Gaining Freedom, Losing Innocence

by Astiar

Summary

Harry learns of a way to leave the Dursley's between second and third year. But being a legal adult is more complicated than he expected. And what’s this about not being human, and having to marry a boy he's never even spoken too?

Notes

Now being Beta-ed by dianemalfoy

Updates are slow and sporadic but I will never abandon a fic.

There is now an wikia for this fic.
http://gfli.wikia.com/wiki/Gaining_Freedom_Losing_Innocence_Wikia

First off, I don't own Harry Potter or any legend mentioned throughout this fic.

WARNINGS: this story will contain various degrees of the following: past child abuse, male X male relationships, and possibly female X female relationships. Creatures, altering of Harry’s first and middle name, altering of Lilly Potter's past and family history (Yes Lilly with 2 l's b/c I like it that way), marriage contracts, multiple relationships (Triads and quartets). There will be splashes of curse words that I will try to keep to a
Dumbledore will not be bashed exactly but he will not be perfect, light shines from his behind either. Ron is an idiot and I haven't decided if he will be bashed or just fade into the background. Harry is sarcastic.

“Spoken”
'Thought'

This story starts between second and third year, before Sirius's escape.
Harry Potter decided to do some thinking while setting in his room at #4 Privet Drive. It was just 3 days since he arrived 'home' and he was locked in, 6 deadbolts and a cat flap... what a room. The male Dursleys were out to a football (soccer) game for the day and Petunia was at a baby shower being held for Mrs. #9's third child, their first daughter. None of the family would return before night fall.

Harry sat and reflected on the past 2 years of his life, since the moment he had first touched a Hogwarts acceptance letter. 'First there was Uncle Vernon, he lost his mind. Not that he had much to begin with.' Harry thought sarcastically. 'Stupidity is one family trait I'm glad I didn't get from my mother's side.' he got back to his mental list, he would write it down but all his school things were locked in his trunk in his old room (AKA the cupboard under the stairs). 'Next there was Hagrid. He's a nice guy but about as inconspicuous as a baseball bat to the face. Real Goblins. I still can't believe that. Draco. Need I say more?' he sighed, 'Ron and his never ending Quidditch rants. We're friends but man can that boy talk. I can just sit back and daydream as long as I nod occasionally. Then both Hermione and Draco insult me. I finally get there and guess what? SNAPE!' Harry growled in frustration. He could remember every terrible class he had with that awful man. "Back to the task at hand" he murmured out loud. 'The Boy-Who-Lived nonsense. How can people be so cruel?' he thought with tears misting his eyes. 'To constantly remind me of the night I lost everything. I hate that name, and I don't even hate the Dursleys even after everything they've done, or should I say neglected to do?"
him to go to the rest room. She had only gotten physical twice; once she smacked him across the face and broke his lip while her ring cut his cheek. The other time she knocked him unconscious with a skillet. Harry wasn't sure if it was the hit or what, but for the life of him he couldn't remember what he, at the age of 6, could have done to deserve that. His uncle's worst punishment would stay with him his entire life. He could clearly remember the beating he received for apparating onto the roof of his school at 8. He would carry the scars on his back for life. That was assured when, after 2 days and he hadn’t healed, his aunt applied salt and bandages to the still gaping belt-whip marks to stop the blood from ruining her carpets while he was dusting.

Harry shook himself to stop that line of thinking. “Now where was I? Oh yes BWL. What happened next?” He thought for a minute. 'The 'duel' and finding Fluffy. Really Hagrid how could you name a Cerberus that? Fluffy the guardian of the Underworld, REALLY? Norbert... sorry Norberta was another example of Hagrid's pets.' And Harry wasn't even going to think of Aragog the acromantula. 'You've got to love Hagrid, he might be crazy but he is one of my best friends and the adult I trust the most. On to an adult I thought was untrustworthy from the moment I saw him in the Leaky Caldron, Quirinus Quirrell. I kind of feel bad for the guy, I mean not only did his parents curse him with that terrible name but he had Voldemort sticking out of the back of his head for a year.' He let out a shiver.

'I wish I didn't have to kill anyone or anything,' he thought dejectedly. He thought of all the things Quirrell did to him. The man should have been punished, but not killed. And definitely not killed by him. He sat solemnly for a while mourning the loss of a life. He also mourned the deaths of the 4 unicorns Voldemort killed that year.

Harry thought about the quest for the stone. The part of that quest he hated the most was not asking Neville to come with them. Since that day, Harry had kept an eye on Neville Longbottom. He didn't think anyone but he could see the amazing person hidden behind that shy face. He could see the unbelievable potential Neville had. In second year they had gotten close and were now quite good friends.

Harry thought on some of the good times he and Neville had while Ron and Hermione were elsewhere. This led to his list of injustices that happened in second year. 'My trouble started the moment I met Dobby. I feel sorry for and kinda like the little guy but he can cause trouble like no other. Mrs. Weasley has to be part banshee. That woman has a set of lungs on her a whole fleet of bagpipes would be pressed to compete with.' He shook his head. 'And she wonders why 2 of her sons fled the country after graduation. With the twins also looking to abandon ship.' Harry also thought if they were in the non-magical world he would get a restraining order against Ginny. 'She's the worst type of girl. As if I would ever marry such a starstruck child. That's exactly what she acts like, a childish little girl. Sure I'm sorry she was possessed and almost had her soul sucked out, but still.'

“Lockhart.” Harry growled out. 'I'm glad he didn't die but I do think he got just what he deserved. Stupid prat. Then Snape and Draco had another go at me. At least Snape had a redeeming moment. “Ah. How I would love to have a moving photo of that moment.” Harry chuckled at the memory of the Dueling club.

'Then my 'fans' turned like a pack of wolves on a wounded lamb.' “I suppose fame is a fickle mistress.” He said out loud. 'I could have ripped 'Tom' to shreds with my bare hands when I saw both Hermione and adorable little Colin petrified.' While Colin's a bit of a stalker, once Harry talked to him, the boy had calmed down.

'Yet again I have some insane gauntlet I have to run at the end of the year.' Harry grumbled. 'It is almost like tests.' He thought. 'A test? Oh I hope not. I hope someone isn't playing a game with my life.' He filed that thought away for later.
I feel kinda bad for the Basilisk. I mean it lived in the school for centuries and never once hurt anyone. If Voldy hadn't lost his mind it would still be there now just minding its own business.'

Harry lay there for a while just thinking. 'OK. I've arranged my thoughts. Now what?'

Over the next few days he would think about what had happened and what he would do next. A full week after being 'home', Harry had an epiphany. “If I can defeat the most evil Dark Lord what's keeping me here?” He paused 'What is keeping me here? Why can't I leave?' He thought on it the rest of the day. That night after his chores (and being sent to bed without supper) he made his decision. ‘I'm leaving!’ He said out loud with conviction.

'Now were will I go and who do I trust to help me?’ he thought. 'Ron?... no he and his family are going to Egypt. Dumbledore? … definitely not. This is at least partially his fault I nearly begged not to come back here. Hermione? … She's too in love with the rule book to help. Neville? … I know he would help but what can he do? I'll write him but keep thinking.' He thought about it and sighed 'That's almost all of the people that know Harry, not the BWL. There's McGonagall, but she's Dumbledore's woman. Who else?' Harry lay back and thought on it.

After a few minutes he sat up quickly. “Goblins!” He said aloud. “That's who I need. If you can't trust a banker then who can you trust? And even if we haven't had much interaction they seem trustworthy.” You can't live 11 years the way Harry has and not be a good judge of character. He got up and paced around the room. “Now how do I get there? I don't know how to get there. I don't have non-magical money to travel to London. I'm not even sure I know were in London Diagon even is. I don't know any modes of magical travel. And I don't have any books that can tell me.” He paced and thought. “Dobby!” he exclaimed after a few minutes.

The little creature appeared when his name was called. “The great Harry Potter calls Dobby? Dobby thought great Harry Potter hates Dobby. Dobby is a bad elf. He’s not helping, help hurt the great Harry Potter. But the great Harry Potter still freed Dobby.” the house elf ranted tugging on his long ears hard enough to make them turn green. While Harry was busy trying to get his heart rate back to normal. He wasn't expecting the little guy to just appear when called.

“Calm down Dobby. I don't hate you. I just don't want to go to the infirmary next time you decide to injury me to keep me out of danger.” he told the distraught elf.

“Harry Potter doesn't hates Dobby?” He asked with hope in his big eyes.

“Of course not. I thought we were friends.” Harry replied. The next thing he knew Dobby was hugging his legs crying and praising the wonderful Harry Potter. “Dobby... Please stop and listen. I need your help.”

“Oh yes Master Harry Potter what can Dobby do for you?” he asked bowing so low his nose touched the floor and almost vibrating with excitement.

“I want to leave here and never have to return. So I need your help to get me out of here and to the Goblins. I also want to know if you have any idea how I can prevent being sent back. Can you help?’

“Yes! Dobby can help Master Harry Potter!” He bounced in place in his excitement. “Dobby knows lots. He heard things at the nasty Malfoy's. Dobby hears foul master Malfoys say they take little Dragon to the Goblins to claim last of line clause for the Honorable Black Family. But Honorable Blacks already has named heir.”

“So this last of line clause, what would it do exactly?” Harry asked curiously.
“If Potter's have no different named heir, master Harry Potter would be LORD Harry Potter Sir. He be emancipated and all growed up. Then he can has Dobby as his good faithful elf.” He told hugging himself.

Harry thought on it. “I would be an adult?” Dobby nodded “I could go anywhere?” Nod “Do anything?” nod “And no one could say anything?” Nod. Harry got a huge almost feral grin. He grabbed Dobby and hugged him, spinning the two of them around. He stopped and kissed the little guy on the forehead. Dobby let out a choked squeal and started crying tears of joy.

“Now I need to get my stuff from the cupboard under the stairs.” Before he could say more Dobby was gone. Harry didn't even have time to stop blinking in shock before Dobby popped back with his trunk and broom. “Thanks Dobby. Can you open Hedwig's cage?” Dobby clicked his fingers and the lock on her cage vanished. He took his best friend out and petted her. “I'm so sorry Hedwig.” He apologized lavishing her with affection. “OK girl go and have a fly. Come find me in a few days.”

Hedwig hooted and trilled lightly in reply. She snuggled into her human before vanishing into the night. “We need to go somewhere no one will ask too many questions and it needs to be kinda close to the bank. Alright Dobby let's make like a banana and split.” Dobby shrunk all Harry's things and took his hand. They popped out and the Dursleys wouldn't see a Potter again for 49 years when all 3 of Dudley's grand children would be born magical.

Chapter End Notes

AN: Hope you enjoyed it. This was a bit of rehashing the books so far and set up. The next chapter features a meeting with the goblins and the first step toward Harry's freedom.
Chapter 2

Harry was floored, shocked, flabbergasted and awed. He stood there in the room Dobby popped them to, just looking around with his mouth open. The room was the entrance to a large hotel. A hotel that Harry thought might have been made by Midas, or at least touched by him. The floor was one giant mirror, the columns were made of some kind of crystal with what looks like a flame inside as illumination. The walls were decorated in Gold and Silver. Leafed murals depicting different scenes were also dotted with copper, mother of pearl, and jade. To top off the shock, not a single person in the lobby was human.

"Where are we?" He asked after recovering a little, but his eyebrows were still raised.

"Dragon's Den, Master Harry Potter. Bestest place in plásma katafýgio."

"Is almost good enough for Master Harry Potter Sir." He added almost to himself.

"And what's that? I've never heard of it."

"That would be Creatures Haven in English sir." A beautiful woman told them coming over. She had curly red hair and 2 pair of dragonfly like wings coming out of her back.

"Huh?" Harry replied eloquently.

"Humans." She said with a sigh "If you're here to agitate our customers, you can leave. We don't take kindly to trouble makers." She told him narrowing her eyes. "If that's what you and your little servant are here for, you can floo out free of charge. This is a business not a zoo."

"We didn't come to cause trouble. I'm kinda new to the magical world and still trying to find my footing." He said trying to pacify the lady.

"I apologize then sir. Most humans that come here by mistake tend to irritate or insult our guests. How can I help you?" She asked much more pleasantly blushing lightly at her own outburst.

"Well I need to see the Goblins but it's getting kinda late. I guess I need a room for tonight and maybe a few more nights. I would also like to know where here is."

"Forgive my rudeness. You should always introduce yourself at the beginning of a conversation. I'm Marina sir. We rent rooms for 1 mina a night. Gringotts is just at the end of the alley." She reached behind the counter. "Here's a map of the alley to help you get around." she circled a few of the businesses. "Some shops are labeled, but the smaller or newer ones are not. This is Dragon's Den at this end. Here on the other end is Gringotts. This one labeled Vivliothiki is the library. Here's
Wandering Souls the travel agency, that's a good place to look for answers or if you have questions about the various magical communities around the world. Alice's and Pandora's Playhouse are good places to eat, Pandora's is a tea house where you can meet lots of different people and catch up on gossip. I warn you though nothing you say there will be kept secret.” Marina warned. “Oh and most of the stalls don't open till around 9 so if you’re an early bird you won't see as much.” Her wings were fluttering in amusement. The blank look on this little slip of a boy’s face was priceless. It was taking all her well-honed practice not to bust out laughing.

“What's a mina?” He asked after a long pause trying to digest all that information.

“Mina is a type of currency. The mina and drachma are the preferred payment in the alley and most magical markets that deal with international trade. There are some places that take galleons and a few who take visa or euro. 1 mina equals 5 galleons, or 100 euro. The euro and drachma are equal. You can exchange any currency at the bank.”

“Thanks for all your help. I'll take a room for 3 days then we'll see from there. And can I get some supper delivered?”

“Of course sir. You’re in room 432 on the 4th floor. There's a pool on the ground floor and gardens on the roof. All room service is extra and you’ll pay for that when you check out. I'll have your dinner delivered in a few minutes. Have a good night sir.” she told him pleasantly, while handing over a key labeled υλβ not that Harry had a clue what it meant.

As soon as he finished eating, Harry collapsed. He was dead tired and fell asleep, fully clothed. He woke up the next morning at 10, dressed in his pajamas and tucked into the large bed. He smiled and said “thank you Dobby.” even if the elf was nowhere to be seen.

He was in a large room that was even bigger than Petunia and Vernon's room. It was decorated in dark wood with deep blue walls with darkish green and a few white fabrics. The black and white flooring that looked similar to marble completed the calm and relaxing look. He smiled, this bed was a full size and even more comfortable than the one he slept on in Gryffindor. The room also had a small sitting area, a desk and chair, and a single bookshelf with a few books and decorative items on it. After basking in the bed for a little while he got up and found a problem. There were 3 doors exiting the room. Upon investigation he found one led to the hall, one was a closet (which seemed almost the size of his room at Privet Drive) and the final door led to a 4 piece bath with double sinks. The bathroom was done in matching colors. He quickly showered, got dressed for the day and headed down to the lobby.

Last night there were very few people in the lobby. This morning was a totally different story. He had to wait on a couple with dragon like features and horns on their heads. While waiting, he also noticed some of the other creatures around the room. One family (2 adults, 3 kids) were all half snake, one man about the size of Hagrid was talking with another closer to Flitwick’s size, but without his Goblin like features. Harry had to stop himself from gawking rudely as a man walked in with a goats behind. When the dragon people were gone, he approached the man behind the counter. He was very handsome and had a set of furry ears on top of his head and a tail like a lion. Harry blinked a few times before asking where he could get a late breakfast.
The man told him several stalls sold food. Alice's and Crete's Crapes were also good if he was looking for a sit down meal. Harry smiled and thanked him. 'Crapes are like pancakes that sounds good.' He thought on his way out the door.

Walking out of Dragon's Den was just as shocking as appearing inside. This Alley was a whole new world. It was as different from the wizarding world as the wizarding world is from the non-magical world. Out of what had to be thousands of people, Harry could only spot maybe 4 other humans and that was from a distance. Who knows if they were actually even human close up? The Alley was actually quite similar to Diagon in shape and construction. It was one long, wide cobblestone street with rows of shops on either side. That is where the similarities end. Whereas most of the shops in Diagon are similar in color shape and design (Old and creepy), the shops of Creatures Haven were all shapes, sizes, and colors. Some had normal looking fronts and shop windows while others had outdoor displays, dining areas in the street and still some had strange decor on the outside of their stores; though all those details were almost lost in the background. The main thing you saw when entering the Alley was the stalls. They were like an outdoor flea market, almost like Piccadilly Circus. The 100's of stalls filling the center of the street seemed to be selling anything and everything you could want, need, or even imagine.

Harry stood there open mouthed, like the village idiot, for almost 5 minutes before saying out loud. “This is awesome!” He wanted to go everywhere at once, see all the things for sell, and listen to all the different languages. He could distinguish at least 4 different languages being spoken and he didn’t doubt there were more. But as he was about to race off and explore, he remembered his purpose. If he didn’t become emancipated, he would be forced to go back to the Dursleys. That was a fate to be avoided at all costs. As he was looking around for a good place to eat, he also realized he would need to know how much money he had to spend. A huge pile of gold may be more than enough to buy school supplies and treats but how would it hold up buying an apartment or house? He would have to think it over and plan a budget before he could even consider a shopping spree.

Crete's Crepes was a tiny shop that sold pastries, including crapes and pancakes, as well as hot and cold drinks. Harry had a delicious and educational brunch. He learned the names of several of the different species he had seen so far. He now knew what a satyr, gremlin, dwarf and nymph were. He also heard bits and pieces of descriptions for other creatures that just yesterday he would have claimed too fantastic for even the Chronicles of Narnia.

After breakfast Harry headed to the bank. Not that he had a choice. He only had 1 galleon and 6 sickles in his pocket now. On the way to the other end of the alley he saw Wandering Soul's. He made a mental note to check it out later. His trunk had been damaged by Vernon last year and the expansion charm was starting to fail. He also saw a second hand store he wanted to check out. He was use to only having second hand things and had to admit buying only new stuff was a waste of money. Right before entering the bank, he notice the library across the alley from the second hand shop. 'I should probably stop there first, after the bank.' Harry told himself.

He noticed something else before entering. There were no guards. And no cryptic death threats either. 'I guess Marina was right. Humans are jerks. I mean look at Snape, Malfoy, Fitch, even the general public are rude.' Entering the bank didn't change his opinion any. The bank was brighter, the Goblins more friendly. But not only that the customers were also nicer and more respectful. This was like a non-magical bank. At least like the only one Harry had ever entered.

Harry walked up to an open teller. “Good Morning. I'm Harry Potter and I need to speak to someone privately about my account. May I have a list of the services you offer to look over while I wait?” He said politely but to the point.

The Goblin blinked looking up at this human. A polite human that's a rare commodity. “Of course
sir. Here is a pamphlet of our services. I'll see if a manager is available at the moment. Have a seat.”
He told the boy waving to a row of chairs. ‘Now let’s see how deep this boy’s good nature runs.’ The goblin thought. It was Goblin tradition to test Humans. To see if they were trustworthy or if they were just putting on a pleasing vainer. It was usually the later but the rare kind human would gain much better service. Humans are one of only 4 races to ever stand their ground against a Goblin army. That garnered them some respect, but anything above tolerance had to be earned individually.

The pamphlet was like any other it was three folded with 6 columns total. The front had a picture of the bank with business hours listed. The 3 interior sides had lists of services along with their prices. They offered 4 different vault types, investments, loans and other services you would expect from a muggle bank. Then there were ritual rooms for rent, healthcare services, warding, curse breaking (charged by size of the object and the type of curses), marriage/betrothal contracts, building, legal aid and a seemingly endless list of subjects the Goblins are able to offer tutors in. There was a whole section on families. Things like wills, inheritance rituals, legacy tests and family tapestries. The last section listed international portkeys, and floo services. As well as listing the other Gringotts locations. They were in France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Russia, Japan, Egypt, and Australia along with 2 in the USA.

’I wonder what the difference between an inheritance ritual and a legacy test? And there are so many classes here that Hogwarts doesn't offer. I wonder if I can add a few classes?’ Harry made a mental list of all the things he wanted done.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts by the clearing of a throat. “Griphook!” he exclaimed. “It's so good to see you again. I missed you last summer. I wasn't paying much attention. I had just taken my first floo trip and accidentally ended up in Knockturn Alley and there was all that Lockhart mania.”
He told the shorter being.

Griphook, and every other Goblin in the room were shocked that this young human remembered a Goblin's name and could identify him from 2 years ago. “I'm fine Mr. Potter. Thank you for asking. If you'll come this way Trilok will see you now.” He replied leading Harry out of the lobby. “I am flattered that I made such an impression on you. Though I didn't work the day of the book signing last year.”

“Of course you did. You were the first Goblin I was introduced to. You explained the way money worked and took me to my vault for the first time. And you were the second magical person I ever met. I'm not including the people that mobbed me in the Leaky.”


“No.” He said harshly. “That man was one of the worst kind. He was a liar, a thief and a charlatan. As far as I'm concerned he got what he deserved and I don't intend to think about him again.”

“I meant no offense Mr. Potter. We Goblins like liars about as much as thieves.” He replied with a feral grin.

Harry chuckled not at all effected by the smile. They walked deeper into the bank in silence for a few minutes before Harry spoke again. “Griphook why are you Goblins so much more... well, approachable on this side than with the wizards?”

“Mr. Potter, respect is earned. Wizards come into our domain, our land, and demand we show them respect. They treat us like servants and we do not appreciate it.”

“Oh. That's stupid. Even in the muggle world people respect their bankers, and you do so much more than that. Wizards don't make a lot of sense to me.” Harry confessed. “You can call me Harry
by the way.”

“Here we are Mr... Harry” Griphook had stopped at a door which read 'Trilok Account Manager'
Griphook knocked. A gruff 'Enter' was the only reply.

Trilok was doing paper work so Harry took a seat in silence just looking around the room. The office
was made of rough stone and decorated in dark woods. Harry's eye was drawn to one of the few
decorative pieces. A red tapestry with an unusual blue symbol on it.

“That is my family crest.” Trilok said.

Harry jumped lightly. “It looks interesting, but what is it?” Meaning the blue symbol.

“It is a basic goblin locking mechanism. Not many humans have seen the inside of an actual Goblin
lock.” the older larger goblin smirked causing the scar bisecting his right eye to move and make itself
known. “Now what can I do for you Mr. Potter?”

“Harry please. I have several questions that I would like answers to. Do you have the time to answer
them?”

“I am free till 2 this evening. Whatever we don't get to, you can schedule an appointment to cover
later.” Trilok told him. He was willing to make leeway for a polite human.

“This has little to do with business but I'm curious. Do Goblins have sir names?” Harry asked

Trilok gave a large toothy grin that would have frightened most humans but seemed to have no effect
on this boy. “Yes... Harry. Mine is Lok. All of my family have Lok in their name. For example my
brothers are Lokmi, and Trulok. The same is true for the brothers, Griphook and Yavhook and their
cousins Deathook, and Bihook.”

Harry smiled. “Thank you for telling me. What's the difference between a legacy test and an
inheritance ritual?”

“Inheritance rituals tell what vaults you have access to. What age you must be to access them and
what degree you can access. Some vaults you can access the items before you come of age but not
the money, for example.” He explained. “Legacy tests tell what blood lines you are related to and
how far back that goes. It won't tell you how you're related to them. For that you would have to
order a family tapestry. They vary in length from 2 generations back to 32 generations. Though the
farther you go back, the longer it takes to make and guarantee accuracy. The legacy test will also tell
you if you have any active creature blood and when you can expect an inheritance if you do.”

“I would like to have both tests done. I will wait on the tapestry.” He smiled shyly wanting to know
more about his family. “What do I need to do?”

“For the legacy test you place 7 drops of blood in the basin.” Trilok said as he pulled out a shallow
bowl with intricate markings on it. “Afterwards, I will add a potion. For the inheritance ritual you just
have to place 3 drops of blood onto this parchment.” He handed Harry a dagger. He cut his hand
without even flinching and dropped the blood into the bowl then on the paper. “The inheritance ritual
only takes a moment. But the legacy will take about 15 minutes.”

“That's fine.” Harry said watching the parchment. After a moment it glowed blue and words
appeared.

“Here you are Mr. Potter.” Harry looked at it
Rightful Inheritance of Harricius John Potter:

Heir of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter

Heir to the Archaic and Noble House of Perciville

Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Black

Heir to the Houses of Belix and Blush

Full access to vaults 687, 693, and 712 at age 11

Non-monetary access to vaults 7, 31, and 514 until claiming of Potter Lordship

Non-monetary access to vaults 4 and 18 until claiming of Perciville Lordship

Partial non-monetary access to vaults 2 and 39 until claiming of Black Lordship

No access to vaults 647 and 271 till age 15 or emancipation

Partial non-monetary access to vault 8

“All of these vaults are mine? I have this much family? Are any of them still alive? How much is in these vaults? What kind of vaults are they?” He asked rambling in shock. Mouth slightly open after he stopped speaking.

Trilok couldn't help but chuckle, as he poured the mixture for the inheritance ritual onto a piece of parchment and set it aside to finish. He was starting to like this boy. “Yes they are all yours. The full access and limited access until claiming of a title is self-explanatory. Vaults 647 and 271 are either willed to you or are from a common family you are related to. Vault 8 is a vault that is owned by another family which you have no claim to but due to close ties between your lines you have partial access. There are living Blacks that I know of. There may also be Perciville's but they all moved out of Britain when their last Lord was killed in the war. A tapestry will give you both birth and death dates of all your relatives. Once we are done with the Inheritance Ritual I will have those vault ledgers you have access to brought up. The ledger will tell the vault type and give an itemized inventory as well as current monetary holdings.”

“Thank you.” Harry said robotically. He couldn't believe this. And he thought he was rich before. If all these vaults have anywhere near as much as 687 then he was very very wealthy. Like swimming in it.

“It will take a few more minutes for the test to complete. Do you have any other questions?”

Harry sat there for a bit just trying to get his head around all this. He felt so unprepared. He felt like someone should have known all this and told him he was going to be rich. Or even told him he had 2 other vaults he could access right now. “I would like to have a full checkup and I need vaccinations. I have never had any. Not even the non-magical ones.”

Trilok nodded pulling out a thick planner. “There is an opening with Ironfang tomorrow at 11 if you wish to see a goblin healer.” The insinuation that he wouldn't trust a goblin with his healthcare and
“Iron fang will examine you then decide what you need done.” He replied with a raised eyebrow a bit shocked the boy would have a goblin healer.

“Alright. Investments. I need to know what ones I have and if you can invest in the non-magical world.”

“Investments for each house are in separate ledgers that can only be accessed by the Lord or head of a House. We do invest in all worlds, magical, non-magical and wizarding both here in Great Britain and internationally. You may however invest any money in vaults you have full control of.”

“You say that like the magical world and the wizarding world are different.”

“Yes. And the test is finished would you like me to explain first or read the results?”

“Explain please. I'm not sure I want to know what else has been kept form me.” He replied with a bit of steel entering his voice.

“They are. Wizards, especially those here in Britain, as you may have noticed are exclusionary. They don’t like to mingle with other races and species. The magical world is all the non-wizarding creatures, peoples and beings that have or use magic. The division wouldn't be so complete if the wizards weren't so rude and sometimes violent with the other people. The Goblin wars are good examples of this.”

Harry nodded. The more he learned, the less he liked Wizards and the Wizarding world. They treated him like some kind of miracle messiah one day and a dark lord the next. The way they treated Hagrid and their general rudeness didn't help matters any. He was both ashamed and angry. He didn’t want the goblins and all the other races he had seen in Creature’s Haven to think of him like that. He was beginning to hope this test showed he did have creature blood so he could claim not to be a wizard. He liked it here. "So far here in the magical world no one has treated me odd or special, that's just what I always wanted, to be a normal boy. I can't thank you enough for your kindness and taking time to sit and explain things to me. It seems for the last 2 years I've been thrown into the deep end without being taught to swim. I was never given much explanation. 'Just you're a wizard Harry, here's all this stuff you need and classes are just as bad.' They expect us to just know things but the first time I entered this bank was less than 12 hours after learning magic was real. That's a lot to take. It seems I never have the time to absorb what's going on before the next thing is thrown at me.” He sighed heavily. “I'm sorry. This is just a lot and I need to get that off my chest.”

“It's alright Mr. Potter, Harry. Don't worry so much.” Trilok tried to soothe the boy. His heart went out to this youth and his plight.

“I would just like to know why. Why me? What do they want from a 12 nearly 13 year old boy? I'm famous for some psycho failing to kill me after killing my parents. And every year I have been back in the wizarding world, he has tried to come after me again. Why? Why me?” He said in despair, tears beginning to leak from his eyes.

Trilok waited for Harry to finish crying and compose himself. “Better?” Harry nodded. “Those questions are not ones I can answer Harry. We goblins keep our children safe at home until they prove in a trial by fire that they can protect themselves. Goblins also don't harm one another like humans do. There hasn't been a Goblin civil war in over 100,000 years. That was when the Nation was formed by Sazane the Almighty and Melrok the Unmovable. Sazane had no desire to rule so the
Rok family became our kings. Our current leader Ragnarok is descended from that most famous line. Don't worry so. While you are in the magical world you are safe. Magical races don't harm children. Unless they are their prey.”

Harry couldn't help but chuckle at the ridiculousness of that last statement. Trilok smiled again, while frightening to other humans it actually calmed him some. “Are you ready to continue Harry?”

“I think so. I would really rather just have it all over with.” He took a deep breath and let it out before taking the parchment.

*Legacy of Harricius John Potter:*

Bulstrode: 1/8 Prince: 1/8 Malfoy: 1/16 Mazyile: 1/16  
Goyle: 1/16 Ravenclaw: 1/32 Tubor: 1/32 Slytherin: 1/64  
Gryffindor: 1/128

*Expected inheritances:*

*Dominate Drake expressed age 13, Active age 15.*

“What does this mean?” Harry asked looking at the results.

“You are half Potter and half Perciville. That means your mother was not an Evans but a Perciville. The 1/4 means one grandmother was a Black and the other a Flint. 1/8 is your great grandparents, so forth and so on. This isn't the most accurate. A tapestry will show the whole family even those that don't appear here. This test usually only shows back to 1/32, but stronger blood lines can show up farther back.” Trilok explained. “The weaker the bloodline the closer it has to be to show on this test. Most non-magical lines wouldn't show because there isn't enough magic in their blood.”

Harry nodded understanding. “What's a Drake? And what does it mean by dominant?”

“There are 3 types of magical species.” Trilok began realizing a full explanation would help the boy the most. “Those Matriarchies, Patriarchies and Neutrals. In a Matriarchal species, like Goblins, the bearer of the family is in charge, or chooses the mate. For Patriarchal species the dominant is the central member. In Neutral species there are no distinctions between bearers and dominants since all members of the race are hermaphroditic in a sense. A bearer is able to have children. In the non-magical world this is only female, but in most magical people there are some males who can also bear children. A dominant is unable to have children, but instead protect any mates and children. Do you understand so far?”

Harry looked at him for a moment before he nodded. “So bearers are women and some men who can have kids and dominants are over protective males of the family. Which are the Drakes?”

“Drakes are Patriarchal, as are wizards. As a dominant it will be your job to care for and protect your family. Which is something a Drake can do very well. I don't know much about them, for that you
should look in the library, or ask at Wandering Souls, the owner knows many species and could refer you to someone that can answer any questions. What I do know is Drakes are one of the 9 dragon kin. They are fiercely over protective and honorable. I know the Drakes have long memories. IF you are their ally they will be unflinchingly loyal, but betray them and they won’t ever forget.”

Harry looked at him. Some part of him was relieved that he wasn’t really human. Being classed as rude and discriminatory didn’t sit right with him. But another part of him also worried what would happen now. Would his friends still want to talk to him if they knew he wasn’t human? “So what does it mean expressed and activated?”

“You will express your physical features on your 13th birthday. You will have until your 15th birthday to get use to your new form, then when your creature becomes active you will begin looking for your mates.”

“Mates? You say like there will be more than one.” Harry said a bit shocked

“There may be. Every Drake I have ever met has had at least 2, the most I have seen is 4.” Trilok explained

“So I am going to become a creature on my birthday and then in 2 years I'm going to marry 2-4 people, possibly men. I'm not sure how I feel about that.” He buried his face in his hands. He sat there in silence for several minutes. “The original reason I came in for was to ask about the Last of Line clause and to find out how much money I have.”

“The Last of Line clause was created so if a Lord died and there was no of age family the government couldn't seize the child and gain control of the family's assets. Do you want to claim Last of Line, there by emancipating yourself?”

“Yes. The people I was forced to live with are awful and I want to legally never have to see them again.” He told the Goblin.

Trilok nodded then called in a younger looking goblin to fetch the Potter, Perciville and Black lordship rings. “All you have to do is put on the ring and say the following: I, Harricius John Potter, claim this title as the last of my line. So mote it be.”

Harry looked at him. “It's really that easy? What happens if I can't claim the title? Dobby said Draco Malfoy tried to claim the Black lordship and was rejected.”

“Nothing. If you are not eligible you will glow red and receive a shock, then the ring will return to this box. If you are eligible but unable to claim the title you will glow blue and the ring will do nothing. If you successfully claim the title the ring will re-size to fit your finger and will grow with you and remain on you until you die or are properly convicted of a heinous crime. Unless you perform a ritual to pass the line on to your heir.”

Harry nodded. “Alright. Let me try the Potter ring first.” Harry took the platinum ring with a large ruby stone. A shield with a crossed sword and wand seemed to float inside the ruby. After he said the phrase the ring warmed and shrunk to fit his right index finger. “That was simple. I will try the Perciville ring next.” This ring was much smaller. It was made of gold, with a pearl caduceus instead of a stone. On either side of the caduceus were words. He placed the ring on his left middle finger and repeated the ritual. Again, it shrunk to fit him. “What do these symbols mean?”

“They are Greek, which most magical people use. The one on the left says Prostasia which means protect. The other says Kathodigesie which means guide. The words are part of the family motto. 'Protect and give guidance to all those who seek shelter.'”
Harry looked at him in awe. “Does the Potter family have a motto?”

“The Potter’s are an ancient family. They have 2 mottoes. One is simply 'Divide and Die.' The other is 'All great things come slowly.' You'll notice there are 2 linked D’s on either side of the ruby. Those stand for the first motto.”

“Wow. Both families seem so noble. How can I live up to that?”

“Both are noble and honorable. All 3 lines you are heir to are old. The Potters go back to times before Merlin, back before the Romans first invaded this island. The Perciville’s are nearly twice as old. The Blacks are form the same age as the Potters but didn't originate in this country. Would you like to try the Black ring now?”

“Yes please.” He took the ring was much wider and more ornate than the other 2. It had an onyx stone with 13 small white dots that looked like stars inside. He performed the ritual and then glowed blue.

“That should be impossible.” Trilok said. “Sirius Black is in prison for betrayal. The old magicks should allow the heir to assume the title.... Unless.... unless his imprisonment is unjust and not sanctioned by magick. I will have to investigate this farther.”

“So this man is in prison but magic doesn't recognize it and therefore he may be innocent. That's terrible. We have to do something if we can. If he is innocent and we get him released then I will have family and he can take me in as his heir.” Harry smiled for the first time since the beginning of these tests.

“You are legally an adult now but you and he can live together if you wish. Once we get this sorted, that is. I will keep you updated.” He handed Harry some paper work and another ring. “These are your copies of the emancipation paperwork that will be filed with the ministry. The rings and this paperwork will destroy the tracker on your wand. You still can't learn to Apparate until you pass at least 3 OWLS. You can however test for your OWLS and NEWTS whenever you like. This ring is the Black Heir ring. It goes on your right pinky finger.” After Harry placed the silver ring with a small sapphire on it on his finger Trilok spoke again. “In recent years the Black motto has been twisted by blood purists. The shortened motto used by most of the family is 'Always Pure' but the full motto is 'Keep yourself pure of heart and outside influence.' The Blacks detest bowing to anyone. The only people they would bow to is their own Lord and the Sovereign kings, which have all but died out. But over the years inbreeding and poor choices have led many to bow before Voldemort.”

Harry nodded. “If Mr. Black is innocent and isn't working with Voldemort then maybe we can turn the Black name around.”

Trilok nodded. “You now have full access to vaults 7, 31, 514, 4 and 18. I will have all the ledgers for those brought up to us. The investment ledgers will be brought with them. Before I forget, both lordship rings act as portkeys to every property owned by that family. All you have to do to use the portkey feature is say the name of the property and ‘Portus’. They will also allow you to see through and pass through any and all wards around the properties, since wards will always allow access to their masters. The heir ring will portkey you to Black Manor and will allow Lord Black to Apparate to your sidethrough even light to moderate wards. Strong ward, like those around Hogwarts would block them but allow the Lord to Apparate just outside of the wards. Each ring offers some Occlumency, or mental defense, so that family secrets aren't stolen. They will also weaken or break the imperious curse.”

Harry nodded along trying to absorb all this. He thought he was getting it but there was just so many changes in such a short amount of time that it was hard. After a few moments of sitting in silence and
absorbing the information he asked, “I was reading about marriage contracts and betrothals. What are they?”

“A betrothal contract is given to a prospective husband by the father of a bearer. These are reviewed by the parent or guardian of the intended male. They list the bride price, dowry and assets of the offered bearer. These can be easily modified or rejected. But if accepted then they become marriage contracts with agreed upon perimeters that are difficult to break. There are various types of these contracts. Some sit unfulfilled in the families’ vaults for generations.”

“How would that happen?”

“The contract between two families could say. ‘Your first born daughter will marry my first born son.’ Or something. If the family has no daughters, only sons then the contract would go unfulfilled. Would you like to see if you or your families have any contracts?”

“Yes please.” He asked praying that they didn’t. He wanted to marry for love not because someone had sold off a child, like livestock.

He called in the young Goblin again. They spoke for a few minutes before the goblin left leaving behind 10 black ledgers with 3 golden numbers on the front of each, and 4 dark blue ledgers with Potter, Perciville, Belix and Blush on the fronts in silver. “These are your copies and you can review them at your leisure. The black ones represent each vault you have full access to, the blue have all the investments of the families you are now head of.”

Harry nodded and placed and placed them in his backpack, which he had brought thinking that after getting money, he could go shopping. They waited for a few minutes until the goblin returned with 3 folders, an accordion case and a key ring with one silver key, one gold and one bronze.

Trilok handed Harry the keys. “The golden one will allow you access to any of the 10 vaults you have full control over the silver is for vault 8 and the bronze is for vaults 2 and 39. Now on to the contracts.” He pulled out the thinnest one. “This is for the Black family.” He said handing it over.

It was a simple sheet of paper, with 2 sentences and a list of 3 names

No Black shall ever be controlled by a Non-Black unless they are the sworn King and of the Sovereign line of Ravenclaw or Pendragon. Any attempting to do so will be the enemy of the House of Black for 100 years.

Lestrange: 88years

Dumbledore: 100years

Riddle: 88 years

He thought it was kinda funny that the Black family and Tom were enemies. But Dumbledore was a shock. He would have to find out why, and just who the Lestrange are. They may be a danger to him.

The next one he was handed was the Potter’s. It contained 2 contracts. One was swearing allegiance to the Ravenclaw family and the other was allegiance with the Longbottom family but they were different. “What do these mean?” Harry asked confused

Trilok took them and looked them over. “The one with the Ravenclaws is swearing allegiance to
them as their eternal subjects. The one with the Longbottom's swears fidelity and allegiance to each other. So while you are the subject of the Ravenclaws you and the Longbottom's are allies and the 2 families will always stand beside each other.”

Harry smiled at that. He really liked Neville. He would have to get together with his friend this summer. “Alright let's move on.”

The Perciville folder had 5 contracts in it. One was like the Ravenclaw contract, swearing service to the Slytherin family. That seemed strange to Harry, Voldemort is such a terrible person. ‘Maybe he isn't a good example of a Slytherin.’ Harry thought. 'Now that I think of it neither are any of the other Slytherin students. They are supposed to be sneaky and sly, but they are so obvious and easily caught. Fred and George are so much better at subtle than any Slytherin I have ever met.'

The next one was like the other 2 but the De'vale family was swearing allegiance to the Perciville's. The 3rd was a protectorate for the Delacore family. “Trilok? What is a protectorate?” Harry asked after looking over the contract a few times.

“The protectorate is a contract that says in exchange for something, in this case loyalty, one family is protected by an others name and influence. The Perciville's are an ancient and very powerful family. The Delacore’s will be under your protection as long as they remain loyal to you. Recently the Delacore Lord has married into a peck of Veela. To many blood purists this would greatly hurt their standing in society if not for the continued support of the Perciville family.”

“So if I was to revoke the protection then they would be treated like the Weasley's?” He asked curious to how wizarding society worked.

Trilok chuckled lightly. He didn't know what is was about this boy, but the longer they sat in his office the farther he wormed himself into the gruff goblin's heart. He's such a sweet honest child trying to deal with things a boy his age should never have to. And he was doing so well. Harry was taking these shocks and revelations better than many 'pureblood princes' would have. “Not exactly. The Delacore’s would still have their fortune, but they would be snubbed much like the Weasley clan.”

The fourth document was some kind of contract but was unlike any of the others. “What is this one about?” Harry asked

“Ah this.” Trilok said looking it over. “If I am not mistaken this is the only contract of its kind in existence. This says that the Lord of the Perciville family must approve any heirs to the Slytherin Line before they can take the title High Lord Slytherin.”

“High Lord? What's the difference between a High Lord and a regular Lord?”

“In ages passed there was a hierarchy of Lords and wealthy families. You can find full list and more complete descriptions of how it works in the library. The basics go the King, or Sovereign families are the highest, followed by the next oldest and most powerful family names in the wizarding world. Such as the Slytherin's and Gryffindor's. They are now called High Lords. Next come those that keep the deep knowledge such as the Le Fey family. Their full title is Archaic and Honorable Lords or Archaic and Noble. Then follows the sequences of Lords from Ancient and Noble down to just Aged. Followed by the Noblemen, and finally the commoners.”

Harry nodded. That was something else he needed to learn about since 3 of the 5 families he had inherited or was heir to were Lords of some kind. He also guessed that the Slytherin's couldn't be all that bad, since his family was so close to them that they put their family succession in Harry's hands.
The final contract in that folder was a courting contract. “Can you explain this one too?”

Trilok looked over the paper. “Well you won't have to marry into this family unless you want to. But this contract states that you must choose one bearer of the Dubear family and court them for a minimum for one year. You can then break it off with no reciprocations. You can find more information on courting and contracts in the library.”

“Oh. So I just have to date them for a year. OK. Can you get a hold of the head of the Dubear family and set up a meeting?”

“Of course. This is the last of it.” Trilok said opening the accordion case. “This is a list of all the bearers who have been offered to Harry Potter between Samhain of 1981 and yesterday.” He handed Harry the list, there were 5 pages front and back, there had to be 1000's of names on there.

His eyes nearly fell out of his head. “What do I do about this?”

“I would suggest nothing.” Harry looked at him like he was crazy. “I mean you should ignore them until you have come into your full creature inheritance at least. Afterward, if you fall in love with someone and they are on this list then you can use the contract to take them as your bearer with less hassle. Whether you like it, or approve, as long as you are available as a potential mate the fathers of these bearers will hesitate to arrange other contracts for them. If you reject them now, later if you become interested in someone they may be otherwise engaged and unavailable.”

Harry nodded after a moment. “I think it's crazy, but I guess that makes sense. Is that all that's in this case?”

“No, there are copies of all the individual contracts that are listed there. There is also this.” He said pulling out a VERY official looking piece of parchment, and 2 envelopes. He handed the contract over to Harry.

“This doesn't even begin to make sense to me. Can you explain it?”

Trilok read over the page his eyebrow ridge rising higher and higher. “This is not something I expected to see in your file. I recall the fire in Lilly Potter's eyes when your father's list of betrothals was brought out. I thought she was going to spit fire. But I digress. This is a very old and very, very powerful type of contract. It is called an Absolute Contract. I've only seen 3 in my life time, this one included. It was once very popular, but as equal rights gained ground this kind of contract lost favor. It basically gives you ownership of the bearer. You will have control over every part of their life, even who can touch them. No one can even shake their hand without your permission. They will also be marked as under an Absolute Contract by the collar that will appear around their neck, and remain there for the rest of their life. The contract activates the moment you are informed that it exists. This says that you must bond with in a year of becoming a Lord, or the age of 15, whichever happens last. It also states the bearer must be with child by 6 months after bonding.”

Harry's face flamed red at that. He wasn't ready to get married or even think about it. “Can I reject this one? I don't want to own anyone, that's... it's awful.” He said shaking his head in disgust at the thought.

“You can, but due to the power of this contract the bearer would die. The cost of breaking this contract is their life.”

Harry looked at the goblin horrified. “I... I... I would rather marry someone I didn't love than sentence a stranger to death.” Harry said with tears in his eyes. 'How can a parent sell their child like that?' He thought. Harry was very distressed by this news, and Trilok gave him time to compose
himself. “Who is it? Can you tell me who I have to marry?”

Trilok sympathized with this poor child, but nodded. “It says Theodore Nott. There were 2 letters with the contract. Would you like to read them?”

Harry looked at him for a moment. “Yes.” He said with determination. “I want to know why someone one would do this to their child.”

He took the first letter and read it.

My Dear Pup,

If you are even reading this then something has gone horribly wrong. Your parents were targeted by the Dark Lord because of some kind of sensitive information that one of his minions over heard. They wanted to leave you in my care, but the Dark Lord has so many allies that some think I should give you up. I would never, EVER do that on purpose. But you were kidnapped that night before I could even get there to take you.

The plan was to tell you about this contract when you turned 14. We also planned to have the 2 of you meet and get to know each other long before that. I look over at your crib some times and what I have done makes me sick. But please believe I had no other choice. There was no other options. I just hope your mother knows that and doesn't skin me when I finally cross over.

Before the fall of the Dark Lord, my good friend came to me begging for help. Her name is Angelina Malfoy, not to be confused with her dick of a cousin Lucius. She was heavily pregnant with her second child. She had already learned that it would be born a male bearer. She was forced to marry a cruel, abusive man who was also one of Voldemort's followers. He has already tainted her firstborn's mind. She was terrified of what he would do to her second child.

To protect the boy she decided to put his life and future in your hands. Harry believe me when I say I wish there was something else we could have done. The reason we used such a powerful and harsh contract is that it is irreversible form the bearer’s side, and it only needs the blood of one parent to seal it. It was the only binding contract that didn't require the father's approval.

I fear what that Nott bastard will do to Angelina when he learns of this. Please try to understand why I agreed to this. I know you pup, even as a baby you are so good and pure. You would never hurt anyone without just cause. I know you will take care of this boy even if you can never love him. But I hope you can, I hope that out of this terrible choice you find true love and happiness.

I love you Pup. With all my heart, and soul. I would give you the moon, stars, and all the rest of the known universe if it would make you happy.

Love Always,

Padfoot

Sirius Orion Black

Harry had tears running down his face after reading that. To know that he was loved was a precious thing. As he thought about it he could understand. If he was right then they had no other choice and this was the only available option. He opened the other letter to see who it was from.
Dear Mr. Potter:

I have asked Sirius if I could add this so that if the worst should happen you will understand why I have done this. I learned 6 months ago I was expecting my second child. 5 months ago I watched as my son Dominic was branded with the mark of that sick psychopath. I cannot allow that to happen to baby. I would abort this child and end both our lives before I allow my husband to corrupt this baby.

My husband is almost as bad as the man he serves. I wake screaming, thinking of the things he would do to our son and have him do when he finds out he is a bearer. Thadius sees women and bearers as little more than animals and would not hesitate to use my son for his own gains. This way my son is protected. I just hope that you truly are the saint Sirius portrays you as.

Angelina Nott nee Malfoy

Harry couldn't imagine what this woman had to go through. From the sound of it, it was give Theodore to Harry or kill him to protect him. There really were no options available to her. He sighed thinking this woman had to be as brave as his own mother. She was willing to do whatever it took to protect her child. “What should I do now?” His voice was tight with emotion.

“I will send out notice to Mrs. Nott along with that to Nobleman Dubear asking for them to set up a meeting as soon as possible.”

Harry nodded. “If I have to marry him, then I want to get to know him first. I think that's all. Well that’s all I can take for today. I'll be back tomorrow for my appointment with Ironfang.”

“Have a good day Mr. Potter. Try not to dwell on all this. It will work out in time. You are young yet. If you need to meet with me again just ask for me at the teller or set up an appointment. I will get back to you on the dates for the meetings.”

“Thank you so much. Not only for the help but for the education. I am staying at Dragon's Den for a few days you can reach me there.” With a nod, he left the office in a bit of a daze. Harry made it back to counters and asked to be taken to vault 687. He didn't want to deal with any of the other vaults on top of everything else.

“Griphook will escort you.” The teller told him.

Griphook nodded to the visibly stunned boy. “How did your meeting go?” He asked politely.

“Informative, stressful, and exhausting.” Harry replied with a sigh. “Who knew knowledge was so shitty at times. I almost wish I was still ignorant.”

“Bad news?”

“Not really. Most of it was good news I guess. I found out I have enough money to live on my own and can do so legally. It's really the absolute contract that I wish I didn't know existed. A collar sounds kinda attractive but I don't want to mate with someone who has no choice in the matter. I don't want someone who has to obey my every whim.”

Griphook smiled lightly. “I'm sure it will work out. You are a good person who will not take advantage of this situation.” He told the boy trying to make him feel better.
Harry looked at Griphook as he got out of the cart not even registering the ride down. After a moment he smiled at him. “You’re right. I'm going to treat the Nott and Dubear contract the same. I will court him as if we were dating and not forced to marry each other by my 16th birthday. I will prove that I am worthy of his trust and love. And if he is like Draco then we will have one kid as the contract says and then I will send him to live on the other side of the world.” Harry nodded feeling so much better now that he had a plan to deal with this situation.

Harry got a good amount of gold out and once they got back to the surface he had it split into thirds, one he kept in galleons, the others he had transferred into pounds and drachmas. He headed straight back to the hotel afterwards. He barely finished eating and changed before he fell asleep due to information overload.

Unbeknownst to him, the dramatic changes that he sent into the Ministry that would normally cause a huge uproar were completely ignored. They were over looked because everyone that worked in the ministry was too busy worrying about the escaped mass murderer, Sirius Black.

Chapter End Notes

I would like to thank Bittersweet Alias and her fic “Absolute Promise” for the idea of the absolute contract, Angelina Malfoy and the pairing of Harry and Theodore. I am sad that she (he) hasn't updated Absolute Promise but what is up is really good. (This is a great fic that in incomplete on Fanfiction.net)
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

6/9/2015 This edit is brought to you by dianemalfoy. How has been working her fingers off correcting this.

I plan on there being several other Malfoys, the idea for their family dynamic and some of their names along with the personality of Lady Zambini are inspired by fics by Slayer of Destiny. She is awesome and I love her HP fics... all her fics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Harry woke the next morning, he was hungry but he felt much better about what had happened the day before. “Dobby.” The elf appeared when called. “I took your advice. I'm now head of the Potter, Perciville, Belix and Blush families. And Heir to the Blacks.” Dobby smiled at him. “Now I want to know what it means to have a house elf.”

“We be doing what every Master wants. We bes cleaning and cooking and all the things that Master forgets or doesn't like doing. We can even look after the little ones too, when Master has them.” He said delighted at the thought of having work and a family to care for.

Harry looked at him. 'He seems to need orders, he obviously like working.' “What happens if a house elf doesn't have a master?” He asked curious.

Dobby looked sad and terrified. “They dies. We is like fruities. Master's magic fills us up, up, up. If no Master then no Magic we shrivel like prunnies then... poof me dies. Turn to dust and blow away.” He looked up at Harry. “Master Harry Potter-Perciville won't let Dobby die?” He asked hopeful and pleading.

“No Dobby. I'll take you as my elf.” He said to the creature kindly. “What do I have to do?”

Dobby was excited and bounced around for a bit before calming enough to speak. Harry looked a bit sad. The thought of such a sweet cheerful creature depending on the Malfoy's was awful. “Master Harry Potter-Perciville must ask Dobby to be his house elf then Dobby accepts.” He was grinning so hard it looked painful.

“Alright.” Thinking that this should be formal Harry spoke. “I, Lord Harricius John Potter-Perciville, do request that Dobby become my family’s house elf.” His voice was filled with command and power he didn't realize he possessed.

“Dobby accepts and pledges to be loyal and faithful so long as it pleases his Master.” As soon as he finished speaking there was a cord of magic coming from Dobby's heart to Harry's. The magic pulsed between them before separating in the middle and retreating back into their bodies. Before his eyes Dobby seemed to grow a bit taller and he looked fuller. He looked less sickly also.

“Dobby you look much better.” Dobby smiled and blushed a yellow-green color at the praise. “Can you get me something light but filling for breakfast? Oh and Dobby please change out of that tea towel. If I'm going to be a respectable Lord those in my service must also be respectable. You need a uniform.”
Dobby looked up at him in awe. “What kind of uniform Master?”

“White shirt, black slacks and a waist coat of any color you like. And sock and shoes, also whatever color. Please try to call me just Harry.” Dobby nodded and popped away. Harry's breakfast appeared on the desk a few seconds after.

Once he was done eating, he went to shower and just then noticed he was in his pajamas. Dobby must have changed him again. After he was ready for the day, he sat at the desk looking at the ledgers. He thought for a moment before opening one. “Seems I've doubled the people that depend on me. First Nott with the contract, now Dobby.” He said aloud to the room. “Who knew gaining my freedom would come with so many problems?” He added looking at the ledgers again. He picked up the one he knew the best. A slim black book with the number 687 on it.

*Created by: James Alistar Potter on the 12th of April 1980 for his unborn child.*

*Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville*

*Keys in circulation: 1*

*Last Transaction: 9th of July 1993, 14:47 GMT*

*Current Balance: 24,900 g*

The book then listed all the previous transactions just like the last transaction, only there was also columns for who made the transaction, the name of the goblin that approved it and the balance after each was made. Most of the transactions were automatic refills that occurred every month at 00:01 on the first. These took the balance back up to 25,000.

He then picked up 693, this one was nearly identical, only it was made July 31, 1980 by the goblins. It was for *The Unnamed Heir* is what the ledger said. “So they knew I existed but not who I was? That's interesting.” there was also only 1 key and the only transactions were the monthly refills. 712 was similar it was made on his first birthday by Sirius Black, *For My Godson and Heir*. It only contained 15,000 g.

Since those were so easy he took out the lowest of the Potter vaults, 007. It was the same size as the others. This one was very different on the inside.

*Ultra High Security Vault*

*Created By: Ustus Potter 10th Waning Moon of year 120 to contain the spoils of war.*

*Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville*

*Keys in circulation: 2*

*Last Transaction: 1st of July 1993, 00:00 GMT*

*Current balance: 212,783,923 g*

Harry could only stare for several minutes unable to get over the balance and the date created.
Once he got over his stupor, he looked at the transactions. The most recent that wasn't refilling was in November 1981. Alice Longbottom deposited several books.

Harry looked at this transaction than looked farther back. The same books were listed as being withdrawn from the vault by Alice in May of 81. He thought about it. 'Why does one of Neville's relatives have access to my vault?’ He looked over the long, long list of transactions. No matter how many he turned there was always one more till it got to the end of the translations. There had to be thousands of them, page after page even though the book was only the size of a composition notebook. Ah the power of magic. None of the withdraws by various Longbottom's were money, only items, mostly books. He decided to write to Neville and ask.

There were also 2 tabs along the side of the book. They said, access and content. Access gave a list of who could access the vault, listed were: Harricius John Potter – full, Augusta Lesli Longbottom – Non-monetary, Franklin Alford Longbottom – Non-monetary, Alice Marie Longbottom – Non-monetary, Neville Franklin Longbottom – Non-monetary.

The items list, like the transactions, seemed to go on forever. There were several things that said: Unknown crate, or box, etc. Value: ???

Harry did see his invisibility cloak. It was listed as withdrawn and the value was 350,000 g

“If Ron only knew, he would flip.” Harry said to himself with a chuckle. He set the book aside to look at later. Then he wrote to Neville.

_Dear Neville,_

_How's your summer? Mine’s been fun so far. We should meet up some time over the summer. Can you ask your gran if I can stay for a bit? Or maybe you can stay over with me once I decide where that will be. Lots has happened and we’re not even 2 weeks in. I’ll tell you all about it in person._

_There is another reason for me writing. I was looking at the Potter vault ledger and there are several members of your family that have access. Do you know them? Or why that is? They are you, Alice, Franklin and Augusta. I don't think you had anything to do with it but I am curious. Could you ask them if you don't know?_

_Let me know about visiting and about the vault. Have a great summer._

_Till we see each other,_

_Harry_

“Dobby.” He called.

“Yes Harry Sir?” He asked with a bow.

“Hedwig hasn't come back yet so can you take this to be mailed? Also, what time is it?” He asked the crazy little thing.

“9:47. Master Harry Sir.” He said and then vanished.
Harry shook his head at the elf’s antics. ‘I think I’ll do some shopping before my appointment.’ He thought storing the ledgers in his trunk. Harry left for the alley of many wonders.

Chapter End Notes

Kinda short. :(
AN: 6/9/2015: another edit by dianemalfoy. Also I don't know why but AO3 removes the tab at the beginning of each paragraph on some chapters so I'll be adding an extra space to separate them

This is a different format due to my USB being stupid

The Dursley's are evil, not quite Moldy Shorts evil but they would if they could. I see Harry's life with them being a much toned down version of a Jewish child living with an Aryan family in WWII Germany. It sucked and they mentally, physically and psychologically tortured him for 10 years. So Harry is very sarcastic in his mind, but doesn't say much. He may also come off as bipolar or split personality due to one moment being powerful and awe inspiring and the next childish and full of wonder. This is due to them. Most of the time he doesn't realize he is in awe mode.

Along the same lines the wizards did NOT endear themselves to Harry. They swarmed an emotionally crippled boy when he first arrived. The only people to treat him right and normal are those that aren't. Hagrid the half giant, goblins, Hedwig, Dobby. All not human. Harry has no reason to love humans because they have done diddly squat for him. And soon he won't even be one.

I was asked to not make this a Harry X multi. Sorry readers but it will be. The way I have British (and maybe worldwide) magical law worked out, all the ancient houses need a bearer. Harry doesn't have to marry them all right away like with Theo but eventually. If Harry were a bearer he would technically fill that clause but he isn't

Harry wondered the stalls for a while, picking up a few things for his friends. The "Big Book of Big Books, Pocket Edition" for Hermione. A Chudley Cannons hoody and tee shirt. Invisible ink for the twins. A large book full of knitting patterns for Mrs. Weasley. And a completely NON-magical journal for Ginny.

That was when he saw a store right next to Alice's. It was called Non-Magical Wares. Inside was like the magical version of Walmart. There was a bit of everything. From non-magical groceries of all different cultures, to electronics guaranteed to work in even highly magical places. 'I am definitely coming back here.' He thought looking at the spiral notebooks. He didn't like using parchment for notes, even if he had to use it for assignments.

Here Harry picked up a set of "How It Works" books for Mr. Weasley. Some were the non-magical versions, but there were two that explained the differences between the non-magical and the magical ones. One covering the Wizarding side the other the Magical side.
Harry stayed wandering for a while before calling for Dobby. He asked the elf what time it was and to also return all the stuff he got to his room. Dobby told him it was ten. Harry decided to spend the rest of his time at the library. On the way there, he picked up a watch so he wouldn't need to keep calling Dobby for the time.

Vivliothikì was a large building on the right side of Gringotts. Harry was in awe of the knowledge contained within. Inside there had to be at least 3 times as many books as there were in the Hogwarts library. There was row upon row of them. The entrance though was large and open with a 5 meter statue of Athena. Harry only knew her from his history books. She had a large tome in one hand, a spear in the other, and an owl on her shoulder; showing she was both a goddess of wisdom and war.

Behind the impressive statue was a round desk where an older woman with scaly purple skin sat. Harry walked over to her, long over being shocked at any strange creatures. "Can I help you?" She asked and the hiss he expected to hear wasn't there.

"Yes ma'am. Can I check out books to read later?"

"Yes you may. You can take 3 books at a time. After 7 days, the books will vanish back to their proper shelf. When you want to take a book simply set the book on one of these pads." She motioned to several black squares on the desk. "If it glows blue the book is yours for the week. If it glows red then the book is one of the rare collections and cannot be taken out."

"Thank you. Can you point me toward the books on contracts and Drakes?"

"All books about Creatures or Beings are on the second floor. The Dragon and Dragon Kin section is on the right at the top of the stairs. Drakes will be in that section, there should be labels to guide you. All books on the various types of contracts are found between the British Law and the Traditions and Edict sections. That is on this floor to the right and behind the International Law section. If you need help with anything simply push your magic into any carving of a caduceus and someone will be right with you."

"Ma'am, how do I 'push' my magic into something?"

"Do you have a wand?" She asked, Harry nodded. "Place your wand tip on the caduceus. If you want to learn how to do so without a wand, books on wand-less magic are on the left side of the third floor behind the rune sections." She explained
Harry smiled and thanked her for her help. He headed to the law section first, and found a lot of books on laws and edict. *That is another class I want to ask the Goblins about. If I'm going to be a Lord, I need to know how.* He ended up with a book on basic laws, which included a large section on contracts, and was simple enough to follow without a law degree. And one explaining how the Houses work, the different types of Lords and how the Houses came to be. He moved on to the Drake books. Harry found a basic book on Drakes there, he was just about to go looking for a place to sit and start one of his books when he looked at his watch and noticed it was 10:45. Harry then checked out the books and headed to the bank.

He walked up to the first available teller. "I have an appointment with the healers."

"Name?"

"Harricius Potter"

"You're early. Have a seat and I will inform the healer." Harry did so opening the law book to read while he waited. He was over 1/3 done by the time a goblin he didn't know came to take him to Ironfang.

He was led deep into the bowels of the bank. They turned down a corridor lined with doorways that had various healers' names on them. Some had curtains drawn over the doors and window and others did not. The open rooms were empty and looked a lot like a non-magical doctor's office, plain, monochromatic, and sterile. Harry was left in one such room. As the goblin that escorted him left, he pulled the curtain together and told Harry the healer would be with him shortly.

Harry had barely sat down on the gurney like bed, when an older looking Goblin, in a white lab coat entered from the door on the opposite side of the office from the one Harry used. "Harricius?" Harry nodded. "I am Master Healer Ironfang. I will begin with a full body scan and we'll go from there."

Harry nodded. This goblin seemed to not be much on pleasantries, but he wasn't rude or condescending either. The goblin began waving his hand or pointing just his pointer finger like
Harry would a wand, while mumbling what he assumed to be spells in the goblin tongue. The longer he cast the spells, the angrier he seem to get. Finally, when he was finished, he stepped back with a fierce look on his face. "How are you still alive?" He said in an awed voice but he also looked sickened.

Harry looked at him confused, honestly not understanding. "What do you mean?"

He just looked at the boy. "You have been beaten, starved, had several broken bones that have not healed properly and all the bones in one arm vanished and regrown improperly. That is not including the dark taint in your scar and Basilisk venom in your veins. I would like to know how you survived."

Harry blushed bright red. "I don't know." He said looking away embarrassed. Unbeknownst to him, his humility and quiet strength was endearing to the goblin. Ironfang was known for his harsh attitude and gruff disposition, but he found himself liking this boy. There was just something about Harricius John Potter that made him want to smirk.

With a small smirk, he said. "Some of it can be attributed to your Drake, they are notoriously resilient and hard to kill. The rest I guess is just dumb luck. Now, along with everything else, you have some blocks that were placed on your magic as a child that need to be removed. I will see if there is an opening to remove the taint and blocks." Ironfang said before leaving the room.

"Taint." Harry said touching his scar. 'Must have some connection to whatever Voldemort did to me as a child.' He thought.

It wasn't long till Ironfang returned. "They can do the procedure in a few minutes, but it is painful and you will likely throw up anything you have eaten today."

Harry made a small face. "That's fine. Let's do it. I don't want any kind of taint in my body."

Ironfang smirked, again. "You will be exhausted after, so I will give you your vaccines and explain the potions regiment now." He pulled over a tray full of needles. Harry didn't even flinch, what was a needle compared to a Basilisk fang through the arm? "This is the booster you should have gotten when you were 2." He told him injecting a small needle into his arm. "This is your Dragon Pox vaccine. It's going to hurt." Harry hissed at the burning fire that was the shot. It was like alcohol on an open wound. "You are a Drake and therefore one of the Dragon kind. Dragon Pox is less deadly to you but that means you can be a carrier, spreading this deadly, incurable disease." Harry nodded,
'didn't make it hurt less' He thought.

"This is a vaccine cocktail that covers several diseases that can be contracted through the International Floo system and are more common in the rest of Europe."

Harry spoke after the shot was given in his thigh. "You can get sick using the Floo?"

"Oh yes. When a person floos, small bits of their magic rub off. Like leaving a finger print on glass. If they are sick the next person to use that floo entrance or exit can pick up the illness from the magical residue. This is the last one. It's a potent mix of vitamins that will boost your immune system and help the potions be more effective." He told the preteen while sticking him again.

Now that Harry felt like a human pin cushion, Ironfang was done. "Thank you very much. For seeing me and helping me. You are not nearly as mean or cruel as wizards make you out to be. Though I think you find humor in screwing with wizards and make most of their lives more difficult."

Ironfang actually chuckled. "Well Harricius, we goblins are pretty simple. We treat others as they treat us. Come in polite and courteous as you have and we will treat you the same. Come in as though we are your slaves and we treat you like dragon dung. Now, this case has your potions." He handed Harry a leather bag. "There are 15 doses. The blue is taken at night before you go to bed. The other 3 are taken right before you eat breakfast. This one will help to counteract the ill effects of the badly set bones and the improperly regrown ones. This is to help reduce the scarring you currently have. It isn't a miracle cure to remove all the hurts, but it will diminish them and remove the lighter ones. The final one is for growth. It will help counteract your stunted growth. That will make the transformation you will have soon go smoother. All 3 will make you very hungry. You should eat 3 large meals and have 2 snacks a day to help the potions along." Harry nodded. He was beginning to think the goblins loved to give him information overloads. "But you should limit candy and junk food. If you have to have something sweet, eat fruit instead."

"They should be ready for you now." Ironfang said after a pause to let Harry absorb his information. They left the room through the back door. Ironfang led him down several passages before they came in to a large room that looked like it would be more at home in a church of some kind. It was round and covered in stone. The walls and floor were covered in markings that were so expertly done, they looked like artwork. In the center of the room was a circular stone table. "You need to be completely undressed." Ironfang said.

Harry was embarrassed but he did as he was told and then had to lay on his back on the table. Once he was on properly; flat on his back, arms at his side, palms down, another door opened. In came 7 goblins in robes, obviously some kind of priests or something. They surrounded the table just over an arm’s length from one another.
Without any introduction or warning, they all started chanting in goblin as one. The chant went on and on, rising and falling like waves. Harry began to feel the magic. It rose and rose in the air. Then the chant changed and he felt a spike of pain in his scar. The chant now rose winding higher and higher and as it did, the pain worsened. By the crescendo, Harry was writhing and screaming in pain. It was a miracle, or magic, that he hadn't thrown himself off the table with his trashing. But when it did reach the peak, it seemed like there was a terrible explosion. His infamous scar split like the Red Sea, out gushed black liquor and out steamed a black mist.

Had he been conscious after the mist left him, Harry would have heard the rapid change in chants and the panic in the chanters’ voices. They had not expected to find a living Horcrux container, such a thing was unheard of. Their new chant created an orb of pure white light that began drawing the smoke in. The thing resisted but was consumed. The orb fell into one of the goblin's hands and was quickly taken for proper disposal at once. Proper disposal being, taking it to the dragon pits and burned. Nothing in existence, even Mithril could withstand dragon fire.

The chanters took a break and Harry began to wake by the time they resumed. The chants this time were an endless loop that didn't seem to rise. Instead, they seemed to be pulling on something. Every time the chant would start over, there was something tightening. Harry had trouble describing the feelings in his own body. But soon it reached a point where the tightness was painful. Not near what it was earlier, but it still hurt. Then, just as the pain became sharp, there was a snap. Like you had pulled a rubber band too far and it broke under the pressure. In the wake of the snap, Harry felt like a small dam had been burst and there was a wave of energy that surged through him. Once his magic settled again, he noticed that the goblins hadn't stopped the endless chant and that there was another thing tightening within him.

The cycle of tighten, snap and flood repeated 4 times. After the fourth, there was a great flood. Harry's body glowed for a moment before it was overwhelmed and he passed out.

When Harry next woke, he was back in Ironfang's office fully clothed. He was stiff and sore, but he sat up with a groan.

"Are you awake?" Ironfang asked.

"I don't know." Harry whined.

Ironfang chuckled. "How do you feel?"
"Weak. My head is killing me." His stomach gave a loud rumble. "And I am starving." He rubbed his head and belly. "What did you find?"

"First, drink these and eat while I talk." He pushed a tray over to Harry. It was very good food and the 3 potions were nowhere near as vile as the ones at Hogwarts.

"I'm not surprised your head hurts. It's a miracle you survived. We didn't realize that the dark magic in your scar was a Horcrux." Harry looked confused. "That's a foul piece of Death Magic and highly illegal. A Horcrux is a piece of your soul which is cleaved off using a ritual that involves killing an innocent person. The soul piece is then placed into a container. If I had to guess, I would say killing your mother split the soul. How it attached to you and how there was a magical explosion we still don't know."

"I had a piece of Voldemort's soul in my head? What the Hell?" He shouted. "Is he insane, you don't go around chopping up your soul that's nuts. Why would anyone do that?"

"Most believe it will make you immortal. But it won't. You can't be killed so long as such a container is preserved, but you will still age and die. The ancient Egyptians first crafted them. Our research there has shown that some of the decorative pieces in the tomes were actually horcruxes, the dark magic lingers even after their souls are gone."

Ironfang stopped there. You could see the wheels turning in Harry's mind. "I bet he made more of these things. And I would also bet that diary was one of them. If I can get it back, will you check for me?"

"What diary?" He asked curious

"It didn't look like much, but it possessed one of my friends and was draining her life away. I stabbed it with a basilisk fang. It poured black ooze and screamed like you wouldn't believe."
Ironfang blinked. "Where did you get the basilisk fang?"

"From the basilisk that Riddle set on me. I killed it with the sword of Gryffindor, which I pulled out of the sorting hat."

The goblin was silent, just looking at his charge. The boy didn't have any idea how lucky, or skilled, he was to still be alive. Looking at all the other injuries, most pointing to abuse, he was leaning toward both. "You should inform Trilok about the basilisk. They are very valuable and if you killed it, then it is yours. You should also mention the sword. I don't know much about the Gryffindor line but you may be able to become the lord."

"Oh no thank you. I think the Potter family will be enough trouble without even adding on the others. I don't need any more. But I will tell him when we meet on the 13th." Harry took another bite before speaking again. "So that was the first part, what was the second?"

"That was the breaking of magical bonds. There were 4 bonds in total."

"Do you know who did that and why?" He asked wondering if whoever left him with the Dursley's wanted him weak and ignorant. While he didn't want to handle all this lord stuff, someone should have let him know or been teaching him.

"The first was a standard bond placed on children that exhibit magic very young. It is done to prevent accidental magical exhaustion. The second was added not long after and was also to block your power. It's the standard charm placed on children that break through the first one and still perform magic very young. We have the healer's records where both were done professionally, at your parents orders.

The third and fourth we are unable to identify who placed them but we do have a guess. We think they were a side effect of the horcrux. One was suppressing and attacking your mind, hence the headache. The other was leaching magic from your core. Most likely sending some to Voldemort and the rest being used by the horcrux to keep your body from fighting it."

"So my parents bound my magic because it was really strong as a kid and part of Riddle's soul was binding the rest? I do feel like there has been a weight taken off. Like I can breathe easier. I hope that
I don't have nightmares like I did before. I think I'm going to go rest now. I'm still very tired.

"You go ahead. Don't forget your things. And have Trilok set up a follow up appointment when you meet him."

"I will. Thank you for everything. Please thank the other goblins that helped for me too. I feel like I owe you and Trilok more than just your fees. You have both been so patient and informative, and I will not forget it." Harry stood and collected his things. He reached up to push up his glasses and realized they weren't there. "My glasses are gone. But I can see perfectly." He gave a huge grin and hugged his healer. Shocking Ironfang. "I do owe you. Anything you or any of the others that helped me want or need you have but to ask. I hope all your endeavors bring you joy and prosperity" Harry said with a bow.

"May your enemies be few and your treasures many." Ironfang replied. "Have a good day Harricius."

Harry left the bank with a big smile on his face. He headed straight back to the hotel and crashed just like yesterday. Meanwhile, Ironfang rushed off to a goblin meeting.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

AN: 6/9/2015: More edits <3 <3 To dianemalfoy

Italics over to the left are changes in POV or location

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Under Gringotts

Every week, the goblins would convene to give reports to their king. Ironfang was a bit late entering and quickly took his seat at the long table. Ragnarok barely even looked at him. Most of the meeting was standard business. At the end though, things changed.

“I have heard rumor of a sensible human. Is this true?” Ragnarok asked.

“If you mean Harricius John Potter-Perciville then yes and no.” Trilok answered.

“What do you mean?” the king replied.

“Harricius is very polite and well-mannered and was raised human, but he is actually due a Drake inheritance at his 13th birthday.” Trilok explained.

Ragnarok looked intrigued. “Tell me more of this, Harricius. Who has met him?” 10 goblins raised their hands.

“I was the second to meet him on his first visit 2 years ago.” Griphook spoke up a bit nervous. “Rihorn called me to escort the boy and the Hogwarts half giant to their vaults. I explained each of the coins to him. It was obvious he had never seen our money before.”

“He was with the half giant? I don't remember him. That was the day of the break in.” Rihorn said.

“So he came 2 years ago. What else?” Ragnarok prompted.

“I remember him from last year. He came in with the Weasley family. He was very shy about them seeing his fortune but didn't ask, or didn't know he could ask, for a private cart.” Rancrest said. “I was also the teller that greeted him yesterday. He was polite and to the point but didn't seem to be groveling or begging. He stated his business, asked for a service pamphlet, and took a seat.” He paused. “I wanted to see what he was really like, so I made him sit for half an hour before I contacted Trilok.”

“I see. Any other oddities?” Their king asked with a grin. Testing humans was a pass time for them.

Griphook spoke again. “Yesterday, I was sent to take him to Trilok. He immediately recognized me.” This caused several shocked gasps and mummers. Few of the non-human customers
could tell one goblin from another. Or cared to try. “I was shocked too. But we had a pleasant chat
about Lockhart. He said, and I quote; ‘He was a liar, a thief and a charlatan. As far as I'm concerned
he got what he deserved and I don't intend to think about him again.’ Later, as we were coming back
from his vault, he said he was raised by non-magicals and that the first day he was in here was just
over 12 hours after learning magic was real.”

“It seems we were right to be impressed. This boy is very interesting. Even if he isn't strictly human.”

“That's true my lord.” Trilok spoke up. “He is very politically powerful and I would guess magically as well. He has claimed 3 titles and is now head of 2 minor families.”

“What titles? And which families?”

“He is Lord of the Potter and Perciville lines. Heir to the Black family. The other two are the Belix and Blush families. He also has an Absolute contract with the second Nott child. But with the elder imprisoned, he will likely take that title as well.”

“3, likely 4 titles and he still seems humble. I would say it was impossible.” Ragnarok said disbelievingly.

“My lord. I just came from healing him.” Ironfang spoke. “Normally I would agree, but I have seen him. Drake or not, Power or not. The boy is very humble. And I know this boy has power, power to spare. He just had an Akira block removed.” This also raised shocked noises. The Akira block was created as a way to restrain prisoners by binding their magic within their skin. Only someone with very high magical levels could over power it and then it would be difficult. That he was even able to use a wand was a miracle. “On top of that, he had a standard block and a Horcrux that was leeching off his magical core. Even with all this, he was still able to function as a Hogwarts student. I plan to see him again before the summer is out to test his full magical power.”

“It sounds like we should call him Adynatos. Anything else Trilok?”

“Yes sir. I did a basic scan of him and I can say without a doubt, he has been abused. Beaten, starved, bones broken multiple times and never set right. To be honest, he makes some pit fighters look healthy.”

“I agree.” Noxhook, one of the goblins that preformed the rituals. “The boy looked almost emaciated when he was on the stone table. I thought the procedure was sure to kill him. But he laid there and took much more pain than I would have expected from a healthy person before crying out.”

“Hum.” Ragnarok said thinking on what he had heard. “This boy will be powerful in all definitions of the word. Money and political power, he has now. Knowledge and magical strength, he will gain.” He was quiet a moment. “When will Adynatos return?”

“He has ordered a meeting with Lord Dubear and Lady Nott. They have yet to send word of when they can come.”

“If they ignore his summons, invite him for a visit before his birthday. I want you to extend the offer of friendship. But don't tell him what he gets in return until after he accepts.”

“My Lord.” Ironfang said. “I don't believe that will be a problem. When I was finished with him he said, he owed myself and all those that participated in the breaking of the bonds, a debt. He said he owed Trilok and me even more so due to our patience with him. I believe he would be
honored to meet you and would gladly be our ally and assist us in almost any endeavor.”

“I will think on all this. Report to me as soon as you know when he will be in, or if he just comes to withdraw from his accounts.” With that, Ragnarok stood and left. All the others stood with their king but most stayed trying to get more information out of those that knew the boy.

Longbottom Manor

Neville and his Gran, Augusta, were just setting down to tea when an owl tapped at the window. As soon as the elf let it in, it went straight to Neville.

“Neville, what is it? You so rarely get mail.” The intimidating Dowager Longbottom said. And it was true, other than Herbology magazines and the Quibbler, Neville never got mail.

“I... d... don't know Gran.” He replied in his usual nervous voice. He smiled at the beginning of the letter then turned pale.

“Well, what is it?” Augusta demanded

“It's from H... Harry... he... says he wants to come over. But,” He gulped “But he also says that... That we have access to his va… va… vault. He wants to know why.” He was so scared now. Harry was so nice to him, he was one of his only friends. ‘What if he thinks of me as a thief? What if he hates me? If Harry Potter hates me, no one will even want to be my friend.’ He thought in dismay. He had nearly worked himself to tears as his Gran finished reading the letter.

“You must invite him over. This vault business can be sorted in an instant. Give him our floo address and the password. I expect him no later than Thursday. Also, inform him he may stay as long as he pleases.”

Neville just looked at her in shock. Augusta didn’t like anyone to stay over. 'She knew about the vault. What is going on?’ he thought leaving to go do what he was told.

Dear Harry,

I'd love to have you over for as long as you want to stay. My summer has been fine, lots of work in the Greenhouses that got neglected over the school year. Our floo address is 'Longbottom Manor' and the password is Filos, that's friend in Greek. I know you were raised muggle. Just go to a fire place that's connected to the floo network, take a deep breath, throw in the powder, then when it turns green, step in and say in a clear voice 'Longbottom Manor Filos'

Gran knows all about the vault and will explain everything. She wants you to come before next Thursday. I didn't know or I would tell you. I still don't know, I guess she wants to only explain once. I have never taken anything from you. Please don't think we're thieves. My Gran is Augusta by
the way. She can be scary.

Still your friend,

Neville

He sent the letter back with one of the Longbottom owls, hoping Harry would understand and still be his friend.

Meanwhile, Augusta was thrilled. Frank and James never got on. James was too exuberant and Frank was more serious like her. But there were 4 years between the boys. She was glad Harry and Neville were friends. She hated being cold with him, but Neville breaks her heart every time she looks at him.

‘He looks just like you Alexander.’ She thought remembering her husband’s smiling face. ‘And he acts just like Nicodemus used to. Oh how I miss my baby boy.’ Her eyes were wet but she didn't cry. Both her husband and youngest son had been gone for many years and she had cried all she was going to over their loss.

Back with Harry

The next morning he woke with a headache but nothing as bad as it was before. There was also a tap, tap, tap, on the window. Harry went over and let in both Hedwig and another owl. He took the letter from the other owl and gave both of them some treats. The other owl soon flew back off. Harry sat and read his letter while petting Hedwig.

‘How could Neville think I would believe he was a thief? Neville is far too shy and has no self-esteem. I'll have to fix that.’ he thought. ‘Now I can't stay here. Let me see if there are any homes along with all that money in the ledgers.’

Harry looked at the vault ledgers he looked at before, but they didn't show anything so he looked at the investment one for the Potter's. It was divided into tabs too. These were labeled; Magical stock, Wizard stock, non-magical stock, business rights and finally 2 for properties, one commercial, the other residential. The stocks made absolutely no sense to him. It was all just a glob of numbers and letters. The businesses were just a list of all the companies the Potter's owned part of, and what percentage. He was surprised that they owned 15 percent of the Prophet, and 40 percent of the Quibbler. Most of the other businesses, he had never heard of or never been in. There were lots of commercial properties that he owned but no one was using. He thought that was strange and decided to ask Trilok about it whenever they met again.

The last was the homes. They were listed like this:

Potter Castle: Ireland, unplotable – 400 acre – unknown value – 8 elves attached
Potter Ranch: Arizona, USA, unplotable – 1200 acre – value of land area; 600,000 g – 6 elves attached

Godric's Hollow: Godric's Hollow, Manchester, England – 2 acre – value; 3,000g (destroyed)

The Cabin: Unmapped location, Black forest, Germany – 1400 acre – unknown value - 2 elves attached

Harry just blinked at that list. He had a castle... A CASTLE. REALLY! He wasn't sure what to think about that. But he didn't want to stay there. Him alone in a huge castle or on an even bigger ranch. No thank you. He thought about Godric's Hollow but it said destroyed so he guessed that might have been the house his parents were killed in and he wasn't ready to deal with that. So he was moving to the cabin. At least till he could explore the others and then decide.

He called for Dobby. The elf popped in, bowing low. “Good Morning. Look Hedwig's back!” Harry told him with a smile. He looked affectionately at his two friends/pets. He stopped and just looked at Dobby. The elf was wearing the black slacks and white shirt, but his waist coat and socks looked like they had been made by a hippie. They looked like tie-dye with bright outlandish colors. Harry had to keep from laughing. And the shoes were priceless they were bright red and made like Christmas elf shoes so they turned up at the toe. It took him a few minutes to control his reaction and ask Dobby what he had planned to. “Dobby is it hard to floo internationally?”

Dobby looked happily at the bird knowing how much his master loved her. He would take good care of those his master cared about. “Oh no, not hard Master Harry Sir. Just like all floo, only longer. Floo over water is cold and long and itchy.” He said demonstrating the cold and itchy parts.

“How do I floo back here to the alley?”

“Use Dragon. It the main floo for all the alley, just like Leaky only nice.” Harry nodded at Dobby's eccentricity.

“Thank you Dobby. Can you take all my things, and Hedwig to the Potter Cabin in Germany?” Dobby nodded. “If I'm not there in half an hour, come find me. Knowing my luck I'll end up on the moon. He said the last part half grumbled to himself. “When you get there explain things to the elves and ask if they can fix me some breakfast.”

“Yes Master Harry Sir. What do's you want?”

“...” He opened his mouth to say anything but he had a feeling Dobby would take that to mean one of everything and the poor elves would cook for about a hundred. “Sausage, over easy eggs and hash. With milk and orange juice to drink.” He ordered.

Once the elf and owl were gone Harry headed down to the lobby to check out. He noticed a familiar face. “Good morning Marina.” He called to the lady he meet his first night in this amazing place.

“Good Morning Mr. Mysterious. You know I never got your name?”

“I'm sorry about that. I'm Harricius. But my friends call me Harry. And I'm actually checking out.” He told her with a short bow.

“Heading home?” Harry nodded. “I'll get your bill.” She pulled out a slim red book and looked him up. “That will be 3 mina and 52 drachma.” She said.
He pulled the correct amount from his money bag and said goodbye to the nice lady. Saying he may see her again to do some shopping.

Once Harry was out of the hotel, he focused on his Potter lordship ring and said “The Cabin Portus.” He felt a swirl of color and noise. Then he fell to the ground in a heap. He lay there for a while fighting to keep his stomach in his body. But once he got control of his self, he found he was now in a twilight lit dense forest of tall ancient trees. And a little ways down a winding path he could see the yellow glow of lights out windows. Harry picked himself up and headed toward what he hoped was the cabin.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for any time the word form is where from should be. When I get to typing fast I sometimes transpose letters on accident and because I'm dyslexic when I proof read I don't see the mistake. But dianemafloj is working on them ^_^
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

6/9/2015: edit by dianemalfoy

Harry will not be all powerful but he does have deep wells of magic to draw from. Part of that is because of his drake. They are highly magical creatures and even low powered ones would read very high on the human scales. But the goblins don't know much about them since most are self sufficient or come into the bank looking completely human.

The cabin, if that's what you would call it, was not what he was expecting. He was imagining a log house with a quaint look. What he saw when he came out of the tree line was a large, single story stone building. The roof was covered in soil and what looked like a garden in full bloom. There were flowers and plants of all kinds, and even some vines trailing off the roof. He thought that was strange, but kinda neat too. If it wasn't for the lights, you would never see the home in the dense woods. There was a wooden stable attached to one side of the house. The whole place was picturesque and beautiful.

He walked up to the door and paused for a moment, about to knock, before he remembered this was his. He didn't need to knock. Harry opened the door and went in. The house was completely different inside. For one, it was larger and 2 story inside. He stepped down the 3 stairs to the floor of the living room. As soon as his feet reached the floor 3 house elves appeared.

"Welcome home Master." Dobby and the other 2 said with a bow.

"Please call me Harry. Like I told Dobby, you need uniforms in place of tea towels. In fact, Dobby I want you to go tell all my house elves about the change in uniform." Dobby nodded happily and popped out. Harry smiled at the other two's look at Dobby's clothes. "You don't have to wear anything exactly like that. You can choose the color of the waist coat, socks and shoes. You can even wear a dress and cardigan in place of the slacks if you want." He added to the obviously female elf. "Now what are your names?" He asked kindly seeing that these 2 were becoming a bit overwhelmed.

"I is Siv. This be Laos. What can we be doing for Master Harry?" The smaller female elf said.

"First I would like some breakfast. Then a map of the area so I know exactly where we are."

"Yes Master Harry. Breakfast is ready. Once yous is finished Laos will show yous to the study where all maps are. Lots and lots of maps." She told him leading the way to eat-in kitchen.

What he had seen so far Harry liked. The house was a nice size, only a bit smaller than the Dursley's. The interior was done in woods and natural colors decorated with several furs. It felt earthy and homey, like a great place to spend a week but not live in indefinitely. Harry contemplated this while eating his very large breakfast, which washed down the potions he had to take.

As soon as he pushed his plate away it vanished and Laos appeared. He seem thrilled to
show Harry the study. As they went, Harry noticed that besides the large living room and eat-in kitchen, there was only one other room on the ground floor. When he asked, Laos said it was the water closet. Upstairs had 4 rooms. 2 bedrooms, another bath and the study.

The study looked like an adventurer's room. In the center was a large table, the table top had a large map etched into it but was currently buried under more maps and plans. 2 of the walls had wall to wall, floor to ceiling, book shelves that were crammed full of books. Another wall had a huge map of the forest on it with several pins, crumbling leaves, and photos stuck to it. The last wall was occupied by a large window over a desk. The desk was covered in papers, instruments and specimens. Harry was a bit overwhelmed at the vast amount of stuff and the mess. Whoever used this before wasn't very tidy.

Harry looked around the room and came upon a journal on the desk. He sat at the chair and began reading it. Turns out the book was a field guide to the area. It told where they were in the forest exactly, by the longitude and latitude. It also gave the locations of where several different plants and creatures could be found. Harry looked at that list for a long while before it came to him. Most of the plants seemed familiar because they were. They were potion ingredients. Harry took another look at some of the books on the shelves and sure enough there were several detailing how to harvest ingredients for retail sale. Someone at one time must have lived here and used the natural flora and fauna to make a living. Back on the desk, now that he knew what he was looking for, Harry noticed that among the rocks and preserved bugs were cans, packets and vials of ingredients all meticulously labeled.

With this new information in mind, Harry went back to the journal and read about the different groups of creatures that called his land home. According to the book, there were 3 different clans of Centaurs, a unicorn herd, and a large pack of werewolves somewhere in the 1400 acres he owned, well at least there had been in 1946. Harry spent the next few hours looking at the maps and planning to explore several areas around this place. He definitely wanted to meet the Centaurs. According to the book, they were quite friendly if you knew how to approach them.

He was interrupted by Siv bringing him a snack. After munching on it, he decided to write a few letters before heading outside to explore. As though she could read his mind, Hedwig showed up at the window while he was writing.

He wrote a short letter to Ron telling him he was having a good summer and asking about Egypt. Then one to Hermione telling her he was doing good and about the house elves needing a bond or they would die. Ever since he first mentioned Dobby last fall, she had been the elf crusader and he was hoping that this knowledge would calm her down for a while. Ron and Hermione were his friends but there were times when both were bloody annoying. Next was another to Neville.

Neville,

Thanks for letting me stay over. I have some meetings over the summer but I should be able to stay a week or two. I will be there Tuesday but I don't know what time. If your Gran doesn't mind, I have several more questions to ask her.

I'm going to get started on the things I have to get done. Thanks for the instruction. I hope I don't end up in China somewhere. The floo is not my friend.
Harry looked at Hedwig after setting down Neville's letter. "Hey girl is there anywhere you can't get? I want to write to my godfather and he won't be easy to get to."

Hedwig gave him a look that clearly said "How dare you doubt me human."

"Fine, fine." He curbed under the owl's glare. "Let me write it. But please deliver the others first... Well not Ron's do his last."

Sirius Black

This is Harry. I don't remember you, but if my parents trusted you then that's good enough reason to give you a chance. I just learned I'm the Heir to the House of Black. They said the 'Old Magicks' didn't see your imprisonment as valid so you are still the Lord. They didn't tell me why you were imprisoned but they are looking into it.

The owl that is bringing you this is named Hedwig. She is simply brilliant. She will stay with you till you write back or tell her to leave. Be nice to her. I'm sending some parchment and a pen for you to reply.

I would like to know more about my family and about the contract with Nott. I want to know more about the circumstances for it.

Harry Potter.

He sent Hedwig off with the letters and headed outside. He wanted to go have a look at the stables first.

The stable ran the whole length of one side of the house. Inside there were 6 stalls with six animals housed. 3 were large draft horses, one was a Griffin who looked tame and docile, another was a jet black Pegasus and the last was... was a... Harry had no clue what it was. It was a light gray color and had wings like a Pegasus but was huge. Like, he could walk under its belly and not have to duck, huge. He was going to have to look this thing up.

Harry petted one of the horses and the Pegasus before becoming brave enough to approach the Griffin. Said animal didn't even move from its laying position. Harry petted the down soft feathers of its head and neck. He came to pet the giant thing and it was just as calm and gentle as all the others. He had a strong desire to learn to ride. Before becoming a wizard, he always imagined horseback riding would be like freedom and flying.

"Laos." He called and the elf popped up. "Do you know how to ride a horse?" He asked

"Elves don't ride horsees but Laos knows lots. Cagaru is slow and smooth. He's a good learning horse. Master want mes to ready him?" Laos asked

"Sure. I'd love to try, and falling from a horse can't be as bad as a broom." Harry replied with a huge smile on his face.

Cagaru turned out to be the large black horse with a white blaze and socks. He was all outfitted with black leather track and ready to ride in no time. Harry was a bit nervous now but did as
Laos told him. He stood on the right side of Cagaru, placed his right foot in the stirrup and stepped up. He hung there for a moment and almost toppled backwards before swinging his leg over and sitting. For his part, the horse didn't seem to notice or care that there was now a person on his back.

After figuring out how to ride, with Laos giving him instructions from the ground. Harry rode about the house and a little ways into the woods. Cagaru was calm and very obedient, but still made sure Harry remained seated and didn't run them into a tree or anything. Harry didn't try his speed but he did love the feel of the powerful creature under him. And he was right it was just as freeing as being on his broom. Only it was less lonely because he had a constant companion. Harry guessed riding a Griffin or Pegasus would be even better due to both riding an animal and flying. But he wasn't stupid, he realized that he needed to be a lot better at riding before he left the ground.

The two of them rode together until Harry's butt started to hurt. He then rode back to the house and stable. Laos was there waiting on him. Harry had more trouble dismounting and ended up on his bottom. Cagaru looked at him and sniffed him before turning away since the boy was unharmed. Harry was even sorer when he tried to stand. Laos asked if he was ok and then the elf giggled when he rubbed his bottom. Harry half limped back into the house trying to get his muscles to work again.

Siv had lunch and a muscle relaxing potion ready for him when he came in. After eating He asked her to bring down all the ledgers so he could look over some more on the comfy couch. She smiled, doing as she was told. Harry relaxed onto the couch and pulled a fur blanket over him more for comfort than warmth. He pulled out vault ledger 031.

*Ultra High Security Vault*

*Created By: Ustus Potter 7th Full Moon of year 168 to contain overflow from vault 007.*

*Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville*

*Keys in circulation: 2*

*Last Transaction: 12th, November 1981 11:08 GMT*

*Current balance: 0g*

'Alice must have taken books from both vaults because the transaction is exactly the same.' Harry thought looking it over. He was kinda staggered that all the stuff in his other vault was just part of it. And while there was no actual money in this vault, all the items had value. All the same people had access to this vault as 7.

He decided to finish up the Potter vaults, and opened ledger 514.

*Stasis Vault*

*Created By: Lilly Potter 13, August 1973; for ingredient storage.*

*Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville*

*Keys in circulation: 2*
There was a long list of ingredients some rare and very valuable others common and nearly worthless. There were also several potions that Harry could only identify a few of. What he found most curious was that the other person with access was Severus Snape. He wondered long and hard about why a vault his mom had made would give Snape access. Maybe his godfather would know because Harry was not about to write the man. He was as likely to turn Hedwig into ingredients as to reply. Probably more likely to hurt the messenger.

Harry put that out of his mind. He was making headway and the vaults were moderately easy to understand even if they blew his mind. He opened 004.

Ultra High Security Vault

Created By: Zelshrok 2nd Waxing Moon of year 47 as a transfer to the new system from the Verskii vault

Owner: Harricius John Perciville

Keys in circulation: 6

Last Transaction: 3rd of July 1993, 19:09 GMT

Current balance: 296,793,928 g

Harry was very puzzled by this. A goblin created this vault. So his family had to have had one before to be transferred over. He wondered why they changed. He also wondered about the others that had keys to this vault. But he looked over it in order and found that there was 100g every month transferred into vault 436 as an allowance. Seeing as 1 g was 20 Euro or about 23 pounds that was a huge allowance. He also found refill transactions for his vault 693 and another, vault 591.

Harry did come to the list of others with access. He didn't know any of them. They were; Serpens Perciville, Alexander Perciville, Lydia Dupree, Adrian Dupree and Samantha Dupree. He didn't linger on it though. He moved on to 018.

Ultra High Security and Stasis Vault

Created By: Silvia Perciville née Slytherin 4th New Moon of year 134, For precious family treasures

Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville

Keys in circulation: 5


Current balance: 0g

This one was also unlike the others. It stated that no item could ever be removed not even by him the owner. But he could place other items in the vault. He found that very curious and wonder what kind of secrets it could hide. He did notice that the items were mostly books. Almost every
book in there had a value of “?” . They and several others had question marks in place of titles as well. All the same people had keys as did 004, but Adrian Dupree was excluded.

Harry was gaining more questions than answers. He hoped he could contact one of these people and get them to answer his questions. But for now he wanted to finish looking over the vaults. He grabbed 271.

_Moderate Security Vault_

*Created By: Johanna Belix 13th December 1791 for basic savings.*

*Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville*

*Keys in circulation: 1*

*Last Transaction: 9th April, 1982, 11:47 GMT*

*Current balance: 400,789 g*

The only thing other than money was 12 books. Last but not least 647

*Created By: Davis Blush, 12th December 1978, for his unborn son.*

*Owner: Harricius John Potter-Perciville*

*Keys in circulation: 1*

*Last Transaction: 2th December 1978, 12:00 GMT*

*Current balance: 2,000g*

The contents was just the money and a letter. Harry didn't know what to make of this. _Why do I have a vault made for his unborn son?_ Harry couldn't puzzle it out. But that was added to his growing list of things to ask. He would read the letter first and decide then.

Harry sat back and thought for a long while. So many things had changed in just a few days. It was hard to believe his old life was over 3 days ago. He saw no sense in looking at the stocks and businesses just yet, but he did want to make a list of all the properties he owned and where they were. Since he planned on visiting them all this summer if he could.

The investment ledger for the Blush family was paper thin and had no properties and only a few stocks and investments. The Belix one had _8 New Baton Way, Down, Ireland._ Its value was 160,000g and it had no house elves. The Perciville’s only had Perciville Palace and the address listed was just Greece, with 8 house elves attached to it. Knowing all the places he could go, Harry put the ledgers aside and picked up his book on the Houses.

Chapter End Notes
I think I have thrown enough facts and figures at you all for one chapter. Next will include how the Houses will work in THIS FIC they aren't explained very well in cannon and so I am doing them my way.
Harry was content to stay curled up and read his book on the noble houses. The first chapter was on how a house became noble, and what that meant.

A Noble house is not always truly noble. In fact, the term Noble Houses covers a wide range from the Aged to the Sovereign. Most Noble Houses have a two name format. The first indicates how old the house is and the second tells their merit. Age and status combine to tell where they fall in society. But there are some houses who have only one name and that is their age. The second portion is left off. This indicates that the family has either committed crimes against the Monarchy in days of old and been stripped of their standing or they are not at all ambitious. The Crabbe family is an example of the former and the Goyle of the latter.

A family becomes Aged by being able to trace their magic back 50 generations. They will remain Aged till the 150th generation when they will become Ancient. Archaic families can trace their line to back 300 generations. All of those over the age of 20 generations are called Noblemen. Each tier of age comes with a vote on the Wizengamont. Each Noblemen gets 1/3 of a vote, Aged 1 vote, Ancient 2 votes, and Archaic 3 votes.

The other part of the House’s title is based on merit. Loyal is the lowest ranking. The people of these houses served a Liege Lord or one of the Kings but never moved very far into the ranking. Honorable house have at least one ancestor whom achieved a high standing or was given a reward for a great task. The true Nobles, those houses who have Noble as their merit name, were once Liege Lords or the king’s closest advisers. Lordly is the highest status. It was what the families of the lesser Kings were called after the British Monarchy fell as the ruling government. The highest kings were given the title Sovereign, and that was all they were called being considered above the Noble House rankings. There are only 2 High, or Sovereign, Kings of Britain. Those are Pendragon, and Ravenclaw.

Loyal houses gain no extra votes. Honorable houses gain 1 extra vote, Noble 3 and Lordly 5. Those of the 2 Sovereign families have 13 votes and can veto any vote.

Harry thought that was fascinating. He knew from his test he was part Ravenclaw, so he was related to the Kings of old. Harry planned to check out books about them. He also thought it was cool that the wizards recognized King Arthur as their king too. Harry had read about Camelot as part of his primary school work. He turned back to the book and looked at the list of the Noble Houses.

Abbott- Aged and Honorable

Binns- Ancient
Black- Ancient and Noble
Bones- Aged and Honorable
Boot- Aged
Brown- Aged and Loyal
Bulstrode- Ancient and Honorable
Chang- Aged and Honorable
Crabbe- Ancient
Crouch- Ancient and Honorable
Davis- Ancient and Loyal
Diggory- Aged and Honorable
Dumbledore- Ancient and Noble
Flint- Ancient and Honorable
Flume- Aged and Honorable
Goyle- Ancient
Greengrass- Ancient and Noble
Gryffindor- Archaic and Lordly
Hufflepuff- Archaic and Noble
Lestrange- Ancient and Honorable
Longbottom- Ancient and Noble
Lovegood- Ancient and Honorable
Lupin- Aged and Loyal
Malfoy- Ancient and Honorable
Marchbanks- Aged and Honorable
McGonagall- Ancient and Honorable
Nott- Aged and Honorable
Ogden- Ancient and Noble
Ollivander- Archaic and Noble
Parkinson- Aged and Honorable
Patil- Ancient and Noble
Harry looked at all those people and Houses. He liked the thought that Malfoy was lower class than all his families. He didn't know the Weasley's were part of the Nobles. He did some addition and realized he had 11 votes and his Godfather had 5. Harry felt very uncomfortable with having so much power over others. Harry looked back to the book and found the edict section.

He read over it. There were all kinds of manners and gestures that he was expected to know as an Heir. Being an Heir of 2 houses would have made it more complicated. But to be Lord was nearly overwhelming. There were so many things, so many gestures that had so many meanings. Even the tone of his voice mattered.

He learned that his actions to Draco in their first year were very rude and as far as the boy knew Harry did it on purpose. “That would explain his behavior. I was really rude to him.” Harry sighed. “I have to apologize to Malfoy.”

Harry came to another conclusion. Neville needed to start acting his status too. Patil and Greengrass were the only two in their year that were the same level as Neville and only he and Zabini out ranked him. Harry only out ranked everyone in their year due to the Perciville Lordship.

He found another passage that bothered him.

In 1412, muggle witch hunts nearly drove magic to extinction. Due to the death of nearly half of all magical families a decree was made. The law now states that all Noble houses from Aged to Sovereign must have a bearer. This law was modified in 1753 to say that the Ladyship, or consortship, could be taken by a mistress of Noble blood if they bear a child of the Lord before the bearer of the family. With the farther shrinking of magical blood in 1804 it was also added that muggleborns could take the place of the chosen bearer if they produced a child. From then till 1930 and the rise of Grindelwald, children of a Lord and a muggleborn were considered pureblood due to the belief that the father’s noble blood would erase impurities of the muggle blood. That all changed when radical blood purists rose to power in the government. It was not long after when the Muggle Department of the ministry come into being.

Harry didn't like the sound of that. He really didn't want to marry 3 people, 2 was bad enough. And the discrimination was terrible. He knew it existed but never realized it had only been that way for a few decades. He frowned but continued reading.
By the time Harry had read through the book and understood most of it, it was dinner time. Harry spent the evening in the study to read some of the other books in there.

Longbottom Manor

Neville was washing his hands from gardening and getting ready to go inside when Hedwig flew down. “Hey girl, did Harry send another letter?” He asked stroking the bird. She leaned into his hand cooing before nodding and sticking out her leg with the letter attached. He looked at it curious. There were four letters there. “Looks like a busy day girl. I'll let you get back to it.” He told the bird taking the one with his name.

She fluffed her feathers and trilled at the boy who was nearly as smart as her Harry. Unlike the red one that was rough and sticky and the fluffy one who talked to her like she was an ignorant hatchling. Worse yet, her Harry said she couldn't eat the red one’s rat. It was fat and slow, she wouldn’t even have to work at catching that morsel. Hedwig gave a sigh at thoughts of rats. She had to go see the fluffy one and find the Black. The Black had better not try and harm her Harry, or he would have to deal with her. She would have to wait for both to give her letters and the fluffy one would write her poor legs off. Didn't the female know Harry was not her mate? The red one claimed to be. Maybe that is why they fight so much? Hedwig pondered that while heading to the Granger house. She decided to keep a closer eye on her Harry. He was far too good for the fluffy one or the red one. And the Neville wouldn't do either.

Said boy watched the magnificent bird fly away. He turned back to the letter and took a seat to read it. When he was finished he raced back into the house.

“Gran!” Neville all but shouted, entering the sitting room with a big smile on his face.

“What has gotten into you Neville?” Augusta asked a bit shocked at the usually reserved boy's excitement.

“Harry said he'd be here Tuesday and he is staying a whole week.” He said ecstatically handing her the letter. “He wasn't even mad about the vault.” He was happy but still concerned about Harry's opinion.

“Well of course not. There is absolutely nothing to be upset about. He can have the guest suite next to yours for as long as he likes. Go have Lopsy prepare it.” As he left still excited, she sighed. “So much like my sweet Nicodemus.” She murmured to herself. “I wonder what has changed. Harry didn't seem very well informed and he has never written before.” She hoped everything was alright with the caretakers. Augusta had always wondered which of the Order raised him. He was too thin for it to be the Weasley's and Amelia would have told her if it was the Bones'. Hum. Surely not the Black's even if Andromeda and her muggle husband are very nice. Just another thing to discuss.
Harry woke the next morning happy. He was in a house he owned, was a legal adult, and no one could ever tell him what to do again. Well, except for his teachers. He might be a Lord but he wasn't properly educated yet. But they could only make him do so much. Harry paused. He wondered if he would have any special privileges at school now. Surely there would be something if he needed to take care of his family businesses. Harry sighed. “Looks like Hermione is going to get her wish. I'm going to have to read Hogwarts a History, and try and find an official rule book if they aren't listed in the history.” He liked reading but having 2 whole years of her talking about that book had turned him off it.

After breakfast Harry got out his book on Drakes.

**Drakes are one of the 7 races of dragon kin. The others being; Wyrens (not to be confused with Wyverns which are a type of dragon), Drakens, Gorgons, Titans (which are often miss labeled as one of the Naga races), Nyx, Vovin. Gorgons and Titans are the most well-known and are featured in many Greek myths. Medusa the gorgon and the mother and daughter titans Lamia and Scylla being the most well-known worldwide. In northern countries an ancient feud which lasted nearly a century between a clan of Vovin's and a Drake clan was twisted into Norse Mythology. The Vovin were called Joutin, or frost giants due to their inhuman height, blue skin, red eyes and love of cold weather, by the local muggles. Their most powerful dominant being Loki, whose dragon form was called the world serpent, and thought to be his own son with a basilisk. The Drake clan became known as Asgardians and their leader, Thor being the largest, fiercest dominant with unbelievable strength and stamina. Farther information on the two clans can be found in “Norse Mythology, The Real Legends”**

6 of the 7 Dragon kin share several characteristics. The Drakens, which some argue are not true Dragon Kin, are the only ones that don't have these traits. Most Dragon kin have 3 different forms. These are a human, halfling and dragon form. The Drakens lack the dragon form. Most Dragon kin dominants choose the mates. For the Drakens, the submissive chooses and holds contests to see which they prefer.

All of them are fire resistant. They are also spell resistant, but how resistant varies. Drakens and Wyrens have the lowest resistant, just shy of true dragon hide. Gorgons and titans have the same or slightly better than dragon magical resistance. Vovin and Drakes are nearer to Basilisks in spell resistance. The Nyx are not very well studied but no spell ever cast have been able to effect or penetrate them. It is believed they are completely spell resistant and that no magic will affect them. Along with similarities there are vast differences in these races. For more information see; “Medusa: Chronicles of Sisterhood” a biography which features first-hand accounts of Medusa's real life, “Titans: What We Are and Are Not”, “Rise of the Drakens” By: Starlight Massacre. And “The True Nosferatu” for more on the Nyx. This book was written by researchers and does not have actual input from a Nyx. There are few good text just on the Wyrens and Vovin. They, like most Dragon Kin, are very secretive groups.

Drakes and Wyrens are difficult to tell apart in their halfling form. In this form both have wings, tails, horns, claws and face scales. The main differences are Wyrens have a spiny ridge from
the bridge of their nose up and fanning above the eyebrows. Drakes have sharp spines protruding from their spine running from the base of their skull to the tip of their semi-prehensile tail. Humans should be very careful to note which is which. While drakes are amazing hunters, Wyrens claws are highly poisonous.

This half state is also called the resting state and if a Drake is badly injured or loses consciousness, (usually not in sleep) they will revert to this stage. Dragon features can be retracted. When in human form the only telling feature is that the pupils will go silted like a cats if exposed to extremely bright lights.

The final form, the dragon form cannot be access till after a drake is fully mature, around age 28-30. The size of the drake has little baring on the size of this form. It is determined by the drake’s magical power. They range from the size of a non-magical horse to a Hungarian Horntail.

Drakes are uncommon creatures, found in all environments that can sustain human life. Drakes are one of a scarce few creatures who rarely mate with their own kind. It is believed this is to increase the population. But mating habits are another factor. Dominant drakes require 2-5 mates while submissives take only one mate and are very territorial. They have been known to kill others for touching or being too friendly with their mate. Both dominants and submissives usually produce several children but few have the gene (about 1 in 4). The gene can be carried for several generations and pop up unexpectedly. There are even cases of previously assumed muggleborns having the gene. This lends credence to the theory that all muggleborns are the descendants of squibs. Many ‘muggle born’ drakes are frightened by the ability to understand reptiles. But that is a common trait among Dragon kin. Only the Drakens and Gorgons lack Parsletongue.

Drakes are nearly undetectable in their human form. There are few magical tests that will tell that a person is truly a drake. Drakes can smell one another but if asked a drake will claim all children are also drakes, even if they are not. This is likely because even as an infant drakes are highly magically resistant. But it is a permeable resistance. Healing and diagnostic spells, and any non-harmful or threatening magic can get through and work on the child. This is only true till their inheritance. Afterward they have to will a spell to work on them. Many drakes have trouble with this and are unable to be treated by normal magical means. Though that is usually unnecessary since they are physically resistant to most things as well. A drake’s main weakness is poison. Once a poison or potion is in their system the drake body will react to it as a normal human one.

Benefits of mating a Drake are numerous. Firstly is a fiercely protective and unflinchingly loyal companion for the rest of your life. There are some magical benefits as well. All mates gain a power boost after they are bonded. The Drake can sense where their mates and children are at all times. These connections are what keep the drakes from going feral. But Dominants only have so much magic to make the connections to their mates. And a secondary magical reserve to make connections with their children. If a Drake mates with a creature who’s life span is longer than their own the drake will live as long as the mate. But if the mate has a shorter life span, the drake’s magic will help extend their life. Drakes cannot live without a mate. They will waste away after their final mate has died and few survive more than a year after. A normal drake life span is 350 -400 years. Double that of witches and wizards.

Dominant drakes are tall, with broad shoulders and heavily muscled backs. These dense muscles are used to support their large wings. An average dominant can carry 5 full grown humans while flying. it is thought they have the large wings to be able to carry off their less resilient family
members in times of danger. A dominant will protect any submissive even if they are not their own.

Dominants don’t always choose their mates all at once. There have been cases where a dominant will mate with 2-4 others then years, or even decades later, find another they wish to add to their family. They need at least 2 submissives to balance their natural magic. They also have what Drakes call a ‘carrying capacity.’ This is maximum number of submissives a dominant can magically support. If they try to take too many, the dominant will be driven mad, and the submissives will all lose the benefits that come with being a Drake mate.

Until a dominant has at least one mate, any full grown dominant of any species could be a target. Their instincts will run high till the mate is bonded and they take some of the drake's energy. Drakes, being a top predator, means these battles can quickly get out of hand. Drakes are classed as a level 6 dangerous creatures. But due to their human mind and usually great control, they are not considered dark creatures and are one of the few whom have equal rights in nearly every country. Exceptions include; North and South Korea, Taiwan, Cambodia, Columbia, and South Africa. North Korea and South Africa will arrest and execute any drakes they find.

Submissive drakes are very different. They are tall, but slight of build. They always have wide, flared hips and high compact rib cages. This assists with child carrying and birth. Submissive drakes can carry 1-6 fetuses at a time, though the record is 9. Drake submissives are, or were, highly sought after as wives in many magical communities, due to their ability to have large clutches of children and birth them safely. Drakes are also not like some other dragon kin and do not nest or become feral when nearing the time for the birth.

Drake pregnancies are different from human ones though. A drake will be able to walk and function normally right up to the birth. Morning sickness is a rarity and usually only occurs if the mother has mated a water or ice creature. Within 6 weeks, the submissive’s body will reabsorb the added weight and they will show no signs of ever having carried a child. Drakes gestate for about 11 months and lactate about 29.

Drake children are, even if fed near constantly, trim and petite. They will be slender and androgynous till they come into their inheritance. They will not, however, get sick easy. It takes a very nasty illness to affect them. The children also heal quickly and have more frequent bursts of accidental magic. Drakes will block their children early to prevent them from harming themselves or others with these outbursts. All the magic and extra energy from food is used by the body to build the non-human structures they will use in their adult life.

A young drake will come into their inheritance between 12 and 14, usually right around the 13th birthday. This is only a physical transformation. The teen will overnight go from small and androgynous to tall. Drakes, dominant and submissive, are usually between 6-8 feet tall. Record height was 9 feet 4 inches. After their physical changes, the young drake will slowly over the next 24-30 months gain the instincts. Once the process is complete they will be sexually mature and within a month they will began hunting for a mate.

Harry just looked at the book. He blushed and skimmed the submissive and pregnancy parts, since he wouldn't have a drake mate. He was interested to know more about the other species, his 'cousins'. Having a big family and being over 6 feet tall sound amazing to him. He was barely 5 feet 4 now. Even Hermione was taller, hell GINNY was as tall as him and she's a year younger.

He was glad to know that about the time he would start getting aggressive was when he and Nott would have to marry...mate. 'I wonder what the difference is?' he thought. Yet another thing to ask or look up.
Chapter End Notes

I kinda liked writing Hedwig's thoughts. The fluffy one is Hermione and the red one is Ron. She's an owl and doesn't understand that when Ron says mate he means friend, not lover.

I'll again leave you with information overload. I am coming to the end of the long descriptions. I do have info on the other 5 species listed. But the Drakens are not mine. I just name dropped them. They really are from “Rise of the Drakens” By: StarlightMassacre. It's a great fic. But be warned there are some heart wrenching scenes and VERY adult sexual content. And Spoiler : Theo is a bit of a bad guy in this one.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

6/9/2015: Edit by dianemalfoy

Harry is too thin even for a Drake, that will affect him during the transformation, but not as bad as it would it his wasn't diligently taking the growth and nutrition potions from Ironfang.

Once he was finished with his books, Harry decided to go shopping and check out some more to read. His year results and supply list for next year wouldn't arrive till later. He hoped it would come while he was at Neville's, then they could go together.

Harry used the floo in the living room. He shot out of one of the many at Dragon's Den. It was a great improvement over last year at Diagon/Knockturn, but he didn't like it one bit. Marina chuckled and vanished the soot off him. “Good Morning Lord Potter.”

“Good Morning Marina. Please just call me Harry.”

“But if rumors got it right you’re more scaly than hairy.” She joked.

Harry smiled and shook his head. “Yes I suppose. Please don't call me scaly.”

“Yesss Masster.” She mock hissed. Harry and she laughed at the lame joke. Last year it would have angered him but she wasn't insulting him or belittling him, just joking.

“Good to see you know your place. Now away with you wench.” He said in a haughty voice imitating Draco at his most snobbish. She laughed again. “I'm heading out to do some shopping.”

“Well, have a good and productive day.” She said waving him out the door. Marina didn't know what it was but there was just something about Harry that was hard not to like.

When Harry walked out the door, he decided to start on the right and work his way down that side, up the other, then hit the stalls in the middle. The first store, Desma Fine Furnishings, was of no interest. He passed up Pandora's too but headed into the 3rd shop. It was TOGA: More Than a Man Dress. Which was a nice, man's clothing store. They had clothes of all makes, materials and in styles from many countries, from jeans to robes to yukata and many others. Harry picked out several outfits for the non-magical world and the wizarding world. The salesman told him that either would be just fine in most magical communities. Though robes would get some odd looks in places like France, Spain and Australia. You don't wear heavy robes in warm climates. The man joked that very few things would be considered strange in the USA or Japan.

After getting day outfits, pajamas, underwear, the whole nine yards, Harry charged it to his account since he had racked up more than he planned. He had Dobby take his things to the house, save one outfit. Harry changed into a pair of well-fitting dark jeans, a white undershirt, and a green and blue plaid dress shirt that he left unbuttoned. It was a nice outfit and he looked more like a noble than a beggar now.
Harry left the store with the guarantee they would magically adjust his clothes for free after his inheritance, which he hadn't thought about when he was buying the clothes. Harry still wasn't very hungry, but stopped at Crete’s Crepes for a snack. He grabbed a pair of crepes filled with fruit and wrapped to eat on the go. As he munched, he passed right by Foci which was some kind of jewelry store from the looks of it. He wasn’t sure about the advertisement for 20 percent off all alternative foci but didn't have enough interest to check it out.

Beside Foci was an empty store front with a for lease sign. Next was the luggage store named; Luggage, Bags and Boxes. His trunk had been damaged and it was rather heavy and cumbersome to start with. He picked out a sepia brown leather bottomless bag with Harry stitched across it in auburn which nearly blended in. It was charmed to never weigh more than 4 pounds and could hold 7 times its outside dimensions. Harry asked about it and was told that 'bottomless' was the name given to anything that was more than 3 times bigger on the inside. That even with magic nothing on this planet was truly infinite. Harry raised an eyebrow at the insinuation that things many be infinite off this planet. He shook his head, he had enough to worry about without contemplating space travel.

Harry also got what looked like a normal muggle wheeled suitcase. It was like a trunk. The case had 3 large compartments, each accessed by the 3 sets of zippers around the frame. One was not expanded and looked like a normal case, this could be opened in public. The others were expanded to 2 times their size and one even had a special made space on the lid to store 2 brooms. On the outside there were 2 zipped pockets, like on most, neither were expanded. The store owner told him his backpack could only be placed in one of the non-expanded areas, since placing expanded space inside expanded space was dangerous and could damage the items. The case was also feather light but when fully loaded would never weight more than about 15 lbs. But in Harry's opinion the best feature was auto shrink. By pressing a button on the handle it shrunk into a tiny zip case that was little bigger than a laptop. That would be much more inconspicuous than a large suitcase in a train station.

He heading into Wandering Souls next. It was decorated much like a non-magical travel agency with colorful posters of destinations and several brochures. He left with a lighter wallet and an ingredient harvesting kit along with a book for beginners, and a jacket that said it would keep him comfortable from the tops of the highest peaks to the middle of the driest deserts.

He looked into Aphrodite’s, it was a spa/salon. They offered everything from a normal hair cut to scale wax and wing massages. There was even an advertisement for free talon sharpening with any manicure. Harry was amused but didn't get anything done. He did think on getting McGonagall a manicure and claw sharpening for Christmas this year.

Last on the right hand side of the alley was Second Looks. It was a second hand shop. It had a bit of everything. Used books, uniforms, old armor, trunks, bags, animal cages (from rat sized to horse sized), even furniture. It was all pretty cheap and most was in good condition. He didn't get anything now but was likely going to buy his school things there.

Harry decided to swing into the bank and get some more money before continuing his explorations. He was down to less than half, even with charging the clothes and suitcase. As he walked in he also decided to ask Trilok if he had heard from the Nott and Dubear families.

“Good Morning.” He said politely. “I'd like to see Trilok if he's available.”

“I will check. Have a seat.” Harry did as he was told. Not 3 minutes later a goblin he didn't know took him to Trilok's office.

“Good Morning Trilok. I hope I'm not interrupting.” Harry greeted sitting down.
“No Lord Potter-Perciville. What is it you needed?”

“Well first off, I was wondering if you had heard back from the Nott or Dubear's yet.”

“Yes I have. I was going to send you word after lunch. Lady Nott is available Tuesday at noon, but the Dubear's say they can't meet till Tuesday the 20th, at 1:30. Is that agreeable?” From the way Trilok spoke of the Dubear's, he was not happy with their delay.

“They are both fine. Also I was thinking, I have several vaults that are just extensions of other vaults. So I would like to combine them.” Harry told him.

Trilok just looked at him strange. Most wizards thought more vaults was more prestigious. “You can do that. Which would you like to combine?”

“I want 687 and 693 to stop refilling and all the money be transferred to 271.”

Trilok nodded and did so. “Just sign here. Now is there anything else?”

“Yes sir. I read in your brochure that you offer classes.” Trilok nodded. “Can I have a list of those?”

“Here are the classes we offer. If there is any class you want that is not on there. Let us know and we can find you an instructor. It will cost extra though.” Trilok explained while handing him a piece of parchment. Harry just glanced at it before placing it in his bag to go over latter. “Anything else?”

“Yes Sir. Can you tell me who has keys to my vault?”

Trilok shook his head. “We cannot identify who holds the key at this moment, but it is a safe bet that anyone with access to your vaults has a key, or they couldn't open them. If you like myself or any of the tellers can recall all the keys so long as you have the master and are owner of the vault.”

Harry nodded. “Thanks. I'm embarrassed I didn't think about that before.” And he was blushing that he had been so stupid. “I think I'll leave them for now.”

“Anything else?”

“No Sir.”

“Well then Lord Potter-Perciville. If you have time, Ragnarok would like to speak with you.”

Harry gaped. “The goblin King?” Trilok nodded. “Of course I have time. You make time for royalty. But I'm not dressed to meet a king. How am I supposed to act, what will I say?” He replied nervously fiddling with his shirt.

Trilok smiled, Ragnarok would be pleased when he heard about that response. ‘He really is a special human raised boy.’ ‘Don't worry too much. The King has been told of your lack of proper education. Your clothes are fine, just button your top and make all your rings visible. Just treat Ragnarok with respect.”

Harry did what he was told, even though he was still nervous. Trilok lead him deep into the bank. They stopped at 2 giant doors, which were highly decorated in precious metals and gems. They had a large crest with a strange horse in the foreground and a crossed ax and sword behind. Around the crest was some kind of writing Harry couldn't read. Last, he noticed the goblins on either side of the door in gleaming armor. There were 4 of them, 2 on each side.
“Is that the Rok crest?” Harry asked pointing to the door.

“Yes it is.” Trilok was impressed, and the guards even more so, though they didn’t show it.

“What kind of animal is that?” Harry asked again curiosity burn off some of his nerves.

“That is called a Ruketsii. They are horses of the underground and will burn in the sunlight. They are considered very noble and beautiful.”

“It looks really impressive. I hope I can see one, one day.”

They were quiet for a few moments. Then the doors swung open and an angry human stormed out. ‘….’ Harry's mind froze for a moment, not even a week and he was considering the man human as if he himself wasn’t one anymore. Well he wasn't, but he didn't expect to think like that, not yet.

Harry came back to himself as the man was turning the corner grumbling about ungrateful creatures not knowing their place, and something about “no better than beasts”.

Harry looked at Trilok. “So that's a great example of what not to do?”

Trilok laughed. “That is a fine example of humans in general.” One guard said looking at Harry with distrust.

“I guess I'm really not a human.” Harry replied. He straightened his back and marched into the ornate but not gaudy office, having no idea of the powerful figure he made. Trilok smiled and followed. The doors silently closed after them.

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Behind the desk sat a large goblin. He wasn't fat but heavily built. While most goblins that Harry had seen were around 4ft, this one was nearly his height of 5 ft. 4. If he wasn't the only living thing in the room, Harry would assume he was a musclebound body guard here to intimidate them. The man's behavior a minute ago was now even more unbelievable.

“Lord Potter-Perciville, Heir to the House of Black I presume?” He spoke in a commanding and powerful voice.

“Yes your majesty.” He said bowing low like he had seen people bow to the Queen. He held the bow for a ten count before rising. In doing so, he missed the pleased look on the goblin's face, and the widening smile on Trilok's.

“Have a seat Lord Potter-Perciville. I have heard much about you. Do you know why you are here?”

Harry did as he was told. “No Sir. I can only assume it's about Lord Black's imprisonment that the 'Magicks' don't recognize. That or the soul piece that was in my head.” Harry replied respectfully.

“Lord Black's case is being investigated. And that bit of death magic is for the healers and ritualists. It is of little concern to me. I have called you here because you are wealthy, powerful, and
even if you are a drake, you were raised human, and many still consider you one.”

“I'm sorry sir, but from what I have learned that's not a good thing.”

“Normally that is true. You have shown your true character during your visits to the bank. I would like to bestow upon you the title of Goblin Friend.” Ragnarok told him.

Harry blinked several time then knitted his eyebrows together. “I thought I was already a friend. At least to Griphook and maybe even Trilok. But you say that like it means something else.” Harry said obviously confused.

Ragnarok burst out laughing. It would have frightened most humans, but other than giving a slight jump at the unexpected noise, Harry just seemed to blink even more confused. “You truly are a special childe. I can't wait to see you grow into a Man.” The goblin king chuckled again. “I have never met a human that would call us friend. There are tales of old about such things, but I had put little faith in them. For us to extend the offer of Friendship is saying we will stand with you, give you aide, and treat you as one of our own.”

“So were allies and I'm an honorary goblin?” Harry asked.

“Basically yes.”

“So you will help me?” Harry asked smiling

“Yes.” Ragnarok replied wondering if this boy was actually an actor and was going to play them for fools. “What do you need help with?”

“Well.” He began, having no idea what was running through the goblins minds. “Like I told Griphook and Trilok, I know almost nothing of the wizarding or magical worlds. Most of the time I'm flying by the seat of my pants, just making it up as I go. What I really need is teachers. Someone who can explain everything to me. I don't understand politics, investments, or how to even BE a lord. Will you help me prepare for being a 3 times lord?” Harry asked with a heavy sigh.

Ragnarok gave a small, sad smile at the child's request. “Of course we will provide you with any tutor you need for the summer. As a friend of the Nation, you won't be charged a fee for contacting the teachers, but will still have to pay them.”

Harry nodded expecting nothing less. He smiled at Ragnarok feeling some of the weight being lifted off his shoulders. “Can I have a tutor to teach me Goblin, and about goblins? If I'm going to be a good friend I should at least know the language and how not to piss everyone off.”

Ragnarok laughed again. He liked this boy, he reminded him of his own son. “Of course. Trilok will give you the information when you come for your meeting on Tuesday.”

“Oh.... I'm staying with my friend Neville for a week starting Tuesday. The tutor would have to teach both of us or wait till I leave.” Harry told him

Ragnarok was quite for a moment. “Is this Neville a true friend and will not be traitorous?”

“Neville? He wouldn't hurt a fly. He's very shy and soft spoken, but a great friend. He stood beside me when the whole school turned against me last year. I would trust Neville with not only my life but my secrets.” Harry said with conviction. Then he paused. It was true. He trusted Hermione and Ron to have his back and help him out but he would never tell him his deepest secrets or desires. Hermione would patronize him and tell the teachers and Ron... well Mt. Ron would erupt in jealousy. They were still his friends but maybe just not best friends.
“I will take your word on this. The tutors will teach you both. If this boy is all you say he is then we may also offer him friendship.”

Harry gave a winning smile. “That's great. Neville could use some more friends and no one would be stupid enough to bully an honorary goblin.”

Both goblins smirked at Harry's obvious loyalty to this boy. They wondered though why he didn't ask to include the two that rumors always had at his side. “Is that all?” Ragnarok asked.

“Yes your majesty. Thank you so much for your time and friendship. I will do my best to live up to your expectations.” Harry said standing and bowing again. “Trilok. I would like to see some of my vaults before I go, please.”

“I will have your friend Griphook escort you down.” Harry smiled. Said goblin was waiting in the main lobby when they arrived.

“Thank you Trilok. Hello Griphook.” Harry held out a hand to greet the goblin. Griphook was pleased to do so. So few people voluntarily touched a goblin. “I'd like to see vault 7 first.” He said as they walked toward the cars. Still holding Griphook's hand “I want to know what Ultra High Security means.”

“I LOVE THESE CARTS!!!” Harry shrieked as they flew down the tracks. Griphook just chuckled and urged it to go faster. They sped deeper and deeper, farther and farther. It was black as pitch down here with few torches but many more twists and turns. Harry could barely make out openings that branched off to the side at seemingly random. It seemed as though they would pass right through the center of the earth and come out on the other side. Till they came to a stop.

There was a huge stone wall with the Potter crest in the center, but not even a hint of a hinge or a door. But the large intricate carvings were completely over shadowed by the massive Chimera and Cerberus standing guard on either side.

“Wow!” Harry said looking at the beasts. “What is that?”

“The one on the left is a Chimera, front of a Nemean lion, rear of a goat and a highly poisons snake as its tail. The other is a Cerberus, the 3 headed hell hound. Don't worry though they will not attack unless you are alone and unknown to them.”

“Ok. I meet a Cerberus before, His name was Fluffy.” He looked over the 2 animals. “Are they really ok here? It doesn't seem right to just lock them up here where they have no room to run.”

Griphook chuckled. “You are a strange one. But don't worry. Gringotts has a large preserve where the animals are housed. There is a different pair of animals every day, though of the same species so no one can tell.” He said giving Harry a wink.

Harry chuckled. “That is a great prank. Can I pet them?”

“If you want.” Griphook told him motioning forward. “They are very well trained and highly intelligent.”

Harry was amazed and stayed there petting and playing with the guardians for several minutes. He could see Hagrid's love for the creatures. He may even suggest the giant apply for a job with the goblins. Then, if rumors were true, Hagrid could have and help raise all the dragons he wanted.

When he was done, Griphook instructed him to place the key in the mouth of the griffin
which seemed to be holding up the crest. When he did the carvings mouth closed and the wall slid back several inches before sliding to the side, like a pocket door.

‘That’s it. I am going to wire my mouth shut.’ He thought once the door slid open and he saw inside the cavern.

The ‘vault’ was a huge cavernous room. There was 2 levels of rooms round the cave. In the center was a huge pile of gold coins and behind it was another just as large and impressive. There were two much smaller mounds one of silver and the other bronze. Harry just stared around.

Harry moved around the cave. The room's arch ways were done in 4 different colors. The yellow rooms all contained furniture. The rooms were organized by year. Seemed to Harry that once the room was full, they stuck on the end date and then started a new one. He stayed for a long while in the last room looking over the crib with his name on it and the other things that was likely from his parents’ home. It was easy to tell what was from the home. Most of the things were fire, explosion or water damaged. The crib was the only thing not harmed. “Whatever protected me must have been an area effect.” He murmured out loud running his hand over the lavender letters on the dark wood.

He turned away, and left the room. Harry looked at the next door. It was also yellow, but not like the previous ones. It was full of trunks, bags, and cases of various sizes, shapes, and ages. He sighed heavily. He had just got a case and here was a whole room full of them. None as modern as his but just as good.

He looked at the catwalk and rooms above these wondering how to get up there. That was till he saw a silver disk on the ground and a plaque. The plaque told how to make the disk work. It was kinda like an elevator but could also move across the room on a fixed path.

He rose to the red framed doors. These were full of weapons and armor. Harry looked all around the rooms. There were ones dedicated to swords, axes, bows, spears, hammers, and others he couldn’t name. Some were plain and unadorned, others were so jewel encrusted they made Gryffindor's look dull. There were even different colors, blades of gleaming silver, jet black, ones that looked to be glass, and red, blue and pink metals. He looked in the room of small weapons and picked out a plain looking dagger with a bone handle and a dull looking metal blade. It wasn't very long, only 7 inches but wicked sharp. He attached the holster to the dip in his back as a small note in spidery hand writing, under the set of 4 blades told him to do. He left the other 3, one was for the forearm, the thigh, and the last was a special stiletto that went under the hair along the scalp. He didn't know the purpose but something about them spoke to him.

Harry stepped into the room that was labeled Heavy Armor and had to turn away from some. There were suit upon suit of armor like seen all over Hogwarts, but it was the looser pieces that bothered him. Some were split, caved in and other various types of damaged. Some even had old blood stains clearly visible on the metal surfaces. He didn't stay long in that room. The room of medium armor was just as bad the exposed leather showed blood stains much worse than the heavy metals. The light armor room was more bearable. Most were not damaged or stained. Harry was drawn to the back, where he found in a highly decorated display case a shirt of mail laying like a jewel. It was glittering pearl metal that seemed to captivate him. It sparkled and danced in the dim light. He reached into the case and touched the soft, cool rings. They were like silk, smooth and unbroken. Beautiful.

When Harry finally left the enchanting piece of armor he took a hooded cloak with him. It was thick and beautifully crafted with a black dragon on the back, wings wide. The cloak was made of dragon hide, dark blue background. The lining was soft white angora fur. He wouldn't need it now but it would be perfect for this winter. It and the matching boots made of the same dark blue hide, but
with dark red designs giving the impression of flames. Harry stuffed both in his bag and took the disk across to the green rooms.

Harry wasn't sure if the person designing these rooms was paying homage to the Hogwarts houses or making a joke. Because the green rooms were filled with... green. Well jewels and jewelry but still. There were 2 rooms of jewelry, one mans the other women. Then a room of ritual items, then one of other stuff that seemed to fit nowhere else. Such as fine china. Then the last and largest room was of raw materials. There were bins full of precious and semiprecious stones. Neat stacks of bricks made of various metals. And crates with the tops removed filled with rock... maybe ores.

Harry hadn't a clue so he decided to ask. He stuck his head out and looked back. Griphook was still outside the door waiting. “Oy Griphook. Can you come here?” He called.

The goblin turned and looked. “You want me to come into your vault?” People didn't invite goblins into their vaults. They assumed they would steal something, or some other udder nonsense.

“Well yeah. I did ask. I need your help and it's not like the goblins have steered me wrong yet.” He replied as if Griphook was a bit slow.

“What do you need?” He asked as he exited the disk and was walking down to meet him.

“What is all this?” Harry asked gesturing to the room. “I get the gold, silver, and I'm guessing platinum bars. But what's this black stuff. And these are like silver but not and they sparkle. And these ugly rocks.” He looked back. “....Griphook?” He asked. The goblin was just standing there, mouth open, nearly drooling. “What is it?” the boy replied more curious than ever.

“This is... this is TREASURE.” He said in awe. “These black bars are called vibranium, a rare and nearly indestructible metal. These ones that shimmer and sparkle are Lunari bars. Also rare, very rare. They are hardened moon beams. There are even some moon stones, that's the white ones near the pink opals.” Motioning to the bin. Then he turned to the crates with the ugly rocks in them. “This... oh this is a real prize. Pure unrefined True Silver. Many others call it Mithril. The rarest metal on the planet and you have crates of it. I knew the Potter's were renowned warriors then explorers but Mithril... Wow.” The goblin looked like a kid in a candy shop.

“You can touch it if you want to.” Harry said amused by his friend’s attitude. Griphook looked at him. “Go ahead as I said you are my friend and I trust you.” the goblin didn't ask twice and started looking at the pieces holding then as if it was something very precious. Harry chuckled. “I'll leave you with your love.” He head back down to the last set of rooms.

Blue for Ravenclaw and for books. There were many rooms and, like the red rooms, these far outnumbered the yellow and green. There were rooms full of books some dedicated to a subject, others to the place they were found, such as a transfiguration room and one for the Library of Alexandria. But the one Harry was most interested in was the room filled with journals. They were in chronological order so it didn't take long to find the ones from his parents. His dad had 3 journals for pre-Hogwarts, one for each school year and 2 for after. His mom had 4 before, and 2 after along with the 7 for Hogwart's years. There was even his baby book filled with pictures of him as a baby. It and the journals stopped right after his first birthday. As he was looking, he found another journal that didn't have Potter on it. The book read: Remus J. Lupin 1970-1978. Harry was curious so took it along with all those by his parents. Just after Mr. Lupin's book was 3 more. One said Mooney, another Prongs, and the final just had Marauders on it.

When he was finished Harry headed back to the 'treasure' room. Griphook was still there loving on the True Silver. Harry chuckled then called in a louder voice. “Hey!” Griphook jumped and spun around. He smiled at the started goblin. “Why is all this just sitting here?”
“True Silver is very sought after and highly valuable. Just having it is a status symbol and I would assume you have wrought pieces as well.” He tried to explain.

Harry pulled his lip up in a sneer at the boxes. “No thank you. I have more than enough fame. If your reaction is anything to go by then it's just trouble.”

Griphook smiled at the boy. “True Silver gives unparalleled protection and makes a near unbreakable weapon. A warrior family like yours may have under armor you could wear. Then you would be protected and no one would know. Many goblins and dwarves, even the high elves would give their arms and legs just to work with True Silver.”

“Would that make it worth more or less?” Harry asked

“More, in some cases much more. Why do you ask?”

Harry ignored the question. “What about the others, the vibrent and loony ones?”

“Vibraniunm and Lunari. Yes, they are sought after and would be more valuable worked.” Griphook was confused by the questions.

“And you said working with these would make the goblins and others happy?” Griphook nodded his brain had a tiny idea of where this was going but rejected it because it was ludicrous. “Well go ahead. Any of these metals and gems can be used for whatever. But goblins get priority because we are friends. I get the completed item, its value in galleons, or an item of comparable value.”

Griphook just blinked for a while, his brain unable to understand the words it was hearing. “I don't understand. You would just give these priceless pieces of metal away just to make others happy? Just for us to play with? If you were shorter I would be convinced you were a really ugly goblin.”

“What do you mean?” Harry said confused, head tilted to the side.

“Goblins share their riches. We're like the ideal version of communism. Our mates are our own but we share the responsibility of the children, pool resources and every one earns their place, and shares. It works better with a race like ours that is naturally inclined to work as one in harmony. Humans have tried it, but greed always causes it to fail. I'm on the bottom rung, being young and inexperienced.”

Harry nodded in understanding he had heard about communism, but it had a bad connotation like most.

“If you really are serious, we will have to talk to Ragnarok.”

“Alright. Can you take me to 31 while you go see him and then get me when he's ready?” Harry asked

Griphook just nodded still struck dumb by this human.
6/9/2015: I've had a few comments about Harry giving these materials away. One Harry as of right now has no use for them and little interest in more money. Also he's not just giving them out. He will get the items crafted back or something comparable. That and to Harry making his friends happy is worth more than the value of the items.

Is it sad every time I hear, see or say goblin king I picture David Bowie dancing with a baby?

The elves salvaged everything they could from the house to protect their master's things. Elves can pop into a vault that is owned by their master but not just any vault. Goblins aren't as stupid as humans and so don't over look them as often.

The goblins(in my head cannon) are ideal communists not the evil 'higher communists' that nearly destroyed Russia. In my mind and this fic they are fiercely loyal and highly family oriented. The wizards greed makes them sick. That's one of the reasons they like Harry, he isn't greedy and puts friends and family first.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

6/9/2015: Edit by dianemalfoy.... RL has been a bit hectic so I have just now had time to post her corrections. Thats why 3-9 are all updated at once
totally sto... borrowed the name and partial description of vibranium from Marvel. (that's what Captain America’s shield is made of.) Mithril is from Tolkien. As for crossing over I think Mithril and Adamantium may be the same thing. Both shiny, silver and unbreakable. But if you call Wolverine's claws beautiful he may just kill you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They stopped the cart at vault 31. It was several floors up and farther away, but this deep in the pitch black,-Harry had lost all sense of direction. This vault was guarded by a pair of Minotaurs.

“Hello.” Harry said with a small wave getting out of the cart.

The 2 blinked back, then one spoke in a deep baritone. “Hello?”

Harry smiled again. “Thank you for guarding my vault. My names Harry. Well Harricius John Potter-Perciville. But that's a mouth full.” He held out his hand to the one that spoke.

The Minotaur looked at the boy, then the hand, then Griphook. The goblin just shrugged. He had no clue about the boy. “Thelose and this is Vanor.” He said clasping Harry's arm. Harry paused for a moment before returning the gesture.

“Nice to meet you.” This vault was like the other so Harry opened it without instruction. “See you all in a bit.” He waved walking into the vault.

“He is one strange human.” Thelose said.

“Tell me about it.” Griphook replied. “You have just scratched the surface.” He got in the cart and left.

Ragnarok's office

“What is the meaning of this?” Ragnarok asked when Griphook asked for an audience.

“My Lord. I escorted Harry down to his vaults and now there is a bit of an issue that you need to know about.” He said bowing low.

“What kind of issue does the goblin friend have?” He liked this Harry but was still suspicious the boy was raised human. He had never met one that wasn't traitorous.
“He had questions and invited me into his vault.” Ragnarok’s eyebrow raised. “I was not prepared for what I saw.”

“Well what was it? What was so important?”

“True Silver. He had crates of raw ore, some pieces big as my head.”

“And what of it? We knew the boy was outrageously wealthy.”

“He didn’t understand the value so I explained. I told him how the peoples of the underground would give most anything to work with it.”

“And? An ignorant human is nothing new. Even if he is an ally.”

“I know my lord. It was his response that is important.”

“Well?” He was growing impatient.

“He said and I quote: ‘working with these would make the goblins and others happy?’ I nodded ‘Well go ahead.’ he said ‘Any of these metals and gems can be used for whatever. But goblins get priority because we are friends. I get the completed item, its value in galleons or an item of comparable value.’”

“Do you speak truth?” Ragnarok asked disbelieving. That a human would share. Give to the community, just to make them happy. It was a common thing for a goblin but he knew it was a foreign concept to a human.

“Yes sir. I confirmed it with him then left him at another vault while I came here.”

“Go fetch him, we must discuss this.” Griphook quickly left to do as he was told.

Harry was quickly bored of the vault. It was just overflow. Furnishings and non-magical art. But most of it was arms and armor, cheaper looking pieces than the ones in vault 7. There were some tapestries and a few family trees, but none were self-updating and the most recent stopped with Alexander Potter who died in 1967. The tapestries mostly depicted battles or heroic events. They were neat but didn't hold his interest for long. So he went out to wait with the guards.

By the time Griphook returned, Harry was listening enraptured to a tale from one of the guards. ‘Forget the goblin nation, this boy is going to rule the world. He's not eloquent, a great orator or even charismatic, He's just plain, humble and grounded. And with his simple equality he's winning allies left and right it seems.’ Griphook thought as he waited for the tale to end. It was very rude to interrupt a tale unless direly important.

“Harry, Ragnarok is waiting.”

Harry nodded. “Bye Thelose, Vanor. Thanks for the story. I'll write you guys sometime and
we can share more stories.”

“That is acceptable Harricius.” Thelose replied with his fist over his heart in salute. Harry copied him smiling.

Harry and the goblin king spent over an hour discussing the particulars of the Nation using the raw materials in his vault. When it was said and done, both parties were happy. Any craftsmen wanting to work with the materials would have to submit a proposal that included the amount of materials needed and the payment for them. Ragnarok would review the proposals than send the ones he approved of on to Harry for approval and release of materials.

Ragnarok thought it was strange that Harry seemed disinterested in the value of the items or how much profit he was making. So he asked why.

“I'm more than rich enough. And besides friends shouldn't be used to make money.” the way he said it was as if the answer was as simple as the sky was blue.

Ragnarok decided then that even though Harry was raised human the boy was no more a real wizard than he was.

It was after dinner by the time he left the bank. So he headed home and would explore the rest of the ally later. After a light scolding from Siv for missing his snack and a meal, she feed him then he went straight to bed.

The next morning (Monday June 12) Harry decided to go see his other properties right after breakfast. First he choose the Belix house in Ireland. It was a small house, only 2 bedroom. Located on the out skirts of a small village. Harry called Dobby. He told the elf to have 2 elves come clean up the house since it hadn't been touched since 1982.

His next stop was a shock. Harry didn't know what he was expecting from a palace but he wasn't really expecting A PALACE. The place was huge and ornate. It seemed to be made of nothing but marble and glass. Back-dropped by the Mediterranean Sea, the endless blue surrounding the house making it feel otherworldly. Once he regained his composure he went to the door. Not knowing what to expect he knocked.

Harry was a bit surprised when it was opened by a man. A normal looking human. “Uh... Hello.” He said lamely. “I'm Harry... Harricius Potter-Perciville, I just came to see the house I inherited.”

The man smiled kindly. “It is wonderful to have a proper Lord Perciville again.” He seemed to genuinely mean it too. He was an older man, somewhere between McGonagall and Dumbledore's age by looks, with his short, perfectly combed gray hair and slim build. He looked and sounded the part of butler. “I will inform Master Serpens you are here.”

“Who?” Harry asked.

“Master Serpens. He is the younger brother to Lord Abacan. But older than Master Alexander or lady Lydia.” He explained.
“I still don't know them.” Well he knew all save Abacan had access to the Perciville vaults.

“Lord Abacan was the previous Lord of the Perciville family. He and his wife were murdered by the thing that calls itself Voldemort.” He said the dark lords name as if it were some kind of filth. “Master Serpens tried to assume lordship but was denied. He has been the regent since his brother's death.”

“Oh...” Harry said 'So he has killed even more of my family.' He thought bitterly. “Do you know why he killed them? I also didn't get your name.”

“Yes of course. I am Alfred. As to why, I am sure it was due to Lord Abacan refusing to turn over the Slytherin Lord ship to the half breed, bastard son of a muggle. I don't know if you are aware, but the Lord Perciville must approve any candidates for High Lord Slytherin before they can assume the role. Voldemort, or Thomas Riddle, is banned from the title due to his mother being a Gaunt. They betrayed the Slytherins by attempting line theft. Ever since, they have been disowned and unable to claim the title.”

“So Voldemort is really a Slytherin but from a traitorous line who was disowned.” He smiled. 'Half-blood son of a muggle, that's a good insult. I'll have to try it out next time the little dragon goes running his mouth.' Harry thought with a vengeful glee. “You don't seem to fear him like everyone else.”

“No My Lord. Perciville's fear no man or beast, it is dishonorable. We only ever bow to those who earn it. Such as the TRUE Black's and Slytherin's. And of course the Kings.”

“So our family doesn't show fear?”

“No My Lord. We may feel fear but we do not let it show. To do so would give others power over us. Master Serpens' is waiting for you here in the study.” Alfred said gesturing to a door. Harry hadn't even been conscious of their travel into and through the house but here they were in one of the hallways before a dark wood door.

“Thank you Alfred, for the escort and the information.” Harry took a calming breath. He was nervous about meeting this man that could be family.

When he entered the study, Harry took in his surroundings. The room was decorated in dark woods with a large book shelf dominating one wall, and an antique roll top writing desk against the other. There was a large white fur rug in the center of the room and 2 wing backed arm chairs facing toward the fireplace opposite the door. In one chair, Harry could see the profile of a man. He was tall and slim, with red-brown hair, which was starting to gray at the temples and was gathered at the nape of his neck. He turned to Harry and the boy could see he had a few wrinkles, but was obviously once a very handsome man. His large, bright green eyes were nearly identical to Harry's and tracked his every move as though Harry was some very fascinating puzzle.

“Hello. My name is Harricius John Potter-Perciville. I have recently became Lord Perciville.” Harry said very nervously. This man made Harry think back to the Mirror of Erised. He looked like family, and even after all those years with the Durley's, he still yearned for the welcome and approval of kin.

The man stood and Harry was forced to look up to the tall man, he was 6ft 2in. He straightened his suit jacket and said, “I am Serpens Octavius Perciville, second son of Lord Mikhail Perciville and brother to Lord Abacan Perciville. I would like to know how you took the Lordship over me and my brother.” Serpens narrowed his eyes. He was impressive in his dark green-blue business suit that was tailored to fit just perfect. Not a hair seemed out of place and he was quite
Harry looked down and away. “I honestly don't know sir. I was informed by my friend and house elf Dobby that I could take the Last of Line clause. I only planned to become the Lord Potter. But when I went, they said I could take the Perciville title too. I took an inheritance test that showed I was half Potter, half Perciville, along with several other including 3 of the Hogwarts founders, but all were small fractions...” Harry rambled blushing and trailing off into silence when he noticed he was pattering on.

“Half Perciville you say?” He asked with a raised eyebrow but no real emotion on his face.

“Yes sir.”

“That's impossible.” Serpens turned away. “Unless.... But that's impossible. No it's really the only explanation.” He spoke softly to himself. “Unless you are Niam's son. Her body was never found.” He added now speaking clearly while turning back to face Harry.

“But my mother was named Lily... Lily Evans.”

“Are you sure? She could have been adopted?”

Harry looked unsure but hope kindled by the thought of family blazed brightly at the thought of the awful Dursley's not being related to him at all. “I...I don't know.” He looked up at the older man. “You have our eyes and the red hair. While Petunia, that's mum's sister, had blonde hair and blue eyes. Both of Mum's parents had blue eyes and lighter hair.”

“Do you have the results from the tests?”

“Sure, just a moment.” He turned facing the books. “Dobby.”

“Yes Master Harry Sir? What can Dobby be doing?” Serpens raised an eyebrow at the creature’s strange garb.

“I need the results for my inheritance and legacy tests, please.” Dobby snapped his fingers and the documents appeared. “Thank you Dobby. You can get back to whatever you were doing now.” Dobby bowed and popped away. “Here you are.” Harry said handing the papers over to Serpens.

“Let me see.” He said putting on a pair of reading glasses. “1/4 Flint, 1/8 Prince, 1/32 Turbor. That is all in order and correct. Lily Evans must be my niece Niam Perciville. Making you my great-nephew.” Serpens said with a small curving of his lips, which made him look much friendlier, and less cold.

Harry turned to face the door. He had real live family. *But what if they think I'm a freak too? What is they don't want me?* His eyes watered a bit with the roller coaster of emotions going through him.

“What is wrong child?” Serpens asked in a soft voice placing a hand on Harry's shoulder from behind.

“I... it's just.... I never.... My....” He trailed off sniffling unable to voice his doubts and worries.

“It is alright now child. We are family and it is our duty and honor to help you in any way we can. Just as it will one day be yours to do the same for us. Do you not have a family? Did you not
say your mother was adopted? What of your godparents?” he spoke gently turning Harry so he could hug him properly.

Harry clung to the man. This was all he ever wanted in life, a family to love him. “No... Yes... sort of.” He sobbed not able to speak coherently. Serpens just picked him up as though he were still a small child and carried Harry back to his chair by the fire, where he sat with Harry in his lap.

“Now.” He said in a firmer tone once they were settled and Harry cradled to him. “Take a few deep breaths, calm your mind and explain.”

Harry did as his was told feeling very childish, yet safe and comfortable at the same time. After a very deep breath he began. “My mum had... has a sister named Petunia, but she... she hates magic.” He buried his head in the crook of Serpens neck and whispered. “She hates me.” He stayed there but spoke up again. “Sirius Black is my godfather, but he was sent to prison. But according to the magic of the lordship rings he is the Lord Black, so the goblins said he was falsely imprisoned.”

“I see.” Serpens said still holding Harry and rubbing his back. “Harricius, did this Petunia and her family ever hurt you? In any way? Speak the truth for family never lies to one another.” Harry said nothing both unable to lie and unwilling to tell the truth. So after a moment, he gave a light nod. Serpens tightened his hold and was glad the boy couldn't see the fury on his face. “Don't worry my boy, none will hurt you again so long as we can help it.”

They sat for a few minutes in silence, Harry absorbing the warmth and comfort while Serpens was reining in his anger so as not to frighten his nephew. “I am going to call for Alexander and Lydia now. Alexander is my baby brother and Lydia is our sister. Her husband is Adrian and they have a 14 year old Daughter named Samantha. Though she prefers Sammy. What is it you prefer to be called?”

“Harry or Harricius is fine. The Dursleys, that's Petunia's family, never called me by name. They only called me boy or..... freak.” He said and then buried back into Serpens.

“Kit.” Serpens called and a small pop was heard. Harry looked curious. There was a small female house elf. She was in a uniform of a blue dress, white leggings and a white apron that had the Perciville crest on it. “Call Alex and Lydia, tell them we are having a family meeting ASAP.”

“Yes Master Serpens.” She replied vanishing again.

“I... So the Perciville family hires more than just house elves?” He asked curious.

“Yes we have 8 house elves, 3 humans, 2 minotaurs, a centaur, 3 werewolves and a Wyren working for us currently.”

“A Wyren, that's like a drake right?”

“Yes why do you ask?”

“I also found out I have a drake inheritance coming up around my birthday on July 31st.”

“That's not much time to plan a party.”

“Party?”

“Yes, it's tradition. Every birthday we have 2 parties. One for just family the other is a ball where all the prestigious and influential people are invited.”
“Ball!! But I can't dance, and I don't know how to be proper.” His eyes were wide and panicked.

There was a laugh from the door. “Don't worry child, we will teach you all you need to know.” A beautiful older woman said. She had flame red hair that curled and bounced around her head. She looked just like his mum, only a bit older with sparkling purple eyes. Behind her was a tall, even taller than Serpens, and broad, thickly muscled, man with dark brown hair. He had the same look about him that the other 2 did but was obviously the youngest. He had the same green eyes as well. There was another man that didn't look like a Perciville. He was shorter, 5ft 10in, with black hair and pale green eyes. Finally was a petite young girl about Harry's age. She had the Perciville look but with black hair and bright purple eyes.

Harry smiled at them getting off Serpens. “Hi I'm Harricius John Potter-Perciville.”

The woman chuckled. “We know honey Alfred told us. Now what is this I hear about a party?”

“Harricius will be 13 on July 31. I was telling him about the traditional parties.”

“Serpens can I invite a friend to the family party. He's really great.”

“Of course doll.” The woman said. “The family party is all about you. You can do or invite anyone you want. The public part though you have little choice. We will handle the invitations for all the prominent figures.”

“Yeah I know it sucks but we have to do what we have to do to keep the Lords from getting their panties in a twist.” the girl said. “I'm Sammy by the way. This is my dad and mum Adrian and Lydia. And that's Uncle Alex.”

Lydia just continued as if Sammy hadn't interrupted. “Since this will also be the introduction of Harry Potter as both Lord Potter and Lord Perciville it will have to be massive. You will have to be trained how to act. But don't worry we will make sure that you are well prepared.”

“He will need a date and it will have to be after his Drake inheritance come in.” Serpens added.

The others raise an eyebrow but said nothing. “Do you have a boyfriend or girlfriend?” Lydia asked

“No ma'am, but I do have a marriage contract and a courting contract so I guess I could go with one of them.”

“A marriage contract?” Serpens asked “What kind and with whom?”

“Uhhmm... the goblins said it was an....” Harry thought trying to recall the exact name they used. “An absolute contract.”

“What?!” Serpens all but shouted. “Are you the submissive? Who is it to? Who did this?” He said near growling.

“I... well...” Harry looked away

“Serpens!” Lydia shouted. “Control yourself, you are frightening Harry.” She turned to Harry and gently placed a hand on his shoulder. “This is not your fault. Serpens is not angry with you. Absolute contracts are dangerous things. If you are the submissive, the dominant in the contract
will take your Lordships from you and can do any kind of harm he wants. You would be little more than a possession to him. It worries us to think of a family member in that sort of situation.”

“I am sorry Harricius. But it is worrisome the other way too. Absolute power over a person is a perilous thing to have. That power can easily corrupt.” Serpens said. “Not that I think you would be corrupted but it is a great burden. Being able to control every aspect of another’s life. Down to who they can touch or speak to. What they can eat, where they can go, if and what kind of career they can pursue.”

Harry looked at Serpens, he didn't know what absolute power entailed. He had no clue he would have the power to choose so much of Nott's life. “No, I’m not the submissive. The second son of the Nott family is. His mother asked my godfather to help her protect him from his father and Voldemort. From what I read, it was the only way they could think of.” Without even being asked, Dobby brought Harry his copies of the letters from Sirius and Lady Nott. He handed them over to be read.

“I see. I suppose I can see why they would do this. It is a fool proof protection if the dominant can be trusted.” Lydia said sadly. “Have you meet the boy or the person in the courting contract you mentioned?”

“No ma'am. I am going to meet Nott tomorrow at noon in Gringotts. The Dubear family isn't available till the 20th. Ironfang didn't seem pleased with that.”

“That's because they are snobby, stuck up and horrible.” Sammy said with smirk.

“That was rude Samantha.” Serpens said then sighed. “But none the less accurate.”

“So like the Malfoys?”

“The main line? Pretty much. The Malfoys that go to my school are not too bad. They still think they are better than me but not overly obnoxious like their British cousins.”

“Oh goody.” Harry said with an eye roll. “And let me guess, they are going to be invited to the ball.”

“Unfortunately.” She said with an exaggerated sigh. “I’ll tell you all about the available Dubear's before the meeting though.” Sammy smiled and he smiled back. This looked to be the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

“Thanks. Oh can learning how to have a giant party wait 2 weeks I promised my good friend Neville I would come stay with him. I’m going there after the Nott meeting.”

“That's fine. Is there anything you do not want?” Serpens asked

“Yes. I want absolutely NO ONE to call me the Boy-Who-Lived. I hate that name. And can I invite some goblins and Minotaurs?”

Lydia laughed. “You can invite whomever you want to the private party but Lords and those they deem creatures don't mix. We’ll make sure no one uses that moniker if you don't like it.”

“OK can we wait on the guest list for the party till I get back?”

“Sure Harry. We’ll put together the guests for the ball and get to work on that while you’re gone. Are you going to stay here?” She asked kindly.
Harry tuned a bit pink. “If you don’t mind. I kinda like having a family.” He looked down shyly.

Lydia smiled and hugged him. “Family is always welcome. I'll see that a room is prepared for you. Now it's just Alex and Serpens here. My family and I live in the Dupree ancestral home.”

“Thank you so much.” He said honestly hugging her back. “I should get back and tell Siv what's going on or she'll be mad.”

“Who's Siv?” Sammy asked

“She a house elf at the Potter Cabin where I've been staying. I was planning on going to visit all the properties I inherited. I didn't expect to find family.”

“That is a good idea Harricius. Go explore your inheritance, then come back here and we will talk.” Serpens told him

“And we will come over and have dinner with you so we can get to know one another better.” Adrian said speaking for the first time.

Harry smiled at them and hugged them all goodbye. He used the floo to get back to the cabin. It was far easier once Sammy gave him the proper instructions. He had lunch with Siv and told her all about what happened and that he was moving to the palace. She nodded but was sad till he promised to come back and visit. She said his things would be packed and at the Palace when he arrived.

Chapter End Notes

Alfred is NOT related to them but like many old school servants he sees them as family. Harry picked that up and called him family in return. So stole his name, and partially attitude, from the greatest butler ever Alfred of Batman.

Harry has living family!! I have been waiting to get to them for a while. Sorry if their kinda mushy but I see the Perciville's as being VERY family oriented and once he was family they near instantly loved and wanted to protect him.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

7/20/15 update and edits by my dear beta dianemalfoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The port key to the Ranch took forever. As it turns out, Potter Ranch is a huge nature preserve, in the middle of nowhere. When he first arrived, he was just inside a massive clear dome. Outside was a sandy desert but inside was lush grass. There was a road that went around the dome and straight down the middle. On either side of the road were fenced in areas with various environments. He started heading down the road to see if there were any people here.

In the center of the dome there were several buildings, and he saw another road perpendicular to the one he followed, which cut the dome into quarters. In the main building he found the staff. Most were glad to meet him because he was the only one that could change the finances and fire the manager, whom no one liked. Which he did when in 3 minutes, the man had made no less than 5 veiled comments about filthy creatures and uppity mudbloods. He was unhappy with the decision, but Dobby gave him the same treatment as Lucius and not so nicely threw him out.

Harry interviewed the other employees and found Markus Kvakusik to be the best qualified. Under the bigoted former manager, he had been an undervalued secretary due to his 1/4 orc blood. But the man was smart and had training in both the magical and muggle world. Harry found out that as well as a nature preserve, the Ranch was also a potions 'factory'. They protected the animals but also safely and humanely used them and the plants in their environments for ingredients.

Portkeying from the USA back to Ireland to see Potter Castle took just as long as the trip from Greece to America. Harry was surprised when he found himself in a well decorated sitting room. There was a man in a non-magical suit sitting on one of the couches.

He stood and walked over toward Harry. “Hello sir. I wasn't aware there were any magical visitors scheduled today. Can you tell me who you are?” He said politely.

“My name is Harricius Potter-Perciville. Is this Potter Castle?” Harry asked confused.

The man's eyes widened. “Yes my Lord. I did not know you were aware of your inheritance.”

“I only found out recently. Why were you expecting visitors?”

The man smiled. “For several generations, much of Potter Castle has been open to the public. We have magical and non-magical tourists through all the time.”

“How can that be? I thought the castle was unplotable?”
“It is, and it isn’t. The above ground floors and part of the first underground floor are not unplotable and they are open to the public. The rest of the lower levels are even hidden from the staff. Several of us know where the entrances are but cannot access them.”

“So the secret underground levels are hidden by a tourist attraction?”

“Yes My Lord. Amon Potter was fond of saying; ‘The best place to hide is in plain sight.’ He was the one who opened the Castle up to tours. Would you like to join one?”

Harry just blinked at him. “Sure why not.”

The man, Kevin, took him up and out a secret door which let him out not far from the front gate. The Castle itself was a large 3 story stone building with towers on each corner that rose 10 stories. It was surrounded by a 4 story wall with battlements. The wall also had towers at the corners but they were shorter at only 7 stories. The wall was very thick, and made ingeniously. There were 2 portcullises and 2 sets of doors. The first set of doors was outside the iron portcullis and opened inward so the iron bars had to be raised. The inner doors worked the exact same. The large doors were on the outer side and would have to be taken down by an enemy to make use of the holes in the portcullis. But both portcullises were raised and the doors wide open right now.

Harry entered and saw a few gift shops and food venders in the court yard. He decided to join the tour that was just about to leave. The tour guide was amazing. The lady really knew her stuff, she kept them entertained with stories and tales of times when the Castle was besieged and of the Lords and Ladies who had once lived here. Harry learned so much about his family and who they really were. Such as that there were many houses and farms that once occupied the lands between the castle wall and the forest and in times of hardship or even unusually bad weather, the Lords would open the gates and allow the villagers to stay within the castle. There were few tales of the Lords ever being cruel or malicious. They mostly seemed to be the best of leaders, till the family was whittled away by disease and wars till there were few left. Near the end, when they entered the hall of ancestors as the tour guide called it, she told of how the last Lord Potter and his young bride were killed by terrorists. And how their young son was taken into hiding until he came of age to defend himself.

Harry smiled at that. At least the non-magical side got it right. He was happy to see that so many of these strangers, people he had never met before in his life were sympathetic to his loss. One man even spoke up about losing his son, the soldier. The hall they were in felt very melancholy and many were remembering or even speaking of lost loved ones. The hall was filled with paintings of Potter's, and each painting had a small plaque that gave the names, birth and death dates.

When the tour was finally over, Harry headed back to the room he met Kevin in. “Kevin?” He said and saw the man setting in the same place he was when Harry arrived. “Have you been there the whole time?”

“Yes. It’s my duty to guard the magical entrance. Is there something you needed My Lord?”

“How can you just sit there? Don't you get bored?”

“No My Lord. I... well I'm a vampire. A daywalker, to be precise. My kind are much like statues, we have little need or desire to move most of the time. I have been in the service of the Potter's for 270 years and out of all the jobs I have held, I like this one best. It allows me long unbroken moments of stillness.” Kevin explained.

Harry just blinked at him. He was glad the man was happy, but the thought of his job made Harry uncomfortable, he didn't like to sit still for the length of his classes much less be motionless for
hours on end. “Kevin, can you show me how to get to the other parts of the castle?”

“Of course My Lord would you like me to give you a tour of those?”

“If you wouldn’t mind. I guess you have been here so long that you can pass right through the unplotable wards?”

“No My Lord. Vampire magic allows me to see through wizard wards, even this one. There are other types of wards placed on the castle and grounds but those have me keyed in so they are also of no effect.”

As they explored the 3 underground levels, Kevin told Harry more about the wards around the castle and personal stories of all the Potters he knew. Once they had cleared all the levels, Kevin showed Harry the most secret part of this structure. It was a series of mind boggling catacomb like caverns and half form passages that wound and snaked all the way down the several hundred feet cliffs that the Castle sat on to a secret beach and dock. The beach was cold, wet and very windy even during the summer but it was a near fool proof escape route.

Kevin told him that the Potters would stash secret supplies and treasures in the caverns before they finally moved it all to Gringotts. Though there were still well preserved wines kept there since the dark caves were the perfect temperature and humidity for proper aging. Harry chuckled at that. He had no interest in wine but did ask Kevin to give him a good couple bottles. He planned on taking them to Serpens. Kevin selected a nice sized case and told him he could use it for the ball. The vampire winked and said that would silence any Lords who got their knickers in a twist. Harry laughed at that thinking of Lucius choking when he realized he was drinking wine that cost more than some made in a year.

Once he returned to the surface, Harry called Dobby to take the wine back to Perciville Palace. He would have done so below but Kevin said there was a house elf ward to prevent other families from sending their elves to raid the stores.

Harry’s last property gave him a sense of foreboding. Godric's Hollow was little more than ruins. It looked as though it had burned in the past. There was nothing salvageable. Harry just stood there looking at the wreckage not understanding the significance of the sight. After a while, an elderly man tapped him on the shoulder.

“James?” the man asked.

“No sir. I'm Harry.”

“Harry? James' baby? I haven't seen you since the night your parents' house vanished.”

“Vanished? Wait, this was my parents’ home?” Harry looked at the ruins with a new light. Now understanding why it was ruined.

“Yes son. James and his lovely wife Lily bought this home just after they married. Three years later you can along. Then, when you were around 8 months old, all of a sudden the house and your whole family vanished. 7 months after that, it reappears in a fiery explosion. It's been like this ever since.” He said motioning to the ruins.
Harry teared up. “Did you know them? Can you tell me about them?”

“Sure son. Come on let's go have some tea while we talk. I'm Father Mylard by the way.” Mylard put an arm around Harry and lead him to a nearby church.

Once they were seated in the Father's office with hot tea, Mylard spoke. “When they first moved in, Lily and James were quiet and I didn't meet them till 6 months after. They were never very religious and I only ever recall them attending a handful of services. I first met them after a storm damaged this chapel and a few houses. We at the congregation went door to door asking for help and both of your parents and their friend Remus all did everything they could. The Potter's donated not just their time but their money. And not just with the rebuilding, James often made donations to the children's fund and the food pantry. Lily was often found at the local orphanage playing with and reading to the kids.

Their friend Remus was obviously a poor but proud man. From what I learned, he has some kind of disease that makes it hard for him to keep a job.” Mylard frowned sadly. “But he was a good man and helped out whenever he came to visit. Sometimes their other friends would visit as well. Sirius was a bit lazy and seemed to think just throwing money would help. Alice and her husband came by on rare occasions, Alice was much like Lily and over flowing with kindness. Her and Frank were some kind of police officers. There were two others but I only met them once and neither were very pleasant. Peter was a shifty eyed, stuttering boy. The other was Severus... Snape I believe James called him. He was very cold and ill tempered. Do you know any of them?”

“The only one I know is Severus Snape. He's a teacher at my school, but he's terrible and abuses his power. I know Sirius is my godfather, and there was a journal of Remus' in my parents’ things. I've never heard of Peter.” Harry wondered were Peter and Remus were. Were they dead? Or did they just not want their friend's freak child?

“You look lost my boy? You should know that Remus loved you very much, as did Sirius I believe. I didn't see Sirius very often but he seemed like a happy child himself when you were around. And Remus would light up as though you were the most beautiful and precious thing in the world to him. But as I said Remus is ill. He could barely take care of himself and with his disease, he would have never been able to care for you. He has come by here a few times to visit your parents’ graves and look at the ruins. Hetold me that he looks for you when he can. According to him you vanished, taken from the wreckage and none of the Potter's friends and allies knew where to.”

“He looks for me? He... he wants me?” Harry broke into a face splitting smile. He was so happy that his parents’ friends wanted to find him. After a moment he asked. “What sort of illness does Remus have? Is he dying?”

“I don't know. All I know is that during his spells he is extremely tired and irritable. He's a good man though. If you like I'll tell him when he comes. He's usually here around your birthday. July 31st right?”

Harry nodded. “Please do. Would you mind if I left him a note?”

“Of course.” After Harry had written the note. “Would you like to see your parents graves before you go?”

“Yes.” He choked up a bit.

The graves were well tended with flowers on either side. Harry stood there and the Father left him be. Harry decided to tell his parents all about his life so far. Just speaking some of the things aloud lifted a weight he had never realized he was carrying. Tears were running down his face by the
time he was finished but he was smiling. He wiped his face and headed back to Father Mylard.

“Thank you for everything. I'll come back and visit again some time.”

“Of course my child. I'll see if there are any old things of your parents for your next visit.” He hugged the boy gently. “Have peace child. It will all work out.”

Harry smiled at him. “Thanks. I have to get back home now.”

“Good bye Harry.”

Harry headed to a secluded part of the village to portkey back to the Palace.

Chapter End Notes

For the castle I always liked to imagine that there were secret rooms in castles and old manors.
Not sure where Kevin came from I was not planning for him at all. :S
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

7/20/15 Edits by dianemalfoy

Serpens was concerned when he saw Harry's eyes were red ringed and he looked like he was a bit lost. It took the older man a bit to get what happened out of him. But once Harry began speaking he not only told of that day, but partly unburdened his soul. He half sobbing, spoke of how unhappy and unwanted he had been with the Dursleys and how he had never had anyone to trust or talk to and he expressed his fears about becoming a dark lord since he and Voldemort seemed to have a lot in common. He even told Serpens about feeling frightened he would do something wrong with Nott.

Serpens held him tight till the young man cried himself out. He was sure Harry hadn't meant to reveal so much, but he was glad Harry had. Serpens knew empty platitudes would likely make the boy feel patronized, so he said nothing, just holding and petting him till he cried himself to sleep. He would do his best to help his great nephew and being a shoulder to lean on was the least he was prepared to offer.

Once Harry was asleep in his arms, Serpens carried him to his room and tucked him in. Kissing the boys forehead, he left him be.

A few hours later there was a sweet voice telling Harry to wake up. He groaned and turned away. The voice chuckled. “Come on sleepy head it's dinner time.” the woman kissed his forehead. Harry scrunched it up in response. He blinked his eyes open and yawned. He looked at Lydia who was sitting on the bed looking down at him amused. “There you are bright eyes. Come on it's time to eat.”

“Lydia?” He looked around “Where am I?” He was confused seeing the huge room with sea green walls, dark redwood furniture, with blue, green and cream accents.

She laughed again. “Yes I'm Lydia. Its dinner time and this is your new room here at the palace. It was originally meant to be your mother's room once she grew out of the nursery. But she was lost before then.” She looked sad for a moment but then smiled at him. “Come on lazy bones, get moving.”

“I am up.” He half pouted.

“Just put these on.” Handing him some slippers since Serpens had removed his shoes. He did so then followed her down. She pointed out things as they went. “These are Serpen’s rooms. Down that hall,” She pointed to the other side of the staircase. “Are where my, Sammy, and Alex's rooms are.” The stairs were beautiful, twin cases that curled around the entrance hall that Harry saw earlier but didn't pay much attention to. “This is where we greet guests. The ballroom is through the double doors under the stairs. That's where your public party will be held.” Going around and behind the left stairs. “This is the family side. Only friends and family are allowed down here and when there are lots of guests, special wards are activated so that they cannot access our private areas. The other side contains the formal dining room, all our offices, the tea room and many others for entertaining and
even housing guests. Over here are the kitchen, informal dining room, and access to the basement. In
the basement, along with the pantry and other storage areas, is the dueling area and potions lab. The
music room and the first floor of the library are back up on the second floor. The third floor is mostly
library and greenhouses. Well here we are.”

“Wow I didn't realize how huge this place was.” The informal dining room was plain but
only in comparison to the rest of the richly decorated house. There were several portraits around the
room and a table just big enough to seat 8 was nearly all the furniture. When Harry and Lydia
entered there were already 6 people seated. 4 he met earlier, the other 2 he didn't know. One was a
man that looked about his parents’ age with dark blonde hair and blue eyes. The other was older,
about McGonagall’s age with steel gray hair that was thinning on the top and ice blue eyes.

Serpens stood up. “Sorry I didn't tell you before. You were... out of sorts. This is Lord Raoul
Delacour.” He introduced the younger man. “And this is Lord Javiar De’ve’ale”

Lord De’ve’ale stood and came over the Harry. “I am so sorry to hear the fate of the beautiful
Niam. I had always hoped she was alive and well somewhere. But it is good to see you pequeño.”
He put his hand on Harry's shoulder in comfort. He had a Spanish accent.

“Aviar is correct petit. Ze Perciville are like family. We are très heureux you are well. But
very sad you were not raized as you should hav been.” Raoul said in a heavy French accent.

Harry blushed at the concern and attention. “I... I saw that there were contracts between our
families but I must confess I don't know much about the magical world or being a Lord.”

Lydia chuckled and Sammy giggled. The men at the table all smiled at him. “Don't worry
child, there is plenty of time to learn. For now sit and let’s have dinner. Raoul can explain while we
eat.” Lydia told him moving them both to the two empty seats. Alexander was on one side on Harry
and Sammy on the other.

Once the soup was served, Raoul began. “In ze 1200's my family was persecuted in Italy.
Many were captured or killed in witch hunts. Ze Percivilles, zay saved us and took us 'ere to Greece.
In payment we pledge our loyalty. Zo long az we remain loyal jor family will continue to shelter us.”

The others were nodding in agreement. Once the soup was cleared and a lovely roasted
pheasant served Javiar spoke. “My family were servants of the High Lord Slytherin, long before we
became noble. When the monarchy, then the Slytherin family fell in the 1500's, we pledged
ourselves to the Perciville's. They had always been the right hand of Slytherin.”

“In other words dear cousin. The Lord Perciville, a 12 year old boy, can boss around the
French Minister of Magic and the Head of the Spanish DMLE.” Sammy said with a smile the others
chuckled.

“Yes and no Samantha.” Serpens said with a small frown. “While they are both your subjects
we do not and will not use our allies in that manner.”

“I would never. I'm not some crazy Dark Lord. No matter what the students say.” Harry said
hurt and offended his family could think that.

“We know that darling. Serpens was aiming that at you but rebuking Sammy for her uncouth
words.” Lydia said taking his hand. “In a public setting that statement could have been disastrous but
here were are friends and family. We all understand it was a joke.”

“She is correct Harricius. I'm sorry if I made you upset.” Serpens told him. “And don't worry.
We will all teach you what you need to know. If not by the ball then by the start of school.”

“Yes ze party. My Mira wishes to assist. And the girls will be so excited. Do you have a date? My Fleur would gladly accompany you and it would not make any political waves. Or if you prefer you could take my nephew Cassinder.” Raoul told Harry.

“You could take my Jose. He is a very cute submissive. Angelina would also love to help but she is heavily pregnant with her second.” Javier added.

“Oh yes I will be contacting Mira, Angelina and I were planning on asking Fleur if she wanted to help as well. There’s so much to do.” Lydia told the men. “There are 379, Lords and their families from Britain, Greece, France and Spain. With an additional 250 in political invites. So around 630 people total.”

“That... That's a lot of people. I don't know. I don't want to make a fool of myself. What if I do something stupid or freakish? What if they all hate me?” Harry asked distressed at the thought of being the center of attention in such a large crowd.

“Quiet now child.” Adrian said from the other side of his wife and daughter. “We will teach you all you need to know. And you should know by now that no matter what you do there are those that will hate you, just as there are those who will worship you. But there are very few that will really know you. Those are the ones who matter.”

“Adrian is right. What will it matter if you change to appease the masses and lose yourself?” Serpens asked. “It is far better to be hated doing what you feel is right than loved being someone else's puppet.”

Harry looked at him for a moment, then nodded.

“Harry. There are those who will envy and try to trick you either because you are the Boy-Who-Lived, or because of your fortune and Lordships. But we will help you because we are your family.” Lydia told him reaching over Sammy to take his hand. “Now let’s retire to the sitting room and we can discuss the people you want to invite to your private party so far.”

Once they were all seated in the same room Harry had met Serpens in, said man spoke. ““Now who was it you wanted to invite?”

“You mentioned Goblins and minotaurs.” Lydia said with a smile.

“Yes. Yesterday.... Wow, was it really just yesterday? ... Anyways. Yesterday the goblin's asked me to be their friends.”

“What?!” everyone asked at the same time.

“How did you do zat petite? Ze goblins barely tolerate us.” Raoul asked

Harry shrugged. “I was just nice and they asked to be friends. I get the impression most witches and wizards suck. They are rude and think they’re better than anyone else. But the Vanor told me several magical races have been practicing magic since before humans discovered fire.”

There were a few blushes from the men and Lydia was beaming at him. “So I thought I would invite Griphook, who’s a friend, Trilok also a friend, maybe my healer Ironfang, and King Ragnarok. Thelose and Vanor are Minotaurs that guard one of my vaults. Hagrid who was my first magical friend. Neville Longbottom, and Hermione Granger a muggle born. Neville is the one I'm going to stay with for a week or 2.”
Lydia smiled. “I’m glad you are so open minded and accepting. I’m also sure Madame Longbottom can begin your training. She is a Noble Lady and is from a Noble family. You should call your friend a non-magical born. Muggle born is little better than mudblood here on the continent.”

Harry nodded. “I’ll ask her while I’m there. I will also have some goblin tutors while I’m at the Longbottom’s. I also want to invite the Weasley family. I’m friends with Ron and the Twins. But they are poor and Ron gets jealous…” He trailed off looking away.

“Invite them.” Serpens said looking Harry in the eyes. “If they are rude and jealous then they are not true friends. A true friend will understand and not judge you or think ill of you because of what you have. Look at Javier and Raoul.” He gestured to the 2 men. “They sit here our friends, trusted with our secrets, even though they both know our family is much more wealthy and powerful than their own.” Both men nodded in agreement.

Harry looked down. “I understand. Oh... I want to invite Remus Lupin if I can. He was friends with my parents. And all of your families as well.” Harry added looking at Raoul and Javier.

“That’s 9 plus how many Weasley's?”

“9. 7 children and 2 parents. 3 of them have graduated. Charlie is a Dragon handler in Romania and Bill is... I forget but he works in Egypt, the family is visiting him this summer.” Harry rattled off. “And I want to invite Hermione’s parents, they are non-magical but they deserve to see and learn about the world their daughter is part of.”

Lydia just nodded noting down the name on a small pad she had conjured. “Your friend Neville, his Grandmother and the Nott family will be at the ball as well.”

“Along with the Malfoy’s.” Sammy added with a sneer.

Harry chuckled. “I can’t wait. Dobby told me Draco tried to take the Black Lordship. Wait till he and his dear old dad see I’m the true heir.” Harry told her with an evil smile

“Oh that’s going to be great. I'll have to ask one of the house elves to record it.” Both laughed at the thought of their faces.

“Now.” Lydia interrupted. “Let’s work on your schedule.” She pulled out a calendar “Today is the 12th. Tomorrow you’re meeting with Nott and going to Longbottom’s. Don’t forget to invite them and the Nott’s to the ball. We will send out invitations but it’s only polite. Why don’t you come home on the 24th, that's 11 days with your friend? You can even invite him to stay with us if you like.

Your private party will be on the 31st. That night you'll have your change. The ball on the 7th of August. That gives you time to get to know Nott, the Dubear you choose and to learn what you need to know. If you want we can even plan for you to spend a few days with the De’vale and Delacour families.”

“Yes, come over on the 10th, the girlz will be back from zer granmama’s and you will be rested from ze ball.” Raoul said and Harry nodded in agreement.

“We are going on a cruise on the 8th and will not return till the 20th. So you can come over on the 23rd.” Javier added.

“Then you will have your whole last week to just relax with your awesome cuz.” Sammy said throwing her arm around the smaller boy.
Harry smiled. It would be a busy summer but he was happy. The family sat and talked about politics for nearly an hour before they all headed home or to bed.

Tomorrow was going to be a very busy day... and that was if all goes according to plan.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for bad french accent.

Pequeño- Spanish for little boy.
très heureux- French for very glad

Harry and Theo meet next chapter and things don't go according to plan. :)
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Some scene changes. There are dates attached now because things happen at different times for various people. Like Harry sends a letter and then later the reading happens so that person is at a different location in time than the main plot (aka Harry). . hope that wasn't confusing.

Chapter Notes

7/20/15 Edits by Dianemalfoy
AN: Holly crow batman! You people are the greatest!! I feel kinda silly grinning like a loon every time I get another nice review. All you people Make me so happy!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nott Family Home July 9th (When Harry first learned of the contract)

Theodore Nott, second son of the Lord Nott, woke feeling different. He went about his normal morning routine until he had to brush his teeth. That's when he looked in the mirror and screamed. Around his neck was a 2 inch wide silver collar with the seal of the absolute contract on it.

His mother rushed into the room when he screamed. “What is it Theo?” she asked then paused looking at the collar. “Oh my baby.” She exclaimed pulling him to her. Well, she tried. There was a shield around him that prevented her from touching her son. “Theo, I'm so sorry. It was the only way. You know how your father is.” She told him placing a hand on his head, forgetting the shield till her palm rested on it.

Theo looked resigned to his fate. “I know mother. I just expected to have more time.” He turned away, refusing to cry over this. He had known since he was 6 what was going to happen to him and tears would do no good. “I am only 13. How can we fulfill the contract and become bonded?” He asked her with a blush.

“I don't know. We will have to wait until he contacts us. But Theo, even if it doesn't seem so right now, there are worse fates than having a child at your age.” She told him placing a hand on his head, forgetting the shield till her palm rested on it.

Later that day, Angelina was in her room when an official Gringotts owl tapped at the window. She let it in and took the letter from the Goblins.
Lady Nott;

Lord Potter has requested a meeting as soon as possible. Inform us of the most convenient time.

Account Overseer Trilok

She was both excited that her son would be protected and frightened that Harry Potter may not be as good as he seems. Her husband had a lunch date on the 13th. That would be perfect. She replied Noon on the 13th. Then went to tell Theo.

Theo was happy about being away from his father. But he was scared Harry wouldn't like that he was a Slytherin. He was sure Harry would forbid him from seeing his friends. He loved Blaise, and Tracey, and even Daphne. He didn't want to give them up, but he had little choice in the matter.

Middle of Nowhere, England July 12th.

A matted, emaciated, black dog was running. He was running from the law, the past, but most importantly running toward his heart. His only remaining family as far as he was concerned. His godson. This dog was in fact not a dog, but a man, the infamous Sirius Black.

He stopped in a clearing at a semi-clean stream for a drink. He was just lapping at the surface when a pure white snowy owl swooped down.

The owl had a small box attached to its leg. It looked at him for several moments then thrust the box toward him.

Sirius looked around, then closer at the box. Sure enough it said; Sirius Orion Black (Padfoot). That got his attention. There were very few who knew his nickname. He looked around again before changing back into an equally emaciated and filthy man in tattered robes. He took the box. Inside was a letter, a muggle pen and some parchment.

'From Harry. Oh my pup, how I failed you.' He thought. Sirius sat and cried over all he had lost for a long while. Harry would soon be 13 and he had missed it all.

"Hedwig." He croaked out. His voice cracking from disuse. "Can you find Remus? He may not believe me but he would do anything for Harry." The owl huffed and ruffled her feathers at the insult. 'Stupid mutt, how dare he insinuate I am incapable of finding some lowly human?' she glared at him but nodded. Only her human could question her abilities.

Sirius wrote to Remus then Harry.
Pup,

This is Sirius Black, or Padfoot. Your father was one of my best friends. You and the Longbottom boy were targeted by the Dark Lord. Both your families went into hiding under the Fidelius Charm. It's an air tight protection so long as your secret keeper doesn't betray you.

I think the Longbottoms used Madame Longbottom. Your parents used Peter Pettigrew. He was our good friend, but he was a traitor. Everyone believed I was the secret keeper, but I was just a decoy. I was caught trying to capture Pettigrew and thrown in Azkaban without even a trial.

I feel as though I betrayed you Harry. I allowed Hagrid to take you that night while I went after the rat. I should have stayed. I should have put you first before my revenge. But I promise never again. You are 1st from now on. I love you so much Pup. Please believe that if nothing else.

He wiped the tears from his eyes and patted the smudges they caused on the letter. He then folded them up and gave them to Hedwig. “Take this to Remus first please.” She nodded and flew away.

'If Harry's right, the Goblins might help me.” Sirius thought. He changed back into Padfoot and headed for Knockturn Ally with a plan forming.

Perciville Palace Tuesday July 13th

Harry woke happier than he ever remembered being. He had a family. An Aunt, 2 Uncles and a cousin that were all really nice to him. After just basking in those happy thoughts for a while, Harry got up and dressed for the day.

Harry made his way down to the informal dining room for breakfast. Serpens wasn't there yet but Alexander was reading the paper drinking a cup of coffee.

“Good Morning Alexander.”

Alexander nodded in response.

“You don't talk much do you?” Harry asked

“He doesn't talk at all Harricius.” Serpens said from right behind Harry, making him jump.

“What do you mean?”

“Alexander is mute. He cannot speak and has never been able too.” Serpens explained indifferent.

Harry smiled lightly. “At least you can never say something stupid or embarrassing.”
Alexander smiled and nodded.

“Then how do you communicate?”

“We have all learned Greek Sign Language. We can teach you if you like?”

“Yes please.” Harry replied with a smile.

Alex smiled wider at him. He was glad his nephew was so understanding, most wizards weren't.

“You don't have a meeting till 12. What is a young boy like you doing up at 7 in the morning? While on Holiday?”

Harry shrugged. “Habit. Actually, this is sleeping in for me. If I were still with the Dursley's, I would have had to be up at 5 to cook them breakfast.”

“They made you cook for them?” Serpens asked in a low growl.

“Yes.” Harry said not in the mood to talk about it.

“What else did...?” Serpens stopped when Alex touched his shoulder. Alex moved his hands rapidly gesturing toward Harry a few times. Serpens sighed and nodded. “Fine, I'll let it go for now.” He turned back toward Harry. “What are you going to do till 12?”

“I would like to try horseback riding again, if there are any here.” Harry replied shyly

“We do have stables here. I'll take you after breakfast and the 3 of us can ride together.”

Harry smiled and contently ate in near silence. Neither man commented on the potion Harry had to take with his food.

When he was almost done, Harry looked up at them. “Why are you so accepting?” The thought had been bothering him since he first met Serpens. “You just took me in at my word without a comment or challenge.”

“Well Harricius, you’re family. The fact you wear that ring is all the proof we need.” Alex nodded in agreement. “We Perciville’s are protectors, we look out for one another.”

“I just... well... I'm just used to people like the Dursleys and Malfoy's I guess. They are always wanting something in return. I mean the Weasley's took me in last year, but it was only for a few weeks and I'm just their son's friend.”

“Don't be fooled by us Harricius. Most Noble Houses are like that, they expect to trade every little favor for another. There are even many common families that are like that as well. And not just here but in the non-magical world too. Now, if you are done eating, let’s go for that ride.” Serpens said standing. Alexander folded his paper and followed his brother. Harry following after.

Harry looked around the exterior of the estate. He could see the stables, which was a large barn not too far away. He could also see 3 large greenhouses and a garage. “I thought the greenhouse was on the roof?” He asked.

“Those greenhouses are for food and a few potion ingredients. The one on the roof houses the rare or beautiful plants who only have esthetic value. There is also a small farm for those plants that don't do well in a greenhouse setting.”
Harry nodded. He looked around the long barn when they entered and guessed it had to be magically expanded because it seemed to hold at least one of every 2 or 4 legged ride-able animal there was.

“You have a Unicorn in the stables?” Harry asked.

“Yes, 3 in fact. All are tame enough to ride but they will only bear certain riders and will not be saddled. We also have a bicorn but he is not tame enough to ride though.”

“What are these? They pull the carriages at Hogwarts.”

“They are called Thestrals. I'm surprised you can see them. Only those that have seen death can.”

Harry looked down ashamed. “I killed my first DADA teacher and a Basilisk.”

“You WHAT?!” Serpens and Alex both looked at him. “Where did you find a Basilisk? How did you kill it? How did you survive? When was this?” Serpens fired off at him.

“It was back in May. The Chamber of Secrets was opened and the Basilisk was petrifying people. Tom Riddle... Voldemort was using a diary to possess the youngest Weasley. I had to save her. I pulled the sword of Gryffindor out of the sorting hat and stabbed it in the mouth. Then a fang pierced my arm. I pulled it out and stabbed the diary. I was saved by Fawkes the phoenix.”

Serpens stared at him hard. “Do you have any idea what you just said?”

“What?” He was honestly confused.

“Raoul and Javier are both master duelists and trained battle mages. Alexander and Raoul are Award winning swordsmen. But none of them would willingly face a Basilisk. Especially not Salazar the Second's famous Basilisk. You are very lucky to be alive.”

“So... I …. um...” Harry blushed. “It's nothing.”

“It was not nothing. You should ask the Goblins to go with you and retrieve the carcass as soon as possible. I will find you a map of the chamber before you go. But for now let’s ride. Once you have more experience with a horse, you can try a Pegasus or Thestral.”

They each took out a large draft horse (the only kind of regular horses they have). Serpens showed Harry how to saddle and bridle the animal, before helping him mount. They rode around the estate before heading down to the beach.

“You know, this is the first time I've seen the ocean.” Harry said.

“Really?” Serpens asked but Harry didn't notice his narrowed eyes at the comment. “Then you don't know how to swim?” Harry shook his head no, still looking over the ocean. “Then we will have to teach you that as well. I would say a few swimming lessons will be a nice break from all the cramming you'll need to do this summer.”

Harry smiled. Just 2 hours after they left, they headed back. Harry was glad he was less sore this time. After a quick lesson in how to remove the riding track, they all headed in. Alexander to his office, Serpens to the library to find the map and Harry to his room to bathe and dress for his meetings. He decided he would arrive early and talk to Trilok about the Basilisk. He sent a note by Dobby before bathing to ask Trilok if he was available. He sent back word that he would be free after 10.
Once he was clean, Harry dressed in a dark blue button up with black stitching in the shape of a dragon up one side, over a plain white undershirt and khaki pants, with pair of penny loafers to top it all off. He then headed down to say good bye to his uncles. He had his bottomless backpack all packed to take to Neville's. Serpens handed him the map, as promised, and told him an old friend of Alexander's was visiting and he would tell him bye for Harry. Harry nodded and flooed to Dragon's den.

He loved this alley. It was so diverse and full of interesting people and things.

“Hello.” Harry said to the teller once he arrived at the bank. “Would you see if Trilok is ready to meet with me yet?”

“Of course Lord Potter-Perciville. I'll inform him.”

Harry took a seat without needing to be asked. It took about 15 minutes before he was called. When he entered Trilok's office, the goblin looked very angry.

“I'm sorry is this a bad time?”

“What? Oh no.” Trilok sighed. “I'm not angry with you child. My last appointment was rude and frustrating. What is it you needed to see me about?”

“Well I told my uncle, Serpens Perciville, about one of my adventures and he said I should tell you.”

“Well then tell me.” He said with a small smile.

Harry told him all about Lockhart, the Diary and the Chamber.

“I... I don't know what to say. Do you speak truth?”

“Yes. I swear that it is the truth.” Harry glowed lightly. “What was that?”

“That was a magical oath. As a magical being, swearing is a binding oath. You swore that what you said was the truth. If you had been lying, then Magicks would have caused you pain. Since it did not, then we need to go to Hogwarts and claim the beast. They are very valuable and there is no sense in it going to waste.” Harry nodded in agreement. “But it is now gone 11. Let's have lunch, then we will meet with the Nott's. That should be plenty of time to organize a team to go to the castle.”

“Thank you Trilok. I would love to have lunch with you.” Trilok sent a note for a group to be ready to head to Hogwarts by 2. He then sent one to Dumbledore informing him of the visit so the man couldn't claim they were attacking or some other nonsense.

“Come, I'll take you to the Underground and you can meet my family.” They walked to an elevator deep in the bank.

The Underground was a vast cavern network over a mile below the surface. It was lit by thousands of lanterns and was very impressive. It had its own kind of beauty.

The two of them took a cart, much like the ones for the vaults, up to one of the higher levels that looked over the cavern. There were rows of buildings carved into the rock face and a wide ledge that ended in a shear drop to the very bottom of the cavern. Trilok’s house was right next to a small waterfall.
The house was quaint and homey, in a Spartan type of way. There were few decorations, mostly metals, the family crest and weapons.

“Trilu I brought a guest.” Trilok called as he shut the door.

“Sigyurn.” An older lady goblin replied coming over and kissing Trilok. “You must be Harry. Trilok has told me much about you. My name is Trilulok.”

“It's wonderful to meet you ma'am.” He held out his hand. She took it and was surprised when he kissed her knuckles as he would a proper human lady. “You have a lovely home. Thank you for having me for lunch.”

Trilok smiled in pride that his dear mate was treated as he thought she deserved.

Harry looked at her a moment then asked. “Your names are very similar is that normal?”

She smiled. “No child. Female goblins are not given the family name. I was Trilu since birth. When we mated 'Lok' was added. Making me Trilulok. It's only coincidence our names are similar.”

“Oh.. Thank you for explaining.”

Before he could say more, the door opened and several goblins entered. They all paused looking at Harry.

“Justuntii, Suusuu who's this?” The youngest looking female asked.

“This is Harry. The human raised boy that was named a goblin friend. Harry these are my children. Bellok my oldest. Lokaxe, and his mate Xilok. And this is my daughter Shimusnox and her mate Mirnox.” Trilok said.

“It's very nice to meet you all.” Harry shook the hands of the males and kissed the knuckled of the ladies. “Um... can I ask another question?” He directed his inquiry at Trilok.

“Oh course childe. How can you learn if you don't?” Trilu replied with a smile.

“You keep saying mate. Is that a goblin thing or do all magicals refer to their.... significant other as a mate?”

“Most magicals do refer to their other as mate, or life mate. The true elves for example call there mate Enda, which is heart in Quenya, the elvish language.” Trilok explained

“Another example of humans going against all other magicals. ‘Wife’ disgusting.” Mirnox said making a face.

“They are even unfaithful. This does not happen with most races. Once you mate it is till death. Or longer.” Bellok added in a gruff voice.

“I... I'm just a child, but I don't think I could leave someone I said I loved though. I couldn't hurt them like that.” Harry said in his defense.

“Of course not childe.” Trilok said. “Bellok did not mean you. You are a good young man and I have faith you will be an excellent mate.”

“Let us have lunch and forget these dark topics.” Trilu said kindly even if it sounded like an order.
About half way through the meal, Harry had another question. “Trilok, you said 2 boys together wasn't odd in the magical world.”

“Yes, what of it?”

“Well since male goblins give their family name how does that work for a relationship with 2 males?”

Lokaxe chuckled. “There are some species where the males are never submissive, like us. Therefore we don't have male, male relationships.”

“Never? But male non-magicals can't have children and they are sometimes together.”

“Being submissive isn't always about children.” Xilok said. “In some cases they just naturally prefer that lot in life. The way goblins are, no males are submissive because we are not built or wired that way. There are however, the rare female dominant. So we have female, female relationships.”

“Oh. Ok. That makes sense.” he took another bite before asking something else. “What did you call each other earlier?”

“Sigyurn is heart or love.” Trilu said

“SuuSuu is mother or bearer in a female, female relationship. Justuntii is father, or blood father if there are multiple males. In that case the other males would be called Miuntii or bond father. Sometimes children will call a favorite uncle or close family friend Miuntii as an endearment.” Shimusnox explained.

“What if there are multiple bearers?”

“Goblins are a matriarchal society.” Lokaxe said. “Our women... submissives choose the dominants and determine the number there are.”

“The opposite of Drakes.” Trilok added “Drakes, wizards, elves and all the diseased creatures are patriarchal. Beyond choosing the other mates, the Matriarch or in your case Patriarch, also has power over their mates. You will be able to command them to a degree. Such as, if I was to become enraged and lose my head, Trilu could calm me with a few words. And the opposite is also true, she could send me into a frenzy if she wanted.”

“Just as you will with your mates. You are the head of house. You will dictate part of your subs lives.” Trilu added

“But I want us to work together. Not to dominate over them.” Harry nearly whined.

“And in a healthy relationship you will. During emergencies they will look to you and you will need you to take charge.” Xilok said. “Such as when Lokaxe was riled up by Steelfang and was going to challenge him to an honor duel, which is to the death. It fell to me as his mate to stop him from letting it get that far.”

“You Harry have a madman and all his followers after you. In times of danger you will need to use your power to keep your mates calm and get them to safety.” Trilok said solemnly.

Harry gave him a sad smile, then a bigger one to his mate. “This has been wonderful. Thank you all for having me and helping me. But I have a meeting at 12 and I would guess it's about that time now.”
“Oh my, it completely slipped my mind.” Trilok said his checks darkening to a slate color.

“It was nice meeting you childe. Come back anytime.” Trilu told him handing Harry some wrapped cookies to take with him. Harry smiled again and placed them in the backpack he had brought to take to Neville's.

“Come along or we'll be late.” Trilok sped up the cart to get back on time.

When they walked into the meeting room, Mrs. Nott was sitting straight backed, she had long golden hair with eyes the same blue color as Draco’s. Her skin was the same porcelain as the other Malfoys he had met as well. The boy with her looked about Harry's height and was thin as well. He had the same ringlets as his mother but they were the rich color of melted peanut butter and were just long enough to brush his chin. His eyes were on the floor so Harry couldn't see them yet.

“Sorry we are late. Another meeting ran long.” Harry explained with a slightly nervous smile.

“That is fine Lord Potter.” Lady Nott said in an indifferent tone.

“It's Potter-Perciville, Lady Nott.” Trilok corrected.

Her eyebrows raised in shock but her mask didn't show any other signs of emotion. “We are here about the contract.” She said trying to ignore the fact he was a double Lord...at 12.

“Yes ma'am, even if I don't fully understand what it means.” Harry admitted.

“What is there to understand? My son is yours. You may do with him as you please. His things, if you want them, will be sent to where ever he is to live till you have need for him. You are only required to have one child with him. Outside of that, his life is yours to command.” She stated coldly not looking at Harry or her son.

Harry stood rim-rod strait, his face went cold and power seemed to roll off him in waves. “How dare you?” He snapped but did not raise his voice. “How dare you speak to your son that way? He is not livestock and this is not a business transaction. And farther more how dare you assume such things about me?!” The more he spoke, the more enraged he became. His hair and clothes were whipping in the currents of his power.

Lady Nott's eye's widened in shock and mild fear. ‘This boy, for a boy he is, has such power. There is no way the Dark Lord will stand a chance against him.' She thought.

Trilok smirked, pleased with the reaction and the display of power. He had no doubt that the display was not on purpose and most likely occurred because of the blocks that were removed.

Theodore looked up at Harry with hope and unshed tears in his large Caribbean blue eyes.

“Forgive me Lord Potter-Perciville. I acted that way to see what your reaction would be. Forgive me for being rude and uncouth. But I hope you understand that I wanted to determine how you would treat my baby.” She told him in a much nicer voice and with a small smile on her now more open face.
“Oh.” Harry deflated like a balloon. “That wasn't nice.”

“No and I do apologize. But it was none the less true. You, for all intense and purposes do own Theodore and he will be living with you. That is why I made the agreement, to remove him from the Dark Lord's clutches.”

Harry looked at her in shock for a few moments processing. “But I'm not going to be home for the next 11 days. I will be at a friend’s house and it would be improper for him to come along uninvited.”

Mrs. Nott nodded. “Where would you like him to stay till then?”

“I don't know. Where would you like to go?”

“Me? I... Where ever you wish.” He said eyes down cast, playing the part of the perfect submissive.

“Hogwash. It's your life, you're not going to be some doll I dress up and play house with. I asked and I expect an honest answer.” Harry told him with a very unimpressed face.

He swallowed and took a breath. ‘Now or never to see where I stand.’ He thought. “I... I wish I could stay with Blaise.”

“Who's that?”

“Blaise Zabini. He's a Slytherin.” Theodore said looking away not wanting to see hate or loathing in the eyes of the man he was bound to.

Harry thought about all the Slytherins in their year. “He's the tall dark one with the blonde girl?”

“Yes. Her name is Daphane... Greengrass.”

“He and his family won't mind?”

“No. His mother said I was welcome whenever I please.”

“What's the floo address so I can pick you up on the 24th?”

His head shot up. “I can go?”

“Sure.”

Theodore shot out of his chair and hugged Harry startling the boy. “Oh, thank you! Thank you. I thought... and you would... Oh thank you!”

Harry blinked then chuckled. “You thought I would say no?”

“Well... You don't seem to like Slytherins.” He said pulling away with a blush tainting his porcelain cheeks. “And I'm a Slytherin and they're Slytherins....”

Harry placed his hand over Theodore's mouth chuckling again. “I never hated Slytherins. In fact, the hat wanted to put me in Slytherin. If not for your dear cousin Draco, we would have been dorm mates. But I just refused to be stuck with him for 7 years.”

“Really?” Theodore giggled. “He is a right prat. Draco's better in private. When he doesn't
Harry laughed at the face Theodore made. “I'm related to Draco somehow too. I'm 1/16 Malfoy. Believe it or not. The Percivilles have a loyalty contract with the Slytherins so I kinda can't hate them.” He paused smiling. “We haven't been introduced yet.”

“No we haven’t” Mrs. Nott said.


Lady Nott and Theodore's eyebrows rose and their mouths opened a bit in shock.

“Harry. You will now also add Friend of the Goblin Nation to the end of your introductions.” Trilok added amused by the humans’ reactions.

Lady Nott gained control of herself and cleared her throat. “I am Angelina Nott nee Malfoy, Lady of the Aged and Honorable House of Nott.” Harry took her hand and kissed the knuckles.


Harry smiled at him. “Is there anything else we need to work out?”

“Yes. Will Theo be keeping his things? If so when and where do you want them sent? Will he have an allowance or a vault? And what do you expect of him?” She paused. “Also I would like to know if he will have to be with child before he's 14.”

Harry blushed bright red. “N-n-no. The contract stipulates that if I become Lord before 15 that the... um... that part won't take effect till 15 so as long as it is... um... between when I turn 15 and 16 it's ok.” Harry was nearly purple and Theo was also blushing. He coughed to get his mind away from embarrassing thoughts. “Wh... Whatever Theo wants to keep can be sent to Perciville Palace in Greece. I'll tell the elves to look out for it and put it all in his room.” He had regained his composer. “Trilok, Theo needs an appointment with Ironfang before the 24th for vaccinations especially the international ones and dragon pox. He hasn't already had one. Make it a full checkup as well, since Ironfang is my healer.” Harry commanded not even noticing how authoritative he was being. Trilok just nodded and made a note. “Give Theo full access to vault 271. Non-monetary access to vaults 7, 31, 4, 18 and 514.” Trilok nodded again. “What time is it?”

“1:15 Harry.”

“Ok. So what I expect. Be yourself, don't be afraid to say something if you think I need to hear it or knock me upside the head if I need it.” Harry said with a smile. “Do your best in school and be faithful.”

“That's all?” Harry nodded. “What about touching others? You have to give permission.”

“Really? Yes you may touch whomever you want. Before I forget, it's Perciville tradition to have 2 birthday parties, one public and the other private. You are both invited to both. Theo would you be my date to the public ball?”

“I would be honored.” He said inclining his head.

“Trilok do you have the information on those lessons?”
“Yes, here you are. And Ironfang has openings on the 19th at 11:30 or 3.” He replied handing a sheet over.

“Which would you prefer, 11:30 or 3?”

“I... you want me to see a goblin healer?”

“Theodore. The goblins are my friends and allies they are to be treated with respect.” Harry said a hint of steel coming back into his voice.

“I... I'm sorry. I meant no offense. I didn't know goblins had healers.” He replied going meek again.

“And I'm sorry I raised my voice. But I am over protective of my friends and family. Now which appointment would you prefer?”

“3, Blaise has lunch at 11:30.”

Harry nodded to Trilok then looked at the schedule.

*Lessons, Tuesday and Thursday from July 15th through August 26th*

*9-11 Investments and Estates Lokaxe*

*2-4 Politics, Edict and Lordship* Joshua Moby

*4-6 Goblin tongue and Edict* Griphook

“Ok Theo can you come over the Longbottom Manor on Tuesday's and Thursday's from 4-6? That way you can learn Goblin as well.”

“Sure. I'll be sure and tell Blaise.”

“Are there any classes you would like to have tutoring in for the rest of the summer?”

Theo blushed. “Healing. I always wanted to be a healer.”

“Can you arrange that? For him to learn magical, wizarding and non-magical healing. Later on I may add swords training. I'm going to ask Uncle Alex to teach me swordsmanship when I get back. Once I get decent, I would like a goblin teacher as well.”

Trilok smiled. “I'll have Lokaxe bring over the information on the healer classes when he comes for your lesson. I'll ask Bellok or Xilok if they would train you they are both Sword masters.”

“Thank you” Harry said with a smile.

“Here are a few of the approved proposals for you to look over as well.”

“A few there must be over 2 dozen here!” Harry took the folder and placed it in his bag to look at later.
“Yes when the announcement was made there were 1000's of applications. Poor Nozlakk was buried under them.” Harry and Trilok laughed. Harry learned over lunch that Nozlakk was Ragnarok's assistant and the Goblin version of Percy at his worst. “I will look at an archery tutor for your friend. The Longbottoms have a long proud history as Master Archers. There is even a tapestry of Potter and Dufnar Longbottom displayed in one of the training halls. Potter with his legendary sword and Longbottom with his equally famous long bow. Even we goblins respect the might they had and the deeds they did.”

“Wow. That's impressive. I wonder if his sword is in my vault somewhere. I'll have to look later.” Harry smiled. “Is there anything else before we head to Hogwarts?”

“Hogwarts? Why are you going there?” Theo asked

“To collect the Basilisk and explore the Chamber.”

“C... can I come? I'm insanely curious about the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Sure. Can I floo Neville and ask him to join?”

“Of course Harry. Use this.” Trilok indicated a small brazier. “It’s for calls only. Tell him to floo to Gringotts, the password today is Filos.”

“Friend. I know that one.” Harry said with a smile. He threw the powder in calling out the location and password, then stuck his head in once it turned green.

While he was talking, Trilok got the vault keys for Theo.

“Neville?” Harry called

“Harry are you coming through?”

“Not right now. There's been a change in plans. The goblins and I are going to Hogwarts to collect the Basilisk carcass from the Chamber of Secrets. I was wondering if you wanted to come with us.”

“Really? You want me with you in the Chamber of Secrets?”

“Yeah. It will be loads less creepy with a good friend... and a few armed goblins.”

“I'll ask Gran.” Neville was gone for a few minutes. “She said I can. How do I get there?”

“When I get off just floo to Gringotts using the password Filos.”

“Ok, see you in a moment.” He said with a huge smile on his face.

Harry pulled his head out. “Neville is flooing over now.”

“We will meet him in the receiving room. Come along.” The 2 boys said good bye to Lady Nott. In the receiving room there were 15 goblins waiting. Neville was also standing there very nervous.

“Hey Neville.” Harry said coming over and hugging his friend. “This is Theodore Nott. Long story short, we are in an absolute contract and will be mates. I'll explain in depth when we get to your house. This is Trilok and that's his son Bellok. That's my good friend Griphook. Everyone, this is my good friend Neville Longbottom. He's loyal as a drake and honorable as a goblin.” Neville blushed bright red at the attention and complements.
All the goblins looked at the boy closely. Honorable as a goblin is high praise.

“We will portkey to just outside Hogwarts gates.” Trilok informed them. “Bellok is the leader of this team and Harry is our escort. The humans are under Harry's protection. Griphook you are with Longbottom, Azrig with Nott. We leave in 45 seconds. Everyone touch this stone.” He told them holding out a thin stone tablet.

Goblin portkeys are just as unpleasant as wizard ones. Once they landed the goblins surrounded the humans and they all began to march toward the castle.

Chapter End Notes

An: This has such a fast pace compared to the rest of this fic I don't know why.
Dumbledore and McGonagall were waiting on the group at the doors to the castle.

“Harry my boy what is all this about collection of personal effects?” He asked in his grandfatherly voice.

“I’m here to collect what I left in the Chamber of Secrets Professor. I have been assured it’s mine to take.” Harry replied. It was obvious he was unhappy with one or both adults.

“The Chamber is very dangerous my boy. I insist Minerva and I accompany you.”

“No.”

“No Mr. Potter?” McGonagall asked.

“Yes Professor, I said you may not come with me.”

“Why ever not my boy.” Dumbledore said, sounding wounded by the thought.

“To be frank I don’t trust either of you.”

“Why? What have we done to deserve such mistrust?” Dumbledore seemed confused, but there was something off in his look. You don't live 10 years with the Dursley's and not learn to read people.

“Well sir, you are head of the Wizengamont but don't use your position to insure EVERYONE gets a fair trial. Like my godfather, who was sent to prison without so much as being accused, as far as I can tell. And Hagrid who was shipped off to Azkaban without a trial. And you have failed as headmaster by not informing me, an orphan, of my future status as Lord Potter. Additionally there has been lots of suspicious things going on that I believe you have had at least knowledge of. But I will keep those to myself until I have the proper proof.

“You Professor McGonagall, are a brilliant teacher. But you are a shit head of house. You ignored my concerns about the stone. You ignored us when Hermione and I asked for your help proving Hagrid's innocence. You turned me away when I tried to talk to you about the voices I was hearing, turns out that was a Basilisk slithering through the pipes. I even tried to take you to the Chamber but you couldn't be bothered to listen. Also, if you paid any attention to your house, and made us feel we could trust you then Ginny likely would have come to you the moment her diary asked her to kill a bunch of rosters. So no, I will not take either of you with us. Oh and McGonagall, I would rather you be like Snape and call me a lying, attention seeker to my face than to treat me like a one behind my back.” Harry informed them. He felt much better after he was able to get those grievances off his chest.

Minerva McGonagall flushed red with shame. 'Seems I have truly failed this Bram. And maybe all the others in my care.' She thought, knowing everything he had said was true. She was just as bad as
Severus in judging him by his father. That final thought made her wince. Being rightly compared to that man near made her sick.

“Now my boy I must insist you tell me what you know of your godfather and where you came up with all these ideas.” Dumbledore said eyes narrowing ever so slightly.

“I learned of Sirius Black from my inheritance. I am his heir and he was unjustly imprisoned. Which I intend to rectify.” Minerva gasped.

“Did you know he escaped from prison and is coming after you?”

“As he should. I’m his godson, finding me should be his number one priority, followed by proving his innocence of the crime he was accused of, if he was ever accused.”

“Sir if you continue to impede us, I will be forced to remove you.” Bellok said before things could get farther out of hand.

“I am the headmaster and I say who comes and goes on these grounds. And I will not allow you entry without us accompanying you.” He told them with more than a hint of superiority.

Harry just shrugged and turned away. “There is more than one way to skin a cat.” The goblins followed him as Harry walked toward Hogsmead. He then turned and took them into the forest. Several of the goblins noticed the smirk on Minerva's face at Harry's comment but she schooled her features before Dumbledore turned to her.

Harry led them to a seemingly plain stone not far into the woods. There he pulled out the map Serpens gave him. He looked it over before saying the corresponding Parsletongue phrase. The rock shifted, lifting into the air revealing a spiral staircase down into the ground.

The stairs ended after only about 2 flights, but they were much farther than 24 feet into the ground. They ended in a dark tunnel. This was not the chamber Harry had been in before. He cast a lumos and looked at the map. It took him a while to figure it out. The map was magical and outside, it had only showed the various entrances and a large open space in the center which he had assumed was the chamber. But now that he was underground, there were innumerable passages all over and under one another. It looked kind of like a bowl of cooked spaghetti.

“I wonder what that is.” Harry said aloud touching a small dot on the map. As soon as he did the map zoomed in now showing the passage they were in, the names of everyone there and the stairs to the outside. “It's a magic map.” Harry told them.

The goblins looked at it. One waved his hand over it. “It's heavily enchanted. I've never seen such complex human magicks before.”

Harry nodded. After a bit of experimenting, he figured out how to manually zoom. Then they were off. Many times on the way to the main chamber, Harry was glad for the map. It was very detailed. Without it they would have not only been horribly lost, but would have been killed by the numerous traps and pit falls.

When they finally came to the Chamber Harry remembered, the map seemed to change again. It
showed the large chamber, but there were things on the map that weren't in the chamber. Such as stairs, doors, archways and antechambers. While Harry was distracted trying to figure out the puzzle of the map, the others were shocked into silence at the sight of the basilisk. It was massive. It was close to 80 feet in length and when the goblin's got closer and began measuring, they found the diameter was about 6 feet and the circumference to be around 19 feet. This was the largest basilisk ever found by nearly 30 feet in length.

While the Goblins were seeing galleons, Neville and Theo had forgotten how to breathe. Neville was the first to recover. "You killed THAT?!!" He said motioning to the monster. There was really no other way to describe the thing.

“Hum?” Harry said looking up and back toward them from the map. “Oh... a... yeah. It looked smaller at the time.” He said going back to the map as though killing such a thing wasn't anything. The opinion of him just jumped again in the eyes of all those present.

Neville nearly fell over. He didn't know what to make of Harry. He near hero worshiped the other boy. But this... this was amazing. Neville was one of the very few that knew part of Harry's life. He was under no illusion that he knew everything and he, unlike a bossy brunette he could mention, would never try to know until Harry wished to tell him. Neville had also learned that Harry always plays down his part. Last year when he gave Neville an over view of what happened with the dragon and with the stone, Harry had made it seem like Hermione, Ron and luck are what saved the day. It had sounded like Harry was naught but a bystander. But he knew different. There was just an air around his friend, one that spoke of power, command and honor. Neville had no doubt that without Harry, both of the other two would have died. And that Ginny and Ron would have died again last year. Hell, looking at this thing the whole school should be kneeling at his feet for saving them.

“I think I have this figured out. You want to come and explore with me?” Harry asked jerking Neville out of his thoughts and Theo out of staring at the beast.

Neville nodded and Theo walked over closer to them. Most of the goblins stayed to work on the basilisk but Trilok, Griphook and Azrig joined them. Harry looked at the chamber and at the map. The hall was 150 feet long with doors and other secret exits spaced sporadically down each side. The only 2 openings that were not hidden behind various kinds of enchantments were the door Harry entered through and the mouth of Salazar. According to notations on the map, you could bypass most of the traps enchantments and passwords by to be wearing the Slytherin Lord's ring. The map showed how to open each room but not where the rooms and passages led.

So they decided to work their way down one side and up the other. The first 3 passages Harry opened lead to the tangled mass of tunnels that they were in before. Harry followed the tunnels with his finger on the map and found that all 3 were red herrings. They led either nowhere, to a pit fall, a dead end, or looped back around to another opening.

The first 'real' opening they came on was an office, or study. There was a large desk made of stone and a leather and iron chair behind it. Across from the desk were 2 loveseats. The 2 walls on either side of the desk were covered in bookshelves. The wall behind the couches had 3 paintings on it. The one behind the desk had a calendar and 2 tall shelves filled with cubbyholes. It was hard to tell what the colors of the room were or what kind of shape the furniture was in due to the thick layers of dust.

Azrig stepped forward. “Allow me. I work in the records department and know how to handle delicate things.” Harry nodded. The goblin, who looked older than Griphook but was shorter than him as well, waved his hands around the room and spoke in goblin. Once he was done, the dust in the room was cleared as though it had never been.
“That was amazing!” Harry said looking around. He could now see that the paintings over the couch were of 2 women and a man. All 3 looked to be asleep. The sofas they were over was a deep purple velvet. The desk was now a shiny brown stone and the calendar turned out to be a class schedule.

“Everything in here is protected by preservation charms so it was easy to vanish the dust.” Azrig told them with a bit of a blush on his face.

Harry smiled at him anyways. He headed over to the schedule. “Look at this.” Harry said calling the others over.

There were several classes offered back then that were no longer available. These were; art, choir, warding, rituals, healing, Lady and Lord's studies, and magical introduction. Also in place of Defense Against the Dark Arts was offensive magic, defensive magic, and battle magics.

They looked at all the teachers. “It seems like the founders were the main teachers with a few lords teaching as needed.” Theo said.

“Yeah.” Neville agreed. “I thought Slytherin would have taught potions for sure.” He looked it over and the picture painted by this schedule didn't seem to fit the muggle hating vicious man he was portrayed as.

It showed that Salazar Slytherin taught; Care of Magical Creatures, choir, Healing (with Lord Prince), and Herbology (with Lord Perciville). Godric Gryffindor taught; Transfiguration, Defensive Magic, Craftsmanship, and warding (with Lord Hogwarts). Helga Hufflepuff taught; Potions, art, Magical Introduction, and Charms (with Lord Perciville). Rowena Ravenclaw taught; Arithmacy, Lord’s and Lady's studies and Rituals (with Lady Black). Lady Black also taught History. Lord Hogwarts taught Runes and Astronomy. Lord Potter and Mr. Potter taught Battle Magics and Offensive Magic.

“I wonder who Mr. Potter was.” Theo asked after looking at the schedule.

“I would guess he was one of Lord Potter's sons or brothers.” Trilok replied.

“But not the heir.” Neville said. “It would say Heir Potter if he was.”

Harry was just smiling broadly at it. He had always thought of Hogwarts as a home. To know his family had once worked here made it feel just a bit more special.

In the meantime, the 3 goblins were looking over the books on the shelves. This was a treasure trove worth more than the entire basilisk. Books not only from before the founding of the school, but some written by the founders themselves.

Harry finally spoke. “Trilok. Can we get the books moved to Gringotts then copies made to put back here? I think the Chamber of Secrets will make a smashing place to study once it's cleaned up.” Harry paused a thought in his brain but he would need to do more research before he could go anywhere with it.

Trilok nodded. “Since the request has been made by both Lord Potter and Lord Perciville we can place these in vault 18 and make copies using the Potter charms to do with as you please.”

“Ok let’s do that first. I don’t want any of us accidentally harming these books or papers. We should see what else is down here.” the others nodded and left the room.

The next 'real' room they came to was 4 doors down. It contained a small(ish) personal library. Again, the dust had to be inches thick but once Azrig removed it you could see all the tomes. They looked around a bit and Harry noticed that some of the books looked to be fiction as well as non-fiction. There was one whole self that was damaged due to a bit of ceiling collapsing and breaking
the charms. “Trilok can you get a team to check out the whole chamber and make sure it's safe too?”
The goblin just nodded and jotted down a note to do so. After that, they all left the room be so that none of the other tomes were damaged.

They also found a bedroom on that side of the main hall. The things in the bedroom were not covered by preservation charms and at some point, there had obviously been a leak because nothing was salvageable.

On the other side of the chamber they found a large dome like room made entirely out of stone. Harry looked around it. He had never seen such a room and had no clue what it was or what it was for. There were thousands, if not millions of runes carved on the floor and around the walls. Near the door there was a stone altar and a rack of ceremonial knives. Harry, out of curiosity picked up one. He nearly dropped it when he felt the power in the blade. It was even stronger than the power he felt when he pulled the sword of Gryffindor out of the hat last May. He didn't know what it was for, but there was something about it that made Harry respect the simple knife.

“What is this?” He asked the others with him.

“That would be an athame. A knife used in rituals.” Trilok told him. “What kinds of rituals it was used for, I wouldn't know. Not many wizards use magical rituals anymore.”

“Most rituals are dark magic and forbidden now.” Theo said. “Mother still puts out food for the dead on all souls day and says prayers on the solstices but more than that and the ministry could fine you.” Theo said nothing of the one ritual he saw his father preforming. It scared him to the core and he never wanted to look into that subject again.

Harry nodded. He was now curious about rituals and planned to add them to the list of things to look up in the library. When he thought about it, looking them up in his vaults and in the books found here in the chamber may be more effective. If there was ever one thing he and Hermione could agree on, it was that you could never have too much information.

Realizing the boy was curious, Trilok gave him a bit more information. “These stones are also used in the rituals. These are lode stones and these rune stones.” He purposely didn't say what they were for. Curiosity and a passion for learning were things that should be cultivated.

Soon after leaving the ritual chamber, they found a green house. There was little that could be saved there either. A few seeds looked like they might still be viable, according to Neville the resident expert. Harry told him to have at it and take anything he thought he could use. Next to the greenhouse was a potions lab and ingredient room. The types of ingredients added credence to the schedule, almost all were used exclusively in healing potions. Though there were lots of snake parts and a few other odds and ends as well. About a third of the ingredients were still good. Most had rotted long ago.

“Azrig. Why did the preservation charms fail here but not on the books?” Harry asked curious.

The goblin smiled at him. “You are observant. Good. The charms didn't hold as long due to the magical nature of these items. Their magic interfered with and broke down the charms. Whereas paper and most inks have little or no magic.” All 3 boys nodded in understanding.

They found that there were 4 other exits into the school itself, not including the one in the bathroom. One opened near the library, one inside the kitchens, another in a now unused hall on the 5th floor and the final one opened just to the left of an odd tapestry with dancing trolls on the 7th floor. After exploring all the rooms and opening the other passages just to check them out, they went back to help prepare the carcass.
Theo was in awe of this place and his mate... husband... Harry. But he was also frightened. He was glad the man he was bonded to for life was strong but if Harry ever turned out like his father there would be no running. No escape. He shivered.

Neville was also in awe. He had always known Harry was great and more powerful than he let on but near Neville's equal in shyness. Seeing him laughing and joking while dissecting the beast was a private side of Harry that few ever saw. He was glad his friend was happy. He hoped this little Slytherin, whatever his story, was good for Harry. Because Neville may be a lion but he was also as loyal as a Hufflepuff and dangerous as any badger when his friends are threatened.

Chapter End Notes

7/29/15 dianemalfoy's Edit for this chapter. The lateness of these edits is in no way dianemalfoy's fault. RL has been kicking my butt and I haven't had any free time. But I finally have a day off with no obligations so I'm posting these updates and hopefully getting a few more chapters written for this and other fics.
P
AN: It's kinda sad when you have a dream about Harry Potter and they're all Lego. LOL. Guess I have been playing Lego HP yr 5-7 too much. They make fun of all the characters and make light of all the deaths. Unless I spazed out they don't even show Fred's death in that game. Bella and Fenrir amuse me in the Lego games.
It was nearly 6 when they were done exploring and collecting everything, and everyone was exhausted. When they arrived back at the bank, Trilu and Shimusnox were waiting on them.

“You must be very tired and hungry. You are all invited back to our home for supper.” Trilu offered kindly. Many of the goblins declined, wanting to get home to their families. But Griphook and 2 others joined them.

“I would love too. Neville will your Gran mind?” Harry asked.

“No, as long as we get back by curfew at 9.” Neville replied. Being invited to a goblin's home was unheard of, Neville thought.

Theo stayed silent. He had been reprimanded for rudeness once, and he did not want to repeat the experience. Theo was used to a single warning, followed by a physical punishment. And he did not want a wizard as powerful as Harry punishing him and he definitely didn't want it to occur in public.

Supper at the Lok house was a bit awkward at first, but it got better once Neville and Theo relaxed. After the meal, Trilok told the tale of Potter and Longbottom, in honor of their guests.

Both men were from humble beginnings. Potter started his life on a farm and Longbottom was an apothecary’s son. Both wanted to do more with their lives, become better. They joined King Ravenclaw's army. Potter excelled at swordsmanship. He was known for being a great battle mage. He wielded a sword in one hand and a staff in the other. Longbottom took another route. He became an archer. It was said he could hit a Knut from 2 miles off.

Time passed, each man rising to the top of their profession but never really interacted. They had little reason to. But the King had enemies. The Romans were looking to take what is now Scotland and Ireland and the King’s armies were spread too thin to mount a counter. So Potter and Longbottom were chosen to become an army of 2. They were sent to destabilize the marching army and destroy as much as they could.

In the beginning, it was a miracle they survived. They had little trust or respect for the other, never having fought side by side. As they traveled, fought, and generally lived together, the two grew closer. They became friends and, by the time they returned home, brothers.
They are famous for their exploits once they became like extensions of one another. One such battle was an attack on a camp of Roman magi. The few surviving witnesses say that Potter charged them like a demon from the mists and all around him rained feathers and shafts. Potter trusted the archer and his ability to fire nearly on top of him. The tale goes that some of Longbottom's arrows would fly but a hair's breadth from Potter.

Over the 4 years they were gone, the pair destroyed 3 legions of Roman soldiers along with the battalion of magi. From then to the fall of Rome, the two were depreciated as the sons of Pluto, the Roman god of death.

Once they returned, the king was so pleased he gifted both men with lordships and their choice of lands. Longbottom choose a large plain which became great farm lands. Potter took a crumbling clifftop castle that he had rebuilt and it still stands today.

“Wow Trilok that was a great story.” Harry said looking at the goblin like a kid at Christmas. “Isn't it awesome how our ancestors became lords by becoming friends?” He turned and asked Neville.

“Yeah I never knew how my family got their lordship. I guess Gran knows but she hasn't told me yet.”

“Alright children story times over.” Trilu said. “You boys had best get your things and head home. It's gone 8 and your families will be worried.” She smiled at the 3. “You boys come by anytime. Just ask to see me or Trilok at the counters.”

After goodbyes, Griphook showed them to the receiving room before heading home himself. Theo gave Harry a small hug in thanks for today. He then flooed to the Nott house to gather his things and call Blaise.

Augusta was sitting and waiting for them when the two boys arrived. Neville stepped out with only a minor trip but Harry ended up sprawled on his face at her feet, he was getting better at the floo but the trip through such powerful wards threw him off a bit. She raised an eyebrow at the dirty but smiling and pink faced boys. “Did you have a good time?”

“Yes Gran. The chamber was amazing. Slytherin was clever if nothing else. Harry has a map that shows all these maze like passages and traps to keep anyone from learning his secrets. Harry battled a basilisk Gran. Not today. Back in May when all those people were petrified. It was huge. The goblins let us help harvest it. After we were done Trilu, a goblin lady, invited us home for dinner. Then when we were done eating, Harry's manager Trilok, Trilu's husband, told us a story about how the first Potter and Longbottom became lords. Do you know it?” He rambled with a huge grin.

Augusta was impressed. Goblins and basilisk aside, this was not the same shy boy she sent out this afternoon. “I do know the tale. I am glad you had fun but you are forgetting your manners.”

Neville blushed and bowed his head lightly in shame. “Sorry Gran, Harry. Gran, this is my friend Harry Potter. Harry, this is my Grandmother Madam Augusta Longbottom nee Mazvile.”

“A pleasure to meet you my lady.” Harry said kissing the back of her hand. “Thank you for having me.”

“How long will you be staying Harry?” She asked with a hint of a smile.
“11 days ma'am. I'll be going home on the 24th. Also I don't know much about the wizarding world so I have hired tutors that will be coming on Tuesday and Thursday to teach me if that's alright.”

“And what pray tell is Neville to do while you are being tutored?” She asked wondering if this boy was a brat like James had been.

Harry blinked confused. “Being tutored. I asked if it was ok for him to join us. And Theodore Nott will join the last lesson of the day. He is.... well.... we're mated... kinda. I don't fully understand the whole contract thing.”

Augusta looked at the boy. He looked so much like James but they were obviously very different. James was never shy in his life and if he was confused or unsure he would often bolster right through. “What is it you are confused about? Maybe I can help.”

“Why don't I start from the beginning?” Harry told her about everything that had happened since he first decided to leave his relatives.

Augusta sat and listened to the tale. This boy has been thrown to the wolves. He'll need all the help he can get just to survive the political storm this is going to kick up. She thought. “If you don't mind, I'll contact some of my friends and allies tomorrow and tell them about the situation. A lord being falsely imprisoned, they'll jump at the chance to remove some figure heads. I'll arrange for you boys to meet them. You are a lord and should start making allies, but in just 4 years Neville will gain lordship as well.”

Harry smiled. “Thank you. I was hoping Neville could learn with me so that there would be two heads instead of one, in case I run into trouble.”

Augusta nodded. “I think we've chatted long enough. You boys need baths and rest. I will see you at breakfast in the morning.”

Both boys did as they were told and were in Morpheus' arms the moment their heads hit the pillows.

They woke early the next morning. Harry from habit and Neville due to excitement. He was glad to have a friend over. He wanted to show Harry all around his house, and the grounds. With Harry, Neville was quickly losing his shy nature. Harry's easy friendship and acceptance was coaxing him out of his shell.

Once dressed, they headed down and had a nice breakfast with Madame Longbottom. Once they were done eating, she spoke. “Let's get this vault business taken care of. As you know from the tale of how our houses gained their Lordship, the Potter's and Longbottom's have been allies for 2 millennia. That includes vault access. You have access to vault 8 correct?”

“Yes ma'am.”

“That is the Longbottom ancestral vault.”

Harry nodded. “So we share everything. That makes sense. I wasn't upset or angry, just curious. Out of everyone I know, Neville is one of the most trustworthy.”
Neville lit up at the praise.

“What are you boys going to do during your stay?” She asked.

“I thought we could explore around Plásmata Katafýgio and the non-magical world. There are lots of places I've never gotten to go to and would love to try. And I was hoping you could teach me some about being a Lord.”

“Creature's Haven. I've never heard of it.”

“It's an alley like Diagon, only larger and much more diverse. There are loads of creatures from all over that shop there.”

“I suppose that's fine. You will eat breakfast and dinner here. During those meals we will use formal edict so that you can learn. On Tuesday's and Thursday's we will also have a formal afternoon tea. Neville knows most of the procedures so he will help you as needed. I will be sure to inform you when the meeting with the Lords and Ladies will occur.”

“Thank you Madame Longbottom.” Harry replied agreeing to the education and aid.

She nodded then shooed them from the table.

That day was spent in the manor. Neville showed Harry all around as they talked and caught up with one another. Finally after Harry was shown Neville's pride and joy, the green houses, they settled down to work on some homework.

The next day was Thursday and the start of lessons.

Just after breakfast, which made Harry feel uncivilized due to the number of times Augusta had to correct him, was investments and estates. The class was taught by Lokaxe. It was difficult and both boys were confused. Seeing that what he was teaching wasn't making sense to his students Lokaxe gave them a simple test. The results made him sigh and wonder how humans even survived this long. He had to go back and start with basic algebra, before he could begin to explain the statistic models used for investments.

Their second tutor right after lunch was Joshua Moby. He was an older man that had retired as the Secretary of State for the Spanish minister of magic. He had them memorizing all the lords and ladies and how they were related to one another. Neville did pretty well at this but Harry was confused and tongue tied by the end of the lesson.

Theo arrived just at the end of that lesson. He joined them for afternoon tea before the final lesson on the day. Griphook was enjoying watching the 3 boys trip over his native language. But thankfully goblin edict was very simple.

Augusta was pleased with the lessons. The tutors were all excellent and the courses would serve them well. She was concerned with the Nott boy. She invited him to stay for dinner. He did rather well. It was obvious he had been well trained though not up to her high standards. His meek
behavior coupled with his father’s reputation painted a poor picture though. But she would wait and see. After all, an absolute contract had to be terrifying.

“Theo?” Harry said once dinner was over. “What are you and your friends doing tomorrow?”

“Nothing that I know of. Why do you ask?”

“Neville and I are going to a non-magical amusement park around 11. If you guys want to come we could get to know each other better and I could get to know your friends.”

Theo wondered what an amusement park was but didn't ask. “I'll tell Blaise. He has been wanting to meet you.”

“Alright. Good night. We'll meet you at the Leaky Caldron tomorrow at 11.”

“Good night, Harry, Neville, Madame Longbottom. Thank you for having me.” He said with a bow before flooing home.

Just before bed that night, Neville asked if they could invite some of his friends as well. Harry tilted his head wondering who Neville had become friends with. Neville told him that the shy and often meek Hufflepuffs, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot, were his friends before he even started Hogwarts. Augusta and Madame Bones had been friends for years, so he met Susan when she was just a baby. The Abbot's lived close to Susan, so they would watch her when Madame Bones had to go into work on short notice.

Susan was thrilled to get to spend time with her new friend and Madame Bones Ok’d the trip after learning she would be in a large group and in the muggle world where dark wizards would have a hard time locating them. The Abbot's agreed the second Harry’s name was mentioned.

While Hannah was caring and easy going, her parents were social climbers and always looking for ways to improve their standings.

Chapter End Notes

I know very little about investments.
Sma ll Shack in the Scottish Highlands Wednesday July 14

Two pieces of mail found Remus J. Lupin at almost the same time. The first was flashed in a blaze of glory, also known as the headmaster's familiar Fawkes. It was a job offer to fill the once again vacant Defense position. This letter also told him of Sirius's escape. He glared at the letter but in his mind he heard Moony whine. The wolf couldn't accept that one of their pack betrayed them.

Remus was about to write his reply when a large snowy owl flew in the open window. She was beautiful and attached to each of her legs was a letter. She thrust one toward him and on the letter was his Marauder name. Though the letters were shaky and the parchment tear stained, he still knew the hand writing anywhere. He almost didn't want to read it but he was far too curious to burn it without a glance.

Moony;

Please here me out.

I've made more mistakes than any man can atone for. I regret many things, but Remus I swear on the blood of my line, I am no traitor. I loved James like a brother, MORE than my own brother. I was not the secret keeper. I was to play decoy, be visible to throw the Death Eaters off our trail.

Peter, he was the one. The little RAT, he was marked to beat all and we didn't even notice. I left Harry to go after him. Remus, I knew I was going to be a shit god father and I was. When that baby, our little Prongslet needed me the most, I abandoned him. That is what I regret the most. I love him more than air Remy I could never, never harm him.

I need help getting a trial proving my innocence. There are too many in the ministry that are corrupt and easily bought. But I don't have access to my family fortune. I'll worry about all that. You, Remus, must keep an eye out. Peter didn't die that day. I saw him in the Prophet. He's alive living with a family of contest winners. Fabian and Gideon's family Remy. YOU have to protect Harry, because right now I can't
For all he had done, for all that this letter may be a trick Remus could not believe Sirius would ever harm Harry. Remus looked up decision made. “Where did that owl go?” He asked himself for the snowy owl had flown off the moment his eyes were off her. Fawkes shrugged his wings waiting for his own reply.

Remus wrote that he would take the position. If nothing else he would protect his cub from any who tried to harm him. With the letter sent and a plan in place, Remus felt 20 years younger. He had a purpose again, a reason to live.

The next morning still feeling the high of having a job and seeing Harry again, he set out to visit James and Lily. That was something he always did when he was feeling like the world was too much.

As usual, Remus first stopped by Father Mylard's to see how things were going. Unlike usual Father Mylard smiled at Remus and handed him a letter, before walking outside without a word.

Remus looked at the black envelope in his hands confused. He took a seat on one of the pews and examined it. Inside was a short letter with astronomical consequences.

Mr. Remus J. Lupin,

I am assuming this is you, Father Mylard only gave your first name. I am Harry Potter. James and Lily's son. You were their friend and the kind Father trusts you. So I would like to get to know you as well. Father Mylard told me that you have a disease that kept you from claiming guardianship over me as a child. Though he didn't tell me what sort of illness you have.

If you want, you can stay with me. I won't ask for anything of you other than information on the people my parents were. I would also like to know more about my godfather. I know he is in prison but according to some things I have learned from the goblins, he has been imprisoned falsely.

I'll be at a friend’s house until the 24th, but you can still come. The elves will take good care of you. The floo address is Perciville Palace.

Hoping to see you soon;

Harry John Potter

Remus teared up. He abandoned finding his cub and here the boy was, not only forgiving him, but trying to take care of Remus. Remus spent most of that day crying over all he had lost. Not just the people but the time, the firsts he would never get to experience with the child he once thought of as his own. And he cried for all the things Harry had lost, his whole family, all his support. He just
hoped the boy was safe and loved. Thinking over the letter, he smiled. The Perciville's were known for being a kind, grey family that refused to be bribed. If Harry was raised with them, he was just fine. With a smile on his face at the thoughts of the happy well cared for boy Harry likely was, Remus apparated back to the little shack where he was staying. The next morning, after packing all his things, he flooed to Perciville Palace.

Zabini Manor Wednesday July 14

Blaise Zabini was a quiet boy. He was extremely ambitious and clever, but unlike some (Malfoy) he wasn't so outspoken. He had been expecting his best friend Theo for a week now, so he wasn't surprised by his arrival.

He was, however, surprised by the collar around his neck. “What's the meaning of this Theo?” He asked reaching out to touch the collar.

“It's exactly what it looks like Blaise. I'm the submissive in an absolute contract. That's why I haven't....” Theo said looking down a bit ashamed.

“I know you couldn't tell me before.” He reassured his friend hugging him. “Who is it with? They haven't.... Are you.... well.” Blaise blushed red.

Theo giggled at his friend’s embarrassment. “No we haven't completed the bond yet. I only officially met him yesterday. It's Harry Potter, and he is so much more than the boy we see in school. There's a Slytherin core in him. He's clever and very, very powerful.”

“Are you here to tell me we can no longer be friends?” he asked in the cold voice he usually reserved for public. “Has he ordered you away from us... from me?”

“No Blaise. Harry didn't seem to care that we are friends. He even said I can stay here while he's at Longbottom's till the 24th.”

“So what orders has he given you?”

“He told me I had to be myself, be faithful, and get good grades. Harry has somehow become a friend of the goblin nation. He has made an appointment for me on the 19th at 3:00 for an examination by the goblin healers, along with international immunizations. I have to floo to Longbottom's on Tuesday's and Thursday's for the rest of the summer for classes in goblin.” He rambled on to Blaise as he was often known to do.

“Potter a goblin friend. You're right, there is more to him than I assumed. What do you think of him Theo?” Blaise asked interpreting his friend’s verbal diarrhea.

“He's... well different. I've known since I was 6 what was going to happen. I watched him at school and he seemed almost meek and stupid but he's really not. Harry's not a bull headed Gryffindor like Weasley or anything. Mother tested his patience yesterday and power rolled off him like I have never seen before. There is a good reason the Dark Lord fears him. I feel comforted by the power but at the same time I'm afraid. If Harry were ever to become... like father....” He trailed off. Blaise knew well
what his friend dealt with at home.

Blaise just hugged him again, kissing the top of his head. He thought of Theo as the little brother he would never have. “I think Potter is far too noble to treat you the way Lord Nott has.” To himself Blaise added I pray.

They chatted and caught up on the last few weeks since school had released. Blaise did his best to keep Theo’s mind occupied so he didn’t have time to worry. He hoped Harry was good to Theo and that the other boy could see how great his best friend was. But as the time to floo to Longbottom’s drew close, he couldn’t prevent him from fretting and pacing. Theo didn’t want to disappoint his mate this early on. He really didn’t want to be reprimanded in front of Longbottom.

At 15 till he couldn't stand the anticipation any longer and flooed over early. Harry greeted him politely and then formally introduced him to Madame Longbottom.

“Madame Longbottom, this is Theodore Nott, second son of the Nott family. Theo this is Madame Augusta Longbottom, regent of the Longbottom family,” Harry said.

“A pleasure ma'am.” Theo said with a small bow.

“Yes it is young man.” Augusta said then turned to Harry. “Harry that is no longer how he is introduced. Now he is yours and a proper introduction would be: Theodore Nott my consort, to your friends or allies. To strangers or in very formal occasions then use; Theodore Nott, consort of Lord Perciville.” She paused for a moment. “Though Theo may be the consort to either the Potter or Black families, but Harry, you two must choose one and stay consistent.”

“Oh, I didn’t know.” Harry said ears turning red.

“Of course not, that's why we're here to teach you. You're still a child, just beginning to learn.” She replied annoyed.

“Thank you Madame Longbottom. Theo and I will discuss it later. Griphook should be here any moment.”

Theo did awful. He wasn't able to say the simplest of goblin phrases. By the end of the lesson, he was near in tears due to frustration and shame. How can I be such an embarrassment? Father was right, I am useless. When neither Harry nor Neville laughed at him, Theo felt a bit better, but still like a failure. In his self-defeatist mind set, he completely ignored that Harry and Neville also failed at the lesson. He kept thinking of the time he failed when his father's 'friends' were over for dinner. It was the first time he ever felt a crucio. I don't want to imagine how powerful and how painful Harry's crucio would be.

Theo was surprised when Madame Longbottom asked him to stay for dinner. He smiled happily when Harry told him they would be having a formal dinner. He could do that and redeem himself.

After dinner, when Harry invited him (and Blaise!) to the amusement park (whatever that is), he wanted to immediately say yes. Both because it would be nice to see Harry somewhere casual and to make his mate happy, but he knew he had to ask Blaise first.

When he returned to Zabini Manor, Theo told Blaise all about his embarrassment. After calming his worked up best friend down, Blaise agreed to join them and even invited their other friends Tracy Davis and Daphne Greengrass. Since Harry did say 'friends'. The clever Slytherin knew that Daphne's cutting tongue and Tracy's knowledge of obscure untraceable magic would quickly curb
any notions of misconduct by their friends’ new mate. It was always better safe than sorry in Blaise's book.

Once Blaise was sure Theo was in bed asleep, he sent us prayers to his Goddess. He prayed that he was right, that Harry wouldn't do Theo any harm. He also hoped that the chivalrous Gryffindor would be able to heal the breaks in Theo's spirit.

There was little he could do, but Blaise had known for years that Theodeon Nott beat and hexed his son at the slightest provocation. That the man had told Theo more than once that all he would ever be good for was a good romp and breeding. Theo came to him a few times in tears over his father saying he wasn't even good enough to breed squibs. Blaise understood why Lady Nott made the contract and he was sure that that piece of paper had saved Theo from worse hurts at the hands of Nott and his Death Eater friends.

Blaise knew there were few fates worse than being used like Theo might have been if not for Potter and the contract, but that didn't mean he worried any less about his friend belonging to a young man he didn't really know.

Longbottom Manor Friday, July 16 (normal time)

Two days. Augusta couldn't believe that in the two days Harry had been staying with them, Neville had blossomed. The more she watched the boys, the less Neville resembled her dead husband and youngest. It was bitter sweet. On one hand she was glad to see him growing into himself, on the other she wanted to keep him a babe all his life.

She hadn't told the boys yet but she had already set a meeting with all her friends from the Wizengamont for the 21st. The older crowd she was often a part of were skeptical about meeting such a young lord but the more she saw of the boy, the less she saw him as a child.

The boys had a bit of a lay in that morning. Once they were up, Harry helped Neville pick out appropriate clothes for the non-magical world. Harry was in an excellent mood when he only had to be corrected twice at breakfast.

Just after they were done eating, two owls flew into the house and winged toward the boys. They both saw the letters were from Hogwarts. Opening the identical letters Harry read:

Mr. Harry J. Potter;

It is my pleasure to inform you that you have passed the required classes to be invited back to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for another term.

As you are entering your 3rd year you are required to choose 2-4 elective classes from those listed below. We await your reply by no later than July 31st.
Deputy Headmistress,

Minerva McGonagall.

Harry looked at the list and saw that included was his scores from last year. He was surprised at how well he had done. “How did you do Harry?” Neville asked looking at him, his own scores in his hand.

“Why don’t you both share your results with me?” Augusta asked them.

“Yes Gran. Potions.....A” He looked down a bit, he was never very good at potions. “Charms: EE, Transfiguration: EE, History: A, Defense: EE, Herbology: O and Astronomy: O.”

“Very good.” Augusta said, earning a bright smile from Neville. She turned her gaze on Harry.


“Your scores are almost identical.” Augusta commented. Seeing as they both made 2 A’s and 2 O’s.

“Yeah but it looks like we both need to stay awake a bit longer in History.” Harry joked. “So what classes do you think we should take next year?”

Neville's eyes widened a bit. It sounded like Harry would take whatever classes he did. “Divinations is supposed to be an easy O, but I don't know. I like Astronomy, and Care of Magical Creature's, or maybe Muggle Studies.”

“Well, I was raised in the Non-magical world so I'm going to ask if I can test out of that class. I think we should take Arithmacy. It's like math right? That will help with the accounting and management classes. I would like to take Ancient runes as well. I've seen some uses for runes and it looks interesting.”

“Your right about Arithmacy. If you can help me, we can either test out of Muggle Studies or take the test for it at the ministry at the end of the year. Then I can take Runes with you.”

“OK. Astronomy was interesting but really confusing to me.” Harry said with a bit of pink in his cheeks.

Neville smiled at him. “I can help you with it. You should learn about it. The Black family were big into astronomy. They named all their children after stars or constellations.”

“Really? I didn't know that. Well, we're all settled then. Runes, Arithmacy, Astronomy and Care of Magical Creature's. Let's go ahead and reply. Maybe we'll get our book lists early and can get ahead in our classes. We should both try and do our best. Could you imagine the look on Snape's face if we both make O's in potions?” Neville and Harry shared a laugh. “I even know a second hand book store we can use.”

“Yeah. I heard some second hand books have notes in them from the other owners, we could search and find one with really good hints.” Neville suggested.

“Great idea Nev.” They both got to writing the replies, completely ignoring Augusta as she looked
on proudly at their choices. “I'm going to ask Ron, Hermione and the twins how they did as well. Hedwig's not back yet so may I borrow an owl?”

“Sure. We can ask how Susan and Hannah did as well.”

Harry nodded and once the owls were on their way he looked at Neville shyly. “Do... do you think this will be like a date? ... For me and Theo.... I mean...” Harry said blushing.

Neville turned a bit red thinking of it. “Maybe, but we will be there as well so don't worry about it too much.”

“Oh...ok thanks Nev. I might win a prize for him at one of the games.” Harry said with a small smile.

With that settled they flooed to the Leaky Cauldron at 10 till 11.

Chapter End Notes

I have received a review or 2 about Theo being too feminine or weak. I'm sorry you feel that way is all I can say. In this fic he has been abused and belittled all his life. And abused kids almost always, even when with friends or in a good home expect the abuse to continue. Theo assumes Harry will curse, beat or abuse him for every little misstep because that's the way his father treated him. Once he realizes that Harry would never do such a thing he will calm and start showing his real personality.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

7/29/15 edits by dianemalfoy
Some people pointed out that Astronomy is a required class. For this fic I have made it an elective past 3rd year. It is an under used subject like Runes and Arithmacy so in my head it isn't something everyone would need or use in such depth, so ergo elective.

the park they are going to is Thrope Park. Some of the rides mentioned may not have been added till after 1993 IDK (and don't really care it's not all that important)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Leaky Caldron. Friday July 16

Neville and Harry arrived a bit early and sat having a Butterbeer while they waited. Not long after, 4 Slytherins stepped out of the floo, Harry look note of Theo's collar being covered by his Slytherin scarf. They were followed there after by the 2 Hufflepuffs.

“Good morning Theo.” Harry said coming over. “Who are your friends?” Meanwhile, Neville greeted Hannah and Susan.

“Harry, this is my best friend Blaise Zabini, Heir of House Zabini. Daphne Greengrass, eldest daughter of Lord Greengrass, and Tracey Davis, only daughter of Lord Davis. This is my mate Harricius Perciville. Lord of the Potter and Perciville Houses, heir of Lord Black, and Friend to the Goblin nation.

The girls all raised eyebrows, surprised at all the titles this boy had. “A pleasure to meet you all.” Harry replied shaking Blaise’s hand and kissing Daphne's and Tracey's. “This is my dear friend Neville Longbottom, heir to House Longbottom. These ladies are his friends.” Harry said motioning to the girls not knowing how to introduce them. “This is my consort Theodore Nott.”

Neville shook Blaise’s hand and kissed the other 3's hands. “It's a pleasure. This is Susan Bones, heir apparent to the Bones family, and Hannah Abbot of House Abbot.” The boys kissed their hands while the girls nodded to one another.

“Now that all the formal stuff is out of the way, let’s head to the amusement park.” Harry said with a sigh. “We need to leave our outer robes behind.”

As they headed out the door, Blaise asked. “What is an amusement park?”

“It's a non-magical place full of rides and games. Just for fun.” He tried to explain. “I've never actually been to one but I've always wanted to go.”

Taking the 7 of them on the train was interesting. They weren't as bad as Hagrid but all their eyes were wide in wonder, and a bit in fear.
“No wonder Auntie said it would be safe to hide in the muggle world. I never knew there were this many people in the world.” Susan said clinging to both Neville and Hannah.

“It's usually not this bad.” Harry told her. “Most people are heading into work, so it's extra crowded.” He explained.

The ride wasn't too bad once they adjusted to the movement of the train and the closeness of the people. Theo and Tracey were both very interested in the way the train worked and how everyone got to where they needed to be. Harry smiled thinking about taking Theo to the transfer station sometime, so he could watch all the trains coming and going from all over.

Once they arrived, they were all amazed at the colors, noise of the place and the overwhelming number of people.

Harry grabbed a map. “Maybe we should start with the family rides and work our way up to those.” He said pointing up to the metal monsters also known as roller-coasters. The others all nodded, a bit frightened of getting on something so tall and fast.

They started with the rides for younger kids, like the spinning tea cups and giant slide. Then moved up to the swing type ride. Quantum was the first they tried, a ‘magic carpet’ ride that amused the wizards and witches.

Once they were off, Susan commented. “That was fun but nothing like the real magic carpet Auntie and I went on during our trip to Raipur, the magic capital of India.”

“Magic capitols are different from the non-magical ones?” Harry asked her.

“I don't know. What's the muggle capitol?” She replied.

“New Delhi.”

“What's the non-magical capitol of this country?” Theo asked.

“London. That's why I thought they were the same.” Harry replied.

“Perhaps some are the same and others are not.” Blaise said diplomatically.

“I suppose. Let's try that one next.” Harry said heading toward the Vortex. It was a large spinning pendulum. After that, they took a break for lunch.

“Once we're done eating, let’s shop for a bit.” Hannah suggested. “I don't want to get sick.”

“Good idea.” Harry replied. “We could get some swim clothes at the gift shop and try the water rides next.”

“Water rides?” Tracey asked.

“Yeah like those.” Harry pointed to a huge plume of water that shot out from one of the log rides. “You get super wet.”

They all agreed. The girls were all embarrassed but interested in the bikinis on sale. The boys ended up in trunks and tees and after trying on what the guys felt was every piece of clothing in the
universe, the girls were in long tees with bikinis underneath. Harry, Blaise and Neville each bought a bag to put their other clothes in till they were ready to change back.

Storm Surge and Rumba Rapids were first. They were both rafts that all 7 could ride together. The group loved them and rode several times before moving on to the log plume rides.

There was loads of screaming on the first roller-coaster ride they had tried. But those screams quickly turned into laughter. After riding every water ride at least twice, they all agreed to change back into their normal clothes and try the real thrill rides.

Neville and Tracey were the only 2 that enjoyed the drop and freefall rides. They ended up riding it again while the others were still shaking after the Detonator.

“You two are crazy.” Susan told them after the pair had gone a second time.

“It was great!” Neville replied pumping his fist in the air. His eyes were bright with joy and an adrenalin high. Harry just shook his head. He loved flying but had enough experience falling to not enjoy that.

“Let's try those.” Tracey said bouncing with excitement dragging Neville over to the line for Colossus. The others followed looking up at the large roller-coaster with 10 loops.

Harry smiled and pointed out the people at the end. “Look this is one of those that take a picture at the scariest points of the ride.”

“I bet we look ridiculous.” Daphne said. She had started off the day cold and aloof but had been warming. She had a dead pan voice that the others realized was her natural tone.

This one was more Harry’s speed and felt close to flying. Theo screamed and clung to Harry the whole time. “Theo are you ok?” He asked when the ride stopped and they got off.

“That was AMAZING!” He shouted nearing knocking Harry over hugging him. Theo then pulled back looking down and away.

Harry frowned, he knew that reaction. He had a similar one the first few times he had an outburst in the magical world. Harry just hugged Theo. “I'm glad you liked it.” Letting him know that his reaction was ok.

“Come on I want to see the pictures.” Blaise said breaking them up and giving Harry an approving nod. He and Daphne were the only 2 that really knew about Theo's home life. Tracey knew some but not everything.

They all laughed at the shots. Susan and Hannah had clung together, mouths open in screams. Harry and Theo both had huge open mouth grins in their picture. Tracey was screaming clinging to Neville as he had his eyes clinched and was also screaming. Blaise looked like he was in pain while Daphne looked sort of calm, just biting her lip, eyes closed.

“What's wrong Blaise?” Theo asked looking from the photo to his friend.

Blaise gave a dead pan look and rolled up his sleeve. There was a perfect imprint of Daphne’s hands on his arm that had been closer to her, it was already starting to turn purple. The others couldn't help but laugh. Daphne turned bright red.

“We'll stop by the apothecary for some bruise salve when we get back to the alley.” Neville said showing his own bruises from Tracey.
Once they all had their photos, the group moved on to the next ride. They hit every coaster in the park and then went back to re-ride their favorites a few more times before calling it a day. They were all happy but tired.

Theo, Hannah and Tracey all dozed on the train back. Once they were back in central London, Harry directed them to a place that sold fish and chips not too far from the Leaky. Other than tired, they were all starving. After the rest, they headed to another place Harry had always wanted to see, London Aquarium. The nice slow stroll was a good wind down from the excitement of the park. They were all again amazed at what they were seeing. The purebloods were having a hard time believing that all this was found and made by muggles. They were all excited to pet the small sharks and other creatures in the small tanks throughout the aquarium.

Once they had explored the aquarium thoroughly, they decided to get some ice cream and that salve. So they headed back through the Leaky, gathering their wands and cloaks. They got the salve first before stopping at Fortescue's. Once they each had their treat, they sat to enjoy and relax.

“So,” Neville said after his first bite. “How did you guys do this year?”

“You first.” Susan replied, pointing her spoon at Neville.

“Ok.” He was way more confident after today. These people were his friends and he didn't think they would tease him like other students had in the past. “I got O's in Herbology and Astronomy. EE's in Charms, DADA and Transfigurations. And A’s in Potions and History.”

“That's really good.” Susan said. “I had O's in Transfigurations, Astronomy and Defense. EE's in Potions, Charms and History. Herbology was my only A.”

Hannah smiled. “I had only one A too. But mine was in Defense. I had an O in Potions, Charms, History and Herbology, and EE's in everything else.”

“Wow. I hope I only get one A next year.” Harry said. “I got and O in Defense and Herbology, A's in Astronomy and History and EE's in everything else.”

“That's not bad being muggle raised.” Blaise said. “You knew nothing of magic so started from scratch.” Harry nodded turning a bit red, he was still bashful when receiving complements. “I received O's for Potions, Defense and Astronomy, and EE’ in my other classes.”

“3 O's that's impressive.” Tracey said. “I only had one O, in Charms. But all my other classes I had EE's.” She looked at Daphne. “Let me guess straight O's and top of the class?”

“No,” the quiet Slytherin replied. “I did not make straight O's but I am top of the class. With O's in all but History, for which I received an EE.” She said obviously bothered by her lack of straight O's.

To change the subject, Harry spoke. “So what classes are you taking next year? Neville and I are going to self-study for Muggle Studies and take the exams at the Ministry.”

“If you don't mind,” Hannah said softly. “Can we join you?”

“Sure.” Harry replied. “Why don't we meet up over the rest of summer and explore the muggle
world together. There are loads of things I have always wanted to see but never had the opportunity.”

“That sounds like an excellent plan.” Daphne told them.

“And a chance for you and Theo to go on a few dates.” Tracey added with a giggle. Harry and Theo blushed looking down.

Neville and Blaise chuckled. “I planned to take muggle studies after I learned Theo would be marrying a muggle raised. But your plan is a much better idea. In that case, I will just take Runes, Arithmacy and Astronomy.”

“Harry and I will be taking those too but also Care of Magical Creatures.” Neville told the group.

“I will be taking the same.” Daphne said.

“Hannah and I don't need Astronomy for our careers so we aren't taking it.” Susan told them.

“What about you Theo?” Harry asked.

“....” He looked down at his bowl. “What may I take?” He asked in a weak voice. Blaise looked at Harry, waiting to see how he handled this reaction.

Harry sighed. “You don't have to ask my permission. Take whatever you want. I would suggest Arithmacy, it sounds like it would be a good class for healers.” He replied gripping Theo's hand.

Theo blushed darker but gave Harry a shy smile. “I... I'd like to take the same as Blaise; Runes, Arithmacy and Astronomy.”

“Sounds good.” Harry told him squeezing his fingers again in reassurance.

Susan and Hannah exchanged looks. They guessed something was up. But didn't want to put their new friends on the spot. They would be asking about that later.

“You guys are so different.” Hannah said drawing the attention away from the two boys. “.... I always thought spending the day with a bunch of Slytherins would be like detention with Snape.”

Tracey giggled. “Well, I thought all Hufflepuffs were little mice that never spoke up.”

“I was quite worried Harry would be a brash, hot-headed Gryffindor.” Blaise confessed.

Harry looks down, “I had similar thoughts. When I first realized the contract was with a Slytherin. I guess it is true. You should never judge a book by its cover, or a person by their house.”

The others nodded. “The ones that fit the mold like Malfoy and Weasley don't encourage inter-house friendships.” Tracey said.

Harry turned a bit pink. “Is Ron really that bad?”

“Yes. And Percy as well.” Daphne said. “He is constantly saying all Slytherins are dark lords in the making. That we a slimy, deceitful and evil. Percy is a hot headed know it all that thinks his badge makes him king.”

Harry blushed darker. “And Granger.” Blaise added. “She acts like she knows everything about everything, and that she's the smartest witch to ever live. But last year she only ranked 5th in our year. She was beaten by Daphne, Terry Boot, Su Li and Padma Patil.”
Harry lowered his head. “I... I'm sorry. I'll talk to them about it. Well I can't do much for Percy since he probably won't listen to me.”

Susan squeezeed Harry's hand. “You shouldn't have to apologize for your friends. They are 13 going on 14, they should know better by now.”

Harry nodded squeezing her hand back before releasing it.

“Today has been tons of fun, but we should be getting back. It's getting dark and Aunty will worry.” Susan said.

“Alright. Why don't we all meet up on Monday at... say 10?” Harry suggested. The others nodded.

“Yeah we can do this again. Maybe by then we'll bring our supply list and go shopping together.” Hannah said.

“Harry and I plan on searching through some used books to see if any have helpful hints written in.” Neville told them.

“Sounds like a good plan.” Susan said.

They said their goodbyes and all headed home.

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to Jennifer who left a couple epic. I love reviews like hers that make me think about what is going to happen.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

7/29/15 This is the last of dianemalfoy's edits for this work. AS soon as she sends me the ones for ch 18 and 19 I will have them posted. Watch out for scene changes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Perciville Palace July 16th (day they went to the park)

Serpens was sitting at his desk working on the Perciville accounts. He intended to continue managing the family until Harricius was taught how to manage such things. The boy, his great-nephew... that thought still caught the older man, had given him the ledgers for his other accounts to look over while Harricius was staying with his friend. The shear amount of .... well crap that had built up in the near 12 years of inactivity of the Potter accounts was mind boggling. Serpens had no authority to make any changes, so instead he wrote out his ideas and thoughts to go over with Harry once the boy was back home.

While he was sifting through paper work, Lydia was occupying the sitting area working on plans for Harry's private party and the ball/coming out party that would occur a week later. Without the aid of the house elves and other servants, she would be buried alive in invites alone. Harry's dear little Dobby was a massive help. He took it upon himself to personally scan and categorize each invite after one came back cursed. The elf was very dedicated to Harry and that love was quickly expanding to cover the rest of the Perciville family.

The siblings were interrupted by Alfred. “Master Serpens, Lady Lydia, I am sorry to interrupt. There is a gentleman in the receiving room whom claims to have been sent by Lord Harricius.” The look on the older man’s face said just how likely he thought that was.

“I will go and see about it.” Serpens replied standing. He was already forming a list of legal ways to find out how this charlatan had learned of Harricius' inheritance and their location. No one would ever threaten his family again.

The man was around 6' with neatly kept brown hair that contrasted with his worn, ill-fitting clothes. His scars and amber flecks in his eyes gave him away, but Serpens said nothing about his observations. “Serpens Perciville. How may I help you?” he asked in what Samantha described as his blood snob voice.

“I... well you see.... Harry, he.....” The man sputtered, he was obviously terrified of Serpens. “Harry sent me this letter.” He handed said letter to the older man.

“You are Mr. Lupin I presume?” He asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes sir.” Mr. Lupin replied looking down.

Serpens hummed “Alfred take Mr. Lupin to the sitting room and offer him some tea while I have this
verified.” He said turning and leaving the room.

He heard Alfred speak as he headed back to his study. “This way Mr. Lupin.” Remus followed the man thinking ‘Cub what have you gotten yourself into?’

Serpens floo called the Longbottom Manor. “Ah, Augusta long time no see.”

“Serpens? To what do I owe the pleasure?” She replied, Serpens had been good friends with her late husband Alexander.

“I was hoping to speak with my grand-nephew Harricius actually.”

“I'm sorry, he and Neville are out for the day with some friends.” She replied. “What is the matter?” Augusta was concerned for her longtime friend and the boy she was coming to see as family.

“A man arrived today by the name of Remus J. Lupin. He claims to have been sent by Harricius.”

“Remus you say? He was as close to James Potter as you and my Alex when they were boys. If he has been in contact with young Harry, I have little doubt the boy would want to meet someone who knew his parents so well. He was also close to Lily Potter and my daughter-in-law Alice when they all attended Hogwarts.”

“That puts my mind much more at ease Augusta. Thank you. I will keep him here as a guest until Harricius returns home. Please have him floo me for confirmation as soon as he returns.”

“Oh course Serpens.” She replied. “Try not to worry so much.” They chatted for a few more minutes just catching up before they disconnected.

“Well Mr. Lupin,” Serpens said as he entered the study. “Harricius was not in, but Madame Longbottom told me you were friends of the late Potters.”

“Yes sir. James and I became friends in first year and Lily and I in third.” He replied then look hesitant. “Sir, can you tell me why Harry asked me to come here?”

“Harricius it seems is my grand-nephew. His mother Lily Potter never existed, she was in fact Niam Perciville, the daughter of my brother Lord Abacan Perciville.”

“Lily was a pureblood? How could this happen?” Remus asked in shock.

“The man who calls himself Voldemort attacked and killed my brother, his wife Boinn, and their son and heir Mikhail. We thought Niam had also perished, her 7 month old body being destroyed in the attack. But we now believe one of the servants took her and escaped. We have found records where she was found in a dead woman's arms in an alley way in the non-magical world and taken to an orphanage where she was quickly adopted by the Evans family.”

“That... that's amazing, tragic but amazing.” He said in shock. Focusing back on Serpens he asked, “So Harry is heir to Potter and Perciville families then?”

“No. He is now Lord Potter-Perciville, Heir to the House of Black.”

“H... HOW?” Remus exclaimed.
“He claimed what is known as the last of line clause for the Potter family, there by emancipating himself which allowed him to take the title Lord Perciville. As there is a valid living Lord Black he could not take that Lordship as well.” Serpens explained. This man was like an open book, so honest and easy to read, Serpens almost immediately liked and trusted him enough to tell him so much about his precious family.

Remus sat there in silent shock for several long moments before he finally spoke. “So what now?” he asked.

“You will be staying here as our guest until Harricius returns home on the 24th, he will decide if you may stay longer. You are welcome to go anywhere on the property but will be unable to leave. If you are somehow deceiving Harricius and myself, you will be arrested and we will have all of your knowledge of our families obliviated.

Remus gulped but nodded in acceptance. After Harry confirmed who he was that evening, the household became much warmer to the tired old soul.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP

Longbottom Manor current time

When Harry returned home from their trip to the muggle world, he was glad to hear Mr. Lupin had made it to the Palace. Arriving so quickly confirmed his suspicion that the man was magical. He was now excited to be returning home. Not only to real living relatives but also to a man that could help him know his late parents better.

That night was filled with the most pleasant dreams Harry had ever had in his life. It was as if the Mirror of Erised had come true. His parents were there chatting with him, but Serpens, Lydia and all the others he’d met at his short stay at the castle were also with him. They were just together being one big happy family. His dream turned a bit weird when a massive black dog flew in on a motor bike.

Harry woke happy and refreshed. He and Neville had a lazy weekend doing almost nothing save playing a few wizarding games and tending to Neville's greenhouse.

Though during that time, Harry wrote to Ron, Hermione and the twins. He told the twins and Ron about the invite to his parties later in the summer. He also asked them how their trip to see Bill was going and how they liked Egypt. In the letter to Hermione he invited her and her parents to the private party, not wanting to have them be insulted or in danger from the other purebloods at the 'public' one. He also invited her to join them on Monday for a tour of muggle London and maybe a stop at plásma katafýgio.

Susan had also written to Neville asking if Hannah and her friends, Lisa Turpin and Terry Boot could join them. They were glad to have more people coming and to make more friends without the house pressures hanging over them.

Harry knew he wanted to go see the Tower of London, so he contacted Trilok to get bus passes for all of them. They arrived with breakfast Monday morning, along with tour tickets for the group.
Monday seemed to come quickly for the lazing boys. They had agreed to meet to the Leaky again at 10. Harry and Neville as escorts once more, arrived early. But they weren't the first to arrive. Hermione had beaten them there and grabbed Harry in a hug as soon as he was clear of the floo.

“Need…. to … bre…. athe” Harry gasped out only slightly exaggerating. She released him with a blush. “So how has your summer been?”

“Great. My parents and I are going to Spain for most of August, but we would love to come to your birthday party. I didn't realize you were getting on better with your aunt and uncle. So what classes are you taking? I'm taking all of them. I simply couldn't choose which not to take. What if there's something in one of the classes I need later and I won't have it?” She rambled. Harry had 2 years of practice, so easily ignored her.

“Easy Hermione. Take a breath.” He said with a nervous chuckle. The others had arrived while she was nattering and Daphne didn't look to have the patients to deal with her. “It's polite to make introductions before talking someone’s head off.” Hermione once again blushed.

Harry then gave a small smile. “This is my good friend Neville Longbottom, Heir to the House of Longbottom. That is Blaise Zabini, Heir to the House of Zabini....” Harry continued introducing everyone who joined them on the last outing. “And this is my friend Hermione Granger.

Then Susan took over introducing, “These are my friends Lisa Turpin, 3rd daughter of Nobleman Turpin and Terry Boot of the House of Boot. And this is Lord Harry Potter-Perciville.”

“Harry.” Hermione said. “I don't understand what just happened?” She asked.

“Most of us are heirs to noble house. It's like the House of Lords, or more like the ancient nobility of the non-magical world, only they're still a big part of our society and government.” Harry explained.

“Wait you're a noble?” She replied a bit dumbfounded.

“Yes I'm a noble. The highest ranking currently at Hogwarts as far as I know. Followed by Blaise then Neville.”

“But we're no longer a monarchy, why are the nobles so important?”

“While there is no longer a king, the nobles hold 3/4 of the votes in the Wizengamont and you must have a title to be chief wizard (or witch) or to become minister.” Blaise informed her.

“And of course, we are the wealthiest and most politically connected.” Lisa add, “Well most nobles are.”

“What do you mean most?” Hermione asked.

“Well the Weasley family have a good ranking among the houses but they have are not wealthy and have almost no political clout.” Susan explained.

“Now that that's out of the way.” Harry said not wanting to get into the Weasley situation any farther. “I thought I could blow your minds with a tour of the Tower of London. Then a trip to the London Library.”

Once they were outside, having left their robes and wands again, Harry walked the group to Trafalgar Square. He stopped below a sign with a red circle on it. The others looked around
wandering why they had stopped.

“Harry?” Neville asked looking at the other boy. “What are we doing?”

“Waiting on the bus.” Harry replied.

“But we don’t have our...” Susan trailed off not wanting to say wand in front of so many muggles. “So we can’t call the Knight Bus.”

“What's the Knight bus?” Harry replied.

“It's a special bus that can be called with a **wand** to take you wherever you would like to go.” Hermione replied saying the word wand softly.

“It's also nauseating.” Tracey added rubbing her stomach. “My mum and I had to take it once and it was horrible. I have never felt sicker.”

“This bus will be nothing like that.” Harry assured them. “Here's your bus passes. I assumed you had one.” He said, meaning Hermione while he passed them out to the others. Hermione nodded pulling out her pass. She was being quieter than normal. This more confident Harry was throwing her off a bit.

Harry gave a very simplistic description on how to use the passes. Then added, “Just follow mine and Hermione's lead and you'll be fine.”

When the large red bus stopped, Harry grinned widely. It was a pretty day and luck was in his favor that the bus to pull up was one of the double-deckers with no roof on the upper level. “Hermione you go first.” He motioned. The girl nodded doing as she was asked. Harry then entered the bus but waited to make sure all the others were able to use the passes correctly.

Once they had all paid, Harry led them upstairs. There were fewer people than below, which was quite crowded on this early Monday morning.

“There's no roof?” Hannah said.

“Nope. It allows you to see more of London that way.” Harry replied. He helped them all get seated before the bus took off. Riding atop the bus was a much different experience than riding the train.

Harry, and after a bit Hermione, pointed out several land marks on their half hour ride. The purebloods were all fascinated with the people, cars and the places. With all the distractions, the long ride seemed to pass in a flash.

Once they exited the bus, they looked up at the tower, which to those that didn’t know its history was simply a beautiful place. Harry then passed out the tickets and took them over. Trilok had arranged for them to have a private tour guide. The young man was very polite and answered all their questions. Even the ones that sounded a bit strange due to the culture gap.

The young man, Matt, knew his history well. He told them all about the building of the tower in 1078. After going over some more obscure pieces of history, he arrived at the most famous fact about the tower.

“And from 1100 until 1952 the Tower of London was a prison.” Matt told them.

“What?” Neville asked in total shock.
Matt chuckled at his response. “That's the only fact most people know about the Tower. Most overlook its other rich history.” With that the tour continued.

When they reached they entered the Waterloo Barracks Tracey, Hannah and Hermione all had to cover their mouths to keep from shrieking. The reason for their response was not the priceless crown jewels but the headless woman that just came out of the wall. The other tourists weren't paying the lady any mind.

“Can't they see her?” Susan whispered.

“Muggles can't see ghosts.” Hermione replied just as softly.

Hannah had to bite her hand again when she noticed another figure. “Susan look.” She said once she was under control again.

The group followed her gesture. There was none other than the Hufflepuff house ghost, the Fat Friar. They moved over toward him. Matt said he would wait while they had a look at the display. He leaned against a wall and pulled out his mobile assuming with so many girls it would take a while.

“Hello Friar.” Susan said. “What are you doing here?”

“Hello my dears.” He laughed jollily. “What a pleasant surprise. And how nice to see my little badgers here with other students. Wonderful, simply marvelous.” He told them delighted. “Why I'm on vacation of course. There's always smashing parties here at the Tower. Where else would you find such a meringue of animals?” He laughed again. “But what are you children doing here? None of you are dead yet. There hasn't been any trouble has there.” The man said now worried for his charges.

“No sir, no trouble at all. Harry here gathered us. We're touring London over the summer in preparation for testing out of Muggle Studies.” Hannah told the man.

“OH HO! Splendid! There is so much the muggles can teach us. They're so inspired so very inspired. You have a good summer, and study hard.” The Friar told them with a final wave wandering off to where ever he needed to be.

“Well that was unexpected.” Harry said. “I didn't realize the ghosts could just wander off like that. Makes me wonder about all those non-magicals that claim they can see ghosts. Perhaps they have a bit more magic than others.”

“They could be squibs.” Daphne said. “Not much research is done into squibs so it's possible they are able to detect ghosts.”

“What do you mean test out of Muggle Studies?” Hermione asked. “When were you planning on telling me this?”

“Hermione you are not my mother.” Harry replied. “I don't need your permission to do anything.” Harry said temper rising. “And another thing, where do you get off dictating mine and Ron's life? You wrote me all of TWO letters last summer and not once did you try and call or anything. I made sure you had my number before I left school.” Harry told her. “Well Hermione I have made new friends. This is me trying to keep the old ones as well. But things have changed. I'm taking control and no one will tell me what to do anymore.” Harry said.

Theo looked at Harry afraid, but he pulled all his courage out and reached out grabbing Harry's arm.
He was tense with fear but held his eyes as Harry turned to him. Theo couldn't stop the small flinch, but Harry saw it and that cooled his temper instantly.

Harry placed his hand on top of Theo's and squeezed it in thanks. He then looked at the others who were a bit shocked at his outburst. His eyes landed on Hermione who was curled into herself with tears in her eyes. Harry let go of Theo and rushed her, hugging her tight. “I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me. Just so many people have been telling me what to do. Manipulating me. And I'm pretty sure betraying me. I just... I just snapped. I love you so much.” He told her. She hugged him back just as tight. “You will always be the first person I ever remember giving me a hug.”

Hermione sobbed, her heart breaking for her friend. “I'm sorry too. I know you're smart and I just get so frustrated that you don't use it, so I push and push and I guess I've just turned into a nagging monster. Please forgive me?”

Harry pulled back and nodded with a water smile. “There's nothing to forgive. You're right I haven't been trying my best. The entire time I've been in school, I was made to never do better than Dudley and he makes Crabbe and Goyle look like geniuses. And then at Hogwarts I just fell in to old habits. Having to run Dumbledore's gauntlets each year hasn't help me any either. But this year I got good scores. Neville's the one that got through to me. He's the one that said my relatives wouldn't care about my scores.” Harry told her smiling at his other friend. “I'll tell you what's been going on, and my suspicions, but not here. That is definitely a conversation for our ears only. And you guys are invited to join us.” Harry added.

Neville put his hand on Harry's shoulder. “I think after your party would be a good time for that kind of meeting. Let you get settled into your new roles a bit better.”

Harry nodded. Tracey and Hannah took up telling Hermione, Lisa and Terry about their plans for the summer. Meanwhile Harry moved over to Theo and Blaise. “Thank you.” Harry told the other boy, his face a bit pink. “I needed a bit of a reality check.” He rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment.

Theo blushed as well. “That's ok. What's a mate for?”

Harry chuckled at his play on words being that to everyone else, mate would be taken as friend where as they knew better.

They did eventually look at the jewels. As they left to finish up the tour, Harry slipped his hand in Theo's and remained holding hands till after they sat down to lunch.

Hermione took over picking out lunch. She asked the help desk for the Tower where the nearest Japanese restaurant was. Getting her response she led the group to a nearby hibachi.

They took a seat around a large black bar. “What is this?” Harry asked never having had Japanese either.

“It's a hibachi.” Hermione opened her mouth, no doubt to spit out facts but then thinking, she closed it again. “You know what, just watch. But don't touch the black part it's hot.”

Being the only one that knew what was going on, Hermione made the orders for everyone throwing in the bits of Japanese she knew. Soon they were all served soup and a couple sushi and sashimi samplers were placed before them.
“They’re so pretty.” Lisa commented.

“And they're fantastic.” Hermione said taking chopsticks and stuffing one in her mouth.

“What are they?” Blaise asked making a face.

“Try one and then I'll tell you.” Hermione replied.

She had to teach them how to use chopsticks. Daphne and surprisingly Neville were the best. Harry looked at the sticks in his hand. “I would starve.” He said despairingly making the rest of the table laugh. She finally relented and allowed him a fork when he proved to be incapable of using the sticks.

Hannah and Terry also had to use a fork but the rest were able to struggle through with the chopsticks.

There were lots of umm noises when they finally took their first bites.

Theo however made the worst face swallowing quickly and taking a drink. “You don't like it?” Harry asked.

He blushed looking down.

“You don't have to like everything, or even anything I like.” Harry replied. “I don't really care for it either.” He confessed.

“Alright Granger, we've tried it. Now what is it?” Blaise asked again.

Hermione smiled around her fourth piece, it was a large bite of fatty tuna and she gave a groan of happiness before swallowing. “Fish. The pink and white ones are all raw tuna and salmon....” She listed off what each kind was to the horror of all the others.

“You gave us raw fish!” Susan nearly shouted.

“It won't hurt you. The fish is very clean, you're fine. See?” she said eating another bite. She put her chopsticks down. “I better stop or I won't be able to eat the main course.”

Before they could ask about it, an Asian looking man came over. He brought with him a tray of ingredients. For the next several minutes, the group were all fascinated watching the man cook their food right in front of them.

Once they were all served, the group clapped for their chef. The man smiled and bowed before leaving them to eat.

Susan grumbled some about the raw fish while enjoying her meal. Neville on the other hand didn't care and was working his way through both the hot meal and the left over appetizer. Harry paid for the meal much to Hermione’s protest.

It had begun to rain by the time they exited the restaurant, so this time they took a covered double-decker. The ride was a bit longer than earlier and most of them nodded off after such a good meal. Luckily, Harry woke just before their stop. He roused the others and they made their way out into the warm summer air. The shower having passed into a muggy mist.

But soon that didn't matter as they entered the London Library.
Chapter End Notes

Holly crap this is 7 pages long. So I'm going to cut it there and head to bed for the night.

I have been to the Tower of London but that was years ago, before I started high school.

I have NOT been to the London Library I've done a bit of research and I was thinking it would be the one on St. James Square. According to Google maps that's not terrible far from Charing Cross and it seems to be a pretty big place.
The short walk from the bus stop to the library doors was spent in silence as the group woke themselves up.

Once inside, all the children save Hermione, who had been here before, were impressed with the meld of modern and traditional architecture. The sleek glass paired with the older brickwork was very different from anything the purebloods had ever been exposed to.

As they began moving through the entrance to where the books actually were, Hermione began describing every part of the library and spouting facts, not unlike she had in the great hall that first night in Hogwarts.

"Shut up." Daphne finally said. "Just shut up."

Hermione looked at her mouth agape. The rest of the group watched the two girls in silence.

"You're smart. So what? You don't have to act like your intelligence entitles you to be the boss of everyone around you. You are not the smartest witch of our age, you're not even the highest ranking student in our year. You're just an above average bully that makes herself feel more important than others by spouting facts no one even cares about!" Daphne was shouting by the end, her hair becoming a bit of a mess as she got worked up. Some of the other library patrons were looking at the group now.

"Yes. Lisa and I agreed to come today because Susan and Hannah assured us that none of you were what we thought. And here you are proving them wrong by acting like a typical bull headed, arrogant Gryffindor." Terry added.

"We came to make friends not be lectured Hermione." Susan added. "We're here to learn for ourselves. Telling us a few interesting tidbits would be fine, but we don't want a professor’s lecture on every single thing we see."

"Hermione you are so kind and caring, but this attitude is the exact reason why Harry, Ron and I are your only friends." Neville told her putting a hand on her shoulder. "Ron knows he'd flunk without you and Harry and I are too kind to tell you to piss off." He tried to explain as gently as possible.
whilst also still telling her the truth.

Hermione teared up. “Harry?” she questioned looking to her oldest friend and supporter.

Harry sighed. “Hermione these past two years you and I have gone through so much. We've faced life and death together. You are the sister I was never blessed with. But they are not wrong.” Harry told her gesturing to the other. “You are bossy, and arrogant, and very very stubborn.” Harry told her. “Things are changing for me... for us” He gestured to the whole group again. “It may have only been a few weeks and I know it won't be easy for you to change, but I have. I have changed a lot. I've got new responsibilities, which I don't want to discuss in public, and higher expectations placed on my shoulders. I know if I only asked, you would gladly help and take way too much of my burden on yourself but I don't want or need you holding my hand any longer. I need you to be at my side and just be my friend. If... if you can't do that.....”

“NO!” She shouted grabbing Harry. “No! No, I can... I can change. I can grow up. I promise I'll try and back off. I'll try and be a better friend. A better..... sister” she whispered the final word as if it was a precious, fragile thing.

Harry hugged her back. “That's all I ask is for you to try.”

“Don't you worry.” Daphne said coming over and poking Hermione in the forehead. “I'll let you know if you cross the line from now on.”

Hermione very maturely stuck out her tongue in response, causing Lisa to giggle and breaking the tension.

“Now let’s go look at those books.” Blaise said heading off.

They spent several hours in the library looking at the various sections and subjects. All the wizards were amazed with the fictional section. There were so few fiction books in the wizarding world that there was only one thin bookshelf of them in Flourish and Blotts. Most of those being children's fairy tales.

Since they all had passable muggle ID's, all the children received library cards and checked out a book each. Harry chose the *Hobbit*. He had seen the series a few times, but the Dursley’s hatred of everything magic or inhuman they never allowed him to read them.

Hermione chose an anthology of herbal home remedies that she thought might help her with potions. Daphne chose a beginner’s book on Latin, since many spells were in that language. Neville also picked an educational book, his was about horticulture and various growing techniques. Blaise took a book that gave an overview of laws and the House of Lords.

The rest of the groups all decided on fiction books. Susan instantly fell in love with the bright colored Manga sections. While they were looking around, she devoured the first few Naruto volumes and ended up checking out the fifth one. Tracey and Hannah both checked out horror books. Hannah choosing the new release by R. L. Stine and Tracey picking up *The Stand* since she had few plans and would have plenty of time to work through the monster. Theo was a bit pink but he didn't put back *Chicken Soup for the Teenage Soul* that had caught his eye. Lisa was also bright red but she too refused to put down her romance novel and finally Terry took a book of fairy tales. He was planning on sharing it with his little brother and sister.
The group all moved to check out only when there was an announcement that the library would be closing in 5 minutes. They were all surprised to find that it was starting to get dark. “Aunty is going to be worrying.” Susan said.

“How quickly can we get back?” Lisa added. “My mother also said I had to be home by dark.”

Harry looked around and then to the bus schedule. It would be another 20 minutes before it next ran. “Come on.” He finally said leading the group to an alley that was deserted and already empty.

“Harry what are we doing?” Hermione asked

“Trust me?” He asked her eyebrow raised.

Hermione looked away biting her tongue to keep from making a comment or more likely a demand.


The others looked at him strange until there were 3 near silent pops. They all looked at the house elves.

“Brilliant.” Neville said. “Dobby that's the elf that near killed you last year?”

Dobby turned an odd yellow hue as he blushed, head bowed. Harry put a kind hand on his head. “In his defense he was trying to save my life. He's asked me to join the Potter family and I agreed. Guys these are my friends and they are all going to be in trouble if we don't get them back to Diagon soon.”

“Harry Sir wants us to pop his friends back to the Alley?” Dobby asked. Harry nodded with a smile. “We's can do that easily Sir. But only two each.”

“Alright. Dobby take Tracey and Daphne. Siv you take Hannah and Susan. And Laos take Lisa and Terry. Then come right back for the rest of us.” The three elves did as he bid them with a chorus of 'Yes Sirs.'

Once they were gone, Harry turned to Hermione. “One thing you are going to have to adjust too is this.” He told her stepping over and putting his arm around Theo's waist. “We are in a magical contract. I won't tell you which one because it's personal. But we are going to be together for the rest of our lives.”

Hermione looked at the two of them, one of her hands coming up to cover her mouth her eyes wide and sad. “Oh Harry. How can that be?” She asked looking between them.

“Like I said it's private. BUT...” He said heading her off. “I will tell you some about what is going on at my birthday party. It will be on the 31st. I'll tell you more in a week or so. I don't have all the details right now.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes, she hated waiting but she would do it for Harry. “Fine but I expect a full explanation.”

Harry shook his head just as the elves arrived again. “No Hermione. I will tell you what I can about the situation. I have secrets and private things that I can't or won't share.” He told her “And you are just going to have to accept that too.”

Hermione crossed her arms. “I don't like it but I suppose.” She nodded with begrudging acceptance.
Harry nodded as well. “Dobby can take Theo and me while Laos takes Neville and Siv pops Blaise and Hermione.” The elves nodded and did as they were told.

Once they had gathered all of their things, the group said their goodbyes and all headed for home.

Chapter End Notes

SO SORRY :( This ended up coming out here a little after the fanfic one I didn't mean to but I was really tired and forgot. I don't know about in other countries but here in the USA when you get a new library card you have a limit of 1-3 books for the first couple visits depending on the library. So I went with one book each. Fun fact: R.L. Stine's first Goosebumps book was published in 1992.
When Harry and Neville returned to Longbottom Manor, they were just in time for dinner. As they finished eating Harry spoke.

“Neville, Augusta, I was wondering if you could help me sort through some proposals from the goblins?”

“What sort of proposals?” Augusta asked, wondering if it had something to do with him being a friend of the goblin nation.

“There were crates of raw materials stored in the Potter vaults and I offered them to the goblins.” Harry told her.

“You just gave them the crates? Harry that sounds very foolish.” She reprimanded.

“No I get the value of the item crafted or said item once they are done crafting with it.” Harry explained.

“And how do you know this is a fair deal?” She asked, her opinions of Harry dipping a bit at his foolishness.

Harry stood and left the room.

“If he gets in a huff over something so simple then he isn't the young man I was beginning to believe he was.” Augusta said to Neville who had sat and listened to the exchange.

“You're wrong Gran. Harry is a wonderful and kind person. He wouldn't just run off it's not in his nature.” Neville told her coming to his friend’s defense.

Before Augusta could make a reply Harry returned. He sat the case full of proposals on the table followed by 3 books.

“These are the ledgers for the Potter vaults.” the ledgers read 007, 031, and 687. “Though 687 is now closed and the funds transferred to 7 the main Potter vault.” He added. Harry opened the books to the first page that listed the creation information and the total estimated value.

Augusta and Neville both gasped at the figures before them.
“That is the estimated total value of gold and items in those vaults at the moment. And that number currently excludes all the raw materials that are being stored in the work areas of the Underground. This is why I don't care if I lose a bit of money, OR if some of the material is lost in the working of this raw material. These things have sat in the Potter vault for years and years. Who knows how long they have just sat there never touched. Never being worked or used, just preserved. There may have been Potter crafters that bought all this stuff to use but it hasn't been and if in the future my kids or grandkids want to be a crafter then they have more than enough money to buy materials. Why should I deny my friends something that makes them happy?”

Augusta gave him a soft look. “I am sorry for thinking ill of you Harry. You truly are a fine young man. I see now. With this kind of money, you could have gifted them these materials and never even noticed the difference. Now explain about the proposals.”

“So Ragnarok, the goblin king, said that lots of people would want to use the materials and there wouldn't be enough for everyone. So anyone wanting to craft with my items must submit a proposal to the king. He would look them over and any he approved of would then be sent to me to read and sign off on. I give those to the bank and they release the materials to the person.”

“You mean goblin?” She replied in a neutral voice.

“Most likely but I was told there are other races that would also like to craft using these items so there may be proposals from them. But I have looked over a couple and they just talk about the item they want to make with sketches and stuff.” Harry said pulling out one of the proposals and showing then the packet of 3D drawings of the item. There was lists of what and how much of each material would be used and other aspects. (Almost like a grant application). “The only part I don't understand is this.” Harry motioned to a green box at the top of the top page. In the box was a number. “Each of them have one I'm not sure if it's a ranking or if it even has a meaning.”

“It may have meaning or it could be like a vault number and this is proposal 153.” Augusta replied looking over the well planned out presentation. She wished proposals to the Wizengamont where half this organized.

Harry shrugged. They pulled all the dozens of proposals out. “There is well over a hundred of these things Harry.” Neville said. “How are you going to decide?”

“Perhaps we should organize them by what they are.” Harry replied. The other two nodded and the made a pile for weapons, armor, jewelry and other stuff.

“Well this one is the smallest.” Augusta said motioning to the other pile. “Why don't we start there?”

After looking over all of those Harry spoke. “These two are the only ones that don't sound completely ridiculous.” Harry announced after a bit. “I mean who would want a mithril end table?” Harry asked referencing one of the proposals they had decided to reject.

“I bet the king let some stupid ones through as a test.” Neville told him. “The goblins are your friend but there hasn't been a goblin friend in so long they are bound to be distrusting.”

“You're probably right.”

“It could also be a cultural difference.” Augusta added. “To the goblins perhaps these aren't totally ridiculous.”

The boys nodded. That was another possibility.

“So we are approving the new telescope.” it was going to be made using special type of gem from
his vault. “I like the idea that it is going to be used for education even if it's a gamble.” Harry said

“It's not as much a gamble as it appears Harry. This states that once the value of the piece is acquired
you will be give 63 percent of the profits until you are paid off, then 21 percent thereafter. But if the
telescope fails the alchemist who came up with the idea and the jeweler making the piece will owe
you a great debt. You could use their skills at no charge and garnish their wages until the value is
paid off. Therefore it is a win-win for you.” Augusta explained.

Harry nodded. He hadn't been looking at the payment methods just the items themselves. “And this
other one using vibranium as some kind of echo locator sounds fascinating too.” Harry understood
the gist, which was that this person was going to use the item to try and find mineral and gem
deposits.

They moved onto the weapons which was the next smallest pile. Again some seemed to be
ludicrous, but more of them made more sense that the other category. Harry made about half way
through this group before he let out a large yawn.

“Alright I think that means it's bed time.” Augusta said. “Pack up and head to bed you have a
meeting tomorrow.” She said reminding Harry of his appointment to meet the Dubear family at one.

PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP PPP

The next morning after breakfast, Harry finished going through the proposals. During the sorting last
night, Harry had asked Dobby for a red pen. He placed a small red 'X' in the upper corner of the
ones he was rejecting and a check mark in a circle for the ones he approved. That way he could tell
which he'd gone through and which still needed looking at.

As he was finishing the last of the weapons proposals, Hedwig arrived with a letter. Harry read over
the shaky tear streaked words and felt even more determination to help free his godfather. He may
have more living family now but no one deserved to be falsely imprisoned.

Harry already planned to floo Neville as soon as the meeting was over and the two of them were
going to visit Trilu for a late lunch. Even though it was summer, both boys were a bit sad that they
had decided to cancel all but their evening Goblin classes that day.

Serpens POV

Due to the Dubear contract being a Perciville family issue and having personal experience with the
Lord and Lady of the house, Serpens was joining Harry for this meeting. He knew Harry was bright
but Serpens also knew Victor Dubear. The man was only a few years older than Harry's parents, but
he was a slimy weasel. He would double talk you out of your first born if you weren't very careful.
Serpens feared if Harry went alone he would end up forced to marry into the rotten line.

Serpens having been longtime friends with Alexander Longbottom knew Augusta would be having
breakfast around 8 and tea at 11 leaving lunch till 1 or 2 in the afternoon. He didn't want to barge in
during breakfast so he decided to floo over at 10:30 so he would have time for tea and could chat with Harry for a bit.

Just before he left Serpens made sure Alfred had someone watching their guest. Remus Lupin was growing on him, but outside family Serpens was not a trusting person. The older man nodded and made sure to as Remus if he would lend a hand with a few things, there by keeping the man occupied and supervised. Serpens smirked Remus is a smart man he'll likely see what their trying to do but he was also sure the werewolf would play along.

They had an enjoyable tea. Serpens gave Harry a few tips about how to handle the meeting and how to keep his cool when someone tried to get a rise out of him. Mostly though he spent the time until they were ready to leave chatting with Augusta about bills and politics. Neither of the boys were all that interested even if Harry knew he would need to learn these things.

When it was nearing 1 the two of them said goodbye to the Longbottom's and took the floo to Dragon's Den. Serpens had never been to this magical ally and he was doing his best to take it all in as they walked passed the stalls. Harry waved to a couple of the merchants he had spoken to on previous visits and they all smiled and waved back kindly.

The shock of Plásmata Katafýgio didn't prepare him for the bank at all. Having spent 60 years dealing with goblins, Serpens had never seen them so friendly. Harry beamed and went straight to one teller. He greeted the goblin in its own tongue, which impressed everyone in the room. The goblin smiled viciously and replied.

“This is my friend Griphook. Griphook, this is my great uncle Serpens Octavius Perciville. We're here for a meeting with the Dubear family.”

The goblin.... Griphook nodded. “Trilok will be out in a moment to escort you there.”

“Thank you and may your friends be many and your troubles few.” Harry told the goblin heading over to an older goblin with a scar by his right eye. He smiled as Harry approached, the gesture looked even more threatening on his face than of the younger ones. Harry offer the same greeting and received the same reply as with.... Griphook.

“An O for effort but an A for execution.” The goblin told Harry.

Harry laughed. “At least I didn't fail.”

The goblin laughed, a startling sound that drew attention. “That is true childe.”

“Trilok this is my great uncle Serpens Octavius Perciville. Serpens, this is my friend and account manager Trilok.” Serpens shook the goblins hand much to the pleasure of Harry and all the other goblins in the room.

Once the greetings were out of the way, Trilok began leading the way. “I have some of the proposals sorted.” Harry said handing over the ones he was done with and explaining the markings. He then asked what the number in the corner was for.

“That is the crafter's skill ranking. The highest rank is 200, the lowest is 1, which is completely untrained. You would be a 1.” The goblin replied. 

Harry nodded “So any news before we get there?”

“Yes here are a few dozen more proposals, the schedule for the healing classes and your mate’s test results.” he said handing over said files.
Harry groaned. “Next time I am going to be much more cautious when making agreements with king Ragnarok. He's going to kill me with paperwork.” Harry whined.

The goblin gave another startling laugh this time louder but not as frightening as before.

Once he had regained composure the gob.... Trilok spoke again. “The chamber has also been truly stripped and as you asked all books are being checked and stored in a separate vault for now. The crew is nearly half way through. Have you thought of what you want done with all the items once they are finished?”

“Yes I have. I'd like copies made of any that you can using the Potter spells. I want 3 copies made. One to go back in the chamber once all the repairs are done, one for the Goblin Nation and the third I want to be put on display so that wizards can see and read them. So that wizards can learn more about what the founders were really like.”

“Even if it proves them right and Salazar was a dark wizard?” Trilok asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I don't think he really was. Even if I'm wrong, the truth is better than suspicion and lies. The goblin nodded and Serpens smiled at Harry. “Can you have it set up like a non-magical museum exhibit? That way the things that can't be copied can still be displayed behind like unbreakable glass or something.”

“We can. Where would you like this displayed?”

“I don't know. Can you come up with a few areas and I'll choose from one of those?” Harry asked.

“I will inform the curators working on this project and the King. They would have a better idea on how to make such a display.” Trilok replied. “For now though we have arrived.”

Normal POV

Harry looked at the double doors. He had yet to come to this part of the bank and wondered what it was usually used for and why they didn't just meet in Trilok's office like before. Harry got his answer once they went inside.

In the room, there were 2 adults and 7 children ranging from age 9-19. All were dressed in fancier clothes and the whole group reminded him so much of the Malfoy's, Harry wanted to leave right away.

Harry decided to put them on the defensive. “Good afternoon. I am Lord Harricius Potter-Perciville. Lord of the Archaic and Noble house of Perciville, the Ancient and Noble house of Potter, the Honorable house of Blush and the Belix family. Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Black. Thank you for joining me here today with all the eligible submissives of my generation. And this is my great uncle Serpens Perciville”

There was a pause. Serpens smiled at Harry catching them off guard. He was sure that would throw them and make Victor think twice before scheming.

“A pleasure to see you again Serpens.” Victor said after his moment of recovery. “I am Victor Dubear, Lord of the Aged and Honorable house of Dubear. This is my wife Felicity. My children Vincent who's 17, Victoria 14, and Vladamir 11.” He said motioning to the woman by his side and
then to three of the children. “These are my nieces and nephews. Cynthia 19, Clara 18, Stephan 13, and Romona who is 9.”

Harry spoke with each of the children for a short amount of time. They were all just as stuck up as he feared. They were rude, bossy and very, very full of themselves.

“I hate to cut this meeting short but I do have other matters to attend to.” Serpens finally said when he and Harry both were getting to the end of their patients. “Harricius, is there any here you wish to court?”

Harry was quiet for a long moment thinking it over. “Yes.” He finally said. “I believe Romona and I are the most compatible and will agree to court her for one year to see if any feeling develop.” Harry knew she was young but he would rather chew off his own arm than be related to any of these people. Draco was less annoying. But the girl was the youngest and she seemed more interested in her dolls than in social climbing like the others present.

“Excellent.” Serpens said. “Does lunch dates on Fridays for the remainder of the summer work for you?”

Victor's face was a bit red in anger that one of his children wasn't chosen. “That's fine I'll let my sister know.”

A few handshakes and Harry and Serpens were soon leaving. As soon as they were in private, Harry spoke. “Did you hear them? They were awful. Boasting themselves and their family like they were God’s gift to the world. Who do they think they are? They’re all so narcissistic. And rude.” Harry ranted. “I'd rather my magic and my drake side kill me, than take one of those people as my mate.”

Serpens chuckled pulling him into a hug. “You are amazing. I am so proud you kept your head in there. I remember your grandfather Charles Potter. He was such a hot head he would have never had the patients to hold his tongue like you just did.”

Harry turned pink. “Thank you. Would you like to join me and Neville for lunch?”

“If you don't mind.” Serpens replied.

Harry nodded and made his way back to the main floor of the bank. He asked the teller to use the floo to call Neville. Within a few minutes, Neville had flooed in and they were on their way to the Underground. Serpens was once again silent, just taking everything in. This was a whole new world to him and he was amazed by how well Harry seemed to fit in with these creatures and how quickly he was learning the pureblood ways.

Trilulok was the sweetest woman Serpens had met in a very long time. It was during lunch with just the four of them that Serpens really started to see the goblins as just another being. It wasn’t till later that night, as he sat in Longbottom manor with Augusta as the boys had their goblin lessons from Griphook the teller that Serpens wondered why he had thought of goblins as creatures when his family employed so many that were non-human. He didn't have an answer for that and would have to think on it more at a later date. For now, he wanted to get to know his great nephew's mate.

Theo was normally shy but meeting Serpens took it to a whole new level. Theo knew his family’s place in the social pecking order, being one of the lowest ranking Slytherins in his year. Malfoy had made sure that all those below him in money and standing knew their place. The only thing that stopped Draco from bullying Theo more was their relation and Blaise. He was sure when he went
back to school as Harry's mate, Draco would come down hard on him. Serpens Perciville was someone even his father showed respect to even if he didn't like the man.

Theo was beyond mortified when his nerves caused Griphook to reprimand him.

Harry looked at Theo curiously. “Griphook let's take a small break. Theo with you join me outside.”

Theo's head bowed at the order/request.

“Theo, did something happen at the healers?” Harry asked him once the door was closed. Thinking he had been given some kind of bad news and that was the problem.

“No.” Theo choked out head still bowed. He hated how his voice cracked and that there were tears stinging his eyes. “They were fine... great. Ironfang was very nice. It's just.... I'm sorry.” He sobbed lightly. “Serpens is just so.... intimidating. I'm sorry I....” he let out another sob.

Harry stepped closer and gathered Theo in his arms. The boy was his height but he still held him close. “Shh. It's ok. There is nothing to apologize for. Serpens can be very intimidating. He was frightening when I first met him too. But he is very nice when you get to know him. He's probably still upset after having to deal with the Dubear family today.” Harry told him rubbing his back.

“Serpens may have been some big powerful figure before, but now he's your family. You should never have to fear or be nervous around family.”

As Theo clung to him Harry really hoped that book was right and he did grow when he got his inheritance. “I... I never thought of Serpens as being family.” Theo didn't touch the not fearing family comment. The person he feared the most was his father. He was more afraid of Lord Nott than the Dark Lord. “As your consort, I would be the highest ranking member of Slytherin. Potter and Black both are just under the Zabini family, but Perciville is a higher rank than Blaise. I guess I should get used to outranking others. I'm just so used to my old status at the bottom of the food chain.”

Harry chuckled, tilting his head up and wiping away his tears. “You are only 12 or 13. You can't expect to be perfect. All you can do is try. All I ask is for you to keep an open mind and tell me if something is bothering you. I will do my best to take care of it and take care of you.” Harry said and kissed Theo on the forehead.

Theo turned bright red and ducked his head in embarrassment. “Thank you Harry, you have been so good to me so far.” He hugged Harry again.

Harry just hugged back. “I also have your results from the healer. Tomorrow the healing lessons will start. Why don't we look over the results then? Today has been a long day.” Theo nodded. “Come on, lets go back in before Griphook comes looking for us.”

Theo smiled and quickly kissed Harry on the cheek before fleeing back inside. Harry touched his cheek, a blush rising. He was still pink when he rejoined the lessons. For the rest of the night, Theo was still a bit nervous and didn't say much but he was better than before.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the long wait. I just started back to school and haven't had the time to really write.

The time table: Right now we are at July 21st 1993. Harry's birthday will be the 31st which is when he will get his inheritance. The ball is one week later on the 7th of August. And school doesn't resume until September 1st. After Harry's birthday and definitely after school starts back there will be time skips greater than a couple hours. I'll try to use dates whenever there is a scene change or a time skip to minimize confusion.

End rant and on to the fic.

Harry sighed as he lay in bed the morning of the twenty-first. He knew it would be a long day, with Blaise and Theo there all day for the 3 separate healing lessons. Harry was hoping for lots of overlap between magical and wizarding healing so they could drop one of those classes. The way things were going, he was having more lessons over the summer than he did during the school year. They were all practical and in the case of Goblin lessons fun, but they were still lessons.

After thinking on his choices so far over the summer Harry rolled out of bed and got dressed. Madame Longbottom was expecting him for breakfast and Harry wanted to be done eating before Theo, Blaise and the tutor arrived.

“Harry, do you recall me telling you about meeting my Wizengamont allies?” Augusta said when they were nearly done eating.

Harry nodded. “Yes ma'am.”

“Well they will be coming for lunch today.”

“That's fine. But we have a lesson at 1.”

“I thought your lesson was this morning?” She asked looking at him confused

“We have non-magical healing this morning, magical healing at one and wizarding healing at five.” Harry told her.

“There's a difference between magical and wizarding healing?”

“I don't know ma'am that's why I scheduled both.” Harry replied. “If there is an overlap, I'll drop the one with the worse teacher.”

Neville just smiled over his tea cup. Augusta gave Harry an approving nod at his planning and
forethought. She was beginning to see Harry more as an equal than a young child. He's shown cleverness and was learning quickly.

Blaise and Theo arrived at 9:30, so they had a little while to chat before the lesson began at 10. Harry told them he would be coming by Zabini Manor on the 24th to pick up Theo before they traveled to Perciville Palace. The four also discussed shopping together. Harry was thinking of taking them all shopping at Piccadilly and maybe even hitting Harold's. The others agreed and they planned to go shopping after Harry's lunch 'date' with Ramona on Friday.

Their teacher for non-magical healing turned out to be a muggleborn that couldn't get a job in the wizarding world due to his gender and blood status. St. Mungo's, as Mathew told them, wanted half-blood or higher female applicants. That's why there are so few male healers. Wizards see it as woman's work. In the non-magical world Mathew is the head nurse of an ER in Leeds. He was going back to school to get his doctorate and these lessons would help pay his way back through school.

Augusta and the children all found the information fascinating, even if Augusta was saddened and more than a bit disgusted that such a smart young man had been lost back across the divide due to bigotry. Mathew taught them the beginnings of basic life support. Such as checking the pulse, blood pressure and temperature. He told them he would bring a plastic dummy to work with for his next lessons. All in all, he was a calm teacher that was very informative. Their hour with him passed quickly.

"From the look on your faces, I can tell this meeting will be interesting." Augusta said once Mathew was gone. Just from these lessons and the children's response, she doubted her good friend Griselda Marchbanks, head of the Education Department at the ministry and Governess of Wizarding Examinations Authority, would be pleased with what these kids had to say about Hogwarts. "Why don't you and Mr. Zabini stay and meet my friends? As an heir yourself Mr. Zabini it may behoove you to start making allies in the older generation."

Blaise nodded. "I would be honored. You are also correct. If I am going to make the Zabini house have as much power here in Britain as it is in Italy then I will need more contacts than mother's rather small group of friends."

Augusta nodded, while the boy was quiet and a bit cold, at least he was honest and that was more than she could say for most of the younger generations.

The four boys all headed out to Neville's greenhouse where he showed off his plants. Blaise was very interested in his hybrids. He enjoyed Herbology as well even if it wasn't his best class. Theo had little interest in growing plants, his only interest in Herbology was the potions and healing aspects. Though even he told Neville how lovely some of the flowers were.

Augusta called them all back in at 11:30 to greet their guests; Madame Griselda Marchbanks, Lord Sebastian and Lady Laine Ogden, Nobleman Bradley Brocklehurst, Lord Quintus Prewett, Madame Amelia Bones (with Susan in tow), Madame Lila Overhest, and Lord David and Lady Jane Macmillan. After shaking hands (or a kiss to the hand in the case of the ladies) Harry asked the first
question. While those they were introduced to were still in shock over hearing his titles. They could hardly believe such a young man was a double lord and the heir to three very old and powerful houses.

“Lord Prewett, are you related to The Weasley family?” He asked

“Yes I am. Molly Weasley, who was born a Prewett is my great-niece.” the very old man replied.
“Rumor has it, you are very close to her youngest Ronald.”

“We have been very close sir. He was one of my first friends but he is quite jealous and I am not sure how he will take my new status or friends.” Harry replied.

Lady Macmillan gave a small clap. “Oh bravo, what a diplomatic answer my boy.” She said in true happiness. She looked to be older than Augusta but all her wrinkles seemed to come from laughter. Her husband smiled indulgently at his dear wife.

“Boys, and Susan” Augusta said looking at them. “We are what most call the core neutrals. Our eight houses make up the majority of the old neutral families, and a little more than 20 percent of the Wizengamont's total votes.” She explained. “There are three basic factions of the Wizengamont. The light who are liberal and wish to make sweeping changes, the dark who are conservative and wish for things to remain how they are, and us the neutrals who wish for some progress but not large changes all at once. Currently the dark has most of the votes at about half while the other 30 percent belong to the light families. This wouldn't be such an issue if so many of the dark families didn't believe in or support the Dark Lords ideals.”

Harry looked thoughtful for a moment. “Hagrid mentioned Voldemort killing off families, many of your families. I suppose he was trying to sway the votes his way so he could take over easier.”

“That was exactly his plan.” Came from Madame Bones.

“But once you are able to vote, or you name a proxy, then the light and dark will each have 40 percent of the votes.” Lord Ogden said.

“But what if I don't vote light?” Harry replied

Madame Marchbanks smiled. “It doesn't matter how you vote dear it matters who your family is. The Potter's are light and as that is your father's family your 11 votes count as light votes.”

“12 and 1/3.” Augusta said. “Harry is also the head of the Belix and Blush families. But Harry, if you truly don't follow the light faction once you yourself, not a proxy, has been on the Wizengamont for a full year you can issue a change of affiliation. I or Serpens can explain in more detail once you are ready to take your seats.”

The others nodded making understanding noises about the votes and Harry nodded at her explanation.

“So Lord Potter-Perciville what do you think of Muggle technology?” Lord Prewett asked.

“Well I think most of the non-magical advancements are great. Bound notebooks and sheet paper instead of rolls of parchment. Pens where the ink is contained so you don't have to worry about knocking over ink pots.” That got a few chuckles and caused Neville to turn red. “Phones which are so much faster than owls, and you don't have to kneel like when using the floo. You can't see the other person but you can hear them clearly. I also think mobiles or walkie-talkies would be a great help to the Aurors, they let you keep in touch while on the go. Like a little floo you can keep in your pocket. Only there's no flame of course.”
“Really?” Madame Bones said. “So one Auror can communicate with another while on patrol?”

“Yes ma'am the non-magical police... Auror have them on all their vests, and in their cars most now have cameras that record everything that happens so if someone gets hurt they have undeniable evidence. I think the policemen have to check in every hour or so to make sure everything is ok. They even act as tracking devices in case something happens.”

Amelia jotted that idea down. She would bring it up with an Unspeakable. Such a device could save countless lives.

While Amelia was thinking and writing her ideas down, Madame Marchbanks spoke again. “What do you children think of Hogwarts?”

The other four made noncommittal gestures. “It's a good school but I have trouble believing it's the best.” Harry said.

“What do you mean?” Augusta asked even though she had been expecting such an answer.

“With teachers like Snape and Binns what can you expect? It may be better next year when we have our electives. But again there are only a few of those. In an elite non-magical school, Binns would be fired for not having current material. You've read his books there isn't a word about anything past 1900. And almost every other line is another Goblin war. As a friend to the Goblin nation, there is no way I can condone such things and I will not be attending his classes come fall. I don't care if McGonagall has me in detention the whole year.

“In Snape's class if you're not a Slytherin then you might as well not ask for help AND deduct at least 50 house points... per class. He docked points for breathing and one time he took 20 points from Neville for being a dunderhead.” Harry told them passionately.

Neville nodded. “He takes points for everything. Then he breathes down my neck and makes me nervous so I can't get it right. Snape even took points from Harry in first year for not fixing my mistake. It was our very first class and he was 3 desks back. There's no way he could have saved my potion even if he knew what to do.”

“Which I didn't, I'm pretty sure mine was moments from failing too.” Harry added.

“Snape one time snapped at Su Li from Ravenclaw for accidentally slicing her finger. When he took points for that she started crying, which he took more points for and then when she fled the room in tears and embarrassment he took another 30 points.” Susan told them.

Every adult looked shocked. They had no idea things were that bad. “Would you children be willing to submit memories of these incidents?” Madame Marchbanks asked her wrinkled cheeks red with fury even though her voice was even and kind.

“Yes ma'am.” Harry said. “I'm sure every member of the Gryffindor Quidditch team would as well. That would give you memories from my two years, the twin’s four, and the others have all been attending longer.”

“I could owl my Hufflepuff prefects, I'm sure they would help as well. The things he does just doesn't sit right with us. Also I know for a fact Professor Sprout has submitted several complaints against him for unfair point deductions and detentions. As far as I know nothing has come of it. As for Binns, I would love to exorcise him myself. He's terrible. No class should be a glorified nap time. Even Hannah who has an O in there hates it.”

“We can also ask Lisa and Terry to help and to contact other Ravenclaws.” Blaise said. “It is
unlikely you will find many Slytherins that will help you with Snape but we can't stand Binns either. Most see Snape as leveling the playing field since so many are against us.”

“If Snape wasn't so unfair, polarizing the situation, then the field wouldn't be unleveled.” Harry replied. “What other professor attacks one house or favors one house like he does?” Harry asked “McGonagall sure doesn't, and Sprout would go out of her way to help anyone. I don't see much of Flitwick outside of class so I have no clue what he would do. But in class he is always fair.”

Blaise thought on that for a moment before nodding. He was right none of the other professors seemed to care what house you were in.

Madame Marchbanks nodded, eyes now bright with anger as well. “I'll get their names before I leave. But how can two poor teachers make you feel that way about the whole school?”

“Ma'am, first and second years only have seven classes. Two teachers make up more than a quarter of the staff we interact with. During my non-magical education, I had classes in math, literature, art, science, history, physical education, a language class and government. Now that's only eight classes, but I was taking them from age five till ten. Even then we took two or three electives each day. Those ranged from music, choir, wood working, animal science... that's all I can think of right now. But we also had a wide range of sports and after school activities.

“With all those options, Hogwarts looks boring in comparison. I would like to see other classes or electives added, like music art, politics..... You know what hang on a moment. Dobby.” Harry called trailing off on his rant.

The little elf popped in almost before Harry had his name fully out. The others looked at this strangely dressed little elf. “What can Dobby do for Master Harry Sir?” He said with a bow.

Harry smiled. “Have the Goblins made a copy of that schedule we found?”

“Dobby doesn't know. Does master want Dobby to find out?”

“Yes Dobby and if they have, bring one to me. I think these people need to see how far Hogwarts has fallen.” Harry told him.

As the elf popped off Nobleman Brocklehurst spoke. “What do you mean how Hogwarts has fallen? It's one of the primer schools in Europe.”

“It might have been.” Neville said. “But it isn't now. Or if it is, I feel sorry for the rest of the world. Harry discovered the secrets of Slytherin's famous chamber. He took Theo and me down there. We found that things weren't as they seem, making Binns an even worse teacher. One of the things we discovered was a large class schedule that showed who taught what classes back during the founders era.”

The room was shocked again. Even Susan was in awe, she was the only child not there or not yet told of this discovery. Blaise having been told that night by his enthusiastic best friend. They didn't have long to wait until Dobby popped back in with the rolled up schedule and a thin book.

“Thank you Dobby. Could you please hang that so they can all see it? And what's this?” Harry asked holding the book.

“Azrig be saying you want to looks at that when Dobby ask for the schedule.” The elf told him.

Harry smiled he recalled how excited the goblin had been to be working with all those books and papers they found in the chamber. He opened the book once Dobby left looking over it while the
adults looked at the schedule.

“I can’t believe there were this many classes.” Lady Ogden said looking over the calendar running her fingers lightly over the name Helga Hufflepuff.

“How do we know this is authentic?” Brocklehurst asked

“You take our word for it.” Harry replied. “These things were untouched when we opened the doors, the heavy layers of dust can attest to that.”

The others nodded but Brocklehurst didn’t look pleased.

“Warding, healing, art and craftsmanship are all optional test that can be taken at the ministry. I don’t know why they are no longer offered at Hogwart’s.” Marchbanks informed them. “There has been a lack of healers, potions masters and warders in these past few decades. I assume potions master is due to Mr. Snape.” She told them unhappily

“I fear healers numbers are falling due to bigotry.” Augusta said sadly.

“What do you mean?” Amelia asked looking at her.

“These children began taking some healing classes this morning and they started with muggle healing. The young man that came to teach them was kind, knowledgeable, and calm under pressure and knew what he was doing. But he works exclusively in the muggle world, not due to his preference but despite the fact that he passed his healing NEWTS with an O. St. Mungo’s refused to apprentice him because he was a muggle born.”

“Do what?” Lord Macmillan exclaimed. “How dare they send talent back across the divide? The healers we have now are near run to death trying to keep up with demand and they are turning away perfectly good candidates. I will be speaking the head of the hospital don’t you worry. And he had better have a damn good excuse.” The jovial man looked down right incensed.

To change the subject, Harry spoke. “This journal Dobby gave me is written by Salazar Slytherin himself. It details some of the things that happened around the school and some things that annoyed him about his classes and students. But Azrig marked this page.

It has been 19 days now and my colleges are still behaving like children. I never in all my days thought I would say this but Princess Rowena is a stubborn old cow. She and Godric have been fighting since that last day of term and I for one am glad to be leaving the castle for a few weeks I hope by the time my journey has ended so will their feud.

This childish bickering would not be such a bother if they were fussing over some great issue. Alas they are not. The two fight over whether or not to teach Lord and Ladies Studies to all students instead of just those that will one day hold a title. I find it hard to believe that Rowena and I disagree on the subject. Teaching all the students the responsibilities of a Lord or Lady will give them a greater respect for the Lords and Barons of the land. How Rowena doesn’t see that I will never know.

Harry read out the passage. Then looked around the room. It was no shock that Salazar wrote so properly even in his private journal but what he said was a shock to them all. There was a long moment of silence and then Madame Marchbanks asked to see the journal.
“Go ahead it is a copy made of the original.” Harry told her handing the book over. Once she had it she could see that the book was new not several centuries old showing that it was indeed a copy.

While many of the others were looking over the schedule Lady Ogden asked a question. “Earlier you mentioned being a friend of the goblin nation. How did that happen?”

Harry smiled at her. “I did. I'm not sure how it happened. I was just polite and courteous and they asked to be friends.”

Neville made a small noise at Harry playing himself down, but he didn’t say anything. People underestimating his friend may be beneficial in the future. Harry had no clue that the last goblin friend had been well over 200 years ago.

“Who would want to be the friend of a beast?” Nobleman Brocklehurst said with a sneer.

Harry stood from his seat appearing much larger than his 5’4” frame. “If I ever hear you call my friends and allies beasts again I will make it my mission to destroy you.” He said in an icy voice, and even though he didn't raise his voice, everyone in the room was chilled by the tone. Power seemed to roll off him and you could even see wisps of it.

Blaise could understand Theo's reaction that first day. This was a wizard with great power, in all senses of the word. He would make a formidable enemy. Seeing as how Draco was still alive it made Blaise think most of their altercations were not Harry’s idea. If he really wanted to hurt the ignorant blonde then Draco would suffer more than a couple detentions.

“Let's calm things down here.” Augusta said. “I believe this has been a very informative meeting but the children have a lesson due to begin in 20 minutes.” She said as a way of taking Harry’s mind off his anger. “Bradley tends to speak before he thinks and I am sure would never continuously say such things in public.” While trying to apologize for her friend, Augusta was also pinning him with a glare that could match Medusa's.

“He shouldn't ever think such a thing.” Harry replied with a pout, all the anger and power having left him. “Goblins are not beasts. They are kind, smart people that only need to be given half a chance to show their true selves to others.”

Neville chuckled. “They are not that much sunshine and roses Harry. From what I have seen so far they are strange and different than us but that isn't a bad thing. The goblins I have met, while gruff are also kind.”

“We'll think on that.” Lord Ogden told them. “But right now Laine and I are going to be late for lunch with her sister.”

With that the group began to say their goodbyes. As they left and hands were shaken and kissed again, Harry offered each person a personal invitation to his public party on the 7th.

“Would you mind terribly if I stayed for this lesson?” Griselda asked handing the book back to Harry.

“Of course not and if Madame Bones doesn't mind, Susan is welcome to stay as well.” He replied

“Why don't you stay too Amelia?” Augusta added. The other woman nodded in agreement.
After showing the rest of the guests out, Augusta rejoined the five children and two other adults in the dining room where all the other classes had been held. The table was a real asset in accounting. Now that Neville and Harry had gotten the hang of that class they were more likely to sit at opposite ends of the table and spread papers all around them while working. Augusta never said anything about it but there were a few tips Lokaxe gave the boys that she hadn't known, and had latter applied to her own investments.

It wasn't long after they had settled, the adults at one end and children at the other that the floo chine rang, signaling the arrival of their next tutor. Harry and Neville had pulled out paper and quills for each of the others to take notes with as they had waited.

Harry was the first to see the teacher and leapt from his seat. “Trilu!” He called hugging the goblin lady.

Trilu chuckled hugging the boy back. “Let me down childe before you break me in half.” She scolded good-naturedly.

Harry released her and smiled. “You remember my friend Neville and my mate Theo.” Both boys stood and kissed her hand. “This is Theo's best friend Blaise Zabini and our other friend Susan Bones.” Susan curtsied and Blaise being the bright boy he is, copied Neville and Theo. “The ladies at the end are Neville's LitaSuuSuu Augusta and Susan's.... CorSuu? Amelia.” Harry introduced pausing before his use of the goblin term for aunt unsure if he had the right word. “And lastly this is Madame Marchbanks.” All three inclined their heads in greeting, getting the same from Trilu in return.

“CorSuu is aunt. Though in a large family there would be inflections as to whether she was a maternal or paternal sibling or an aunt through marriage. But I'm sure Griphook will cover complex family relationships in your later lessons.” Trilu explained. “For now it is good to see you again childe. And lovely to meet more of your friends. They are all so polite. It makes me wonder why there aren't more Goblin Friends.” She straightened herself. “But onto the lesson. My name is Trilulok. You are welcome to call me that, Trilu or Madame Lok.”

“Trilu, you're going to be our teacher?” Neville asked

“I am. I'm a trained healer and instructor in the nation and I volunteered to tutor you children. I'll be teaching you the basics of magical healing as well as how to recognize and respond to an injury that is out of your ability. I'll be sure to throw in some goblin tricks as well.” She added with a wink. “If there are no further questions let us begin.”

Trilu conjured a lifelike golem. She showed them similar ways to check for life and injury to those shown that morning in the muggle class. But near the end of the hour she taught them a simple goblin diagnostic charm. The charm showed the golem as a magical construct. She used it on Harry to show he was in good health before allowing them to cast it on the dummy and one another.

The adults were all highly impressed. Augusta less than the other two having gotten use to this level of excellence from the other four tutors she'd met. Griselda didn't know what to think. She'd overseen the proctoring of classes for years and had yet to see students as comfortable as these five in the first lesson for any class and one as difficult as healing... she would be giving a lot more thought to the notion that Hogwarts was no longer the best school. Amelia was also at a loss for words but she knew she'd be approaching the goblins about hiring teachers from them to train her Aurors in triage.

Once the lesson was over Harry spoke up. “Madame Marchbanks, Madame Bones. I'm sure in the next few days you will be receiving invites to attend my birthday ball at Perciville Palace on the 7th
of August. This is, according to my family, a kind of coming out and public claiming of my titles. I'd like to extend a personal invitation to you and your families. Also Susan you have become a good friend over our outings and if you would like, you are also welcome to attend my private party on the 31st of this month which is friends and family only.” He told them formally.

“Thank you for the invitation and early warning,” Griselda said. “I'm sure when the announcement of a new Lord Perciville hits the masses, there will be a run on all the robe makers in the country.”

Amelia nodded in agreement. “Susan already told me of you inviting her to both parties and I see no reason to refuse either.”

“I didn't know the second would be a ball though. I didn't even think about you being LORD Perciville. Hannah and I will have to get some fitting dresses.” Susan replied. “I did have a question. Why did you call Theo your mate earlier? I know you two must be in some kind of contract, but that seems to be more than just a courting agreement.” She asked embarrassed.

Theo looked at Harry to see what he would say. “It's your life you can tell people or continue to hide it.” Harry told the other boy with a shrug. He didn't care if Theo shared how they were connected but could also understand the embarrassment of being forcibly bound like a slave.

Theo nodded and looked down but he reached up to the scarf he had covering the golden choker and pulled it away revealing the symbol to the room. He'd hide it so that no one would treat him any different and so that he wouldn't be reminded that even though Harry seemed to be a good person he was still all but owned by the other boy.

Susan gasped and even the other two ladies eyes widened. Susan stepped forward and hesitantly reached out to run her finger over the engraved symbol. “Oh my goddess.” She exclaimed putting her hand to her mouth. “I couldn't even begin to imagine. Did you know?” She questioned.

Theo nodded. “Mother told me from a young age. She thought this would be better than chancing Father would marry me off to one of his allies.” There was no need to say Death Eaters everyone in the room heard those words loud and clear. Amelia knew Nott was one but there was no proof and just like Malfoy the man threw coin at Fudge and got off without so much as a trial.

“Augusta?” Harry questioned taking eyes off Theo who was growing more and more embarrassed. “Do you mind if Trilu stays for tea and explains Theo's test results?” Harry thought it would be fascinating to hear what all the tests where. He recalled his own examination and wondered if she could get his results and go over them in more minute detail.

Said lady nodded in her agreement. Susan, Amelia and Griselda made their exits. Such a discussion was private and they had no interest. Well Amelia had interest but only as farther confirmation of the horrible man Lord Nott was, but she didn't want Susan to hear the possible things a Death Eater could do to their own children. Amelia knew Nott was one but there was no proof and just like Malfoy the man threw coin at Fudge and got off without so much as a trial.

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She was right. Harry had found a lot of comfort in the fact that the Dursley's were not in fact related to him. He'd also brushed to the back of his mind that they assumed he was kin and still treated him that way and the warnings of both Sirius and Angelina.

Once it was just the six of them, they retired to the sitting room for tea. Harry handed over the tests. Harry and Blaise were sitting on either side of Trilu on one couch so they could see the results. Harry
had looked at Theo odd when he chose to sit in a chair on the other side of the room near Augusta, Neville taking a chair between the two groups.

“This first test is his general health. The results show that he is in good condition and is a bearer. It also shows he is both immature and a virgin.” The boys all blushed at that. “This spell gives a read out of previous injuries.” Trilu handed the pages to Harry.

Harry looked over them. It told the type of injury and an approximate date it occurred. Most were just a normal injuries like sprains, scrapes, bruises. Things you would expect to find in any child’s records. There were a few odd injuries that Harry overlooked for the moment, but one particular one stood out like a red flag. “Trilu what is this nerve damage and why is there no date beside it?” He asked showing her the list.

Trilu looked over the injury then flipped threw the other papers. She let out a fierce sound that was more guttural than a growl. “This is leftover damage from exposure to the Cruciatus curse.”

Augusta gasped but Harry was confused. “I... I don't know what that is.”

“It's a torture curse.” Neville growled out face twisted in rage. “It causes unimaginable pain that can drive the victim insane. My... my parents...” He trailed off his face falling and tears welling in his eyes.

Harry turned sharp eyes on Theo. “Who? Who did this to you?” He demanded. “And who slammed your hand hard enough to break 3 fingers? And this broken arm, dislocated shoulder which can only be the result of wrenching your arm behind your back far too hard.” He said anger and volume rising as he spoke. The glass in the room started to quiver. “Tell me!” He shouted causing Theo to shy away.

“Harry!” Blaise shouted standing and grabbing the enraged boy. “You are scaring him.” He glared at the powerful wizard, placing his larger frame between Harry and his best friend. “It was his father. Why do you think his mother... ANY mother would all but sell off their child? Nott is a psychopath. He joined the dark lord and enjoyed what they did to people. I wouldn't doubt it if the nutter was best friends with the Lestrange family. He's their brand of crazy!” He said panting by the end of his rant. Actually feeling better having said all the things he thought of Theo's father over the years. The Longbottom's eyes narrowed at the mention of the much hated name

Harry deflated. He looked down and ran a hand over his face. “I... I'm sorry Theo. I... I didn't mean to shout at you. I... I got so angry over you being hurt. I'm sorry.” He repeated softly moving to retake his seat. “The Lestrange family are on a list of people that are enemies of the Black family. Along with Dumbledore and Voldemort.” Harry told them recalling that fact. He looked at Theo to see fear and tears still shining in his wide blue eyes. “Don't worry I was never mad at you. I'll take care of your father. Trilu can you set up an appointment with your mate, and a good lawyer. I want to go after his bank account then his reputation. He won't be able to raise his fist or wand to you ever again Theo. That I promise.” Harry swore a cold fire burning in his emerald eyes. His vicious Slytherin side coming out to play. “I know this isn't the time but I would like to know more about the Lestrange's and what happened to your parents.”

“I'll tell you.” Neville said through gritted teeth head still bowed. He trusted Harry but there was no way he could handle that kind of chat at this moment. Not with those unexpected reveals. He had no idea Theo had been mistreated. Sure he knew Lord Nott was a suspected Death Eater but he never imagined that ANYONE could do something so heinous to their own kid.

“Alright childe.” Trilu said. “I'll get you the appointment and let Trilok know just why you need it. But you all need to calm yourselves. You won't do anyone any good all worked up. Take some time
before your evening lesson.” She said standing and hugging all four of the boys. Her calm, motherly nature helped settle the angry emotions still floating around the room. With a final farewell, she headed through the floo.

Not 5 minutes after she left, the final healing teacher arrived. This time it was a mediwitch in training. She was young, about 19 and a bit on the shy side. While the lesson passed without indecent they all silently agreed to drop her as a tutor. The lesson was almost exactly like Trilu's only the girl was much less effective and knowledgeable.

Having had a stressful afternoon, Theo and Blaise left just after the tutor. Harry understood and while Theo had been calm during the lesson Harry feared his outburst had cost him a lot of ground and trust. With a sigh Harry trudged up to bed not looking forward to a full day of lessons again tomorrow. He knew he needed them but after all that had happened today he really understood the phrase *ignorance is bliss*.

Chapter End Notes

AN: Yeah sorry they couldn't be all sunshine and roses. All relationships have their bumps and Harry's temper is one of theirs.

This chapter has been edited by my lovely beta dianemalfoy
Harry lay in Thursday morning. He really didn't want to move. He knew he was supposed to have breakfast with Neville and Augusta before Lokaxe arrived and the day’s lessons began, but right now all he was thinking about was the last lesson of the day. He was wondering what Theo would do, how he would act and how he should go about apologizing. With a groan of frustration and the start of a headache from thinking too hard, Harry got out of bed and ready for the day.

Neville and Augusta were already waiting on him, as was one of Gringotts regal eagle owls. Harry heaved another sigh and sat taking the letter.

Harry,

Trilu told me what happened and as you requested I dropped Miss. James as your tutor.

I will contact our best legal team and be putting together all of Lord Nott's dirty little secrets, but I think it would be best to put off our meeting until after your birthday. Take next week with your family and relax. Get reacquainted with your mate and act like a child for a bit. We can meet on Monday the 2nd at 10, with lunch after, if our discussions don't put you off eating.

Trilok

Harry smiled at the letter. “So when is your meeting with the lawyers?” Augusta asked with a bit of disapproval in her voice. Harry had far too much on his plate for a boy his age.

“He says I should take the week off to spend with my family and Theo.” Harry told her. “Our appointment isn't till Monday after my birthday.”

The matron smiled glad that Harry had at least one other person in his life worried about his health. “That sounds like an excellent plan. You boys have been working too hard. I think you should tell your tutors you're taking the week off as well.”

“I don't think so.” Harry replied rubbing his forehead. “I'll be taking off from tutoring when I go to visit the Delacour and De'vale families. I know it's a lot of classes and lots of work but it's all stuff I need to know. I'm trying to cover 12 years of information in two months. I need all the time I can get.”

Augusta chuckled. “Harry. I would assume from that statement you are unaware that Hogwarts allows students to have two tutors for classes not taught by the school.”
“Really?!” He replied shocked and excited.

She nodded with a smile. “Depending on how the lessons go. You could either have healing and Goblin classes, politics and Goblin or healing and politics. Once the summer is over I feel you will have a good enough grasp of investments and estate management to be able to study that on your own. I know Serpens and he loves playing political games so I have no doubt you will learn more from him over the rest of the summer than Moby will be able to teach you.”

Neville spoke up. “We are getting good in Goblin. Maybe by September we could study that on our own too and take fencing or archery. Ever since Trilok told us about our ancestors I've been dying to try it.”

Harry smiled. “Maybe. We can tell everyone today about our plans so they can tailor our lessons so that we are ready for self-study by September. If not, we can change classes over Christmas break instead?”

With that decided and smiles all around, they finished breakfast and began another day of lessons. Lokaxe and Joshua were glad to change their lesson plans and teach the boys how to self-study in their subjects. Both liked the boys and would be saddened when their lessons finally ended but they would be sure to keep in touch.

Harry started to get antsy at the end of his lesson on politics with Joshua. He was nervous about seeing Theo again. Like always not long after the man left Theo stepped from the floo. He looked almost as nervous as the first day he had arrived at Longbottom Manor.

Harry came over and offered him a single purple hyacinth. “I am so sorry. I let my temper get away with me. But Theo I promise you, I will never, ever hurt you.” His face turned bright red. “I like you.” He added quietly looking down. They may be forced to get married but Harry was growing to truly care for Theo. He wasn't sure if it was love yet but it was something.

Theo took the flower and looked at Harry. He was still frightened of his power and especially the power the contract gave Harry over him, but in the last weeks he'd learned Harry was kind and Theo was beginning to believe that the other boy would never hurt him on purpose. He rolled the flower between his fingers thinking for a moment. Theo leaned forward and kissed Harry's cheek. “I like you too.” He replied with an equally bright blush. He was still nervous from yesterday, but he did care for Harry.

Harry beamed at him and hugged Theo. “Thank you.” He said into Theo's neck planting a kiss where his neck met his shoulder.

Harry couldn't wipe the grin off his face for the rest of the lesson. Theo was pink for most of it as well. They told Theo of their plans for the school year. He blushed even darker knowing Harry was going to keep letting him take healing lessons when they returned to Hogwarts.
Just after breakfast the following morning Harry took the floo to Greece. Romona wouldn't arrive till noon but he wanted to spend some time with his family and finally meet Remus.

“Lord Perciville good to see you again sir.” Alfred greeted at the door to the receiving room.

“You too Alfred. Where is everyone?” Harry asked. He knew how large the palace was and wasn't keen on wasting his time before the 'date' hunting for his family.

“Master Serpens and Master Alex are in the study, likely with our guest. Lady Lydia is in the ballroom with Miss. Samantha and Mrs. De'vale.”

“Thank you Alfred. When Miss. Romona arrives can you let me know? I'll then escort her to the third floor for lunch in the garden” Harry asked him. The butler nodded before leaving the room.

Harry made his way to the ballroom since it was the closest. He knocked on the door after opening just to announce himself. He saw the room barely decorated and the three ladies sitting at a table in the middle of the room leaning over several books.

“Harry!” Sammy exclaimed getting up and coming over to hug him. The cousins had been exchanging letters almost daily and had grown quite close. “How have you been? I haven't heard from you since Wednesday.”

“I've been good. I and Theo had a bit of a rough patch so that's why I hadn't written. How about you?”

“Oh you know... planning a freaking huge party. The usual.” she joked leading him back over with a laugh.

“My turn.” Lydia said taking her great nephew from her daughter’s arms and squeezing him. Harry hugged back moved by having an aunt that wanted to hug him. He kept an arm around her waist just soaking up the love offered as he turned to the final lady in the room.

“This is Angelia De'vale Javier's daughter, and the little rascal hiding behind her is her son Jamie.” Lydia introduced the 25ish woman with long black curls and honey eyes, while also scooping up the 4 year old with brown hair and his mother's eyes.

“A pleasure to meet you ma'am, I'm Harry.” he said kissing the lady’s hand.

She smiled hand on her swollen stomach. “The pleasure is all mine. Father was so pleased Niam didn't parish. He's been driving me and Jose mad with all the plans for when you stay a week with us.”

Harry chuckled. “Is Jose your husband?” He asked “And when are you due?”

She chuckled as well. “My wife is Savanna. Jose is my little brother. Don't be surprised if father tries to push you two together a bit. He does not approve of any boyfriend my submissive brother has brought home.” She explained with a much lighter Spanish lit than her father.

“Now that introductions have been made.” Lydia said before the conversation could go too far off topic. “Angelina is finishing the invitations, but we need to finalize the guest list for your private party. We can also go over some food choices and you can help pick out some decor.”

Harry was prepared for the first question having written the guest list during his free time at the Longbottom's. After that though he was subjected to a new form of torture as he sat and listened to the ladies going over every minor detail from coordinating the colors of the drapes, napkins and
tablecloths, to discussing who could sit with whom and why. At first he'd been interested, but he was soon looking for an escape. It took an hour to get out of these ladies clutches.

Harry sighed as he leaned on the wall by the stairs. He'd learned his lesson well. NEVER interfere or volunteer when those ladies were planning a party. After catching his breath, Harry headed for Serpens, hoping the man was still in the study after all that time.

When he entered the study, he saw a stranger and Alex sitting at the Ebony and Ivory chess set while Serpens was behind his desk engrossed in paperwork.

Harry had asked Serpens if he could take care of all Harry's businesses until he'd learned how to do it himself. Harry was still needed to make large decisions but the day to day was now handled by Serpens. The older man was glad to help out his family.

“Hello” Harry said in way of greeting the three men.

/Good Morning/ Alex signed. With everything else on his plate this summer, Harry had not had any time to learn sign language and only knew the very basics.

“Good morning Harricius. I see you have finally gotten away from my sisters clutches.” Serpens said with a small smile. Harry chuckled. “This is our guest Remus John Lupin. Mr. Lupin, this is my nephew Harricius John Potter-Perciville.”

“John?” The man asked in shock. “I always assumed the J was for James. Not.....” the man trailed off a bit pink at the possible reasons for Harry's middle name. “Sorry. I want to thank you for all this. Kindness is a rarity.” He said standing and shaking Harry's hand.

“Uh... your welcome?” Harry replied confused. He wasn't sure what to make of Remus' thanks. “Maybe I was named after you? I've heard you were a good friend to my parents perhaps that was their way of making you an honorary godfather. Why wouldn't people be kind? Is it because of your illness?” Harry asked.

“Harricius, do you know what his illness is?” Serpens asked. Remus' eyes widened growing fearful. Even though these people were nice to him, he knew that would dry up the instant they knew he was a werewolf. He knew he'd be out on his arse again.

“No. All I know is that it makes it hard to keep a job and makes him really weak. Why?” Harry replied.

“This palace has a rather remarkable ward scheme.” Serpens replied seemingly out of the blue. “They were written and raised by Micavale Perciville over 400 years ago. Among other things they alert the current holder and log the name and species of every person that crosses them.” He said with another smirk.

“Y...You... You knew?” Remus asked in disbelief. “All this time and you said nothing?”

“What?” Harry asked, now realizing he was out of the loop.

“Mr. Lupin has feared we will chuck him out the moment we learn he had lycanthropy.”

“Lycanthropy?” Harry said still confused. He had no idea what the term meant.

“It means I'm a werewolf.” Remus said, head bowed in shame.

“And?” Harry asked. “If I recall correctly, don't we employ a few werewolves?”
“You what?” Remus asked dumbfounded.

“Yes. The man in charge of the third floor garden, one of our maids and her son who does some shopping for the house are all werewolves. They and a few others also roam our grounds once a month.” Serpens explained calmly as if he were discussing the weather.

“You let transformed werewolves roam your ground? Aren't you worried about being attacked?” Remus asked trying to take in all this information.

“No. Another aspect of our wards are the ability to block certain species. They were designed for that very purpose to aid Micavale's werewolf wife and son. On the full moon, I raise the wards blocking werewolves from crossing. These wards cover the property line and house, as well as the barn leaving the wolves trapped between them until morning when I lower that ward again. I also block anyone from crossing the property line and possibly meeting the wolves by accident.”

“I can understand why they were built but why keep that going now?” Remus asked curiously.

“Werewolves are just people with a terrible, incurable disease. Also they happen to be some of the most reliable labor, and very economical. Since the law in most countries labels them as dangerous dark creatures, they are very grateful to have a secure job making them extremely loyal.”

“I don't like the idea of us paying them an unfair wage just because they are ill.” Harry said with a frown.

“We don't. Their pay is less than others in a similar job, but not by a great deal, and they are given job security, health care and a safe place to turn. The other wolves that use our wards but are not employed by us pay for the service.” Serpens explained. Harry nodded understanding.

“To be honest. Most wolves would work for free if they were guaranteed not to harm anyone on the moon.” Remus told them. Serpens nodded, he was well aware of that.

“Is... is it true you looked for me?” Harry asked shyly, changing the subject.

“Yes Harry. I looked as hard as I could. I knew they would never let me take you. But you're part of my pack and I wanted... want to look out for you.” The wolf replied misty eyed. “That's why I took the defense post.”

“Really?” Harry said with a smile. “Maybe this year the defense teacher won't try and kill me.” He said as a joke.

“Your defense teaches have tried to kill you?!” Serpens said with a growl.

“In first year, my professor was possessed by Voldemort.” Harry noticed that while Remus flinched, the other two didn't seem affected. “He was definitely trying to kill me. When he was trying to steal the philosopher’s stone, he tried to strangle me but according to Dumbledore, there was some kind of protection left over from my mother that burned him instead. I..... I put my hands on his face and seared him to death.” Harry finishing in a weak voice shamed that he killed a person. Before they could offer comfort though he continued. “Last year there was a basilisk in the school as you two know. When Voldemort took control of Ginny, my friend Ron's sister, and captured her to try and come back to life we went to Lockhart for help, since he was famous for defense. He tried to Obliviate us and leave us to the basilisk’s mercy while he ran away. He planned to write a book about how he was tragically too late to save any of us.” Harry told them with rage in his eyes.

Remus grabbed him and pulled him into a tight hug making his bones creek. “Seems a werewolf is just par for the course then pup.” he said. “What next a vampire, or maybe a death eater?” The man
joked loosening his grip but not letting Harry go. Harry was fine with that and wrapped his arms around said werewolf.

"Knowing my luck Snape will get the job." Harry said despondingly

"Snape? As in Severus Snape?" Harry nodded. "What does he teach?"

"Potions, and he hates Gryffindor me in particular."

"Of course he does. Snape was once your mother's good friend. But your father was jealous and he pranked him all the time, I would have called it bullying if Snape didn't give as good as he got. But one night, Sirius took things too far. He tricked Snape into meeting me on a full moon. Your father saved him from becoming infected but that pissed him off, now being indebted to his enemy. He took this anger out on Lily calling her a mudblood. She took great offense to that and refused to speak with him until he apologized. Which he never did before they died. Snape hated James after that for taking away his best friend and I suspect the girl he was in love with." Remus explained.

"Great. I'm doomed because my teacher was too much of a coward to apologize? Great." Harry said with a sigh laying his head on Remus' chest. "But then why is he so hard on Neville and Hermione?"

"I don't know Harry, but what I do know is that you can hire a tutor to help you in that class. It won't keep from being required to attend but it could help your grade." Remus told him.

"Will that take away from the two I can hire for subjects not taught in Hogwarts?" Harry asked.

"Not that I'm aware of. But I would keep it to just potions and history if you are planning other classes as well." When Harry gave him a look, Remus chuckled and explained. "If you're really that interested in learning I'm sure that like your mother, history both bores and angers you with Binns as the teacher. My advice would be to just read the text book and do other studies during class. That's what your mother and I did and we both received an EE on our history NEWTS."

Harry smiled hearing that he was like his mother. "What was her and dad's favorite classes? I took their journals from my vault but haven't had a chance to sit and really read them."

"Lily loved runes and Arithmacy. But her best class was charms. After we graduated, Flitwick was trying to get her to be his apprentice and maybe take over when he was ready to retire. She was also approached by the unspeakables to work for them. She fell pregnant before making her decision. James was a transfigurations prodigy. McGonagall had him working ahead of the rest of the class just to keep him from getting into trouble. He was also born to fly. James could do things on a broom that would make your heart stop but not once in his 6 years as a chaser did he end up in the infirmary. Before the war broke out he wanted to go pro. But with everything that happened he instead joined the Auror corps with Sirius as his partner. Sirius was the best of us at potions and our professor Slughorn was more than happy to help him with pranks just to get closer to the heir of the Black family. Slughorn was a good teacher but the worst kind of social brown-noser you can imagine. He'd bend over backwards for anyone that could further his social climb."

Harry smiled up at him as they took a seat in the office and Remus told him more about his family. Remus told him about his kind and jovial grandfather, Charles Potter, his strict but loving grandmother, Dorea and his great uncle Mathew Potter that was killed in a runes accident when he was only 20. The time until Ramona arrived passed quickly with tales of the Marauders and Lily's time at Hogwarts.
Harry met Ramona in the receiving room and led the 9 year old up the stairs to the garden. She seemed impressed with all the beautiful flowers. As they had lunch, they chatted.

“So what do you like to do Ramona?” Harry asked as they began on their sandwiches.

“When Mummy isn't teaching me to be a proper lady, I like to ride our horses and play dolls.” She responded.

“I've just recently learned to ride. I'll show you our stables here next time.” He told her with a smile. She turned bright red and nodded. Harry had chosen her based on how shy she was. He planned to spend these 'dates' do things he'd been denied growing up. With that in mind he'd asked Dobby to pick up some crayons and coloring books for them to do today.

Once they were done eating the two spent the rest of her two hour visit coloring and chatting about whatever came to mind. By the time he escorted her back to the floo, Harry realized that while she was spoiled she wasn't near the brat Dudley had been at the same age. He was also sure there was a good chance the two of them would become friends but he doubted they would be anything more.

After she had gone, Harry said goodbye to everyone and stepped throw the floo the Leaky. He planned on showing them Creature Alley today.

Chapter End Notes

AN: RL is still kicking my butt. But I have this out for you all and have a bit started on the next one. Updates for this and all my other fics will be glacially slow until at least December and my classes end. The plan as of now is to spend the week after finals doing a marathon of writing.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

6/15/16 Finally fixed the repeat explanation of the Knight Bus

Beautifully betaed by our dearest dianemalfoy

“/speaking in Goblin/”

I love you guys so much. All the positive feedback I get from each chapter both from dianemalfoy when she edits each one but from my readers is amazing. Hearing my phone ping with another review, follow or fav is one of the best feelings. Thank you all for every kind word and all your constructive criticisms.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Flooing into the Leaky Cauldron felt more like falling into a Mexican standoff. Terry, Blaise and Theo were all staying off to one side as Hermione and Daphne were having a glaring contest. You could smell the tension in the air. Neville and Lisa were trying to calm the situation but weren't having much effect.

“What's going on here?” Harry asked coming over to his friends.

“Little Miss Know-it-All claims there is no Plásmata Katafýgio. I was saying that calling your friend a liar is not the way a proper lady acts.” Daphne replied obviously angry, her cool mask long gone.

“I was just saying there is no such place on any map I saw and if such a place exists why didn't Professor McGonagall tell me about it first year?” Hermione countered looking smug thinking Harry was going to defend her.

“Hermione.” Harry said eyes narrowed. “We talked about your attitude last time we all went somewhere. You can't keep doing this. You are my friend and one of the first ones I ever had. But if you can't grow up you're..... You’re going to end up just like Snape.” He said shocking everyone.

Hermione turned to him mouth agape. “What do you mean?” She asked looking stricken.

“Snape was once my mother’s best friend but his attitude saw her refusing to talk to him, and his stubbornness saw her dying before he could apologize. I am a Lord with a family and a mate to look after now I can and will sever ties with you if I have to. I barely have time to breath at this moment, so I can't go around putting out the fires on all the bridges your attitude is burning. And another thing, Daphne is right. Don't call me a liar. Don't assume just because you don't know something that it doesn't exist.” Harry told her in a hard voice.

Hermione had tears in her eyes. “Harry. What are you saying? These people are poisoning you against me. We've been friends for 2 years Harry.” She said tears slipping out of her eyes.

Harry sighed. “No Hermione, they're not. We became friends in a high stress situation and our friendship has been further strengthened by fire. I told you before I love you like a sister, but siblings grow apart. I don't want that to happen but you're not leaving me many options. If you start one more argument with your arrogance today I will not invite you on another outing like this until you can
show marked improvement in your maturity. Instead of creating enemies, I don't understand why you aren't trying to befriend the other girls here and learn about the upper elation of the magical world.” Harry said rubbing his face.

Hermione still looked shocked but she nodded at the ultimatum. She was so used to giving the orders and Harry and Ron following them that she didn't know how to change. They were her first friends too, and from the look of the group, they may be her last if she didn't do something. Hermione would do her best to keep her mouth shut and then when the day was over talk to her mum about this.

“Now that that's settled let's get moving. I have some more paperwork to drop off at Gringotts then we are free for the rest of the afternoon.” Harry said nodding to Susan and Hannah who had flooed in while he was tearing into Hermione. Everyone else nodded and they headed out the back of the pub. Thankfully the two girls having a cat fight had all but cleared the pub so there hadn't been many people to over hear their conversation.

Walking down Diagon saw a few curious stares coming their way over the size of their group and the young man leading it. No one dared approach them though. In addition to both Blaise and Daphne’s icy masks back in place, Harry also looked dangerous. His usually open expression tight after having to lay into one of his best friends again. He hated the thought of losing Hermione, but he was also resigned to it. From the look of her today it worried him that she would grow up far too late to save their relationship.

Thoughts of the morning he had spent with Alex, Serpens and Remus strengthened his resolve. Remus was right, most people would treat him different do to his illness and Harry planned to be ready to back the man with all the power and money he now possessed if necessary. No one was coming near his family again without a fight. Harry paused for a beat just a few shops from the bank. A thought occurred to him. 'If I need to I will leave Hogwarts. Surely that would keep me and my friends safe.’ The thought tripped him up at first causing the pause but the more he thought on it the better it seemed. Leaving Hogwarts, and taking all his friends with him would solve several of his problems. Yes the school was like a home to him but he had a new home and a new family too. There would be no monster dogs, possessed teachers or students, no Draco or Dumbledore and no basilisk. Harry decided to wait. If anything else life threatening came up he'd ask Augusta and Serpens about switching schools.

With Harry in his own world they passed right into the bank. Griphook's greeting finally snapped him out of his planning.

“/Good afternoon Lord Potter-Perciville./” the goblin said. Several of the other patrons stopped to look at a goblin speaking their own language so openly on the bank floor.

They and his friends were in for an even greater shock. “/Good afternoon Griphook. I have some more proposals. Could you get them to Trilok, and let us out into the Alley?/” Harry asked him in accented and slow goblin. It was not the best but being able to speak their language at all impressed the other goblins and shocked the humans as well.

“/Of course. Right this way./” He replied leading them. Griphook stood a little straighter. Being publicly acknowledged as Harry's friend and asked to do a simple favor would elevate his standing among the other tellers. Many hadn't believed that he personally knew the friend of their nation.

“You speak gobbledygook?” Hermione asked in shock.

“Yes and the goblins call their language Goblin. As gobbledygook is very insulting.” Harry told her.
Griphook lead them down a hall and into the other bank entrance. This one like the other times Harry had seen it was bustling with creatures of every shape and size. “Griphook, where exactly is Plásmata Katafýgio compared to Diagon?”

“If not for Gringotts, Knockturn and Plásmata would make a Y. The bank though acts as a barrier separating the magical and wizarding shopping districts.” Griphook explained.

“When did you learn gobbl.... goblin?” Hermione asked feeling her question had been ignored.

“I started being tutored by Griphook here after I became a friend of the goblins.” Harry told her.

“Why didn't you ask me to study with you?”

“How would you get to Neville's for lessons twice a week?” Harry countered.

She opened her mouth but nothing came out. Her cheeks tinted pink. Weather in jealousy that Neville was getting extra tutoring or in embarrassment it was hard to tell. Either way, Hermione was silent as they passed out of the bank into the alley.

The whole group froze as they left the building. None of them, save Harry, had seen anything like this before. While the number of people seemed to rival Diagon at Christmas, the variety of species was a shock, and the brightness of the shops.

“So where do you want to go first?” Harry asked.

“Why don't we just pick a side and work our way around?” Susan suggested.

“Great idea.” Harry replied. “We can start with Second Looks and then end with the library.”

“Library?” Hermione said perking up. “Why not start there?”

“Because you'll never want to leave. I almost missed a bank appointment because I didn't want to leave there.” Harry told them with a chuckle. “We might not get to see everything today but we can come back another time.”

That being said, he led them to Second Looks. The girls, minus Hermione, enjoyed looking at the things available at Aphrodite's, the beauty parlor. Harry joked with the guys about getting a talon sharpening for Professor McGonagall.

“Maybe a fang whitening for Professor Snape too?” Theo replied with a smile. They all had a good laugh at that.

“You shouldn't be making fun of our professors.” Hermione said with her arms crossed. “Why are we even waiting here?”

“And we don't need another mother.” Blaise retorted. “This is our holiday and if we wish to joke with friends that is perfectly acceptable.”

“We're waiting on the girls. They all wanted to book appointments to see how this spa competes with the one in Diagon.” Neville said to break up the argument before it could begin.

Harry gave him a look of gratitude. Thankfully, the girls come out shortly after and they moved on to Wandering Souls. Harry talked Neville into getting an ingredient harvesting kit.

“That way you can stock your potions kit from your greenhouses and be sure you're doing it right.” He told him.
Neville looked thoughtful. While he knew some of his plants could be used in potions, he'd never thought of growing ingredients on purpose. Doing so could one day be turned into a business. Gran had told him he could only spend 45 percent of the Longbottom fortune once he took lordship. Their ancestors had set up the vault that way to force the lord to work and add to the families’ fortune and prestige. Not that he thought he could spend that much money in a lifetime, it was the principle of it though. He wanted to do his parents proud. And if he could get a start on that now while still in school, all the money left in his trust account when he took the title could be turned into a startup fund for the business. Maybe a down payment on land to hold the greenhouses he would need to build.....

As Neville was in his own world thinking of his future the others had explored the luggage store and were headed into Foci, the jewelers. The gasps as they looked around at all the different magical focuses is what snapped Neville back to the present.

Harry was glad to have some time to look at this shop again. Hermione and Daphne were actually getting along, while grilling the sales lady about each type of focus and what cultures they were used in. Harry wanted to look on the other side of the shop that he had glanced last time. It was a regular jeweler. The others were all wandering around and didn't pay too much attention to Harry as he approached the other salesman.

“Excuse me sir.” Harry said stepping over.

“Yes young man?” He replied politely. The man was smart enough to guess he wasn't going to make a sale today but if he made a good impression these teens might come back in a few years.

“I was wandering. Is there a way to change an absolute contract collar?”

The man blinked in shock. Then shook his head. “I'm sorry young man but no, unfortunately there isn't. That one with the scarp I'm guessing.” He asked nodding to Theo who ever since they meet had been hiding the collar under a scarf.

“Yes sir.” Harry replied with a nod. “He's shy and the collar draws attention. It makes him very uncomfortable.” While Theo hadn't said so, it wasn't hard to deduce either.

The man smiled at him. “You're a good bond mate to even think of such a thing. I'm sure it has more to do with his age and the fact that a date for him losing his innocence is looming in the not too distant future than any attention the collar may get him.”

Harry turned bright red he hadn't even thought of that. “Oh.”

“While I can't change the collar itself, being an extremely magical item tied to the wearer’s very life force, I could sell you a piece to go over it.” Harry looked at him interested. “Now usually these kind of items are made for a woman but I'm sure we can find something for your little mate. And it not our son is an excellent smith and could whip up anything you fancy.”

“Alright show me what you have.” Harry told him with a large smile as the man pulled over several manikin busts with various chokers on them and a case with more lying flat.

Harry looked over all the ones he had and he was thinking he'd have to custom order one when his eyes slide over to a nearby display of pins. “Could you mount a pin on a wide piece of fabric or leather and use that?” Harry asked eyes glued on the piece that would be just perfect if it would work.
“Yes. That would work perfectly.” The man replied with a smile. “And if embarrassment is a part of the issue then an understated piece like that would do the trick.”

Harry smiled. “I want that one the silver caduceus with the sapphire eyes.” The man brought it over. “Can you alter it so that it looks just like the one on the Perciville crest only leave one snake with sapphire eyes and do the other emerald?”

“I can do that sir. But you do know it is illegal to wear another houses crest without the lords knowledge or permission?” he cautioned.

“No I didn't know that. Thank you for telling me. But I am Lord Perciville and Lord Potter. So do you have a pin that resembles the Potter crest as well? Then Theo can choose which he would rather have.”

The man gapped for a moment before nodding. He grabbed a gold rearing lion pin, and while he was at it plucked up two small wands and swords also in gold. “If he'd like to be Consort Potter then I suggest the lion in the center with and have a crossed wand and sword on either side. That would match the crest which has the two crossed behind the lion.”

Harry nodded and turned around. “Theo, could you come here a moment?”

Said boy walked over from where he and Blaise were having a discussion by the bond rings. “Yes Harry?” He said, face red from his talk with Blaise.

“Wearing a scarf in the middle of summer is kind of ridiculous, so I thought you might want a better way to hide the collar.”

Theo looked at him a bit stunned. “You don't mind me hiding it?”

“No I don't like being stared at for my scar so I can understand. But what we were thinking would require you to choose which house you want to be named the consort of.” Harry told him showing the two options.

Theo looked at them. He knew due to the nature of the contract meant Harry wasn't required to give him either title. Theo could be his 'mistress' and none of their children would have claim to any of his fortune or titles. That was one of the loop holes that saw the absolute contract loose favor. Lords would take one and instead of the bride’s family getting an economic boost they were left raising their bastard grandchildren, never seeing their son or daughter again.

Harry going out of his way to offer, to make sure he had a claim on one of his titles told Theo all he needed to know about the other boy. He leaned up the inch that separated them and kissed him on the lips wrapping his arms around Harry's neck. Harry was shocked at first but leaned into the kiss putting an arm around Theo's waist. When Theo didn't pull back after a few moments, Harry sought entrance into Theo's mouth. He could feel the other boy's face heat as he opened.

They didn't pull apart until oxygen became an issue. Harry hugged Theo close face on fire from the snog. That was by far the most intimate they had been and blew their other light kisses out of the water. “If buying you jewelry gets that reaction I may just take the whole place.” Harry joked pulling back and pecking Theo on his kiss swollen lips.

Theo looked down with embarrassed by his forwardness. “Th... that's ok.” He said turning even redder.

“So um... which one do you like?” Harry asked taking a moment to remember what they were discussing.
“Either one. I...I'll take which ever one you want me to have.” Theo answered head buried in the junction of Harry's neck.

“I think you should be Consort Perciville. The symbol is a caduceus, which is a non-magical symbol for healers.” Harry told him. “And it's the house that connected to Slytherin, and you are a Slytherin.” He added with a grin.

“Alright.” Theo said.

“You want to be a healer?” The man asked.

“Yes sir. It's my dream job.” Theo responded. With this symbol of how Harry saw him, Theo felt a huge boost in confidence. With not only his father but the contract over his head, Theo had always thought he could never have his dream, that there was no way Harry would want him other than as a bed warmer. That's all his father said he was good for. Now he had proof otherwise. Proof Harry would let him have a job and be his equal not his master.

The man smiled turning away to get something. He discreetly wiped his eye. The man knew what an absolute contract meant and the power this Harry had over the other boy. He would spread the word of what happened in his shop and the pair would see their customer service skyrocket.

“Here we are. Since he's going to be a healer why don't we put these on either side like I was going to do for the lion?” The man said placing two small circles, with a crossed bone and wand, down for them to see.

Harry looked at Theo whose eyes welled up with tears. “What do they mean sir?” He asked having no clue.

“That's the symbol of healers almost all magicals, including wizards.” He replied.

“Perfect.” Harry said squeezing Theo, having not let the boy out of his arms since the kiss.

“Now let’s see what material we should use.” It took another several minutes before Theo was wearing a two inch wide band of the softest black dragon leather with the caduceus on a small loop in the center of his face and the center of the band’s width so it dangled a bit. The two snake heads just at the bottom of the leather. Equidistant on either side of the charm were the two smaller ones each only an inch across and centered on the band.

“It looks beautiful.” Daphne said pulling Theo over for a hug. “You will be the best healer in the whole world.” She whispered in his ear.

He hugged her back before being snatched away by Tracey for the same treatment.

Blaise hugged Harry. “Thank you for that. It was very kind of you.” He said voice choked with emotion. “I know you don't fully understand what you did. The bond you now share and the power it gives you has been grossly abused in the past. That's why it is so unheard of now. You could have treated him worse than dirt and no one could say or do anything.” he explained quietly while Theo was being gushed over by the others.

Harry's face paled at that information. “I swear I would never.” He said appalled that anyone would do that. But then thanking on how the Dursleys had treated him, he knew there were people out there that would do it, that would enjoy hurting him. The thought made a cold rage run through Harry. Anyone threatening Theo would have to get through him first. Nott was going to be all but drawn and quartered if he had any say about it. Theo's father wasn't just going down, he was going to be made an example of so that no one else would dare try to harm his cute little mate.
Once the excitement had died down they left the shop before heading to Crete's for a bite. Since the shop was so small they took their orders outside and sat at two of the tables there. The boys taking one table and the girls the other. Once they had eaten and rested their feet a few minutes, they moved on.

TOGA interested all of them. With the fashions from all over the world they split down the gender line again only this time Hermione went with the other girls and they also kidnapped Theo. Theo put up no protest, he’d been used as a doll by Daphne and her sisters since they met at age 7. Meanwhile Harry, Blaise, Neville and Terry were over trying on various silly hats from around the world and laughing at one another. Blaise even dropped his cold, pureblood prince face and had a good time.

They all decided to skip Pandora's and Desma's, the tea house and furniture store. Harry popped into Dragon's Den to see if his friend Marina was working. Since she was not, they moved on and began down the other side of the alley.

Stops at the apothecary, healers and the consignment shop were all short. They didn't even stop at Alice's because it was packed. All the purebloods were fascinated by Non-Magical Wares. Terry made the comment that it was like Wal-Mart. Harry chuckled having thought the exact same thing. The group spent over an hour in there wondering around and checking out what they had for sale.

The shoe store garnered some interest but none of them needed new shoes just yet. Oracle's the fortune teller was another hit and they all had their palms read. Harry just chuckled when the lady told him he was in for a big change in the near future. The others looked at him but weren't rude enough to ask. Their looks made Harry realize he hadn't told anyone but Neville about his inheritance. He would have to decide who he wanted to know and take them aside before his birthday.

Having already looked around at TOGA, they decided not to stop in Silvia's Creations, the woman’s clothing store. Though most of the ladies made note of it so they could come back on their own time.

Hermione seemed to have a personality flip when they entered Curious Creatures. She instantly when over to the cat section and began petting them and talking in baby talk. The others chuckled at her antics. Harry, with Theo who hadn't left his side since the clothing store, went to the reptile display. “I was thinking of getting a snake for my.... our room at the Palace. I think they are calming, at least all the ones I've been able to deal with outside of a Basilisk.”

“You want..... Basilisk?” He asked breaking off his first question when that word sunk in.

“Yes. You where there when we harvested it.” Harry replied looking at Theo odd.

Theo looked down and blush. “I... so much happened that day, and today, I guess it slipped my mind. I'm not afraid of snakes, so wouldn't care if you had one, or two.”

Harry smiled and kissed his cheek before turning back to the tanks looking for one that interested him.

Theo was quite by his side for a long while. The sound of Parsletongue sent shivers up his back and not the bad kind. After a bit though he decided to ask. “You want me to stay in your room when I move in?”

He looked back at him. “Yeah. I thought it would be easier that way. We can get use to sleeping in the same bed for when we are officially married.”
“We're officially mated right now, since the moment this appeared on my neck.” Theo replied with a touch of anger.

“I know that.” Harry said turning pink. “I meant when we have a wedding and actually.... you know.... um....” He made gestures and turned even darker red.

“You want to have a wedding?” He asked hope coloring his voice.

“Well yeah how else are we supposed to be bonded?” Harry replied clueless.

Theo blushed bright red and leaned close to Harry. “The bonding mentioned in the contract isn't a wedding. It's the first time we... when I... um.... when we... do... stuff.” He finally got out.

Harry turned red to his ear tips. “Oh. Well you can still have a wedding. We just have to plan it before you... uh... get p..pregnant.” He stumbled out.

Theo smiled then and kissed his on the lips. It wasn't near the snog from earlier but was nice. When they separated both were blushing again. “Snakes” Harry said turning away to hide some of his embarrassment. Theo just giggled and leaned into him while Harry went back to talking with the reptiles. Harry didn't find any snakes that he really liked but he did have some interesting conversations with a few.

The sky was turning pink by the time they exited the pet store. “Maybe we should head home and come back to visit the library and check out the stalls another time.” Susan suggested.

“I agree, I don't want my parents to worry.” Tracey added.

“Alright. Hermione are your parents coming to get you?” Harry asked

“No I'm riding the Knight Bus.” She replied.

“I've heard it's not a fun ride, why don't I have Dobby pop you home? Then the rest of us can use the floo in Dragon's Den so we don't have to walk all the way down Diagon this late.” Harry suggested.

“That would be better than the bus or waiting on the muggle train to take me home.” Hermione agreed.

Harry nodded trying to hide his relief that she didn't start an argument. He called for Dobby and the two were soon gone. Harry felt bad after Hermione popped out when everyone else seemed to relax.

As they were headed back to Dragon's Den he just had to ask. “Was she really that bad?”

“Yes.” Daphne replied shortly.

“I didn't want to say anything but she was starting to drive me up the wall.” Hannah said shyly.

“She's so bossy and.... and spoiled.” Susan added.

“When she doesn't get her way she tried to browbeat us with logic or just pout. It's obvious she's an only child and doted on by her parents.” Lisa said. “If I had her attitude, mother would have me across her knee, or get me with a stinging hex.”

Harry nodded. “She is an only child. I know her parents were very proud of her perfect grades in school before starting Hogwarts. I'm sorry for all the trouble she's caused. From what you have said I
won't ask her to join us again. Maybe by my birthday she'll have had time to grow up a bit.” he told them with a sigh. He didn't want to give up on Hermione, but right now he had too much on his plate and on his mind to do anything more for her. Maybe once school started, he'd have the time to help reform her. If she'd let him.

Once back in Dragon's Den, they said their goodbyes and hugs were exchanged. After almost everyone else was gone, Harry kissed Theo again. After a short snog he and Blaise took the floo leaving just Harry and Neville.

Neville chuckled at him. “You've gone all gooey.”

“Don't care.” Harry replied. “He's going to be my husband. I should be all gooey.” He said even though he still blushed darkly.

Still chuckling at his friend Neville took the floo back to Longbottom Manor. Harry following right behind him.

Chapter End Notes

So they have progressed their relationship some. Snogging at 13 is ok but anything more intimate will have to wait till they are older so I don't feel like a perv. Before anyone says anything. Theo has spent years knowing about the contract. He's also read about all the horror stories where it has been abused. He has over that time come to fear those things were going to happen to him. The way people have been abused in the contract and the way his father treated him has made Theo think he's worthless. That he is nothing but Harry's play thing. It will take time and affection to break him of that mind set.
Augusta looked up when the boys arrived back at the manor. She went to the door of the receiving room to see what was going on. She smiled softly at seeing Neville all but doubled over, laughing at a red faced Harry.

“NEV!” Harry whined, voice cracking in his embarrassment.
Neville was unable to respond other than to wheeze in laughter.

“What happened?” Augusta couldn't help but ask after a few more moments of just watching them.

“Harry bought Theo a necklace to cover the collar and they were all gooey.” Neville told her with a big smile, “They were so sweet I think I might need some skelegro.” He added with an eye roll.

Augusta chuckled. “Alright quit teasing and get cleaned up.” she said shooing them off for showers and bed. She watched, heart filled with joy at seeing her shy grandson jostling with a friend as they made their way up the steps.

She had been despairing over Neville never growing out from under his parents’ shadows. She had tried her best but her brother-in-law, that idiot Algernon stopped her. That man trying to scare the magic out of the boy. He didn't understand that her side of the family had always been late bloomers.

She didn't even do accidental magic until she was ten.

With a shake of her head she went upstairs as well. Harry was leaving after breakfast the next morning. Augusta was sure she would miss the noise of the boys being in the house. She hoped Harry had helped strengthen the bond between her and Neville so that the house wouldn't go back to the tense silence it had been.

Bone Black, Knockturn Alley, July 20th (the day Harry met the Dubear's)

A dim building, on a dark night with an even darker business being conducted. The 'street' business done at Bone Black was like any other butcher shop. There were cuts of meat and viscera, some a bit rarer than others, but all perfectly legal. Like all successful shops in Knockturn though there was a secondary business underneath the one that the ministry choose to see. There was little doubt that people knew of the other side of Knockturn but it benefited those in power so they did nothing about it.

Bone Black was the cover for two different businesses. One went hand and hand with the front, few people were willing to look close enough at the animal parts to tell which were legal and which weren't. One brain looks like any other to the untrained eye. The other service offered was more sinister in nature. You could find any kind of concealment or magical weapon there including dead wands. Which is literally wands stolen off the dead and resold. No one thought to check if the wand someone was buried with was real or just a temporary conjuration.
The man in a stolen cloak knew all this because Bone Black was one of his family’s most profitable businesses.

“Good evening sir.” the burly man behind the counter said in a friendly tone.

“I don't have time for pleasantries. I need a cloak and a wand. Now.” He said not waiting for a reply but making his way to the back room.

The man eyed him for a moment before following. His eyes turned to saucers when he saw who was under the cloak. “B....Black” He stammered out.

“Yes and seeing as I have a kiss on sight order I suggest you help me or you'll be left to deal with my cousin and her husband.” Sirius said.

The man made a disgusted face. Malfoy was always trying to throw his weight around in the alley but his blood wasn't nearly pure enough to bully the oldest and most powerful businesses. Not that the man ever learned his lessons. Just last week he had tried to threaten an investigation into the place if he didn't get his merchandise half off. The worker had laughed in his face and told the prick to go ahead. It was an unwritten rule that if any business was busted they would roll on ALL their clients. There were many powerful people that wouldn't think twice about spilling Malfoy blood to cover their own arse.

“Cloaks are over here.” He said opening a cupboard. “I'll get the wands.” A man in his line of work didn't care if his customer was a murderer or a minister so long as they paid and kept their mouth shut about it.

In no time Sirius was in new robes covered by a well-made notice me not cloak, with a wand that would at least respond to him. He had the worker get him some clothes while he was shopping. The man trusted Sirius enough, being the major shareholder in the business to go and fetch them. Now properly attired, Sirius made his way to Diagon and the bank.

He gave a nod to the teller as he stepped up. While the charms worked on humans, goblins and many other species could see straight through a notice me not field. But it was a good way to hide because many cloaks had low levels of the charm when the hood was raised so no one would look any closer. An invisibility cloak on the other hand was very suspicious and would cause anyone that could see through it to be too curious or cautious to let him be.

“I'd like to speak with my account manager. Unfortunately I don't have my key.” Sirius said.

“Griphook, take this man to Trilok right away.” the teller said calling to the young goblin.

“This way sir.” Griphook said leading Sirius down the hall to Trilok's office. He knew the other goblin was free having not scheduled any appointments after his meeting with Harry earlier.

After knocking, there was a gruff 'Enter' that Trilok always used for walk-ins.

Sirius entered the office and gave a deep nod to the goblin before taking a seat.

“I would assume Mr. Black that you are hear for your lordship.” Trilok said.

“Yes I am. I would also like to know if you can help me contact my godson and heir.” Sirius replied using all his pureblood education to remain respectful yet dignified. He had no idea that his attitude came off as pompous to the goblins who prefer direct speech and honest reactions. Meeting with Harry, who just left about an hour ago, was like night and day to sitting across from his godfather.

“I can relay a message.” He said not saying anything about the fee. Normally it would cost quite a bit, but since Harry was his ally and would one day inherit the Black house he decided to wave the fee.

“I would like to tell him that I am innocent and will be working to capture the real traitor and clear my name so that we can be a family.” Sirius said.

“And who is this traitor?” Trilok asked taking note of his words.

“Peter Pettigrew.” He growled out.

The gobin didn't show his shock at the name but he did write it down. He planned to have some of his own people on the lookout for the supposedly dead man. “Is that all?”

“I'd like Gringotts to purchase some gifts for his birthday as well.”

The discussions over what to get for Harry's 13th. Trilok knew Trilu had already gotten a few trinkets for the boy, both goblins and their children having gotten their invites to his party. It wasn't long before the man left and Trilok wrote up the encounter. He was going to sit on this information until he met with Harry again. The boy had more than enough on his young shoulders. Dealing with
learning he had other relatives and trying to work out his massive inheritance was too much for someone twice his age. That diligence and resilience was what endeared the goblin people to him.

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Longbottom Manor, July 24 (normal time)

Harry had so many different emotions coursing through him as he descended to the breakfast table. He had such a good time with Neville he didn't want to leave, but he also wanted to spend some quality time with his new family. Then there was Theo. He was leaving from the Longbottom home to Blaise's to pick up Theo before moving on to Perciville Palace. He was worried that they wouldn't be as good a match when they were living in the same home and saw each other every day. While he was fretting over everything that might happen, breakfast passed in almost a daze. Looking back on the days he'd been here, it was amazing that now those manners Augusta forced him to learn were all but second nature. Once they were done eating, it was time for goodbyes.

“Your elf took all your things?” Augusta asked. She knew he had but these two were bringing the mother back out in her.

“Yes ma'am.” He replied hugging the older woman. “Thank you for having me. I really liked being here. Maybe I can come back next summer?”

“You are welcome here anytime you like Harry. You're one of the family.” She told him kissing his temple.

“See you at your birthday Harry.” Neville said a bit awkward.

Harry smiled and hugged him too. He still wasn't used to shows of affection but for his friends he would try. “Bye Neville. I'll see you soon. We can go book shopping while you're down. I'm sure there are some great places to check out in Greece.”

“Yeah we can invite the others. Maybe Hermione will have grown up some by then.” Neville replied touching on the ultimatum that occurred yesterday between the longtime friends. He hadn't said anything but Neville was sure Ron's reaction was going to be far worse.

As he went through the floo, Harry wasn't sure what would be waiting on the other side. The few times he and Blaise had talked it was about Theo and their relationship. He had no clue what he was Flooing into.

He all but fell out of the large fireplace at the feet of the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. She was deeply sun-kissed, her hair a few shades lighter than her skin making her seem like a goddess from another world. Her pale silver eyes adding to the ethereal look about her. When he recovered and stood, Harry also noticed she was rather tall for a lady, at least six feet.

“H... Hello.” He stammered feeling blood rush to his face at being so tongue tied. He didn't know how to talk to this woman.

“You must be Harry.” She said with a light lilt to her words, making her sound as exotic as she looked. “I am Celia Zabini, Blaise's mother and lady of the house.” She greeted coming over and kissing his cheeks.

“Harricius Potter-Perciville.” He replied with a bow. “But please call me Harry. As close as Theo and Blaise are I'm sure we will be all but family.” Harry smiled glad that edict he'd learned helped save him from further embarrassment.

“Where are Blaise and Theo?” He asked hoping everything was alright.

“They are on the pitch. Blaise wishes to join the team this year.” She told him taking Harry's arm when he offered.

“Really what position does he play?” Harry asked interested. He loved Quidditch but Neville had little interest so they hadn't talked about the sport.

“Beater or keeper, he prefers keeper.” She said with a fond smile.

“With his size and reach either position would be a good match for him. I don't think he'll get on as
keeper though not till our fourth year. The current caption Flint is a beater but his best friend is the keeper. No way he will bench him even if Blaise is better.” He told her.

“He has said as much.” She replied with a nod. They walked in silence until they were almost to the back door before she stopped. She pulled Harry into a hug. “I want to thank you for being so kind to Theo and having such low expectations about the bond. He has become like the second son we were never blessed with and I am so glad to see him marrying into a good family that will treat him well.” Harry looked at her in shock. “I... thank you.” He said blushing again. “I will do my best to make sure he is always happy and healthy while we are together. I have come to really care about him in these past weeks. I can see us building a life together.” He said honestly.

Harry liked this mother figure much better than the image of Theo's real mother he'd met on that first day. He was sure Celia would take his head off if he hurt Theo and that she would never even suggest Harry treat her boy like a thing.

The two of them stood and watched the boys on their brooms. Theo was weaving with the quaffle trying to make shots past Blaise. The larger boy was blocking every one of them though. Harry smiled and softly called for Dobby. When the elf appeared he asked for his broom. As soon as he had his Nimbus in hand, Harry shot off to join them.

They both just smiled at him and he and Theo tagged Blaise. With Harry’s speed and daring and Theo's maneuverability they did a much better job of scoring. The three played for nearly an hour before they landed. Blaise was grinning wider than Harry had seen yet. He was invigorated by the workout and glad to have an actual challenge. Not that he let many of the balls past him, but Theo hadn't score a single goal on his own.

Once they were done and Dobby had been called to collect his broom again, the group went inside to have lunch. Harry paused at the door of the dining room when he saw a man at the head of the table. Not just a man but a mountain of a man. He looked to be broader than Blaise and easily as tall as his wife, maybe even reaching Serpens height. Harry couldn't tell while he was seated but when the man stood, he realized that the man was taller than Serpens, standing closer to six and a half feet. He could see where Blaise got his size when he was introduced as Franco Zabini, Blaise's father.

The first thing Harry said after formal introduction poured out of his mouth was "You're big." before he could stop himself.

The man chuckled, his voice was not as deep a baritone as Harry thought it would be. His intimidating face breaking into a warm smile. “All the Zabini men are built large. It's to contain all our magic and charm.” He joked.

Harry chuckled. “Blaise needs to work on his charm. He's a bit standoffish, and very intimidating in school.”

“You have to be when you have coat tail riders like Malfoy, and Parkinson in your house. That's not counting the upper years. One of the few with any tact is, believe it or not, Flint.”

“Really? I would have never guessed.” Harry replied.

“Yes. While they are Ancient and Honorable, a few generations back something happened to their wealth. They are not as poor as the Weasley's, but few of the other lords see them as a threat. The only reason they are not as shunned as the Weasley's is because of their good breeding and dark leanings.” Celia explained.

Harry nodded. “I'm related to the Flints, one of my grandparents.” He told them.

Conversation flowed for the rest of the meal. Near the end though, Franco asked about classes.

“As you know father, Theo and I signed up for Runes, Arithmacy and Astronomy.” Blaise replied.

“I choose the same and Care of Magical Creatures.” Harry said. “Though I have been giving some serious thought to not going back to Hogwarts. Maybe home schooling in Greece so I can be with family. Or joining one of our allies in France or Spain.”

“Harry dear, do you know the consequences of such a decision?” Celia asked looking shocked.

“I don't have teachers trying to kill me each year?” Harry replied. He had decided there was too much on his plate to deal with that nonsense.

“Harry.” Blaise said. “Our family moved to Brittan because my Uncle was given the title of Lord Zabini over Father.” Blaise said.
“But you just said he was Lord Zabini?” Harry replied in confusion.
“Here in Britain I am Lord Zabini. The wizarding world is very queer like that. I can use the title anywhere in the world but it only has power in the country I live in. If I were to leave the country then my next of kin could take my title.” He explained.
“And if you move to a country where your family does not have a lordship then you are not a lord anymore. You're still filthy rich but money doesn't always buy power in some parts of the world.” Blaise added.
Harry looked at them in shock. “So if I were to leave Britain...”
“Your British next of kin can take the title. And it is nearly impossible to get back.” Celia told him with a grim frown.
“That means Malfoy, or perhaps Flint taking the titles of Lord Potter and Lord Perciville. You heard from Madame Longbottom how many votes you have. Do want to give those to Lucius?” Blaise asked.
Harry paled. He had no idea that could happen just because he didn't like the school. “No. No I definitely don't want to hand Malfoy senior any more power. He's a menace as it is.”
“For the same reasoning you may want to leave your family in Greece.” Franco said. “I know Serpens Perciville is lord in that country, his sister Lydia has control of the family’s interests in Italy, where we are from.”
“Really?” Harry asked. “I thought Lydia lived in Greece.”
“No her husband is Italian that live on the East Coast and if I recall correctly the Perciville home is on the West Coast of Greece. That makes travel between the two easier.” Celia said. “Long distance travel over water is much quicker and smoother than over land. Well portkey and apparition is. Floo over water is the opposite.”
Harry nodded. “So my family has three different Lord or Lady Perciville's because they live in three different countries?”
“Yes. It doesn't make much sense but it keeps families from in fighting over the title.” Blaise told him.
“And it encourages families to spread out so they have a lower chance of inbreeding.” Franco added.
Harry nodded. That made some sense but it still sounded ridiculous to him. But it was another reason for Serpens to accept him so easily. He wasn't taking the title and power from the man.
Lunch finished on lighter topics.
“Have you packed everything?” Harry asked as they were getting ready to leave.
“Yes. Your elf Dobby came by to take my things just after breakfast.” Theo replied. He had been quiet through the meal but Harry thought little of it. He rarely added anything when they were at Neville's either.
With that being said Harry wrapped his arm around Theo's waist and activated the portkey in his ring. With a dizzying swirl they arrived at the Palace. Harry was getting better at his landings and Theo was well trained for them so both boys remained on their feet.
Alfred was soon in the receiving room to greet them. “Master Perciville and this must be your little lover. How good to have you living in the house for a while.” the older man told them. “Your room has been aired and is ready anytime you need it.”
“Thank you Alfred. You’re right, this is Theo the Perciville consort, and my future husband.” He wanted it very clear just how he thought of the other boy. He wanted none of that in this home. “Can you tell me where Serpens and Alex are? I'd like to introduce them.”
“Of course. Master Alex is in the potions lab in the basement. I suggest waiting until he is finished before speaking to him. Master Serpens is in his study.”
Harry got the impression Alfred thought Serpens spent too much time in his study. Harry just smiled at the man. “Well we'll head over there then. I'm sure he's been working too hard.”
“Indeed. Your Mr. Lupin has been questioning our workers.” He told them as they were walking to the office.
“He's not been making trouble has he?” Harry asked. While the man had been friends with his
parents and he wanted to get to know him and them, Harry didn't yet and therefore didn't yet trust him.

"Not exactly, he's been questioning the other werewolves on their working conditions and pay. Some of those that have been with us for a while have told him to... ah piss off. While the newer workers have become rather worried they may lose their jobs."

"I'll tell him to leave them alone. If you see him harassing them do the same. He has no right interrogating people just because he's curious." Harry said with a frown. He hoped it was simple curiosity, or else the man could hit the road.

As they entered Serpens’ office, Harry pushed the issue to the back of his mind. He came over and hugged his great uncle from behind causing the man to jump. Serpens turned and smiled at the young man pulling him into his lap for a proper hug. “Harricius, I wasn't expecting you until this evening.”

“Well I thought if I didn't leave early then I would just stay another week or two.” He replied with a smile. “You've met Theo.” He said motioning to the boy that was standing just inside the door looking very awkward. “I've decided he will be Consort Perciville.”

“I see that. Hello Theodore we are glad to add you to the family. That is a lovely cover for your collar and much more practical than that scarf you were wearing.”

“Yes sir.” He said sounding very meek.

“Theo what's wrong?” Harry asked looking at him.

“Nothing. Just... this is very new.” He replied.

“It's alright to be nervous. Why don't you have a seat and we'll have some tea?”

Once tea was served, Harry asked a question that had come to mind as they were traveling.

“Serpens, if there is more than one Lord Perciville why do I have a portkey to all the family properties?”

Serpens smiled. “That is a very astute question. The reasoning is that the properties, like vaults are owned by the Perciville family and not an individual. Since the Potter line has all but died out you are likely the sole owner of all their holdings but, you, I and Lydia jointly own the Palace. However we do not have any control over the Dupree Estate because it came to her in marriage. To make any sweeping changes to the Palace we would all have to be in agreement. It cannot be a majority rules scenario. That is why some families don't obtain multiple Lordships. It means if I wanted to remodel or add onto the property I would need both you and Lydia to sign the paper work.”

“I understand. For families that don't get on one member might block the others out of spite.” Harry replied.

Serpens nodded. “Exactly. I have been doing research into all your holdings as you asked. The Potter's have three Lordships they can hold. The one in Brittan that you control, one in Ireland and in Germany. Their largest power base is British, it's where the family started. They hold five votes and a large amount of clout with all the businesses they have shares in. Ireland is the highest in way of votes with seven. The Potter family are Ancient and Lordly in Ireland having been minor kings for nearly three centuries. But there are few businesses owned there. Germany has the least votes, two, with the most businesses. The majority of your monthly income is from Germany businesses you have a majority share in. Though some of them have declined due to having no chair to guide them.”

“No chair?” Harry asked

“Yes the German magical community is a bit different than most other places. The majority shareholder is often the chairperson of the company and is needed for executive decisions. With no Potter's there has been no one to make those large decisions. I have been trying to clean up the mess but my German is extremely limited and finding a trustworthy translator is proving rather difficult.”

“Have you asked the Goblins?” Harry asked. “They are my allies and I'm sure they have someone that works there that can help. And I trust them.”

Serpens put his hand over his face. “I didn't even think of that.” He confessed. “I'll send a request out right away.” he called for one of the elves and wrote up a note. Harry had the elf take it to Trilok, he trusted his account manager over anyone.

The three of them spent the next few hours getting to know one another and going over some of Harry's holdings. Harry was glad that Serpens was also Lord Perciville and could continue taking
care of all their assets. It took a lot of weight off his shoulders. The man was also sorting out the other families he was now lord of.

“There is very little I can do with the Black family as you are the heir but not yet Lord. I have written a list of businesses you can claim and manage as heir. I would like you to review them and all the businesses the Black's own to see if there is another you would rather have.”

“So as heir I can take control of some of the family businesses?”

“Yes you can control ten percent of the family’s holdings by worth. I have chosen four businesses that make up nine percent, leaving you to choose a minor business or two if you like. Under normal circumstances Lord Black could veto your decisions. But since he is currently a fugitive there is nothing he can do, and once the decisions have stood for thirty days they cannot be reversed.”

“If he really is dark and working for Voldemort, then we can take power from the dark lord and he can't stop us.”

“Exactly Harricius. I knew you were clever.” He said kissing the top of Harry's hair.

Before they could continue their discussion, Remus and Alex came in together. Both men were speaking rapidly in sign language. Remus had always been a quick study for languages and Alex was glad to have someone else to talk to.

“Harry.” Remus said with a smile. “You’re back already.”

“I am.” He replied smiling back. Harry stood and hugged Alex giving him a greeting in sign. “Alex, Remus this is Theodore Nott. He is my Consort Perciville.”

Alex smiled stepping forward and taking Theo's hand and placing a kiss on it.

“A pleasure to meet you.” Remus added with a nod.

“The pleasure is all mine.” Theo replied shyly. “And please call me Theo.”

“I'm surprised Lydia hasn’t come to steal him yet.” Serpens said translating for Alex.

Harry shivered. “Don't jinx me Alex. That was awful. I never want to get sucked into helping them plan a party again.” He told them. Alex and Serpens chuckled. They had spent many years dealing with their sister and her... enthusiasm.

They all chatted on in lighter tones. Harry noticed that now that the others were in the room Serpens didn't bring up any business. He wasn't sure why but would ask him about it later.

The time passed quickly and soon they joined Lydia, Sammy and another pair of gorgeous blonds at the dinner table.

“Harry this is Mira and Fleur Delacroix, Raoul's wife and daughter. Ladies this is Harricius, Niam's son.”

“Please call me Harry.” He said kissing their hands. “And this is Theodore Nott, the Perciville Consort.”

“A pleasure to meet you.” Mira said as the two inclined their heads to Theo, her accent was much lighter than her husband’s.

The adults had their own discussions while the four teens chatted about the differences in their schools. Harry had heard about Sammy's school in Rome already. It was very different from Hogwarts and Beauxbaton in that the students boarded through the week but had the option to go home on the weekend. Beauxbaton was a full time boarding school like Hogwarts but was much more open to parents. Students could have visitors on weekends. Fleur told how her sister Gabriella came almost every Saturday so they could spend time together. Harry wished Hogwarts did the same.

Theo was fascinated by the difference in classes. Both schools offered a variety of classes not offered at Hogwarts including healing, teaching and business management. They also had other extracurricular not offered at the Scottish school. Beauxbaton had an equestrian team and several art and dance clubs. Sammy's school had several muggle sport teams as well as fencing and art clubs.

“To bad we can't go to one of your schools.” Theo told them.

“Yeah, but I would rather stick with Hogwarts than give five more votes to Malfoy.”

“And they could seize control over your British businesses and fight you over those in any other country you don't live in.” Sammy added.

“Oui. The Potter's they 'ave no Lordship 'ere in Greece, so zey may win control of everything.” Fleur
added. She was taking all the business management classes her school offered, so she could take over for her father and not just be a trophy wife. She bonded with Theo some, since most Veela like her are treated little better than the submissive of an absolute contract. And they had about as many laws protecting them, which is none. In several countries, she explained, there were no charges against someone raping a Veela as their defense was the allure made them do it.

The meal ended soon after but the teens spent some more time getting to know each other as they took Theo on a tour of the house. Harry only knew a few of the places so Sammy was doing most of the leading with Fleur chiming in every now and then having been here several times with her parents.

As the sun sank into the ocean, they said good night to the Delacroix ladies. Sammy and Lydia were staying at the Palace for the most part, until the parties were over. With a goodnight to everyone else, Harry asked Alfred to take Theo and him to their rooms.

“Master Harry, it was assumed you would be sharing a room.” The man replied as they left.

Harry looked at Theo. “Do you want to share a room?” he asked
Theo turned red and looked away. “It would be good practice for later.” He replied.

“Alright then Alfred I know where we are going. Thank you for the escort and informing me.”

“Of course my lord.” He said with a small bow before leaving the couple be.

The walk to their room was quiet and awkward. Harry didn't know what to say and couldn't keep from blushing.

Once inside, the two of them stood about unsure what do to with themselves for several moments. Harry broke the silence “Do you want to use the bathroom first?” He offered.
Theo nodded and headed into the room.

Harry nervously piddled around the room before he settled at his desk noticing some papers on it. There were the proposals for his rare materials he hadn't gone through along with several folders Serpens needed him to look over for approval and a stack of papers that needed his signature. Doing paperwork as he had every evening before bed at Neville's was very relaxing. It took his mind of Theo and their sleeping arrangements.

Before he knew it, the other boy was done and back wearing his pajamas. Harry looked him over and blushed. The outfit was no more revealing than his day clothes but it felt more intimate. Harry ducked into the bath himself before he said or did something to make Theo more uncomfortable.

Coming back out he found Theo on sitting on the edge of the small couch in his room. He quickly stood when Harry reentered the room.

Harry smiled. “It’s ok Theo. Don't be so nervous. This is your room now too.”

“Is there... would you... wh... what do you..... I’ve never....” Theo stumbled looking down and turning red.

Harry pinked. “I haven't either. Theo.” He said coming over and taking the other boys hands. “We need to get to know each other better before we try anything.” He said. “Is a kiss goodnight alright with you?”

Theo looked up and smiled. He closed the gap. The two stood there having their second snog. Pulling back they were both redder and breathing hard. Harry smiled but it was broken by a yawn.

“Sorry.” He pecked Theo's smiling lips. “Guess that means time for bed.”
Theo nodded with a chuckle before yawning himself.
They crawled in and were fast asleep before long.

Chapter End Notes

AN: Merry Christmas!! Or what ever winter holiday you happen to celebrate.
This one I am posting before my beautiful beta has had a chance to fix this. I wanted it up by Christmas and will replace this with the edited version as soon as dianemalfoy has it done.
The next morning at breakfast Theo spoke up for the first time in front of Serpens and Alex. “Serpens, yesterday you were telling us about how there are different Lords for each country the family has assets in. If that is so, who is the head of house?”

Said man smiled at Theo. “That was quite a bit to dump on both of you in one afternoon.” He took a drink and straightened in his chair. “That very issue is one of the reasons most families only have a son and daughter, or just a son. So that the power stays with the main line and there is no issue over who is Head of House. There are a few like our family who see the sense in branching out and expanding our power base though.

“When that happens there are three types of families, those with a static Head of House, a fluid Head of House and those with a distributed Head of House.”

“Like the Malfoy's, Zabini's and us.” Sammy chimed in. “The Malfoy family have a static Head, that's Marcus, he's Lucius' and Mikhail's grandfather, and Samuel's brother. Marcus holds veto power over every other Lord Malfoy, and while they may technically rule in each of their countries he can override their decisions. Or he can disown them which would rob them of their Lordship.”

“Yes.” Serpens said with a nod and proud smile at Sammy. “Marcus is the Lord in France, Samuel in Bulgaria and Mikhail here in Greece. Though by the power and influence they hold, Samuel should be Head and that causes tension in their family. Marcus feels somewhat threatened by his brother and Samuel is discontented being second in line.

“Fluid Heads of House, like your friend Zabini, are slightly different. They still have a Head of House with veto and disinherit power, but the Head of House is not always the same, it belongs to the Lord or Lady who has the highest rank or most income, which is usually the same person. Your friend Zabini's family in Britain is the Head of House, because they are Archaic and Noble. Here in Greece they only hold the title Archaic and Honorable, that is due to them losing a great deal of respect and power about 200 years ago when the then Greek Lord slept with, against her will, the gorgon high priestess Medusa. Along with punishing the family she was allowed to turn him to stone after the trial, he still stands in the High Priestess' garden.”

“We should take them to see the Priestess while they're here.” Sammy said translating for Alex. “I agree with Uncle Alex, I love the gorgons. They all wear blindfolds and Ancient Greek clothing, and besides the snakes for hair they are very beautiful.”

“Sounds like an excellent plan Samantha. Now for the last type of Head of House, ours. Distributed Heads of House share the power among themselves. Vetoing and disinherit must be done by majority vote. That is why there are usually three Lord Perciville's at one time. Currently there are five since your arrival. Myself Lord of Greece, Lydia, Lady of Italy, Harricius, Lord of Britain, Liam, Lord in the Philippines, and Ian Lord of Russia. They will all be arriving before your party,
except Ian's family they will be here the day of. His daughter Natasha has a performance and can't come sooner.”

“She's a ballerina in the Russian Ballet.” Sammy added. “She's so graceful.” The girl added sounding in awe.

Serpens chuckled. “Ian is my Uncle. His branch of our family has the highest income, while mine is the oldest. Liam is my cousin, my aunt's son, she has a daughter as well, Clarissa, but she took her Australian husband's name. Liam has five children, four boys and a girl, while his sister has two sons.”

“Why don't they show up on the list of people with access to my vaults?” Harry asked

Serpens smiled warmly at him. “You are very sharp Harry. The two vaults you have access to are part of the Perciville family but our assets are too large for just one vault. Ian and Liam each have their own Perciville family vault, and a vault of Slytherin secrets that they share with their lines. Several hundred years ago during the last Goblin war when the bank was nearly breached our family decided to split their knowledge of the Slytherin line so that if one bank was lost then not everything would be taken. There are only three of these and when Liam's kids grow old enough they will have to share the knowledge between them.”

Harry nodded. “So I have even more family than I thought I had?”

“You do.” Serpens replied with a nod drinking his coffee. “But that isn't a bad thing.”

“No it isn't.” Harry answered with a smile.

The week seemed to slip by. Clarissa, her husband and their sons, Mathew and Steven arrived on Monday. Her and her sons looked more like Weasley's than Perciville's. Living in sunny Australia their red hair had lightened into fiery orange but they all shared Harry's killing curse green eyes. When Serpens had mentioned her children, Harry assumed people his and Sammy's age, but Steven was the same age his mother would have been and Mathew five years older. They were beaters on the Australian national team, but throughout the season played on separate teams.

Liam arrived on Thursday the 29th. He was massive. Liam was 6'10” and twice as broad as Serpens. His hair was the color of fresh blood with one dark green eye and one that was ice blue. He had a husband, Fernando, and a wife Amea. Harry thought they were a bit of a strange triad because Amea looked several years younger than her husbands. Of their five children only Christian and Anthony were as tall as their father, though both were narrower than him. Anthony was the oldest and Fernando's son, followed by David his full brother, Basal, Amea's oldest, then Christian, Fernando's youngest and finally Regina the baby and Amea' daughter, who was two years Harry's junior.

Harry spent a lot of time with Liam and his sons Anthony and Christian. Turns out the reason for their size is that all three are also dominant Drakes. The two's mates choose to wait until the public ball to come so that Harry wasn’t overwhelmed all at once. He was grateful, having a big family was nice but meeting twelve relatives at once was a bit much.
The morning of the party, Theo woke the house with a scream. Liam and his Drake sons beat Serpens to the room even though he was closer. They burst in wings and claws out ready for an attack. Only to relax back with a chuckle when they saw what had scared the boy.

Serpens pulled Theo into his arms and kissed his curls. Clinging to the older man, Theo was able to speak. “What's happened to Harry?” He asked voice thick and tears on his long lashes.

On the bed was a large thing that looked vaguely like Harry but was glossy and hard to the touch. “Don't worry.” Liam said. “This is perfectly natural. Harry is going through his metamorphosis. A few hours before we come into our inheritance we form a protective shell, almost like a cocoon.”

“More like a beetle shedding its skin.” Anthony cut in. “We didn't want to alarm you both so we said nothing, because usually it happens in a Drakes sleep and the change is complete by morning.”

“We are very sorry we didn't mention it.” Christan said with his head low.

Liam grasped his son's shoulder. “Harry is fine, as opaque as the shell is he should break out of it anytime now.”

As it turned out, Harry came out of the shell nearly an hour later just as Theo was coming out of the bath. He let out a much quieter shriek when the shell around Harry seemed to bulge then melt into nothing. Inside lay Harry still fast asleep.

His hair was longer, haloing around his head and his features were more mature making him look 16 or 17 in place of the thirteen he now was. Theo guessed he was broader than Serpens, taller too, though just so and nowhere near his massive cousins. The biggest change in Theo's mind was his physique. Before Harry had been thin as a rail with no muscle mass, now he had well defined muscles most body builders would be proud of. His legs and arms were the thickest, with him only having a 4-pack abs. All of which Theo could see because Harry was now nude. The moment Theo noticed he was ogling Harry, he squeaked again and turned around.

The sound must have woken him because Harry groaned and rubbed his head. Harry yelped, causing Theo to look back at him. Harry was now sat up in bed poking at the horns on his forehead. They were twisted like a kudu's coming out of his forehead above each eyes before turning back over his head and then up. Now that Harry was sitting up and Theo was doing his best to ignore the nakedness, he saw the wings. They were the same green as Harry's eyes with jet black lines over the bones. When Harry stood, he stumbled from his new height and the weight of his horns, wings and tail. The back of the wings were solid black and so where the spines running the length of his back. Though his tail was the same color as his skin.

Stretching and folding the new wings were easy and just like the book said they sat on his back like a cape with the two little fingers at the end of each wing clasping each other over his color bone. Incidentally enough he didn't notice his lack of clothes until he closed his wings. That made Harry bright red turning his back to Theo, his tail moving to cover himself on instinct.

Theo chuckled at him. “I'll go get Liam and Serpens.” He said leaving the room.

Liam was chuckling when he returned with an outfit stolen from Christan who was closer to Harry’s size.

“I guess I need to have my wardrobe altered.” Harry said still pink.
Liam chuckled. “Your old clothes can’t be altered to fit you. You have grown much too big. When clothes are expanded in size they make up for it by losing thickness. If you were to alter your old clothes to your size then they would be thin as rice paper.”

Harry nodded that made sense. After about fifteen minutes of instruction and practice Harry was able to get his drake features to melt back into his body. He was still a bit wobbly and Liam helped him down the steps. Harry didn't notice until they arrived at the table how softly Liam had been speaking to him.

With so many people here now they were using the main dining room with a massive table that can seat 100. Though they all eat at one end. Harry stumbled back into Liam when they entered and he was hit by a wall of sound. Harry nearly panicked and released his features but Liam's calming hands on his shoulders prevented it.

“I know it seems like they are shouting but it's just us. Our hearing is so much better than that of a human. Eyesight as well, we can see slightly better than humans in the day, but at night our vision is even better than that.” He explained slowly raising his voice from almost a whisper he had been speaking in to normal tone so that Harry could get used to it as they walked to their seats.

“I hear you received a creature inheritance.” Remus said after Harry had sat down. “But no one told me what you are.”

Before Harry could answer, Serpens spoke up. “Remus you are a nice man and were once good friends with Harricus' parents but you are not family and quite frankly it is none of your business.” he stated with finality.

Remus looked at Harry who shrugged. “This is all new to me, and if you can't trust family who can you trust?”

“I was like family to James and Lily.”

Harry glared letting out a sub-vocal growl. His temper shorter from the recent change. “I am not James and Lily Potter. I am Harricus John Potter-Perciville, and if you were so close to them why didn't you think of looking for me at my mother's sister's house?”

Remus lowered his head but didn't have an answer for that. Serpens gave him an icy glare, he hadn't thought of that just taking the man at face value for Harry's sake.

Lydia chimed in to break up the tension. “Harry dear, you should eat up, your guests will be arriving soon.”

Harry looked at her and smiled thankful for the distraction.

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The party was something else. Lydia and her helpers had out done themselves. There was a bit of shock when Trilok and his family showed up with Griphook. And again when the minotaurs Valor and Thelose arrived.

Everyone had just accepted the new arrivals when the first portkey arrived. It was Hermione and her family. As soon as her parents were steady, Hermione raced into Harry's arms.
“I am so sorry. I was stupid and selfish and mean.” She said breaking into tears. “I promise I'll do better. Mum and I had a long talk about what I was doing and how I was being a terrible brat. Please forgive me?”

Harry looked at her and could see she was sincere. “No. I won't forgive you, it's going to take more than a sorry to patch things this time Hermione. But I will let you prove you can change. Do that and I will forgive you, but we won't ever forget, just in case you slip back into your old habits.”

Hermione nodded in understanding. She could now see how much she had hurt her friend. Before anything more could be said, the next portkey arrived dropping the whole Weasley clan.

Chapter End Notes

Hope this one clears up some of the questions from reviewers.
Harry was even shocked at the mass of red heads. Hearing your friend had six siblings and meeting all of them at once is two very different things. Harry took a good look while they were steadying one another and Mrs. Weasley was fussing over the youngest two.

Ron and Ginny were much the same as the last time he saw them, only with more freckles due to the Egyptian sun. Fred and George must have hit a growth spurt both were much taller than last year. Percy had actually tanned which looked odd with his lightened hair. Harry had vague memories of Charlie. Standing there, he was the tallest of the family, half a head taller than Bill who was the thickest. Bill, the oldest, was burly, barrel chested, had a fang earring and was wearing a wife beater making it look like he’d jumped straight from a metal cover. Mrs. and Mr. Weasley hadn't changed much at all. The only change he could see was the sunburn on Arthur's balding head.

“What a growth spurt Har.” George said as the twins came over for a hug.

“Got us beat dear brother.” Fred added as they were wrapped in Harry's arms.

Harry chuckled, the twins had been kind to him since he joined the team in first year. Harry guessed with so many brothers, it was no problem to add one more.

“Makes it easier to spy on you trouble makers.” He told them with a grin.

“This is Theo, we're together.” He hadn't had the chance to discuss with the other boy what they were going to call themselves to people not in the know. He wouldn't care to tell the Weasley's but too many people were near for that discussion.

“Good going mate.” Ron said looking Theo over. The leer made Harry's hackles rise but he said nothing, Theo was beautiful and he was lucky.

“Ronald, have a little tact.” Hermione abolished.

Harry smiled in thanks. As he thought on the action though the smile fell from his face. Maybe this was what was wrong with Hermione. Perhaps it was partially their fault. Harry didn't like her bossing him about, but when she did the same to Ron, he appreciated it. With Ron always there and always putting his foot in his mouth, it that could have made her even more bossy and overbearing.

Harry shook his head and pushed those thoughts back. There was much more important things to think about right now.

“Harry son, thank you for the invite.” Arthur said coming over and shaking his hand. “But I have to
wonder how you got us invited to Lord Perciville's coming of age party.”

Harry smiled, making Arthur wary. Arthur knew that grin from his mischievous twins.

“Why thank you Lord Weasley.” He said pretentiously with an exaggerated bow. “I would like to take this time and introduce myself.”

The twins were snickering in the background having already put the pieces together and enjoying the coming punch line.

“I am Harricius John Potter-Perciville, Lord of both houses.”

Fred and George laughed. Bill chuckled, stepping forward. “Then as Heir Weasley I must thank our most gracious host.” He took Harry's hand and kissed it.

Harry wasn't offended the man had a wide grin showing more teeth than most, Harry recognized it from the way goblins smile.

“I have some friends you might be interested in meeting.” Harry said leading them deeper into the home. He had guessed meeting the Weasley's would take some time and had the portkey times spaced accordingly. “This is Trilok, his mate Trilulok, their children Lokaxe, Xilok, Balok, and Shimusnox and her mate Mirnox. This is Griphook. These are Valor and Thelose.” The minotaurs had stayed with the goblins not sure of their true welcome in a large group of humans.

Bill gave the same toothy grin and a bow to the goblins. “William Weasley, a pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

“I am well aware of who you are Curse Breaker Weasley.” Trilok replied. “I was the one that asked Grimknot to give you leave to join us.”

Bill blinked then nodded. “Thank you. I have been looking forward to meeting Harry. My siblings have told me so much about him.”

Ron opened his mouth again. “What is that?” He asked looking at Valor and Thelose.

“They are not that’s.” Harry said grabbing his ear and twisting it.

Ron yelped. “What was that for? It was just a question.”

“A rather rude question.” Hermione said crossing her arms. “If you would open a book now and then you would know what a Minotaur is.”

“Hermione, you're also being rude.” Harry corrected gently. Seeing her with Ron was opening a whole new kettle of worms. Having been away from them and gaining new friends, he had a better perspective on what was wrong with the golden trio.

“You are correct, but I don’t care what their species is. They are nice fellows I wanted to get to know better.”

Harry looked at Ron. “You, I live with for ten months, if you can't be nice now among friends, how are you going to be next week when all those snotty lords that make Draco look sweet get here?”

Ron turned red. “You would kick out your best friend for a cute face and some beasts?” Ron said in a rage.

Harry decked him knocking the other boy to the floor. He stood over his fallen friend. “I never
realized how much was wrong with our friendship. You are such a little brat. I don't know if something is wrong with you or the twins but they are two of the nicest people I have ever met. How did their little brother get to be such a self-centered prat? I'm going to have to live and work the rest of my life in circles with those Lords coming to gawk at me and what do you do? Whine about unfairness. If I could give you the damn titles and lime light I would. You wouldn't last a week.” Harry ranted.

“People following you everywhere, students pointing and staring like you're a zoo exhibit. People you thought were friends calling you a monster because of one little rumor. Having to sit for hours trying to learn how to eat a certain way, how to talk, walk, how to spot a liar by the wording of a proposal, how the Wizengamont works so I can take my seats.” Tears were clinging to his lashes by the end.

Theo stepped in front of Harry and held him. Harry tucked Theo under his chin and buried his face in the boy's curls. He took deep breaths to calm himself down.

“Harry dear.” Molly said coming over and petting his back. “Arthur and Bill are talking to Ron. We never taught him those sort of things. He was the baby, there's next to no chance he'll ever need that kind of training.”

Harry looked at her. Sure enough Ron was gone, having been removed while Harry was calming himself.

“That's not a very good excuse. There are heirs from almost all the major British families in Hogwarts right now. Our peers, people whose opinions might shape our future. Ron alienating those with the most power is only going to hurt him in life. Who wants their child married to a man that all those in power can't stand?” Harry sighed, kissing the top of Theo's head.

“Ron was my first friend my own age. Looking back though, if I were anyone else they would have decked him. The very first thing he asked, after blabbing for nearly five minutes about himself, was if he could see my scar. His introduction was worse than Malfoy's.”

Molly looked saddened. She put her arm around Harry and pulled him down to kiss his cheek. “Don't you worry Harry, we'll sort him out. If he can't behave at the ball he won't go.” She said firmly.

Harry nodded. “Thank you Mrs. Weasley.” He hugged her back kissing the top of her head. “You have been so kind to me since the day we met. Sorry but the next portkey should be arriving at any time.” He said at Alfred's small motion.

“Don't worry Harry.”

“We'll keep an eye on him.” The twins said.

Ginny and Percy were both silent, the former very subdued compared to last year and the later thoughtful. Charlie watched Harry walk out with Theo at his side. If he invited a pair of minotaurs to his birthday what other creatures could he have access to?

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Harry was relieved to see Blaise, Tracey, Daphne and her sister step out of the fireplace. Even in the
short time he'd known them, Harry knew these three could be relied on for calm. After hugs and birthday wishes were exchanged, Harry spoke.

“Ron is here and so is Hermione. She seems to be trying to make headway, but Ron's attitude is setting her back. Can you girls help me out?”

Daphne gave him a soft smile. “Only because I feel sorry for you. This is my sister Astoria by the way.”

“Nice to meet you Astoria, I'm Harry.” He said kissing her hand, which made the young girl blush darkly.

“She'll be starting her first year this September.” Daphne told them with pride.

Harry just smiled. “Theo will you show them in? Neville and the girls should be coming soon.”

Theo nodded and led them into the party room to make introductions. Astoria looked at the minotaurs with wide eyes but all she commented on was their height. That made the two of them chuckle. Valor went so far as to scoop her up and sit her on his broad furry shoulder.

“How do you like being so tall little one?” He asked.

She giggled holding onto one of his horns.

“Everyone looks funny up here.” She replied with childlike wonder. She made no move to get down from her perch so that's where she was sitting when Harry entered with the last of his guests, Neville, Susan and Hannah.

Hannah blushed when the two were introduced. “I never thought I would meet a minotaur in real life.”

“Hannah has always been fascinated with legends and mythical beings.” Susan explained. “Her greatest wish is to meet them all.”

Harry smiled “There are some very nice Centaurs and unicorns in the forest outside school. I can show you the stables later. We have a few interesting things here too.”

“I'd love that.” She said with a beaming smile.

“What kind of things?” Hermione asked curious.

“Don't ruin my surprise.” Hannah begged him.

“I won't.” Harry had a thought. “One sec.” He dashed off across the room where most of the adults in his family had congregated. After a moment of speaking he came back. “Why don't we all go riding before lunch?”

“I love horseback riding.” Astoria said.

“I think it's settled then.” Neville said. “I've always wanted to learn.”

The group paired up those that had been riding helping those that hadn't. Hannah loved looking at all the beasts they'd collected that were tamed enough to ride. Astoria being a great rider already was allowed to mount one of the unicorns that accepted her. The unicorns shied from Harry and Ron for
very different reasons.

Dragons were one of unicorns’ only predators being near immortal themselves they had nothing to fear from the blood. As a consequence, unicorns were also frightened of the dragon kin. Out of those attending his party only Theo, and Neville knew why the pure beasts were shying away from him.

Sammy and all the Weasley boys joined Harry and his friends in riding.

Bill and Charlie were both experts. Charlie from his training to be a beast master and Bill because camels were a quick and efficient means of travel in the dessert where the movement of the sands makes portkey and apparition dangerous. The two of them, and Sammy supervised the others that had never been riding before.

When Lydia finally called them in for lunch, all those with little to no experience were feeling a bit saddle sore.

Trilu took Harry aside. While Ironfang was his healer, she was coming to see him as a son and wanted to make sure his features had come in properly and that he wasn't having any troubles with all the excitement right after the change.

Harry admitted to having some trouble with his mood. More than once today Theo had acted as a balm, soothing his anger quickly.

Harry had trouble keeping his temper and features in check with Ron and his bratty attitude here. He'd made subtle and not so subtle hints that Harry and Theo were much farther in their relationship than was polite for a friend to say in semi-public.

At one point, Theo had quickly asked Harry to take him and the girls to the third floor green house after Ron had said Theo wouldn't mind if they shared him. Harry took them up only after he had made it very clear that if Ron was still there when they came back he was going to get more than a punch to the mouth.

When the group did come back down, Harry was somewhat calmed but still tense.

Thankfully, Mrs. Weasley had taken Ron home. Mr. Weasley told him that his behavior was awful and that Ron would be spending the rest of their vacation with Aunt Muriel while the rest of them return to Egypt for another two weeks. Harry couldn't help the slightly vicious smile he gave Mr. Weasley at that news. He was still pissed about his former best friend’s attitude. Harry had known Hermione was over curious and bossy, he'd been somewhat ready for that, but Ron's brash and hateful words were a total surprise. If Harry had thought about it at all, he would have guessed Ron hadn't begun to be interested in relationships yet.

“I can't believe my brother spoke to you like that Lord Potter-Perciville.” Percy said once his mother had drug his brother away. “Even if I thought such a thing, which I don't, to say it at someone’s birthday party is so far out of line. It makes me wonder about his ability to get a life mate later on.”

“I don't know Percy. I never expected that from Ron. He's... he was my best friend. This thing with me and Theo is new and I expected some questions and teasing like the twins gave me earlier but never anything so senselessly cruel. To outright ask if Theo could take us both at once... I nearly tore his face off.”

Percy's eyebrows nearly disappeared into his hair. “I didn't hear him say that.” He replied.

Harry looked at the older boy, wondering in a moment of suspicion if Percy was calling him a liar, but he looked shocked and a bit green. “I'll tell Dad about that later once he's calmed. You've seen
Mom when she's in a row. Well Dad's much harder to set off but he's even worse than her when he gets really angry.”

It was Harry's turn to look shocked. To say Mr. Weasley was worse after watching the way Mrs. Weasley laid into the boys last summer. He did not want to see the head of their house angry with him.

The party finally ended long after the sun had set and everyone was exhausted. All the guests save Trilok, Trilu and Neville had left. Neville was staying for the next week and Trilok wanted to discuss some business with Serpens. Harry had asked Serpens to work with Trilok to set up a study plan for him so Harry could take a bigger part in running his affairs. Neither liked seeing Harry take so much on his shoulders but they were glad he was mature enough to realize he needed help and ask for it. They both knew they hadn't been that level headed at 13.

Trilu had the three boys and Sammy take her for a walk around the grounds to calm Harry down further. It worked beautifully. By the time they made it back to the house, fairy lights following them to light the path, Harry was smiling and laughing. He wondered, not for the first time, if this was what his mother was like. Harry had had similar thoughts about his aunt, Mrs. Weasley, Professors McGonagall and Sprout, and now Trilu and Lydia. He didn't know which woman was the most like Lily Potter but he liked to imagine she was a little of each of them, save Petunia. Kind and loving but strict and unmoving when need be.

With thoughts of his mother and the wonderful women in his life aside, Harry tried to stifle a massive yawn. Trilu chuckled at him.

“Take me to that mate of mine and you kids can get to bed.”

Sammy took the lead offering her elbow to Trilu. “This way my lady it seems my dear cousin is waning.” She said jokingly formal.

Trilu and Neville giggled at her. Theo was having trouble keeping his eyes open after the scare and excitement this morning. Once they had taken her to Serpens’ study, Harry in his sleepy state shocked her by kissing Trilu's cheek and telling her goodnight in sleepy goblin. She smiled at his back as he led Theo off to bed.

Neville hugged her and dropped a small kiss on her temple before chasing after the other two with a red face.

“You've made a big impression on Harry.” Sammy told her. “He seems to care about you a lot, and only has good things to say when he's talking of you and your husband.”

“Mate, husband is too weak of a word for our bond.” She explained gently. “I've come to care for him as my kishi, my son. Theo is working his way into my heart as my kishae.”

“What's a key shay?” Sammy asked saying the strange word the way she heard it.

“Kishae means daughter, or in this case submissive male. There are no submissive males in the goblin people so we have no word for a child who is one.”

Sammy nodded. “I'm glad Harry can have that connection with you. Uncle Serpens wouldn't tell everything he said about the woman who raised him but with how angry he was about it there's no doubt his home life wasn't good.”
Trilu frowned. She didn't know about Harry's past. She would ask Trilok to look into his non-
magical upbringing. If he turned up anything they would be reporting to Ragnarok. Their king
would be very displeased with someone attacking a friend of the nation.

In less than a month, Harry had increased business and tourism. There were even rumors of more
politeness and civility from a few of the wizards and witches coming into the bank. She had no doubt
those that were being more courteous were friends or allies of Harry.

“Thank you for letting me know that. I’m just glad he has a good family now. I fear there are even
more trials in his future, ones he can’t overcome without allies.” Trilu told the 14 year old before
knocking and entering the office.

Sammy thought about what she said as she walked up to her own room. From what she knew the
British accounts Harry was in charge of were a mess and would take years to straighten out. She
didn’t think that was what the goblin was talking about though. Sammy didn’t know what kind of
dangers her cousin may face be she would do all she could to help him.

Chapter End Notes

so sorry for the long wait. RL have decided to be a total jackass since I started classes
again. At this moment I'm ahead and taking the weekend to catch up on some writing
but I don't know when I'll get swamped again and when I will get a chance to add more.

The people being more polite to the goblins are Augusta and Madame Bones, and
maybe a few of their other friends that came to the meeting but those two are the main
ones.
The following week flew by in a haze. Harry was so glad he'd agreed to forgo classes between his birthday and the ball. His days were overly stuffed with learning to dance from Lydia, using Theo and all the girls/subs in the house. Then Ian, Anthony and Christian would take over and teach him about being a drake and what other changes he should expect over the next 24 months until he becomes fully matured. They told him he may add some height but not much. He could expect his wings and tail to continue growing. The wings would stop when he fully matured but his tail was like a human’s ears and would never stop growing. Finally, the day would end with Serpens, Alex and Amea (Liam's wife) trying to drill the names of every guest that would be arriving for the ball on Saturday.

Even with all this going on around him, there was something weighing on his mind and troubling him. Wednesday, Harry decided to deal with the problem.

He knocked on the door to one of the guest rooms. It being half open already, he stepped in. “Remus, do you have a minute?”

“Of course Harry, come in.” He said giving Harry a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Harry stepped into the middle of the room head slightly bowed. “I wanted to apologize for the way I spoke to you the other day. I shouldn’t have accused you without letting you tell your side of the story and I shouldn’t have said anything in front of a crowd putting you on the spot like that. I had just come into my inheritance and was trying to get it under control before everyone arrived.”

Remus nodded. “Harry... I....” He turned his back looking down at the closed book in his hands. “Why did you ask me to come here?”
“When I wrote to you I had no idea about my mother, or about having any living family that could ever want me.” Harry told the werewolf honestly. “I was hoping for a connection to them, a way to know the people I lost as a baby but have dreamed about every night since I can remember. When I was young, I would pray for anyone anywhere to take me away from the Dursleys. I hated it there. If not for my pride, I would have ended my life a hundred times before my Hogwarts letter came.”

Remus was looking at him in shock and horror, to think Harry's home life had been that poor. He knew Lily said her sister hated magic but to mistreat a child? That's inhuman. Once Harry was done speaking, he pulled the boy into his arms. “It breaks my heart to hear you say that. Your mother and father loved you more than air. They would have moved heaven and earth for you Harry. You would have been so spoiled.” Remus sighed, tears in his eyes thinking of those months of happiness just before it all went wrong. “When I was young, after I was bitten but before I became friends with James, I thought the same thing. I thought the world, and my family would be better off if I was gone. I one time even picked some wild wolves-bane to make a drought that would kill the wolf, Moony.”

Harry hugged him tighter. “Did you ever look for me?” Harry asked softly as if asking louder would shatter something.

“I... I never searched for you Harry.” He replied gripping the younger but now larger boy tight to him. “That doesn't mean I didn't care. I asked about you, asked about your health and if you were happy. I asked if you had friends and if you were attending muggle school. I even sent you gifts when I could afford to. From the way you talk, I realize that I was being lied to. Professor Dumbledore told me you were happy and healthy, a good student, with a few close friends. He told me having a magical creature nearby would draw attention to you and make you easier to find. That for your safety I had to stay away.”

Harry held Remus, who was sobbing now that he realized what sort of life he'd doomed Harry to by not insisting on seeing the boy he'd once seen as a son. Harry and Remus embraced one another for a long while. When Dobby popped in to tell them lunch was ready, Harry was half sitting on Remus' lap in the middle of his bedroom floor talking about this and that, reforming the connection that had been made thirteen years ago.

Both were much happier for the few hours they'd spent getting to know each other. When they came down to lunch together, Serpens and Alex watched the pair. Alex had quickly taken up with Remus and the two were growing to be good friends. Serpens, on the other hand, was naturally suspicious and had a hard time trusting anyone he hadn't known for at least twenty years or shared blood with. He would be civil and cordial with Remus but until the man’s true colors were tested he wouldn't trust him fully.

Ian and his daughters, Natasha and Bethany arrived late on Friday. Harry was already asleep and didn't get to meet them until the next morning. Ian looked very similar to Alex, tall and slim. His hair was mostly grey with a few streaks of deep brown. His eyes were a gray green and he had laugh lines that warmed his face. His daughters on the other hand, looked nothing like any of them. Bethany was only four months older than Harry, she was short and plump with dyed purple curls and blue eyes, while Natasha was tall and slim with jet black, pin straight hair and haunting almost white irises. She didn't look anywhere near her actual age which was thirty.

Despite Bethany's punk rocker look and Natasha's haunting one, they were both very sweet and were soon cracking jokes with Sammy and the other cousins. Natasha and Sammy play fought over which of them would be escorted by Neville, much to his embarrassment and everyone else's
Before he knew it though, it was time to get dressed. Martian, one of the butlers under Alfred’s command helped Theo and Harry get ready. Harry felt totally ridiculous with the vast number of grooming charms that had been used on him. All complaints died on his lips though when he saw Theo. His outfit accentuate the collar around his throat instead of hiding it. His hair had been lengthened and pinned with jewels the same color as his eyes, which made them stand out even more.

“Wow.” Was all he could say, coming over and taking Theo's hand. He kissed the back of it then Theo's cheek, not wanting to get scolded for messing up the rosy tint that had been put on Theo's lips. “You look even more beautiful. I didn't even know that was possible.”

Theo's cheeks turned the same color as his lips as he looked away from Harry's intense stare. “Thank you. You really look like a lord tonight.” Harry did look very striking in his robes which looked black but with a hint of red that brought out his green eyes and deepened his tan.

Harry smirked. “Doesn't matter. With you on my arm, I could be going starkers and no one would notice.”

“That is quite enough flirting for now.” Serpens said from the door, Augusta was on his arm. Her dress hinting at the beauty she must have been in her youth.

“Sorry.” Harry said also blushing. “You two look great, but I didn't know you were going together.”

“Thank you.” Augusta replied. “Serpens is an old friend and attending on his arm sends a strong message of a renewed and strengthened alliance between our houses.” She gave him a wicked grin. “That and it will put my dear brother-in-law's nose out of joint.”

Harry chuckled during his stay he'd learned of her disputes with her husband’s three younger brothers. None of them were pleased that Frank had set up contingencies so that his mother had sole control over the family if he was dead or incapable of running the house. She told him of how Algie had tried to steal the seat from her the same day her son was attacked.

“Let's go and collect the others before heading down.” Serpens said in his usual tone but his lips were turned up in a wolfish smirk.

Harry nodded offering his arm. He knew Fleur and Neville were going together and that Sammy was being escorted by Jose, Javier's son. At the time it was discussed, Harry thought nothing of it. In light of what Augusta said though, their dates seemed much more political.

Neville escorting a veela from a closely allied family would send all kinds of messages to the guests. Alllying the Longbottoms with the Delacour family and on some level telling their stance on creatures’ rights. Sammy and her date were doing the same. The De'vale family were close allies to the Percivilles as well and their lord's only son escorting her was saying that the bond would be continued in the younger generation.

Harry sighed. The fact he was able to put all that together was a testament to his tutors. He wondered what other alliances and messages would be displayed tonight. The biggest one was made days ago. Harry had been given the choice to wait and make a grand entrance after all the guests had arrived or he could be at the entrance to the ball room and greet everyone as they came. The former was a great way to make a splash but ran the risk of him seeming arrogant. The latter made him appear humble.
but passive. After hours of discussion and debate on the pros and cons of each Harry had chosen to
be at the entrance to greet each new arrival. He decided that having everyone assume he was humble
and passive would put them at ease and allow him much greater freedom as everyone under
estimated him.

Harry was a bit surprised when he met Jose. He's forgotten Javier telling him about the boy being a
submissive. He was like the negative version of Theo. Jose was a bit shorter but where Theo was
pale, blond with blue eyes Jose was a rich caramel, with black curls and grey eyes. Fleur's sister was
also there being escorted by her submissive cousin Cassinder. He could be their twins, save his coco
eyes, and like the fact that the two girls were also veelas.

Harry was introduced to the rest of the Delacour and De’Vale families. They arrived early to help
show a united front behind the newest member of the family. Many of them couldn't wait to see the
faces of the guests. Most of the lords coming would be expecting an adult who had recently be given
the title. Augusta already told them of the rumors that were saying that one of Liam's boys was
moving to Brittan. The invitations had all read for Lord Perciville's birthday and claiming. Potter,
being the lesser house, was left off. Some may later call that move underhanded but it had allowed
them to minimize the press at the event.

The first guests to arrive were logically those closest to the event. Harry greeted each of the Greek
Lords and Ladies mostly by name. Seeing his age, he was forgiven for fumbling a few names.

By the time the first British Lords arrived, many of those from Greece, Italy, Rome and many of the
other Mediterranean countries had arrived. When they were going over the different governments, it
had taken Harry a while to get his head around Rome being its own country in the magical world.

Harry's eyes nearly dropped out of his head when sixteen people arrived at once, nine of them with
platinum hair. There was no mistaken who these people were, all the blonds looked like clones of
various ages.

Harry whispered to Theo “I knew the Malfoy family was large but I didn't realize there were more of
them than there are Weasleys.”

Theo chuckled at Harry's predicament, “Oh and look Draco brought Pansy as his date.”

“After tonight, there is no way you can live in the snake pit all alone.” Harry said all the sudden
fearing what could happening to his little mate. Theo would be a prime target for Harry haters.

Theo just smiled, the mass of Malfoys being too close to make a verbal replied.

“Young man, where is this new Lord Perciville? I will not be part of some grand show he plans to
play with these lesser lords.” A slightly aged looking Lucius said once they were stopped before
Harry and Theo. He could tell this man was likely the patriarch and main lord from the way the
others politely followed him.

Harry gave him a pleasant smile hoping Theo was watching Draco's face so he could hear all about it
when they got a moment alone. “It is truly a marvel to see all of the Malfoy family sir. I would
assume you are Lord Markus and this lovely lady on your arm is your wife Aribell. Allow me to
introduce myself, I am Harricius John Potter-Perciville, Lord of the Archaic and Noble House of
Perciville, Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter, aaand,” He drew out the word to draw
attention from the Potter name drop, “Heir of the Ancient and Noble House of Black.” He paused to
let them have a moment to digest that information. “This is Theodore Nott, to be Perciville, consort
and future mother of my children.”

Shock and awe was the only term Harry could think of to describe their faces.

Draco was always going to be the one to break the tension. “Potter! How did you steal my inheritance?!” He demanded dropping Pansy's arm and marching to his great-grandfather's side.

“I would be careful about calling a double Lord a thief, Draco.” Harry warned. He then smiled. “I should really be thanking you and Lucius. If not for you trying to claim Last of Line rights to the Black family, I would never have known that was an option, that house elf you freed has been oh so helpful Lucius, I can't believe you’d let someone with so much knowledge of your family free like that.” Harry tried to sound shocked, but he wasn't much of an actor.

The looks Lucius' family were giving him where well worth it. He knew Dobby probably did have dirt on the Malfoys, but he'd never go that route unless there was no other choice. Harry didn't want to stoop to Voldemort's level, but if they assumed he would, it might keep ferret boy out of his hair for a while.

“Pardon my husband's assumption Lord Potter-Perciville.” Aribell said smoothly with a graceful smile as if family secrets hadn't just been aired and threats made. “And do excuse my great-grandson, he is young and doesn't know his place.”

“One can never deny a lady.” Harry said holding out a hand and, when hers was placed in it, he kissed it gently. “I do hope this talk doesn't ruin your family’s evening. My great-aunt has worked herself to the bone to make this celebration perfect.”

“Lady Lydia's parties never disappoint, I have no doubt this one will live up to her high standards.” With a final nod and fake smile, she all but dragged her husband into the ballroom with the rest of the family trailing after.

“Her, I don't want angry with me.” Harry said to Theo once they were out of ear shot.

“I agree.”

Before they could talk farther, more guests arrived. There were several families who Harry had been forced to learn the names of but had little meaning to him personally. Then the Zabini family arrived. They were much smaller than the Malfoy family but just as distinct. They were all very similar, dark tanned skin, black or deep brown hair and intense eyes.

Blaise's parents, Cilia and Franco, were in the lead followed by three other couples and five teens near their age. Every one of them were tall and built broadly in the shoulders.

“Harry, Theo it is so good to see you again.” Cilia said coming forward and kissing both boys on the cheek.

“I am glad to see you both doing well.” Franco added kissing the tops of their heads. “This is my family. My parents Maria and Damien,” he motioned to the oldest couple. They reminded Harry of Ian, both aged but with laugh lines and kind faces. “My sister Savanna and her husband George, these are their two sons Martin and Francis, and my brother Travis, his wife Anna-Maria and their triplets Andrea, Avery, and Angelica.”

“It is wonderful to meet all of you. I hope our families can grow as close as Blaise and my future husband.” Harry replied honestly as he shook or kissed the hands of everyone. “I am Harry Potter-Perciville, new British Lord of both families along with a few minor houses, and for those of you who haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, this is Theodore Nott.” He knew from lessons and
talking with Theo that Damien, Blaise's grandfather was Lord in Italy where the family got its founding. Travis was the lord in Greece, that title being given to him over Franco who was older, was the causative agent that sent Blaise's family to Britain. Savanna's husband was a lord in Morocco where the Zabini's didn't have a title.

“I thought you would have brought a date?” Harry asked Blaise, he knew the other boy was very political and would enjoy making a statement like that.

“I was going to ask Daphne to come with me but deiced to make a bigger statement by going stag, that shows that I am here to support you and Theo rather than promote my family.”

Harry stared at him for a long moment. “I would like to offer you Theo's second dance of the evening, to reciprocate that trust and honor.” He said holding out his hand to the now shorter boy.

Blaise nodded shaking the offered hand. Theo chuckled, “You have to keep an eye on Draco, his weak little cousin making all these political waves is going to drive him mad.”

“I'll make sure to memorize every detail.” Harry promised with a kiss on the cheek.

With a chuckle, the Zabini family entered the hall. Soon after, one of the more interesting guests arrived. Harry remembered them easily for two different reasons, one they were the only Noblemen on the guest list the other was because his son was an up in coming Quidditch star.

“Good day, I am Nobleman Krum.” the barrel chested man before him said, it was obvious English was not his strong suit.

“Harry Potter-Perciville, the new Lord. Thank you very much for coming. I am a big fan of Quidditch, if your son would like to talk latter.” He said slowly but not patronizing. He shook the two men's hands and kissed the lady's “Please enjoy the party.”

Even before the door closed behind then Harry could hear the woman speaking in rapid Bulgarian. Harry sighed, “Another Potter fan girl, and she's my parents’ age.”

Theo smiled and kissed his cheek. “Yeah but now you have another person to talk Quidditch and crazy fan girls with.”

Harry smiled, “Yeah, if he speaks English. It didn't appear his mother does.”

Theo shrugged.

After the Krum family, were the last few Mediterranean Lords and Ladies that had RSVP’d and then the farther away houses started coming in droves. There were only two lords from Romania, when Harry had asked why he was told that north from Bulgaria through to Norway there was an imaginary line. West of the line was what most called conservative countries, east were the more liberal countries. Countries like France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Britain, where non-humans and non-magicals had much fewer rights than wizards and witches. Lydia then went on to explain most of the fairy tales of Romania were based in some truth and many of its lords were creatures that would be killed just for existing in other countries.

Knowing that the Lords coming from those eastern countries where 'creature' laws were so different might be able to help Harry bring about more fair treatment to his non-human friends, Harry had put extra effort into learning their names and faces.

When the two Romanian Lords and their lovers came, Harry greeted them happily. He told them he'd like to know more about their countries policies on non-humans. That broke the ice quite well
and the six of them stood and chatted until the next group arrived.

A few groups latter and Harry pulled himself up straight as the Russian Czar and Czarina arrived with their heir. It was a hard fact to forget that most of magical Asia was still ruled by monarchies. The Russian monarchs only agreeing to come because of Ian's personal dealings with them and an old, old friendship with the Slytherin family.

Harry was glad to be meeting new people, especially ones that might help him, as a creature, and his non-human friends, but he was very glad when the purely British families started to arrive. Amelia and Susan were first, Susan apologizing for missing his party last week, her and Hannah had fallen sick and didn't want to infect anyone else. Harry hugged her and said it was alright, he'd gotten her letter telling him about the change of plans.

Most of the families were shocked that Harry Potter was the new Lord Perciville at only thirteen. Some found it rather amusing, a little trick they'd played, while others were rather snobbish about it.

One family he was interested in talking more to soon came in. After the introductions, Harry spoke. “Lord Flint, Heir Flint.” He addressed the two, “I'd like to setup a private meeting to talk with the both of you sometime before the summer is over, if that's alright.”

Father and son looked at one another then nodded. Mrs. Flint was silent, she didn't look too bright, but Harry was hesitant to judge a book by its cover. The Greengrass family was next and Harry greeted Daphne as a good friend. Her parents had thought her tales of being close to Harry Potter were a bit exaggerated, they believed her now.

Following a very odd father daughter pair by the name of Lovegood, was someone neither boy would ever forget. Minerva McGonagall. Harry knew she was the last surviving member of her ancient and honorable house, but with Dumbledore turning down their invite, they didn't think she was coming.

“Mr. Potter, thought I suppose its Potter-Perciville now.”

“Yes Professor.” Harry replied. “I'm glad you could make it.”

“As am I.” She replied. “I have done much thinking since you and Mr. Nott came to the castle. I am not above telling you I was wrong. The things you said about me have truth to them and as such I will be stepping down as head of Gryffindor, I believe I can do more good if I focus only on my position as Deputy Headmistress and allow someone else to watch over our house.”

Harry was silent after that speech. “Professor, I'm glad to hear you aren't leaving us. You are one of the best professors in the whole school, your fairness is a testament to you and all those in red and gold. I hope your thinking has also lead to you no longer seeing me as my parents.”

She nodded deeply. “It has Mr. Potter-Perciville. I am very ashamed that I allowed my judgment of a student to be clouded by their family, I feel I should make the same apology to Miss Weasley.”

Harry nodded giving her a smile. “I'm sure Ginny would love to be spoken to by you personally, most of the girls in our house look up to you as a role model. As deputy head, is there anything we can do about Theo?”

She looked him over, seeing the collar she gasped in shock, her eyes going soft and sad. “I can see the problem. There are a few solutions but I believe now is not the time to discuss them, I will send you a letter outlining your options, then we can talk them over on the first.”
Harry nodded again. “Thank you professor. Please try to enjoy yourself.”

She tipped her head before walking into the ball room.

“I wonder who the new head of Gryffindor will be?” Theo asked.

“I don't know, maybe one of the elective teachers since they don't have as many classes to teach.”

Harry speculated before the Diggorys arrived. Harry knew Cedric well enough from Quidditch having beat the older teen two years in a row. Harry was chuckling when they entered the ballroom Cedric's comment on Harry being too big to out maneuver him this year still ringing in his ears.

Harry was chuckling again when right behind them was Wood and his parents. Ollie said something similar to Cedric.

“And here I planned to introduce my favorite captain to Viktor Krum and he comes in insulting my growth spurt.” Harry said with a sigh.

“Krum... Krum's here? Really!?” Oliver looked like a kid in a candy story.

“Yes.” He replied popping the P, “I shook his hand just a bit ago.”

“Flint and Diggory are here too.” Theo told him, “Hope they don't meet the star before you.”

The pair shared a laugh with the Wood parents as Oliver all but shot into the ballroom looking for the famous seeker. “Sorry about our son.” Mr. Wood said with the shake of his head.

“Don't worry Mr. Wood. Ollie is a good friend and great captain. Don't tell him, but I've been looking into having a scout or two at our next Gryffindor-Hufflepuff game. Both teams are so good, I'd love to see the players get their chance.” Harry replied. It was a recent thought, one he came up with chatting about the game one night with Theo, but seeing Cedric and Ollie today had officially put it on his very long to-do list.

Oliver's two fathers beamed at that news. They both feared Oliver would graduate with no Quidditch offers and scores in core subjects too low to do anything else. He's a smart kid but doesn't really apply himself to actual class work.

Harry was glad nearly an hour later when Alfred accompanied the Weasley's and told him they were the last of the guests so they could go inside and get everything officially started.

The twins joked with him about being fashionably late, Harry just smiled back remembering the previous summer when they had to turn around what felt like 1000 times to get something.

Serpens and Lydia stood with him on a raised platform in the center of the room and announced his birthday, a week previous and how he'd taken his lordships at such a young age, enacting the Last of Line clause on the Potter family. They listed all his titles and then gave the wonderful news that his mother was their long lost niece and not a muggleborn, making Harry a pureblood. That announcement got some cheers from the supremacists.

Hearing Harry was the son of Niam, Lord Flint knew right away why he wanted to meet with them. Many thought that just because he didn't make waves and wanted to be over looked that he's a fool, but Connan Flint is no fool, even if the same couldn't always be said about his son.

After the announcements, the buffet of serve yourself snacks was opened and the music began.
Harry led Theo to the dance floor for the first dance of the night. It felt magical. Like they were living the Cinderella story for the whole three minutes of the tune. Harry was reluctant to let Blaise take Theo for a dance but decided that the political gain of letting him go was greater than the personal gain of telling his friend to piss off.

Harry instead danced with Susan, then Daphne, her sister Astoria, Sammy and even Neville. Neville and he chatted most of the time Harry was leading him about the floor. Neville was getting better about his shyness but had found his feet in this setting. Chatting with near strangers politically was not his strong suit but twirling their daughters, sons, wives or husbands about the floor was easy. Neville was smooth on his feet and could chat for the duration of one song before moving onto a new partner.

After Harry, when Neville lead his Grandmother around the floor, she told him how proud she was of the young man he was becoming and how suave he was being.

While Neville and Augusta were dancing, Harry had daringly asked for the Czarina's hand for a dance. She was a lovely woman who spoke English easily and by the end of their dance, she said her husband would contact him about strengthening their families' bonds again. Harry told her politely yet firmly that he would be delighted but marriage was off the table, he would only marry for love. She gave him a winning smile that lit her sapphire eyes before dropping a kiss on his cheek and pulling her husband into a discussion.

Harry being a bit tired, sought out Viktor to see if he wanted to chat for a bit or if he was being harassed by Ollie. He found the older Bulgarian leaning against the walls with a deep scowl on his face. “Mr. Krum, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself.”

“No.” He said shortly.

“May I ask why?” Harry replied. Wondering what the issue might be.

“I... I am not a monkey to dance for you at a party.” The young man replied thickly accented.

Harry blinked. “I never expected that. Your fame is what saw your family receiving this invitation but I never intended for you to do anything other than attend and hopefully have a nice time. If it would make you feel more welcome, I can make sure none of the Quidditch players speak to you this evening... myself included.”

The older boy looked at him, lowering his arms from where they were crossed over his chest. “I do not mind talk of Quidditch, I do not want to be sold about like prized pig.”

Harry chuckled. “I can't speak for everyone in this room, but I have no interest in buying you, at all. I'm thirteen and between classes and lordships I have more than enough to manage without adding a sports team or star on my plate.”

Viktor actually cracked a smile at that. “This is good to know. I like my school and home, I don't want to leave.”

Harry nodded. “I understand, Hogwarts is pretty crazy but part of me will always call it home.”

That line lead to a discussion about their different schools, Viktor defending his, saying it wasn't the breeding ground of dark wizards and Harry telling him he'd never heard that rumor. Soon Ollie found them and was acting like an excited puppy. Viktor took the fast paced questioning like a pro and was actually glad the other boy wanted to know more about playing pro and how he got that job than about Viktor personally. Harry stayed until Oliver started to be too much before he dragged
Viktor onto the floor for a dance.

“Is he always like that?” Viktor asked as Harry let him lead the dance.

“Only all the time.” Harry joked back.

Viktor gave a deep laugh. “Any other rabid players I should watch out for?”

“Angelina and a pair of red haired twins. She will likely just try to get an autograph or a picture, the twins are just pranksters through and through.”

“Pranksters? Like a trickster, yes?”

“Yes they like to play jokes on people.” Harry told him some of their exploits.

“I would like to meet these tricky twins.” Viktor said with a grin.

Harry made a fake shocked face. “Is the Viktor Krum a secret pranksters?”

“Maybe.” He replied with a mischievous grin.

Harry laughed. He took the lead of the dance guiding them over to where the twins were dancing with their mother and Ginny.

“May I?” Harry asked giving Fred over to Viktor while Harry began dancing with Ginny.

“Hi Ginny. How are you doing?”

“Better. McGonagall apologized to me earlier. She said she was sorry for not paying more attention to her students.”

Harry smiled. “I'm glad you're alright. Ron might have been a right brat, but your other brothers have always treated me like family and I don't want to see any of you hurt.”

Ginny blushed. “Harry last year, I was really in love with the-boy-who-lived, but in that chamber watching you die I began to understand what that means, what a hero really is.” She looked down. “I'm not brave enough to be married to a hero. I was thinking hard all summer and I talked to Charlie and Bill. I've decided I want a safe husband, with a nice job that comes home every night and doesn't have to fight evil or battle dragons or go on trips for weeks or months at a time. Is that ok?”

Harry stopped dancing and just pulled her into a hug. “Of course it is Gin. I want you to have that too. I wouldn't wish the nonsense that is my life right now on anyone. I feel bad that I have to drag Theo into this and my cousin Sammy. I want you to find a guy, or girl that treats you like you are the moon and stars. That loves you more than air. Ginny Weasley, you are like a sister to me and I want you to be happy. If that's with a man that has a boring desk job, where a paper cut is the greatest danger he'll ever face then more power to you. That doesn't make you a coward. You don't want to see your loved ones hurt. That's never a bad thing.” He kissed her forehead before taking her over to Arthur. “We had a heart to heart and Ginny is feeling a bit raw right now.”

Arthur nodded scooping up his daughter and holding her tight. He'd ask what was said later after she calmed down. He kissed Harry's temple and told the boy to go have a good time.

Harry snagged Gabriella, who was standing on the sidelines, and took her for a dance. When they reached the other side of the room, Harry was shocked to see Percy and Marcus Flint dancing together heads bowed close, the pair were mostly behind a large fern but his superior height let him
see them. Harry wondered if there was something going on there, but decided to let them be. If they wanted to play the whole secret couple thing it was not his place to interfere.

By the time the night had ended, Harry felt like his legs were going to fall off. He'd danced with almost everyone in the room including over half the Malfoy's. That had been interesting, Harry had been returning Gregory Malfoy, Lord in Greece, when Samuel asked him to dance. The older man was the younger brother of Markus and as Serpens told him the one with the more political power. The man lived in Bulgaria and had massed a much greater fortune than his brother or his three great nephews. Harry learned over their dance that Samuel was discontented with the way his brother ruled the family and was looking to make alliances to work against him.

Harry didn't really care about the Malfoy infighting, but he said he would help if it would take Lucius down a few notches. Samuel asked him why he and Lucius didn't get along since Lucius had served Voldemort, the Slytherin heir. That led to Harry nearly shouting about the bastard being nothing but a lying line thief. Samuel became enraged when he learned the dark lord was really a half blood born to a near squib. As soon as their dance ended, he marched over to his family and took his son and grandsons home.

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Once the last guest was gone and the whole family was splayed across various pieces of furniture in the living room Harry first met Serpens in, Lydia spoke.

“What was all that with Samuel Malfoy?”

“Yeah he ducked out of here like his hair was out of place.” Sammy commented where she was laying shoes off spread eagle on the floor.

“He said he wants to destabilize his brother, I said I might help if he could knock Lucius back a bit. He thought Lucius and I were allies because old Voldy was heir of Slytherin I set him right and told him Fakermort was a line thief, when I said I could provide proof he got pissed and silent for the rest of our dance then left.”

“Harry, I think you did more to destabilize his power base in one dance than the entire Auror force did in a year last time.” Remus told him, the man had come to the party but kept mostly to himself. Remus had argued against it, but Harry said he wanted the man to come and the snobs could go screw themselves and that was that.

“Good, the Malfoy’s are partly to blame for that damn collar around Theo’s neck. I hate that thing because he hates it, I'm glad it helped us get together but I don't like the way it makes everyone look at him. He is not wearing something like tonight ever again. Unless Theo wants it shown, it will be covered from now on.” Harry demanded. The fact that he too was sprawled on the floor with no robe or shoes didn't take away from the venom in his declaration.

Theo smiled and crawled over to flop down at Harry's side, using his arm as a pillow. “Thank you, I didn't like being looked at like a piece of meat. A couple ladies even asked if I was pregnant yet.”

Harry growled curling his arm around Theo.

“Who cares what they say?” Sammy said poking Theo in the back with her toe. “You shouldn't care if they think he’s a whore or a plaything. What people say can only hurt you if you let it. Ignore them, we all know you don't see him that way and Theo knows you don't think of him as anything
less than an equal, so let them say anything they like.” She took a deep breath and rolled onto her side so she could look at them. “Look, if people assume Theo is nothing but a piece of tail on the side or whatever, then they are going to ignore him and not see him as a threat. Just like you did tonight by willingly putting yourself in a weak position, you won the favor of the queen of Russia, made great impressions on the two Lords from Romania, and the Ministers of Germany and Britain want to adopt you. It’s the same thing, people might say or do something where Theo can see or overhear and not think anything of it because he’s just your little pet and who listens to the word of a pet?”

Harry huffed and snuggled his nose into Theo's hair. She had a point. “I don't like it.”

“You don’t have to and once you are older and have a better power base shout your love for him from ever roof top but for now try to ignore it.” Adrian told him. He was rubbing his wife's feet as she lay on the couch with her head in Alex's lap.

Harry sighed. “This it too much thinking, I just want to take a bath and go to bed.”

“I can take a bath in the morning.” Theo replied already half asleep.

“Dobby can you get us changed and into bed please?” Harry asked not wanting to do anymore.

“Yes sir.” The little elf replied popping in and then back out with the two of them. He quickly had them changed and tucked in, even using a cleaning charm to remove the sweat from all the dancing. Even before he had time to pop away, they were dead asleep in each other’s arms.

Chapter End Notes

So there you have it another chapter under my belt in this my longest fic. I want to say how much I love all my readers even those who I don't reply to. You guys are so amazing and even during times when I can't write like these past couple months when classes have been killing me, seeing your reviews and comments is a true joy. Even the not so nice comments just make me want to be a better writer.
Two days after the ball, Harry and Theo accompanied Fleur and her sister home for a few days in the south of France. Harry was thrilled to sit on the Delacour family’s private beach with Theo, Fleur, Gabby and Cassinder for most of the day. He didn't even complain about being dragged to go shopping and sight-seeing. Mostly because he got his own private fashion show featuring three beauties, and little Gabriella. Five days in France were followed by five in Spain with the De'veale family.

Theo didn't enjoy his time in Spain as much. Harry was just as attentive to him, but Theo felt more self-conscious with the charismatic and active Jose so close. He took the two of them on scooter tours of the nearby Barcelona. Jose and Harry had spent most of one day playing football with Jose's friends. Theo hadn't a clue how to play so contented himself with sitting on the side lines.

The pair returned to Greece early Friday the 20th. Harry went to have a nap before his scheduled 'date' with Romona. He planned on taking her out to see the exotic equines they had in the barn and maybe even going riding if she knew how.

Theo had little interest in joining them. He had met the Dubear family and didn't want to meet any of them again if he could help it. Instead he went and spent the afternoon finishing his summer homework with Remus' help. Theo was glad Remus would be their defense teacher this fall. He really knew his stuff and explained the subject better than Harry. Harry was great at defense but Theo had trouble following how he did things. The only reason Theo had made an EE last year was because Blaise and Daphne taught him outside of class.

That evening Serpens handed over the mail that had been accumulating while Harry was away.

Harry smiled looked at one of the letters. “McGonagall sent a letter. She says she had to tell Dumbledore about my name change and he was very displeased. From the way it sounds, they got into it pretty badly. She also says our best option is to use Lord Slytherin's rooms. It's a sealed heir suite in the castle that as Lord Perciville we should have access too. The only issue would be if the real Slytherin heir is found we would have to share with them.”
“Well that is better than anything else I suppose. Rumor has it the heir suites for the founders are very lavish. I'm sure there would be an extra room or two for us even if we have to one day share with the Slytherin heir.”

“And if they are younger than you Harricius you could take them under your wing and teach them about their all but lost family.” Serpens pointed out.

“Also there isn't anywhere else in the castle that is safer. Your father and I were quite the clever pranksters and even we couldn't break into the Gryffindor heir suite.” Remus told him.

Harry chuckled. “Well if that's the case when the Weasley twins start acting up all you have to do is tell them about that and they will worship you like the next coming of Merlin.”

Theo giggled. “Not to mention that Remus is a very good teacher. I feel like I can get an O in defense with him teaching.”

Remus ducked his head blushing at the praise.

Harry's eyebrows came down as he went back to his mail. “Trilok has forwarded a letter from Sirius. He says the man was overly formal and very stiff.”

“Sirius was never good at finesse.” Remus told them. “He was very brash. I would have thought that ten years of imprisonment might have matured him.” He sighed.

“That might not be the problem.” Serpens said. “I was as courteous as any pureblood lord and the goblins were not impressed.”

“Goblins are rather simple. They prefer straight forward, blunt honesty over the flowery speech I've been learning as a lord.” Harry told them.

The others nodded in understanding. “What does Lord Black say?” Serpens asked.

“Trilok says he mentioned Peter Pettigrew as the real culprit and that Sirius was tracking him. He's also sent along some gifts for my birthday. He says he didn't want to give them to me while he was here for my party because he didn't want to spoil my day or worry me.” Harry smiled at that. His account manager was becoming more like an uncle each time they interacted.
“Well open it.” Theo said. He loved watching others get gifts.

Remus smiled. “Knowing Sirius it's something over the top.”

Harry pulled out the shrunken box and opened it. “It's a Firebolt.” He said in awe looking at the broom.

“It's beautiful.” Theo said and Alex sighed.

“It is. We should test it out tomorrow.” Harry said handing it off to Dobby who had appeared without needing to be called.

“Dobby will put this with Master's other broom.” The elf said with a bow.

Harry smiled and thanked his little friend before he popped out. Also in the box was a black dragon hide cloak with thick silver fur lining and silver embroidered edges. The cloak clasp was the Black family crest.

“It's lovely and will be very warm this winter.” Theo told him.

“It is the perfect gift for an heir who has come into his inheritance.” Serpens stated as Alex nodded.

“Maybe Sirius has grown up.” Remus wondered.

“Remus do you know this Pettigrew?” Theo asked.

Remus sighed. “Unfortunately I do. He was once our good friend but it seems he betrayed us and faked his own death, framing Sirius in the process. According to what Sirius wrote me, he's hiding in his rat animagus form with the Weasley family.”

Harry's head snapped up. “A rat.”
“Yes a large brown rat.” Remus replied.

Harry let out a roar as his wings ripped out of his back destroying his shirt as he lost control in anger.

Theo gasped covering his mouth.

“What?” Serpens asked trying to calm a now pacing and growling Harry.

“Ron Weasley has a pet rat. If that really is Pettigrew then he's slept in the same room as Harry for two years.” Theo explained. The whole school knew about his unusual pet.

“Then all you have to do is go and visit your friends. While you are there, cage the beast and bring him to your lawyer. They can make sure he's an animagus and force him to change back. The more people that see him the less likely there is to be a cover up.” Serpens said.

Alex was rubbing Harry's back, trying to calm him down.

“We could go over and ask Ginny and the twins to join us shopping for school supplies.” Theo offered. “There are going to be several of us all going so why not three more, and since we are planning to hit that used store in the alley they shouldn't feel out of place with us.”

Harry stopped pacing and looked straight at Theo. His features slid away as he walked toward him. He kissed Theo. “You are a genius. With Sirius out of jail, there's a chance that Pettigrew would suspect me knowing something, but I doubt anyone would be safe from the twins. If we tell them the truth, they can capture the rat and turn him in. As soon as they go home, we put a bounty on his head, the twins turn him in and bam the Weasley family have a nice little nest egg that doesn't wound their pride.” He said with a wide smile.

“No all we need to do is plan a day to do all our school shopping and let the others know.” Theo replied pink from the praise and kiss.

“That I think can wait until the morning.” Serpens told them. “It's getting late and we have had a trying day.”
They set the meeting day for Wednesday. Remus had given them an old photo of Pettigrew in human and rat forms to use for the reward. They would be taking out an ad in the Prophet once the others had gone home. Harry had already told Trilok about their plan and he was trying to get a hold of Sirius so the man was hidden and didn't interfere.

On Wednesday Harry and Theo met the others at the Leaky as always. Instead of going out into Diagon or to the muggle world, Harry led them into a private room he'd rented.

“Guys.” He began once the group was seated. “There are a few things I want to share with you and something I need your help with.” He nodded to the twins.

Fred and George looked at him wondering what they could help with.

“This is very sensitive information and it cannot get out.” Theo stressed.

Hermione looked at them curious.

“Everything you have heard about Sirius Black is a lie.” Harry told them.

“What?” Daphne said.

“But he was convicted.” Hermione argued.

“No he wasn't. If he was given a trial it wasn't a fair one. Sirius was my father's best friend and my godfather. The night my parents died, he went after the real culprit Peter Pettigrew.”

“And he murdered him?” Ginny asked.

“No. He and Pettigrew fought but the man turned into an animagus and fled. Sirius was captured before he could pursue him again.”
“What's his animagus form?” Hermione asks though she had a guess.

“A rat. That's why Sirius broke out of prison. He saw Pettigrew sitting on Ron's shoulder when you guys won.”

The three Weasleys looked disgusted.

“Y... you mean a sick death eater might have....” She trailed off with a sob.

Hermione pulled her into a hug with the other girls soon coming to her side as well. “If that bastard so much as thought about taking a peak at you I will... I'll neuter him.” She said. Harry looked at her, he’d never heard Hermione curse.

The twins got a dark look on their face at the thought of some grown man peeping at their sister. “What can we do?” they said in tandem. Everyone in the room felt a shiver of dread go down their spine at the tone.

“Theo and I are going to put a bounty on his head that will come out in the morning. We want you two to catch the rat and make sure he can't escape before you get him to the bank and into the hands of my account manager.”

“We don't need your money for doing this.” Ginny told them.

“Please Gin. Don't fight me on this. Your family has done so much for me. Think of the money as compensation for having the creep live with you for twelve years.” Harry argued.

“We'll agree to take the money.” Fred said. “If you promise it won't be an outrageous amount.” George finished.

Harry smiled. “I promise it won't make a dent in my account.” He specifically didn't say which account. The Slytherins caught his wording but said nothing.

The twins nodded. “I hope you don't mind if we extract some revenge of our own.” George said with Fred finishing.

Harry gave them a feral smile. “Not at all.”
“Now that that's settled let's go shopping.” Daphne told them to change the subject.

As they made their way through the bank Griphook stopped the group.

“Harry.” He called out to them.

“Griphook.” He replied with a smile then raised an eyebrow at the large dog following the goblin.

“Trilok was able to find a dog that fit the specifications you asked for.”

“Harry you know dogs aren't allowed at Hogwarts.” Hermione said.

“I know that.” He replied. “I was looking for a companion to lighten up Serpens while I was away for the year. My uncle is far too serious.” He said the last word with a wink at the dog.

Theo smiled and petted the dog playing along with the story. “It was my idea to get a dog. Alex and Remus have grown close and since Remus is our new defense professor he would be left with just Serpens for company once more.”

“Come on boy. You want to go shopping with us?” Harry asked the dog form of his godfather with a smile.

The dog yipped and knocked Harry over licking his face. Harry just laughed and the others chuckled at him.

Once he pushed the dog off the twins offered him a hand.
“Be good now Pads or we'll have to get you fixed.” Theo threatened with a wide smile.

Padfoot whined and hid behind Ginny.

“Pads?” Daphne asked

“Yes it seems fitting for some reason.” Theo looked her in the face. Daphne knew him well enough to tell there was more going on here but didn't say anything. She knew it would come out one way or another if she was observant and patient she would learn the truth.

Hermione rolled her eyes but was smiling as she petted the dog too.

All their books were bought, much cheaper than they expected leaving the twins and Ginny with extra spending money. The group headed to the clothing store to pick up the rest of Harry’s new wardrobe. The poor sales man had been dismayed when Harry came back in after his inheritance. He'd promised free sizing and alterations expecting only minor changes in the young man. Seeing the large growth he explained that the clothing couldn't be sized that far and instead gave him a refund for the previous outfits to be used on the new ones.

Those chores done, the group spent the rest of the afternoon exploring the ally. They lost Hermione, Daphne and Lisa in the library. Ginny, Susan and Hannah in the Non-magical Wares. Neville was enchanted by the Apothecary and all the living plants they kept inside. Harry, Theo and the others all spent their time looking at all the day stalls.

PPPPPPPPPPP

“Master Harry.” Alfred said when they returned. “You brought a large beast?”

Harry chuckled, “Alright Padfoot the gig is up.”

The dog barked once before changing into a haggard looking man. His black hair was long and ill kept and he looked older than Remus even though they knew he wasn't. He was pallor and much too thin and bony.
“Alfred meet my godfather Sirius Black. Sirius this is our head butler Alfred.” Harry said.

Sirius shook the man’s hand before grabbing Harry in a big hug. “How I have missed you pup. I love you so much I wish I had never left that night. If I could do it again I would have socked Hagrid one and told him to piss off.”

Harry hugged him back. “Part of me wants to sock you one for putting me and Theo into this position.”

Sirius looked at Theo with soft eyes. “I am so sorry child. Your mother and I never would have done it if we had another choice. At the time the Dark Lord was growing stronger every day and there was little hope for the future. We were doing what we could to try and make your life easier.”

Theo nodded him and his mother had been exchanging messages secretly ever since he’d left. His father was still under the impression that Theo was with the Zabini family.

“Alright enough of this mushy stuff. Let’s get you introduced to everyone else.” Harry said with a soft smile at Theo.

The moment Remus and Sirius saw one another they rushed together and shared a massive hug with tears and apologies coming from both at once in a catastrophe of sound. The others left them be so the old friends could catch up until dinner.

At the evening meal, Sirius was introduced to Serpens and Alex. As it turns out Sirius and Alex knew one another.

“Fencing was the only thing my family taught me worth shit.” Sirius told them. “Alex and I dueled a few times, he kicked my arse every single time.” He said with a smile.

The two chatted about fencing with Remus acting as translator for the mute. Sirius also asked about their classes and then about the private tutoring once he heard about it. By the end of dinner he was beaming with pride at his godson.
The twins didn't get to turn over the rat until the last Saturday of the summer when the rest of their family went shopping. Good thing Harry made the reward for dead or alive because when it was revealed there was a death eater living in her house Molly almost strangled the man to death. Healers had to tend his rung neck before they could get a confession out of him.

Amelia Bones was tickled that the threat of Molly Weasley was enough motivation to get the man to tell her everything he had ever done wrong or seen anyone do wrong. He sung like a canary. Unfortunately for one old geezer the rat was a little too sneaky and spilled the beans about horcruxes. He knew Bella and Lucius had been entrusted with one and told her all about what had really happened with the diary as he had watched it unfold from the safety of Ron's pocket.

Minister Fudge was horrified by what he heard. To think his future voters could have been killed. The very idea made him cringe. He gave Amelia all the power and authority she could want to deal with this under the table. Only news about Peter being the real culprit and Sirius Black's exoneration would get out the rest was to be used quietly to insure he stayed in office until he was too senile to sign his own name.

She didn't give a crap about his campaign but she would vote the yellow bellied fool back in just so she could have the power to actually DO something about the death eater problem.

While all this was going on Harry and Theo were spending the last few days of their vacation getting to know one another and catching up with Sirius. In May when the two boys were on the train leaving Hogwarts they wanted more than anything to stay in the castle, now they were sad to be leaving home.
**Interlude**

Chapter Summary

This chapter covers what Dumbledore has been up to over the summer with a nice little splash of Hermione and her mom having a heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

A thousand thank yous to my guest reader, Autumngold. I had completely forgotten I was going to put in this short intermission chapter covering things going on outside Harry and Theo that occur at or around the same time. This is going to be a bit jumbled since it will be jumping around a bit.

Also Sorry I made a mistake and said Dumbledore was only a Noblemen after making him a Lord. My bad, I skipped over his name on my list. I'll go back and change it later.

Much love to my beta dianemalfoy, who turns my rambling into my longest most loved fic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

*Hogwarts just after Harry came to the chamber*

Dumbledore was not a happy camper. He had plans to make the world a better place. Where a chosen few who were capable to rule, would be groomed and tested by him to take over once his long life finally came to an end. He had thought the night Sybil gave her that prophecy that it not only spelled the end to his last failed successor but pointed to the new leader of the light.

Everything was going smoothly. Just like with Tom, Harry had been beaten into a vulnerable state. Tested by stress and fire as a child, just as he was with the attack on his dear sister. Tom went off the rails of his plan when Minerva hadn't been able to befriend the boy on the train like he'd hoped leading him into Gryffindor so he could be properly molded and monitored.

Harry had followed his plans to a tee. He'd been befriended by the Weasley's. Molly was so simple and loving, if not for her temper she could have easily been a Hufflepuff. Her husband too now that he thought about it.

That led to him befriending Ronald who like Gilbert had far more ambition than sense. He was going to stage it so that the boy was pushed to the brink with jealousy there by pushing Harry into the arms of the Granger girl or little Ginny, either one would suit his plans. The woman would then be attacked by a Dark wizard during childbirth, the stress killing her.

Therefore the Potter line would continue and Harry would be properly motivated to do whatever the current leader of the light, Dumbledore, told him to.
Then the boy had to go and break out of his set mold. 'How dare he go to those goblins? Coming into this school like he owned the place. Making demands of ME, Albus Dumbledore. I'll show him when school is back in session. He won't have me as a buffer between him and Severus anymore.'

Dumbledore spent over a week to himself, reformulating his plans and thinking of what would need to be done to get things back on track.

He finally did come down to eat a meal with the others that stayed at the castle year round.

"I've been thinking Filius," Minerva started, "last week when Mr. Potter came here. He accused me of acting just as immature as Severus."

Dumbledore listened in with interest, wondering if they could tell him anything to add to his plans.

"Having thought on it, I'm afraid he was correct. I looked at him and saw James and Charles Potter instead of Harry Potter. Both were such pranksters and matured late in life. I suppose I was just seeing him always getting into something like his family did. I should have given the child the benefit of the doubt. I fear I've been doing the same with several other students as well."

"Huuh." the charms professor hummed thinking about what she had said. "Minerva, I agree that when I first saw Mr. Potter I too thought of his parents, but not their mischievous ways. I was thinking of how brilliant his mother and father had been. I was hoping for a prodigy and I think I pushed him a bit too hard and soiled our chances of a close relationship. Like I shared with Lily."

Minerva sighed. "I wonder if there is anyone on the staff that hasn't failed him?"

"Pomona and Aurora are the only two who have had him that treated him fairly as far as I know."

"Yes even Rolonda mentioned not paying as much attention to him since Potters are known to be great flyers." Minerva admitted. "Only two members of the staff. I have to wonder if any of the elective teacher will be able to. I know Hagrid won't, he loves the boy like a son and couldn't stop himself from showing favoritism."

"We'll have to keep a close eye on things and do our best to show him that we want to change and are here for him and every other student in the castle." Filius said with convection.

"I couldn't have said it better myself." Albus said with a smile. "The best way to show Harry that is to treat him just the same as everyone else. Which means no more protecting him from his mistakes or special treatment. I know you gave him his position on the team without a fair trial, so I will be suspending all Quidditch teams until every position can be retried out for."

Minerva smiled. "What an excellent idea Albus. Then all the children will see that Mr. Potter truly deserved his position. I'm sure Wood will be thrilled to see his team prove themselves."

Albus smiled kindly at her all the while planning on making sure Harry didn't make it back on the team. A little embarrassment would do the boy good, he could use being humbled.
Hermione stormed through the house in anger. How dare Harry tell her it wasn't her business? She was his friend. She was just trying to help and there he is taking that Slytherin’s side over hers. She bet he had Harry under some kind of spell.

“Hermione dear,” Her mother said from the doorway. “Is something wrong? Did you not have a good time with your friend?”

“Well we did up until I dared to question his little boyfriend.” Hermione replied.

“Boyfriend?”

“Yeah, this little snake. He looks cute but I think he has Harry under a spell. I mean they never even talked before this summer. There is no way he could be taking that boys side over mine after such a short period of time.”

Her mother chuckled. “Oh I see. Now we get to the heart of the problem.”

Hermione looked at her mum in confusion. “What do you mean the heart of the problem?”

“Hermione dear. Harry and Ron were your first real friends, and you are jealous.”

“What!”? She shouted. “I'm not jealous. Why would you even say that?”

“Because it's the truth.” She replied in that tone of voice that clearly said don't argue with me. “Harry has a boyfriend and is giving him more attention. He and his boyfriend have secrets that they don't want to share, and you are jealous. If you had a boyfriend would you want to tell Harry or Ron everything about what you did together?”

“Well no.” She said with a blush. “But this is different. It's not just about their relationship but Harry's now a Lord and all this stuff is happening and I don't know what is going on.”

“Hermione, Harry is growing up. That doesn't have to mean you two are growing apart. I don't know how Lordships work in the magical world but you wouldn't go up to a Member of Parliament and demand they tell you all their secrets, even if you were their friend. Trying to force Harry into telling you every little detail about his life will do nothing but push him away.”

Hermione was silent for a long time thinking about what her mother had said. “Maybe, but I still don't understand Theodore.”

“Perhaps, since his is a Lord and your magical world is a bit archaic, it is an arranged marriage and Harry is trying to make the best of it.”

Hermione turned scarlet. She hadn't even thought of that. “Maybe. That would make sense and explain why he didn't want to talk about it, especially if Theodore is from a dark family.”

Hermione and her mum chatted more on the subject. Her mum helping ease out all the hurt feeling and show her where she was wrong and where Harry hadn't handled the situation very well. By the time they were done talking though, Hermione was willing to forgive. Harry hadn't meant to hurt her feelings, she could see that now. He was just a 12 year old boy that hadn't had any friends before either.
Back at Hogwarts mid-July.

Dumbledore was eating with the others at the table once again when two regal owls flew in. One landing before him and the other in front of Minerva.

“It seems there is a new Lord Perciville here in Britain.” Minerva said glancing through the letter.

“ Probably the death eaters rallying allies. I won't be a part of stroking their egos.” he said penning a short rejection note making sure they knew he frowned upon what they were trying to do.

“I think I'll attend.” Minerva said. “Better the enemy you know. I'd like to at least know what face to look for if there is a new player on the field.”

He nodded. “That seems reasonable.”

Still Hogwarts after the ball.

“Albus you won't believe who the new Lord Perciville is.” Minerva said with a smile.

“Who?” he replied focusing on a trinket he was trying to fix so that it would once again track Harry Potter.

“Harry Potter. Thought now it's Lord Potter.”

“What?! How come I wasn't made aware? How did this happen?” He shouted.

Fawkes made a noise of displeasure at the shout.

Dumbledore turned to the bird and grabbed his tail. “You will take me to Harry Potter and I will sort this all out.” He demanded.

The bird squawked and tried to swish his tail away in refusal.

“I am the headmaster and you will do what I say.” He shouted again pulling on the tail feathers.

Fawkes screeched and flew at Dumbledore racking his razor sharp talons down his face in retaliation for having his tail pulled so violently. When Dumbledore screamed in pain and released him, the phoenix flashed away.

“Albus, what has gotten into you?” Minerva asked taking his arm and leading him down to the infirmary.
His mind was racing with ways to salvage what he could of his plans but there was no hope. He was going to have to get rid of Harry just like he had Tom, and Gilbert, only this time he wasn't going to wait for the boy to get strong enough to oppose him.

“I don't know what came over me. I suppose fear that Harry was turning dark. He and Tom have so much in common it is a constant worry of mine.” He said planting the first seed.

“I highly doubt the boy is going dark Albus. If anything he's dragging the dark families into the light.”

“We can only hope so. I pray for all our sakes you're right.” He said as they entered the infirmary.

Chapter End Notes

AN: Alright I know it's a short one but I thought it needed to be added. Yes Dumbledore is bat shit crazy but he's pretty good at hiding it. Before you ask NO Voldemort/Tom is not good in this one. Maybe once but he's lost his mind and is now an insane dark lord.
Harry walked into the bank just two days before school was to start.

“Good morning Griphook, I'm here for a meeting.” He said in easy goblin. Harry was a long way from being fluent but for today he'd practiced his greeting knowing there would be a lot of people out doing last minute shopping.

“Very good your pronunciation is getting better.” He replied. “They are already here and waiting in a conference room.”

“Thank you.” Harry said following him out of the main room. The other wizards were abuzz hearing their golden boy speaking goblin so fluently.

Harry walked into one of the meeting rooms to see Connan Flint and his son Marcus waiting in him.

“Good morning Lord and Consort Perciville.” Once they had shaken hands the man continued. “I assume you wanted to have this meeting because of your mother Niam.”

“I did. I wanted to know how she's related to you.” Harry replied taking a seat.

“Niam was my niece. Boinn, Balor and I were triplets. Boinn married Abican Perciville when they were young but Boinn had several miscarriages over the years. Niam was considered their miracle baby.” Connan told him with a sad smile. “Now can you tell me what happened to my sister?”

Harry looked down. “Voldemort, whose real name is Tom Riddle, came to my grandfather for the Slytherin title. Abican looked into his family history and blood line. He found that Tom was from a family of line thieves and not the true heir. Abican withheld the title and Tom came back with his death eaters and killed both of them. The only reason my mother survived is because a maid took her and ran. The maid died on the non-magical side and was found with my mother. They had no ID so she was put in an orphanage as a Jane Doe until adopted.” Harry told him.

“So the dark lord is actually from a line thieving family and then tried to continue the tradition by stealing the Slytherin title again.” Marcus summed up.

“That's not even the best part. A little more research into Tom Riddle and it turns out he’s the bastard son of a muggle.” Harry replied with a smile.

“I'm glad I was never rich enough for him to mark me.” Connan said. “Just because you're my great-nephew doesn't mean I'm going to start hugging muggles. I'm still a dark wizard and I don't want all those muggle traditions being brought into our world.”

Harry held up his hand. “Whoa, whoa. I never said anything about that. I think the magical traditions should be preserved. The fact is though that there are more non-magical people in the world. They own most of the land and are getting more creative every day. Not knowing how to blend in with them is just too dangerous. It's like waving a flag and asking them to learn about magic.
We need to be educated about non-magicals to keep them from finding out about us. There are a few things that could make our life easier but most of their inventions could be duplicated with magic or made better using magic.”

Connan was silent for a long while thinking it all over. “The people's savior as grey as they come.” He finally said with a chuckle. “I can stand that. Teaching muggle ways to help us stay hidden. Bring it up in the Wizengamont and I'll vote with you.”

Harry shook his hand in agreement. “What are your thoughts on creatures?”

“Some of them are nasty beasts that need to be put down. Others, I really don't care so long as they aren't bothering me.”

“What about the dragon kin they're dangerous?”

“Bah.” He said waving his hand. “Those? They're harmless if you leave them be. People love to go about sticking their noses into other people’s business, that's why the kin are considered as dangerous as their distant cousins. Drakes, Drakens, Wyrens and Vovin are all very agreeable so long as you don't try and hurt their mates and children. Drakes, Wyrens and Drakens are the most territorial. They can be set off by a simple insult to their mates. Wyrens and Drakens are as vain as a Niffler and just as easily insulted. Those two are less dangerous to cross than Drakes though because their anger will burn out and they can be appeased but if you anger a Drake, they have long deep memories, great patience and will never forget an insult or betrayal.” He warned. “You haven't crossed one have you?”

“No sir. I was just reading up on all the dangerous creatures. I'm taken Care of Magical Creature's this year and doing some research, they were just listed as a class 5 dangerous creatures.” Harry replied. “I've met a few Werewolves who work for my family. They are also class 5 and seem very nice.”

“Werewolves are only dangerous during the full moon, the rest of the time they aren't anything to be concerned about. Well there are a few nasty ones like Greyback and his pack. They enjoy killing people. I'm convinced that man was a murderer long before he got the bite.” Connan replied.

Harry nodded. “There are good and bad members of every race it seems.”

Connan nodded with a frown. “Sadly the few bad eggs can ruin the bunch as far as most people are concerned. Now if there isn't any other business we have some last minute things to get before the first. Marcus is graduating this year you know.”

“Good luck then. If you need any help let us know. If I can I'd be glad to get to know my cousin better.” Harry told him with a smile. “I was also hoping to ask you to keep an eye on Theo when he's in Slytherin areas alone. There are too many people that might use him to strike at me.”

Marcus nodded. “I can do that. Playing as hard as you can in Quidditch would be the best help. I'm hoping to get drafted.”

Harry smiled. “Well our good friend Blaise is a great player he'd make Slytherin even harder to beat.”

“I'll let him try out that's all I'll say about it. If he's good he plays, if not he won't.”

Harry nodded. Afterwards they said their goodbyes and were all on their way. Harry had a few more things to pick up and wanted to stop by the library before they left for school.
Harry knew there was going to be a standoff the first time he and Ron met after he attacked him. Looking back at the situation, Harry knew he shouldn't have attacked Ron. There was no reason to lash out as he had. What he said about Theo and the absolute contract was unforgivable but Harry's reaction was out of proportion he wanted to blame it on the recent transformation but that felt cowardly.

Now that a month had passed, he was much calmer. Not that he wanted to test that theory. Harry was going to be avoiding Ron, Draco and Snape as much as possible until he was sure his Drake protective instincts wasn't going to rare up and have him attack them. Harry had lost his cool and was ashamed. He was striving to do better but controlling those new urges wasn't easy. He was more aggressive and Harry didn't like it.

To avoid a disaster like last year, Harry asked Dobby to drop him and Theo onto the platform well over an hour early. The little elf was glad to help. He had even transported Remus to the school the night before so he could settle in. They had already set it up so Remus would be popped back to the manor for his transformation. Being with Sirius and the other wolves that used the Perciville protection really helped with his change. He was much stronger and fitter than he had been since before the war.

There were only a few over-eager first years on the platform or train when they popped in. Any that spoke to Harry and Theo were greeted politely and given encouragement. Once they made it on the train, they choose a car near the front by where the prefects would sit. That would further limit trouble as even Draco wouldn't want to contend with the older prefects.

Theo snuggled into Harry's side as they both took out books to read. Harry was reading up on Bulgarian to help with the letters he and Viktor had started exchanging. From what he'd wrote, Viktor was also exchanging letters with the twins. Harry shook his head at that trio not wanting to think about trying to keep up with the pair of pranksters.

Harry ended up nodding off and woke when Daphne sat beside Theo. He let out a low growl before opening his eyes and seeing who it was.

"Sorry. I'm a bit jumpy." He said stopping the noise.

"And very possessive when woken up." She replied with a small smile. She kinda liked the more aggressive side of Harry that would stand up for her friend. "You remember my sister Astoria. She's starting her first year." She said with pride, the young girl grinning from ear to ear.

"So." Tracey said all but bouncing in her seat across from them beside Blaise. "How are you going to play this? Is Theo going to sit with us like nothing happened? Are you going to join the snakes or is he sitting with you at Gryffindor?"

"I have more support at your table so I was thinking of joining you guys maybe even with Neville." Harry told them. "Or I might take a more neutral approach and sit with Susan and Hannah."

"You could sit with your team. Having been on the team for three years now and never
losing a match they would love to have you. Wood might behead someone that threatens his chance
at victory.” Blaise said.

“That is true. I wish I had thought to invite the team to my party they would have loved to fly
at our home.”

“You can always invite them over during winter holiday.” Tracey said.

“I don’t know. I’ve been thinking of taking Theo somewhere special just the two of us. Since
we’ve been in this contract we haven’t really spent much time alone. I’ve been trying to get this
lordship straightened out, or reconnecting with my family, then there was helping Padfoot and
spending time with my family’s allies. It’s been a crazy summer. I’m actually glad to be going back
to school to get some rest.”

“Rest?” Theo asked. Over the past few weeks his confidence had been growing, when
around Harry and his friends at least. “You have our schedules so cram packed with extra classes I
don’t know when you plan on sleeping.”

“Extra classes?” Daphne said. Harry had learned from Theo that the only reason she still
attended Hogwarts was because she was looking to make social connections... and the minimum age
to take the OWL’s is 15. She was smart enough to test out of most of her classes and could easily
have self-studied.

“Yeah. The goblins have hired tutors for me in different subjects I'm interested in. I already
talked to them after Theo told me how bored you are with the regular classes. Trilok said I can add as
many friends as I wish but the tutor has the right to refuse any of you if you start wasting their time.”
He dug around in his bag. “Here's a list of the classes, and what you need. You can get back to me
any time this first week. They start next Monday. I made it that way just in case so we’ll have our
schedules and know when we are free to take these classes.”

All three took the lists and looked them over.

“What is this weapons class?” Blaise asked interested.

“For that one you'll be trained in a weapon or weapon group of your choice. Bellok told me
that the trainer we were getting at first would be just a general weapons instructor. If we get good
with our weapon of choice we have to hire a journeyman or better in that weapon.”

Blaise nodded. “I would like to learn to use a weapon. Too many wizards rely only on their
magic. I want more than that in my wheel house should the worst happen.”

Harry nodded gravely. “I agree. Facing that basilisk last year showed me all my weaknesses.
Next time I meet Voldemort, and I know there will be a next time, I want to avoid the infirmary.”

They all shivered. None of the Slytherins wanted to think about facing the dark lord alone as
Harry had done three times now. Before they could say anything, Neville and Hermione showed up.

Hermione of course wanted to take all of them.

The group greeted them before Harry told them about the extra classes he was offering.
“On one condition.” Harry said looking serious.

“What?” Hermione asked. She was going to demand he let her but thought about it. Harry was paying for the classes, he could exclude her if he wanted.

“If I think you're working too hard, I can ask you to drop at least one of the classes.” His face then softened. “You're my friend and I don't want to see you make yourself sick.”

Hermione blushed but was smiling. She pulled Harry into a hug. “Oh Harry. What did I do to deserve a friend like you?”

“You were willing to put up with a little boy with no social skills and a prat with no manners.” Harry replied with a grin.

“I was and it wasn't easy.” She said with a head shake and a smile letting him know she was joking.

They all chatted about what they had been doing over the summer when not together. Harry whined about Ramona being a spoiled brat and about Sammy teasing him, even if he loved their banter. Blaise talked about the ballroom dance lessons his mother had forced him into. She said he wasn't up to form while at Harry's ball. Daphne talked about her little sister, and Tracey about her mother's new cat that she swore was evil. Neville chatted about his greenhouse and how Trevor would be staying there this year and Hermione talked about her family’s trip to Spain and her new cat Crookshanks. Astoria and Tracey were the only two that thought the cat was cute.

“I wish you had said something we could have met up while I was visiting the De'vale family.” Harry told her.

Theo made a face.

“What's the matter?” Blaise asked “Did you not like Spain?”

“Spain was fine.” He said a bit sharply.

“Theo?” Harry asked he hadn't reacted this way at the time, or Harry hadn't noticed his reaction. “Tell me what happened. I can't help if you don't say anything.”

“There's nothing to say. It's stupid and ridiculous.” Theo said now blushing.


“Was it José?” Theo nodded. “Why? I don't understand why you are jealous of him.”

“He's cute and tan and funny. His family is well off and well connected, he loves that football game and also plays Quidditch. He's too perfect.”

Harry blinked. “He's like a tiny Blaise. I thought the two of you would be friends.”

“Blaise is not a cute little sub whose dad is trying to hook you up!” The actually raised his voice in anger.

Harry pulled him down and kissed him. “Theo there is nothing to be jealous of, I thought you knew that.” He leaned in close where only Theo could hear since only Neville knew he wasn't human. “Until we are officially mates, I literately can't look at anyone else.”
He buried his head in Harry's neck. He so rarely brought up his drake side and it changed so little, in Theo's mind that he often forgot about it. While Harry was courting him, until they completed the bond he would be his only love interest. There was no room for a drake to be unfaithful once they had chosen a mate.

That settled Theo, leaned back on him staying in Harry's lap as they rejoined the others chatting.

Susan, Hannah, Terry and Lisa stopped by as well but there wasn't enough seating so they got another car.

The rest of the ride went by smoothly without any interruptions as they chatted about anything that came to mind.

They saw the Weasleys as they were all getting into the carriages but weren't close enough to say anything. However their luck ran out as they got back out.

Harry was helping the others down when Draco came up to them.

“You think you’re something special don't you?” He said with a growl.

“No.” Harry replied helping Tracey out of the cart without turning toward him.

Draco deflated, all the wind taken out of his sails by that response. “Well... you're right. There isn't anything special about you.”

“Draconis.” Daphne said, as Harry took her hand and helped her down. “Shut up.”

He turned red and stomped off. He hadn't been paying attention to who was surrounding Harry when he spoke. There was no way he was contending with Daphne, he had learned the hard way, she could be vicious.

“I can't believe he walked away without more of a fight.” Harry said helping Hermione, the last person in the cart, down.

“I can.” Tracey said. “Draco tried to be all alpha male back in first year and make all of us his little toadies. Daphne took offense to that and put something in his clothes that made a rash bad enough Professor Snape had to deal with it.”

Harry chuckled. “I wish I had known.”

Hermione rolled her eyes, she still didn't like pranks. Neville chuckled though as they headed inside.

Harry had decided not to make waves tonight so Theo went with Blaise and Daphne while Harry sat between Wood and Alicia. Oliver instantly jumped into talking strategy for the upcoming season.

“Oliver, shouldn't you be worried about your NEWT's?” Alicia said after a bit.

“My scores are fine.” He replied. “And Quidditch is more important.”

“Didn't you read the pamphlet McGonagall sent with our letters? All seventh years have to keep an A or better in ALL classes or they are kicked from the team.” Percy said from not far away.

“What? But I.... But... that's not fair.” Oliver protested.
“Of course it's fair we got the same notice.” Katie said motioning to her and the twins. “It's our OWL year and the same rule applies to us.”

Harry chuckled. “What classes are you below average in? We can all help you study and get your grades up. You can't go pro if you are kicked from the team and Alicia can't give your speeches now can she?” He added as a joke.

Alicia smiled. “Sure we can help.”

“I'm fine in Charms and Transfiguration. I have a low A in CoMC and Defense, but P's in Muggle Studies and Divinations.”

“I was raised non-magical so I can help you there. I'm self-studying that class anyway. I plan to take that OWL during the summer before my fifth year.” Harry told him.

“How do you have a P in Divinations?” Fred asked.

“It's the easiest class ever.” George added.

“Just look at whatever and make up the most random thing you can think of.” Lee finished.

“I'm not good at just making things up.” Oliver said.

“Then just predict Gryffindor is going to win their next game. Or that you see Harry catching the snitch in or on a random body part. Those two things you know can happen.” Angelina said with a wink at Harry.

Harry just grinned. “You could say I'll be attacked by a Grim. We got a new dog that looks just like one. Or so my uncle said.”

“Pads does look like a Grim.” Hermione said.

“You named your dog Pads?” Alicia asked with a raised eyebrow.

“It's short for Padfoot.” Harry replied.

They all looked at the twins who started choking.

“What's the matter with you two?” Oliver asked.

“Harry. You wouldn't/ Have any more/ Dogs named/ Prongs, Moony and Wormtail would you?” They asked in their twin speak looking at him hard.

Harry got an evil grin. “I wouldn't call Moony or Prongs a dog.”

“Do you have any clue what they are on about?” Oliver asked Percy.

Percy looked at his brothers who were whispering with Harry now. “I never know what those two are up to. It’s better that way, then I can plead innocent when everything blows up in their face.”

Oliver nodded. “Good point.”

“If you need a study partner I would be glad to help. I have an EE in CoMC and DADA.”

“Thanks Percy you're a good bloke.” He said with a grin.
After the students were dismissed, McGonagall asked Harry and Theo to stay behind.

“Follow me.” She said as she walked out of the hall. “Back when this school was first built it wasn’t uncommon for children to be married and have a child or two by the time they graduated. Most betrothals back then taking place at thirteen and marriages between then and fifteen. For that reason, there were several suits built for when a couple were in different houses. There are ones near every house entrance and a few near the teachers’ quarters. So which of those five locations would you prefer?”

Harry thought about it for a moment. “I think Hufflepuff would be best. There are Gryffindor's and Slytherin's that would object us living near them.”

McGonagall gave them a soft smile. “That is very wise of you Mr. Pot... Perciville.”

Harry smiled. “Thank you ma'am. I have to take care of Theo. He's my responsibility now so I've had to grow up. Also I'm glad to talk to you tonight. I'm going to have some tutors coming in for subjects Hogwarts doesn't teach. Those classes are Rituals, Healing, Goblin Language and Culture, Weapons and Business, Investments and Lordship.” He handed her the list with the teachers’ names and their credentials. Trilok had informed him that those would be needed to have the tutors approved.

“Mr. Perciville that would be fifteen classes all together. When are you going to have the time?”

“Well with Binns History is pretty much self-study so I can do my other homework then. Our new Defense against the Dark Arts teacher has been living with me and it's my best class. Astronomy, Business, Investments and Lordship, Goblin and Weapons are all only taught once a week.”

She looked at him for a moment. “If your average falls below an EE I will ask you to drop a class. Care of Magical Creatures is also once weekly.” She informed them.

“Thank you ma'am. That way I can have one, once a week class every day. With Hagrid teaching Care I don't think it will be a hard class either.”

McGonagall raised an eyebrow. “You have seen what he calls a cute and harmless pet haven't you?”

Harry gulped thinking of Fluffy and Aragog. “You have a point. Maybe I'll wear some padding to class.”

“That might be wise. Here we are.” She said. “This one is to your room.” The painting was of Bicorn rearing. “All you have to do is set a password and then I will leave you for the night.”

“Hungarian Horntail.” Harry said wanting to pay tribute to his creature status without reveling it to anyone.

That no one seemed to take notice of his shocking physique change had made Harry a bit nervous but when he asked Angelina about it over dinner she told him that several people had dramatic changes when they hit puberty. She said that magic just amplified what was already there. She then laughed and told Harry the twins had been just as scrappy the year before he came. All three chasers had been worried they would break their arms hitting the bludgers. The day they turned 14, they shot up like lightning and McGonagall had to cast spells on all their clothes just so they...
Inside their rooms, Theo and Harry were pleasantly surprised. There was a large living room, a tiny eat-in kitchen, two bedrooms and a bath. It was like their own little condo in the school.

“I guess the kitchen and the other bedroom is for the kids she mentioned.” Harry said with a blush.

“Yeah. You know we’ll have children before we graduate right?” Theo asked looking down shyly.

Harry turned cherry red. “I forgot about needing to have a kid before turning fifteen.” That was still an embarrassing thought. “Are you alright with that?”

Theo sighed and took a seat on the couch. “I've known it might happen since I was six and my mum told me about the contract. It's still a bit overwhelming.”

“I can imagine. I have this Drake in my head that's whispering about protection and growing our family. At the same time, I feel like a little boy that is nowhere near ready for kids. At least we have two more years to get use to the idea and get to know one another.” Harry tried to reassure him. He sat on the couch and tucked Theo close.

He nodded. “Let's head to bed and get some sleep for classes tomorrow. Have you thought more on sitting together?”

“Yes. We get our schedules in the morning, so like tonight we’ll have to sit at our own tables but in class and at lunch we are sitting together.” He said kissing Theo's cheek.

He nodded. “I don't want us hidden even if I don't like this collar being shown.” Theo fingered the choker covering his absolute contract collar.

“You are not a dirty little secret and I am proud to have you at my side. Anyone that thinks otherwise can take a long walk off a short pier.”

Theo smiled snuggling in. They sat there in silence enjoying the calm comfort of being alone together. This summer had been a massive whirlwind of ups and downs for both teens and while they wanted to be home at the Perciville Palace with their new family they were glad for the peace and steady schedule of the school.

Chapter End Notes

AN: They are finally back in school and I finally got this chapter written. I wanted to have it out by dianemalfoy's birthday but real life decided to rear its ugly head.
Chapter Notes

I am so thrilled for the wonderful reviews and comments on the story.

this has been betaed by the wondrous dianemalfoy

To clear a few things up:
Harry will not be Fawkes' new partner. I have other plans for him and he will come back up and be important later.
Hufflepuff and Slytherin have heirs that will not be revealed until the summer after third year and during fourth year respectfully.
I have no clue when to unveil the Ravenclaw heir even though I do know who it is. They are being very tricky and I can't pin them down.
Harry's second mate will be human and younger than Harry and Theo. I haven't decided on the gender yet as their sex really doesn't matter to me. (I care more about personality than what is between their legs)
Also none of Harry and Theo's group of friend (Hermione, Daphne, Blaise, Tracy, Susan, Hannah, Neville, Lisa, Terry) will be Harry's mate. Charlie is in the maybe pile because I would need a lot of inspiration to write sub Charlie. He is just too much of a Dom in my mind.
Before anyone asks, Theo has social anxiety, I hope I'm not playing it up too much or if I don't get his thoughts right feel free to let me know. This is a side effect of his abuse from his father (Who will show up at some point in the story)

Finally.... OOH MY GOODNESS!!! IT'S CHAPTER 30!!! I never thought this would get so far or be so well loved. From a vague idea in the margins of a kids coloring book to almost 200 pages I can't believe it.

Done now on to the story

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Theo September 2nd

Theo came awake slowly as he had done for the past weeks. Harry was draped over him like a living blanket. Sometime in the night, his Drake side had come out and his wings were hanging over the sides of the bed and his tail was around Theo's ankle. This had happened a time or two before. Liam said it was a sign he was completely relaxed and at ease.

Theo traced a finger around the horn near his head. The first time he'd woken to see the horns he'd been worried that Harry would accidentally stab him with them in his sleep but Anthony had chuckled and explained that even Harry's subconscious would try to protect him and there was no chance he would be stabbed in his sleep. To which Alex signed a lewd comment that Theo was thankful he couldn't understand.

As Theo got to the base of the spiral ridge that ran up each horn, Harry grumbled and
snuggled closer to him, one wing flapping half-heartedly, knocking a chair over. Theo blinked, looking over at it. It took a moment for him to remember why they were in this smaller, darker room. They weren't at home in their bright sunny room with glass doors and a balcony. They were back in the castle within a set of rooms near the Hufflepuff dorms.

He gently shook Harry awake. Not long after they had started sharing a room, before Harry came into his inheritance, Theo had tried to just sneak away but Harry had woken and jumped into a fighting stance. Feeling him being moved, Harry had thought, in his sleepy mind, that Theo was being kidnapped and reacted. It had put Harry on edge most of the day so Theo resolved to waking the sleepy head, at least enough to get him to let go, before trying to start the day. It made everyone calmer.

Harry grumbled and gripped about it being too early but his features began to melt back into his body and he flopped his head to the side on Theo's chest looking up at him.

Theo smiled at his ridiculousness. He was twice Theo's size, one leg over the side of the bed. Times like this, Theo didn't feel the Sub/Dom difference between them. Harry could be so sweet and childish, especially in the mornings.

“We have to get up for classes.” Theo said in a mock stern tone. Being alone with Harry was easy. He wanted to get to know and please Theo so much that it gave Theo confidence. When others were around, he didn't know how he was supposed to be. Was he expected to be Harry's equal? Should he act subservient as the contract said and as his father would expect? Should he speak up? Remain silent? He didn't know what was expected and that made him nervous and shy.

When they first met, Theo had been scared that anything he did would make Harry mad at him. That he would be cursed or hit for stepping over the invisible line he didn't know existed. Now he didn't want to say anything that could hurt Harry's position or standing. He wanted everyone to see Harry in the best light possible and Theo had no clue how to do that. What if he said something that offended someone important? What if he did something that revealed Harry was a Drake and he was killed? Theo was sure most of those kind of thoughts were stupid and would never happen but he couldn't stop them if he wanted to.

“Are you ok?” Harry asked.

The depth of concern in those big green eyes made him feel foolish. Harry would do anything to keep them safe and he once more felt confident. Theo smiled. “Don't worry, I'm just wondering how the other Slytherins will take me being with the 'king' of Gryffindor.”

“I don't care what they think or say. Only our friends matter. They accept us and that is all that counts.” He told him leaning up to steal a kiss before digging through their shared trunk for some clothes.

Harry had offered to bring a trunk for both of them but Theo thought that was ridiculous. All their things easily fit in the larger trunk Harry had bought and anything else they needed was a simple elf shout away. Even less than that if Dobby wasn't distracted. That elf was so dedicated, if he even thought Harry or Theo needed something, it would appear before they thought to ask for it.

Theo scooped up his uniform from where Harry had lain it out and headed for the bath. He liked to shower in the morning, to start his day fresh, while Harry preferred an evening bath to wash away the day's grim.

Once he was out of the bath, Harry handed him his Slytherin scarf. The castle was much cooler than where they were staying and Theo still didn't like the collar being shown. With a quick
kiss on the cheek, they were out the door holding hands the whole way.

As they approached the great hall, Theo tightened his grip. There was no way Harry would drop his hand just because they were in public. There were a few heads that turned and looked when they entered and even more that followed them as Harry Potter walked over to the Slytherin table.

Theo was getting redder by the second but smiling as well. Harry didn't seem to even notice the looks. He pulled Theo to him and pecked his lips before helping him sit.

“Good morning Tracey, Daphne, Blaise.” Harry said once Theo was seated. “See you all in class.” With a final wave, he walked to the other end of the hall and sat between Hermione and Neville.

Theo couldn't hear what Ron had said into his hand but it caused all three of his brothers and Hermione to turn dark glares at him. Neville just chuckled at Harry who made a reply that had all the chaser girls giggling.

“I wonder what he said this time?” Tracey asked.

“Probably something about Harry being whipped. Which he is. If he were wrapped any tighter around your little finger it would be in danger of falling off.” Daphne said with an eye roll not looking up from the book her nose was in.

“I wonder how such a low born managed that?” One of the other Slytherins questioned.

“By spreading his legs.” Pansy Parkinson replied with a sneer. “He's Potter's little pet. Wearing that scarf isn't going to hide what you are. I've already seen it.”

“You are speaking of things that are far above your station.” Blaise said with a dark glare. “For your health, I suggest not letting Harry catch wind of what you just said.”

“And what will he do?” Pansy said with a glare. “There's nothing special about him.”

“Draco is she for real?” Tracey asked looking at the girl as if she had lost the plot. “You were at Harry's ball. You saw the collar but ignored that Harry is LORD Potter and Lord Perciville as well as Heir Black and the head of two lesser houses. He danced with a Queen and is pen pals with THE Viktor Krum. How is that nothing special?”

Pansy turned away with a huff.

“Harry Potter is the new Lord Perciville?” One of the older members asked.

“Yes he is.” Marcus Flint said. “Harry Potter-Perciville is my femoral cousin and I don’t want another word said against him or his consort.”

The group looked at the seventh year prefect and Quidditch captain.

Theo grasped what little courage he had and opened his mouth. “Harry is arranging for some extra classes I’m sure you would be welcome to join.” He said it all as calmly as possible but was fire red by the end.

Marcus nodded. “I'll talk to him about it later. Thank you for the invitation.”

Theo nodded looking down, too embarrassed to speak now that most of the house was looking at him again.
“What's this collar businesses about?” Bulstrode asked. Her family hadn't attended the ball so she had no idea.

“Theodore was signed over to Potter in an absolute contract.” Draco said pouting. His father had warned him to keep his head down. Something happened at the Ball that Draco hadn't seen and there was now unrest in the Malfoy house. His mum warned him that should Markus and Samuel start feuding things would get dangerous. Should Samuel win and cast his brother from the house Draco would be homeless and nameless unless he could convince Harry or Flint to let them join one of their houses. (Aribell Malfoy was born a Flint. She is Connan's aunt). Should Samuel lose and choose to forsake the Malfoy name they would lose much of their standing and a lot of face. Samuel could also join Harry's house since his wife is a Nott or worse Markus II could get ahold of the Prewett Lordship as his husband Leon is one of their lot.

Narcissa had stated in plain terms that if they chose the wrong side she'd suck up to her muggle loving sister rather than being poor. Draco knew she loved him but his mother was a true Slytherin and would abandon him at the drop of a hat if he endangered her plans. She had even written to Andromeda already to lay the ground work in case of a feud.

With all that in mind, he curbed his tongue. “Not that he is treated as such.” Draco forced out with a tight smile, “Potter introduced him as Consort Perciville making Theodore his equal.”

There were murmurings running up and down the table after that news. That Draco was now being decently civil about Potter said more than any words could. The Malfoy Heir would not be challenging Potter or Theo anytime soon.

Few knew of the real reason behind it. In a pit of vipers, you don't let your guard down for a second. No one outside the Malfoy family knew but several other families that had been at the ball guessed there was tension in the house. Some assumed Potter had targeted the gap between brothers, Markus and Samuel, and was looking to split the family and cripple the Dark Lord’s base of support. Others assumed Samuel approached him with Malfoy secrets to undermine his brother and take command. All those in the house of green and silver knew that the Perciville family had to approve the next Lord Slytherin before any heir could take the title. For some of their families, that was enough reason to consider following Harry.

Snape looked over his charges wondering what the story behind Potter and Nott was. He had been told that they were sharing a suite. He would make sure his snake was safe. Severus was very overprotective of his charges. He looked at the boy closely while handing him his schedule.

“Mr. Nott, come to my office after today's classes.”

“Yes sir.” Theo replied looking at him curiously. He thought Professor McGonagall would have told all the staff about their bond.

The first class Gryffindor and Slytherin shared was Charms. Harry, Hermione and Neville all came over and sat with their Slytherin friends. Blaise was at one end of one bench followed by Theo, Harry and Neville. The three girls sat on the bench in front of them. Daphne was first with Hermione beside her then Tracy. The last seat was taken by Millicent. She was the only Slytherin brave enough to be near the mixed group. Tracy smiled at her before turning forward as the professor walked in.
Charms went smoothly but there were rumors flying all over the castle when the whole class moved to Potions as one unit instead of with massive space between them as before. Harry and Theo were leading the group holding hands.

Neville and Tracy were chatting about plants they might be covering this year in Herbology. Hermione was offering Millicent tutoring in charms since the other girls seemed to be struggling in class. Daphne rolled her eyes and told Millicent to take any advice from her with a grain of salt. Hermione saw the humor in Daphne's eyes and smiled at her.

Blaise was walking silently but that wasn't uncommon. Dean and Seamus came up alongside the couple and not caring for subtlety just asked.

“So what's up with him?” Seamus said pointing at Theo.

“This is Theodore Nott, he goes by Theo. We are in a contract together and he will be the Perciville Consort.” Harry told them just as bluntly. He knew he'd blown up at Hermione for similar questioning but after thinking about it there was no reason to hide those facts. He wasn't going to spill everything but not telling people anything would just raise suspicion and interest. If he told them most of the truth they would leave him alone, at least according to Serpens.

Dean looked confused while Seamus looked like he'd swallowed his tongue. “Wow man that's awesome.”

Harry smiled. “It really is.” He said kissing Theo's cheek which made him blush and smile.

“Does that mean you took the Potter Lordship?” Parvati asked.

“I have and the Perciville Lordship.”

“Father would be glad to arrange a contract with me as your second wife.” Lavender said without shame.

Harry shook his head. “I will only marry for love. The contract between me and Theo is only a formality. I would marry him even without it.” He said voice full of honesty.

“But man he's a Slytherin.” Dean questioned but didn't sound harsh or hateful.

“So, the hat wanted to put me in Slytherin. If I hadn't just had a fight with Draco, I might be wearing green right now.” He said as they walked into the potions classroom.

Snape looked over the students hearing the last bits of their conversation. He continued to watch as Potter's group paired off with a Slytherin and Gryffindor in each group. Dean and Seamus pairing with Tracey and Blaise since Neville was with Daphne and Hermione and Millicent just sat together since they were still chatting. There wasn't an air of revulsion that Snape always felt when Lily used to sit with him in class. If not for the color of their robes, he wouldn't have known the partners were from rival houses.

He paused a moment to think about what things would have been like if Lily had had this kind of power. Looking at her son now, he could see some of her kindness and capability for love in him. As he moved with Theodore he looked much more like his mother than his father.
The rest of the day past smoothly for the group. Dean and Seamus seamlessly joined them. When they finally had classes with Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw, the others met their friends in those houses.

Finally the last class of the day came, Care of Magical Creatures. Sammy who loved magical creatures and wanted to be either a magizoologist or a beast master was able to help Harry tame his copy of a *Monstrous Book of Monsters*. He passed on that wisdom to the others in the class that would listen to him.

“How do you know that?” Draco said. There was a distinct lack of hostility as the blonde stroked the spine of the book.

“My cousin Samantha Dupree is as good with magical creatures as Neville is with plants.” Harry replied.

When he'd bowed to Buckbeak, he was more prepared for the ride than he would have been normally. Harry hadn't progressed to flying steeds yet but he knew how to ride. Buckbeak wasn't too different from the Clydesdale he favored at the Palace.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP

After he landed, most of the class clapped. Draco got a sly look on his face as he bowed to his own hippogriff. Once he had done everything Hagrid asked, he asked to be allowed a flight like Harry had. Hagrid simply beamed at him and sat him down on the beast’s back.

While Draco was in the air loving the feeling of freedom and planned on begging his father for one of these as a pet, Ron was pissed at his former friend and the little blonde weasel.

“If you'll let him on you then there isn't anything noble about you.” He said moving closer to the steed ignoring its reactions. He let out a very high pitched scream when the beast reared and slashed out at him. Blood flew as the talons ripped the flesh on the arm he’d thrown up to protect his face.

Harry quickly cast the summoning charm to yank Ron away from the second swing as Hagrid used his size to calm the hippogriff and get it back in the paddock. Draco landed in the middle of the chaos wondering what he'd missed. Since Hagrid was busy, Neville bowed to Draco's mount and came over to help him down.

“Thank you.” He said feeling wary and confused by the kindness. “What happened?”

“Weasley was being a prat again and got attacked again.”

“Again?” Draco wondered what had happened the first time.

“He suggested Harry share Theo intimately.” Neville said flushing from embarrassment and anger at what had been said.

“Ah. So Potter attacked him.”
Neville nodded. “I know you have issues with Harry but we can all see today that you have been trying to be civil. It might help if you started calling him Perciville and acting like you’ve never met. He’s very different from the boy that left school last year.”

Draco gave him a nod accepting that advice.

After classes ended, Theo met Harry at the door to the castle with a kiss. “I’m going down to meet Professor Snape before dinner.”

Harry nodded, glad Theo let him know where he was going to be so he didn't worry. “I’m gonna go scope out some unused classrooms we can commandeer so everyone can study together without getting our bullocks cut off by Madame Price.”

Theo chuckled as they split ways at the staircase.

“You wanted to see me Professor?” He said coming into the man’s office since the door was ajar.

“Yes. Close the door.”

Theo did and as always, the moment it shut privacy barriers were raised. “You want to know about me and Harry right?”

There was no answer so he took it as agreement.

Theo unwound his scarf so the collar could be seen. “My mother didn't want father or the Dark Lord to get their hands on me so she spoke to Sirius Black and arranged an Absolute contract between Harry and I. Lying to you is a lesson in futility so I will be truthful. At first I feared Harry. I was afraid that any small infraction or mistake would result in him hitting or cursing me. As you no doubt noticed Harry came into himself over the summer and is very powerful in both areas. I was wrong though. If Harry cared anymore for me, he'd worship at my feet like I was the second coming of Merlin. He treats me with respect and does his level best to make sure everyone else respects me too.”

Theo was only able to give such a speech since he knew Severus so well. His head of house had noticed the signs of abuse within the first week of Theo being in the castle and sat himself up as a steady rock he could come to anytime with any matter. Theo knew Snape would never harm him and so wasn't afraid of what he said.

Severus sat quietly for a long time. Theo was just starting to fidget under his flat look when he spoke. “Be careful. Even if Potter is not a danger to you, he is dangerous. He has many enemies and the moment the tension with the Malfoy family ends, they will strike. You have until Samuel or Markus makes their move to gain allies and create a lasting base. Almost everyone will wait and see if they implode or if Lucius can convince them to start a feud with House Potter.”

Theo's eyes bugged. “You think House Malfoy is going to start a feud? Either with themselves or Harry.”
“Yes. Something happened at the Perciville ball that has moved the inevitable fight closer.”

“Sir, you do know Harry is Lord Perciville right?”

Both eyebrows went up. “Is that so? Do you know what happened?”

“Harry said that Samuel was looking for his aide while they were dancing and that after he was told that Voldemort was a half-blood bastard Samuel took his family and left.”

Severus steepled his fingers and rested his lips against them. “Hmmm.” He said in his deep rich voice. “Thank you for the information Theodore. I will keep all that you have said in mind during my further dealings with Lucius.” He nodded in clear dismissal.

“Be careful yourself Professor.” Theo said leaving the room.

Molly Weasley stormed the castle that evening and was seen soon after dragging her youngest son back out by the ear.

“What was that all about?” Harry asked. He and Theo were sitting with the Gryffindors for the evening meal since they had joined the Slytherins for lunch.

“Mum told the prat that he had one chance.” Ginny said. “That if he stepped out of line one more time he was getting home schooled by her.”

“Yes ickle Harry-kins” One twin said. “We are your humble servants.” the other continued.

Ginny giggled. “I'd also do anything to avoid that fate.”

“Oh the possibilities.” Harry said taping his fingers together and giving a fake evil laugh.

The others around them laughed.

Later that night, once they were back in their own rooms, Theo told Harry about what Snape said.

Harry ran his fingers through his hair and sighed. “Crap.” He said. “I'm just starting to get a grip on all this Lordship stuff and now this gets thrown in. I'm not ready to be part of a family feud.”

“Then don't.” Theo said. “You don't have to do anything. All this does is explain Draco's attitude today. He's been told, probably very bluntly knowing Aunt Narcissa, that if he causes trouble with you when the fighting starts he might be homeless, penniless and maybe nameless. Draco would do anything, including actually marrying Parkinson to avoid that fate.”

“Why would what he does to me matter?” Harry asked confused.

“Narcissa Malfoy was born Narcissa Black. She's Sirius’s and your father's cousin. She's also the slyest Slytherin to ever wear these colors. If things aren't going her way she will abandon ship and try to get into your and or Sirius' good graces.”
“So this is all a play from Draco to get close enough to seek asylum and acceptance back into House Black if need be.” Theo nodded. Harry was silent thinking it over with Theo curled into his side. “This could work in our favor. Even if there is no fighting, maybe we could show Draco the error of his ways while he's forced to play nice.”

Theo smiled kissing his cheek. “I doubt Hermione and Draco will ever be the best of friends but I'm sure you could convince him not to say hateful words like Mudblood anymore.”

“Baby steps Theo, baby steps.” He said turning and kissing him on the lips.

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The rest of the week sped by. Out of all the electives offed at Hogwarts, Harry loved Runes the most. There was something about the runic language that spoke to him. He couldn't say how or why but it came as easily as defense. Speaking of, Harry loved DADA being taught by Remus. He made the class fun and exciting.

Adding in five more classes nearly broke the group’s backs though. For the first few weeks, they struggled to get their course load under control. Once they had though, there were no issues with the added classes and before anyone knew what happened it was nearly Halloween.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry my plot bunnies for this one were attacked by the MCU
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

There will be more time skipping.
I am so sorry everyone. My classes are kicking my butt this semester and I've been having some issues in my home life that have driven my muse into hiding. Things are getting more manageable slowly so I hope to get this updated faster. This one is giving me some fits though because I don't have a planned ending in mind.

This was made readable by the dear Dianemalfoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry was nervous all Halloween. It was his most unlucky day of the year. Theo did his best to calm Harry, but as the day went on smoothly Harry became more clingy and protective. He even ended up staying awake till midnight just to ensure that the holiday passed without incident.

The next day he was his calm, usual self and the reactions became more of a joke to their friends, but Theo was still concerned.

Other than that one hiccup, things were going smoothly for them. Draco was remaining on his best behavior and some of the other purebloods in Slytherin and Ravenclaw were trying to befriend the pair. Harry was happy to act friendly with them but they never became as close as his actual friends.

Dumbledore's plan to humble Harry by making each team retest every position didn't work. It actually gained him more respect from his house mates since he placed well in every position. During tryouts, some wondered if his new size would affect his speed but it didn't. He was just as fast as he had been last year. Though now he was more reckless because he knew as a drake he was hardier and wouldn't be as easily injured.

The tryouts also didn't humble Draco as others had hoped. He was still the best seeker in Slytherin, but Blaise did take the keeper spot.

Having his cousin, and two friends on the Slytherin team meant there was much less hostility during the Gryffindor game. People were just starting to accept Gryffindor/Slytherin friendships. Harry never said anything to the players, but Theo knew in the guest seats there was at least one talent scout each game.

Time seemed to fly by for everyone and before they knew it, there was snow falling and winter holiday approaching.

The end of term testing soon took up everyone's time. Those taking extra classes were under even more pressure. They were all thrilled when it was done and they were packing for the train.

Theo and Harry relaxed on the couch in their room. Dobby already had all their things put away and had taken the trunk home, so there was nothing for them to do until the train left tomorrow.
“I can't wait to see the family again.” Harry said kissing his hair as they snuggled.

“Me too. I've never had anyone to really miss other than mother until now.” Theo replied. His confidence was growing but still a little shaky around crowds. “So what are we going to do over the break?” He asked wondering if Harry had any plans yet.

Harry grinned. “That's a secret.”


“No silly. Your Christmas gift is something else altogether.” he replied digging his fingers into Theo’s side getting a shocked giggle.

“No fair.” He shouted slipping his digits under Harry's arms and tickling him as well. They ‘fought’ until both were out of breath and slumped on the couch.

Harry kissed Theo softly. “I didn't know it was possible when we first met, but Theodore Nott, I have fallen madly in love with you.”

Theo blushed but didn't look away. “And I have fallen madly in love with you Harricius Potter-Perciville.” he leaned up and kissed the end of Harry's nose.

Their snogging was only interrupted when Harry accidentally brushed over Theo's ticklish sides again. They calmed and snuggled up once more, Harry running his fingers through Theo's hair and Theo tracing patterns on Harry's chest as they chatted about everything under the sun.

Harry and Theo only stayed at the Perciville home for two nights before Harry presented Theo with a passport and rail passes. Theo looked at them.

“What's this?”

“It's a rail pass. We are going to travel around Europe by train. I've always wanted to have a grand holiday and you seemed to like the train ride we took over the summer so I though the two of us could travel on our own for a while then come home for Christmas and if you want, travel some more until it's time for school again.”

Theo smiled. That afternoon the pair shouldered backpacks, which the elves could refill whenever they needed and boarded their first train. They traveled all around Europe visiting many of the countries and trying each of the different train types. Theo and Harry both loved it. They even rode a few trains to the end of the line just to watch how the trains were moved so they could begin their journey again.

During their time on their own, Harry felt the weight of responsibility lift from his shoulders. While they had been in school, during their Business and Lordship classes, Harry had been given different documents and proposals to go over both from the goblins pertaining to the raw materials he had, or trades some wanted to make for the finished items, and from Serpens on various businesses he was now responsible for and had to sign off on all decisions. Serpens was taking care of most of the business for now but he could only advise Harry and couldn't sign anything into being. The only reason he could act as a representative in the Wizengamont was because Harry was still in school.

Once they returned to Greece, Harry and Theo learned some interesting news...
“How was your trip boys?” Sirius asked when they came in.

Both smiled widely. “It was amazing Siri. I loved the high speed trains the most.” Theo said excitedly, hugging the older man in his excitement. Theo was about to pull back and apologize when Sirius wrapped him in a warm hug, kissing the crown of his head.

He chuckled happy to dish out all the love he was denied as a child to the two boys. “Well, while you were away it seems that dear cousin Lucius grew a few brain cells.” He told them while letting the blushing Theo go.

Harry and Theo blinked.

“Well I'm sure you know about the tension in the Malfoy family since little Draco has been so friendly this year.”

Harry nodded. “Surprisingly Draco is actually becoming a friend.”

Sirius raised an eyebrow, very skeptical of that. “Anyway, Lucius has decided to give the family a common enemy, or more like attack a common enemy.” he said handing over a newspaper from a week ago.

The headline said it all, **Dumbledore Lost Faith of Phoenix Companion?** in large bold letters, with a picture of the side of Dumbledore’s face where the new scars were displayed.

Harry's eyes widened. “This tells about his scar and everything. It even has speculation of Dumbledore knowing who my mother was.” He said as he read it over.

“Do you think he actually knew and kept that fact secret?” Theo asked.

“I doubt it. If Dumbledore knew of a Perciville heir, then he would have searched the school for a true Slytherin descendant so that he could have control of both families.” Serpens said coming over and joining their discussion.

Harry nodded. Dumbledore had been acting off since they had returned to school. They had argued and the man shouldered at least some of the blame for him ending up with the Dursleys, but he had hoped to salvage their relationship. Harry had liked the older man who had been so kind to him in first and second year. Now it seemed like he wanted nothing to do with Harry. Even going so far as making Harry try out for the team on a school broom.

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Harry was feeling very charitable toward Lucius by the end of winter holiday. The article became the first shots in a campaign against Dumbledore. Harry was thrilled to have a whole holiday without the paper talking about him. They were happy to fade into the background and just live their lives. Harry felt so generous that he accepted the invitation to the Malfoy New Year ball.
Before that though, Harry and Theo were invited to the Longbottom Yule celebration. It was a small party with a very exclusive guest list since Augusta didn’t trust many people in her home. They only stayed the one night wanting to spend most of the holiday with the Perciville family, with the addition of Remus and Sirius.

Sirius joined them at the Malfoy ball since he had been trained in navigating pureblood ideology. Harry had mostly returned to his usual calm nature but he still had flares of temper. Anyone that had talked to Harry more than five minutes could guess that insulting muggleborns would likely cause a blow up.

Harry couldn’t help but stare at the massive blonde at Lucius’ side when they entered. It took him a long time to recognize that this was Draco. He'd shot up to Harry's new height and was even broader across the shoulders with thick cords of muscle covering his new frame. No one else was making a big deal over the shocking change just like they hadn't noticed Harry's inheritance, but when they shook hands Harry knew. Draco Malfoy was not human. He didn't know what the other teen was but it felt familiar.

It bugged Harry all night until he finally asked Draco to dance so that he could ask without the guests overhearing.

“What are you?” Draco asked before Harry could say anything.

Harry looked him in the eyes. “If you try to out me or use my creature inheritance against me I will tear your family down to its foundations.” He said in an even voice. Both knew it was no threat.

Draco nodded. “So long as you know I will do the same.”

Harry smirked. “I'm starting to like you Malfoy.” Draco smiled back showing off his own elongated eyeteeth. “I am a dominate Drake.”

Draco chuckled low in his chest. “Dominate Wyren, even our species are cousins.”

“So they are. Maybe when we return to school, people will quit gossiping about you being jealous that I choose Theo.”

“I doubt it. Haven't you learned Perciville? People are petty and have nothing better to do than attack the reputation of everyone above them.” Draco told him. “That is why allies and alliances are so important. We are the next generation of the most powerful families. If we don't watch each other’s backs, those neo-rich wolves will go for our throats at the first sign of trouble.”

“And with your Grandfather and great-uncle having a cold war, the Malfoy's already have their jugular bared.” Draco just nodded. With that understanding now out in the open, both teens were silent for the rest of the dance before parting.

Harry wasn’t sure how far he trusted Draco yet, but he did pity his outlook. Harry now knew there were many people that were going to try and use him but there were others that didn't care about his new status. Hermione came to the forefront of him mind. After their tiff over the summer she was becoming less overbearing. Harry knew she was a great friend and was glad to see her maturing before she burned all her bridges.
While Harry was with Draco, Theo went to find his mother. He held her tight and almost broke composure at feeling the concealment charms over her. He knew that she only wore them when his father had hurt her somewhere people could see. Theo told Harry about the issue when they were out on the dance floor again. Harry's face darkened.

The next song, he asked Angelina for a dance so he could talk to her. Theo quickly asked Draco to dance so that he wouldn't have to talk to his father.

“Why don't you just leave him?” Harry asked about half way through the song. “From your letter you think there is no hope for your eldest son and Theo is safe with me.”

She looked down and was silent until the song was almost over. “I have nowhere to go.” She said in a weak voice.

“You are Theo's mother.” He replied in a whispered shout. “He loves you so much and talks about you often. If your brother, who's party we are at, won't offer you a place to stay you can come home with us. In fact you should, stay here or come home with us.” He said the last with a bit of command.

“Thank you for the offer.” She told him before walking off the floor.

Harry looked after her sadly before taking Theo back from Draco. He kissed Theo sweetly on the lips before pulling him close. “I offered her a place in our home. It's up to her to take it.” He whispered into his ear.

Theo smiled. “Thank you.” He replied kissing the junction of Harry's neck before laying his head on Harry's shoulder and hoping his mother took the offer.

Later that evening saw Harry dancing with Arabell Malfoy and setting up a meeting after the first of the year to present them with his proof about Voldemort being a half-blood. Harry wasn't sure what they would do when they saw his proof, but he made sure the meeting was on goblin ground just in case they became violent.

A few days later Theo received a letter that his mother was living with the Malfoys and divorcing his father. Harry added, in Theo’s reply, that the Perciville family would throw all their clout into helping her if necessary.

On the last day of the break, he met with the whole Malfoy clan. Theo, Sirius and Serpens at his side. The meeting took little less than an hour for Harry and Serpens to show them everything they knew about the dark lord. There were many questions about the validity of the tests and what not but in the end there was little they could say when Markus used a ‘borderline’ dark spell that would cause a reaction between Voldemort's blood and the dark mark. What they were going to do hadn't been decided, but the family now have a great deal to think on.
While they were there, Harry asked to visit Trilu since he hadn't seen her in a while. Sirius soon fell in love with the little goblin lady and how she treated Harry and Theo like they were her own. Her shyness around him and Serpens made Sirius frown though. Someone that Harry cared so much about shouldn't feel unsafe around his family.

Before they left the bank, Harry was called into a meeting with Ragnarok as well. The goblin king wanted to see how their friend was doing and if there was anything else he would ask of them.

“Actually I was wondering if I could have some advice?” Harry asked.

“What kind of advice?” He replied not even guessing what the youth would ask for since every meeting they have had, it hasn't gone the way he'd assumed it would.

“Well as the leader of all the goblins you have to have some advice for how to manage all the... stuff... that's dropped into my lap. I feel like every time I finish one thing there are three more waiting to be done.” Harry said with a sigh. “Is there any tricks or tips you can give me for dealing with all my paperwork?”

For the first time the goblin guards heard their king laugh with joy at something a person raised by humans said. “Harry I wish all humans were like you.” He told him. “Your worries are so... innocent, for lack of a better word.” Harry looked at him curiously for a moment before taking down notes when Ragnarok started telling him a few tips on how to keep the workload manageable.

“You have been such a great help and so kind to me since I walked into the bank this summer. Is there anything I can do for you or for the goblin nation?” Harry asked.

Ragnarok was shocked into silence. He didn't know how to respond to such an offer from this human raised boy. Once he recovered, he gave Harry a small smile. “There are a few businesses that the nation is interested in and would like to acquire but as wizarding law stands that is impossible. If you would like, I can give you a list of these businesses and you can acquire them for us.”

Harry smiled. “I really don't want to manage anymore assets, but I will purchase them and have them in my name if one of your people will take care of everything.”

“That can be arranged. I will have an agreement written up for you by the end of the week.”

“I look forward to doing more business with you in the future your majesty.” Harry said standing and offering his hand to the goblin.

“As do I Harry.” He said taking the hand. “As do I.” He repeated softly to himself as they left his office.

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Heading back to Hogwarts was once more bittersweet. Harry and Theo missed their friends while on holiday but would miss their family while in school.

Once on the train, they stopped by Draco's carriage to ask about Theo's mother. She was settling in at the Malfoy home. Lucius and Narcissa had escorted her home to collect her things. From the face Draco made retelling the story, Harry hoped to never cross Narcissa.
The rest of the ride was spent with their Slytherin friends along with Neville and Hermione, making for a full carriage. They chatted about classes and what they got for Christmas, or yule as the case may be. Theo and Hermione talked about the traveling they had done while Blaise had them laughing about his uncle getting drunk and kissing a stuffed moose.

There was a noticeable tension in the staff when they returned to the castle. Everyone was discussing the articles that had attacked their headmaster over the break. A few were whispering about Harry since he and Sirius were both photographed at the Malfoy home. Harry rolled his eyes and kissed Theo’s check as he sat Theo between Draco and Blaise at the Slytherin table. Harry joined his own house for the feast wanting to know what Dumbledore would do. There was still a bit of hope in him that all of this was a big misunderstanding. He didn't want to lose that grandfather figure but he wasn’t naive enough to trust him too far.

A hush fell over the hall as Dumbledore stood. “What was supposed to be a time of relaxing and merry making has been sullied by harsh words and accusations.” He said looking sad and disappointed, eyes moving over the Slytherin table. “But we shouldn't let this heresy and fraudulent accusations weigh on our minds. Now is a time for forgiveness and redemption. We will look forward and not dwell on those harsh and obviously false articles.”

Muttering went around the hall. The students didn't know what to believe. Harry was watching the other teachers and McGonagall and Sprout's pinched faces told him everything he needed to know and severed the last ties to the headmaster. If two of the heads of house thought he was feeding them BS then he probably was. Harry looked down thinking about what his next move would be. With a sigh he began serving himself dinner. Right now all he could do is get a handle on his inheritance and wait to see what the Malfoy's would do. Their reaction to his news would change some of the plans floating about in his head.

Chapter End Notes

Again I am so sorry for the radio silence.
In case you hadn't realized, yes Dumbledore has lost the plot.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!