were closed covered with thick curtains. Many of her cats were
sitting on the stairs watching him through the gaps in the banister. Their eyes shone in the dull
lights and Harry wondered if maybe she was a witch like in the book.
He followed her to a messy kitchen and was directed to sit down at the table while she pottered
around pouring a dark brown liquid into a glass that was slightly dusty but otherwise clean. Harry
moved aside a pile of clothes disturbing another of the cats before putting his book down and
looking at the woman’s hunched back as she muddled around looking through some cake and biscuit tins.

“Jammie Dodgers okay for you Harry? All I’ve got in, will have to nip to Tesco’s later...” she said a few minutes later and Harry was genuinely surprised to see her coming towards him with a small saucer of Jammie Dodgers and the drink.

“Thank you very much” Harry smiled gratefully surprised that she was giving him anything at all. As he took the plate and glass Mrs Figh picked up his book and hummed:

“getting a head start on your school, you still have a year to go...”

“you...you are a witch?! You know about Hogwarts ? It’s real?” Harry gasped almost choking on the slightly soft Dodger he had just put in his mouth. The elderly woman patted him on the back while letting out a chuckle;

“I’m not a witch, I’m a squib, my parents were magical but I didn’t inherit it. Now where did you get that book from?”

“it was a birthday present, you’re not going to take it away from me are you?” he whispered fearfully and the woman smiled shaking her head putting his book back down before ruffling his hair.

“Of course not, but I suppose you have some questions, I will tell you what I can. I’ve never been to Hogwarts though”

“How can I send a letter?” Harry asked immediately wanting to send a thank you to the boy who had sent him his first ever birthday present.
“Well, first thing you will need is an owl, I just so happen to have one upstairs”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope that you will enjoy this part
Draco Malfoy was lazing on his bed flipping through his mother's copy of advanced potions. Lady Narcissa Malfoy wasn’t as proficient as his Godfather was at the subject but she had been the best in her year and her talent and enthusiasm for the subject had rubbed off on her son and it gave him something to do while his parents were busy and it stopped him from worrying that his gift to Harry had been rejected or worse still met with scorn. His father had told him that it was likely, that Harry would have been brought up believing the Malfoy’s to be as bad as Voldemort, and not to expect friendship but he had still felt compelled to buy and send the gifts.

“Master Draco sirs” A simpering high pitched voice said after there was a loud crack of self magic. Draco tried not to frown at the strange elf, he had always been an odd creature even the other house elves tended to avoid being with him if they could help it.

“What is it Dobby?”

“You have a letter young sirs” Dobby answered pulling a letter from out of the depths of his dirty pillow case. Draco sighed slowly expecting it to be from Pansy, she was in Europe at the moment had been sending him almost daily owls about all of the things she was doing and wearing. It was an obvious attempt to draw out jealousy but he had assurances from his father that they would be going to Japan later in the year.

“Put Pansy’s letter on the side, Dobby” he muttered dismissively deciding he could deal with Pansy’s drivel later. She was his oldest friend in the world but she could be annoying sometimes. Immediately Dobby started pulling on his ears looking like he was about to cry as he almost howled:

“You have a letter is not from Miss Parkinson, master Draco, sirs”

“Then who is it from?”

“Dobby doesn’t know sirs, a strange owl brought it” Dobby placed the crinkled letter down onto the bed and then vanished with a pop. Draco barely noticed his grey eyes fixed on the letter noticing that it was in a plain muggle envelope his name written on the front in a neat but unfamiliar hand. His heart suddenly lodged in the back of his throat he picked it up and turned it over in his hand a few times before pulling the flap up slowly.
Crisp white lined paper was inside and with his pale eyebrows knitting together he pursed his lips and pulled it free of the envelope unfurling it slowly as if expecting a curse to spring out. It wouldn’t be the first time, that was when he was five years old, though even Dobby would have checked for that now. Nothing happened and Draco caught sight of the name scrawled at the bottom of the page. ‘Harry’. Eagerly he shifted his eyes to the start of the letter and began reading;

“Dear Draco, thank you so much your present! I loved it! I don’t have any of the books, in fact I didn’t have any books about the magical world. I didn’t know it was real, I always thought that magic was just in stories” Draco blinked at those words unable to understand how Harry Potter couldn’t know about magic. It didn’t seem believable that Harry would be brought up in the muggle world. “My family doesn’t like me even talking about magic, my neighbour Mrs Figg is a squib, but I didn’t know until she caught me reading the book you gave me. She let me borrow her owl to send this letter. Sorry for rambling...Um...If you want to write back, can you send your letters to Mrs Figg? Sorry, if you don’t want to write...”

“You sure do apologise a lot” Draco frowned at the letter, he rarely apologised even when he thought the situation deserved it. He also couldn’t believe how awkward the writing was or that Harry actually wrote the ‘Ums’.

“Um...Thank-you for the presents, I really liked them, the broom is cool, I can’t believe that people can actually fly! It all sounds so cool, um...Yours in friendship, Harry Potter” Draco finished the letter getting the impression that Harry wanted to say more but was worried that he was saying too much. He read the letter a few more times and then looked around his bedroom at the many books that he had dotted around the room deciding that it just wasn’t on that Harry Potter, the boy who lived, didn’t know anything about his world. He got up from the bed and swept out of his bedroom looking for his mother.

Narcissa was in her nursery tending to a rather beautiful but deadly Angel’s trumpet plant. It was useful in many potions but it was deadly poison if used incorrectly. Narcissa’s beautiful hair was tied up into a butterfly clip which fluttered every so often as she worked.

“Mama”

“Yes my dragon?” She hummed clipping the dead leaves from her plant with a pair of silver sheers before turning to look at him with a smile on her face. Her eyes fell to the letter in his hand and her sculpted eyebrow lifted up her pale forehead. “Is Pansy being tedious again?”

“No, it’s not from Pants, Harry wrote back to thank me for the presents”
“I see, how nice, but why do you look so troubled my dragon?”

“Perhaps you would like to read the letter? And see what you make of it” Draco offered and Narcissa pulled off her gloves and placed them onto her table before taking the letter. Her eyes moved over the words quickly her ruby red lips pursing.

“I see, so Harry Potter is living with muggles, I did wonder where the boy was taken. Many of the wizarding families wanted to take him in but Dumbledore said he had found family that would care for him” She told him when she had finished. She passed him his note back and Draco slipped it into the pocket of his robes. “You should write back to him, Dragon, tell him about our world, his world”

“I was going to, but why would Dumbledore put him with muggles? More so ones that hate magic?”

“There isn’t a lot that we can gain from a single letter Draco, talk to him more coax out more information be a friend to him and then we shall see what might be done. It might be more interesting for you than reading about Pansy’s trips to all of the cafes in Italy” Narcissa smiled pushing his hair out of his face and Draco nodded, he had already decided that he would write back to Harry without his mother telling him so but he had wanted her opinion on what he had read. “But suspect you already intended on writing to him”

“Yes, mother, I was thinking of sending him some more books, I have some of those old Quidditch books I thought he might enjoy”

“His father was an excellent Quidditch player” Narcissa remembered with a little bit of a frown. She would have been a few years ahead of James Potter but they were distantly related and everyone knew of James’ love of the sport. “I’m sure he will love them, Draco, but do as he says, send it to this Figg woman, if his family truly doesn’t like magic then its best that you don’t provoke them. Muggles are irrational creatures”

“Yes, mother, will father be home for lunch?”

“I shouldn’t think so, we will have lunch in the garden” Narcissa stated looking out over the garden which was bathed in a warm rose glow of the summer sun. “Write your letter and then join me”
I hope this is okay, draco is so hard for me to write young -.-
Thank you for all the comments and kudos, it makes me really happy xD
Harry had a lot of questions but he had always been told by the Dursleys’ not to ask questions. The answers were always ‘because I said so’ or ‘Boy go to your cupboard’ so when Mrs Figg had offered to answer questions that he did have he wound up sitting across from her in a dusty old attic that smelt vaguely like a bird cage. The seat he was sat on was comfortable however an the attic wasn’t as warm as it had been downstairs. The old lady tied his letter to Draco on the leg of an old barn owl that had watched him with curious bright yellow eyes and then had flown off though the small window.

“Harry, dear, I can’t promise to be able to answer everything but I can tell you what I know” Mrs Figg said with a surprisingly gentle smile her head cocking to one side as she sat in the overstuffed armchair across from him. Nervously Harry dragged his tongue over his dry lips and then absently stroked one of the cats that had jumped onto his lap at some point. The cats had never been overly friendly with him before but somehow it was rather comforting to have something to do with his hands. “Why don’t I start speaking and you can ask what ever you like. As you have probably guessed, you are a wizard, with parents like yours you’re probably going to be a blooming good one”

“My parents, you knew them?”

“Not personally but I knew of them, I don’t think there is anyone in our world that doesn’t know the names of your parents” Harry played around with the cat’s ear not knowing what he was meant to say to that. He still didn’t know the names of his parents, his aunt and uncle just called them the lousy layabouts that had died leaving hard working people to raise their ungrateful offspring.

“...I don’t...” He admitted in a small voice and to his surprise the old woman bit out an angry snarl which sounded suspiciously like a swear and the mutter of a strange name he had read in his Hogwarts; a history, book.

“Your parents names were James and Lily...” She said leaning forward and patting him on the hand. The names rolled around in his mind “I have a photo of them...Hang about a bit...” She jumped up from the chair with more agility than he would have expected from somebody of her age. She moved over to the far side of the attic where she had a small wooden desk that held an
impossible amount of drawers. “Ah-hah! Here it is, I knew I had one!” She hobbled back to her chair and sat back down handing him over a black and white moving photograph of a man and a woman with a small baby. It appeared to have been taken from a newspaper and Harry gazed at it hungrily his eyes watching as the woman grinned lifting the baby Harry’s hand and getting him to wave. “They were a very happy couple”

“They didn’t die in a car accident did they?” He asked his eyes not leaving he picture his voice croaky and he had the feeling that the woman shook her head quickly and rapidly as she said;

“No, not at all, they were heroes Harry, they died fighting one of the worst dark lords the world has ever known. Vo...Vold...Voldemort...” Mrs Figg stumbled over the name and Harry’s green eyes moved upwards to look at her surprised at how pale she had become. Her hand scrapped through her hair as she looked nervously around as though she was worried that the man would appear just by saying it almost like that game some people played ‘Bloody Mary’

“Vold...He killed my parents? Why?”

“Nobody knows, not really, there are rumours of course, there always are. But what we do know is that he went to your home the night he vanished to kill them and you finished him, it’s how you got the scar on your forehead” Her faded blue eyes moved to his hair line and Harry found himself smoothing out his fringe. His aunt had always hated his scar but he had always rather liked it looking like a lightning bolt.
“I...What? How could I do that? I was only a baby”

“True, but something special happened that night, he who must not be named vanished and hasn’t been seen since” There was a look of pure pride in her face as she gazed at him now and Harry was sure his stomach was feeling like it had been put in a washing machine. It was churning around quickly and he swallowed down a thick lump.

“How did I end up with my aunt and uncle?” Harry asked wondering if his father had had any family that might have taken him in. It didn’t seem likely and now he knew why strangers in the street seemed to know him even when he had never seen them in his life before. “Why wasn’t I told that I’m...A wizard?”
“That was Dumbledore’s bright idea” Mrs Figg didn’t sound as though she agreed with this Dumbledore and her face reflected that by scrunching up her nose while rolling her eyes. “He said that your aunt was the only family you had left and that he had left a note, a note? Albus Dumbledore might be the lightest wizards of our age but he isn’t the brightest, how could you explain all that in a note? I tried to get him to take you away, I’ve told him time and time again...But...It’s okay, you’ll be at Hogwarts from next year away from that worthless lot. I’m sorry for the part I played but I was worried, I thought if you came here and enjoyed it they would stop you coming. They like to sap away an pleasure you might have…”

“But you were always nice to me” Harry mumbled with a shrug his mind buzzing with all that he had learnt. True he hadn’t always enjoyed being with Mrs Figg but she had never been cruel to him. His time in her home had been spent looking at old photos of her cats and listening to her complain about the weather or the youth of today. It hadn’t been fun but at least she had never made him do chores.

“Such a sweet boy, but we both know that its not true. But I will make it up to you! I can get your aunt and uncle to let me borrow you, I will say that I need your help sorting out my house” She suggested brightly and Harry felt hope bubble up inside of him. He knew that he couldn’t keep his books and gifts from Draco hidden all the time and he was scared what would happen if they found out. Maybe she would let him keep them here until he went to school. “You will just have to pretend that’s what you’re doing. You will get away from that bully of a cousin of yours as well”

“Thank-you” Harry smiled and Mrs Figg gave him a nod before talking about other aspects of the wizarding world which Harry found so interesting that he hadn’t noticed that they had been sat there for over two hours until the brown owl flew back in through the window a note tied to his leg.

“Plum, your back, what you got there then? A letter for Harry is it?” Mrs Figg said holding out her hand and the bird flew down holding out its leg and Harry tried not to grow too excited at the thought of another letter from Draco. Of course he couldn’t hide his excitement as he was handed the parchment envelope which had Harry Potter c/o Mrs Figg written in crisp swirly hand writing on the front. Before he could read the letter another owl flew in through the window a package held tightly in its talons. The bird circled the attic for a moment and then came down to Harry depositing the package into his hands before immediately flying away. This too had the same words and handwriting and Harry licked his lips opening his letter first.

“Dear Harry, I am very glad that my birthday gift reached you safely and that you enjoy the gifts. I admit I was surprised when you said you knew nothing about our world. I have never lived with muggles (Non-wizarding people) do they all hate magic? I had thought they didn’t know about us”
Draco wrote and Harry gave a snort deciding that it was only his aunt and uncle that hated magic. He had always thought it strange but now he suspected that they knew he was a wizard and the insults were just another way of putting him down. “I have sent some of my old books for you, a book of potions, one of charms, a history of magic in Britain, and several old volumes of Quidditch monthly” Harry gasped looking at the package resting on the arm of the chair honestly not expecting anything more but wanting to read more about Quidditch. “My mother informs me your father was a keen Quidditch player when he was in Hogwarts, he played chaser I believe, though people thought he should try for seeker. I do hope that you will write again, you will make a refreshing change from my friend Pansy who believes that everyone should be as excited as her about dresses as if they make her look any less like a pug in a wig. Hoping to hear from you again soon, Draco Malfoy”

Chapter End Notes

Over a 100 kudos, thank you all so much, I hope you don’t mind the slow pace
“Dear Draco, thank you for the books and for telling me about my dad, I didn’t even know their names until Mrs Figg told me. Quidditch looks amazing, do you have a favourite team? I like the look of the Scorching Herons, the Japanese team. Can you play? I read that we can’t do magic outside of school but what about accidental magic? I think I accidentally turned my teacher’s wig blue. Charms looks interesting though I guess it’s a lot harder than the book makes out. Are your parents both magic? Most...muggles...don't think magic is real so it’s only my aunt and uncle that hate it. Me and my cousin weren’t allowed to read stories with magic in them as it would give us too many ideas. Though I’m not sure my cousin can read anyway... Sorry for asking so many questions and for probably sounding dumb. Um, hope to hear from you again Harry...”

Harry sent his letter back with Plum who had given him a slightly sour look before taking off through the window once more. Mrs Figg had chuckled saying that she would have to give her postal bird a rather large mouse that evening to make up for the two delivery and Harry felt guilty. He had been so excited and happy to have a possible friend that his cousin couldn’t frighten off that he hadn’t thought about the owl being tired.

“I’m sorry”

“It’s okay, he’s just a grumpy old thing, he doesn’t deliver much post these days, I don’t have may friends in the wizarding world he was my sisters owl you see but she passed away” The old woman gave him a smile her eyes reflecting the sadness that she must have been feeling. Harry swallowed a lump not knowing what he was meant to say to that. He hadn’t known the woman had a sister much less that she had died so he ended up whispering;

“I’m sorry”

“Not your fault, Harry dear, but I think that it’s time for you to be heading back. Your aunt and Uncle will be looking for you” Mrs Figg looked apologetic at even suggesting it but Harry nodded looking at the clock on the far side of the wall seeing that it was almost four thirty and he hummed reluctantly;

“Yes, it’s almost time to make dinner. Thank-you, Mrs Figg”

“You’re welcome Harry, I will keep your letter for you and talk to your aunt about getting you to
help me” The old woman eased herself out of her chair and very reluctantly Harry followed suit his hand going to the collection of books that had been given to him. He had had read through a few of them but he wanted to read more but he knew that he couldn’t take them with him.
“Mrs Figg, may I leave my books here?”

“Of course you can, Harry, put them on the desk, but be careful of the bird droppings, Plum doesn’t care where he goes these days” Mrs Figg warned him and Harry gave a nod before tiptoeing through the attic to place his books down onto the desk. He put the photo of his parents down on top of it all. He pictures waved and smiled at him and Harry smiled back before quickly turning and following the woman back down from the attic.

Her cats were in lines down the main stair case and very often he almost trod on their tails. Eventually he found himself back in the kitchen. Mrs Figg gave him another Jammie Dodger before leading him back outside. Thankfully Dudley’s gang wasn’t there and he was able to make back to the Dursley’s home in good time. As always he had to go round to the back as he was not allowed through the front door. He slipped inside and already his aunt appeared to be on the war path.

“And where have you been? My Duddykins has been looking for you all afternoon! He and his little friends wanted to play a game with you!” She raged and Harry caught sight of his cousin smirking through the doorway to the living room. They all knew what kind of game Dudley wanted to play with him, it was called Harry hunting and he almost always ended up with bruises all over his body or broken glasses. His glasses had been broken that many times that Harry was sure they were only held together by magic these days. He looked away from Dudley looking down at the floor.

“Sorry Aunt Petunia”

“Sorry doesn’t tell me where you were boy”

“Mrs Figg...She asked me if I would help her since I wasn’t doing anything useful” Harry muttered going through with the lie that Mrs Figg had come up with. Petunia sucked in a breath and Harry risked a glance. She clearly still wanted to rage at him but she knew how much Harry hated being with Mrs Figg and her many cats so it wasn’t as though he had been having fun had he?

“And what were you doing with Mrs Figg?”

“She had me emptying out her attic, Aunt Petunia...” Harry answered and the long necked woman sucked on her lip before snarling;
“Fine, wash your hands and get on with peeling the potatoes”

“Yes, Aunt Petunia” Harry said bobbing his head before going to the pantry and getting the sack of potatoes. While he was carrying them back to the kitchen he didn’t notice Dudley’s foot until it was too late and he was falling forward his face smacking into the cupboard the potatoes going everywhere. The noise was enough to bring Aunt Petunia coming back into the kitchen shouting;

“You clumsy boy! Clean this up right now!”

“But Dudley...” Harry argued his face throbbing and his lip wet from where it had been split on the handle of the cupboard.

“He wasn’t looking where he was going! He trod on my foot mummy!” Dudley whined and Petunia sucked in breath.

“Clean this up now and then get to your cupboard! No dinner for you tonight. Its okay Duddykins, I will get you a takeaway” She said simpering almost as loudly as her son and Harry quickly picked up the potatoes before happily slipping into his cupboard not caring about having no dinner has he still had some of the sweets Draco had given him. It was still light in his cupboard so he pulled out the copy of Beadle the Bard wondering if there would be another letter from his penpal in the morning. He hoped so.

He read his book and ate his sweets before drifting off to sleep where he dreamt of a red haired woman and a man laughing and dancing in cosy looking cottage living room while soft music played and bubbles appeared all around him causing him to laugh happily and clap his hands together.

“Boy! Get up! Mrs Figg is here!” Petunia shouted through the door the next morning and Harry groaned getting up and stuffing his book into his hiding spot. He pulled on his glasses and one of Dudley’s oversized t-shirt before heading out. Mrs Figg was sitting awkwardly in the kitchen her eyes widening as she saw him emerge from the cupboard under the stairs but she didn’t say anything just sniffed and turned on her heel marching out of the home.

“Come on boy, that attic isn’t going to clean itself” She said sharply and Harry nodded following her out. The sun was already bright as they made their way over the road to her home. Once inside Harry was amazed to see that there was a breakfast set out on the table along with another letter in Draco’s beautiful script propped up against a teapot dressed in a blue tea cosy. “Sit down and have
some breakfast while you read your letter...”

“Thank-you Mrs Figg” Harry grinned almost running to the table and flipping open his letter and reading it while he ate buttered toast and drank tea.

“Dear Harry, you are very welcome and it’s a pleasure to have told you something about your parents, I’m sorry it was not more however, my God father was in the same year as them at school so he would be able to give more information about their time there by the time you have received this I will have written to him. The Scorching Herons are an amazing team, my parents shall be taking me to Japan later in the year and I am hoping to see them play.

My favourite team is the Jumping Toadstools, however I must swear you to secrecy on that as many believe them to be very folksy, they have more joy for the game than most professional teams these days. I have a Quidditch pitch at home but sadly my father is often too busy to play, he was keeper at school, and Pants pretty much hates everything about the game so mostly I just fly laps on my father’s old broom. My parents refuse to buy me my own until I’m in Hogwarts.

Charms and potions are some of the more complex forms of magic, charms is about the control of the wand and the intent behind the spell and potions is often underappreciated by most wizarding kind. But perhaps I am biased as my mother and godfather enjoy potions and my father is excellent at charms. I shouldn't worry, all magical children have bursts of accidental magic, it is only focused when you get your wand and as such it is only forbidden when you are purposely using spells. Though turning a teachers wig blue sounds amusing, what did they do to earn your wrath?

Yes my parents are both pure blood, in fact my mother was second cousin to your father through the Black line (I have enclosed a small family tree). I see, father says that muggles get jealous over what they don’t have. The last time we tried to expose ourselves to Muggles they tried to burn/hang us. Of course that is impossible and mostly they ended up killing themselves for the most part. Although you haven’t said much your family sounds like the worst kind of muggles. Your cousin is unable to read?

Please, don’t worry about asking questions, it is far more interesting talking to you than reading about Pant’s in Italy, she is my oldest friend but she can be a terrible bore. You don’t sound boring at all. Yours, Draco”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope this part isn't boring -.-
Draco took the stairs two at a time almost giddy with excitement as he headed to the breakfast room. The manor was large but he knew all of the short cuts to make the trip from his bedroom in the east wing to the breakfast room on the south side in record time. He had only expected his mother to be there sitting as she always was in the chair against the window her pale skin bathed in light so he was caught short when he saw his father sat at the head of the table eating a muffin while reading the Daily Prophet. The scent of expensive coffee was in the air and Draco saw that his father Lord Lucius Malfoy wasn’t wearing an outer robe but instead was wearing only breeches, a crisp white shirt held together with a tie, that held a silver pin in the style of a serpent. Narcissa was sat where she normally was and she greeted him with a smile.

“Draco, you have some letters”

“Father, are you not going into work today?”

“You don’t sound happy with that idea Draco, have I done something to displease you?” Lucius asked and although his tone was dry anyone that knew the Malfoy lord would see the humour in his grey eyes. Draco gave a smile shaking his head, his father was considered cold by some families but he had never been in doubt that he loved him. He was a busy man however and was often stretched thin trying to redeem his name after the war. “I will be going in later, however I wanted to talk with you. Severus floo called me last night, he said that you have been asking about the Potters, when I spoke with your mother she said that you had started a correspondence with the young Potter heir”

“Yes father, he wrote me to thank me for the birthday gifts I sent him and...He is rather more interesting than Pant...Pansy” Draco corrected himself at the last minute, his mother found his nick name for his oldest and perhaps dearest friend as funny his father however thought it rude to speak of a woman like that even one like Pansy.

“I did not say I didn’t approve, in fact I think it is rather clever of you to start a friendship with the young hero of the wizarding world, there maybe some families in our circle that would not agree however I have very pleased with you” Lucius of course would think of what it would do for the Malfoy family and Draco had thought of it as well but in truth he had been bored and interested by
Harry and he wanted to see what he was like.

“We shall be attending Hogwarts together next year father, and I discovered that he knows nothing of the magical world barring what I have told him and a squib”

“I see, Dumbledore’s doing no doubt, wanting to spare him the fate of growing up with the weight of the world on his shoulders, perhaps even mould him in someway. In a year he would then send a friendly face to Potter, a fully light wizard who will show the boy that the world is only black and white when everyone knows there are many shades of grey” Lucius hummed clicking his fingers and a House elf, thankfully not Dobby, appeared to pour him more coffee and to take away the plate. “You must help him see that the world isn’t the way some families will believe. Something your mother said intrigued me, she said that you showed her a letter and you had reason to believe that Mr Potter was ill treated with his relatives?”

“I can’t be sure father, but he said that the Muggles he was living with had no love of magic and that he didn’t even know the names of his parents” Draco found that rather sad. Everyone in the wizarding world knew of Harry James Potter and James and Lily Potter and yet the boy in question hadn’t known anything at all about them. It was what he had explained to his Godfather in his letter hoping that the man had any information that he might pass on to Harry.

“I see”

“I believe I will write to the Squib Harry mentioned in his letter, perhaps she will be able to explain more about him” Narcissa hummed her perfectly made up lips touching the golden rim of her fine bone china tea-cup that held her name sake flower on the front.

“That would be a good idea my heart, however have a care. To have her living so close to Mr Potter I can only imagine that it wasn’t coincidence” Lucius hummed and Draco chewed slowly on his own muffin his eyes fixed on the letters sat in the silver holder. The top one was from his godfather, he could see that from the neat small copperplate handwriting while the other was clearly from Harry and he wanted to ready it as soon as possible but knew that it would be rude while his parents were talking.

“You believe that she is in Dumbledore’s confidence?”
“I wouldn’t put anything passed that twinkly eyed coot” Lucius muttered folding the paper and setting it aside showing a picture of the Old Coot in question looking up from the steps of the Ministry. Narcissa pursed her lips before saying softly;

“But she has not stopped our Dragon from speaking to the boy and has even allowed him use of her owl”

“I know, but it remains prudent that we should act with caution, my heart, I would not have somebody saying our Draco was trying to corrupt the young Potter”

“We are just discussing Quidditch teams and school subjects, I’m hardly encouraging him to be the next dark lord”

“I know, Draco, but because of mistakes in my past we as Malfoy’s must tread carefully” Lucius tried to hide his scowl as the words spilled out of his mouth but the dark grey of his eyes darkened as his lips curled with distaste.

“You have far earned their trust again father!”

“Perhaps but that is neither here nor there, now read your letters I will attend to something in my study then perhaps, if the weather remains fair, we can play a one on one game? It has been a while”

“Yes! Please father!” Draco beamed as Lucius rose from the table gracefully and took his coffee in one hand and the newspaper in the other. Lucius nodded serenely at him and gave a smile.

“Very well, I will be in my office, my heart”
“My husband” Narcissa smiled a relaxed smile full of warmth and love that she only showed to her family. Draco knew that most people thought his parents marriage had been political in nature but Draco knew that it was a love match first it was fortunate that their parents had agreed to the match. “Read your letters Draco, you have been incredibly patient”

“Thank-you, mama” Draco’s hand darted forward taking his Godfather’s letter first as it was the slimmest of the two. Inside he found a single sheet of parchment saying;

“I have little time for foolish questions regarding my past as a youth so I will keep my answers short. Potter was an insufferable git, people thought him charming but he was naught but a bully that hurt anyone in his path. His one saving grace, if I had to begrudgingly give him one was that he cared deeply for those that he called friends. Lily on the other hand was the most talented witch I have had the pleasure of knowing. She was particularly fond of charms and care of magical creatures. She had the ability to be willing to see the best in everyone she met. Her one failing was that she fell in love with James Potter. I have no doubt that they cared very deeply for their offspring in the time they had together. Now if you have any more pointless questions I suggest you direct them towards somebody that has the time to answer them, good day, your godfather S.S”

“As charming as ever” Draco laughed handing the letter to his mother who let out a clear bell like laugh her eyes roaming over the page before humming;

“At least he answered, he has always been fond of you” Draco found it hard to imagine his Godfather being fond of anyone but at least he had given him some information and he was sure that he would be able to get more out of him at another time. Setting that letter aside he picked up the one from Harry and tore it open happily.

“Dear Draco, thank you so much for the family tree. I don’t really understand it but I am really grateful. I promise your secret is safe with me, I have nobody I could share it with anyway. You don’t have to bother your godfather, I’m very happy with what I’ve already gotten. Mrs Figg has told my aunt and uncle that I am helping her clean out her attic so she has gotten me out of the house and away from my cousin and his friends so I can read those books you have me.

The reason I turned my teachers wig blue was because of my cousin, my aunt and uncle hate me
getting better marks than him at school so they would pass off my homework as his while I would have to take in his, which was sometimes none at all because he had never completed it. Sadly we had a test and Dudley failed. My teacher accused me of swopping my paper with Dudley as I had never gotten a high grade before. I was angry with him and he had this stupid wig on...It just...Um...Turned blue...”

“What a downright awful family” Draco said fuming for his friend. Narcissa raised an eyebrow but stayed silent and Draco continued his letter.

“...I got locked in my cupboard for days after that but it was worth it. What kind of accidental magic have you done? I grew my hair back over night once, cause my aunt had cut it so short it looked awful...and another time I shrank a jumper. It was one of Dudley’s old ones...Um...Sorry...I hope that you can go to Japan like you want, do you go to school? I go back next week, I’m not looking forward to it as I’m in the same class as Dudley and his gang. Um...Yours Harry...”

Chapter End Notes

The malfoys are a hard family for me to write but I hope it was okay
“What are you reading?” Mrs Figg asked coming up behind him and putting a cup of tea down on the desk beside him. Harry looked up from the book pushing his glasses up his nose and giving her a wry grin. He had been reading the book for most of the day barely speaking to the old woman but the books were so interesting. He had always loved books, living with the Dursleys’ he had never had much chance to read them, and now he wanted to learn as much as possible before he went to school he was worried that he was going to be behind everyone else.

“I’m reading through the potions book that Draco sent me...” He answered sheepishly and Mrs Figg smiled nodding as she pottered over to the chair and eased herself into it. “Were you sad? When you found out that you couldn’t use magic?”

“Honestly, yes, I was upset and, just between you and me, I was jealous of my sister but my life wasn’t all bad” She smiled picking out some wool from a basket at the side of her chair slowly rocking herself back and forth while the youngest of her many cats played around with a small ball of wool around their feet. Plum watched the whole thing from his perch his yellow eyes glowing in the dim light that was above them. “My family kept me with them until I met my husband and we came out into the muggle world”

“Did you have a family?” Harry swallowed hoping that he wasn’t asking too many questions. Mrs Figg didn’t seem to be angry however and she gave a nod saying:

“Two sons, one magical the other not. They both went to fight in the second war, neither came home”

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to make you sad” Harry whispered his fingers trembling as he stroked the folds of the book. His uncle had always told him that he asked too many questions. She half expected the old woman to send him away but she simply pulled a locket out from under her top and opened it to reveal two photos. Stiff backed and black and white. The first was of an obviously much younger Mrs Figg in a white lace gown. Her hair looked almost as black as Harry’s with a mass of curls under a veil standing next to a plump happy looking man with thin circular glasses perched on the end of is nose. The second photo was two young men in uniform one appearing to be blond while the other had his mothers hair.
“You didn’t Harry, not at all, in fact it is rather nice to talk about them. There’s nobody alive that remembers I had children or a husband, they just think of me as the dotty old cat lady” She chuckled smiling at the locket before putting it back under her clothes. Harry gave her a weak smile scraping his tongue over dry lips before saying gently;

“What...Were their names?”

“Michael Christopher was the eldest and Matthew Lawrence the youngest...My husband’s name was Stanley though every one called him Lee, his father was Stan you see made it less complicated. He was a butcher by trade had his own shop on the high street. He was the most handsome man I had ever seen. Sorry Harry, you don’t want to be listening to an old woman’s tales” She sighed rocking herself slowly as once again she started to knit her needles clicking in the silent attic as she counted the stitches under her breath. Harry wanted to ask but he was once again terrified that he had pushed too far and slowly he started reading through the book again until there was a hooting of an owl ad the fluttering of wings. “Seems the post has arrived, you are a handsome looking bird” Mrs Figg cooed as a huge but graceful Eagle owl flew in through the window. It was almost three times the size of Plum and had talons that were built for ripping flesh from bone however it landed carefully on the arm of Mrs Figg’s chair and held up its leg so she could take the letters from its leg. “Two letters today, ah but there’s one for me as well...Such pretty handwriting, here you are Harry dear”

“Thank-you, and I am sorry...”

“Please stop apologising, dear, it was a long time ago and although it hurts, I know I will see them all again one day” She assured him taking his hand in her own as he took his letter. She squeezed his fingers and gave him a smile that seemed to remove some of the lines of years from around her eyes making her look almost as she had done in her wedding. “Read your letter, dear, there’s a good boy, I’ll read mine as well, it seems the owl is waiting for a reply” She motioned to the bird that had flown to Plum’s perch and caused the cantankerous to shift over so it could sit gracefully on it taking some water from its tray and Harry watched in amusement before taking his letter back to the table and pulling it open slowly.

“Dear Harry, before I go any further and forgive me if I am over stepping the bounds of our tentative friendship but what did you mean when you wrote ‘Locked in my cupboard?’ Your relatives keep you locked in a cupboard? I highly doubt that is normal sleeping arrangements for muggles. You can tell me that it is none of my concern but I would hardly let such a statement pass” Harry groaned he hadn’t meant to write that, Draco probably thought he was a freak now and like Dudley and his gang he was probably going to laugh about it behind his back. It had been
going so well and now he had ruined it. However Draco’s letter continued and Harry kept reading surprised that the rest of the letter was much the same as their others had been.

“I blew up my mothers greenhouse in a fit of accidental Magic, I didn’t mean to but one of father’s albino peacocks had been chasing me because Pant’s had tried to take one of the Peachicks. I tried to stop her but the peacock got the wrong idea. I was about five I believe. I ran to mother only to find that she wasn’t where I expected her to be. The peacock guarded the door to the greenhouse and I only wanted to shoo it away but I ended up destroying the greenhouse. The poor peacock had its tail singed in the blast and mother lost some of her award winning roses. Father was terrified that I had harmed myself, I hadn’t of course my magic protected me from the blast, but once he had calmed down he was delighted that I had shown such a powerful display of magic. Barring that incident I have only made toys fly around and once caused father to be locked in my play room. He had to go to work and I didn’t want him to leave because I wanted him to play with me”

Harry snorted a little at the silliness of Draco’s accidental magic trying hard to imagine what an albino peacock would look like and how somebody could have them in their garden it sounded like a dream. The school had taken him on a class trip a few years ago to one of the stately houses around Surry and that had had Peacocks but the normal kind with blue feathers and pretty tails he couldn’t picture what an all white one would look like.

“I wrote to my Godfather, Severus is not the most social of men and he has a tendency to think ill of everyone however he told me that your father was well liked at school, father confirmed that although he didn’t know him personally James Potter was popular amongst his peers. Even Severus said that he loved those that he thought of as friends dearly” Harry looked at the photo of him with his parents a warm bubble in his hear “Severus was much kinder towards your mother however, he said and I quote him here ‘Lily on the other hand was the most talented witch I have had the pleasure of knowing. She was particularly fond of charms and care of magical creatures. She had the ability to be willing to see the best in everyone she met’. He went on to say that they would have loved you wholeheartedly while they had you. I am once again sorry that it wasn’t much however mother and father have agreed to help me find out more about their time at school for you. Father is on the board of governors for Hogwarts so I am positive he will find something more for you”

Harry felt his eyes prickle with a few tears as he thought about people he didn’t know doing something so kind for him. He wasn’t used to it and he doubted that he would ever be able to thank them enough.

“I don’t attend school. When I go to Hogwarts next year it will be my first time in a school situation, I was home schooled by some of the best tutors mother and father could get. Of course I have not been taught magic but mother and father gave me their old school books to read and
Severus gave me a children’s potion set for Yule one year. It only included some none dangerous potions but Mother didn’t like me using it unsupervised. She can be such a worrier. I should tell you that she has written to Mrs Figg about you but don’t worry it is just formalities.

Your cousin sounds like a terrible bully and bore but you shall soon be at Hogwarts. Have you thought about what house you want to be in yet? I will most likely be in Slytherin, my whole family has been, I suppose Ravenclaw wouldn’t be so bad, anything but Hufflepuff...Please write again soon, your friend Draco

Chapter End Notes

Wow, almost 200 kudos xD I'm so happy xD
I'm glad you're enjoying this story xD
“Draco, it’s not...Normal for muggles to sleep in cupboards but I’ve always slept in the cupboard under the stairs. The Dursley’s have always told me that freaks don’t deserve bedrooms...Sorry, can you forget I said anything? It’s not important, its just a place to sleep...”

“It is not a place to sleep!” Draco ragged hotly disturbing Narcissa who had been reading through her own letter from Mrs Figg. Her face was almost always pale but right now it was worse than it had ever been and she was chewing the inside of her cheek in an un-lady like way. “Mother, they are keeping him in a cupboard”

“Yes, I have just been told by Mrs Figg, the poor boy...”

“We have to do something! Harry is younger than I am! He said that he has always been in the cupboard!” Draco didn’t mean to speak over his mother but he couldn’t believe that even muggles would keep a child in a cupboard and for Harry to think that it was normal was beyond reason. “Mother...”

“Draco, calm down and change into some attire that will not attract attention” Narcissa said delicately folding her letter and setting it aside. She looked calm and composed, some would say cold, but Draco could see the fire in her icy blue eyes. She might have been the wife of a death eater and sister to Bellatrix Lestrange but Draco knew that his mother loved children. He would have had brothers and sisters to spare if she had been able to carry them but an old family curse prevented her from being able to carry more than one child. “Where are we going?”

“I think that we should visit young, Mr Potter, Jinx” Narcissa called quietly and her personal house elf popped into the sunroom with a faint crack.

“Mistress Malfoy, hows can Jinx help you?” The elf asked while Draco made his way out of the room to change out of his robes only hearing his mother say softly;
“I need you to take a message to my husband...”

Draco ran to his bedroom and threw open his door with a burst of accidental magic. Although he was truly horrified by what he had learned from Harry he couldn’t deny that he was excited about seeing him for the first time and he wanted to make a good impression. His walk in wardrobe was filled with clothes mostly robes and suits but he had a few casual clothes and he quickly decided on a simple pair of black dress trousers, a t-shirt, and a bottle green shirt. He ran a comb through his hair and then put on some dragon hide shoes. Once done he went back down finding his mother waiting for him dressed in a long light blue dress with flowing sleeves, the outfit made her look ethereal more so with her hair down in light waves around her shoulder.

“Come my Dragon, your father will meet us in Surrey” She said and Draco nodded smiling somewhat nervously as they left the manor and walked to the edge of the wards. His mother took his hand and he quickly shut his eyes as he was suddenly pulled through a drain plug. His whole body seemed to be cramped and folded before being put back to rights. His stomach swirling and churning he stumbled away from his mother and heaved over a small holly bush while Narcissa rubbed his back until he was recovered. “Are you okay my dragon?”

“Yes, mother, but of all magical forms of transportation that is my least favourite” Draco admitted weakly flashing her a small weak smile and Narcissa chuckled lightly pushing his fringe way from his eyes. “So this is where Harry lives?”

“Close to it” Narcissa said looking around with a disapproving sniff and Draco followed suit very nearly scowling at the neat rows of houses that all looked identical with neat little gardens and houses with net curtains. “How depressing, come Draco, Mrs Figg lives over here on Wisteria Drive., she gave me her address in her letter”

“What did she tell you mother? It must have been bad...” Draco said as he and his mother made their way through the back alley. All of the houses looked the same except for one. Smoke was pouring out of the chimney and the curtains were drawn. Cats, many of them, were sitting watchfully in the garden and Draco realised that they were at least half kneazle and it was likely that they acted as spies for the squib living in the home.
“She told me things that I would not repeat to you son” Narcissa answered before opening an iron gate which creaked dramatically. Draco followed her up the overgrown path towards a door that had peeling paint and a rusty doorknocker in the shape of a cat’s head. Narcissa was just about to knock when the door opened and a tiny boy with black messy hair and large black framed ugly glasses appeared. He stared at them with wide emerald green eyes fear filling his face before Narcissa smiled and said in a happy voice. “Hello, I’m looking for Mrs Arabella Figg”

“Hullo, Mrs Figg is upstairs, would you like me to fetch her?”

“Harry?” Draco whispered in disbelief half convinced that he was mistaken. Harry was only a few months younger than he was and yet the pale black haired boy in front of him barely looked to be older than seven years. The clothes he was wearing were four times the size of the boy and stretched out of all shape and style. His unnervingly green eyes widened as Draco stepped out from behind his mother his lips parting in a gasp.

“Draco?”

“Yes, it’s very nice to meet you” Draco smiled holding out his hand in a greeting. Harry nervously lapped at his lips and then he moved forward and took his hand giving it a tentative shake.

“And...And you...” Harry smiled though it appeared to be forced and his hand squeezed at his when he heard the sound of boy’s voices. Draco turned and saw a large boy, about the same size and shape as a young hippo, wadding towards the house with a group of pasty faced youths following behind. “Dudley...”

“Oh! Freak!” The fat boy said with a sneer before his eyes moved over to Narcissa who had her arms folded over her chest but Draco could see the tip of her wand poking from under her hand. She didn’t have time to use it however as their was a crack and Draco saw his father walking towards him. He had removed his outer robe but otherwise he was wearing what he would always wear. His snake headed cane was in his hand and he was glaring out at the world or more particularly Dudley and his friends. He strode between them causing them to scatter like rodents.

“My heart, I did tell you to tread carefully” He sighed coming to stand beside Draco his hand resting on his shoulder. “Mr Potter, you look very much like your father though I believe you have
your mother’s eyes”

“Forgive me husband, but I am sure you will understand my actions when you read this” Narcissa said pulling a letter from out of her robes. “Harry dear take us to Mrs Figg, family matters should not be discussed on the doorstep”

“I...Okay...” Harry nodded seemingly only just realising that he hadn’t yet let go of Draco’s hand. He dropped it quickly as though he had been stung pale cheeks turning red as he stepped back into the house and motioned for them to follow.

The house was only about the same size as his family drawing room and it smelt strongly of cat and kneazle and normally Draco would have commented on it but he bit back his sour words knowing that this woman had tried to help his friend. They were led up a tiny stair case and then up an even smaller one into an attic room.

“Mrs Figg? Um...”

“Harry, dear? Is there something you forgot?”

“No, Draco and his parents are here” Harry whispered in a small voice and Draco had the urge to gently take his hand again and give it a squeeze. Harry looked at it and then swallowed moving further into the room. Mrs Figg was an ancient old woman wearing carpet slippers and a floral house coat. Her hair was in curlers and yet her eyes were bright and quick as she looked them over.

“I wasn’t expecting you to come so quickly” She huffed getting up out of her seat to greet them “But it’s more of a response than I’ve had from Dumbledore even after telling him the same things I told you”

“Harry is family, however distantly the Blacks do not allow their family to suffer” Narcisssa said seriously but Draco knew his mother wouldn’t stand by and let any child suffer her father often
liked to tease that she had the heart of a Hufflepuff. “Harry, Draco... Why don’t you go talk downstairs? I’m sure you must be excited about meeting after your letters”

“Yes, mother, come on Harry”

Chapter End Notes

I really can’t believe this story has passed 200 kudos, thank you all 😊
I try to post everyday to make up for shorter chapters :)
I hope you enjoy today's chapter
Standing in Mrs Figg’s cluttered kitchen Harry stared at the boy who had been writing to him and giving him gifts. He was nothing like he had pictured in his mind while reading the letters and Harry felt uncomfortably nervous feeling almost as though he was being stared at by one of Dudley’s friends though none of Dudley’s gang were as beautiful as the boy in front of him. Draco looked like one of the angels from Aunt Petunia’s Christmas decorations with hair so blonde it was almost white. His eyebrows were also blonde while his eyes were a steel grey. He was dressed in clothes that seemed to be more expensive than anything the Dursley’s owned and Harry pulled at his over sized t-shirt feeling almost like he was about to be called a tramp.

“Sorry for coming by so unexpectedly” Draco murmured offering him a sheepish smile “Mother insisted after reading the letter from Mrs Figg”

“I...Um...Sorry...” Harry apologised quickly dragging his hand through his messy hair making it even more of a mess than normal. Draco’s pale eyebrows drew together as he pursed his lips asking in a clipped tone;

“Why are you apologising?”

“Because...You came all this way, I didn’t mean to trouble you. Honestly its no big deal...I shouldn’t have said that” Harry whispered softly “Can’t you just pretend I didn’t say anything?”

“Harry, you know it’s not normal for a boy to sleep in a cupboard right? Haven’t you told anybody before?”

“I told my teachers, we had to write about our bedroom and I told them about my cupboard but the Dursley’s said I was making it up and saying that I was making them look bad because they had given me the smallest bedroom. The teachers told me I was ungrateful...Ah!” Harry gasped as a glass vase on the windowsill shattered loudly causing stagnant water to spill down a dirty wall. He watched it slowly and then looked back at Draco his eyes wide. There was movement from the attic and then Draco’s very handsome father appeared with a crack his eyes, almost identical to
Draco’s only a half a shade darker, narrowed as he looked around as he asked;

“Draco? Are you okay?”

“Yes, father, accidental magic, I was angry” Draco explained quickly giving his father a tiny smile. Harry hung his head pulling on the front of his t-shirt while shuffling his feet saying; “I’m sorry, it was my fault…”

“I highly doubt that Mr Potter, forgive me, I haven’t introduced myself properly, I am Lucius Malfoy, Draco’s father” Lucius held out a gloved hand and Harry hesitated only a fraction of a second before reaching out to take it whispering;

“Ple-Pleased to meet you, sir”

“Likewise. Mr Potter, would you be able to perhaps take us to your home? I think I would very much like to speak with your aunt and uncle” Lucius sounded calm, almost serene, but Harry had the prickling feeling that he often got before a large thunderstorm. His eyes moved from Lucius to Draco and then back again. His heart was somewhere in the back of his throat absolutely terrified what his aunt and uncle would say. “Please, my dear lady wife is speaking with Mrs Figg and I would like very much to meet with your guardians”

“Um...Okay...” Harry nodded scratching the back of his neck now, it was a habit he had since he had gotten fleas once. His aunt had doused him with animal flea drops calling him as many names as she knew. His skin had reacted badly with the drops but she had refused to take him to the doctor. Mrs Figg had given him some cream which had tingled but the pain had gone in a few days but Harry had never stopped scratching that spot whenever he was nervous. Draco gave him a smile that was friendly but in the same way people were friendly to stray dogs on the street and Harry wondered if the Malfoy’s believed him or if they were going to tell his aunt and uncle about the ‘lies’ he was telling. He had learnt long ago that adults didn’t believe him and they told their children not to either. He was a dangerous disturbed child that had been forced on his hard working aunt and uncle and wasn’t grateful for the care they had given him. “Um...It’s two streets away, but if we go through the alley its quicker…”

“Very well, show the way, Mr Potter” Lucius gave him a smile his demeanour and dress reminding him of the heroes from the period films aunt Petunia liked to watch. Harry had never
been allowed to watch them himself but he had seen bits through the gap in his cupboard door.

“Um...This way...” Harry moved forward carefully moving passed Draco and Lucius to head to the front door. He pushed it open horrified when he saw his cousin and his gang still standing at the gate. Dudley grinned throwing a clump of mud towards his head. He almost went cross eyed as it came flying towards him only to watch as it changed direction mid air and flew back towards Dudley hitting him directly between the eyes a red welt appearing as it fell to the floor. Harry turned and saw Lucius slipping a long stick back into the cane he was holding. Dudley’s rubbery lips parted in a gasp as his hand came up to rub his head.

“What an awful child you are” Lucius snapped coldly his hand resting on Harry’s shoulder. Harry stiffened at the touch not used to people touching him without pain but Lucius was gentle.

“He’s my cousin” Harry whispered and Lucius hummed in a delicate way while Dudley and his gang ran off screaming something about telling his mother.

“Is he who is eating all your food?” Draco asked his narrow face twisted into a glare as he poked his head around and looked at Dudley’s retreating back. Lucius’ lips twitched in a smile but he said softly;

“Draco” “But father, he’s built like a whale” Draco cried and Harry very nearly gave a laugh. He had always said that but of course nobody else would have dared to say it. Lucius sighed sounding amused.

“Enough, Mr Potter if you will be so kind as to take us to your home now?”

“Yes, this way” Harry moved through Mrs Figg’s garden and out onto Wisteria Drive. He could see the lace curtains twitching as the strange trio made their way to the alley that ran all the way to Privet Drive. Vernon still wasn’t back yet as his car wasn’t in the drive but Petunia was standing in the doorway with Dudley and his gang around her. Her arms were folded over her skinny chest and her beak like lips were drawn into a thin line.
“You!” She hissed as they reached the gate her bony finger waved at Lucius “You attacked my son!”

“Excuse me, madam?”

“You threw mud at my son! You hit him on the head, he has a mark!”

“I never touched him, nor would I throw mud. Your...Child, threw mud at young Mr Potter, it is hardly my fault if instead he hit himself. Now madam, as I am assuming you are Mr Potter’s aunt you are unfortunately the woman I want to speak with. We can do so here on the street or we can step inside” As Lucius spoke Harry saw him sliding out the smaller ornate looking stick from his cane. Petunia saw it as well and her irate face paled and fear filled her eyes. It told Harry that his aunt knew that he was a wizard and that he was also. Anger bubbled inside of him but he squished it down waiting to see what would happen next.

“You can’t threaten me!”

“Oh, Madam, I can assure you that I never threaten” Lucius grinned and the photos on the walls behind her started to rattle and Harry felt a prickle running up and down his spine. Petunia’s eyes bulged out her head before she squeaked;

“Dudley, go to Piers’ home please”

“Mum?” Dudley spluttered but Petunia waved him off her hand trembling almost violently. Dudley hit Harry on the back before stomping away with his gang following behind. Draco’s hand came to rub his back where he had been hit and Harry gave him a little smile before they walked inside.

“Harry, while I am speaking with your aunt why don’t you show Draco your room?” Lucius asked carefully and although he frowned Harry started walking to his cupboard.
“Harry, why are you being silly? Your bedroom is upstairs!” Petunia squeaked but the door to his cupboard swung open without anyone touching it revealing his bed and the small amount of belongings he had and she let out a shout. “You...You can’t threaten me, we took him in...We took care of him...I didn’t have to! My perfect sister went and got herself blown up left me with the freakish brat!”

“Madam, please be silent” Lucius waved his stick and her mouth snapped closed causing her eyes to fill with fear. “I am going to tell you what is going to happen, in just a few moments will be summoning the aurors and you will be explaining your actions to them. Child abuse is not something we take lightly”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like this part
Draco smirked as he watched the muggle trying to speak but only making a low murmuring sound. He always loved watching his father use spells. Lucius Malfoy wasn’t the flashiest of spell casters his movements were always graceful. His slender fingers caressed the silver handle of his wand as his steel grey eyes stared at the muggle who had stepped back against the wall. Harry was looking torn between afraid and excited and Draco could well understand those feelings he was certain that Mrs Figg must have given more information in her letter to his mother than Harry had to him and it must have been bad to send his father into such a state. While his father was staring down the long necked muggle Draco moved forward curious about the cupboard that held Harry’s bedroom.

It was smaller than his walk in closet and had less decoration. The walls were bare showing only the plaster walls. A beam above the...Bed...Held broken toys and there was a scribbled ‘Harry’s room’ there didn’t seem to be a source of light. Anger bubbled up inside of him as he turned back to Lucius and Harry. The latter was opening and closing his mouth like a goldfish while blinking out owlishly from his oversized glasses. Lucius flicked his wand sending red sparks from the tip muttering a spell as there was a strange sound from outside. The slamming of a metal door sounded and then a large man with a grey moustache came through the front door. He was a huge man whose face seemed to have melted into his chest. There was little doubt that this was the obese boys father and Draco waited to see what would happen.

“Petunia dear, I’m home” He called out in a chipper voice before looking up and seeing the scene before him. His face turned red and his large neck wobbling as he puffed up like a puffer fish before spluttering “What...What the hell is going on here? What is the meaning of this!”

“You must be Mr Potter’s uncle, please come join your wife” Lucius said rather calmly pointing his wand at him and although the man paled as he saw it going cross eyed at the tip he remained enraged.

“You dare come into my house and point a stick at me! How dare you!” He almost screamed and Harry seemed to shrink even more. Draco moved to stand beside him taking the boy’s hand in his own. “You are one of them! Well I won’t stand for it! Get out! I swore when we took him in we would beat that...Ughnnn” The obese man let out a groan before sinking heavily to his knees his mouth glued shut in the same manner as his wife. Lucius twirled his wand around his fingers and then moved forward. His voice still calm as he spoke;
“You will find me more a challenge than a ten year old boy. Now please be silent the aurors will be here soon and they will deal with you, of course if you try anything I might think that you are attacking and I must warn you that I am a master of self defence”

“Ugmm...” The man spluttered trying to speak as he shuffled on his knees towards his wife. His body wobbled as he moved and Draco took a step away from him taking the now shaking Harry with him. Before anyone could say anything else there was a loud crack and Narcissa appeared looking like an avenging angel. Her eyes were blazing with fire her eyes. Magic was radiating from around her like a cape. Draco had never seen his mother so angry and he had to admit he could see why his own father didn’t want to be on her bad side when she was angered.

“My heart, I have summoned the aurors, they will be here soon” Lucius said and Narcissa nodded and Draco blinked as her wand appeared in her hand and she was sending a hex towards the muggles. Large painful looking boils immediately appeared over their exposed skin and Draco knew that they would be extremely painful but given that their mouths were glued shut they couldn’t let out more than muffled grunts. “Narcissa”

“They deserve more” Narcissa growled her magic flaring again as there was twin pops from the doorway. The Dursley’s let out a strangled moaning clearly calling for help but Narcissa and Lucius appeared calm.

“Auror department” A tired male voice called carefully pushing the door open and stepping inside. A female auror came in behind her wand immediately coming to her hand as she saw the Malfoy’s inside with the muggles cowering on their knees on the floor covered head to toe in boils that looked close to bursting “Lord Malfoy...What...What is going on here!? Drop your wands!” “Now you have arrived we shall lower our wands, but you should know that it was I who summoned you. These filth have been abusing a child for ten years. If you look into the cupboard under the stairs you will see his so called bedroom” Lucius said waving his hand as he lowered his wand but didn’t drop it. Narcissa did the same while the Dursley’s looked torn about what they should do. It was clear that they didn’t like the looks of anything that was happening and they didn’t seem to trust the aurors that had just arrived.

“Lord Malfoy, Lady Malfoy, will you explain what is happening?” The female auror asked peering over at Draco and Harry curiously. Draco squeezed at Harry’s hand before grabbing his other when he noticed him almost clawing at the back of his neck. He had already peeled off a layer of skin and bubbles of blood were forming on his pale neck. “Is that Harry Potter?! I can’t believe it!”
“If one of you may take the children away with my house elf we will happily explain everything” Narcissa said calmly all of her anger seemed to have gone and the female auror gave a nod to her partner moving forward as Narcissa called for Jinx. Harry gasped loudly as Jinx popped into existence and Draco tried to reassure him but it all felt rather flat. Everything was happening so quickly he was disappointed that he was being sent away but he could understand why. “Jinx, please take Draco, Harry, and the auror...?”

“I...Yes...” Harry nodded using both hands to cling to Draco as the little elf touched them both while the auror Hestia placed a hand on the large ear. There was a ripple of elf magic and then they were in the reception room at Malfoy manor. It was the only place those not keyed into the wards could enter even with Elf magic and Draco wasn’t surprised when Harry wobbled and then fell over emptying out his stomach onto the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the shorter chapter, I was at uni all day yesterday
Wow I cant believe this has over 300 kudos!
Thank you so so much to everyone that has liked commented and bookmarked
♡♡♡♡
“Youse is being okay soon little Master Harry” The strange oddly shaped creature said clicking its...Her? Fingers and making the vomit vanish. Her gnarled hand rubbed at his back before there was another click of fingers and another creature in a soft blue pillow case appeared with a shiny glass that had a frothy looking green drink inside. “Drinks this Little Master...It will maken youse feel better”

“Th-Thank-you” Harry breathed managing to give the earnest face a weak smile before taking the drink. He gave it a tentative sniff before poking out his tongue. The drink was a mixture of sour and sweet with a tingle of pepper that clung to the very back of his tongue. His stomach still churning from the magic and he was sure he would be sick again but as soon as he drank the drink his stomach immediately felt better. The strange big eared gave him a bright grin giving him a big thumbs up.

“That’s a good boy, Little Master! Youse is gonna be okay now” It said and Harry had the feeling that the little creature was a female.

“Thank-you...Um...Sorry...What is your name?” He asked wanting to ask what she was but deciding that that would be very rude. The little creature’s smile grew wider as she pointed at her chest and said;

“My names is Jinx Little Master Harry! Pleases to meeten youse...”

“Pleased to meet you” Harry replied surprised when a hand came to rest on his cheek in the same way aunt Petunia would Dudley when she was being ‘Motherly’. The large eyes of the creature filled with warmth and she patted him slowly.

“Youse is good boy, little Master Harry! Jinxy taken cares of youse”
“Thank-you” Harry said flashing her another weak smile before he heard a laugh from the female...auror....hat had come with them. She was wearing purple robes with an insignia on the breast rather like a muggle policeman and Harry wondered if that was what she was.

Hestia smiled and then looked around the room that they were in. Harry did the same trying not to gasp hard at the splendour of the room. Everything seemed to be made of shiny stone and gold. Though the floor was checkerboard pattern like a chess board with the surrounding edge was block back with statues and flowers in huge pots. There were benches every so often and there was a huge set of bottle green doors with ornate stained glass. This room alone was bigger than his aunt and uncles entire home and he was surprised that there was no echo when he whispered;

“Are you a prince?”

“No, but the Malfoys are one of the 28” Draco answered saying things that made no sense to him. He looked at the pale haired boy feeling extremely out of place in such a house. He still had no idea what had happened, why he was suddenly here with Draco, a witch policewoman and a strange creature that appeared to be cooing at him. It was all like a dream and he was glad when Draco took his hand. The hand felt real, warm and comforting, and he clung to it tightly as he was led towards the green doors.

“Master Draco sirs, you should take Little Master Harry to your Mama’s sunroom! Jinx will bringen youse some cookies and hot chocolate” Jinx said and Harry watched Draco’s face transform into a huge smile as he asked in a child like way;

“Made with unicorn milk?”

“Of courses! Only the bestest for Jinxes Master Draco!” The creature nodded her ears flinging around “And youse Mses Nightingales?”

“Oh I’d love a hot chocolate as well if you don’t mind” Hestia said her eyes still moving around the home as the twin doors opened and they entered a huge welcoming hallway that very much reminded Harry of the big house he school at taken his class too. The walls were lined with huge life sized paintings of people who looked a lot like Draco with blonde hair and grey eyes. They were all posed with stiff backs their hands regally resting on the heads of statues.
“You must be a black, nobody but a black has that hair, how do you do?” A polite male voice said to his right and Harry looked but only found himself looking at the painting of a short fat knight holding a banner with a silver serpent on it. Harry stared in confusion until the knight twitched his nose and gave a little sneeze. “Sorry about that, its the feathers in this damn helmet!”

“It spoke...”

“Oh yeah, great uncle Horologium, he does that a lot the real trick is getting him to shut up” Draco muttered in bored sounding voice his grey eyes rolling and Harry blinked about to speak and say that paintings didn’t move or talk when the knight removed his helmet to reveal bright blonde hair that had been pushed into a style that almost matched his helmet saying;

“If I were alive I would hex you for that remark, your not too old for a damn good thrashing”

“If you keep saying things like that, I will tell mother about what you were doing in the painting of the nuns. She will lock you in the basement” Draco huffed amused when the Knight put his helmet back on very quickly and then went back to his pose of holding his banner high in the air. “Sorry about that, even as a painting Horologium is full of hot air, but he’s mostly harmless, except when he’s had a drink”

“The paintings can talk?! But...How? Why?”

“Magic, Harry, all magic photos and paintings have the ability to move but only the really good ones have the ability to talk and retain their memories and personalities of those in the paintings. It’s like a part of their soul gets put into them when they die. Its not really, more like a memory or something but its a good way of learning about your family” Draco hummed his nose scrunching as he tried to explain it but wasn’t really sure how it worked either. He was still holding Harry’s hand leading him passed a stone spiral stair case and several large white doors that had ornate moulding around them with swirls of grapes, birds, and animals carved into them. More paintings waved and whispered with the figure of a red horse running through each painting. “I think there is blood magic used and the paintings only become sentient after the person has died”
“Don’t worry, ‘Arry, I don’t understand ‘Ow it works either but Hogwarts is full of them and they always help you go where you need to be if you ask them nicely” Hestia said from were she was walking behind them her hands in the pockets of her robes. Knowing that an adult didn’t know how they worked made Harry feel better and he was glad when Draco pulled him to one last door and pushed it open.

The room inside was painting free however the walls were made almost completely of glass offering views of a beautiful garden with trees and grass behind. The room itself was filled with sweetly smelling flowers and there were butterflies and tiny colourful birds flying about. He had never seen anything so beautiful and he gave a gasp as a pretty purple coloured bird swooped down and landed on his and Draco’s joined hands. It was so light and almost ticklish as it fluttered its wings its head cocking ever so slight to one side before it chirped and flew off to join those that were playing in the trees.

“Pixie birds, they are mothers favourite kind, they are almost extinct in the wild now and Mother loves butterflies, father always buys her trinkets with them on” Draco laughed holding out his hand and a black and orange butterfly came and landed on his finger “But in her mind nothing beats the real thing”

“Wow! It’s so beautiful!” Harry whispered and it seemed that the Auror agreed as she was soon walking around looking at the pixie birds and butterflies while Draco led Harry to a set of wicker chairs behind a glass table. The chairs were set to look out onto the garden and Harry let out an excited cry as he saw a white peacock fluffing out his tail feathers. “It’s a peacock! A white peacock”

“Yes, they are father’s, he is rather fond of them”

“But, you’re not?” Harry asked remembering the story Draco had told him and the pale faced boy flushed before shaking his head and rolling his shoulders in one movement.

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that, I just like them from a distance rather than having them running towards me honking like a demon banshee. Are you okay? You seemed a little...Earlier...Your neck...” Draco hummed carefully his grey eyes moving to the spot on his neck that he always scratched and immediately Harry’s hand went to the spot clawing at it as he remembered what had happened in his aunt and uncles home.
“They are going to kill me! Uncle Vernon will shut me away and never let me out again!”

“No! No he won’t! Because you won’t be going back to them! Mother and Father won’t let them! You will never have to be with them again!”

“Master Draco is righten! Lord and Lady Malfoy won’t lets Little Master Harry be Hurten again!” Jinx said appearing with a pop, a tray heavy with hot chocolate, marshmallows, cream, chocolate sprinkles and cookies, all different kinds that Harry had never even dreamed of, appeared on the table. “Youse is to be calm now Little Master Harry! Youse is amongst friends! Jinxes will looken after Master Harry Potter” With those words the strange little creature hugged him around the middle and Harry strangely felt more comfortable than he had ever done

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you like this part
“Wow! This is the best Hot chocolate I’ve ever had!” Hestia said cheerfully as she dropped into the wicker chair. She had loosened the robes she was wearing her legs crossed in what his mother would describe as a very un-lady like way and he saw that her undershirt had something that looked like sauce spilled down the front.

“Jinx only makes the best” He commented looking at Harry hoping he was enjoying it. He had calmed down after Jinx had talked to him but he had also fallen silent and was just staring at a biscuit. Mentioning Jinx however seemed to revive him as he asked;

“What is Jinx?”

“She is a house elf, they act as servants to some wizarding families” Draco answered while the auror was munching on a rainbow biscuit. She gave a nod a few crumbs escaping as she did so. “Jinx acted as my Nanny elf she loves fussing over people”

“She’s cute”

“She is, and she will be upset if you don’t drink the chocolate she made for you” Draco gave a grin his blonde eyebrows wiggling pointedly and Harry gave a small giggle before picking up the chocolate and taking a sip his whole expression changing into one of delight and wonder.

A foam moustache clung to his top lip before he didn’t seem to care as he took another sip getting a blob of cream onto the tip of his nose. Draco was about to wipe it off when the door to the sunroom was thrown open and his father was stalking towards them. His normally immaculate blonde hair was ruffled and his face was tight with frustration. Narcissa followed behind looking only slightly calmer than her husband. She paused as she saw them a beautiful, gentle smile forming on her face as she looked them over.

“Enjoying the chocolate, Harry dear?” She asked gently and Harry almost flew out of the chair his hand shaking so much chocolate fell to the floor around his feet. His face coloured his eyes filling with fear his body shrinking in a defensive way that was reminiscent of Dobby when he was about to start his dramatics only with Harry it looked very real. He dropped to the floor and started wiping it with the hem of his oversized t-shirt apologising loudly.
“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to! I will clean it up right away”

“Harry dear, it is quite all right, it was an accident and nothing that can’t be cleaned with a little bit of magic” Narcissa said gracefully dropping to her knees in front of him and taking his hands in her own. She coaxed him to look at her and Draco watched the scene with an awkward ache in his chest. He had made so much mess that the elves often refused to clean it out of protest until he was made to apologise but he had never been so frightened of the consequences that he trembled the way that Harry did. He looked to his father but Lucius was looking out of the window his hands behind his back. His back was rigid but Draco was positive that the man was shaking with anger he could feel it pulsating off of him.

“Father, what happened with the muggles?”

“Nothing as of yet, the auror department it seems refuses to act on what is a clear case of child abuse without evidence” Lucius answered in a clipped tone the magic seeming to fly from him in a burst of electricity and Draco opened his mouth while Harry gave a fearful gasp as one of the flower petals met with Lucius’s wraith.

“But Harry’s bedroom...It’s the cupboard under the stairs!”

“I am aware of that Draco and they have agreed to take Harry into protective custody until more evidence is gathered” Lucius said turning from the window to look at them and Hestia seemed to get the feeling that as an Auror she was included in what had upset the lord. Draco on the other hand grew hopeful asking;

“So Harry can stay here? Right?”

“Nothing so easy Draco, it seems that the wizarding world is fine with leaving the boy who lived in the hands of muggles that starve and beat him but they don’t believe that I could possibly have the best interests of the boy in mind” Lucius huffed and his steely eyes moving to Hestia who swallowed putting her chocolate cup back onto the table. “But have no fear I will contact Fudge about this, I won’t let it stand. Harry is a Black heir, Sirius Black was his God father but as he is in no position to care for the boy your mother has rights, more so than Dumbledore no matter what he is claiming”

“Mrs Figg has agreed to talk to the aurors on Harry’s behalf and tell them that Dumbledore dismissed the concerns she raised about the Dursley’s treatment of Harry, she has saved letters that
“Ahem, sorry to interrupt Lord Malfoy, Lady Malfoy but I think you should contact Gloria Longbottom too, she is the minister in charge of Muggle born. Her department is small and nobody really takes it seriously but she does” Hestia said carefully getting to her feet. “Um...I can floo her if you like?”

“Thank-you Ms Nightingale, I believe that is the most helpful thing and Auror has done all day” Lucius flashed her his most charming smile and Hestia flushed a warm scarlet as she almost tripped over her own feet bobbing a bow.

“I don’t fully understand what’s going on, but it’s clear that Harry has been through something and I didn’t become an Auror to sit by and watch a wee bairn being hurt” Although Draco had been able to tell the young Auror was Scottish since meeting her, her accent was getting stronger with each word she was speaking and he thought it wouldn’t be long before she was speaking in full brogue. “Do you have a fire I can use?”

“Yes, there is one in the office, Midge” Lucius called and another House elf appeared bowing at his master so low his nose almost pressed against the floor. “Please show Auror Nightingale to the west office and allow her to use the floo”

“Yes, Master Lucius!” The elf said before lifting a long finger and beckoning for the auror to follow which she did after giving a clumsy attempt at a smart bow.

“Masters and Mistress, there are aurors at the gate and Dumbles from Hoggywarts!” The shrill accent sound of Rocky the butler elf said from the doorway and Draco watched as his father stiffened into what his mother described as his battle stance.

“Let them in, Rocky, but take them to the study” Lucius was appeared to be calm but Draco could tell that he was ready for a long battle. “Mr Potter, I’m afraid that we will need you, if you would like to stay here with Draco and Narcissa and myself for a while then I will need you to say that”

“Can I really stay here? In this beautiful house with Draco?” Harry whispered in wonder clearly not believing it and Draco gave a nod happily saying;
“I could show you the Quidditch pitch! And the Library we have loads more books!”

“...I would like that...But I don’t want to be any trouble”

“It’s no trouble at all, Harry dear, you are family and Blacks take care of family” Narcissa said with a gentle smile caressing his cheek in a way that she often did when he had bumped his knee or was being awkward. Harry blinked slowly again his green eyes shining with something close to happiness. “You must be brave Harry and remember we will be with you all the time”

“can...can Jinx be there too?”

“She would be happy to be”

Chapter End Notes

I hope this part is okay xD

If anyone plays wizards unite and wants to be friends my friend code is 9916 1713 8172
“Rocky please inform Minister Fudge that he is required immediately” Lucius said to the ancient house elf that was wearing a smart black and white pillow case. There was a crest on the front in silver and green silk and Harry recognised it as being the same symbol as one they had passed on the stairs when they had left the beautiful flower room. The elf bowed low and then clicked his fingers vanishing with a crack causing Harry to jump.

“You are not to be frightened, Little Master Harry! Jinxes gotten you!” Jinx squeaked at his side her little hand gripping his while the other patted him gently. It was strange that such a strange and oddly shaped creature could make him feel so safe but she did. Harry gave her a little smile squeezing her hand while Lucius and Narcissa stood in front of him. Although Draco had said they weren’t royal they seemed to be as regal as the queen in Buckingham palace though far more beautiful. They were like the Dursley’s believed themselves to be though the Dursely’s would never have been able to even dream about owning a house like this. It was huge, bigger than anything he had ever seen and beautifully decorated. “You are a good boy little Master! Jinxes and Malfoys looken after youse!”

“Thank-you” Harry smiled at the elf who gave him a little smile back before Lucius rather dramatically pushed the door open and swept inside. Narcissa followed and although he didn’t want to go in Harry allowed Jinx to carefully usher him forward. She didn’t pull just gently guided him forward until they were standing in a room that seemed to be made completely of wood with thousands of books lining one wall. A huge carved desk took up most of the space though there were dark green arm chairs in front of a fire place. On the wall was another painting who seemed to be glaring darkly at one of the men sitting in the arm chair to the left.

The man looked like a thin father Christmas. He was wearing scarlet robes with golden stitching in swirling patterns around the hem. The whole thing was edged with white fur and he had a long white beard that was tucked into his belt. Small golden glasses were perched on a long thin nose that seemed to have been broken at some point. His hair was long, even longer than Lucius’s and was as white as his beard. A tall pointed hat was set on his head and blue eyes twinkled out as he gave a smile that should have been warm but to Harry, who had seen many smiles from Vernon and none of them friendly, it seemed calculating.

“Harry my dear boy, how you’ve gown, you look just like your father” The man said rising from his chair and coming over to him with a quickness Harry hadn’t been expecting given his advanced age. Harry shrunk back away from him and Jinx quickly positioned her body in front of him as she
“Youse is not to comen too closes to Little Master Harry! Mister Dumbles of Hoggywarts! Master Harry is very frighten”

“Understandable my dear boy, after such an upset but don’t worry I’ve spoken with your aunt and uncle and its alright! They have forgiven you and are happy to take you home!”

“Forgiven him? And what to they have to forgive him for?” Lucius growled speaking for the first time as he moved to stand at Harry’s side his hand coming to gently rest on his shoulder stopping Harry from clawing at his neck. Harry didn’t know if it was intentional or not but somehow it was calming. “Those muggles you put him with had him sleeping in a cupboard Dumbledore”

“Lucius, I’m sure it was all a misunderstanding”

“We saw the room with room with our own eyes, as you would have if you had even stepped foot in there” Narcissa hissed quietly her voice somehow managing to carry around the entire room and Dumbledore gave a laugh, not a harsh one but one that he seemed to hope would settle everything and Harry found himself hating the man almost as much as he hated the Dursley’s. This man had known that he was in a cupboard, that the Dursley’s hated him and yet he had done nothing about it.

“A simple misunderstanding, the Dursley’s have assured me that once Harry is home they will be giving him a bedroom of his own”

“Youse is a coocoo! Little Master Harry in a cupboard! How dares youse!” Jinx hissed the fire in the grate burning and Harry saw that the portrait on the wall seemed amused now he had inched forward in his frame and Harry was positive that a few more figures had appeared and were listening in. At the burst of house elf magic Dumbledore actually took a step back his smile almost slipping into a look of surprise.
“As my elf has put it, you are completely unhinged if you think we are letting the boy anywhere near that house again. The Muggles will be charged with wilful neglect and the abuse of a minor! They starved him, beat him, treated him no better than a slave” Lucius said and the smile came easily back to Dumbledore’s face as he looked at the Auror that was with him. It was a different man to the one that had been at the Dursley’s this man was black and well built. His expression was unreadable but Harry could tell that the man was taking in everything that was being said. From the smile that came to Dumbledore Harry knew that he thought the man would be on his side.

“Lucius as charming as this little act is you can’t imagine for one minute that I will let Harry stay with you. Forgive me but no matter how many palms you greased to get yourself out of Azkaban we both know which side you were in. The very idea that the boy who lived...”

“Harry, his name is Harry and he is Heir to the family Black. His godfather is Sirius Black and as he is in no position to take care of him then I, as the last head of House Black am legally his guardian” Narcissa was calm, or at least she was pretending to be, and Harry was almost certain that the auror’s lips twitched just a little but it was so quick he might have imagined it. “As for what you are implying, my husband was cleared of all charges, he was under a compulsion spell and was not responsible for his actions, this was found by the highest court in the wizarding world or are you saying that your judgement is superior?”

“Now my dear, girl”

“Dumbledore as headmaster of Hogwarts you have no say in what happens with Harry and yet you took it upon yourself to place him with relatives that have abused him, you failed to check in with him and ignored the warnings of Mrs Arabella Figg” Narcissa said speaking over him while lifting her hand to silence him “She is prepared to swear under oath that she has told you repeatedly of the treatment Harry has suffered and you, who styled yourself his protector and guardian, said that no matter what Harry had to stay with the muggles”

“Good show old girl!” The man in the portrait said in a voice that sounded almost identical to Lucius’s. “Why don’t we hear from Harry? He’s here, he has a voice” The auror said in a soothingly warm kind of voice speaking for the first time since they entered the room. He moved forward bowing his head politely at Jinx before kneeling down so he was eye to eye with Harry. “My name is Kingsley Shacklebolt, I am an auror...Do you know what that is Harry?”
“...Um...Like...A po-Policeman?”

“Yes, very much like a policeman. You are not in any trouble, but I need you to tell me, is what Lord and Lady Malfoy saying true? Did your relatives harm you?”

“I...Um...I...They...I...” Harry stammered feeling dizzy as he looked around at all of the adults in the room. No adult had ever believed him before, he was always just making it up for attention. Why should any of them believe him now? He was used to doing everything by himself. Vernon using the belt was just discipline because he was an ungrateful waste of space. Petunia hitting him with a frying pan because he had accidently burnt Dudley’s bacon was just a learning experience. The fact that he often went to bed hungry was simply because he was greedy.

“You adults are the worst!” Draco’s clipped voice spoke out suddenly as he pushed in between Harry and his father. “You can see that Harry is panicking and yet all you do is ask questions. He doesn’t know you, why would you think he would answer you? No adult as believed him before, have they Harry? And now Dumbledore is here saying that those...Muggles forgive him! They should be begging for Harry’s forgiveness! Harry, ignore them, you don’t have to answer them if you don’t want to, just tell them were you would like to stay and then we can go and have more of Jinx’s hot chocolate in the kitchen while they argue until they are blue in the face”

“I want to stay with Draco, Jinx...And the Malfoy’s if...If I can...Please...Don’t make me go back to the Dursley’s...Please...” He whispered staring into the Auror’s face and to his and Dumbledore’s surprise Kingsley nodded and smiled.

“Very well, as I see it Narcissa has rights as Guardian at least for the time being, she is head of House Black and Harry is a Black as well as a Potter. It’s not the end of it but from what I have seen and heard if the Malfoy’s wanted to harm Harry they would have left him with his relatives”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope this isnt as bad as I think it is :(
Draco led Harry through the winding corridors and down a small flight of stairs to the large basement kitchen. A dozen or so house elves were busying themselves cleaning silver, polishing shoes, and cooking. Not all things were done with magic not even for elves and they were all working happily, or almost all were working happily, Dobby was slamming his head against a wall wailing;

“Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby…”

“Dobby! Youse is to stoppen that nows!” Jinx ordered marching smartly over to the strangest of the Malfoy elves. He had always been soft in the head and Lucius had always said he would be given clothes if he didn’t know the secrets of the Malfoy family as well as he did. Memory spells didn’t work on Elves in the way that they did others so they were forced to keep him. “Little Masters are heres!”

“Is he okay?” Harry asked and Draco gave a shrug sitting down at the table and motioning for Harry to do the same.

“We’re not sure, he has always been a little...Odd” Draco said diplomatically looking at the House Elf that had been magically restrained by Jinx. The elf then shoved him into a corner and draped a tablecloth over him. “Mother thinks that he might have suffered some magic damage when he was young. He often has to be restrained or he might hurt himself, more so when he gets into a fit”

“Wese is sorry about thats Little Master Harry! Please donna judges all by Dobby’s behaviours” Figgin one of the kitchen elves said happily coming over with sandwiches and cakes clearly thinking that Harry was too thin. House elves were always conscious of their Masters needs and wants and Draco wouldn’t be surprised if there were some nutrient potions mixed into the ones Figgin was pushing towards him. “It’s okay, I hope that he’s okay” Harry said softly taking a bite of one of the beef sandwiches and Figgin gave a look over to the corner where Dobby was now sleeping under the tablecloth. His scrawny chest was lifting and falling a steady way and the Kitchen Elf gave a sniff that reminded Draco of his old aunt Tabitha who he had suffered constantly during Yule. Thankfully she lived in France for the rest of the year or his cheeks would be constantly covered in ruby red lipstick.
“He will be fines, Little Master Harry! Youse just focuses on eaten those sandwiches!” Jinx said moving to the large range and using magic to set down a large saucepan. Harry munched his way through the first sandwich and probably would have stopped at that if Figgin hadn’t pushed another into his hand before wandering off to bark a few orders to some of the younger elves.

“They are all so nice” Harry smiled with a mouth full of beef sandwich and Draco nodded. It was nice that Harry thought that, there was a lot of people, poorer families, that thought they treated their elves like slaves and beat them for fun. As if. Happy Elves made the best Elves.

“They are, how are you feeling now?” Draco asked and the happy smile slipped away from Harry’s face and his hand trembled around the sandwich as he mumbled his response;

“I still can’t believe that I can stay here! That I don’t have to go back to the Dursleys”

“Mother and Father won’t let you go back to them. No matter what Dumbledore says” Draco said with all the certainty of youth. His parents had never let him down before and they wouldn’t now but he knew that Harry would have to tell them what had happened to him but he knew that he wouldn’t tell adults. Adults had always let him down and didn’t believe him.

“He seems to be more than a teacher”

“His position as supreme mugwump means that he holds a lot of power in our world, though father says that he just plays on his victory over Grindelwald” Draco said before realising that Harry probably wouldn’t know who Grindelwald was. Harry gave him an owlish stare from under his ugly glasses and with a smile Draco explained everything that his parents had told him about Grindelwald. It was a lengthy tale and he was still telling it when his mother and father came into the kitchen and stood by the door. “Mother, father? Is everything fine?”

“For the moment, we have Kingsley on side which I wasn’t expecting” Lucius said sweeping over to the table and sitting down in front of him and Harry. “Jinx, may I have one of your hot chocolates, if you please?”
“Yes, Master Lucius, Lady Malfoy would youse liken one too?” Jinx asked but Narcissa shook her head giving her a smile as she joined her husband at the table. Her head lay against his shoulder showing a level of intimacy that they wouldn't normally show to somebody that wasn’t family but, he supposed, Harry was family.

“May I just have a sweet green tea please?” Narcissa asked and Jinx nodded setting to work “How are you Harry dear? I’m sorry that you were stressed out”

“It’s not your fault Lady Malfoy”

“Harry, dear, please call me Cissa, you are family, we don’t stand on ceremony with family” Narcissa smiled sliding her hand across the table to take Harry’s. The shy ten year old flushed brightly and looked at the table a tremble running through his body which Draco felt down through his arm. “Jinx will you make the room next to Draco’s ready for Harry and put in a door between the rooms, when you have time”

“Yes, Mistress Narcissa! Jinx will happily be doings that for Little Master Harry!” Jinx greened putting a cup down onto the table with Narcissa’s tea. The lady of the house smiled fondly at her elf before letting out a sigh as she sipped her tea.

“Dumbledore won’t rest, even with the Aurors and Minister on side. He is completely obsessed with the idea of Harry going back to those awful relatives though he refused to say why. But have no fear Harry, dear, we will not let you go back” She promised and Harry gave a little smile but Draco saw that it didn’t reach his eyes. “But enough of that now, we shall worry about that when the time comes. Draco why don’t you show Harry around”

“Can we go to the Quidditch pitch? Harry expressed an interest...”

“He has never flown before Draco”
“With his father I am sure he will be a natural my heart, I will watch over them” Lucius said with a chuckle pressing a kiss to her cheek. Draco was genuinely surprised and happy to hear that and he grinned at Harry who looked startled but pleased.

“Very well, but go easy on him, Harry dear do you have a favourite colour?” Narcissa asked as Draco and Harry stood up quickly. Harry shuffled his feet and then chewed hard on his lower lip. His brows creased together as he hummed;

“A favourite colour? I haven’t thought about it, but I think I like purple”

“I see, very well, now you boys go have fun I will send an elf for you” Narcissa rose gracefully and then moved around the table kissing Draco on the forehead before hesitating for only a second before doing the same with Harry her fingers running through his hair. “Go, enjoy yourselves”

Draco took Harry’s hand and then tugged him from the kitchen. It was warm outside and the scent of his mother’s flowers washed over him like the sweetest perfumes. There was a small out house against the kitchen wall and Draco stopped reaching in and grabbing three of the brooms that were inside.

“Come on Harry, father!” He shouted and Lucius lightly rolled his eyes before taking the brooms and following him down. The trek to the Quidditch pitch was fairly long but it gave him a chance to show his garden to Harry. Harry kept stopping to stare at the flowers his fingers gently touching the petals surprised when they shivered at his touch.

“They are a very sensitive flower Harry; they tend only to respond well to the person that planted them” Lucius said softly from where he was walking behind them. “But it seems that you have a softer touch than Draco, if you enjoy flowers then you should talk to Narcissa, I’m sure she would be delighted to have somebody share her interest”

Draco had the feeling that his father was talking about him. Narcissa had tried time and time again to get him interested in them but it just wasn’t his kind of thing. Harry didn’t say anything but a glance to his side told Draco that he was pleased. Nobody said anything further until they reached the pitch and then Harry let out a long loud gasp of;
“Wow!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for any mistakes you may find in this story. I try and get them all but since I write mostly on my phone or tablet I do sometimes miss them, >.< I also write for another fandom (I try and post there every day too) so I do know that I make mistakes but I’m making more than normal as I have a Japanese exam on Tuesday and have been trying to study for it hopefully when that’s over I will be able to catch my mistakes better >.< anyway I hope that they are not too bad or distracting, sorry again >.<

I cant believe this has over 400 kudos xD thank you so so much
“So, Harry the first thing you need to do is mount your broom, the way Draco has, very good, are you left-handed or right handed?”

“I can use both, originally I was only able to use my left hand but my uncle...He said that was bad so he forced me to use both, now I’m glad cause I can use my other...Sorry...Um...” Harry flushed realising that he was rambling as the two almost identical Malfoys looked at him. He was about to scratch the back of his neck but stopped as Lucius moved forward and patted him gently on the back. The man wasn’t as gentle as his wife an yet there was something warm about him. He had changed a handkerchief into a pair of gloves and shrunk Dudley’s old clothes until they fit him a little better.

“Please Harry, you have no reason to apologise, now place whichever hand you feel most comfortable with on the top of the broom fingers width below. Grip it firmly but not so much that you are tense...Very good, now carefully kick up with your feet and hover for a moment or two” Harry did as he was told his stomach doing a strange little swirl as he found himself floating. He was only about four foot off the ground but the fact that he was doing it felt amazing.

“Go Harry!” Draco said circling him on his own broom and although Harry wanted to follow suit he made sure to listen to Lucius.

“Very good, Harry, now to land you want to bring the weight of your body forward and lower your legs. Very good” Lucius repeated his praise and Harry beamed at him proud that he had managed to do something correct. “Now kick up again and begin to circle me, the broom will react to the barest suggestion of will...Yes! That’s it! Very good Harry! It’s as I said you are a natural! Just like your father!”

“Thank-you” Harry said coming to hover next to him but not lowering his feet. The broom had a delay in its response to his movements but it was only a mild one and Harry honestly thought that this was one of the best things about magic. Lucius had him practice a few more times before nodding approvingly.
“Now, if you want to go higher feel free but not too high. The pitch has a great many protection spells but a fall will still hurt” He said with a soft warning. “Perhaps when you feel more confident, we can play muggle in the middle”

“Thank you so much”

“You’re more than welcome, now go, Draco is simply dying to show off and have you fly with him” Lucius waved him away and Harry let the broom slowly moved upwards towards his blonde friend. It felt like nothing he had ever done before; it was so easy and yet there was a certain amount of focus needed to turn the broom. The wind through his hair and over his face felt so natural so right that he had the feeling that now he was up here he would never want to be on the ground again.

“Harry! Watch this!” Draco called flying up before slowly jerking his broom downwards to create a zigzagging effect as he moved towards the ground. Harry focused himself and then copied the movement laughing with joy as he did so. “Try and catch me!” Draco zoomed off towards the colourful hoops that reminded Harry of the bubble blowers children played with and lowered his body and followed suit. Draco had more experience on the broom but Harry was smaller, lighter, and it wasn’t long before he could press his fingertips on the blondes back. “Tag!” He said before turning sharply and flying away from Draco who laughed and turned sharply to follow him across the pitch. Harry felt excitement bubbling away inside of him as he was chased by the laughing Draco. Never had he had a friend so willing to play with him before, at least not one that Dudley couldn’t bully away, and he made the most of it. The two played Tag for a good half an hour before Lucius fired some sparks from his wand before getting on his own broom and flying towards them with a ball, about the same size as a football, tucked under his arm.

“Since you appear to have gotten the hang of handling your broom, Harry, how about a game of Muggle in the middle? I shall be muggle first” Lucius offered throwing the ball to Draco who caught it easily. “The object of the game is to pass the ball back and forth without the muggle catching it, if the muggle does so then the one who threw it becomes muggle”

“Ah like piggie in the middle! Dudley would play it with my glasses” Harry said with a flush deciding that Muggle in the middle sounded a lot more fun. Lucius and Draco lifted a matching
eyebrow before nodding and smiling;

“Perhaps, but for now let us have a few practices and see how good your aim is Harry”

“Okay! I can do this!” Harry said happily looking at Draco who beamed at him.

“I have no doubt, but I was once a fine chaser, I will not let you win so easily, either of you!” Lucius announced with a chuckle and proceeded to roll up the white sleeves of his shirt. “Let us begin”

“Catch it Harry!” Draco shouted moving his broom before throwing the ball and Harry moved with ease swooping and grabbing it away from Lucius before immediately throwing it back.

“I see no practicing is needed, very well! To the game!” Lucius announced with what could be described as a happy laugh and Harry saw that his face seemed to become more serious but he was still clearly having fun. They tossed the ball back and forth for what felt like an age sometimes Harry ended up in the middle and sometimes Draco but no matter what it was fun and it was disappointing when Jinx announced;

“Master Lucius, little Masters! Dinners is prepares Sirs!”

“We shall return to the house, immediately” Lucius said but to Harry’s surprise he gave them a wink and as soon as the house elf popped away, he moved quickly vanishing the ball before taking off around the pitch. “A few more laps about the pitch will work up more of a hunger”

“Yes father! Come on Harry! I’ll race you!” Draco laughed and Harry let out a giggle of his own following the two Malfoy’s making the most of his lighter frame. They raced three times until on the fourth they found Narcissa standing with her arms folded her foot tapping very gently on the grass. She appeared to be trying to appear stern but Harry could see the amusement in her ice blue eyes.
“My heart, we were just coming”

“Oh? From where I was standing it appeared that you were racing. Dinner is ready, you will have chance to play again tomorrow. Harry, Draco, you both looked fantastic on the broom, such a pity Hogwarts doesn’t allow first years on the team” She smiled before pointing her wand at them and muttering an incantation that brought their brooms back to earth. “I understand the boys being excited but you, Lucius dear, are supposedly an adult”

“I am still allowed a little fun, my heart”

“So, I see, never did I know I had found such a childish husband for myself” Narcissa laughed the sound like a bell high but pleasing to the ear as her blue eyes shone with warmth to her husband who smiled a graceful but natural smile and moved to her pressing a kiss to her temple.

“A little childish fun can be forgiven, I’m sure, my heart. But let us return to the manor”

“Yes, let us. Harry dear, did you have fun?”

“Yes! La-Narcissa” Harry spluttered over her name his cheeks filled with a rosy red colour his hand nervously moving to his neck only to be caught and held by Draco’s. The blonde boy swung their hands back and forth telling his mother all about the game as they walked back to the beautiful manor Harry’s heart full wondering if he had ever been this happy before.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the shorter chapter, never dd i know that Japnese particles were so difficult to understand >.<
I hope that the chapter was okay
Harry’s eyes bulged out of his head as they entered a small dining room, which was still larger than the Dursley’s living room kitchen and main hall. Three of the walls were plain stone two with windows looking out over part of the garden that seemed to have a pathway marked with pretty white flowers with yellow insides. They were a small flower and highly unremarkable compared to the other flowers that surrounded the manor and yet when they were all grouped together it gave a beautiful display.

The room itself was filled with flowers in long garlands that draped over wooden cupboards and the fireplace. The table was set for four but there were six high backed chairs with stuffed silk cushions. Intricate carvings ran up the legs and over the backs with the same swirling crest he had seen before throughout the house. China plates were laid out with pretty paintings over them and the table was covered with silver serving dishes filled with foods that Harry had only seen in the good housekeeping magazines that his aunt Petunia brought and spread around to impress the neighbours that she dragged in for coffee on a Tuesday morning. It was the kind of food that she tried to get him to recreate when they had guests. She had always gotten angry when he hadn’t been able to achieve it.

“Harry dear, are you not hungry?” Narcissa asked softly breaking into his thoughts as she touched his shoulder and Harry blinked turning to look up at her. He gave a nod and she gentle ushered him forward to the table. Draco and Lucius were standing beside the chairs and Harry was surprised when they pulled them out for them. “Please sit, Harry, you must be hungry and the Elves have prepared many things that you should enjoy”

“Yes, thank-you” Harry sat and Draco pushed the chair closer to the table and then moved round to opposite side. He gave him a little grin over the top of a floral display. Harry smiled back at the blonde who seemed to look even more like a prince in the high backed chair his body framed by the green silk. “It looks amazing”

“The elves will be very happy to hear that, Harry dear, now don’t be afraid, take what you would like” Narcissa encouraged as Lucius and Draco started taking food from the various dishes on the table. Harry didn’t know where to start and the voices of the Dursley’s were on a constant reply in his mind telling him that he had to watch them eat and he could have the scraps. The Malfoy’s didn’t eat like the Dursley’s. They were delicate in their movements taking a little of the food eating only that before taking more if they wanted. Dudley would have eaten everything and more adding to the many chins that decorated his face. His stomach gurgled loudly and he hit it to
silence it. “Would you like some potatoes? Try a little of the beef”

“My heart, you a like a fussing hen, but she is right Harry, you should have some of the beef, it is wonderfully cooked” Lucius said taking a few slices from the serving dish and placing it onto his plate before adding some of the roast potatoes. Flushing brightly Harry lifted the cutlery and carefully took a bite of the beef. It was juicy and extremely well cooked with a smoky aftertaste and he imagined that it had been slow cooked all day. He swallowed it down and took some more along with a corner of the potato which was just as amazing on his taste buds. “You like?”

“Um! Yes!” Harry said swallowing it down surprised to see that more food had been placed onto his plate. Narcissa was looking innocently at him but it was obvious that she had placed the food there. He smiled at her and ate a carrot as Lucius started talking to Draco.

“Madam Ninomiya has agreed to teach you again this year Draco, I’m sure that she will be more than happy to have a second student. Severus has agreed to tutor you on the day where he has an hour spare but, I beg of you, don’t be a dullard and waste his time. You know how your Godfather gets” Lucius said and Draco nodded seriously before flashing Harry a grin.

“I told you that I had tutors instead of going to school, Madam Ninomiya is witch from Japan. She is very skilled in magic but unfortunately, she isn’t allowed to teach me that! But I am sure you will like her, though she has a rather dry personality and can be very sarcastic when the mood takes her” Draco explained and Narcissa let out her little bell like laugh.

“She is also the reason you have your heart set on your trip to Japan before going to Hogwarts next year, does my Dragon have his first bloom of love?”

“I don’t have a crush on Madam Ninomiya! I just find her to be interesting!” Draco flushed brightly and Harry smiled eating as much of the wonderful dinner as he could until his stomach started hurting. Once all of the Malfoy’s had set their cutlery down the food vanished only to be replaced by desserts. Desserts that Dudley would have wept for.

“Some pumpkin spice cake, Harry dear or perhaps some ice cream”
“No, thank you, La...Nar...Cissa, I’ve already had so much” Harry said surprised by the frown he received and for a moment he was worried he had offended her.

“Of course, Harry, if I may be so bold, I would like to send for a healer to see you tomorrow. I believe that you may be malnourished and we should have your eyes seen too. Such pretty eyes shouldn’t be hid, behind glasses” Narcissa smiled and Harry had great difficulty trying not to blush at the statement. He had always been told his eyes were freaky. They were too green, too unnerving, too freakish. “You, you can fix my eyes?”

“Perhaps, sadly there is sometimes even limits to magic but I’m sure the healer will be able to have a look, so should I send for the healer tomorrow...Dear the floo” Narcissa sighed and Harry almost screamed as he looked at the fire and saw the disembodied head of a sallow man with a large hook nose and dark eyes looking out at them.

“Severus, you find us in the middle of a meal, won’t you come through?”

“If I may” The man said drily and Harry scrambled off his chair as the fire flared and the body of a man appeared. His torso came first and then arms and legs before eventually the head. He was a tall man with greasy hair and skin so pale he would have made a vampire jealous. His eyes were dark and empty and Harry had the feeling that he was purposely making them look that way. He did the same thing. Hiding all his pain so as not to let anyone know his feelings. He looked tired, with deep shadows and deeply set lines about his face. He wore long black robes with a high collar that held a golden pin between the opening. His fingers were long like Lucius’ only the nails were discoloured and cropped short in a haphazard way. Once he was fully in the room he placed his hands behind his back and looked around with his black soul less eyes. “Forgive me, I did not intend to intrude however...”

“Dumbledore sent you? I had imagined that he would send you earlier”

“Oh, he told me to come several hours ago, I came in my own time” Severus said moving to sit in the chair next to Draco a wine glass immediately filling with a ruby red wine. “Not for Dumbledore I ask this but for myself, what are you playing at?! Taking Potter’s brat!”

“Harry...His name is Harry and he is right here” Narcissa said sternly and to Harry’s surprise
Severus looked a little crestfallen. “Harry dear, this gentleman is Severus Snape, potions master at Hogwarts and Draco’s godfather. Severus, this is my ward Harry Black-Potter”

“Pleased...Pleased to meet you...You sir” Harry spluttered bobbing up and down awkwardly as the black eyes turned to stare at him. He was still expressionless but Harry was positive that the air in the room grew colder.

“...Mr Potter...” The man’s top lip curled revealing yellowed teeth and Harry shrank under the stare his hand about to go to his neck but Narcissa caught it this time and gave it a squeeze. Her hand was so soft, smooth, and warm that Harry found him staring at it rather like an abandoned puppy that had been shown kindness for the first time.

“Black-Potter, Kingsley Shacklebolt agreed that I had rights to take him as my ward while the matter of his relatives is taken care of”

“His relatives? What would they do to him that he didn’t deserve? A trouble maker like his father and godfather no doubt”

“Severus! You will hold your tongue! You of all people...” To every one’s surprise Lucius roared his wand appearing in his hand so fast it was as though it had always been there and like Petunia and Vernon Severus’ mouth was sealed shut. “The sins of the father are not the sins of the child! He is naught but a child! They had him in a cupboard, they have beat and starved him, you of all people...You doubt my word? You are a skilled legilimens, I offer no resistance see what I saw and if you cannot see passed the loathing you have for the boy's father I will ask you to leave my home”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope this is okay, my exam is today wish me luck
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Warning for past child abuse

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry watched as the greasy haired potions master lifted a short black wand, which seemed less ornate than Lucius’ or Narcissa’s, and pointed it at the blondes’ head. He muttered an incantation and a bright light shot from the end of the wand. Lucius stayed calm and relaxed. His eyes were fixed onto Severus’. Harry looked up at Narcissa who was still holding his hand her thumb moving lightly over the knuckles. She looked at him with her bright blue eyes warm as she smiled.

“You shall be okay, Harry dear, we will look after you” She said lightly laying her arm around his shoulders and drawing him into her body. The action seemed to be so natural on her part that Harry allowed himself to be held noting that the woman’s skin was as perfumed as the flowers in her garden only it was a warmer scent having been on her skin.

“I don’t mean to be trouble”

“You are nothing close to trouble, Harry, now how about a drink? We have pumpkin juice, or perhaps you would like to try a butter beer? You won’t have had one, Jinx!”

“Yes, Mistress Narcissa!” Jinx squeaked appearing at their side immediately. Her large eyes widened even further as she saw Harry curled against Narcissa “Youse is having a funny turns again, Little Master Harrys! Jinxes here! Youse tells old Jinxes what youse needs!”

“Would you fetch Harry and Draco a butter beer please?”

“Rightnen aways!” Jinx vanished with a pop just as the stream of light left Lucius. The potion master blinked and then swung around descending on Harry his wand raised. Before anyone had time to react Severus was hissing the spell and the light was now going into his head.
Harry felt confused, he was hurt. Again, he didn’t know why, he had been a good boy at school, he had written his letters nice! Miss Wright had told him that he had the bestest hand writing in class. He had been so happy to tell Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia. He was sure that they would love him then. Petunia had slapped him hard across the cheek calling him a nasty little liar. Dudley hadn’t been able to write the lines so why could he? A little freak. He had to have cheated. She had locked him in his cupboard until Vernon had come home and then she had dragged him out and he had felt the sting of the belt while Vernon had repeated that he was a nasty, no good freak, that he should have died along with his parents. He had then been put back in his cupboard with nothing to eat.

The scene changed with a swirl his eyes fogging over. He was older now but he was still hurting. Dudley had twisted his arm playing in the garden. He had felt something pop and there had been nothing but white hot pain. Dudley had panicked at his screaming, the Dursley’s hated anything that meant he would have to go to the hospital. He had looked at him for a moment before running for Aunt Petunia telling her that Harry had been climbing the apple tree in Mr Jenkins back garden and had fallen. It was the excuse that Aunt Petunia had used when he had gone to the hospital. His arm was stripped to his side and chest now. The doctor had been kind at first but then Aunt Petunia had told him what a bad boy he was, how much trouble he caused her. Always wanting attention, never happy. The doctor had changed after that telling him that it wasn’t good to do things that would waste time.

When he had gotten back from the hospital he had tried to make the dinner but it was difficult with only one hand and he had spilt the hot water from the potatoes down his leg. Petunia had smacked him with the wooden spoon and he had been put in his cupboard.

With another jolt he scene was once again different. He was cowering his hands over his head as the belt came down around his ears with a crack. It cut the side of his cheek, slicing a chunk of
skin away on the buckle. He didn’t even know what he had done to upset Vernon. He had just been talking about a dream he’d had about a woman laughing and waving a stick to cause bubbles to drop down around him. It had been a nice dream but Uncle Vernon had been worse than ever. He had thrown him across the floor and ranted and raved about stupid fairy tales and things about Sissies. He was still saying nasty things while the belt came down again hitting him over the shoulders.

*_*-_*-*_*

A jerk and a swirl and Harry was back in the Malfoy dining room. Severus was standing before him with a glossy layer of sweat on his brow. His face, already sallow, was now as white as a chalk board and his lips had almost disappeared his eyes were not unreadable now and Harry easily recognised the look that he had as being anger and loathing. He pulled away from Narcissa crying loudly as he felt to the floor his hands above his head.

“Please! Please don’t hurt me! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I won’t do it again! I will leave...” He whimpered shivering as he held himself tightly rocking back and forth. For a moment nobody in the room moved and then all at once everything happened. Severus yelped as he was magically thrown across the room while Lucius let out a shout;

“How dare you! You legilimency on a child! What horrors did you force him to watch!”

“Harry dear...Please, do not distress yourself, nobody in this house will never hurt you” Narcissa purred getting up out of her chair and approaching him very slowly. She stopped every so often, like one would when trying to coax in a frightened stray cat, but eventually she was on her knees at his side. Her hand lifted as though she was about to touch him but then thought better of it. Instead she sat down beside him with her back resting against the wall making sure she was in his eyesight but far enough away that she didn’t startle him. “I do not know what you have been through, my dear, I could not even begin to imagine but I promise you on my magic I nor anyone else in this house will ever hurt you” As she whispered that she held up her wand and flicked it once. A vine sprang from the wand and then moved down her arm twisting and wrapping there in the form of a Celtic knot. “This is a promise knot, it is almost as strong as an unbreakable vow, should anybody harm you this knot will burn and I will lose all my magic and become a squib...”

“Narcissa, My heart” Severus and Lucius said together their tones telling Harry that she was speaking the truth. He felt tears burning in his eyes as she pulled out a pretty floral handkerchief
and offered it to him saying gently but firmly:

“I am not afraid to make this promise, Harry dear, because I know that nobody will. Your aunt and uncle will pay dearly for what they have put you through and you will grow to be a happy and healthy boy just as you should be. In years to come you will think of it as a bad patch you had to get through but it will not break you. You are a Black-Potter and though the winds of adversity may bend us it will never break us” Slowly now Narcissa reached out to him and very carefully moved his fringe away from his eyes. “You are our family now and Blacks take care of family”

“You don’t even know me”

“Not yet perhaps, but I did not know Draco when I birthed him, he was still family. Now come dry those eyes my little Harry, and smile once more”

Chapter End Notes

Urgh...Narcissa is so totally OOC sorry >.< but I really wanted her to be sweet in private in contrast to what she is in public >.< Thank-you for all your good lucks! I made it through my test xD Now I should be able to relax a little >.<
Severus breathed deeply through his over-sized nose. His lungs were tight from the force of the boy’s memories and the force of the magic displayed by his oldest friend. Lucius had sent him flying across the room his back hitting against the stone fire surround. The pain in his back was nothing to the pain that was in his heart. The life of the boy had mirrored his own so vividly it was almost as if he had been looking at himself. He looked over the room to where Narcissa was comforting the boy Harry and he felt sick to his very core. He moved to stand only to be stopped by Lucius standing over him his wand tapping against his arm.

“You forced him to relive the painful parts of his life. Without asking him, or even telling him what would happen? He is naught but a boy! A terrified boy. Many have called you cold and unfeeling, I denied those claims as I know them to be unfounded for the most part but this”

“You judge me?! You have done worse in the service of the dark lord” Severus hissed more out of his own self-loathing than because he meant to hurt his friend. Despite what many believed Lucius truly had been a hot-headed youth who had fallen in with a bad crowd. He had believed that Muggles were a risk to all wizarding kind and even still believed it now.

The old ways were dying as more and more families turned their backs on tradition, yule had become Christmas, Samhain was Halloween. For a family such as the Malfoys who prided themselves on traditions older than most muggle families it was a tough pill to swallow and of course he had been swayed by the Dark Lord’s promises. He hadn’t known the full impact of what his choices would be until he was in so deep. he was one of the inner circles. Lucius had played the game well however and he had known that the man would be taken down and so had planned for it carefully making sure to stay as intact as possible.

“And I live with those mistakes daily” Lucius said stiffly rubbing the bridge of his nose suddenly looking a lot older than he normally would. “He is a child, Severus, younger even than Draco. Did what you saw give you satisfaction at least?”
“There was no satisfaction to be had, but I had to see the truth with my own eyes” Severus admitted his dark eyes moving to Potter...Harry, who was being held in a gentle hug. It was as though the boy had fallen to sleep against Narcissa and he felt a sting of guilt for the distress he had caused. “Petunia was always jealous of Lily. She wrote to Dumbledore once begging to be allowed to go. Dumbledore handled it with all the tact you would expect. The jealousy festered and became hate. I have no doubt that Dumbledore thought some family bonds would come into play but there was none in her heart. Perhaps if the boy were a squib, she would have maybe cared for him at least some”

“Dumbledore said time and time again that the boy had to be with his family. Why?” Lucius asked and Severus could admit to feeling a little perplexed by that. He could only imagine that he wanted him broken so that he could reshape him into a solider. He was god at doing that. Severus felt the acidic taste of bitterness collecting at the back of his tongue as he asked;

“You expect me to know Dumbledore’s mind?”

“No, to do so would be madness but I had hoped he had told you that at least” Lucius sighed taking his wine glass and having a sip. Severus sighed moving back to his own chair and wishing he had something stronger than wine. The images of the abuse Harry had suffered were clearly in his mind and they were over lapping with his own images of his father, alcohol on his breath belt and bible in hand.

“He tells nobody anything but he is of the belief that the Dark Lord will return” Severus said pushing the thoughts away as he drained his drink and Lucius gave a nod his grey eyes moving to Draco.

“As am I, but enough of this...Narcissa perhaps Harry should be put to bed and Draco you should go with him. Perhaps not to sleep but to be at his side should he wake. Jinx, will you be with him also? He finds comfort in you”

“It will be an honour sirs! Jinxes will watchen over little Master Harry!” The house elf said beaming with all her might. Jinx was a personal favourite of Severus’ she was brighter than most of her kind, loyal to the Malfoy’s and took pride in her work. Many thought the elves at Hogwarts were the happiest but they had never met the Malfoy elves. “Good days, sirs!”
“Good day, Jinx” Lucius chuckled as Narcissa cast a feather light spell onto Harry and then carried him from the room with Draco following after.

“Good Night father”

“Good night, Dragon” Lucius said in return before his son vanished without a word to his God Father. Severus appeared to notice and gave a slight chuckle.

“Your son is angry with me”

“Can you blame him? He seems to be rather attached to Harry already and you hurt him” Lucius’ eyes were steely as he leaned back in his chair his fingers holding the stem of his wine glass loosely and Severus felt his stomach knot with more guilt. He hadn’t inflicted the wounds on the boy but he as good as did by forcing him to reply them time and time again. However, he was not a man used to admitting fault and he had no idea how to apologise to Harry for what he had done.

“I know, how would you suggest I make amends?”

“You knew his parents, his mother more favourably than his father perhaps you can tell him about her, share your memories allow him to know her through you”

“I am not one to share my memories with others, but a simple apology would not be adequate very well. You do surprise me though, this protective nature you have found for Harry”

“Who could not be moved when you see, scrawled in a child’s hand surrounded by broken toys in a cupboard under the stairs ‘Harry’s room’. I may be a Malfoy but we are not so heartless as we would have those we care nothing about believe” Lucius gave a smile before closing his eyes his head laying back against the backrest of the chair. Around them the dishes vanished and the table
was cleaned with elven magic and Severus gave his friend an unseen smile as a whiskey glass appeared on a coaster.

“I should say so” He hummed sniffing the aged whisky before continuing “The greater wizarding population will be on Dumbledore’s side. He is a hero still for what he did to Grindelwald”

“So I see, how would you suppose they would feel to know that he left the boy who lived in the care of muggles such as those? I have not seen as you have and nor do I wish to, but the very idea...” Lucius shuddered without opening his eyes and Severus was surprised by that. It would embarrass and hurt the boy if his peers were to know. He knew that for certain.

“Won’t Harry be hurt if you were to let this out?”

“I have no intention of letting this out, the boy will have enough difficulties next year without the entire school knowing of his troubles”

“So what will you do?”

“I will find away. Just as I always do, Harry shall be taken care of” A crack and a smashing of pottery caused the tension in the room to snap and they both turned to see the strange and rather highly strung house elf Dobby in the corner of the room looking with frantic wide eyes at a broken flower pot.

“Dobby is so sorry masters! Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!” He screamed smacking his head against the wall in a fit of panic. The elf was special touched he had to be none of the other elves acted the way that he did.

“Dobby! Stop that at once! Rocky!” Lucius barked for another elf who appeared with a crack looking at Dobby with his lip curled before saying with a bow;
“Yeses Master?”

“Take Dobby and put him somewhere quiet please, he is rather hysterical” Lucius sighed and Severus knew that his friend wished he could just give the elf clothes but he knew too much about the Malfoy family. “The last thing Harry needs is to be left with Dobby for any length of time. Do you have to report back to Dumbledore?”

“I suppose I better” Severus nodded standing slowly and drinking the last of his whisky “I will return tomorrow if I may to apologise to the boy”

“You are always welcome here, though if you use a spell like that on my son or my ward again I will see to it that is never true again” Narcissa said in a clipped down coming back into the dining room and standing with her back to the door. People who were afraid of Lucius were wrong, sure he could be a blood thirsty bastard sometimes but he had nothing on Narcissa. The woman knew more about poisons than anyone and she would feed it to you with a smile on her face. She was sister to Bellatrix Lestange after all.

Chapter End Notes

I hope that this is okay xD
Draco was sat on one side of the four poster bed in what was now Harry’s room. Only yesterday this room had been a plain brown colour with beige furniture now the walls were a warm but soft purple. The hangings around the bed were royal purple with gold trimmings as were the plush chairs beside the fire. The room was empty of personal touches but he was sure that Harry would soon fix that.

“UUrh” A moan from his left pulled his attention from the book he had been attempting to read. Harry’s eyes opened slowly before closing again as he rolled onto his side curling into a protective ball. A whimper pulled its way out of the smaller boys mouth and Draco felt a flood of anger towards his god father for hurting the boy that was fast becoming his friend.

“Harry? Are you okay?” Draco asked reaching out to touch his shoulder recoiling when Harry let out a whimper and flinched away from him. “Sorry, how are you feeling? I am unsure what Severus made you see but I assure you he won’t get away with it”

“He just...Just showed me my memories” Harry answered, his voice raw and muffled against his arms and Draco shifted closer to him on the bed. He wasn’t completely sure how to soothe somebody. He had never had to do it before but he wanted to comfort Harry and reassure him if he could. “How did he do that?”

“Severus is a skilled legilimens, it means that he can go into peoples minds and search through their memories, they can read them or make the person relive them” Draco explained laying on his side and cuddling up behind him. Harry stiffened just a little but then relaxed letting out a big sigh. “Most of the time it can be done without the person even knowing that they are having them read but Severus wasn’t thinking and he wasn’t kind. Mother and father will handle him and make him regret it”

“I’m sorry” Harry shifted in the bed turning until they were nose to nose. His body was still tense but Draco was sure that he was starting to relax. Draco let his hand move up and down his side slowly in what he hoped was a soothing way. Harry didn’t seem to mind and he continued slowly saying;
“It’s not your fault, Severus should have known better. He should have accepted Father’s word and memories”

“I cried onto your mum” Harry’s cheeks went bright red his eyes filling with shame and Draco gave a smile and a shrug.

“I am pretty sure she did not mind” He said knowing full well that that she hadn’t. As she had carried Harry up the stairs she had only been angry with Severus and the Dursley’s. She had muttered more than once that they should have dealt with the Dursley’s personally rather than going through the Aurors. Harry was silent for a while but then he slowly moved away from him sitting up in the bed as he looked around the room his glasses, which had been on the bedside table, now back on his nose.

“Am I in your bed?”

“No, this is your room” Draco announced sitting up as well and Harry’s mouth dropped open a hiss escaping from his nose and mouth as his head whipped around to look at him again.

“My room? This can’t be...But it’s too big!” He said and Draco gave a shrug. All of the rooms in Malfoy manor were large, they held their own sitting areas, and bathrooms. Harry’s room was what would have been his siblings room if he had been able to have one and was almost identical in size and shape to his own.

“It’s the same size as mine”

“But...It is as big as the Dursley’s entire house!” Harry gave another hiss almost falling off the bed and Draco shrugged once again watching as Harry wandered around the room almost tripping over Jinx who had been sitting on the floor near the bed. “Sorry, Jinx”
“Little Master Harry, sirs! Youse is quite alrights! How is youse? Youse is feeling better after sleepings?” The elf asked brightly getting up and looking him over. Her gnarled hand rested on the small ten year old’s cheek worrying at her lip while looking him in the eye. “Master Severus was very naughty! But Mistress Narcissa and Master Lucius will looks after youse from now on! No more bad memories for Little Master Harry!”

“Thank-you” Harry replied though Draco was sure that he didn’t really believe it but he was too polite to say that. “This...This is really my room?”

“Yep!”

“It is, Harry, mother chose the colours because you said you liked purple, you can add things that you would like”

“Master Draco’s room hases lots of Broomes and posters!” Jinx said happily guiding Harry to sit down in one of the chairs while clicking her fingers. Two bottles of Butter Beer appeared and Draco moved from bed to sit in the chair opposite his friend. Harry was wearing a pair of Draco’s pyjamas spelled to fit him and his hair was even more of a mess than it had been all day. His feet barely touched the floor and he had an unbelievably cute feeling all around him. Draco had never thought of himself as the protective type. Like comforting somebody he had no idea how to be protective. It wasn’t something that was needed much in his circle of friends. None of them needed either very often as they were all as self assured as he himself and yet there was something about Harry that called to him. There was no great distance in their ages, a month at most, but oddly he felt the older of the two and he wanted to look after him.

“We can decorate your room however you would like”

“But, what if I can’t stay? What if the Dursley’s get me back?”

“They won’t. I’m not going to say that Dumbledore won’t try, because we know that would be a lie, but mother and father will make sure that you can stay. So please don’t worry about that.” Draco tried to sound certain but he knew that there were going to be many challenges. He wasn’t so innocent that he didn’t know what people thought of his family or more accurately his father. Lucius had joined the Dark Lord willingly, no matter how disillusioned he had become with the
man’s ideals there was no doubt Lucius had done things he wasn’t proud and those on Dumbledore’s side would use that against them but Draco was certain that his father would be able to convince them. They couldn’t send the boy who lived back to those muggles who had hurt him. “Have your drink! You will like butter beer almost as much as Jinx’s hot chocolate”

“Master Draco is a flatterer Little Master Harry!” Jinx squeaked happily grinning as she poured out the drinks and handed them to them “Would little Masters like something from the kitchens? Chocolate or...”

“It’s almost bed time Jinx, I thought I wasn’t allowed chocolate after seven”

“Sshs, Master Draco!” Jinx said putting a long finger over her mouth and hissing out a sshing noise her large eyes glittering with amusement “Sometimes it is fines! Little Master Harry had a bad turns! I fetches you some now!”

“This will be your doing Harry, she would never dream of giving me chocolate this close to bed time” Draco chuckled as he elf vanished leaving them alone. “She will be back in a moment but would you like me to show you around your bedroom? You will notice the four doors. The largest and the most ornate is the main door out of the room, it is the one with the two casts above it. That one near your bed leads into my bedroom. If you need me at any time of the night the door will be open. Of those two doors there the right leads into your bathroom and the left leads into your closet”

“My closet?” Harry squeaked weakly.

“Yes, your wardrobe, it is pretty much empty now but I am sure mother has plans to take you shopping as soon as possible so it will be full before we know it” Draco spoke cheerfully he always enjoyed shopping for new clothes but he didn’t know if Harry would enjoy it half so much. A creep of shame filled as he looked down at his body only to look both confused and surprised. His hands gripped at the green cotton fabric of the pyjamas he was wearing. “Mother changed into a pair of my pyjamas. She had to shrink them a little but green looks good on you, it brings out your eyes”

“...Are my eyes freaky?”
“Nope, your eyes are beautiful, they are a unique shade of green but not unpleasant at all. It’s like a spring green” Draco hummed honestly, looking into those eyes that were hidden by the ugly glasses. Harry gave him an almost shy smile his cheeks a bright pink as he whispered;

“My aunt always said that they were freakish”

“Your aunt probably said a great many things that weren’t true” Jinx popped back into the room with two bars of the best Honeydukes chocolate and she grinned happily handing them over with a bubbly;

“Heres you ares little Masters!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay with Christmas things got a bit hectic --

Ive started posting another draco/harry story the twelve days of Christmas if you would like to read it
Harry sat eating the chocolate Jinx had given him while still unable to believe that this was his room. It was so big it had a wall separating an area that held a writing desk with an arch way between and a three steps leading up to the area. He was almost certain that he was dreaming but he had pinched himself several times and the pain he had gotten proved that it was real and that he wasn’t going to wake up in his cupboard covered in blood like he had before. A soft knock sounded on the more ornate door and after a few moments it opened to reveal Narcissa and Lucius. The witch looked at the bed for a moment before looking to the chairs a smile forming on her beautiful face as she came over to them.

“We were just heading to bed and thought we would come and see how you are. Harry, dear, how are you feeling?”

“I...Better...Thank-you, I’m sorry for being so much of a fuss” Harry whispered flushing brightly under the looks he was being given from both the adult Malfoy’s. Lucius hadn’t spoken but he seemed just as happy as his wife that Harry was now awake.

“Nonsense! You are no fuss at all! Severus is at fault and he knows it, he will be back tomorrow to offer and apology but it is up to you if you choose to accept it, Harry dear” Narcissa said softly her blue eyes firm and Harry gave her a smile nervously taking another square of chocolate. “Once he has been we will go to Paris and get you some clothes”

“Paris? As in France?”

“Yes, dear, the Malfoy’s have a small chateaux on the outskirts of the wizarding town we will floo there and then visit the town”

“But I don’t have a passport!” Harry gasped remembering the way Dudley had waved his passport in his face when the Dursley’s had taken him to Spain for the first time. The Dursley’s had gone away every year since then. He had never been allowed to go he had been left with Mrs Figg or more often, if only Petunia and Dudley had gone, Vernon who kept him locked in his cupboard for most of the day only letting him out so he could empty his bucket and have a slice of toast.
“...A passport?” Narcissa said looking to Lucius who cleared his throat speaking for the first time since arriving;

“Muggles use them to travel I believe, it is not something that is needed in the wizarding world, Harry”

“Oh, I’m sorry” Harry mumbled feeling embarrassed that he had assumed that it would be the same in the wizarding world as it was in the muggle one. He felt so completely out of place here and he was sure that the Malfoy’s would grow tired of him for not knowing anything. As it was Lucius gave him a gentle smile his grey eyes warm as he stole a square of chocolate from Draco’s bar. He perched himself on the arm of the chair saying;

“Do not be embarrassed, you did not know”

“But I still wish I knew more” Harry sighed not wanting to be a hassle for the Malfoy’s when they were being so nice to him.

“You will learn in time, I will hire another tutor to teach you about the wizarding world, but there will be time for that. For now let us just focus on other things” Lucius hummed finishing the chocolate humming “You will enjoy yourself with Narcissa and Draco. I wish that I could come with you tomorrow but I should imagine that I will be having meetings all day, I will like to be there when you see the healer though”

“You don’t trust me to be able to handle the healer?” Narcissa asked with a quark to her lips her blue eyes sparkling. Lucius laughed reaching out and taking her hand as he purred;“Of course not, my heart, I simply want to be there to stop you from doing something that you might regret”

“My dear, I have no idea what you mean” Narcissa played innocent but Harry had the feeling that she knew what her husband was getting at and he felt that Lucius was worried that Narcissa might hurt his aunt and uncle for what they had done to him. The thought was warming and he found himself smiling even as the beautiful witch changed the subject by spying a book on the table.

“Oh! Boris the brave! I have always loved this story, do you remember Dragon that I would read it to you when you had bad dreams”
“I didn’t have bad dreams”

“Oh? You didn’t? Then it must have been another blonde boy crying about the monsters under his bed” Narcissa laughed a merry laugh taking up the book and flipping it open. She cleared her throat delicately and then slowly began reading her voice having an almost magical quality to it. He found himself inching closer to her as she read watching the magical pictures moving “Many thought that Boris the brave was foolishly named. There was naught brave about the little knight from a no name town in the highest hills of Scotland. He had fought no dragons nor killed any werewolves. He told himself daily that he longed for such an adventure but his dearest mother was very old and very sick. It wasn’t right for him to leave her” She read happily turning the page delicately as a fire was lit in the grate by Lucius casting a warm glow over the family and Harry. “He was tired of people saying that he wasn’t brave though. He thought standing in the tallest tower of his castle and looking out over the lands. Nobody thought he was brave, when he passed everyone would say ‘Boris the Brave’ not likely, more like Boris the Coward’ then they would laugh at him.

He would go on an adventure in the summer, he told himself clenching his fist to the moon, he would go on an adventure and prove to everyone that he really was Boris the Brave. His mother would be well in the summer, surely, yes, the summer, there was no sense in going in the winter. Much too cold and wet. So little Boris the Brave felt satisfied until it came to the summer.

“Are you sure you are well, mother? I don’t mind if you want me to stay” Boris said anxiously afraid that he really would have to leave the safety of the castle and go camping. His mother smiled feeling quite well now. “I’m fine Boris! You go have fun and prove that you really are Boris the Brave” She said and slowly Boris the Brave made his way down the castle stairs and out into his courtyard where his horse was waiting for him. The groomsmen laughed as they tried to get him on the horse...Harry dear? I think it’s time you were in bed once again” Narcissa chuckled closing the book as both Harry and Draco struggled to keep their eyes open.

“But...What about, Boris?” Harry yawned as he was urged up and out of the chair over to the double bed slowly followed by Draco who seemed to have decided to get into the bed with him. Narcissa helped them both into the double bed and wrapped the soft cover around them both.

“We shall find out tomorrow, now come boys, sleep, dream of only pleasant things until we see each other again in the morning” Harry felt his glasses being removed and set on the side before his
hair was stroked and a warm kiss was placed to his forehead. There were foot steps and then he felt a male hand squeezing his shoulder.

“Sleep well, Harry, Draco, Jinx will watch over you, if you should need anything” Lucius said carefully and Harry allowed himself to sink into the warm soft bed wondering if a beating from his aunt or uncle had gone too far and this was his heaven. If it was he was happy with that he decided happily falling into a happy sleep, with a warm arm wrapped around his waist, where he dreamt of a different woman, one with red hair and eyes like his own holding him against her breast as she sang a song in his ear and told him stories of magic.

The next morning he woke to the feeling of being watched and as he opened his eyes and got them to focus he found himself staring into the wrinkled face of an elf. Without his glasses he thought it was Jinx but as soon as he put them on he saw that it was the strange elf Dobby.

“Dobby? Are you okay?”

“Youse got to leaves heres Mister Harry Potter! Dobby’s owners are bads people!” Dobby said before growing fearful and giving a nervous laugh “Bad Dobby! Bad, bad Dobby!”

“Dobby! Stop!” Harry cried as the elf suddenly started smacking his head on the bed frame his ears waving about in dramatic fashion.

“Dobby shouls be punishes! Dobby spoke bad about Masters but Dobby needs to save Harry potter!” Dobby wailed as he continued to hit his head against the frame until their was a twin pop and two elves Harry didn’t recognise appeared. Both of them seemed to have a bloody nose and they silently stunned Dobby and wrapped ropes around him.

“Sorry Master Harry, Sirs! Dobby broke free! We hopes he didnts startle youse!” One of them said with a bow and Harry gave a nod not sure what to make of it all as he heard a toilet flushing and saw Draco walking out of the bathroom. His blonde hair was tussled and his eyes seemed half closed as he stretched and yawned.
“Norning...Arry...” He said with a moan stretching out his back. “Dobby causing trouble again? Poor sod, I really wish there was something we could do. He’s always been a little odd but these days...anyway ready to visit Paris?”

Chapter End Notes

Boris the brave was a bedtime story I wrote for my nephews based on his pet hamster xD

Wow! Over 500 kudos I cant believe it xD
“Good morning, Harry, Draco, I trust you slept well?” Lucius said as the pair came into the bright breakfast room. Harry thought that this room was one of his favourites with beautiful flowers in large vases. It was smaller than the other rooms more intimate with a small table. The rooms overlooked a new part of the garden. Narcissa was reading a letter while sipping a cup of tea while Lucius had a bowl of fruit with some yogurt as he read a newspaper. Vernon had always hated being talked to while reading the paper but supposed that he was expecting an answer.

“Yes, thank-you, sir” Harry whispered very gently as Draco guided him to one of the chairs around the breakfast table. Dobby’s words were still ringing clear in his mind. He didn’t believe them, the Malfoy’s were the nicest people he had met and Dobby was an extremely strange creature but he didn’t know why he had said them.

“Please, just call me Lucius or even Luci” Lucius smiled setting his paper aside before frowning ever so slightly as he looked him up and down. “You look a little pale, have a drink, some pumpkin juice will bring some colour to your cheeks”

“Harry dear, are you quite well? Do you feel warm?” Narcissa asked moving in her chair to put a gentle hand on his forehead her ruby lips pursed in worry. “We can postpone our trip to Paris if you are feeling unwell”

“Dobby was in the room this morning, he upset Harry” Draco muttered as he started filling his plate with breakfast stuffs. “He said that we are bad people and told him that he should leave”

“I see, that elf is growing ever more tiresome. I will send for a healer from Saint Mungo’s or a specialist in elves” Lucius sighed pinching the bridge of his nose “I’m very sorry, Harry, pay him no mind. He has always been a little troubled, ever since he was young. I have always suspected spell damage but lately he has grown increasingly worse. Unfortunately to give him clothes and send him away would only make matters worse”

“Give him clothes?”
“Yes, you must have noticed that house elves are extremely powerful magical creatures in their own right. Unfortunately their magic is a little wild, like wizards need wands the elves need wizards to balance them out, a focus if you will. Without a focus they can do themselves a great deal of harm, just as we can without wands. To gain that focus the elves bind themselves to powerful families or in the case of those at Hogwarts to the very building itself. The only way to break the binding is the symbolic act of giving an elf clothes. But as it is a mutually beneficial relationship that almost never happens. No matter what some may say the majority elves are as happy with the arrangement as we are...” Lucius explained slowly and although he couldn’t fully understand it Harry nodded slowly not wanting Lucius to be upset with him for being an idiot.

“But not Dobby?”

“Yes, unfortunately, Dobby was not originally our family elf. He came to us not long after Draco was born. He was young then and I felt as though we were doing him a kindness. His true wizarding family had been killed during the war” Lucius stood from the table and moved to stand in front of the unlit fire his hands behind his back and Harry swallowed down a lump from the back of his throat. “He seemed to be unharmed and he agreed to join the elves here happily but it was not long before we suspected that he was troubled. He has no love for our family, but to cut him loose when he has served us for as long as he has, with his mind as fragile as it is and his talk of us being bad. It would only serve to fuel the gossip that runs riot”

“My dear you are babbling a little and confusing the boys” Narcissa hummed gently rolling her bright blue eyes as she took a blueberry muffin from the wicker basket on the table and broke it apart with her fingers before feeding the Pixie birds that were sitting on her shoulder. Harry hadn’t noticed them until now and he gave a smile as a pink bird took a blueberry into its beak.

“...I feel as though I must confess to you, I was not on the same side as your parents during the war, Harry. In fact, one would say that I was very close to the man that killed your parents” Lucius told him slowly and Harry sucked in a breath. Dumbledore had said as much the day before hadn’t he? He had said that the Malfoy’s wouldn’t be able to keep him because of what he had done. “I have no excuse for what I did all I can say was that it was a mistake on my part. I was young, foolish, and stubborn. I believed in the ideals of the man known as the dark lord and I followed him blindly. At first I knew not his true intentions and by the time I learned what his true plans were I was in too deep. To deny the Dark Lord was to put my family in danger. My heart had just given me my Dragon, but I swear, for all that I was in the so-called-inner circle, I never took part in the murders of muggle or wizard, but there are those that believe me to be as bad as the Dark lord himself. Dobby would happily fuel those rumours if we were to cut him loose”
“But why...If you took him in why would he hate you so much?” Harry was so surprised that Lucius treated them with a maturity that most people he knew didn’t. He didn’t fully understand what had happened in the war but he did believe Lucius when he said that what he had done was a mistake. There was something honest about the elder blonde as he spoke. He might not have learnt about the Wizarding war but he had learnt about the first and second muggle war and that had told him that people made mistakes.

“I cannot say, he did for a time seem happy here, slowly however he has become more unstable. Jinx” Lucius called and the female elf popped into the room smiling happily at them all. One look at the happy female elf told Harry what Lucius said about them being happy being bound to wizards was right, all of the Malfoy elves seemed to be happy, all except Dobby.

“Can Jinxes helpen youse Master Lucius?”

“Dobby found his way into Harry’s room this morning, will you put a ward over the room Dobby is in please to stop him from getting out? I will get a healer from Saint Mungo’s to see to him as soon as possible” Lucius asked gently sitting back down and Jinx was soon bobbing her head up and down.

“I’m sorrys master Lucius! Did he upsetten youse little Master Harry? Dobby is as coocoo as Dumbly of Hogwarts! Masters are too kind for lettings hims stay! Jinxes maken sures he won’t comes near youse again!” She promised squeezing his hand “Dunts lets Dobby scares you little Master Harry! Youse is safe and amongst friends!”

“I know, thank-you Jinx”

“Youse is a good boy, Little Master! Like Master Draco!”

“Master Lucius! Youserienden Professors Snakes is heres, Sir” Rocky announced from he door and suddenly Harry felt very cold and very afraid the memories he had been forced to relive coming back sharp and fast until he heard Narcissa say;
“Have no fear, Dearest Harry, he shall not harm you again. You have my word”

Chapter End Notes

Urgh...Is this part crap? I’m so sorry >.< I need to explain Dobby and Lucius during the war but this part didn’t want to come out properly >.<
Severus had made an effort with his dress to appear less intimidating to Harry that morning. His wardrobe was rather limited to blacks and dark greys but he had put on a softer ensemble with just black trousers, boots, and the lightest grey shirt he owned. He wore no robe and he felt almost naked without it as he waited in the hallways of his oldest friends home. He hadn’t been able to forget the things he had seen in Harry’s memories and he had felt as though he had failed Lily for a third time.

“Masters will sees you know” Rocky announced appearing in front of him and Severus nodded curtly before sweeping into the breakfast room. The Malfoy’s were surrounding a very pale Harry and Jinx the most loyal of the elves was holding tightly to Harry’s hand or he was holding tight to hers.

“Lucius, Narcissa, good morning” He said jerking his head in greeting “Draco”

“God father” Draco responded softly though his eyes were harsh and his face stiff. The boy was just as his father had been and he would be no less intimidating when he was the same age as his father was now. Knowing full well had earned the anger of the Malfoy’s he turned his attention to the boy he had hurt the day before. It hadn’t been a physical hurt but he knew better than most that not all hurt was the physical kind. He was not a man known for his soft nature though he did care for those that were put into his house.

“Mr P...Black-Poter” He corrected himself very quickly while trying to make himself as small and non threatening as possible. It was a difficult task given his height and that he was used to carrying himself taller than he was.

“Professor Snape”

“Your mother knew me as Severus, if it pleases you, you may address me as that” Severus said feeling stiff and awkward as he looked down at the boy who was clearly terrified of him. The sight of the wide green eyes set in a pale face reminded him very much of the face he had seen so many
times when he had looked in the mirror in his youth. “I am very sorry for my actions yesterday. I should have asked for permission to look into your memories and insured that you would not be forced to relive them. I was hasty in my actions and I owe you an explanation for that. If I might talk to you alone? Perhaps with the elf Jinx for companionship?”

“I...”

“It is up to you Harry, but if you do decide to listen to Severus then rest assured that we will be just beyond the door” Narcissa smiled as the boy turned to look at her “And Jinx of course will defend you”

“I wills! Nobody hurten Master Harry!” Jinx announced and slowly Harry nodded in agreement still holding firm to he Elf’s hand.

“Very well, we will be just outside, Harry dear” Narcissa had to almost drag Draco away from his friend and the young blonde was still being vocal about it when the door was being closed. As soon as the thick wood slid into place silence fell around the breakfast room leaving Severus with no choice but to listen to the soft thumping of his own heart and the slow ticking of the clock. He cleared his throat for a moment and then sighed heavily.

“Please I must beg you to forgive me. I...I am a man that holds a great many regrets but rarely apologises for them” He said eventually moving to sit in the chair in front of the boy. He looked so much like his oldest rival with Lily’s eyes that it was hard for him to see anything else but as he looked at him he saw the differences clearly. Neither James nor Lily had had the haunted, pinched looks in their faces, or been as small and painfully thin. “I hated your father when we were boys at school. I could hardly not, he was handsome, popular, rich, with close friends, and had all the arrogance of youth with it. He would tease those with no money, In short, everything I didn’t have but wanted. I came from a poor family, my mother was a pure blood my father was a muggle who liked to drink, when he drank he would take out frustrations with the world on me and my mother. In the same ways your uncle and aunt would treat you my father would do the same. The one brightness in my life was a friend I made one time while on a park. Her name was Lily Evans”

“My mother?” Harry whispered and Severus found himself smiling just a little bit as he remembered meeting the red haired girl that cold foggy morn. His mother had told him the stories of Merlin and his love who had been red haired and green eyed and he had saw her as that Heroine and in many ways she had been. “Yes, Harry, your mother. From the first time I met her we
became good friends. I told her she was a witch and all about our world and Hogwarts. We were the best of friends throughout our childhoods until we went to Hogwarts” Severus sighed pouring himself a coffee. This wasn’t the way he had intended to this but he thought the boy deserved the whole tale. It was almost painful how eager Harry was to learn of his mother “I was placed into Slytherin and your mother into Gryffindor. That shouldn’t have changed anything and perhaps in a different time it wouldn’t have. Your father fell in love with Lily from the moment they met and he was jealous of our friendship and sought out ways to bully me with the aide of the closest of his friends. I almost lost my life as a result of one of those pranks, had it not been for your father I would have surely died. I confess that I was not innocent I hated your father and his friends jealous that Lily seemed to be growing closer to him though she denied it. That only grew more so when he saved my life.

While these things were happening at school things with my father were also growing worse until in my fifth year they became unbearable. My mother, unable to take the abuse any longer, took her own life and my father directed more hatred to me and I grew to hate the muggles and I was blinded by that hate and I confess that I started to believe in the ideals of the Dark Lord and those that followed him. I said something unforgivable to your mother and our friendship ended though I have never stopped caring for her as the first friend I had.

The reason for my actions yesterday was the very idea that Lily’s son had gone through that, it was more than I could bear. I swore to your mother I would protect you albeit from afar, Dumbledore had assured me that you were well taken care of and I failed in making sure that was true. In fact, I thought of you as your father and...I am sorry. For all that you have suffered and that I made you relive it again yesterday but I had to see for myself” Severus finally apologised and then sat nervously in silence again pinned to his chair by the green eyed stare of the youth. Harry didn’t blink but his body did seem to relax little by little. “I hurt you as much as your uncle did by forcing you to relive that but please be assured that I will do everything in my power to make sure you never have to return to them”

“Thank-you, Professor, I...Forgive you?” Harry said and for some reason a weight lifted from Severus as though Lily was forgiving him for everything he had done. It was unlikely, there were some things that he could never be forgiven for “What was my mums favourite colour?”

“It was a certain shade of purple...I have a gift for you, a belated birthday gift if you will” Severus said taking a glass bottle from his pocket and handing it to the elf first. Jinx made sure that it was safe by wrapping it in her hand while Severus explained “These are all of my memories of your mother, Lucius has a pensive if you place this into it you will be able to visit them as though you were there. Sadly you cannot interact with them but you will be able to learn of your mother as I knew her”
I hope this part is okay
“Forgive me, Professor but...I don’t think you are a man who would willing share memories” Harry whispered holding the small vial in his hands delicately as though he was holding a treasure and he knew that for the man in front of him he knew that he was. He had seen the way Severus had looked when he had spoken of Lily. It made him happy that his mother was so well thought of when the Dursley’s had always just insulted her memory.

“You are right, I am not. Much less of those that I have of your mother. I had very little light in my life save for her and I treasure those memories and I hold them close but I would like very much for you to know a little of your mother”

“You are welcome, Harry” Severus gave him a thin lipped smile and Harry flushed turning the vial in his hand noting that it looked like liquid silver as it caught the light of the sun that was coming in from the stained glass window. It was beautiful and he couldn’t stop moving it back and forth in the vial.

“I remember flashes of my mum. She was singing...And telling me stories...But I don’t know if they are memories or dreams” Harry said softly knowing that it was silly to even think of them as memories. “They must be dreams. I was only a baby when they died I couldn’t remember them”

“It is perhaps a combination of both. You were very young when she died Harry, but the times you had with your parents will be there” Severus hummed thoughtfully resting his elbows on the table and bringing both his forefingers up to his lip and looking at him with his very dark eyes that Harry had thought were black but now he looked at them he saw that instead they were a very dark blue. “To be able to have even flashes of those memories is rare and an indicator that you will be quite adapt at using mind spells as I am. If you would like I would be happy to teach you”

“You don’t have to go that far, Sir! You must already be very busy! You are a teacher after all!”
“Yes, but I would welcome the chance to teach you, and it is never a bad thing to learn how to shield your memories. You don’t have to answer right away perhaps next year when you are in Hogwarts” Severus gave him a little smile and Harry gave a nod chewing nervously on his lips before handing the vial back to him. “Harry?”

“Thank-you sir, I am really very happy that you thought about doing this but...I can’t ask you to show me your memories like this. Not when you don’t really know me, even if they are memories of my mum...” Harry whispered shyly his cheeks glowing a warm red. “Honestly I am genuinely happy and I would like to know about her but...If you would like you could tell me about her yourself, or...Maybe when we’ve gotten to know each other better you could show me them yourself? I don’t know how it works but...”

“Harry, you have more good in your heart than even your mother, fine then, write to me with any question you have and I will answer them until together we will venture into my memories” Severus reached out with his long stained fingers and Harry froze for a moment before taking the hand and shaking it. “I think perhaps you should fetch your Masters, Jinx? I am sure they have listened at the door for long enough”

The potions master let out a warm velveteen laugh his eyes crinkling in the corners making his sallow face a lot less scary and even somewhat attractive and Harry found himself smiling along more so when the door opened a few moments later and all of the Malfoys seemed a little flushed.

“You have apologised properly to Harry?”

“Yes, Lucius, have no fear, Narcissa you can put your wand away now, I will no longer harm Harry Black-Malfoy. But I cannot say the same for my employer. I am sure Dumbledore genuinely believes that he is doing it all for some unseen greater good but he is a damned fool” Severus huffed darkly as Narcissa began to fill his plate with some of the food from the table that hadn’t gone cold even as they were talking. “When I returned to the castle last night he was waiting for me, I gave him no answers as I had none to give but he won’t rest”

“I imagine not, he sent an owl this morning. I haven’t read it yet but I suppose that I must if only to save myself from receiving a dozen more” Lucius sighed heavily sitting back in his large chair while Draco came to stand in front of Harry.
“Are you okay?” The blonde asked carefully his pale grey eyes searching his face and Harry gave him a smile nodding.

“Yes, I’m fine, Professor Snape is going to tell me about my mum” He answered smiling at the professor who smiled back before tucking into the black pudding on his plate. Harry looked away as he ate taking some more of his own food, mostly because Draco had started feeding him, surprised when the dark haired man spoke again.

“I would also tell you something of your father but my memories of him are not the best. There is one that you should perhaps seek out however. He was friend to your father and the only one around in a fit state that can tell you about him in a more favourable light. Remus Lupin. In fact, Lucius it would be a good idea for you to reach out to him yourself, before Dumbledore has a mind to”

“Severus, you would...I am surprised, I never imagined that you would recommend that” Lucius said and Severus lay down his knife and fork before sighing looking at the wall in front of him.

“In spite of everything Lupin was a close friend to Potter and I know for a fact that he has tried several times to make contact only for Dumbledore to interfere and suggest that Harry was better off not knowing about our world”

“Very well I will write to Lupin, if Harry approves, and suggest a meeting” Lucius sent his grey eyes over to Harry who was being almost force fed an entire pack of bacon. “Draco, you have your mother’s mother hen nature. You should perhaps let Harry feed himself”

“Sorry, father, but he is so thin!” Draco almost huffed his pale cheeks growing pink while Harry smiled swallowing down the bacon. He was happy his friend cared about him but he had to admit that his stomach was starting to feel painfully full.

“Yes, something that we will be talking about later with the healer. But force feeding him is not the answer” Lucius said with a smile towards his son who had sat back down now and was playing about with the food on his own plate.
“There is a chance you could make matters worse. I have seen a few cases of malnutrition and a course of potions is the best answer. I have not had medical training however and could not say but any potions that are needed send word, I will be happy to make them, I don’t trust the mass produced ones in Saint Mungo’s and they always make them bitter” Severus hummed wrinkling his long crooked nose like a child. “Thank-you for breakfast, Lucius, Narcissa, and thank-you for accepting my apology, Harry, but I must return to Hogwarts I have lessons. I will await your owl Harry”

“...I don’t have one”

“You will use one of the Malfoy owls, we have several in fact one of the snowy owls chicks has recently fledged she was to be sent to the Emporium to be sold but perhaps you would like her, I forgot that we haven’t yet given you a birthday gift” Narcissa said happily and Harry swallowed fighting tears that came to his eyes almost instantly. It suddenly felt overly warm and stuffy in the breakfast room and he was very glad when Draco stood up and took his hand saying;

“Come on Harry! We should go dress if we are to go to Paris today! I can loan you some of my clothes again though mother will have to shrink them to fit”

“Of course, oh, I have also flooed the Parkinsons we will be meeting them for lunch”

“Oh great, well brace yourself Harry! You will have to meet with Pants!” Draco chuckled as he ushered him back through the door of the breakfast room and Lucius sounded amused and fond as he said;

“Language Draco, miss Parkinson is a young lady"

“Sorry Father, come on Harry”

Chapter End Notes
I hope that this isn’t lame, sorry for not posting yesterday but I had my last Japanese lesson of the year on Tuesday and it was super busy but no I am free for a few weeks xD
“Now Harry Dear, travel by floo is rather jolting the first time you do it so we shall go through together” Narcissa hummed after cooing over the boy and smoothing out his hair. She hadn’t been completely successful but it was better than it had been when he had first presented himself to her to have the clothes he was wearing shrunk. She knew Lucius thought her a mother hen and perhaps she was but there was something about the black haired waif that made her feel particularly maternal. She loved her Dragon with every fibre of her being however he had never really needed her and he still didn’t like her to fuss over him but Harry, starved of any positive attention for so long wanted and welcomed it and she wasn’t going to deny him. “I have told the Parkinsons that you are my cousins child sent to stay with us...It is better than to have them ask too many questions, however if you want to tell them then it is completely up to you of course”

“I don’t mind...Being your cousin”

“That’s good, because you are anyway, Harry, in a roundabout way, deceptions always work best with the element of truth to them. So for today you are Harrison Black, child of my cousin Sirius” She smiled fussing over his hair again before straightening his collar. The Parkinsons would no doubt believe that Harry was in actual fact her bastard borne of a romance, his younger appearance would feed such rumours but she didn’t mind. She knew the truth as did her husband and it was better that gossip would be put her way than Harry’s when he already had so much on his shoulders. “Dragon, go on through...” She hummed as the flames flared indicating that the link to the house in France was open. “Remember to speak clearly”

“I know mother” Draco said with a playful roll of his eyes before taking a pinch of floo powder from the elf holding the crystal pot and stepping into the flames. Harry gasped loudly as he did so his whole body tensing with fright before relaxing when he saw that no harm was coming to his friend. Draco threw the Floo powder onto the flames as he called out “Chateau de Malfoy”

“He...He’s gone” Harry breathed with a hiss as the flames rose up and around Draco before sweeping him away. Narcissa smiled taking the boy’s hand and giving it a delicate squeeze.

“He is perfectly fine and awaiting our arrival in France, our turn Harry Dear, keep your eyes closed it is less jolting that way” She said leading him into the fire place as it returned to normal. She took
a larger pinch of powder from the jar and held Harry close as she too called out “Chateau de Malfoy”

Harry screamed loudly clutching at her hand as they were pulled through the flames and Narcissa held him tightly bringing him into her body so he couldn’t see the dizzying flashes of open fireplaces as they moved knowing that it could make him quite sick. In only a matter of seconds they jolted arriving at the fire place in France and she let them out gracefully, or as gracefully as one could with a confused ten year old clinging to their arm.

“Harry? Are you okay?” Draco asked immediately as he saw them arrive and Harry moved away from Narcissa his cheeks burning red.

“Sorry, I guess I am a baby”

“Nonsense Harry my dear, you handled yourself very well, the first trip is always the worst. Now, let me clean you off and then I would like to introduce you to Chateau de Malfoy” Narcissa said flicking her wand and cleaning soot from all three of them. It only took a second to have them all clean again with the spell and then she showed him around the reception room. The chateau wasn’t as overly grand as Malfoy manor, it was however more dramatic with and Narcissa often preferred to be holding court here than Malfoy manor when she was entertaining the noble families. The floor was still marble but it was more of a earthy pink tone decorated with golden flowers, of course the Narcissus flower was predominant but that was just a fancy of hers. She had always been told that she was the most beautiful of the Black sisters but she had never seen it in herself but she liked to play on the name that she had been given. “I have to confess that the Chateau was mostly my design. Barring a few changes the Manor resists all attempts to redecorate the gardens are all I am able to control there. The Chateau however enjoys to be played with”

“You speak like its alive”

“All buildings have a life to them Harry, perhaps not in the sense that most people would think of as life but they have so much history. The homes of wizards and witches more so than muggles because of the magic we put into them. You will learn, but not today, today is about making you look the handsome man you are” She smiled leading both boys from the reception room and out into the main hall. This pulled a gasp from Harry who had perhaps been expecting more of the same of the manor and he was perhaps right to think so but for the most part Narcissa had left the chateau as a grey stone caste with the thick large stone walls and small windows decorated with
stained glass. “You like?”

“Its a castle!” Harry gasped looking at the large doors that were now in front of him. Heavy chains lay on either side of the door to help open it and lower the drawbridge beyond. “Are you sure you’re not a queen?”

“My dear husband would like to say I am queen of his heart but no we are not royalty” Narcissa chuckled enjoying the wonder filled expression on Harry’s face. He was so very expressive and she could tell that her Dragon was enjoying it too. They were normally surrounded by people who wore masks though their faces were visible and it was nice to see somebody show genuine enjoyment over even the smallest of things.

“Come, let us show you France”

“I’ve never been abroad before, or even on Holiday. The Dursley’s would go and I would be left with Mrs Figg or left with my Uncle if only Aunt Petunia and Dudley went” Harry said somewhat nervously as the doors to the Chateau opened aided by two elves who were turning the large handles on either side.

“We will have a great many holidays! You will come with us to Japan, won’t he mother? And wherever else you would like to go...Is there anywhere you have ever dreamed of going?”

“To the beach. I saw a postcard with a beach on it once, with Donkeys and a pier that stretched out into the water” Harry whispered his cheek gaining the two adorable spots of pink at his humble wish and Narcissa almost took the boys to the beach right then and there but instead she made a note of it knowing that more serious things needed to be done.

“We will take you there, Harry, I promise” She said while Draco nodded happily “But for today, we have appointments to keep and places to be”

“Oh! You don’t have to! I was just...You just asked...I’m okay with...” Harry spluttered his faint flush growing as he tried to explain that he hadn’t actually meant that he wanted to go but had just
been answering Draco’s question. “Sorry”

“Please don’t apologise, your ideal place sounds so nice that Draco and I would love to visit. Do you remember where...” Narcissa asked when the door and bridge were finally almost open and she had to admit to being almost bewildered by the answer Harry gave.

“Skegness”

“Skegness? I...I see, then very well we will go to Skegness” She said softly hoping her Husband would know where that was in the world. It seemed like a muggle place but if that was where Harry wanted to go she would happily take him.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I was going to make Brighton or Blackpool the place Harry wanted to go but to be Honest Skegness was just funnier for me to imagine the Malfoys going. Skeggy (For anyone that might not know) was/is a popular tourist destination for not rich families, and would have been popular at the time Harry Potter is set, not that the Dursleys would have gone there.

I used to live there when I was young and all my family holidays were around Skegness when we moved away. It has its charms but is not a place the Malfoys would go mostly since nearly all accommodation is B&B’s and Caravans and now I have visions of Lucius in a five-birth caravan >.<
Anyway Pansy was meant to appear in this part but Narcissa took over >.<
“Unfortunately we do not have time today to visit the muggle parts of Paris, but I will bring you back, Harry” Narcissa told them softly as they made their way through the town and Harry nodded his head darting this way and that. Although he had not seen much of either Harry thought that Paris was much like London with old beautiful buildings and old streets. Soon Narcissa was leading them down an alley between a dessert shop and a cafe saying; “This is the main entrance to la belle petite volle, the centre of the French Wizarding world”

“Watch this Harry” Draco said with a broad grin as Narcissa pointed her wand at a large antique looking lamp. The witch spoke in flawless French and the lamp burst into blue flame casting a light on the opposite wall which seemed to show a painting of a gate. All at once the gate shuddered and then slowly separated from the bricks to reveal a golden gate way with swirling writing over the top. The gates swung inwards to the wall and Harry gasped expecting them to hit but instead a bright light shone through the walls and people, dozens of them, dressed in brightly coloured wizarding robes were milling around. “Welcome Harry to La Belle Petite Volle” Draco smiled taking his hand once again and leading him through the gates.

The town beyond was nothing like Harry had seen or been expecting. Everything was bright and shiny. Buildings, older than even they had already seen, stretched out in front of them all brightly painted in pastels with signs saying the names of the shops in gold lettering. The street was wide and clean with seemingly polished cobble stones leading to a building made of white stone that stretched out of the earth and ended with high towers topped with blue stone. In many ways it reminded Harry of a fairy tale castle he had seen once in a book at school. He turned from the street back to the gates that they had just come through only to find them shut set in brick walls on either side.

“How...How is this possible?”

“Magic Harry. La Belle Petite Volle is in the space between space. It takes a great many wards to achieve but it is worth it. The building in front of you in the palace of Volle. Unlike the muggles the French wizards still have a Queen and she lives there for the most part. She is not currently there today however”
“She probably heard that Pants was going to be here and left as soon as pos...Ouch!” Draco cried out suddenly holding the back of his head with the hand that wasn’t holding to Harry’s and Harry saw a small shiny stone falling to the floor with a clatter before looking around and seeing a girl, the same age as them with a bob hair cut wearing a leaf green summer dress and sandals that seemed to remind him of the footwear a roman soldier would wear. Her expression was haughty but innocent while her eyes, blue framed with black eyelashes, were filled with amusement. “Pants”

“Crow” The girl said with a jerk of the head her lips thin lines before the pair let out laughs and then moved forward. “It’s been a long time Crow”

“You have kept me so well informed of your comings and goings that I feel I have been with you every step of the way” Draco said dryly pressing a kiss to Pansy’s cheek as she did the same. It was a formal greeting but Harry could tell that there was a great deal of affection between the pair. Pansy let out a laugh as she pulled back saying airily;

“As if you read them, you probably had your elves burn them the moment you received them”

“Oh, I read them, Pants, but it was rather dry going. Did you have to talk about every cafe you have visited and every drink?” Draco sighed heavily and Pansy let out a laugh her eyebrow lifting up her face. She wasn’t as beautiful as Narcissa or even Draco but there was something about her that was pretty when she smiled even though she had an upturned nose.

“Of course, how else could I bore you? Are you not going to introduce me to your friend?” She said grinning at Harry as she looked down on him. Like Draco she was taller than he was and Harry tried to stretch out his back wanting to appear taller as Draco gave an apologetic smile.

“Sorry, Pansy my I introduce Harrison Black? He is the son of my mother’s cousin, Harrison this is my oldest friend Etain Viola Pansy Parkinson” Draco said and Harry flushed under the stare he was getting not knowing how he was meant to act when being introduced, more confused when Pansy held out her hand to him.

“Charmed” She said and Harry blinked slowly taking the hand and pressing a kiss to her knuckles. This seemed to be the correct thing to do as she smiled happily “You must call me Pansy, nobody
uses my full name not even Mummy and Daddy and they gave it me”

“Then you must call me Harry, Harrison is a mouthful”

“It is rather but unexpected in the house of Black, don’t you normally have astrological names”

“You are correct as always, Pansy, Harry’s true first name is Perseus but he was brought up in the muggle world and Harrison was better fit”

“Muggles? How extraordinary!” Pansy's eyes seemed to widen as her mouth fell open ever so slightly. “I’ve never even spoken to a muggle”

“Pansy dear, where is your mother? I was expecting to see her”

“Oh, she’s with her latest lover, Roman I think his name is, he is the most frightful bore I have ever known. She and Daddy will be with us for lunch but I thought I would come to the gate and meet you” Pansy said and Harry blinked slowly at the casual way she said lover while in the same breath saying that both her parents were joining them for lunch. Neither Draco nor Narcissa seemed to think anything of it and he wondered if that was normal for Wizards.

“Have you been waiting long?”

“Just about half an hour, though I admit I spent my time in the cafe over there. They do the most wonderful salted caramel drink. You should try it.”

“Perhaps we shall, later, for now though we have an appointment at Master Pierre’s. Will you be joining us Pansy?”
“If I may, I couldn’t spend a moment longer with Roman, why does mother enjoy the company of such dullards. Daddy isn’t much better, he is always chasing boys half his age!” Pansy took Draco’s other arm in her own her eyes rolling slowly.

“Pansy I do believe you may be startling my dear cousin” Narcissa laughed airily “Forgive her Harrison, Pansy is often open when she should perhaps remained closed”

“Lady Malfoy, forgive me! It is such an open secret that I forget that some might not know it” Pansy laughed happily her cheeks flushing just a little. “I’m sorry, Harry. My mummy and daddy were promised to each other in their infancy a magical contract was signed before they could even walk. It was sadly still in place when my daddy found that he preferred the company of men. They couldn’t break the contract so they fulfilled it on the understanding that they were both free to find lovers elsewhere. Mummy and Daddy are very great friends, they often go on the hunt for men together and both have similar tastes, which is both amusing and terrifying”

“When I urged caution I didn’t mean spill the whole thing. What must Harry think of us, now” Narcissa sighed though she was smiling fondly at the girl who just shrugged;

“If Harry is to be a friend then he should know the whole story and we will be friends, right Harry? I do hope so! It will be nice to have a cute friend for a change!”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you like Pansy though she, like everyone else, is totally OOC >.<
“So, your mother has a bastard? Must have been a shock for you, Crow” Pansy said as they sat in inner waiting room at Pierre’s while Harry and Narcissa were in the back being fitted into styles to see how they would fit and which colours would suit. It was something that Draco knew well but he pitied Harry who had looked like a lost lamb as he had been ushered behind the curtain. He and Pansy had been provided with drinks and sweet treats while they were waiting and Draco helped himself to a macaron and sighed;

“Pants I have no idea what drivel you are spouting…”

“It’s okay, he’s cute, like a doll, or he would be without those hideous glasses. Mummy thought for sure it would be your Father’s bastard, its so much easier for a man to hide such a thing. Mummy says she never suspected that Narcissa was pregnant but it’s clear he’s a black” Pansy rambled in the same way she always did when she was amongst friends and family. There was no harm in it but Draco hated the thought of anyone thinking bad about his mother.

“You are mistaken, Pants, Harry is cousin only to mother. I swear it. Harry is the same age as us, all be it a month or so younger, it would be a great difficulty for my mother to have had him” Draco laughed very softly while Pansy’s eyes widened and her mouth fell open in a gasp.

“Oh? But he looks so much younger! I thought him only 7 at most” She hissed saying exactly the same thing he had thought when he had first seen Harry in the doorway of Mrs Figg’s home. He was so fragile and small made to look even more so by the oversized glasses and clothes he wore.

“Yes, unfortunately the muggles he was with didn’t take care of him. Pansy, I ask you as my oldest friend never to say a word of this to anyone, mostly Harry, he has had enough pain in his life”

“You have my word, I am no gossip” Pansy said causing Draco to almost choke on his laughter. He loved his oldest and dearest friend as a sister but he knew her faults well and it was amusing to think that she didn’t think of herself as a gossip.
“Pansy you are the worst gossip in the world, you have known Harry all of five minutes and have informed him of all the comings and goings of your family”

“I know, but that won’t hurt Mummy and Daddy! Everybody knows about them even if they won’t say it. I would never talk about something that would hurt somebody, you know me better than that surely Draco”

“I do, that is why I told you, without fear. He was abused, mother and father think physically as well as mentally and emotionally. We do not know the full horrors of what he has gone through” Draco paused for a fraction knowing that Severus probably had a good idea after rifling through his memories. He felt hot with anger as he remembered the scene and he wished that he had kicked his godfather hard on the shin before forgiving him. “As mother is his next of Kin she has been given rights to take him as her ward while the matter is being handled by the Aurors”

“The aurors? I admit I am surprised they are taking that route”

“Father is looking for the fullest sentence possible and mother will have it. If not they will remember that she is a Black and sister to Bellatrix Lestrange”

“I can well believe it, and I should think that they deserve it” Pansy gave a devilish smirk her blue eyes flashing as he leaned over in her chair whispering “If the muggles survive your mother it sounds as though they deserve Azkaban, perhaps your mother could arrange for them to be introduced to her sister? I’m sure she would love to play with them”

“I will remember that to father, you have a vindictive streak, Pants” Draco laughed knowing that even in Azkaban away from her wand his aunt Bella was the stuff of Nightmares. She had starred in enough of his since he had learned what she had done to the Longbottoms when he was younger. “But I’m sure dear aunt Bella would have no love for us either”

“Family is family Draco” Pansy smiled as the curtain finally twitched and then opened and Harry stepped out in robes of black edged in green that matched his eyes. They were tightly fitting, as
was the style most favoured in Paris with a fullness at the hips and lower arms. Harry looked completely terrified his face pale and pinched as he worried at his lower lip. Narcissa came out to stand beside him asking;

“Well what do you think? You have an eye for fashion my dragon”

“The colour suits him very well mother and the cut adds height” Draco answered not mentioning that it also made him look a little too thin as it showed the lines of his body a little too much. “But...”

“He looks too thin?” Narcissa said with a hum and a nod waving to Master Pierre who was standing just out of sight behind the curtain. Narcissa then started speaking in rapid French motioning to Harry and the man nodded waving is wand and making some adjustments to the robes. There weren’t many but was suddenly not as tight around his body making him look a little fitter without making the robes too big. Draco gave his friend a smile getting up from the soft seat to walk over to Harry who looked smaller than normal.

“Just let her do this for a while Harry and then we will complain and she will let us do something fun, there is a magical zoo inside the palace grounds we could go and see it, couldn’t we mother?”

“If you like, but after we have met the Parkinson’s for lunch” Narcissa said halfway through a conversation with Pierre who seemed to be nodding and agreeing with everything she said. Draco had a feeling that by the time they had left Harry would be having enough clothes to fill his walk in wardrobe.

“I will come if I may Lady Malfoy” Pansy said happily taking one of the sweet treats and coming over to Harry. “You look very handsome Harry, don’t look so worried, an hour or two here and then you won’t have to return for a year if you don’t want to, of course, Crow likes to shop, he is as vain as one of Lord Malfoy’s peacocks!”

“Draco is very handsome though, he is allowed to be a little like a peacock” Harry mumbled shyly colour highlighting his cheek bones and Draco grinned happily at the sight and the praise.
“I know you have to say that Harry because you are living with him, but it’s quite alright, we’re friends you can tell the truth. Don’t you think Crow has a head shaped like a muggle lightbulb? The top of his head is much bigger than the bottom”

“At least I don’t look like I’m wearing a helmet! Please tell me you’re not keeping your hair like that?” Draco said his lips pulling into a smile as Harry’s nerves slipped away as he watched them and he was glad that he had told Pansy some of the truth as she really did know how to calm down the atmosphere.

“My hair style is classic, your head is simply unfortunate”

Chapter End Notes

I hope that this is okay :)}
“You and Pansy like to tease each other” Harry said somewhat needlessly as Draco helped him out of the stores pattern robes and into some clothes that Narcissa had brought for him off the rail for today. He didn’t understand wizarding money but he had seen shiny gold coins being exchanged and he was genuinely worried that he was just an expense on the Malfoy family. He didn’t know how he was ever going to be able to pay them back. The Dursley’s had gotten a benefit for him, or rather a payment to pay them for the trouble of keeping him, would the Malfoy’s be given that now he was with them?

“Pants and I are like brother and sister. We tease each other all the time, but I love her dearly. She can be more than a little blunt but she has a heart of gold with it” Draco answered giving him a smile while Harry nodded numbly chewing on the corner of his mouth. “Are you okay Harry?”

“I...How much did your mum pay for me today? I haven’t got any money...”

“Oh, Harry! Don’t worry about that! Mother...”

“But! I am just a drain! A waste of space, I don’t deserve new clothes, I could...I could wear your old ones, I know I’m a little bit smaller than you...But I don’t want to waste your money!”

“Harry, the Malfoy’s have more than enough and we are more than happy to do it” Draco said but his voice sounded as though it was coming from far away while Harry was lost in his own panic and fear.

“But why? I don’t understand. Why are you being so nice to me? I’m just a freak! I’m just...” Harry felt the panic raising up inside of him like a raging river. His eyes were itching with tears and he couldn’t breathe although he was trying to. Why were strangers so nice to him when his own family weren’t? Petunia was his mother’s sister and yet she had let uncle Vernon hurt him, made excuses for Dudley and even hurt him herself. She had lied to him about his parents and had often told him that even if they had survived his parents wouldn’t love him because all they cared about was themselves.
“Ssh, it’s okay, Harry” Draco said sounding almost panicked himself as his arms wrapped around his skinny frame in a nervous sort of hug. “My mother has always wanted more children. She and father tried often after having me they never caught with child again however and when they went to the mediwitch about it they found that my mother no longer has the ability to carry or even produce children. It was a curse, an old family curse put on her by another pure blood family” As Draco spoke Harry found himself slowly calming down enough that he could move out of the hug and look at his friend. The boy’s normally pale face was even more pale but his eyes were serious and focused. Already long graceful fingers moved down the side of his cheek in the same calming way Narcissa’s had the day before and Harry let out a breath his heart lulled into the same beats as Draco’s. “The greatest wish of Lady Malfoy will always be denied. My mother longed for more children that was her greatest wish so of course the curse made her barren”

“That’s awful”

“Yes, but I have always believed I was lucky Harry, the curse could have prevented me from even getting my Dragon and now I have you also” Narcissa’s voice spoke gently from outside the changing room door and Harry felt Draco jump and he let out a gasp. “Sorry, I came to see what was taking so long. May I come in?”

“Yes, the door is open mother” Draco answered his arms still tight around Harry. The door to the changing room opened partially and Narcissa stepped inside. There was the now familiar smile on her face and Harry wanted to bask in it but instead he shrunk back ashamed of how he was feeling and how much trouble he was causing.

“Oh, my dear sweet Harry, those muggles will pay for how they have treated you, I will make sure of it” She told him softly and Draco let out a laugh saying;

“Perhaps you should speak to Pants, she has suggested introducing them to Aunt Bella”

“I always knew there was a reason I liked Miss Parkinson” Narcissa gave a grin that was close to terrifying before she cleared her throat and relaxed into her normal smile explaining in a gentle tone. “Bellatrix Lestrange is my sister, even growing up she was never the most stable of creatures. She once hexed me to be bald and have boils on my head because she believed I had stolen her favourite doll. I highly doubt the years in prison would have improved her mind”
“Prison?” Harry repeated the word slowly and carefully his mouth suddenly feeling very dry while Narcissa played around with one of her curls that had escaped from the hairstyle she had put it in. She seemed to be distracted and Harry thought she must be thinking about losing her head and having boils.

“My dear older sister was on the side of the Dark Lord, Harry, and the acts that she committed against both muggle and wizard are not ones we care to speak of. She is in prison for those crimes, and that is where she will stay” Narcissa said firmly while Draco stepped to one side. She came over to him and held his shoulders as gently as she had been doing her fingers coming to cup his chin to tilt his face upward so she could look him in the eye. Harry fought the action he not used to looking people in the eye but Narcissa’s face was extremely gentle, her eyes kind. “But this is not about Bella, this is about you. You worry about things that you need not worry about, money is no object to us Malfoy’s Harry and it gives me pleasure to buy these things for you, as it gives me pleasure to buy them for Draco, and I hope that you that you will accept them happily. If you feel as if you should repay me, smile a little more”
“I will try” Harry said weakly attempting to give a smile but he knew that it didn’t quite reach his eyes. Narcissa’s eyes softened even more as she moved forward and pressed a light kiss to his forehead over his scar as she whispered;

“Good boy, finish dressing and then we shall go for some lunch”

“Yes Narcissa”

“Cissa” She corrected with a chuckle tapping his nose with her finger tip before leaving the dressing room again. The door closed behind her and Harry looked sheepishly at Draco who hadn’t let go of his hand. There was an I told you so look in his eyes and Harry gave a very small smile squeezing the hand before allowing him to finish dressing him. It was thankfully not a robe but instead a pair of trousers very much like Draco’s along with a short sleeve shirt and a jacket that was a little longer than one a muggle would wear and seemed to dip in at the waist hugging his figure.

“You look very cute” Draco said ruffling his hair with his fingers and Harry felt shy his stomach doing strange fluttering things. “Come on, prepare yourself, if you think Pants is bad wait till you meet her father he is beyond anything she is”
“Narcissa! How absolutely splendid to see you!” A man, dressed in a fancy yellow robe cried as they entered the restaurant. The man was almost as broad as Vernon and had a large moustache his uncle would have been envious of but his hair was long, almost passed his hips, and he was grinning from ear to ear. He strode to Narcissa and pressed a kiss to her cheek before winking at Draco and shaking his hand. “Wow! You look more and more like your father every day! Just like him when he was in school already! And this is your ward?”

“Yes, this is Perseus Harrison Black. Harry this gentleman is Pansy’s father Thesidious Parkinson. He attended Hogwarts with Lucius”

“Very nice to meet you, sir”

“And you my boy, a cute one you have, Magenta come meet Harry, Harry this is my good lady wife Magenta!” The man positively boomed out looking at a woman who was the spitting image of her daughter only with longer hair and wearing more make-up. She looked him over slowly her eyebrow lifting up her forehead before she smiled and offered him her hand.

“A pleasure to meet you”

“Like...Likewise” Harry whispered dropping a kiss to her knuckles the way he had Pansy and the woman’s smile became even wider.

“Such a charming young man, tell me do you have a marriage contract...?”

“Maggie, please, I’ve only just gotten him I have no intention of signing him away, now shall we sit and eat?”
Chapter End Notes

sorry for the delay, christmas is a nightmare
Lunch with the Parkinson’s was a lavish but relaxed affair. The courses were small but there was plenty of them. Narcissa had even allowed the children to have a glass of wine and although Pansy and Draco seemed to have enjoyed it Harry thought it was like drinking vinegar and had quickly switched it out for another glass of butterbeer. He was sure that he would have embarrassed them but Magenta let out a tinkling little laugh and gave him a wink.

“My thoughts exactly Harry, my dear husband owns a vineyard but I have never enjoyed the taste of wine” She said opting for a sweet dry gin instead with a slice of strawberry bobbing at the surface. Nobody commented on his lack of table manners either but he was saved from using any of the wrong cutlery by either Draco or Narcissa clearing their throats and guiding him to the right ones.

By the time the dessert trolley was being floated around Harry was full to bursting. He shook his head at the kindly waiter with a thin moustache and beard and sat waiting for everyone else to finish. Thesidious Parkinson was unlike any man that Harry had ever known before, he was lively and jolly constantly gossiping about people that Harry didn’t know. Unlike his aunt there was nothing cold or cruel about his gossiping but it was rather amusing whenever he looked around the private room they were in before leaning his rather broad body over the table with his hand against his mouth whispering;

“You didn’t hear this from me but...” Harry was certain that he knew all about people he had never even dreamed about and he wondered how the man learnt so much or how he remembered so many names.

“You must be excited, Draco, for the start of the new Quidditch season, who do you think will lift the cup? Will the canons get their shot this year?” Magenta said cutting over her husband who was happily talking about how many cats a Spanish heiress had and what they had done to the new carpet that was made of silk and cost a fortune.

“They might, they have a much better keeper now, but the Devils in Amber have better beaters” Draco answered with a nod and Harry bit on his lip looking down at the table only just realising that his plates had been vanished away. Pansy sucked on her top lip for a moment before saying in an uncertain way;

“I think the Wodehouse reds have a good chance”

“Never, they always start out strong but they can never keep the pace. Of course the press will be all over them because they have just signed that Johnson fellow” Magenta said with more confidence as her daughter and Harry looked at the other two adults feeling uncomfortably like a spare part.
“Not one for Quidditch Harry?” Thesidious asked with a knowing smile and Harry gave him a shrug saying honestly;

“...I just don’t know it very well, sir, Lucius only taught me to fly yesterday”

“And from the way my dear husband was carrying on last night you are a natural at it. I’m sure when you have spent more time with us you will be as enthusiastic as my Dragon” Narcissa smiled sipping her wine as the trio spoke back and forth. Draco was growing increasingly more animated as he spoke, his hair flopping around his angular face while his hands were moving around as if mimicking the movements of a broom. His cheeks had gained a pink flush and his grey eyes were sparkling. Harry didn’t understand what they were talking about but he did like seeing Draco so happy.

“I have never been one into the sport myself, my dear lady wife was beater for Slytherin while in Hogwarts at the same time as Lucius” Thesidious said with a smile that shone with pride and Harry nodded not completely sure what a beater was. Around them a beat seemed to be taking place between Magenta and Draco with Pansy looking on somewhat nervously before agreeing to put in a sickle on the wager

“Dragon, if you want to go to the zoo before we must return to the manor you must hurry” Narcissa hummed softly when they seemed to have finished and for some reason Harry was surprised when the face of a clock appeared in front of her. It cast a silvery glow against her face telling them all that it was already half two. “Forgive us for rushing off, we have an appointment for five that we simply cannot miss. Pansy are you still coming with us to the Zoo?”

“Yes please, Lady Malfoy, if it is quite alright, Mummy, Daddy?” Pansy asked her parents who both gave a nod though it was Thesidious who answered saying brightly;

“Of course, treasure, if that is what will please you, I’m sure Cissy will bring you back to the hotel.

“Without question, Thistle” Narcissa nodded as she rose from her seat placing some money onto the silver plate that had appeared on the table. The coins vanished immediately replaced with a yellowed piece of paper. “Come then, Children”

Harry followed after the elegant woman surprised when Pansy came and took his arm on one side while Draco did the same on the other. It was a strange but warm sensation to have them both beside him and he gave them both a nervous little smile his heart fluttering around in his chest. They walked through the restaurant ignoring the other patrons and soon they were back out onto the bright street. More people seemed to have arrived while they were eating and Harry found himself shrinking closer to Draco who squeezed him gently.

“Head up, Harry, we’re with you” He said and Harry nodded but he kept looking at the cobbled streets as they walked to the palace grounds. There was a long line at the main entrance but Narcissa was soon turning sharply to the left and slipping down a small alley that led to another gate that was guarded by two men in matching blue and yellow robes. Their wands came out as
they approached and Narcissa gave a sweet smile presenting her own wand. “This is the private entrance for family and friends” Draco whispered as Narcissa spoke to the guards in flawless French. The two men looked at each other in surprise for a moment and then examined a ring Narcissa presented to them by placing their wands to it. Whatever they did seemed to work as they both bowed and stepped aside letting them through a gate, which looked like the gate to the town, which opened without them touching it. “Come on Harry”

“Your mother is friends to the queen?”

“She is first cousin to the queen” Draco shrugged slowly leading him through the gate while Pansy reluctantly let him go. “Most pureblood families are related”

“The Malfoys and Blacks more than most” Pansy added helpfully reattaching herself to him when they were through the gate and onto a thicker pathway that allowed them to walk three abreast. “The only other family so well connected is the Potters”

“The Potters?” Harry almost squeaked while Draco tensed just a fraction. Pansy didn’t seem to notice either reaction and continued in a happy sing song voice;

“Yes, though there’s only Harry left...Oh! He is a Harry too!”

“It is a Black family name, it comes from Heracles” Narcissa hummed from the front turning to look back at them over her shoulder. “James’ mother was a Black so it makes sense that they would honour her with Heracles but being the modern people they were keeping it simple by just calling the boy Harry”

“I see, I wonder what Harry is like, Draco you wonder about it too don’t you? You’ve always wanted to meet him”

“Well, he did save everyone Pants”

“True, but he will no doubt be a perfect little gryffindor” Pansy muttered mournfully and Narcissa thankfully cut off the conversation by saying firmly;

“You won’t know until you meet him, there is only a year left, now come we are almost at the zoo, Harry where would you like to go first?”

“The...Do they have snakes? I’ve always liked snakes...”

Chapter End Notes
I am so sorry for the wait, I will be happy when Christmas is over and I can get back to normal.

Sorry once again for any errors in this story
“Of all the creatures you could like, why snakes, Harry?” Draco asked as they were stood in front of a magically sealed enclosure where an emerald green snake was sitting on a rock his eyes fixed on them. It wasn’t that Draco minded, he found it rather amusing that Harry Potter the boy who lived liked snakes which was the animal of Slytherin house. Harry shifted uncomfortably his cheeks flushing in an adorable way while he cast nervous eyes around making sure nobody could hear them as he whispered;

“Promise you won’t think I’m crazy?”

“No, its a rare gift but one time doesn’t mean...It wasn’t one time?”

“No, another time I was hiding in Mrs’ Figgs bush from Dudley and another little adder was in there, I just started talking and it seemed to nod in agreement. I said that it would be fun if Petunia could see it cause she hated them. The next day Petunia screamed cause the snake had gotten into the bedroom” Harry explained and although he was amused Draco gave a hum and then looked at the snake in the enclosure. It was looking at them its beady eyes unblinking as its black tongue poked out of its mouth flicking up into the air. “She thinks you smell nice”

“Who?”

“The snake, she thinks you smell nice like warm rocks” Harry said softly and Draco noticed the way the snake had unfurled itself and was sliding over the rocks to the edge of the enclosure towards them. Draco tried his best not to take a step back. He had read the information and knew it
wasn’t toxic but it was rather large and the way its muscles were moving under its skin was enough to cause his heart to jump in his chest.

“Is that a good thing?” Draco asked curiously as the snake reached the edge of the enclosure and rose up revealing a yellow belly. The tongue flicked a few more times as a strange hissing came from Harry. The hissing didn’t appear to be random and he could only guess that this was the snake language. He had been too young to remember Voldemort in the war but his father had told him reluctantly that the man would often talk exclusively in parsel as it put the death eaters on edge. There was something curious about Harry speaking it though, it didn’t sound threatening but almost musical as though he was laughing as he spoke. “Harry?”

“...Sorry, but you heard her, she likes you...”

“Unfortunately I couldn’t understand, you were talking Parsel, Harry”

“How can I speak a whole language without knowing about it?”

“It is said that Salazar Slytherin used a spell to be able to talk to snakes, he made it so that all of his family line could do it to mark them as special” Draco answered remembering his tutors History lessons. Professor Ninomiya wasn’t really a master of British wizarding history but she did know about the four founders. “It is amazing, I would have to ask mother or father if you are a direct descendant but you should be extremely proud, Harry, it is an amazing thing”

“It is? It doesn’t make me a freak?”

“I can speak, French, Italian, Latin, and Japanese, does that make me a freak? Parsel is rarer certainly but it is another language and you should be proud” Draco answered quickly taking Harry’s smaller hand in his own and squeezing it tightly. The green eyed boy looked up at him with his lips parted a flush staining his cheeks before he gave a smile and ducked his head downwards.

“Thank-you, but you’re more impressive! All those languages!”

“It’s rather easy when you have studied them all your life, admittedly I think Latin and Japanese are my favourites but Mother insisted I learn French for that side of the family...”

“Because you are related to the queen! I can’t believe that! But then I did think you were a prince!”

“Prince Draco Lucius the first, it has a nice ring to it, I think” Draco lifted his thin pointed nose to the air puffing out his chest as Harry dissolved into a fit of laughter that finally caused Pansy and his mother to turn away from the horned pythons they were studying to look at them. Pansy looked curious while his mother looked happy.
“What has you so tickled Harry? Something you can share?”

“No, Draco is just doing his best peacock impression” Harry answered continuing to grin and although Draco thought he should be offended he was just happy he had made Harry laugh.

“Crow always does his peacock impression. Have you seen enough of the Snakes Harry? I want to see the Cheshire Cats!” Pansy said grabbing a hold of both their arms and dragging them away from the pretty green snake who, when Draco looked back, seemed to be waving the tip of her tail. He found himself waving back ignoring his mother’s and Pansy’s confused looks while Narcissa said;

“That’s if you can see them, they often like to be invisible”

“Like from the story...Alice and wonderland?” Harry asked and all three purebloods looked at him in confusion and Harry hastily told them the story of a young girl who went down a rabbit hole following a white rabbit with a pocket watch. It sounded far too magical to have been written by a muggle but Draco nor his mother knew the name of the author so didn’t know if it was a muggleborn who had gone out into the muggle world or not. It seemed possible though as Cheshire cats were a wizarding thing. They were attracted to magic in the same way cats liked cream but they were tricksters who would lead young children into the forests and then vanish leaving them alone.

They left the reptile house and walked through the rest of the zoo. It didn’t have many animals but there was a large amount of people milling around and Draco made sure to move to the other side of Harry to hold his hand not wanting him to get nervous with the large crowd.

“There! Look! I can see one!” Pansy shouted pointed as they reached the Cheshire enclosure. She bounced up and down and then ran towards a large purple cat that had a large head that seemed to be grinning showing off a large number of teeth. “They are so cute! Look Harry! Quickly, He’s vanishing!”

Sure enough the Cheshire cat was slowly fading into nothing as the reached it, the main body first and then the markings until only its face remained the creepy almost grin never leaving the face. Draco shuddered thinking about how many children had followed them deep into forests only to be left alone with only that grin burnt into their memories. It was fair creepier to think about than Harry being able to talk to snakes though it was something he would have to tell his father.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapters but I’m so frigging busy 😌
“Unfortunately, we have to return home” Narcissa said casting another spell which showed the time in a ghostly white light. They had walked around the rest of the zoo and some of the gardens. They were pretty but Harry genuinely thought that the Malfoy’s gardens were prettier. “We will return some other time, but for now we must return Pansy to the hotel and make our way home”

“Yes, mama, when will you be returning to England, Pants?” Draco asked as they made the way out of the palace gardens, once again going through the private gate. The street seemed to have less people now and it was easier to walk through but Harry stayed close to Draco.

“I’m unsure, mummy and Daddy were saying that we might head to America for a week or two” Pansy answered with a half shrug. “When are you thinking of going to Japan?”

“I’m not sure, Father said later in the year”

“Lucius was thinking about October but we will have to see how things go” Narcissa hummed very gently her hand coming to rest on Harry’s shoulder. He felt instant guilt knowing that he had made things a lot more difficult for them. He hung his head only to have it lifted by gentle fingertips. They walked the rest of the way to the hotel in silence talking again only when they were saying goodbye to Pansy in the lobby.

“Harry! I wish we could spend longer together! But I am sure that we will see each other again soon!” The girl said hugging him tightly and swaying him from side to side. Harry patted her back a few times but was very relieved when Draco pulled her off him.

“Pants, you’ll make him not want to meet you again!” The blonde huffed tugging her away and Pansy let out a laugh throwing herself at him again her lips pressing frantically to his cheek as she squealed;

“I can’t help it! He’s so cute, I want to squish him!”

“Take your hands from his person Pants, we have to go” Draco sighed his voice having touch of a hiss to it while he tugged the back of her dress again. Narcissa aided in getting her off him by humming;

“We shall have to take the hotel long distance floo, we don’t have time to make it back to the château, sorry Pansy dear, you will see Harry again I’m sure”
“Hopefully, soon. Okay, I will let you go but it was delightful to meet you Harry!” Pansy said grinning at him and Harry gave a nod. It had been a strange meeting but a good one and Harry gave her a shy smile his own head bobbing up and down. “I will see you to the floo, it is over by the reception desk”

“Thank-you, Pansy”

They walked quickly over the marble floored hotel entrance and spoke to a beautiful woman who was stood behind the desk. She looked too beautiful to be real. Her hair was a silvery blonde, even lighter than Draco’s while her eyes were a very pale blue. She seemed to tinkle like a bell when she laughed she ushered them to a large fireplace.

“Okay Harry, you and Draco can go through first” Narcissa hummed handing over the pot of powder. Draco took a handful and tugged Harry into the flames before he even had time to say goodbye to Pansy. He did give her a wave before he was whisked away by the flames. He closed his eyes against the swirls of colours that he saw holding his breath until they landed with a bump back in Lucius’ study in Malfoy Manor.

The elder blonde was sitting at his desk as they got to their feet and he let out an amused chuckle spelling the soot away from their clothes. Draco flushed clearly embarrassed at the ungraceful landing while Harry rubbed his bruised bottom.

“How did you enjoy France, Harry?”

“It was interesting Lord...Mr...Lucius, sir, Pansy was really nice and the Parkinsons” Harry answered quickly moving out of the way as the floo flared and Narcissa stepped through as though she had just walked in from another room.

“Very good, it is a shame your trip was so short but it is always there for you to return to when you can, hello my heart”

“You made it”

“Yes, I arrived home only moments before Harry and Draco made their rather spectacular entrance” Lucius chuckled again raising from his chair and walking to his wife. He touched both Harry’s and Draco’s heads in a gentle fashion before kissing Nacissa on the cheek. “The healer sent word that he would be here exactly on time. He is bringing a member of the child protective service department with him. Dumbledore tried to insist that he should be there as his guardian but since Kingsley has stated you have guardianship his pleas were thankfully ignored. He did insist on having somebody else with Harry, I suggested Mrs Figg. Is that okay with you Harry?”

“Yes” Harry answered not really understanding what was being said but feeling guilty for all the stress he was surely causing for the family. His hand went to his neck but Lucius caught it before
he could start scratching and gave it a squeeze.

“I remembered meeting your mother once. It was not long after you had been born before you had gone into hiding. We were in a bookshop in Diagon alley. Draco was fussing and nothing I could do would settle him. Narcissa had gone into the depths of the bookshop leaving me alone with a fussing baby. I was near at my wits end, Harry, and then your mother appeared” Lucius told him keeping his hand tight about his own but using only gentle pressure and Harry blinked down at it listening to the story he was being told. “You were in a sling around her middle even then you had the shock of black hair and the most startling green eyes. She looked at me with eyes so much like your own and then looked at Draco announcing that he had wind and that if I wanted him to settle I should burp him. Well, as you can imagine I was baffled she sighed and took matters into her own hands. We, at the time, would be said to be enemies and yet she helped me settle a fussy Draco. She laughed when he burped and brought sick upon her shoulder. Once Draco was calm she handed him back fixed you to rights once more and then went on her way. It was a simple act one i had forgotten until I sat and thought about it today. It holds no great importance but I thought I would share it so you might know a little more of your mother...”

“Thank-you, Lucius” Harry whispered feeling somewhat calmer after the story of his mum. It might be unimportant to most but he thought it told him about her character. That she would help somebody that was her enemy meant she was kind and brave. There was warmth in Lucius’s grey eyes as he smiled.
“You are most welcome, Harry.

“Masters a Healer Tobias Hinchcliffe is heres to sees youse” Rocky announced from the doorway and Harry was almost instantly nervous again. “And a lady from the ministry”

“Thank you Rocky, please show them to the guest sitting room, has Jinx returned with Mrs Figg?”

“Justen nows sirs shalls I tells thems to go to the sittings rooms, sirs?”

“No, we shall see them there ourselves, breath deep, Harry, you have the courage of your mother” Lucius said giving his hand a squeeze as the elf bobbed hobbling off to do his tasks. “Best foot forward never look at your shoes, you are not to blame for any of this Harry, the fault and failing should be placed firmly with those that should have taken care of you”

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone had a great Christmas no matter how you spent it
“Good evening, Mr Black-Potter” An overly thin man with a slightly humped back and white hair that was brushed neatly back from his face said as they walked into a pleasant cream coloured sitting room. The man had a humped back from age rather than a deformity and his eyes were a washed out blue with the whites yellowed ever so slightly with age. Unlike the woman at his side or Lucius he didn’t wear robes but instead was wearing a light blue shirt with grey trousers and a woollen vest. The sleeves of the shirt were rolled up to the elbows revealing overly hairy and overly tanned arms. “My name is Tobias Hinchcliffe, I am a healer from Saint Mungos, it is a pleasure to meet you”

“And you sir” Harry replied very softly trying to look up from the floor like Lucius had told him but he was too nervous. He did take the hand offered however and he notice that it was roughened and calloused not like a doctors hand more like a gardener. The back was also hairy but there was a warmth to it and a gentleness like that he would imagine in a grandfather. He flicked his eyes upwards to see that the grandfatherly man was smiling.

“You look very much like your grandmother, the Black hair and the gentle features about your mouth and nose. I was your families healer for many years, in fact I was there at your birth” Tobias told him and Harry swallowed thickly not knowing how to respond. “It is good to see you once more”

“Yes, sir” Harry swallowed again before there was a sound of a voice clearing which sounded like a sniffing. He looked to the right of Tobias and saw a woman dressed in a bright pink outfit. She looked like a toad wearing a string of pearls wrapped around her throat.

“Hem-hem...I am Delores Umbridge, I have been sent to oversee the examination” Her voice was harsh, simpering and nasally and there was a sneer to it that made it chilling. Harry shifted backwards until he was pressed up against Lucius’s legs. The Malfoy lord placed his hands gently on his shoulders.

“I do hope that the ministry is aware that Harry is the victim in all of this” Lucius said his fingers running up and down his neck soothingly and Delores gave a smile showing small almost pointed teeth. Her eyelashes fluttered at Luicus as though she thought she was attractive.

“Of course, we are only here to look after the best interests of Mr Potter” Her tone reminded Harry of his teachers at school who would tell him that he was just an ungrateful brat before hitting him on the back of his head.

“Mr Black-Potter” Narcissa said briskly clapping her hands together. “Mrs Figg, Healer Hinchcliffe would you like a drink?”
“Just half a cup of tea if you will” Tobias said with a smile popping on a pair of glasses before pulling out a long thin wand which had an ornate decoration of roses swirled around the handle and up to the tip. It was much more delicate than he would have expected from the man. “I have always liked roses, they are delicate but tough, rather like you have had to be, okay, Harry, I’m going to cast a little spell on you, now don’t worry it is quite painless, just a little tickle, are you ready?”

“Yes, sir” Harry answered closing his eyes as the man cast a spell. As he had been warned his whole body started to tickle as though he had full body pins and needles. It seemed focused in more areas than others but over all it was a full body thing. As it was happening Tobias made a series of snorts and tuts and Harry had a feeling that if he opened his eyes the grandfatherly man would be shaking his head.

“Not good, not good at all, okay young Harry, the spell will end now. If you feel comfortable will you drop your trousers for me?”

“Sir!” Harry squeaked flushing brightly as his eyes flew open. His eyes went to Delores first and then Narcissa and Mrs Figg and the healer gave a small chuckle.

“Would you feel more comfortable without the ladies present?”

“Yes...Please...”

“Hem hem, I’m afraid I can’t leave...I am here by the authority...”

“I am a healer at Saint Mungos, I have a higher authority, I will include everything I find in a report” Tobias sounded calm and pleasant but there was steel to his words as he looked at a long roll of paper that had appeared from nowhere. “Now, if you please, Ladies”

“Lucius will be with you Harry dear and myself and Mrs Figg will be just beyond the door” Narcissa stroked his cheek gently and Harry gave a thankful nod watching the women leave and shut the door before slowly pushing down his trousers.

“Oh dear oh dear...Just as I thought, you really have been through it, Harry...” The healer sucked on his teeth his hands moving down the lower part of his legs to his ankles. “Tell me does it hurt for you to walk some times? Often get cramps?”

“Yes, sir”

“If I touch you here does it hurt?” Tobias asked very lightly touching him on his hip and then the base of his spine.
“A little bit sir” Harry nodded sucking in a breath at the ache that came over him. He refused to show weakness however and he downplayed the pain that he was feeling. Tobias didn’t seem fooled however and he lightly urged him to turn around and lifted the shirt up so he could look at his back. Harry closed his eyes again not wanting to see Lucius’ face as he saw the marks from the belt. Lucius was going to know that he was a bad boy. The doctor traced a few of the deep marks before studying his shoulder blades.

“Healer Hinchcliffe, I understand you are examining him but what are you looking for, exactly?”

“Rickets, Lord Malfoy, young Harry here is suffering from severe malnutrition and as a result has Rickets” The healer answered attempting to get Harry to stand straight but failing as he favoured his left side and his legs were bowed.

“What is Rickets?”

“Forgive me, Lord Malfoy, it is more commonly a muggle complaint. It is a deformity of the bone due to a lack of Vitamin D, it explains the shortness and the curve of his legs. I shouldn’t wonder if Harry also suffers with a great many toothaches” The healer mumble and Harry remembered the way the dentist the school made them go to would screech about his mouth and the cavities he had. She would jab a large metal spike into them and tell him he was lazy for not brush his teeth. Once he had had to have a tooth removed and it was as though she had taken great delight in pulling it from his mouth.

“It can be cured?”

“Yes, with the correct potions and diet, we will also need a salve on the scars on his back. It may be a little too late to get them to fade completely but we will do our best. Harry have you had any inoculations’? Injections of any kind?” Tobias asked helping him to dress and Harry shook his head. Vernon said he didn’t believe in them but Harry knew that Petunia had gotten Dudley’s injections.

“No, sir,”

“I thought so, you will need to have them as well but not yet, we have to get him healthy first. The same with fixing his bones”

“Dare I ask?”

“There is a great many breaks and fractures, Lord Malfoy, one or maybe two have been treated but several have been left to heal on their own. Okay Harry, I’m going to do another spell but this time on your eyes, Lady Malfoy said that you were hoping to get rid of your glasses, but now I need you to look at me...Okay, that’s it Harry don’t blink...”
Chapter End Notes

I hope that this is okay
“Well that is some good news, I believe with the right corrective potions you will be able to lose your glasses” The healer said after studying his eyes for a few minutes and Harry gave a smile “But it can only happen after we have corrected the malnutrition. Unfortunately, even with potions it isn’t something that will be fixed overnight and you will need to have a magical brace. Don’t worry, Harry, it won’t be visible but it will help correct your bones and stop the aches you feel. I will give you a list of potions, Lord Malfoy, you may get them from Mungos”

“Thank-you, but the potion master Severus Snape has said he will make the potions needed” Lucius answered and Tobias gave a pleased nod waving his wand towards a funny feather which seemed to spring into life and start writing on a piece of parchment. The scratching filled the sitting room as the doctor set his pale blue eyes onto Lucius. There was some surprise in them but he was happy when he said;

“I see, then you are in good hands Harry, the spell for the brace can be taken off at night but must be recast straight away in the morning”

“Of course, so many potions?” Lucius asked as the parchment flew into his hand and Tobias gave a slow nod, his thumb and forefinger moved to rub the bridge of his nose his eyes back onto Harry.

“This is all to just to get Harry ready to correct the damage done to him, even magic has limits, Lord Malfoy, and the body is a complex thing but if you follow the course of potions you will be in good shape for Hogwarts in a year” He said his tone having a touch of a promise about it and Harry gave a very small smile before a knock on the door wiped it away. The clearing of a throat followed as the door opened.

“Hem hem, as modest as Mr Potter is it is my job to ensure that a proper examination is being carried out”

“Madam are you trying to insult me?” Tobias hissed his whole posture and tone changing as he stared at the toad shaped woman whose beady eyes widened with mock surprise as she slapped a hand over her mouth but still Tobias continued “Are you perhaps implying that I don’t know what I am doing? You may consider me to be old Madam but I can assure you that I am not yet senile”

“Oh! Please forgive me! Hem, hem, I never meant to infer that, hem hem, I meant only that it was my duty on behalf the ministry, hem hem” Umbridge said in that low sinister simpering tone she used earlier. “My lord Malfoy, you must understand that...We can’t let things slide, children often exaggerate. A little punishment is character building...”

“Character building?” Lucius hissed softly sounding almost like the snake from France. His steel
grey eyes were on fire and his fingers were closed tightly to the snakes head around his cane. “Madam, as a lord of the Malfoy line I have never, even in anger, raised my wand to a woman but I can feel myself becoming dangerously close.”

“Hem, hem, a threat Lord Malfoy? Hem hem…”

“A Malfoy never makes threats Madam only promises and I promise you if you say anything about this being character building in my hearing again I will feed you to the cats you are so fond of” As he spoke Lucius carefully lifted the back of Harry’s shirt showing the toad the marks made by his aunt and uncle. Delores didn’t react but she did clear her throat again while Mrs Figg let out a strangled sob hobbling over to him as fast as her legs could take here as she said;

“Oh my poor dear, I knew it was bad but I never imagined it was so bad”

“It wasn’t your fault, Mrs Figg” Harry said carefully patting the old woman’s shoulder as she hugged him as tightly as she dared. Even that caused him to flinch in pain but he didn’t otherwise react.

“It is, I may not have lifted a hand to you but I didn’t stop them either, nor did that Meddling old coot, I told him, I did, I told him that he should check on you, but never once did he”

“Hem hem, this meddling old coot would be Dumbledore of Hogwarts, yes? Hem hem” Umbridge asked as a feather pen scratched against paper where it was floating above her left shoulder. “You say that you informed Albus Dumbledore that Harry Black-Potter was being abused by his relatives but he did nothing? Hem hem”

“Yes, you dithering fool! That’s exactly what I’m saying! I would swear to it! I have letters! The ones he sent back to me” Mrs Figg reached into her large carpet bag and pulled out dozens of letters all written in an emerald green ink by the same spidery hand.

“Hem hem, may I make copies of these?” Umbridge asked looing for all the world as though all her birthdays and Christmases had come bound together in one neat little bundle.

“If it will do any good you are free to do as you please”

“Thank you, hem hem, I will also need to see a copy of Lord and Lady Potter’s wills, we must find out how Dumbledore came to be Mr Black-Potter’s guardian”

“I assume that there is a copy in Gringotts, unfortunately until the Ministry officially recognises Lucius and myself as Harry’s legal guardians, we are not in a position to be able to view such a thing and Harry is a minor”
“The Goblins would even refuse the ministry, lawless lot, hem hem” Umbridge sneered leaving Harry perplexed about Goblins. He looked at Draco but the young blonde seemed to be lost in his own thoughts and wasn’t looking at him but at a painting on the wall. Harry followed his gaze and was startled to see a young man of about 19 with hair as black as his own his eyes on the other hand were a deep sky blue looking like marbles Dudley had played with as a child. He had tried to force Harry to eat one once and it had gotten lodged in his throat. He didn’t remember much after that until he was on the receiving end of a punch to the stomach by Vernon. The force of it had dislodged the marble and he had gasped for air. The young man in the painting stared at him for the longest time and then motioned for him to listen to what was going on around him.

“Not quite, they have their own laws which has served them and us well, there is no safer place than Gringotts after all”

“True enough but they are shrewd little beasts. Very well, as Ministry official I grant you power of guardianship, for a month. Healer Hinchcliffe I require copies of your findings here today”

“So I would imagine madam, I have already made them along with my own statement, Harry, I have been working on the spell for your brace, although it is the same spell the sizing needs to be changed. I will need to see if more adjustments need to be made...Stand as straight as you can for me, there’s a good Lad” Tobias flicked his wand and muttered an incantation that caused Harry to feel as though pressure was being tightly woven around his bones. It tugged at his hips and his spine before settling around his shoulders and then his neck. It made him stand straighter than he had ever stood before. It made him cry out in pain and surprise more so when his legs felt as though they were being twisted and straightened. “I’m so sorry my lad, but I promise that it will help once it starts to work. Perhaps we shall keep the spell on for only half a day at first, Lady Malfoy”

“I’m...Okay...” Harry lied through tightly gritted teeth while the healer waved his wand making gentle adjustments to the tightness around him. The feeling seemed to move out in waves around him his legs grew tighter but his hips softened.

“The pain in your face and voice tells me otherwise, Harry lad, there that shall do it for now, I will come back in a week and see how you are getting on with that, lad, and then we will see about full days” Tobias hummed with a satisfied hum as Harry’s lower back crunched as for the first time he was stretched out of his slump. “I’ve put some mild pain relief potion on the list but if you need it more than two times a day you are to send for me, do you understand Harry? No pretending that you’re okay, that won’t help anyone, understand?”

“Yes, sir

Chapter End Notes

I hope this was okay
Tobias is based on my grandpa so I hope you like him xD
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Harry, dear, how do you feel?” Narcissa asked later when the home was their own again. Mrs Figg and Healer Hinchcliffe had stayed for some supper thankfully Umbridge had refused the forced invitation. Narcissa hated the woman with a passion and had done since they had attended school together. Umbridge had had a tender spot for Lucius and had genuinely believed that she would get him one day often stating that beauty faded but intelligence was for life. The toad had little of either but she was convinced otherwise. Both Harry and Draco had been quiet during the meal, Harry because of the awkwardness of the brace and Draco because of what he had seen. Her dragon hadn’t told her all but he didn’t need to she could see it in his face. He was hurting for his friend and angry that he had been so cruelly treated.

“I’m okay...”

“No doubt tired from the brace, but it will help. Lucius has some work he needs to attend to so we three sit and continue the story of Boris the Brave?” She asked and both boys nodded after a small glance at each other. She beckoned them over to join her on the more comfortable of the sofas. They sat on either side of her as she took up the book from the coffee table. The page had been marked with a spell and she waved her hand causing it to open.

“Into the forest. Boris rode slowly to the edge of a dark forest. A hag was said to live within, a fearsome hag with long black hair and skin so dirty it looked green. Her fingers were as long as a mans arms they said tipped with black nails that were more like the claws of a beast. Boris the brave had always been afraid of the woods and dared not enter them even when his huntsman travelled into them to fetch wild boar. “I am Boris the brave” Boris said standing at the edge of the wood not feeling very brave at all. “I will go and fight the hag and take one of her nails back! It will prove I am brave” He said still standing at the opening of the woods not attempting to move forward. Suddenly movement to his left had him jumping with a shout that sounded so high pitched it might have come from a mouse. “Who goes...Who goes there? Speak quickly for I am Boris the brave...” Boris called feeling as far from brave as he could possibly be but determined to be so. “Come out! Come out or I shall...” As he spoke a small mouse ran from the bushes and stared up at him with beady black eyes. The creature twitched his nose and waved his ears before scurrying off again leaving the knight bemused, embarrassed and shaken, glad that nobody had witnessed his fear he took a deep breath and marched into the forest...”

“I want to kill them” Her dragon whispered suddenly speaking for pretty much the first time since the healer had been. A glance to her left told her that Harry had fallen to sleep his body held at an unnatural angle because of the brace.

Narcissa had expected as much, her son was so like his father in more than looks. Lucius had confessed the same sentiments when they had had a moment alone together confessing that he wished he had done so before informing the aurors concerned that Dumbledore would use his fame to get off. That was the problem with her hot headed men, they were far too flashy, she had never been so. She knew the art of patience. The Dursley’s would get what was due to them, Dumbledore
too, but they had to be careful and to be seen to be playing the game. The actions of her husband had tarnished the Malfoy name and they wouldn’t survive a public judgement, not against Dumbledore.

“Those feelings scare you dragon?”

“Yes, mother, I have never felt that way before, I never thought I would want to kill...But when I saw the marks on Harry’s back, I wished that I could have killed them, am I a monster mother?”

“My dragon, you have a heart of gold, the feelings you have only prove that. You care for your friend and hate that he has suffered so, your father is the same and myself. I saw the marks and believed that Pansy was right. Perhaps we should introduce the Dursley’s to my sister”

“Aunt Bella would be just as happy to kill us as them, for not following the dark lord”

“Draco, my sister is...A few vials short of a full potions set but...Don’t judge her so harshly as all that. Her mind was fragile since we were young, time with the dark lord was not an easy one. She would never harm you child” Narcissa knew it to be true. Bellatrix had always been insane and that insanity had been fed by their parents, her husband, and the dark lord but for all that she had liked to hurt her Narcissa was certain that her sister would chose family over all else. The floo flared breaking into her thoughts and she looked up to see a pale faced man she didn’t fully recognise. His hair appeared to be a washed out brown through the green of the flame. His eyes, a hazel colour searched the room for a moment before they settled on the sofa and Harry. “May I help you? Mr...?”

“Jenkins, Sebastian Jenkins, forgive me Lady Malfoy, I have just spoken to your husband, he put me through” The man sounded tired, in fact tired was an understatement he sounded drained but his eyes were fixed onto the sleeping form of Harry.

“Thoughtless of him, Harry has been through enough today. An owl so we might prepare him would have been better, how may we help you Mr Jenkins?”

“Forgive me” Sebastian said again blinking and flicking his tired eyes up to her looking for all the world like he was about to fall to sleep. “I am the son in law of Healer Hinchcliffe, Lady Malfoy, I am a mind healer, Tobias asked if I might talk to Harry...”

“As you see, Harry is asleep at present and I will not wake him. Come by tomorrow and we can discuss it, good evening” Narcissa waved her wand and shut down the floo blocking it from any further interruption. She had no doubt that the tired young man was skilled and that it would be good for both Harry and Draco to speak with somebody but she wanted to talk to Tobias first. “I apologise for that Dragon”

“It wasn’t your fault mama, he was very rude” Draco huffed his nose wrinkling in a cute way Lucius’ did when presented with something he didn’t like and Narcissa forgot her anger at the
young healer as she smiled and ruffled her son’s long hair.

“He was, but your father was at fault for sending him through, though I have no doubt that his mind is as troubled as yours” She said cupping his chin with her fingers and peering into his eyes as she searched them long and hard. “You are so young dragon, and yet you have taken all of this onto your shoulders. I could not be more proud of you, but I need you to be okay, you are my son, my dragon”

“I’m fine, mother, but I wish I could do more to help Harry, I feel so useless”

“You are helping, you silly boy, you think I did not see it today? You held his hand, shielded him from the crowds, even talking to him helps him...” She declared honestly knowing her son wouldn’t fully believe her, not yet. “The road of recovery Harry is on is a long one Dragon, but he is not on it alone. He has you and I believe he could ask for no better companion, but remember Dragon, you are a child too and if you need support I am here for you, now and always”
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

A scream tore through Harry’s body as he woke with a jerk. Panting heavily he looked around terrified that the nameless figures from his dreams would be standing over him waiting to finish the job they had started. His heart racing and his eyes unfocused from the lack of glasses it took him a few moments to realise that he was the bed in the Malfoy’s home. Unlike last night he was alone and the large empty bed was enough to frighten him as much as the dream and the figures that were lurking in there

“Harry?” A voice called out as a door opened throwing some light into the room. A tall figure in a grey bathrobe was almost visible against the light and Harry blinked fumbling around for his glasses as he apologised as quickly as he could. His heart pounded against his ribs as he thought of the times he had woken the Dursley’s with his bad dreams and the way they had reacted. Dudley had called him a baby, Vernon had said he would give him something to scream about and had used the belt. It had done nothing for his dreams but make them worse.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you” Harry said as Lucius came to the bed a lantern floating a his side causing a deep orange light to flow over one side of his face. He was dressed in a grey dressing gown, a pair of black pyjama bottoms and some slippers on his feet. His hair was tied into a side ponytail and was resting on his shoulder fitted with a silk black ribbon to hold it into place. He didn’t seem to have been woken from sleep but Harry couldn’t help but feel as though he had disturbed the man.

“You didn’t, I confess that the Dreamweaver had yet to cast his spell over me, Cissa was sleeping soundly so when the alarm sounded I came to you” Lucius said waving the lantern to rest on the bedside table while he sat himself on the side of the bed. Harry recoiled away from him on instinct an although he noticed Lucius didn’t say anything. “What wakes you from slumber?”

“I had a nightmare, I’m sorry”

“Why apologise? You have no control over your dreams Harry, dreams are a reflection of all your life experiences up until this point. You have reason to suffer nightmares, Harry, just as I do” Lucius hummed carefully his tone light and soft as he stared into the flickering candle. Harry was surprised to know that the older man had nightmares, he had always believed that adults didn’t have bad dreams and he gasped;

“You have nightmares?”

“I do, less so now than I once did but sometimes they come all the same. Unlike you I deserve the nightmares” Lucius let out heavy sigh before flashing him a smile and patting him on the knee. “How about we go to the kitchen and have some warm milk? I would call an elf but the walk will do us both some good I feel” Harry recoiled away from him on instinct an although he noticed Lucius didn’t say anything. “What wakes you from slumber?”

“Yes, sir” Harry spoke absently, stepping into a pair of dove grey slippers that Draco had given him. They were warm around his toes and the soles were cushioned making him feel like he was standing on a cloud. He was about to follow Lucius but the blonde stopped taking a soft nightgown from the back of a chair. Lucius helped him into it and then tied it around the front once done he
lightly combed his hair with his fingers and then together, they made their way to the door that led out to the large landing. The only light came from the lantern that Lucius was holding and Harry made sure he stayed as close as possible. He wasn’t afraid of the dark, the light in the cupboard under the stairs was often broken, but he felt like an intruder in the house.

“I’ve always loved the manor at night, the moonlight coming in through the windows, the peaceful silence of it”

“It’s a beautiful house”

“Yes, but a lonely one for an only child, Draco is very happy to have you here, as myself and Cissa are. I hope you will come to believe that and you will one day think of the manor as your home, though I doubt you are there yet but one day” Lucius told him as they descended a much plainer staircase than the main one. It didn’t have a proper door but an opening just appeared as they moved towards it. The lord must have seen his confusion in the dim light he started to explain quickly “There are many hidden passageways in the manor Harry, ones like this that only family know. We will have Draco give you a proper tour and we shall have to key you into the wards, that simply means that the house will recognise your magical core and allow you to come and go as you please. For now know that this passage leads you directly from the bedrooms to the kitchen”

“...” Harry couldn’t make any sound leave his mouth as he was too choked up by Lucius’ speech and he wondered yet again what it was about him that made the Dursley’s hate him so much. The stairs they were walking down were simple wood with the walls simply painted in a beige with wooden beams running through them. In the light of the Lantern he saw graffiti etched into the plaster. Many of them went back to the 1600’s.

“Malfoy manor has been around for a very long time, all of those that live inside have made their name on the walls here as soon as they have gotten their wands. You and Draco will have that pleasure next year” Lucius explained pausing in his steps to hold the lantern closer to the wall to show his own name with Narcissa’s beside it though it must have been done before the were married as she had signed it Narcissa Black.

“If I am allowed to stay” Harry muttered. He was not a boy that had ever allowed himself to hope, when he was young he had wished and wished that some mysterious family member would turn up and take him but that wish had been beaten out of him. He wanted to stay here with Draco, Narcissa and Lucius but he knew better than to hope for it. He didn’t trust the toad faced woman or Dumbledore, the man wanted him back with his aunt and uncle.

“You will be staying Harry, have no fear on that, neither Narcissa nor myself will let you go”

“I don’t want to get you into trouble, sir”

“Trust me, if helping you gets me into trouble it will be the first time I would be proud of why I was in trouble, but have no fear of that. Here we are at the kitchens” Another opening appeared and Harry found himself ushered into a large kitchen. It was bigger than any kitchen he had ever been in before with a large green oven set back into an alcove with a spit and a fire pit attached. A large wooden work surface stood proudly in the centre and more than a dozen cupboards of all shapes and sizes were around. Shiny brass pans were hanging from hooks on a rack which also held dried herbs tied into bundles. “Okay! It’s been some time since I’ve made warm milk but I am positive that we will be able to figure it out”

“I can do it...I made it for my aunt and uncle...”

“Harry, you are a child, you shouldn’t have been doing things like that, sit down” Lucius waved
him to a stool and Harry did as he was told watching as Lucius used magic to summon everything he needed and to light the stove. More than the thought of warmed milk the fact that somebody was taking care of him was warming to the very core of his heart

Chapter End Notes

Lucius is totally out of character but I hope you like him

Happy new year! I hope it's a good one for you all!
Draco slipped into Harry’s room early the next morning wanting to talk to Harry and apologise for the silent treatment he had given him last night. He froze in surprise when he saw his father sat sleeping in the chair in front of the fire. Harry was curled up in the opposite chair his face covered by his hands and a secondary nightgown covering his body. There was a book open on Lucius’ chest which was lifting and falling as he breathed. He had never seen his father looking so relaxed even with the uncomfortable position he was in. The remains of two cups of milk sat on the small coffee table along with some chocolate wrappers and cake wrappers. Draco wasn’t completely sure what had happened last night but it seemed like it had been a fun midnight feast.

“Little Master Harry haded a badden dreams” Jinx whispered in a very elf like whisper which was pretty loud. “Master Lucius helpen him but fells to sleepen heres”

“I see, perhaps we should wake them?”

“With the way you were talking I can assure you I am already awake” Lucius hummed opening one of his eyes slowly and looking at him. There was a sleepy smile on his face which made him look so much younger and carefree. He sat himself into a more comfortable postion and stretched out his back. “It appears that young Harry is also awake, good morning”

“Go-Good mor-Morning...” Harry stammered in the cute way he did his face turning the most delightful shade of red. Pansy was right, not something he would ever openly admit it to her face, but Harry really was like a doll with his fragile features and his mannerisms. It made him want to squish him in a hug every time he saw him.

“Good morning, Harry, did you sleep well?” He smiled and Harry gave a smile and a nod looking at Lucius who taking back his dressing gown from Harry who said; “After warm milk and Uncle Lucius read to me” Draco didn’t miss the use of Uncle Lucius over the more formal Sir or Mr Malfoy that he had been using and he wondered what had happened to make it change in the space of a night. He didn’t get to ask though as Rocky popped into the room with a crack.

“Sirs, professor Dumbles of Hoggywarts is heres for youse sirs” The butler bowed low so that his long crooked nose was pressed down to the carpet. The good mood that had been in the room vanished as though it had been dismissed by magic. Draco looked to Harry who had stopped smiling and was sketching at the back of his neck with a claw like hand.

“Thank-you Rocky, where have you put him?”

“I has lefted him outsides sir” Rocky answered his upper lip curling into a sneezing sneeze added
almost gloatingly “Its raining”

“Very good, he comes by at such an unreasonable hour he can be made to wait while I have dressed and had a cup of tea. I will see you boys later for breakfast, take your time”

“Yes, Father, Yes, Uncle Lucius” Harry and Draco said together and the older blonde nodded smartly and then moved out of the bedroom leaving them alone as soon as Rocky and Jinx had popped away taking the remains of Harry and Lucius’ midnight snacks away. “It appears that you and father had a fun night”

“We talked a lot and he made me warm milk and we ha snacks your dad is fun” Harry admitted with a nervous shrug and Draco grinned proudly puffing out his chest dropping down into the chair his father had left.

“That is something people rarely say, mostly because he rarely allows people to see it. Even Pants has never seen that side of my father. That he allows you means he likes you Harry. I’m glad, I want you to be happy here, I’m sorry about how I acted yesterday...After the visit from the healer, I acted cold towards you. I have a difficult time expressing myself sometimes...” He said quickly needing to say it but not wanting to upset Harry any more than he probably already had done last night. “I was angry, with your so called family for what they have done to you, but the will pay, Harry, one way or another, you are my friend and I will never let anyone get away with hurting my friend”

“Thank-you, Draco, but...Dumbledore is here, he will try to take me”

“It’s not going to happen, mother has been given ministry rights of guardianship over you for at least a month, the aurors have also said that she has rights, Dumbledore doesn’t have a leg to stand on, even if he stands outside all day in the rain and father will make him stand out there. Its rude to come calling before 9 am and it has only just turned 7”

Draco jerked his head at the ornate clock resting on the mantelpiece. It had been a favourite of his Grandmothers or so her portrait had told him the last time he had bothered to talk to it. She was always correcting his manners and habits, he was glad that she had been put in the oval sitting room though he was positive his grandfather had been more delighted. Unlike his parents his grandparents had been the furthest thing from a love match you could possibly find. His grandmother was an Italian noble woman beautiful but cold with very little in the way of humour about her. She had the personality of a sour lemon and an air of disappointment. Lucius had often told him that the only fond memories he had of her was that she taught him her love of music and the arts. Something Lucius had shared with him.

“Are you still tired Harry?” He asked seeing his friend rubbing his eyes and trying to fight a yawn. Harry gave him a sheepish smile and a nod

“A little, sorry”
“Don’t apologise, if you’re tired you should take a nap, mother and father will wake us if they need us, but not on the chairs, as comfortable as they are they can’t do your back any good”

“But Dumbledore...”

“Can go hang for all I care, he is as bad as your aunt and uncle, if he wants you he can make an appointment

Chapter End Notes

Again I truly apologize for mistakes in this story:(

Hope this part is okay
Harry woke to the feeling of somebody breathing against his neck and arms wrapped around him. It was obviously much later in the day as the sun was now creeping around the curtains. There was a rattle from across the room and Harry gasped pulling out of Draco’s arms as he saw a beautiful white owl flying around. It was almost completely white but there were a few black feathers here and there. Its eyes were yellow and they were watching him closely. Its beak opened and it let out a loud screech and flew towards him. She cicled his head for a moment and then landed on his should.

“Very good, I knew she would like you” Narcissa chuckled clapping her hands together causing Harry to look from the bird to the woman standing with her back to the fire. She was wearing a two piece outfit of soft blue tweed with a lighter blue top that was finished at the neck with a beautiful butterfly brooch. “This is the owl we said you could have. The Malfoy’s have always favoured eagle owls but last year a snowy owl found her way into our owl house. We left her free to do as she pleased and she ended up laying several eggs but only one of the chicks survived against all odds. She is a fighter like you, perhaps you are the reason her mama came here, we were going to sell her but I think she will be much happier with you”

“Does she have a name?”

“Names are special in the wizarding world Harry, when you name your owl a bond is formed between you that cannot be broken. You must name her, but now you must come to breakfast you too Dragon” Narcissa spoke a little louder flicking her wand at her son who was still fast asleep hugging the pillow. Harry didn’t know what spell she used but Draco was soon thrashing around on the bed like a fish giggling breathlessly. “Come, time to wake”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes, now wash your faces and brush your teeth, Uncle Severus is downstairs and he wants to see you...” Narcissa answered as Draco pulled himself up into a seated position pushing his hair out of his face. Harry was already up and moving towards the bathroom, his new owl staying on his shoulder and preening his hair, when he paused and asked;

“What about Dumbledore?”

“Lucius saw him off at about 7:20 this morning and told him to make an appointment at a reasonable hour” Narcissa answered her lips twitching into a smile and Harry realised that meant that they had let him stay out in the rain for twenty minutes. Even with spells that had to be
annoying and uncomfortable. “Now, I expect you both downstairs in the breakfast room in fifteen minutes”

“Yes, mother, c’mon Harry” Draco’s hand slapped him on the back and Harry continued to his bathroom. The bathroom held a large free-standing tub with golden feet that looked like the paws of an animal. The skin was set against a window that overlooked a lake and Harry already spent a lot of time staring out at it when he was brushing his teeth the night before. “Are you feeling better?”

“Yeah, more awake at least” Harry answered looking at the owl which had moved shoulder and had settled onto the windowsill. “What would you name an owl?”

“I named mine Ares, but he is an eagle owl, you will figure out a good name for her, she’s beautiful” Draco muttered through a yawn grabbing hold of a toothbrush and smearing paste onto it. Harry followed suit watching the owl that was bobbing up and down and swirling its head around while clicking her beak towards him before hooting. “Father left Dumbledore outside in the rain for almost half an hour. I would love to have seen his face, Dumbledore is so used to everyone just jumping and doing everything he says and looking at him as though he is the only reason the sun shines or the trees grow. He really should be put down a pig or two”

“I’m sure Uncle Lucius will do that” Harry said through a mouthful of toothpaste. It was different to the one the Dursley’s brought. It tingled on his tongue and around his gums and tasted not just of mint but also cloves.

“He has been doing so for years, Harry, how did you start calling Father Uncle in the space of a night? Please don’t get me wrong, I’m very happy but I’m curious as to how”

“He showed me the passage from the bedroom to the kitchen, the names on the wall...We talked about silly things, about his childhood, about your grandparents...” Harry couldn’t explain what had happened in the night that had made him feel such a kinship to Lucius but if he had to pinpoint one thing it would be the fact that Lucius had told him about his nightmares. It had him feel so much better knowing that he wasn’t the only one. For some reason he didn’t want to tell Draco that though. Draco hero worshipped his father and there was a real chance he didn’t know about the nightmares. “He asked me to call him uncle”

“I see, it’s nice, not may see father as I see him. Pants is a little afraid of him truth be told and the other heirs all treat him with respect but are just as afraid. Oh well, its good...Are you done I guess uncle Severus is here with your potions”

“That was quick”

“Uncle Severus is nothing if not efficient, imagine that he would have already started working on the potions that he thought you would need the moment he left. He says that he isn’t a healer but he knows as much as any healer” Draco explained as they left the bathroom with his nameless owl coming to rest on his shoulder once more. Her beak clicked his hair and his ear in an affectionate
though it was slightly painful against his lobe when she dug too deeply.

She moved only when Harry dressed in some more clothes borrowed from Draco that had been shrunk to fit. Draco had gone to his own room to dress himself and they met out on the landing five minutes later. The owl was sitting on his head now and Draco let out a little laugh. “Be careful you she doesn’t poop in your hair, Harry”

“She wouldn’t do that”

“I dunno, Ares once pooped on my head, I swear he laughed about it, I was almost positive I would never feel clean again” Draco said with a shudder causing Harry to let out a chuckle glad but was glad when the owl moved from his head back down to his shoulder. They made their way down to the breakfast room and found Lucius, Narcissa, and Snape sitting around the table tucking into a healthy breakfast.

“Good morning boys”

“Good morning” Harry sat in the chair that he had quickly decided was his own which was next to Severus. The owl moved from his shoulder to sit on the bird stand over in the far corner of the room where she tucked her head under her wing.

“Good morning, Harry” Severus said smoothly cutting into a mushroom “I trust you slept well?”

“Yes, thank-you, you sir?”

“I rarely sleep, but last night I spent most of it working on your potions, there is a lot of them but I trust that Narcissa will make sure you take them as you need, if you find the flavours too bitter let me know I will change them to suit, have you given any thought to contacting Lupin?” Severus asked and Harry gave a nod looking down at his plate which was being filled with various food stuffs by Lucius.

“Yes, I would like to know a friend of my father’s”

“Then you should write to him, I am positive that Lupin would like to hear from you” Severus said and though he was trying to stay calm Harry had a feeling that he was very tense talking about the man Lupin.

“Professor, you don’t seem to like him very much”

“I neither like nor dislike him, however I do believe that you should be allowed to be given a more favourable account of your father through somebody that actually liked him. Now Draco, Harry, I know that you are set to start your lessons this week but I wonder if you would like to start today? I
find myself with an hour or two to spare and it would keep you both out of trouble”

“Yes, yes please...” Harry and Draco said together and the potions master nodded and then fell silent eating his breakfast

Chapter End Notes

I need your opinion, should Hedwig still be named Hedwig or should she get a different name?
Chapter 37

Sorry not a chapter just an update which I will delete when the next chapter is out. Sorry for the delay I've been feeling like absolute crap for the last few days through lack of sleep and dizziness due to my animea flaring back up. I haven't forgotten this and I hope to be writing it again soon

Krys
Hi guys, thought I would give you an update I'm sorry for making you worry thanks for the kind words. I'm doing a lot better I have another blood test today but hopefully my blood levels are back to normal.

I am hopefully going to he posting a chapter tomorrow, its been annoyingly slow to write and I am so very sorry for that but I will get back into it as soon as possible

Krys x
“Uncle Sev” Harry hummed when he was chopping some mint leaves with a silver knife. Ever since that first day of potions with Severus Harry had fallen in love. It was like cooking and he had always enjoyed cooking. The Malfoy potions room was in a dungeon under the kitchen lit by old style torches that shone with a strange green/blue flame that didn’t seem to give off any heat. Draco enjoyed potions as well but not nearly as much as Harry and he found the simple potions boring so he had left an hour or more ago while Harry had stayed.

“Harry?” Severus responded dryly his eyebrow lifting at the name. Severus allowed the nickname with minimal fuss and Harry liked being able to say it.

“Lupin sent me a letter this morning, he wants to come and see me” Harry admitted noticing that Severus stiffened just a little bit. It wasn’t enough that he would have been able to notice if he hadn’t gotten to know him as well as he had in the last week. There was something easy about being with Severus that Harry liked he was quiet and easy and seemed to know more than anyone what he was going through. He never said anything when his hands shook or he flinched at sudden movements or loud noises.

“I see, but that is a good thing, you wanted to see him that is why you wrote to him, isn’t it?” Severus asked casually and Harry nodded slowly, that was true, he had sat down and started a dozen or more letters only to toss them into the fire.

“Yes, but...But he said that he didn’t trust Uncle Luci or Aunt Cissa. He asked if you would be there” Harry admitted nervously. Severus told him time and time again that he had no particular feelings towards Remus Lupin but Harry could tell that that wasn’t true. Even now the man’s face shuttered in on itself his eyes narrowing as his jaw tensed. The knife in his hand slipped just a little slicing through the table almost hitting his thigh. “I understand if you don’t want to that”

“There are a great many things that I don’t want to do but I will do it for you, brat, now stop chopping those leaves before there is nothing left” Severus sighed and Harry was almost positive that there was something fond in his expression. “Have you decided on a name for that owl of yours?”

“I was reading through a History of magic, I though the name Hedwig was nice, there was a witch named Hedwig but, is that...Stupid?” Harry worried at his lower lip his heart pounding in his chest.
He had grown more comfortable here with the Malfoy’s and elves, but he still felt very much like an outsider whenever he felt uncomfortable.

“Hedwig St Dumount created the first pepper up potion. It is a good name, Harry, and it suits your bird greatly” Severus gave him a thin-lipped smile adding the chopped ingredients to the cauldron that was bubbling nicely. Harry relaxed and smiled his cheeks flushing a little pink. “What is the use of a bezoar?”

“It is used to treat most poisons” Harry answered instantly determined to prove that he had been reading the potions book Severus had given him. It was something he devoured each night before bed even when Draco told him he was crazy. Severus rewarded him with another thin smile his dark eyes almost shining as he nodded;

“And where can it be found?”

“In the stomach of a goat” Harry answered feeling a buzz of absolute happiness when Severus nodded and flashed him another smile before asking crisply;

“What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?”

“A sleeping potion” Harry answered quickly hoping that he had remembered correctly. Severus didn’t nod or answer this time but from the next question he had gotten it right.

“What kind?”

“The draught of sleeping death”

“Very good brat, now this needs to be left alone for the night, now off you pop, I’m sure Draco is anxious to get you both into some trouble”

“You have such a high opinion of me uncle!” Draco pouted from the doorway jerked his head to look at his friend who had a mock hurt expression creasing his handsome face. “Actually I’m here with a message from father. The Goblins have finally gotten the key to Harry’s vault from Dumbledore”
“I still can’t believe he had the nerve to say he had mislaid it” Severus growled his magic flaring out of him almost like his cloak that he was fond of wearing. Lucius had sent a message to Gringotts a week ago asking for a reading of the Potter’s wills. Although the Malfoy’s had been given rights of Guardianship over Harry they didn’t have his vault key and without it their hands were tied. Harry’s account manager a half Goblin named Tormuld had sent a letter to Dumbledore requesting the key only for Dumbledore to say he had forgotten where he had put it. Lucius’ next letter had been to the Auror’s who, as Kingsley had been out of the country, hadn’t wanted to go against Dumbledore even with the ministry on their backs. “More so when he could use a simple finding spell”

“I think the Goblins threatened him to get him to find it, vault keys are important”

“Of course, they are, blood magic of the Goblin kind very ancient and not something people want to mess with, but of course Dumbledore likes to think he is above such things. I will be heading back to Hogwarts for a while, once you leave this room do not enter it again until I return”

“Yes, Uncle Sev” Harry and Draco said together nodding quickly both knowing how delicate the brewing stage was. The man’s lips curled just a little at the nickname but he said nothing ushering them out.

“Professor Ninomiya comes tomorrow doesn’t she?”

“Yes, we have three hours with her” Draco answered as they all made their way up the tunnel and back into the warm splendour of the Malfoy main hall and Harry could tell that his friend was very excited. He had been talking about professor Ninomiya none stop for the last week and Harry was starting to think that Narcissa was right, Draco did have a crush.

“Pay attention, Harry, send Lupin an agreement that I will be there with you when you meet him next week, Thursday would be the best day for me, if he doesn’t wish to come here we can meet in Hogsmeade, until we see each other again, read your books” Severus jerked his head and then swept off down the hall leaving Harry to stare at the bellowing robes with a smile.

“He does so love being dramatic, come on Harry, father is in his study”

Chapter End Notes

I'm back! I can't promise daily updates at the moment but I will try to get them out in a quick fashion
Goblins, Harry thought as they stepped out of the fire and into the grand reception of Gringotts bank, were some of the most interesting creatures he had met in the wizarding world. Lucius had given him a book about them and Harry was surprised to know that although the wizarding world trusted them to look after all their money they were often treated worse than dirt even by people who were considered to be light wizards. In his book it had told him about the various rebellions and Harry agreed with Lucius that there would come a time that there would be another one. His family manager Tormuld met them at the door. He was only a half goblin with less harsh features but he still had the large ears and sharp teeth.

“Lord Malfoy, Heir Black-Potter, welcome, I’m very happy that we have finally been able to sort the matter of your key” The half goblin said with a jerky bow. Harry remembered what Lucius had told him and bowed enough to expose his neck. The goblins liked that and respected you more if you followed their customs. Even a half Goblin like Tormuld was grateful for the display “I am so very sorry that it has taken us so long, but I have it here now and I was able to visit your vault and find the item requested by Lord Malfoy. Unfortunately, Mr Dumbledore is mentioned on the will and will need to be present at the reading”

“And how long would it take to get such a meeting arranged?” Lucius asked while Harry suddenly felt cold wondering if his parents were going to tell him that he was best left in Dumbledores care. Tormuld gave a grin. It was clear that he respected the Malfoy lordship more than he did Dumbledore as he bowed his head low exposing the back of his neck.

“Immediately if you would wish it Lord Malfoy”

“If I may talk to my ward alone?” Lucius’s hand was laid delicately on his shoulder in a comforting manner and Harry was grateful but he wished that Draco was here. The young Malfoy lord walked through life with a confidence that Harry could only dream off. There was something about his presence that soaked into him and gave him the courage he needed.

“Of course Lord Malfoy, if you will follow me to my office I will insure you have privacy” Tormuld said with another bow before turning on his heel and walking down a thankfully empty corridor. It smelt almost like the school library in the muggle world. It was clean and yet it smelt of dust and trace amounts of damp. Harry had been to Tormuld’s office a week ago when they had first asked about his parents wills and he tried not to react when the door to the small office was opened and he was presented with the sight of axes lining the walls displaying the names of his Account managers forefathers. Some of them still had blood on the blades though the handles seemed to be lovingly polished. “Please sit and talk, I will see about refreshment”
“Thank-you Tormuld”

“A pleasure Heir Black-Potter” The goblin bowed low and then left the office with a click of the door as it closed. Lucius waited for a moment or two and then said carefully:

“I’m sorry, Harry, they did not say that Dumbledore would need to be here, we can postpone this and see if my lawyers are able to do anything about it. Given that a criminal charge is being placed against him it might be possible...” Lucius didn’t believe what he was saying and neither did Harry. He still didn’t know a lot about magic but he knew enough that he knew there wasn’t anything that could be done. There was a spell on the wills and if he wanted to hear them then he needed Dumbledore to be here.

“I’m okay, but...But can Dray be here? And Aunty Cissy?” He asked nervously still hating asking for anything as he was always waiting for a hit to the face. “Sorry”

“Don’t apologise, Harry, if that is what you want then I will be more than happy to have them sent for. In fact I think it’s a great idea but if you need some time to get used to the idea”

“I will just grow more nervous while we wait” Harry whispered honestly reaching to push his glasses up his nose. He couldn’t wait to be able to go through the process of having his eyes fixed but he knew that it was going to take a while. His progress with his current set of medications was slow and he was only just adjusting to life with the brace. Every day he grew a little more used to it but he did have to take his pain potions. The doctor had given him the all clear to have the spell on all day but so far Harry was positive his legs were still bowed and his hip was constantly sore though Narcissa had taken to learning massages that helped even if he felt embarrassed.

“I understand, it is a very Gryffindor trait, in you Harry, meet your fears head on” Lucius smiled and Harry found himself uncomfortable. The Malfoys had all been Slytherin and Draco was expected to follow that but Draco disliked Gryffindor’s with a passion and Harry didn’t want to be separated from his friend and had vowed to be more Slytherin.

“I’m sorry”

“Don’t be, yes there is a great deal of school rivalry between the houses but all the houses have their good points...” Lucius told him calmly a knowing look coming to his pale grey eyes and Harry couldn’t help but ask;
“Even Hufflepuff?”

“Even Hufflepuff, their loyalty to their housemates is second to none, you would be sure to find true friends there if you were to go into that house. But I think you are perhaps more a Ravenclaw than a Hufflepuff. Your thirst for knowledge is something I have not seen since my own Grandmother” Lucius said squeezing his shoulder in a comforting way. “She was a Ravenclaw and proud, but who knows you have not yet had chance to be yourself in the next year who knows what young man you will be come but know this Harry, whatever house you find yourself in we will support you”

“Thank-you, Uncle Luci” Harry cleared his throat quickly feeling a lump rising up in the back of his throat. His eyes itched and he had to blink rapidly to stop himself from crying. Lucius fluffed his hair with his fingers giving him a smile as he cleared his own throat.

“You are very welcome child, I said no more than the truth, you are family. I will summon Tormuld and ask him to send word to Cissy and Draco, would you like Jinx here also? She will happily take Dumbledore away if he grows too tiresome” A grin spread over Harry’s lips at that and he nodded knowing the elf would happily take Dumbledore to the North Pole if it made Harry happy.

Chapter End Notes

lucius is overly sweet but i like him like this, im so sorry for the delayyy
“Harry dear have some butterscotch” Narcissa hummed as they watched the clock. Dumbledore had been summoned only ten minutes after Narcissa, Draco, and Jinx had arrived and Tormuld knew for certain he had received he summons but he was making them wait. Lucius had said hat it was a tactic to try and gain the upper hand in the situation and make them nervous and Harry had to admit that it would have worked if not for Draco holding tightly to one hand while Jinx patted him gently on the knee with her long gnarled fingers. She was making soothing cooing noises while Draco asked Tormuld politely about the axes and the names etched on them.

“Thank-you Aunt Cissy” Harry smiled taking the small sweet he was offered and popping it into his mouth. The burst of sugary flavour swirled around his tongue as he sucked listening to the conversation Draco was having with the half-goblin.

“Goblins have a school of their own, but they start much younger than Hogwarts. All students are expected to know some battle magic before they graduate” Tormuld answered the questions with a lazy shrug politely refusing the sweet Narcissa offered. “The best graduates are given an axe to show that they have passed with honours. They are just ceremonial no good in real combat but everyone respects the names on the axe”

“And these are all your family? You must be very proud”

“My family and my wife’s family. Mine and hers are there” Tormuld looked very proud as he pointed to the twin axes crossed behind him. Harry had thought that their display was a little more elaborate than any of the others and now he knew why. “First Half-Goblin to get an axe”

“Wow!” Draco and Harry said together and Tormuld beamed showing all of his sharp teeth though it was a friendly smile. It vanished when a knock sounded on the door an Harry almost choked on his sweet as he sucked in a breath. Lucius gently thumped him on the back while the door opened and Dumbledore came sweeping into the room wearing bright orange robes with suns and runes on them. His long fluffy beard was tucked into his belt and he was beaming with his eyes twinkling brightly as he looked at Harry. He attempted to get close but Jinx pushed him away with an invisible burst of elf magic.

“Youse is to be stayings aways from Little Master Harry, Dumbles of Hoggywarts” The elf said sternly holding herself up to her full height her hands on her hips, or at least Harry thought they were on her hips it was difficult to tell for certain. He smiled at the protective elf as Draco squeezed his hand. Dumbledore took a step back looking completely mystified by her reaction.
before he smiled and said in a bright tone;

“My dear elf, I had no intention of hurting him, or have your masters forbidden me speaking to Harry?”

“Youse imply Masters are forcing mese! Youse is wrong! Jinxies looken after Little Master Harry because Little Master Harry is scares of Dumbles of Hoggwarts!”

“Scared? My dear boy! You have no reason to be scared! I only want what’s best for you, no matter how it seems” Dumbledore said and the expression on his face was almost completely genuine. He looked like an overly indulgent grandfather looking at his favourite grandchild and if he had never met the Malfoy’s and seen how they cared for him he might have believed it. Instead he looked at the pale blue eyes hidden behind the half moon glasses and saw that they were hard. He felt a pressure at his mind, almost like when Severus or his mind healer read his mind, and he quickly looked away.

“Uncle Luci, he is using legilimency” Harry whispered to the older blonde. Lucius’ hand tightened on his shoulder and he turned to stare at Dumbledore with his back straight and his expression unreadable.

“Using legilimency on a child, Dumbledore?” He hissed softly and although he blinked Dumbledore gave a smile his head cocking curiously to one side.

“It appears that you have used it yourself, my boy, for Harry to know…”

“It wasn’t Uncle Lucius, my mind healer used it with my permission” Harry whispered remembering the young mind healer explaining in a gentle tone that the use of legilimency was only allowed if the person it was being used on agreed. Otherwise it was an abuse of trust and power and the ministry frowned upon it. Using it in his mind healing was so they could look directly at the things that had happened to him and process them. The had only had two sessions and hadn’t gone to any of the darker parts of his past yet but he was wanting to study it with Severus. Dumbledore deflated at those words and then proceeded to take out his wand and change a button into a soft arm chair.

“You said that I was mentioned in the will of my dear friends James and Lily?”

“You are the care of and your magical signature is needed to open it and read it” Tormuld said
with the same kind of bored indifference the Goblins seemed to show everyone they served at the bank and Harry wondered if Dumbledore knew how much he was disliked.

“I’m not surprised, I was a great confidant of both Lord and Lady Potter” Dumbledore reached over the desk and pressed his wand to the wax seal on the envelope and Harry felt his heart sink to the pit of his stomach. The wax hissed and bubbled and then slowly popped off the yellowed parchment paper. The letter twitched and jerked for a moment and then rose up from the table where it formed into a pair of lips.

“Hello? Hello? Testing, one, two...JAMES!” Harry jerked in his chair at the sound of the voices coming from the paper in front of him. One sounded young and male while the other was frustrated but fond and female and he knew that these were the voices of his parents. “Sorry, Sorry, Lilis, but I never know if this is working”

“The Goblins are a lot smarter than you are, James! Look we have to get this done; Harry will wake up at any minute”

“Fine, I, James Fleamont, lord of the most noble house of Potter blah blah blah, being of sound mind...”

“I sometimes wonder about that” Lily said quietly but not too quietly that the letter didn’t pick it up and Harry found himself almost smiling though there were tears collecting in his eyes and he was holding on tightly to Draco and Narcissa. So tightly that he felt that he might actually crush their hands if he wasn’t careful.

“Being of somewhat sound mind hereby decree that this is my last will and testament. All other wills before this one are null and void and so forth. Right that’s the formalities out of the way. I guess if you’re hearing this, I’m dead. Don’t waste time crying about it, I can only hope that it was a good death and that Lily and my son are still alive. On the advice of Dumbledore, we are going into hiding today, there is something about a prophecy and such, I dunno but he said that you-know-who was gonna come after us and yup that isn’t good news, best if we make ourselves scarce and all that. All of my titles and monies go to my wife Lily Potter and to my son Harry James Potter if she is as dead as I am...”

“James! If you are not going to do this properly”

“I am, what am I meant to say? We will be dead, shuffled off the mortal plane, it’s not gonna bother us...”
“James! Just let me do mine, Dumbledore will be here in a minute and I don’t want him hearing this until after” Lily said and Harry found himself turning to look at Dumbledore who had shifted in the seat his mouth dropping open under his beard. “I, Lily-Rose Potter, being of decreasingly sound mind thanks to my idiot husband hereby decree that this is my last will and testament and all other wills before this is null and void. First things first, Dumbledore, stay the hell away from my son, you hear me? Anyone that’s listening Sirius, Remus, do not let Dumbledore near my son and do not...And I repeat do not let my son, let Harry anywhere near my sister and that oaf of a husband of hers. I swear to Merlin that if Harry ends up there, I will come back and haunt you!”

“Lilis, Dumbledore is trying his best”

“Dumbledore is an interfering old coot, I don’t know what he’s planning but he can leave my son out of it. There is a spell. I created it, it will be written on the inside of the envelope. All that’s need is a drop of Harry’s blood and his magic will decide where he belongs. I would give him to you Remus, Sirius but your lives are just too risky and he needs a mother, somebody that will love him...”

“Lilis, Dumbledore is here”

“Yes, Harry, be happy...We love you, so much, never forget that, we love you and I’m sorry we aren’t there.” Lily’s voice faded as the letter dropped down back to the desk and became a letter again. Her voice seemed to echo in the silent office and Harry let himself cry as he was pulled up onto Narcissa’s lap being held tightly

Chapter End Notes

SO...The will has been read...Or listened too...I hope it was okay >.< a lot of build up I hope it wasn’t a let down ><
The tense silence continued for a long while as Narcissa comforted the boy in her lap. Her heart broke for the couple that had spoken so freely and joyfully in what must have been the hardest part of their lives. She could remember the insanity of the dark lord when he had declared that he was going after the Potters and she had held Draco a little more tightly for the next month or so. She held Harry just as tightly now her lips pressing into his hair line as she rocked him back and forth. Her fingers gently moved up the spine of the boy her eyes turning to stare into the blank face of the headmaster. It unnerved her that Dumbledore was so silent and she was almost thankful when he puffed himself up like a puffer fish and snapped;
“This will has been tampered with! Lily would never...”

“Mr Dumbledore, this will has lain sealed within the Potter family vault since Lord Potter’s owl brought it to me. The magic had been untouched, you saw for yourself that only your magic signature could open it” Tormuld said calmly as though he was talking to a child looking out from under his large bushy eyebrows his lips curled disdainfully around his sharp teeth. The goblins weren’t dark creatures as many would believe but they didn’t suffer fools lightly and Dumbledore was the biggest fool that had ever graced the hallowed halls of Gringotts. Although his face was half hidden by his snowy beard Narcissa had the impression that he was choking on a bitter lemon.
“The will is exactly as Lord and Lady Potter presented it to us. Now, if you please, there is the matter of the spell that will show where young heir Potter will be placed. We can do it now, but I will understand if you would like to wait...”

“Will it hurt Harry?” Narcissa asked cooing ever so gently to the boy who had stopped sobbing but was now sniffing loudly. The neckline of her dress was soaked with the tears he had shed but Narcissa held him just as tightly.

“Not at all, Lady Malfoy. The spell itself seems rather straight forward. A prick of the finger that is all...”

“I want the spell to be checked! By an independent witness! I have no idea how they have done it but they have twisted Harry against me! It cannot be allowed! They were in the inner circle of the Dark lord, even you people must understand!”

“Mr Dumbledore, please stay silent or I shall have the guards remove you, the Goblins of Gringotts are not simple fools that will standby as you act as though the sun only raises and sets because of your bidding” Tormuld snapped clicking his long gnarled fingers together and binding Dumbledore to the chair that he had transfigured. “We are aware of the events of the last war of wizards, and we know more of the deeds than many would like to be known, but we also remember the war that
came before and what happened then...” Narcissa felt her curiosity increase as the Goblin seemed
to smirk at Dumbledore who had stopped his frantic pulling at the invisible ropes about him. She
knew only some of what had happened during the wizarding war with Grindelwald, her parents had
actually stood against him seeing the insanity in his actions, but whatever it was the Goblins had
seemed juicy as Dumbledore had paled until he was almost the same shade as his beard. “But we
do not care to remember the past mistakes of our clients. You have a right to call for an
independent to test this spell. Who would you have me call?”

“Professor Filius Flitwick of Hogwarts” Dumbledore said straight away and Narcissa nodded in a
sort of agreement. The charms teacher was somebody she would have probably requested as well
as he was one of the best spell casters in the country. Tormuld looked thoughtful but then nodded
with a sly half-smile that nobody seemed to notice. He moved around his desk and then threw
some floo powder into the fire that was burning without giving heat.

“Filius Flitwick, Hogwarts” He called into the flames and not a moment later the charms teacher
appeared as a floating head. He hadn’t changed much since she had been at Hogwarts, it seemed
that he was as easily startled as ever.

“Filius I need you to come through, there is a matter of great importance” Dumbledore said quickly
and soon enough the small professor was in the room. His hair was still shaped into the strange
bowl cut and he was pin striped trousers and a jacket that ended on his rotund stomach.

“Albus? What is going on?”

“Something, awful, I am not sure how but somehow the will of Lord and Lady Potter has been
tampered with. Can you heck to see if there is any spells or compulsions? There is also a spell that
Lily created we need to see if it can be trusted” Albus said while Filius
looked around his eyes
coming to rest on Harry.

“Bless my soul! You look just like your mother!” He said with a squeak jumping back for a
moment before apologising and introducing himself. Tormuld cleared his throat and then very
slowly explained everything to the small Hogwarts professor. As they spoke Narcissa found herself
studying the two half goblins closely wondering how common it would be for the two races to
marry and produce children. There were a lot of likenesses in the pair. “Albus surely you can’t
think that somebody was able to bypass the security of Gringotts and access the Potter vault when
you had the key and mess with the will record?”

“The ways of the enemy are often beyond our understanding, please, indulge an old friend” Albus
smiled once again looking as though everything was going according to his plan and Filius nodded
before looking warily at Tormuld who gave a shrug and handed over the will. Filius performed
several spells onto the paper, many Narcissa knew but some left her stumped. Eventually he
slipped his wand back into his holster and said slowly;

“The will is exactly as it should be Albus. As for Lily’s spell woven into the paper completely fine and above board. It is her magical signature, I have no doubt about that. I would recognise it anywhere. She had a head for spell crafting. I had often hoped she would study for her mastery...”

Filius blinked and then blew his overly large nose overcome with grief for a moment. He pushed is large poker dotted handkerchief back into his pocket and gave a watery smile. “In my opinion everything should be fine”

“Thank-you. Now are we going to do it now? Or will you wait?”

“Can...Can we do it now?” Harry asked sounding calmer than he had done for the last few minutes but Narcissa continued to hold him “Please, I can do it...”

“Very well, Heir Potter...A small cut on your thumb...” Tormuld was gentle as he took Harry’s hand and used a paperknife to slice a very small hole into the thumb. Deep red blood bubbled from the wound and dropped over the spell that was written. It lay there for a moment or two and then started to swirl around the page. It moved slowly but with purpose and Narcissa was almost afraid to blink as slowly but surely a name appeared on the page. “Well I would say that proves it, it couldn’t be any clearer. Do you intend to keep fighting the will of the Potters Mr Dumbledore?”

“I...A spell like that, it must be based on influence, and the Malfoy’s have had time to influence...”

“Albus, this spell was based on Harry’s own magical core. Lily was very clear, it was where Harry’s magical core thought itself to be happy and cared for...”

Narcissa smiled at the page aware that Draco was looking thrilled by the development. There was no doubt that the words read; I want to stay always with Draco Lucius Malfoy.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope that this is okay
Albus Dumbledore swept out of the office in a flurry of garish orange robes causing the door to almost explode in a fit of unrestrained magic. Harry just sighed relaxing against Narcissa before realising that he was still on her lap like an oversized baby. He jumped up awkwardly the brace making his movements unsteady as he apologised with a red face. The beautiful witch smiled shaking her head as she cleaned his face with a silk handkerchief.

“Nonsense, Harry, it has been a long time since I have had such a cuddle” She smiled while Lucius ruffled his hair. “Thank-you for coming Professor Flitwick, I’m sorry you were troubled in your day”

“Narcissa Black, your magic is as graceful as ever, it was no trouble, no trouble at all. It was a true pleasure to feel Lily Evans magical signature once again” Filius grinned brushing his hair away from his face. “I am very happy to have met young Mr Malfoy and young Mr Potter...”

“Black-Potter, Professor, young Harry is ward of the Malfoy family” Narcissa corrected smoothly and unlike anyone else that had been told that the tiny teacher seemed to accept it all with a smile. He bowed low and hummed;

“Forgive me, Mr Black-Potter, you will both be joining us at Hogwarts next year, yes? I look forward to teaching you both”

“It is possible that our Harry may end up in your own house, Professor he has a keen interest in learning”

“Is that so? If that is the case, I will look forward to welcoming you to Ravenclaw with open arms” The professor was positively gleaming as he seemed to bounce up and down on the spot and Harry found himself liking the man who clearly seemed to love his job and those he taught. He had met one other teacher like that.

A young science teacher who had taken him under his wing refusing to believe the stories that were made up about him. He would allow him to sit with him in breaks while he marked homework. Dudley hadn’t liked that as it had meant that he and his gang couldn’t bully him so he had told the head teacher that Harry had told him that the teacher was touching him. The teacher had left the school after only three months of being there and Harry could only hope that he hadn’t
gotten him into too much trouble. “Ah my next lesson is due to start, I should return to Hogwarts, may I use your floo?”

“Of course. I will see you for dinner on Monday, don’t forget Filius, and do try to Floo your mother, when you don’t I’m the one that get’s to hear about it” Tormuld said cheerfully his gnarled fingers patting he teacher on the back and to Harry’s astonishment the professor actually seemed to blush.

“Yes father” He said stepping into the flames and calling out the name of his office still blushing as his face turned green before he vanished. There fire filled the room with a crackling sound for a moment before Tormuld smiled rubbing his knuckles.

“An odd duck, my son, he took more after my witch Mother than I did, took her name and went to Hogwarts, very proud of him” He said rubbing the thin white hair on his head. “Now, after all that excitement there is some formalities. Some tokens that need to be given out as the beneficiary of the estate it is up to you or your guardian. Your mother left a letter and a small box of personal items to a Mr Severus Snape. Your father left some money to a Mr Remus Lupin as well as a letter. To your guardian, whomever it may be, there is a letter...”

“Tha-Thank-you”

“Always happy to help, your guardian will need to sign a few papers as you are not yet of age” Tormuld motioned to Lucius who took out his wand and placed it against the paper the Goblin was pointing to. It glowed red hot and then an elegant signature appeared on the paper glowing in a steel grey. “Thank-you Lord Malfoy, here are the items. I will send a copy of the records of the Potter and Black vaults”

“Thank-you, Tormuld, you have been most incredibly helpful” Lucius bowed at the Goblin who responded with a lower one of his own.

“I have been the Potter family manager for many years, Lord Malfoy, I am very happy to serve the new Heir Potter, and it is always a joy to see Dumbledore taken down a peg or two” He confessed with a smile that deepened the lines around his face but somehow made him look younger and Harry had the feeling that when Tormuld was younger he would have looked just like Flitwick.

“I hope that after the way he has treated Harry he will be taken down altogether. Why wasn’t the will heard before?”
“Dumbledore assumed control and said that there was no need. I tried to send word to Harry’s guardians but my letters went unread” Tormuld looked troubled but Harry knew that if any letters had reached the Dursley’s they would have burnt them on sight. “Is there anything else you would like to discuss about the accounts?”

“No, thank-you, Tormuld, you have been most efficient. Come I believe that we should perhaps have an ice cream at Fortescue’s” Lucius smiled at them all shrinking down the items that he had been given and slipping them into his pocket. “You as well Jinx”

“Eeep! If youse is sures! Thank-you Master Lucius!” Jinx beamed happily her nose almost brushing against the floor as she bobbed a bow.

The party took their leave of Tormuld who watched them go with a smile that was tinged with regret. He had been fond of the Potters, he wasn’t so old that he had forgotten that Fleamont Potter had taken a chance on a half Goblin when nobody else would and he felt as those he had let them down by not pursuing further. He was going to make up for that now though. Dumbledore was going to learn why you didn’t mess with the Goblins. That was for sure.

“Kaagaa’verkaan dech rehen ghekian awteer verden!” He vowed placing a hand on the crossed axes of him and his wife.

Harry felt Draco’s hand slip into his as they walked down the corridor of the bank. They were going in a different direction to when he had arrived and Harry supposed they were going to the main area of the bank. He had been there once briefly when they had first come to inquire about his account manager and Harry had been blown away by it all. He looked sideways at his friend hoping Draco didn’t find it strange that he wanted be with him forever.

“You okay, Harry?” Draco asked with a smile squeezing his hand and Harry felt like he had gotten his answer and squeezed back answering with a smile of his own.

“Yup”

Kaagaa’verkaan dech rehen ghekian awteer verden --- My oath laid bear, revenge is mine!

Chapter End Notes
I really hope this is okay xD
“Harry? Are you okay? You have been quiet tonight” Draco whispered slipping into bed beside him and Harry turned onto his side to look at his friend. Draco looked even more pale in the moonlight while his eyes were warm with concern. He was dressed in his light grey pyjamas and his hair was unnaturally straight from brushing it with his magical hairbrush. Harry gave him a very small smile that he knew didn’t reach his eyes before humming;

“I was thinking about my parents and the spell...”

“I was thinking about that too, it is awesome right!” Draco hummed grinning from ear to ear and Harry gave him a small smile rubbing his cheek against his pillow before asking;

“You...You don’t think its...Weird or gross...Or...”

“No! It’s amazing! Your magic wants to stay with me! I bet if I did the same spell my magic would want to be with you!” Draco’s thin pale arm landed around his waist pulling him up into a lazy hug as he lay his chin on his head before saying “What did you think of Professor Flitwick? He seems fun! His face when his father made him promise to floo his mother!”

“Parents must always embarrass their children, no matter how old they get...Tormuld clearly loves him”

“Yes, like your parents loved you. Your mother seemed to be an amazing woman! She saw through old Dumbles” Draco sighed happily grinning so much that it must have made his face ache. “His face when she said he had to stay away from you! I will have to ask father if I can use his pensive, I want to treasure that memory”

“Will it bother you if I was in Ravenclaw?”

“I would be upset, not because you weren’t a Slytherin a different house wouldn’t change anything, but because we wouldn’t be together” Draco drifted off slowly a thoughtful look coming to his face as he gave a small grin humming “All Malfoys have been in Slytherin...But maybe I could change it, father refuses to tell me how the houses are picked but, I’m pretty smart, I bet I could make Ravenclaw too”
“But you want to be a Slytherin” Harry pointed out and Draco shrugged deeply his arm tightening around him as he said softly;

“I want to be with you. You’re my friend Harry, my family. Mother and father won’t mind what house I’m in. Uncle Sev will be upset that I’m not a Slytherin but it’s not like he would fawn all over me if I was. But we’ve got a year, Harry, we can think about it later. Professor Ninomiya will be here tomorrow, you’ll like her Harry, she’s fun...” Draco’s voice slurred as he gave himself over to the fog of sleep and Harry watched his friend for a moment and then settled down more fully into the bed and the embrace his breathing evening out as he fell to sleep dreaming of a woman with vibrant red hair and green eyes and a man with a mess of black curls and a ready smile.

*-*-*

“To whom it may concern. How do I start this letter? This letter I hope will never be read but know that it will. If you are reading this then that means my wife and I are dead and you are now the guardians of our son, Harry. I hope you will take him into your hearts as your own and love him in all the ways that Lily and I do but cannot be there to show. My wife thinks I am blind to the things Dumbledore is doing but, although I believe him to act for his idea of the greater good, I believe he is often...No, now when I am facing the harshest point of my life I must be honest. Dumbledore is so driven by his idea of the greater good that he is blind to the truth of the world. People around him become pawns on a chess board.

And I believe that he wants Harry to be his greatest piece. I cannot pretend I understand everything but as we stay hidden it is as though Dumbledore acts as though it is all coming to plan. He said that there is a prophecy but he did not let Lils nor myself hear it. I feel that he is building my son to be a general in a larger battle.

I do not want my son to grow up that way. To be a pawn that Dumbledore uses. He is a child, a child who laughs so often, who loves his favourite toy Mr Nibbles the stuffed Rabbit that I make dance around his cot. Whom loves to cuddle into his mother’s hair as she rocks him beside the fire. He loves the nonsense poems by Edward Lear and positively delights in my singing voice (Which anyone would tell you in a miracle, Lily is positive I broke one of her best milk Jugs by singing).

I guess what I’m trying to say is that you have been chosen by Harry’s magic to be his guardians. I’m not sure of the exact spell used Lily is the clever one (Not that I admitted that) but his magic has picked you and that means that it is good enough for me. I know that you will love him and teach him all the things that I won’t be able to but I also need you to make sure that Dumbledore can’t get him, can’t use him. He will do his best but you have to stop him. Please just let Harry be a kid, let him grow up loved.

If you can, tell him of us, tell him that the best day of our lives was the day he came into it. Tell
him that we never stopped loving him. Tell him I cried when he first called me Dadda and I didn’t believe that I could have made something that perfect. Tell him that I was an idiot but he was the very best part of me, the part that made me realise how much of an idiot I had been. Tell him that he is never alone, and that his mother and father loved him enough for a thousand lifetimes. And then, tell him that you love him, that you are glad that he came into your lives and that no matter what happens you will love him.

No words can express the feelings of gratitude that I have for you in taking in my son Harry.

Please and thank you, your servant James Fleamont Potter I of the most noble and ancient house of Potter.

Lucius lay the letter down in the space between himself and Narcissa on the bed. He was not a man given over to outwardly displays of emotion. The last time he had cried was when Narcissa had lost the last child she had wanted so very much but right now his eyes were itching with something akin to tears and his heart was breaking for the young Potter lord. It was not a letter he was expecting from the man who had never seemed to take anything even remotely serious but it was a letter that touched him. Narcissa was silent her eyes wet but she was composed as ever.

“What is our plan next my love?”

“We shall need to go to the hall of records and see what the so called prophecy is and then I will have this letter checked by Flitwick to have him confirm it has not been tampered with and then we hand it over with our evidence to the ministry” Lucius answered softly. The legal way was slower than what he was used to but at least he would have Harry safely away from Dumbledore. “This at least will confirm that neither Lord nor Lady Potter wanted Dumbledore near their son. Have no fear my heart Harry will be staying with us”

“I never doubted you my love” Narcissa smiled pressing a kiss to the tip of his nose and then the corner of his mouth before laying her head on his chest with her arm slung across his middle. “You are perhaps not a good man, altogether, but you are a great one and I love you”

“I love you, my hufflepuff hearted wife”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for not posting yesterday was at uni early >.<
I hope that this is okay :)

“A rather charming photo of you in the Prophet this morning, Lucius, it was enough to cause Dumbledore to choke on his breakfast crumpet” Severus murmured drily settling to the chair he had claimed as his own on his visits to the Malfoy home for breakfast. Lucius lifted a blonde eyebrow and Severus had the pleasure of smirking and flipping the morning edition of the rag to the society gossip pages. A fetching black and white photo showed the entire Malfoy family and Jinx enjoying an ice cream at Fortescue’s. There wasn’t much of a story to go with it just a piece about Narcissa’s dress and the robes Lucius was wearing but it was a very sweet picture with his old friend smiling fondly at his son and ward while Narcissa wiped ice cream from their lips with her silk handkerchief. “I heard women cooing over the image”

“I am sure, show it Cissa and she will be sending for the original. Actually I may do so myself, it is time I had a new photo for my desk” Lucius gave a rare genuine smile his grey eyes warming at the picture and Severus realised fully that his oldest friend truly cared about Harry and wasn’t just using him for gain. “We heard the will of Lord and Lady Potter yesterday. It was hard on the boy but your friend Lily she wiped the smile of Dumbledore’s face. She was as sharp as a knife I can see why you liked her”

“She was always forthright”

“Lord Potter too, he may not have been as bright as his good lady but he had some sense” Severus opened his mouth to protest but instead Lucius handed him over a letter that was yellowed with age. The messy, almost illegible script of his childhood tormentor stared up at him and he wanted to throw it back at his friend but morbid curiosity kept him reading. A clock ticked steadily as Lucius ate his bacon and eggs and, although he would deny it to his death bed, Severus had to swallow a lump from the back of his throat as his eyes moved over the last line. “He was a child Severus, a spoiled rich kid whom had been doted on, we know how they can be...What he did to you was awful, but he has paid the ultimate pric...”

“Save your lecture, I have already decided to let the past remain where it is and while being with his son I have come to accept that there was blame on both sides but you do not know all...” Severus swallowed sliding the letter back to his friend as he felt the acidic burn in the back of his throat. Many thought the reason for his hate of Black and Potter was the prank Black had pulled and it was but not for the reason they thought much in the same way people were mistaken in his feelings for Lily. He had loved her, still did, but only as the sister he had longed to have. Before he could confess more to Lucius the door to the breakfast room opened and Harry came in smiling happily but sleepily as he saw him.
“Good morning, Uncle Sev”

“Good morning, brat, how did you sleep?” Severus chuckled fondly as the small boy yawned before sliding into the chair beside him.

“Good, I dreamt of my mum and dad. Good morning Uncle Luci”

“Harry” Lucius smiled reaching out to pour him a glass of pumpkin juice and to hand over the first batches of pills and medicines he had to take before eating. “Is Draco preening?”

“Like Achilles” Harry laughed rolling his eyes, referring to the largest of Lucius’ prized Peacocks who flounced around the gardens almost always on display, before dutifully taking the first of his daily potions. Severus had tried his best to make them tolerable but there was still a bitter taste to the blood cleansing one. “He was practicing Japanese when I left. He really likes Professor Ninomiya”

“She is a skilled witch, top in several of her classes in Mahoutokoro, the Japanese school, I believe she had golden robes” Severus hummed looking to Lucius for confirmation. The blonde nodded placing the healer approved foods onto Harry’s plate while the boy looked confused his eyebrows furrowing as he hummed;

“Golden Robes?”

“The Japanese school is different from our own Hogwarts school Harry. Their robes grow and change as they do. The top students in school have golden robes while the robes of those that practice dark arts turn white. I’m sure Professor Ninomiya will be happy to tell you more I find myself very lacking in the subject though they have an excellent quidditch team” Lucius hummed as Draco came bursting into the room followed by a small woman with a thin build and hair so black it almost seemed blue.

*_*_*_*_*

“This is Harry! Harry! This is Professor Ninomiya!” Draco said excitedly waving his hands to the beautiful girl at his side. Harry blinked almost spilling his scrambled eggs over himself as he took in the new comer. He hadn’t really had an image of what he thought the teacher would be like but he if he did it wouldn’t be anything like the person in front of him. Professor Ninomiya was young, so young that she didn’t look like she was out of her teens. Her face was slim, almost painfully so
but it was gentle and she was smiling so much that tiny wrinkles formed around her eyes. Eyes that were a strange honey brown that seemed almost yellow when the light hit them. She was barely over five foot tall with long hair tied loosely away from her face with a pin shaped like a silver wand. She was wearing jeans with rips over the knees and a t-shirt with a strange cartoon character on the front.

“Nice to meet you Harry! My name is Ninomiya Kazumiko” She said with a thick accent holding out a small, chunky hand to shake his while also bowing. “Draco has told me a lot about you in the last ten minutes”

“Nice...Nice to meet you, Professor” Harry flushed seeing the teasing light that came to her dark eyes. It was a smile that made him nervous while at the same time oddly comfortable and he tried not to stare too hard on the mole on her chin.

“Please, just call me Nino, everyone else does” Nino smiled shaking his hand again before bowing a little more politely at Lucius. “Lord Malfoy, thank-you for hiring me to teach Draco again this year”

“Thank-you for coming, Professor, Draco has not stopped talking about you all summer. Thank-you for agreeing to teach Harry as well. You remember Draco’s uncle, Severus Snape. Severus this is Professor Kazumiko Ninomiya”

“A pleasure as always”

“I am in your care once again, Professor” Nino bowed her head again at him before almost breaking her jaw in a yawn. “Sorry, I just flew in from Germany”

“Flew? On a broom? Why not use an international portkey?” Draco asked as the professor sat in the chair opposite Severus. Harry expected Draco to sit next to her but as he had done every day since he had arrived, he sat in the chair beside him and took his hand squeezing his fingers in a silent ask of ‘are you okay?’. Harry squeezed them back gently and the blonde smiled at him as Nino shrugged;

“I get too sick, plus I like the feeling of being on a broom, and I wasn’t alone, my fiancé was with me. We made a holiday of it...At least when he wasn’t covering Quidditch games”

“I still can’t believe you get into games for free!”
“Perks of dating a sports reporter, kid” Nino laughed and Harry marvelled at how different this woman was to anybody he had ever met. She was not the kind of person the Dursley’s would have liked, in fact she was the kind of person they would cross the street to avoid, she was foreign for a start, and she was down to earth in all the best ways.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this is okay, ninomiya kazumiko is the gender bent version of Ninomiya Kazunari from my favourite Japanese group Arashi xD
“Uncle Sev” Harry called following Severus out of the breakfast room with the shrunken package his mother had given him in her will. The teacher turned to look at him with a smile lighting his black eyes.

“What is it brat?”

“My mother left you a letter and a package in her will” Harry whispered carefully holding them out not surprised when the smile faded from Severus’ face and his eyes hardened. His tongue scraped over his thin lips as he eyed the package nervously as though it was going to jump out and strike him. “Uncle Luci shrunk it yesterday. She said that it was personal items. Um you can...Take it and look at it in private...”

“No, perhaps...Perhaps...I...If may, tonight I will return tonight and we can open it together?” Severus asked his tone so light Harry had to strain to hear it and Harry gave a nod recognising the plea in the man’s voice. He wanted to know what Lily had said but he was terrified. Harry still didn’t know what had happened between his mother and Severus but whatever it was he didn’t think it was something that she wouldn’t forgive him for. Everyone made mistakes after all.

“If you want me there, Uncle Sev, then I would be happy to be”

“Thank-you Harry, if you will keep it until tonight then” Severus gave him a very weak smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes and Harry wanted to hug him but he didn’t know if his touch would be welcome. He nodded again and slipped the shrunken letter and package back into his pocket and Severus gave a nod of his own. “Very good, you should go back and finish your breakfast, your first lesson with the much talked about Professor Ninomiya, you must be excited”

“Not as excited as I am about our next potion lesson”

“Cheeky flatterer” Severus laughed his face warm again and Harry felt happy he had managed to make the man relax once more. “Did you know your grandfather was quite the potioneer? He created the hair treatment that are taming those Potter locks of yours”

Harry laughed reaching up to touch his hair. After a week with the Malfoys his hair was softer than ever and had started to take on a natural curl that although not as tame as Draco’s was no the less no longer like a birds nest and he was rather fond of his hair now and the way it curled about his face. “Go back to your breakfast brat, I will see you tonight”

“Okay, Uncle Sev” Harry grinned happily watching the man turn smartly on his heel and walk away with his robes bellowing without even a hint of wind. It was impressive and Harry knew he had to be using a spell to make it happen.

*_*_*

“Shall we head to the summer house?” Nino asked with a smile after breakfast was finished and the support brace spell was once again fixed on Harry. As the healer had instructed over the weekend the brace was tighter today and seemed to twist in his left leg and all he wanted to do was cry but he didn’t want to embarrass himself in front of the teacher from Japan.
“Harry, you okay?” Draco asked softly ignoring the teacher his grey eyes searching his green ones. “Do you need some pain potion?”

“I’m fine, it just feels a little strange” Harry admitted breathlessly trying to walk but it was too much. Draco, in a fit of accidental magic summoned a chair and had him sit down. “Draco...”

“Harry, the healer told you not to ignore the pain! If it’s too much then I will tell mother, you don’t have to suffer” Draco huffed playing around with his fringe his fingers brushing over the scar on his forehead and Harry flushed for a minute looking at the teacher who was looking extremely concerned but was holding herself back from saying anything.

“But you...You have been so excited about Professor Ninomiya coming. I’m just messing things up”

“Harry! You could never mess anything up! Jinx!” Draco summoned the house elf who appeared instantly bowing low while wiping her hands on the hem of her pillow case.

“Yeses, Master Draco!”

“Tell mother that Harry is in too much pain from the brace, he can’t walk”

“Little Masters Harry!” Jinx gasped her eyes almost comically wide before she popped away to fetch Narcissa who had been heading to her nursery to tend to her roses. The matriarch of the Malfoy family appeared a moment or two later holding to Jinx.

“Harry dear, you are looking pale” She said letting go of the long fingers and coming to kneel in front of him her hands moving over his leg as he whispered;

“I’m sorry”

“Don’t apologise, where does it hurt?” She asked doing the massages she had been learning. Unlike before it didn’t give him the same relief and he just felt himself growing red under the look the professor was giving him. He had only just met her and he was behaving like a child, she was going to think he was a freak or a baby. “Harry, I can’t help if you don’t say, dear”

“My hips, it feels like my hip is twisting off” Harry bit out reluctantly his eyes falling away from the teacher as his ears turned a bright shade of red.

“Okay, the healer did say there would be more discomfort but I will not have you suffer” Narcissa waved her wand and cancelled the spell granting him immediate relief. “I will talk to the healer and have him come to you, perhaps the spell needs adjusting”

“I’m sorry”

“Sweet boy, you need not apologise. It is not your fault. We will get you right” She said with a smile rubbing further up his thigh over his hip and Nino cleared her throat giving him a small sympathetic smile;

“Brace spells are the worst, Harry, a friend of mine broke his spine, he fell off a camel, and had to have one, it took the healers several attempts to get the spell exactly right for him. The body is a strange thing and spells affecting it have to be an exact science”

“I’m sorry about your friend” Harry whispered not knowing what else to say about that statement. She didn’t seem to think that he was being a baby and that made him feel a little bit better.
“It’s okay! It was his own fault he was doing a handstand and Masaki is completely fine now and back to terrorising the wildlife of Asia” Nino smirked just a little but Harry had a feeling that she was in part telling the truth. “He is a magizoologist and I think part time clown and full time idiot. But I remember how much pain he was in, you are a brave kid, Harry” She reached out and ruffled his hair causing the curls to stick up at odd angles.

“You don’t know the half of it! Harry is the best!” Draco said in a happy voice his grey eyes shining a him. Harry flushed at the praise from his friend and looked at Narcissa who was nodding along while still rubbing his hip in slow and steady circles.

“You are, now I will do the spell from last week, okay? We’ll see if it hurts if it does you can go without it for today” She told him getting to her feet and pointing the wand at him. She murmured the spell and once again Harry’s bones felt as though the they were being pulled and squeezed but there was no pain this time. “You okay Harry?”

“Yes, Aunty Cissa” Harry answered and Narcissa dropped a kiss onto his forehead looking relieved as she saw the truth in his eyes.

“Good. Now go and enjoy your first lesson with Professor Ninomiya, I will floo the healer” She gently pushed them to the door and Draco took a hold of his hand saying primly:

“Your magic chose me Harry! I am not going to let it regret that! I will take care of you!”

“Aww, you’re a little knight in shining armour Draco!” Nino said with a small laugh almost skipping as she led them through the garden. Harry smiled shyly squeezing at Draco’s hand happy again that his magic had chosen Draco.

Chapter End Notes

There will be Snape opening the package and a skip to the meeting with Lupin in the next part! I really hope that this was okay ^_^ Again Masaki (Aiba Masaki) is a member of Arashi and a complete but lovable idiot who loves animals and works with them a lot to comical effect xD
“Did you enjoy your studies with professor Ninomiya?” Severus asked after dinner that night when they had moved to the potion’s lab alone. It was where Severus had wanted to go and Harry suspected that it filled him with a great deal of confidence to be there and that was what he seemed to need.

“It was interesting, she...She doesn’t seem to be like any teacher I’ve ever met before” Harry admitted thinking back on the lessons. They had been done in a pretty summer house in the middle of the Malfoy estate. Harry had learned it was also where she lived while she was here and the entire place was decorated with figures of strange cartoon characters and snow globes. Some were clearly magical with figures inside while some where just cheap and cheerful ones from gift shops. There had been no structure to the lessons, mostly they had just sat around and talked before play a game of chess and a strange Japanese game Harry had never heard of but Nino insisted was an ancient game. It was sort of like dominoes but the pieces were circular and there were pictures on them that either lied or told the truth. Harry had a hard time with guessing which was which. Thankfully Draco hadn’t done much better. “But maybe it was because she was tired”

“Maybe, or perhaps it is her style, which ever it is study hard, brat”

“I will do my best. Did you have a good day?” Harry asked and Severus gave him a thin-lipped smile his eyes betraying his feelings before his mouth did as he said dryly;

“I had to deal with back to back classes of idiots who lack yours or Draco’s ability to know which way a cauldron stands. In short it was awful”

“Why do you stay if you hate it professor?” Harry almost bit through his lip as the question slipped out before he could stop it. A flush started creeping its merry way up his neck and he waited for Severus to tell him off for asking too many questions but instead the black-haired potions master let out a dry bitter laugh answering with a flippant;

“Because I like to believe that one day somebody with a true talent for the subject will come forward. Or perhaps because I get my room and food provided for me, who can say?” His hand came to lightly squeeze at his shoulder and Harry gave him a very small smile “I have my reasons for staying. If only to see the downfall of meddling old men. He had been summoned to a meeting with the goblins, I admit I am eager to hear what they have to say to him. But now, we have delayed long enough and this has tortured me enough. Let us see what your mother has left for me”
“Ah, okay, are you sure you wouldn’t be happier alone?” Harry whispered pulling the box and letter from his pocket where they had been sitting all day. Severus tapped them with his wand and slowly they resized themselves taking up most of the space on the table. The potions master slowly dragged his tongue against his lips as he shook his head his hand reaching out nervously for the letter.

“No, I would very much like you to be here with me for this Harry” He said his finger lightly running over his name in the delicate script of Lily Potter. At the touch the letter jerked and shuddered in much the same way it had at the bank and Harry watched as lips formed in the page.

“Sev, my dear and oldest friend, if you are hearing this message then I have died. I hope that I have had the courage to talk to you face to face before I died. I have so much that I wish I could say to you. I’m sorry. For everything that happened between us and I miss you. Nothing could take away what happened between us but I wish that we could move on, I have a son, Harry, James has made Sirius Black his godfather on his side but when it came to me, I couldn’t choose. James said that I should pick Remus but, in my heart, I wanted you so he only has one godfather but I hope that when you meet him you will be kind, as you were to me. Sevy, Dumbledore told me, about what you did, that you told Voldemort and that is why he is after us...”

“Oh please...Stop” Severus begged and Harry was shocked to see tears streaming down the man’s face. He panicked for a moment and then slowly moved in hugging him around the middle. In a small distracted way Severus patted him on the head as the letter continued.

“I forgive you, please forgive yourself, don’t let Dumbledore manipulate you because of this. You deserve better...”

“How can you say that?” Severus whispered his hand trembling and Harry watched the letter surprised when it seemed to answer the question that was asked.

“Because you are my friend, we have changed so much but I know deep down that you are that same little boy that sat with me and taught me of magic. The boy who cried when we were sent into different houses. I’m sorry, Sevy, I should have fought harder when I saw you with those people, even when you pushed me away, I should have stayed. I am dead I cannot change anything now, but if you are listening to this then you are alive and you can change, you can be everything that you wanted.

I have to go, Harry is waking, I have left things for you, some things that you left with me, and some things that a godfather should have of his godson because no matter what you are the god
father of my son, Sevy. Live your life to the fullest and be happy. Your sister Lily-Rose Evans-Potter” The letter jerked for a moment and Harry thought it was going to change back into a letter again but then his father’s voice came out through the lips. It sounded rushed and whispering;

“Severus, I’m truly sorry for all that I did to you during our time at Hogwarts. Dumbledore told us what you did and honestly, I wanted to kill you but then I sat with Harry and I thought about it. I am still angry for what you did and if I survive, I will probably punch you at some point but then I would forgive you, eventually, probably, look I’m trying here. You didn’t know it would be us, but you know that it would be somebody...But I also know that I had a lot to do with the way you turned out and I am sorry for it Severus. I was a class A idiot, spoiled in the extreme...I’m sorry...I wish things could have been different between us, maybe if I had known that you and lily weren’t...no excuse, but yeah...Crap, Lily’s coming. Goodbye Severus...Live your life well, that’s how you can make it up to us, live your life better...”

The letter dropped down back to being just a letter again and Severus slipped to the floor clinging to Harry who just stood awkwardly. He didn’t understand half of what had been in the letter but he knew that his friend was hurting and he wished he could make it better for him somehow. He had never seen a man cry before, Vernon had said that only poofs and faggots cried not real men, but Harry was positive that, like everything else, Vernon was wrong about that.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope that this is okay, sorry for no lupin but he's coming xD
“You have every right to ask” Severus said later when he had stopped crying. They were still in a tangled heap on the floor and Harry frowned in genuine confusion asking;

“Ask what, uncle Sev?”

“What your parents meant when they said that I was the reason the dark lord was after them” Severus whispered and Harry felt something niggling in his stomach at the words. He was curious, he had to admit that but if it was too much for Severus then he didn’t want to hear it now. “I was in Hogsmeade one night when I happened upon Dumbledore in one of the pubs” Severus said quickly before Harry could tell him that it could wait “He was interviewing a new divination teacher. I was so far gone with my belief in the dark lord that I listened. Most of it was absolute rubbish, I was pretty sure she couldn’t foresee snow in the artic but then, matters changed. Her voice changed and she spoke of one that would bring about the fall of the Dark Lord. I went to him, I told him what I had heard. He determined that it would be the Potters. You see Harry I am the reason you don’t have your parents...” Harry felt tears running down his face. Pain like nothing he had experience before was stabbing at his heart. His grip around the man stiffened and Severus felt it his voice low and broken as he gasped out “How they can say they forgive me...Recoil in horror Harry, hate me as I deserve...”

“I don’t hate you, Uncle Sev” Harry said eventually his face pressed into the thin chest of the older man. He smelt of herbs and spices and smoke that came from standing around cauldrons all day. He thought that he was odd, maybe he should have reacted with anger at the confession but he truly didn’t hate the man that was crying beside him. His life would have perhaps been different if Snape hadn’t have told Voldemort but was it likely? Was it normal for headmasters to conduct interviews in pubs? Didn’t they have an office? And if not why didn’t they put up a privacy spell? Uncle Lucius used them all the time when they were in public. “I think Dumbledore had been manipulating you for a long time, Uncle Sev, maybe he didn’t know that it would be you but I think he expected somebody to hear them that night’

“How can you be so forgiving Harry?”

“Because I think you have punished yourself enough, Uncle Sev, you weren’t much older than a child, you were at war...” Harry remembered watching a documentary in History class about a Jewish woman who met with a German soldier after the war. He had never understood the words that she had said then. He, like the rest of his class, had wondered how she could be so forgiving when she had suffered so much but he could always remember the words. “You were a small part of a big war. You made mistakes and you will carry that with you always but it is your actions now
that will determine the type of man you are. If I hate you, I will never know peace, you have to live your life with the weight of your actions. I will not add to that. If you truly seek redemption live your life well...My parents wanted that for you too…”

“…Harry how I wish I could go back and change it…”

“You can’t, Uncle Sev’ and if it wasn’t you it would have been somebody else. Dumbledore planned it. Why else have a meeting in a pub during a war? I don’t understand why but he did, I’m sure of it i there a way that he could have…Known what she would say and manipulate it so she would say it where he was heard?” Harry bit on the inside of his cheek looking into the black unfathomable eyes of the Hogwarts professor who seemed to take in everything he said before slowly nodding.

“A time turner could work, I suppose. He could perhaps have had the meeting in his office over heard the prophecy and then realised he could use it to his advantage” Severus answered though he sounded a little doubtful. His throat sounded raw from the harsh tears he had been crying but he looked physically more in control of himself again.

“Um, what’s a time turner?”

“A magical device that allows one to travel back in time. It cannot be used for long distances and there is always a risk for meddling with time but...The ministry controls all the time turners, unless he has somehow mastered...” While Severus spoke Harry could tell he was growing more convinced of the idea and Harry allowed himself to smile just a little “Harry, it is possible that you are on to something. Dumbledore always seems to have the upper hand, always seems to know too much and appears to be in multiple places all at once...But we should not get a head of ourselves. Allow me to do some investigation, we shall see…”

“I’m glad you’re feeling better Uncle Severus” Harry smiled hugging the man tightly and burying his face into his neck. The herb and spice mix were stonger there and he breathed it in as Severus awkwardly patted his back.

“I have no idea how you can forgive me, but I promise your forgiveness will not be misplaced Harry” The potions master said and Harry hugged him ever more tightly before pulling away and eying the package still on the table.

“Do you want to open it another time?
“No, I think it best if I do it now, Brat” Severus answered summoning the package to his hands and slowly lifting the lid. Harry wasn’t sure if he should look or not but when he peered inside, he was surprised by the odd mixture of items. The largest being a photo in a picture frame of two children. One a boy in all black and the other a girl, sitting side by side on a swing eating ice-cream. The picture didn’t move telling Harry that it was a muggle photograph and the writing on the frame declared ‘Best Friends for Ever’. “I made your mother the frame, I had no idea she had kept it...” Severus whispered in wonder as he stroked a finger over the picture before moving onto the other items. An acorn, pinecone, and dried leaves were under the picture along with a pencil with a rubber topper shaped like a rabbit. “Your mother she was fond of the topper in the corner shop next to the store. I bought it her for her birthday we passed it back and forth between ourselves when we had exams. When we fell out...I never saw it again, I assumed she had gotten rid of it...”

“Clearly she didn’t, she still loved you Severus”

“Yes, I believe she did...” Severus’ eyes were wet again as he lifted out a small separate box that had the golden words for the God Father printed on the front. Opening it up Harry heard Severus gasp loudly as he lifted a vial with red liquid from the inside along with a lock of hair tied with a blue ribbon, a stamped foot print of a baby’s foot and a small photograph with the words ‘Quod verum estin nomine filii me est; Hadrien Junius Peverell’ “My true name is Hadrien Junius Peverell, Harry your mother has left me everything I need to make a blood adoption potion...”

Chapter End Notes

The Jewish ladys speech was from a survivor I met at a holocaust memorial service when I was a child. I never got her name but she was an amazingly brave woman

Seriously lupin will appear soon
“Are you sure, Severus?”

“Yes, I am certain of it” Severus nodded not even pretending to be offended by Narcissa’s question. It was an understandable one but he could see the pinched look in her face and the way she was worrying at her lip. With the curse on her family she would never be able to blood adopt Harry it was far too risky as they didn’t know how the curse could affect him but he knew that she would long to adopt him in anyway possible an blood adoption was the highest kind of adoption it was as good as birthing the boy. “We can not act on this yet, the potion is a delicate one to brew and the affects on Harry’s already fragile body would be too much but as you are Harry’s guardians I thought you ought to know”

“I cannot blood adopt him. It would make him as good as my child and the curse...” Narcissa whispered her hand clenching and unclenching ever so slightly her hand almost going to her stomach her mind no doubt lost in the thoughts of the children that she had loved and lost before ever meeting them.

“I had given that some thought, if we were to go through with this option, if that was what Harry wanted, I thought that I would adopt him by blood and then sign him over to you as guardians. I would make for a terrible parent I am happy enough to be uncle and godfather, but it would make sure that Dumbledore would not be able to get his hands on him”

“It would still make him your legal heir Severus, and heir to the Prince line” Lucius hummed taking Narcissa’s hand in his to stop her from digging into the palms. The ancient head of the Weasley family had a lot to answer for, for placing such a curse and for not knowing how to break it. Their land and titles had been stripped from them but the fact that they could have so many healthy children was a sore spot for the Malfoy’s. Severus shrugged at the mention of Harry being his heir, he had never thought that he would have one having decided to pass on what monies and titles he had to Draco when the time came.

“Then I will have achieved more than my grandfather believed I would” He said with a shudder remembering the bitter twisted old wizard who had denounced him rather thoroughly whenever he had the chance. He had been forbidden any recognition from the Prince line but his heir would still be entitled to it. There was no money, the old man had drunk it all away but there was a title and a seat on the council. “But this is all a matter for another time, for now I will look into the other matter, the prophecy...I can’t believe I never questioned by the meeting would be taking place there of all places”
“You did not want to think of such things, it is after all the moment you truly believed you lost your friend”

“How I wish I had gone to her before Dumbledore”

“You cannot change the past Severus, my dear friend, I know that as much as you, but we can both work to be better. Know that in her final moments she was still your friend” Lucius clasped him tightly on his shoulder his grey eyes warmer than they normally seemed and Severus managed a smile nodding his head. He had given the photo of himself and Lily to Harry who had happily taken it to show Draco before putting it in his bedroom when he had been sent to bed.

“I will take comfort in that and take courage in it, I feel as though I will have a very great need of it when I am to meet with Lupin next week” Severus almost let out a pitiful moan at the thought of meeting the werewolf. There had been a time when he had thought that there might have been the possibility of friendship between himself and the sandy haired Gryffindor who was less like Black and Potter. Perhaps even the thought of more had crossed his mind more than once as a gangly youth.

Although a part of their group Lupin was more often than not in the Library when he wasn’t sick and had seemed more friends with Lily than James. The tentative friendship had soured when Severus had fallen in with the wrong crowd and it had been irreparable after he had found the truth. Not because he had anything against Lupin he couldn’t help that he had suffered the curse, but because there had been no punishment for Black. Dumbledore had put it down to youthful ignorance but Severus refused to believe it was anything more than an attempt on his life. Severus was also angry that Lupin didn’t seem to fall out with Black.

“I am still unsure of Harry meeting with a Werewolf”

“Lupin is nothing like...Fenrir” Severus said swiftly knowing that Lupin would throw himself under the Hogwarts express rather than hurt Harry and he had made sure that the meeting time was not near the full moon. “I will be with Harry every step of the way, I assure you”

“I know, but you can’t blame me for worrying more so as you are so close to Hogwarts”

“I promise that no harm will come to Harry” Severus swore masking his own nerves a lot better now that he had to calm somebody else’s. Narcissa didn’t look much calmer but still she gave him a thin smile and a nod.
“Very well that is all we can ask for”

A week later

“Welcome to Three Broomsticks, Harry” Severus said softly as he, Draco and Harry stepped out of the floo into the Three Broomsticks. The pub itself was a cosy place with so much wood it was easy to see how much forest had had to be destroyed to make it. There were wooden beams in the walls, overhead, the floor was made of wood, as were all the sturdy tables and chairs. It hadn’t changed since he was a student but that was hardly surprising as it was completely possible that it hadn’t changed since 1542 when it first opened. As it was the middle of the week the place was mercifully empty baring a few locals and tourists.

“Wow, its...Beautiful, and old”

“Yes, the whole village is much the same, we shall have time to explore a little later, for now I see Lupin” Severus motioned to a corner table where a man with sandy brown hair and shabby looking robes. He hadn’t changed much since they were younger, Severus thought noting how pale and tired Lupin was and how his amber eyes moved from the door to the clock on wall. Several empty bottles of chocolate milk drink were scattered on the table around him and Severus remembered that Lupin was fond of chocolate and always seemed to have a bar stashed away about his person. Harry moved slowly into his side as he always did when he was nervous clutching tightly to Draco’s hand. “It will be fine, brat, I’m here. As is Draco and Jinx is only a shout away, nothing can hurt you”
“Mr Greenfield?” Harry gasped in surprise as they approached the table in the furthest corner of the inn recognising the sandy haired man waiting nervously as the kind student teacher who had allowed him to sit with him in breaks. Harry had requested that Snape cast a privacy charm over the table, there weren’t many people in but that didn’t mean he was comfortable in having them listen in to his conversations.

“Hullo Harry, it seems you remember me” The man smiled from under a scrappy moustache that matched the colour of his hair perfectly. Harry felt deeply confused but he was matched in that by the way Severus was looking between them. His black hairs were unfathomable as always but his tone was light as he said softly;

“Greenfield?”

“...I...I took the position in Harry’s muggle school for a few months, I was afraid that Dumbledore would stop me if I used my real name” Green...Lupin said his tone calming as he motioned for them to sit in front of him. Harryy sat still clinging to Draco’s hand not caring if the man thought he was strange. He couldn’t believe that the one nice teacher was somebody from his parents’ past. He was happy to see him again but at the same time he was angry that Remus hadn’t told him the truth back then. “It is good to see you again Harry”

“And you sir”

“Please, just call me Remus” Remus gave him a smile that caused his amber eyes to shine and it made his tired face seem a lot younger. Neither Remus or Severus were physically very old but both men had lines of aging more deeply etched into their faces. Remus’ hair was sprinkled with liberal amounts of grey and yet it looked nice, almost as though it was styled that way. Even in that dusty science room Harry had felt comfortable with him and that was no different now even if he was hurting at not being told the whole truth. Remus looked at Draco and gave him a smile of his own saying “There is no hiding who you are, you are surely the son of Lucius Malfoy”

“Draco Malfoy”

“Dray is my best friend” Harry said quickly not wanting Remus to think badly of him when he knew that Remus didn’t trust the Malfoys’.
“I see, then I am very happy to meet you, Heir Malfoy” Remus was polite bowing his head at Draco who gracefully rolled his shoulders into a stiff shrug that Harry had seen Lucius do. It was stiff and awkward but it was something that would be perfect when he grew.

“Draco will be fine, Mr Lupin”

“Remus, please, would you care for a butterbeer or I could recommend the unicorn chocolate milk?” Remus said with a lazy awkward smile his fingers running through his sandy hair nerves tingling through his body. Harry wanted to agree but he also knew that he had to follow his programme strictly if he wanted to be off potions and treatments before attending Hogwarts next year so he turned to Severus and asked;

“Am I allowed, Uncle Sev’?”

“A single butterbeer won’t trouble your potions but only one mind, brat” Severus gave him his regular fond smile, something that had become more affectionate in the last week and Harry returned it with a smile of his own before turning back to Lupin who had slack jawed expression on his face.

“A butterbeer, would be nice, thank-you”

“I, yes, and for you as well, Draco?” The man asked and Draco gave him a nod “Very well, and for you Severus?”

“I will have a black coffee”

“Some things never change, I will be back in a moment” Remus collected some of his empty bottles and scurried away from the table to go to the bar and Severus and Draco both asked him about Greenfield and Harry gave them the rundown of his brief relationship with Remus Lupin or Paul Greenfield as he had known him.

“The Dudley creature is awful, shame he is too young to go on trial” Draco huffed as Lupin came back to the table with a tray of drinks floating at his side. He handed them out and then moved back into his own seat nursing a chocolate milk. Harry sipped slowly at the Butterbeer not wanting to rush it while the table lapsed in to a stretched out uncomfortable silence. The bubble of the privacy spell stopped any sounds coming in from outside its radius and all they could hear was the
sounds of their own breathing and the slow sipping of their drinks.

“Um...It is really good to see you, Harry, I was worried when Dumbledore had said you had left your aunt and uncle, not because I think you should go back there, Lils was very vocal about how you were not to be left there...” Remus hummed giving him a sad smile and Harry felt his anger prickle as he almost growled out;

“Why did you leave me? You came as a teacher, you were nice to me, why couldn’t you...”

“I tried Harry, believe me I did, I went to Dumbledore, but he said you had to be there. I fought and argued with him until I was blue in the face. But it was no good. If I could have I would have taken you away from there the way the Malfoy’s did” Remus slid down into the seat one hand clutching his chocolate milk and the other clutching at his chest through his robes. It was a habit Harry had noticed while he was at the school, whenever he was stressed he clutched at his chest opposite his heart.

“Why not go to the ministry?” Draco asked the next question that had come to Harry’s lips and the sandy haired man let out a twisted bitter laugh.

“The would listen to me even less than Dumbledore would. The truth is, they trust me less then the wizarding population trust your parents” Lupin drained his chocolate drink and then stared at the bottle clearly wishing it was something stronger. His thumb nail scrapped at the name plate on the bottle while he continued to rub and clench at his chest. It reminded Harry of when he clawed at his neck. “The truth is Harry, I...I am a werewolf”

“A werewolf?”

“Yes, I was inflicted with the curse when I was very young” Lupin managed to rip the brand name of the bottle while the two ten year olds started at him with open mouths while Severus stayed impassive sipping his bitter coffee while watching the scene play out in front of him.

Chapter End Notes

i really hope that this is okay
“...A werewolf?” Harry repeated again looking to Severus for confirmation that such things did actually exist and that the man wasn’t just making excuses. The potions master nodded slowly his movements graceful as hummed;

“It is true, brat, it wasn’t my place to tell you”

“Thank-you, Severus” Remus whispered and Severus just rolled his shoulders slowly. “Although my curse only affects me once a month the ministry view me as a dark creature and as such wouldn’t even return messages to the owls I sent them about you and my concerns” An animalistic growl left the man’s throat before he could get himself under control again. It didn’t stop the anger Harry could see in the man’s eyes or the sadness as he wrung his hands through his hair and chewed hard on his lower lip. “The only Auror that did reply was Kingsley Shacklebolt and that was only a few days ago. I am sorry Harry, but if I had been the one to take you, they would have screamed kidnap. I wouldn’t have even been able to argue my case before being thrown to the dementors to be kissed”

Harry didn’t understand what he meant by the dementors but it seemed that Draco did as his hand tightened on his and he gave a full body shiver. Severus didn’t look very comfortable either as he drained his coffee.

“Just as Dumbledore is trying to claim with the Malfoys. Lucius and Narcissa have the power and skills to fight back. Lupin is just a werewolf, brat, I believe what Lupin is saying, he may be many things, but a liar is not one of them” Severus hummed thoughtfully just as an alarm sounded from his wand. “It is time for your potion”

“Okay, Uncle Sev, I trust you” Harry mumbled slowly with meaning as he was handed the small vial of green potion that he himself had helped brew. Severus had helped him to get it to taste like butterscotch, at least a little, it was designed to help his digestion. Too many rich foods with the Malfoys’ had started to cause him to have a stomach ache. Remus watched him drink the potion with his strange amber eyes and Harry wondered if he was worried what it was. “A digestion potion. My stomach...Is sensitive”

“Harry had been more than half starved for most his life, he is on a strict Healer controlled diet and potion regime. However he, is doing extremely well” Severus offered him a warm smile that dulled the harshness of his words and Harry gave him a smile leaning closer into Draco as his cheeks flushed with pride and embarrassment.

“Yes, because you make the potions taste nice, Uncle Sev’”

“Yes, causing me many headaches trying to find flavours that don’t ruin the potions and make them useless. However it is a small price to pay to see you recovering, brat, would anyone care for another drink? You can have a fruit juice and nothing more” Severus rose from his seat and grabbed his empty coffee cup. Remus agreed asking for a coffee himself this time while Draco asked for a fruit juice as well refusing to have another butterbeer if Harry couldn’t. It was one of the many ways Draco showed him how much he cared following the same diet plan as him and making sure that he was there at all of his healers appointments to make sure he knew what was needed.
“My father left you some money and a letter in his will” Harry told his former teacher softly when he realised that they had slipped into silence. He reached into his pocket with his free hand and slipped the shrunken letter across the table.

“I never knew he had left a will”

“Dumbledork tried to keep it pretty well hidden. Refused to let it be read. When father requested Harry’s key because the ministry wanted to check if there was a will he said that he had lost Harry’s key. The Goblins were very angry, which only got worse when Dumble-dweeb said that the will had been tampered with because Lily said that Dumble-dunce wasn’t allowed anywhere near Harry” Draco told Lupin happily his eyes sparkling as he used three stupid nicknames for Dumbledore. The names made Harry giggle ever so slightly but he was watching Lupin’s face waiting for his reaction surprised when he let out a laugh and whispered;

“Your father would call him Dumble-dick when he thought he could get away with it and Bummedonfloor”

“You and my dad were good friends? Uncle Sev’ told me that you would have better memories of dad than he did, it’s why he suggested that I write to you” Harry told the man who looked surprised by that and somewhat hurt as he asked;

“The only reason?”

“I didn’t even know you existed. I didn’t know anything about my parents until Draco wrote to me. The Dursley’s told me that my father was a drunk and a dead beat and he and mum died in a car crash...”

“Your father was a very good friend to me, when I believed it was better that I didn’t have friends. He wasn’t a saint Harry, there were times he could be very cruel, spoilt, and selfish and there were times...Or one particular time when I wished I had made a different choice but at the end of the day he was a good friend to me, as was your mother and I am truly grateful that I got to know them both” Remus gave him a sad smile and Harry had a feeling that unlike Severus, Remus had come to terms with the deaths of his friends but then again he hadn’t had the weight of guilt crushing him and Dumbledore twisting that even more. “I will be happy to tell you my memories of him, but, I would also like you to stay in touch because you wanted to. I know that you don’t have any reason to believe me but I tried to get you away from the Dursley’s”

“I believe you, Dumbledore wanted me with the Dursley’s I don’t know why but I believe you and I will be happy to get to know you as Remus Lupin and not Paul Greenfield”

“Thank you for this Harry. I won’t let you down...And thank you for the letter. Should I read it now?”

“Um, I dunno, the will was actually a voice recording as was mum’s letter to Uncle Sev’ so yours might be the same” Harry remarked and Remus pulled out his wand and muttered a spell causing the letter to glow bright green for a moment or two.

“Yes, this is also a vocal will, I will listen to it later. Perhaps you can listen with me” He said and Harry gave a nod while Severus’ shadow fell across the table. On the tray were not only drinks but also four of the largest glazed doughnuts topped with sprinkles and filled with Treacle that Harry had ever seen. They were as big as his head and would need to be eaten with a knife and fork. Harry’s mouth watered as he looked at them but he couldn’t help but wonder;
“Am I allowed to eat that Uncle Sev’?”

“Fear not, Harry these are Madam Rosmerta’s special doughnuts, in spite of appearance they have surprisingly good nutritional value and not as unhealthy as they may appear”

“Rosmerta’s been around kids long enough to know what they like Harry and what they actually need” Remus said taking on of the Doughnuts with a pale flush coming to his cheeks. “Thanks Severus”

“You’re welcome. Eat, we will have some time to wander around Hogsmeade, would you care to join us, Lupin”

“Yes, I would like that, Severus”

Chapter End Notes

i hope this is okay
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Remus had always liked the village of Hogsmeade. It was as petty as a picture with small country cottage style houses with wooden doors and thatched roofs. In any season it looked like a John Constable painting and he had always wanted to be able to afford one of the cottages with the thatched roofs. He could imagine himself in a pretty garden with flowers creeping up over the door. He had only shared that dream with one person, Lily, who always teased him that maybe there would be a dark-haired man with a big nose inside. She was also the only one of his childhood friends that knew about his sexuality. He hadn’t been able to tell James, Sirius, or Peter, scared that that might have been one revelation too far even for his most accepting of friends and even if they didn’t mind they wouldn’t have accepted his attraction to Severus.

Remus risked a sidewise glance at Severus. He had changed little from when he was a child though he had perhaps grown into his nose. He wasn’t attractive in the strictest sense of the word, he never had been, but Remus had always felt a pull towards him. His dark sarcastic humour, his intelligence, and his nibble fingers when he had worked with potions ingredients. When Black had pulled his ‘prank’ and almost killed the dark-haired teen Remus had been mortified, pulling himself away from him terrified of seeing the fear and hate in his face. He wished more than once he had spoken to Severus wanting to explain but he hadn’t and no good came from trying to change the past.

Seeing him today with Harry and Draco, the fond and genuinely happy smiles on his face as he showed the boys the village that they would one day visit brought back his feelings but he squished them down. What could a broken and twisted werewolf offer? He was unemployable, the curse made it impossible to be around people on the full moon and the small sum of money his parents had left him was almost dried up.

“There has been some progress made with the wolf’s curse potion, Lupin, it was mentioned in the Journal I am taken to reading” Severus hummed as they waited for the boys outside of Zonkos joke shop. Severus had forbidden them from buying anything but Draco had insisted on showing Harry.

“And what does Wolf’s Curse do Severus?” Remus asked wrinkling his nose at the name. It sounded almost like a poison over a potion. Severus stuffed his hands into the pocket of his robe and leaned back against the wall of Zonkos with one foot lifted as he answered in a light tone;

“The report claims that it makes it possible that the sufferer keeps his mind during full moons. I have looked into it myself and the theory is sound, he believes that he will have such a potion ready in ten years”

“A long-time” Remus muttered sadly, a potion like that would be an amazing thing, he would like nothing more than to be able to keep his mind during transformations. Severus let out a scoffing noise, Remus remembered the noise from when they were young, it was the sound the slytherin let out whenever he thought the rest of the world was being slow and stupid on purpose.

“Yes, but that is because he is an idiot, I am not. I have been developing a similar potion myself and I believe that it will work, however I have not had a werewolf to test it on”

“You would let me test it?” Remus gasped staring at the man who was staring down at an ant on the floor as if it was the most interesting thing he had ever seen. A faint trace of red was in his
cheeks however and Remus felt like smiling.

“You would be doing me a favour if you would. I assure you that it wouldn’t kill you”

“I trust you. But I couldn’t afford...”

“You would be testing an untested and unproven potion Lupin, in cases like these the potion master supplying the potion pays you” Severus rolled his eyes looking away from the ant so he could look up at him and Remus felt his mouth dropping open before he managed to squeak;

“But if it works”

“You will still be a werewolf, there would still be a risk but you would be able to keep your mind. Curl up into a nice dog bed and sleep the night away perhaps” The delivery was dry and almost cruel but Remus knew that he was only teasing. “I admit that asking you was one of the reasons I agreed to accompany Harry today and of course because I believed he deserved somebody that would tell him some good of his father...He apologised to me, Lily wrote to me saying that she would have wanted me for the boys godfather but Potter spoke an add on, and he apologised...And forgave me...Just as Harry did”

“You care a lot for Harry, don’t you?”

“I admit that much. He is growing into a brat, but a sweet one, and he has been through so much and there is so much he still needs to go through. He needs good people on his side”

“Like the Malfoys?”

“The Malfoys have taken him to their hearts. You should visit and see them with him, speaking of which, if all went well today, Narcissa has invited you to the manor for lunch next week. They may not be a light family but they are a good one you should come and see that for yourself” Severus pulled a small letter from his pocket and handed it over and Remus chuckled lightly as he saw his name in a golden swirl. He hadn’t known what to expect in this meeting. He had hoped that it would all go well but he hadn’t known how Severus would act around him but now he had the promise of potion that would help him and an invitation for dinner at Malfoy manor.

“Will they be officially adopting Harry?”

“They might do, at the moment though Dumbledore is doing everything he can to convince people that they have kidnapped the boy and are manipulating him”

“He wrote to me after Harry did. He said the same things to me, and said that as an old friend of his fathers I should be able to convince him to go back where he belonged and that it was for the greater good” Remus muttered somehow managing to keep the growl out of his voice though he could feel the wolf beneath the surface. The wolf had taken a liking to Harry when he had been acting as Greenfield and it had hated the smell of bruises Harry always seemed to have clinging to his body.

“How did you respond?”

“I threw his letter into the fire, as I am sure he did the majority of mine when I tried to tell him how Harry had been suffering. Shall I go in and see where they are?”

“like I would trust you in a Joke shop with Potter’s son” Severus muttered dryly and Remus gave a smile feeling suddenly like he was a teen again as he darted inside calling out;
“Catch me if you can”

Chapter End Notes

This will be Severus and Remus (Sorry if people wanted Tonks she will be here but not with Remus)
Chapter 53

Zonkos’ was a child’s paradise of multi-coloured items with strange and exotic names. Harry tried his best to read the names of everything but there was always something more to see and he was sure he had forgotten more than he had read though potions like turn your friend’s skin green and befuddle your enemies by making them cluck like a chicken were some that were going to stick in his mind. Draco’s hand was tightly clasped to his as they made their way around the store and Harry was glad that no matter how excited he got Draco was always there to make sure he was okay.

“Draco, over here” An unfamiliar voice said and Harry turned nervously to see two boys the same age as them standing to one side of the store. The one that had spoken was dark skinned with sculpted features that he hadn’t quite grown into yet but he would. Harry imagined that when he was older he would have the chiselled looks of one of the Greek statues he had seen photos of in school books. His eyes were a chocolate brown with a bored expression his arms folded over the expensive clothes he was wearing. While the other boy was thin and lanky for his age. His skin was ashen white and there were purple bags under each eye. His hair was jet black however and his eyes were so blue they were almost unreal.

“Blaise, Theo, what an unexpected pleasure to see you both” Draco said smiling as he kept his hands against Harry’s. “Hadrian, may I present my friends? Heir Blaise Zabini and Heir Theodore Nott. Blaise, Theo, this is my cousin, Hadrian Black”

“How do you do?”

“How do you do, Pans said that you had a relative staying. I thought for sure he would be your double” Theo said his voice higher and breathy but still maintaining a level of calm and stilted politeness that Harry was sure he would never achieve. Draco stiffened just a fraction and Harry thought, as he hadn’t heard of them, they weren’t people Draco thought of as friends but were instead just children he knew.

“How do you do?"

“He shared a godfather? Why have we not heard of Master Black before?”

“What do we have here George? Little Firsties?” A new unfamiliar voice asked before Draco could answer and Harry yelped as an unfamiliar arm wrapped itself around his shoulders. The action caused him to dip and pain flooded through him from the magical braces around his body.
He twisted out of the grip turning to see two identical red haired boys grinning down at them. Neither one looked in the slightest bit bothered by the fact they had caused him pain, though it was possible that they didn’t know and just thought he was scared by their appearance. They were wearing black robes with a red and gold tie and the Gryffindor crest on their breasts. Their eyes were a watery blue and freckles decorated pale skin.

“Harry? Are you okay?” Draco asked swiftly patting him down gently before turning and glaring at the older boys his free hand coming to rest on his hip in a move that was almost an exact replica of Narcissa though the look in his eyes was pure Lucius. “How dare you! Touching somebody without invitation! Of course, from your hair you are Weasley’s, of course you don’t know any better”

“Oh, what’s that supposed to mean?” The twins growled together their grins fading as anger flashed through their eyes and Harry felt himself reaching to claw at his neck. It had been a while but he bite of his nails calmed him until Draco reached up and took his other hand.

“That you have less manners than a common pig. When you hurt somebody the first thing you should do is apologise” The blonde growled spitting venom at the twins. Harry stared open mouthed not knowing what to do or say. His cheeks were flaming brightly while his insides felt as though they were churning with a nest of snakes. He could barely draw breath and yet his lungs were hurting, like he had been breathing too hard for a long time. His head was spinning and the looks from the twins was making him want to throw up.

“Hurt? I barely touched him!”

“Without consent! You uncouth, unmannered swine!” Draco spat moving Harry slowly behind him before moving closer to the angry older boy who was just growing ever more angry. Patrons and staff were edging towards them as boxes around them started to shake.

“You little runt! There is no need to ask who you are! Just like your father! Always looking down your nose at people! Just because your dad bought his way out of Azkaban...” An icy wind whipped around the store and Harry was positive that the light dimmed. A moment later a shadow fell over all of them and Harry blinked slowly.

“Mr Weasley and Mr Weasley, how unexpected to see you both here, during a weekday...” Severus’ voice was music to his ears and a balm to his heart. He could tell that the Weasley twins had different feelings. Their faces had grown white and their eyes were bulged out of their heads. “I am almost certain that you should both be in a history of magic right now, not terrorising children”

“We didn’t do anything, they started it” The twins spoke together but Severus was looking as though Christmas had come early. His hands were on the shoulders of the two boys and Harry could see that he was holding them firmly but gently so as not to hurt them. Remus was hovering at his shoulder his golden eyes watching Harry with concern.

“I don’t care who started it, the question remains, what are two Hogwarts students doing out on a school day? Remus, I will need to take this pair back to the school before I can take Draco and Harry home, would you mind watching them?”

“No at all”

“Out of here. Harry would be able to have another butterbeer. I will be back in a few moments”
the twins will not be bad but they didn't make the best first impression >.<
“How dare you both!” Severus snapped dragging the errant Weasley twins through the village of Hogsmeade anger burning like a hot flame in his stomach. Everything had been going so well, Harry had been enjoying himself and there had been a flicker of something with Lupin, he was sure of it, the way the other man had looked when he had darted into Zonkos was something that he would perhaps allow himself to remember fondly later. Then everything had come crashing down around his ears, the terror he had seen in his Harry’s face and the anger in Draco’s. His godson had been like a fierce lion staring down both boys and Severus was sure Lucius would be proud but it shouldn’t have happened “300 points from both of you”

“What!? But that’s not fair! We haven’t even got that many points, we’ll be in the negative” The boys shouted together wriggling even more in his grip as they tried to escape. Severus held them more tightly. He would never admit it aloud, even on pain of death, but he had had hopes for the twins last year. Of the red haired brood that had stepped across the threshold of Hogwarts they were the only ones that had shown any promise in potions. Unfortunately, they had soon shown themselves to be as bad as Potter and his merry band of loons. Not a day went by when they weren’t blowing something up or running wild.

“You should have thought about that before you snuck out of school and attacked a child” He sneered gripping them a little tighter forcing them up the long drive towards Hogwarts. He would love to know how they managed to get out of the school, perhaps he should enquire to Lupin he was a part of Potter’s company and he knew for sure that they managed to get out of the school a few times.

“I didn’t attack him I just touched him! It’s not my fault he’s a spoilt rich boy!” The twin to his left snarled and that caused even more anger to burn inside of Severus. Harry’s pale face and the way he was being held by both hands meaning that Draco had had to stop him from clawing at his neck. It was not the pain that had affected him so, but the panic of having two people he didn’t know looming over him. He knew the twins though and he knew that neither had a vicious bone in their bodies but they needed to learn.

“Silence! You know nothing of the boy you have just met. Listen well for I shall tell you this only once and you may learn something” He spat stopping and releasing them so suddenly they jerked forward and almost fell on their faces. “That boy you have just upset is my godson” He said knowing that although it wasn’t official he had the same level of responsibility to Harry that he had to Draco. Fred and George stared at each other with wide eyes their faces paling even more. “The upbringing he has had would be enough to even take the shade out of your hair. You can not assume that you can go through the world believing that everyone in it has had the same happy upbringing you have had. You are a pair of bumbling apes but your hearts, for the most part, are in the right place and I believe that you would never do anything intentionally that would cause
serious harm or injury but injury is not always of a physical kind”

“...He did look really frightened, Fred...” George muttered the anger leaving his eyes as slowly his mind started to understand what Severus was telling him. Fred nodded slowly the Adam’s apple, which was just forming in his throat, bobbing up and down.

“Yeah, he was a bit. We’re sorry for scaring him, we din’t mean too, it was an accident, we didn’t think...” The boy said his twin echoing the words and in another life the words would have fallen on a stony heart but Severus was not the same man he had been several weeks ago. Now he had a green eyed child who knew the worst of him and had forgiven him.

“Clearly, it is not me you should be apologising to. But I will give you back 100 of the points you have lost, the other 500 remain for sneaking out of school. I will give you a further 50 points back if you produce an essay for me on the properties of Foxglove and Wizards breath for your next lesson. Now back to school and next time think before you act” He said pointing up the drive well aware that he hadn’t even issued them with a detention. He was going soft, he thought making sure they entered the gates, it had been mere weeks since Harry had come into his life and he was going soft. There was a real possibility that when Harry arrived at Hogwarts next year he might even smile at the class. So long as his eyes didn’t start twinkling. “History of Magic is almost finished, you should head to your next class”

“Yes, professor” The twins said with a bob of their heads before they made a run for the castle obviously realising that they hadn’t been given a detention and didn’t want to stay around in case Severus could think of one. The potions master watched them vanish into the arched doorway of the castle and then made his way back down the drive. He waited until he was through the wards before swirling his magic around him and cracking with apparition to the Three Broomsticks.

*-*-*

“Harry, how are you feeling?” Remus asked while Draco stroked Harry’s hands gently. His friend had started to calm down some now but Draco could see that his face was still pinched and he had bitten through his bottom lip producing a little bit of blood. The pain couldn’t have been that bad but it was the fear of the two Weasley’s that had done the damage. Remus had brought them to a private room in the inn not wanting Harry to be gawped at by strangers and it was small and cheery but Draco doubted Harry had even seen it yet.

“It’s okay, Harry, shall I call for Jinx?” Draco asked and almost at once Harry nodded his lips giving the smallest of smiles. “Jinx!”

“Master Draco!” Jinx’s high pitched voice squeaked as she popped into the room with a loud crack her hands soapy a dish cloth in one hand. Her large eyes moved to Harry and she vanished the
dishcloth and soap. “Little Master, youses been having a funnies turns again?”

“The Weasley twins startled him”

“I’m sorry, I’m being such an idiot” Harry whispered his voice barely audible over the almost choked sob he let out. “I don’t even know why, they didn’t even hurt me all that much...I’m just being stupid”

“No!” Draco, Remus, and Jinx said together loudly causing Harry to jump and then let out a little moist giggle his eyes shiny again. Draco moved forward and moved to wrap his arms around his friend before stopping and asking;

“Is it okay?”

“Of course, I don’t mind you touching me” Harry answered and Draco hugged him tightly while Jinx patted him on the hand with her long fingers. Remus stood in the background looking a little awkward.

“You are not an idiot Harry, far from it, you have just been through a lot, but you’re getting better every day”

“Little Master Draco is right little Master Harry, youse is not an idiot! Youse was just very bad hurten! But youse is getting stronger! We has gotten youse when you are feelings a little weaken!” Jinx put in gently and Harry’s arms snaked around Draco’s middle hugging him tightly.

“Sorry I embarrassed you in front of your friends”

“They aren’t friends Harry, just people I know, and you don’t have to be sorry, you are my best friend!” Draco assured him honestly. Theo and Blaise had been surprised by everything and it would be all around noble circles by teatime but Draco didn’t give a toss, Harry was his friend and he would always put his friend first.

Chapter End Notes

I hope Severus didn't seem overly friendly he did take 450 points >.<
Chapter 55

Sorry, once again not an update other than an update of where I've been.

Firstly I was doing some home renovation and almost as soon as I had gotten that finished I got sick. As of Friday I was confirmed as having coronavirus. Only mild symptoms, fever and cough, but honestly it is not good.

Please take care of yourselves, stay inside where possible and don't be in large groups when you do go out

I will be back with this as soon as possible. I'm in isolation so have nothing to do but write when I feel up to it x

End Notes

So after getting such a warm response to my last Harry/Draco story I thought I would post another of my stories this one is chaptered. I really hope that you will like it, please comment and kudos! They will keep me writing!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!