Two Halves of a Soul

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Summary

Soul Mates are acknowledged throughout the magical world, but not everyone gets to meet theirs. Will Harry be happy with his soul mate, Marcus Flint?

Notes

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Chapter 1

There were many things in the muggle world that were considered just to be myths that in the magical world there was proof of their existence. In the muggle world people often talked of meeting their soul mate, or dreaming about someone that they knew were perfect for them, but they had lost most of the knowledge that existed regarding the soul mate phenomenon. The wizarding world though, they knew about soul mates, like most wizards knew their wands, intimately. It was one of the most read upon subject for leisure.

Most young witches or wizards had heard tales and stories of soul mate couples as their night time stories, but those stories like the knowledge in the muggle world had become distorted over time as fiction often does.

Most young witches and wizards had an idealistic view of soul mates as a result of stories about famous soul mate couples like Perenelle and Nicholas Flamel and King Arthur and Guinevere. Not all soul mate couples had a romantic love, although they are less documented in history they did exist, the likes of Salazar Slytherin and Rowena Ravenclaw. Two soul mates who were both married to other people, in love with other people, but on an intrinsic level on the same wavelength as each other.

It isn’t until they start reading up on the subject that those young witches and wizards realise that a soul mate isn’t the romantic destiny that the stories portray it to be. Soul mates can quite happily function without each other, there is nothing that makes it necessary for a set of soul mates to be together as a couple or even as friends. There is a bit of a pull between them, but that is only to facilitate the chance to become more if the two people in question want to become close with one another.

Your soul mate could become your best friend, or perhaps the most amazing lover or spouse, or perhaps just someone you nod to in the street when you pass them. It is the mistaken belief of young children that a soul mate is for life and that you can’t live without them, it is not necessary to live with a soul mate or have any contact with them whatsoever, not everyone has a soul mate and not everyone gets to meet theirs. It is actually a rarer amount of people than would be thought that get to meet their soul mate as there is no restriction on time when a soul mate could be born. You could be born almost a century apart from your soul mate, not something that is ideal if you wanted to start a family with a soul mate, but not unheard of.

As there was no guarantee that you would ever meet your soul mate most pureblood families arranged marriage contracts for their children, so as to make sure the family line was continued by someone of suitable breeding. It wasn’t unheard of for those contracts to be broken though if a soul mate was discovered. While not all families added a clause many did that stated that if either party found their soul mate and wished to pursue a romantic relationship with them the contract could be dissolved. It was something that was accepted within the wizarding world, someone leaving a romantic relationship for a soul mate, not that it was all that common. The opposite however was very uncommon and was heavily frowned upon, leaving a romantic relationship with a soul mate for someone else.

No-one really knew where most of the customs and thoughts on soul mates came from, but they had been handed down the generations within the wizarding world, held onto and remembered unlike in the muggle world. Whether people believed in soul mates or the customs surrounding them was immaterial, you would hardly find anyone who was willing to interfere in a relationship between anyone claiming to be soul mates unless they themselves had proof that they were in actual fact the soul mate of one of the people in the couple.
Soul mates were often ignored and overlooked though, people not realising that actual feelings or connection to a soul mate could make people stronger, just the belief in their soul mate or the thought of their soul mates safety. It was something that many rulers and dictators had ignored over the years, soul mates being thought of as not important and the ideas and traditions surrounding them ignored in the quest for power.
Chapter 2

Marcus Flint was a junior member of the Department of Magical Games and Sports; he had been working there ever since he had left Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. It was a position that he had gained through family connections, his family having worked in the Ministry of Magic for generations, his own school grades not having been amazing. He knew that he wasn’t the brightest person in his year at Hogwarts; he would say that was his colleague Percy Weasley in the Department of International Cooperation, but his family connections had ensured a career for him anyway. His position, whilst the same level of position as Weasley was slightly better, the blood traitor was working on things like reports on cauldron bottoms, whilst he was working on the preparations for the Triwizard tournament. The only way Weasley would have been promoted in any way was through a desire to keep tabs on his family through him, and through them Harry Potter. That was what happened though and he soon found that Percy Weasley had risen quickly through his department to become one of the Minister’s own staff, while Marcus was still in his junior position.

Marcus didn’t mind though, his position was interesting, he had always been a more sporting person than academic, so working in a department completely related to sports and games was more his thing anyway. It also meant that he was able to keep his head down and out of the way. He also managed to get tickets to quidditch matches at a reduced rate, something that the avid fan in him appreciated. Puddlemere United were his favourite team and through his dealings in the department he had even come to be on semi-friendly terms with Oliver Wood, something that he had never thought possible with all the rivalry they had at school, both on and off the quidditch pitch. It wasn’t a friendship that he advertised though, and Wood seemed to understand, the other male was a pureblood but he was definitely light orientated and Marcus had to keep up appearances. Despite what many people thought about all Slytherins being dark and evil, Marcus had no real inclination to support the dark factions of the pureblood world. He didn’t really have any vested interest in the purity of blood dogma that he had been force fed throughout his childhood, while not very smart he had realised that the muggleborn weren’t all savages out to steal their magic and money.

When the tales of Voldemort having risen again reached him he cut all outward contact with Oliver, just to be on the safe side, he didn’t want to be linked to the other male in case word got back to his parents or any other of Voldemort’s followers. He was going to have enough problems keeping out of the Dark Lords clutches as it was, never mind those of his parents who he knew would be trying to either sell him into their masters form of slavery, or off to some woman in a marriage contract. No Marcus was best just keeping his head down and throwing his all into his work. With the disappearance of Ludo Bagman after the end of the tournament there was a lot more work to be going around, as everyone was splitting his duties while he was searched for. If he wasn’t found the person who had coped best with the workload would no doubt be promoted. Without thinking of the consequences Marcus had thrown himself into his work and soon found himself rising within the department.

After the death of Dumbledore Marcus went to work every day, an air of trepidation around him, would it be his last, when would the Dark Lord take the Ministry, would he disband his department, what would happen to him, to his colleagues. It wasn’t the nicest of thoughts that ran through his head, luckily there were no muggleborn amongst their ranks, and the few half bloods had obviously sensed the same things that he had, and had taken leave or holiday and had no doubt holed up somewhere under heavy wards in the hope that it would help protect them. Marcus didn’t really have anyone to worry or care about but himself, his parents were already members of the Dark Lords regime and their place may even protect him a little.
And then it all changed, a mere couple of days before the Dark Lord overthrew the Ministry of Magic, he had the dream that changed everything, the dream that showed him his soul mate who was just about to come of age. He had never really expected to have a dream of a soul mate, and he certainly didn’t want to have one now of all times. Imagine if his soul mate was muggleborn, they were sure to die in the coming unrest, couldn’t they have turned seventeen after the conflict was over. At least then Marcus wouldn’t have someone to worry about other than himself, and if they were to die, at least he wouldn’t have known and felt like he had been unable to protect them. It was worse than a muggleborn though, his soul mate was a half blood, one right at the top of the Dark Lord’s hit list, Harry Potter.

What Marcus knew of Harry told him that the younger boy male was bound to be in the centre of the whole war, Voldemort wasn’t likely to leave him alone, and Potter wasn’t about to back down and let the Dark Lord kill everyone he loved, it wasn’t who the teen was. Marcus knew that he had two choices, he could ignore the fact that the younger male was his soul mate and let him get into as much trouble as he was bound to over the course of the war, or he could acknowledge it to himself and give Harry as much help as he was able to from the sidelines without endangering either of them.

As he came to a decision about what to do Marcus let out a groan, so much for keeping his head down and staying out of it. Over the following moths Marcus tried to keep his head down as much as he could, whilst still gathering as much information as he could. He had started listening to the wireless religiously when he was at home, listening to Potter Watch for any sign of Harry now that he was on the run from both the Ministry and the Dark Lord. He had also started passing any information that he heard on to the Weasley twins through Oliver in the hopes that it would help to end the disastrous war that was coming down on all their heads. He didn’t take either side in any conversation about the war, he just carried on with his work, but when he heard the news of the battle to come, like many others he apparated to the gates of Hogwarts to help in a battle that he hoped would end the war.
Harry Potter was not an ordinary boy, he was a wizard, and a powerful one at that. A child of prophecy, prophesised to defeat one of the darkest wizards of the age, something that had him terrified even if he never admitted it. Voldemort had decades more experience than Harry and every time Harry faced him someone died; his parents, Quirrell, the Basilisk, Cedric and Sirius, even Dumbledore was dead now. Harry didn’t want to be the cause of any more of his friend’s death, but he knew that if he didn’t fight, they would probably all die anyway. He wasn’t happy though at the idea that the Order had come up with of using his friends as decoys on the trip to the Burrow. Even with a large group of them there was a chance that someone would be hurt that wasn’t him, his friends had no idea what they were really letting themselves in for pretending to be him. He was proven right when they had regrouped at the Burrow, George missing an ear, and Mad Eye gone, surely there had been a better way to protect him that wouldn’t have risked the others so much.

It was with a heavy heart that Harry went to bed that evening, expecting not to sleep well due to nightmares of what had happened or visions of what Voldemort was up to. Instead he slept much better than he had expected to, the only vision in his mind of a man elder than him, one he vaguely recognised from quiddich, Marcus Flint. He knew what it meant, Ginny had been talking about soul mates not long after they started dating and she had explained that the younger of a couple would dream of their soul mate after their birthday, whilst the elder would dream of the younger a few days before the younger mates birthday. Marcus Flint was his soul mate and he didn’t know what to feel about that.

Harry got up the next day and put on a smile, hidden though he was in the disguise of a Weasley cousin, happy for Bill and Fleur. He shied away from Ginny and her touch whenever she was near him, and was almost glad of the interruption that was Death Eaters crashing the reception and the news that Voldemort had taken the Ministry for his own. He vaguely remembered Hermione grabbing her and Ron to her and apparating away from the scene. That night was troublesome for them all as they worried for themselves and where they would be going from there and more importantly for the Weasley’s and those that they had left behind when they had escaped from the wedding. Harry was also wondering if Marcus knew of him, he should by now, had he been one of the Death Eaters there today, had he been willing to attack Harry even with the knowledge that he was the other half of his soul. Harry couldn’t see himself being able to attack Marcus, and he hoped against hope that he would never have to face him on a battlefield.

While they were on the hunt for the horcruxes thoughts of Marcus would often invade his mind, what was he doing, was he fighting with Voldemort against him, or was he on Harry’s side in this conflict. Harry was unsure what would happen when he met with Marcus if he made it through the war alive to see him. He had never really been attracted to a man before, Cho and Ginny were really the only two people that he had ever found attractive, and Marcus certainly didn’t fit the bill of handsome or attractive. The idea that his soul mate was male was something that he would never have considered before, but worryingly the idea of Marcus Flint as his soul mate didn’t seem to bother him at all, it was kind of terrifying.

When Ron had run off Harry had brought the topic of soul mates up with Hermione, knowing that she would no doubt have some advice for him. When he told her that he didn’t understand his feelings for his soul mate, that they were friendly when he thought they would be romantic, she had launched into an explanation about soul mates and how they could be either romantic or platonic feelings between the soul mates. She had then gone on to tell him about her soul mate, a man she had met and admired, who she knew that there would only ever be friendship between them, and even that might be considered unlikely. She didn’t tell him who, and he never pressed, he could tell that it was a topic that was painful to her, but she was still willing to talk about it to help him, he really
loved her, his big sister.

His talk with Hermione had really helped him out, the knowledge that his relationship with his soul mate didn’t have to be romantic had helped him clear up the lack of romantic feelings that he was experiencing towards Flint. What did scare him though was that without seeing Ginny and with his thoughts taken up mostly with Voldemort and Marcus, he was slowing losing touch with his feelings for the girl. He didn’t know if he still saw her in a romantic light, she was attractive sure, but his feelings seemed to be changing and he wasn’t sure what to do about it.
Chapter 4

The day of the final battle had arrived and people had shown up from all over Britain to give a hand, order members, teachers, students and graduates had battled on the front lawn of Hogwarts, fighting for a better future. Harry had been grateful to see so many people gathered and ready to fight with him if it had come to that, which it obviously had. That his schoolmates who were targeted most had used the room of requirement to help them survive was something that he was glad of and impressed by. They had done all they could to survive, with as much help as the staff could give them. Harry was surprised by the help they had received from Snape, but his memories had cleared many things up for him about the man’s behaviour over the years, and he was saddened to watch as the man perished. Hermione had gone still at his side as Snape had died, his eyes locked on Harry’s, and Harry had to shake her a bit to get her to come back to herself so they could leave the shack and prepare for battle.

Voldemort’s call for Harry to surrender was met with a mixed reaction, and he snuck away before anyone could stop him, after he commanded Neville to deal with Nagini. He had a feeling that Hermione would want to do it, but whether or not she would be able to get close enough, or follow through on the action Harry was unsure. As he looked around the clearing that Voldemort and his followers had gathered in for the man who could complete him, he was pleased to see that he couldn’t see Marcus. No matter whether he was on Voldemort’s side or not he would not have wanted to be responsible for the other man watching his soul mate die, he knew that it would be a terrible experience that he wouldn’t want to be responsible for, it was bad enough that his sister had watched her soul mate die, Harry didn’t want his soul mate to see his death.

Not dying was frankly disconcerting, even more disconcerting though was Mrs Malfoy’s lies on his behalf, and he had to keep as still as possible not to give the game away when she announced his death to Voldemort. Trying to be as still as possible as he was carried up to the school he thought about all the things that could have been different if he had died, at least there was still a chance that they could take down Voldemort, if he had died there would have been the possibility that everyone would believe only in the prophecy and not in themselves. They would have been responsible for their own slavery or death through their own inaction.

Luckily that would not be the case, Neville had dealt with Nagini and the battle seemed to be in full swing. Harry kept an eye out for those that he considered family, but Voldemort was his main focus. He did catch Marcus out of the corner of his eye though, back to back with Oliver Wood as if they had been fighting as a team their whole lives. It gave him hope, maybe they could win this, if even the Slytherins were willing to go against Voldemort, there was a chance surely, they wouldn’t fight against Voldemort unless they were sure that they would be on the winning side, it was just the way of the cunning.

Once Voldemort was dealt with it was time to deal with other matters like their dead, the death toll was something that Harry would never be able to forget, every death weighed heavily on his conscience, if only he had been quicker and dealt with Voldemort earlier, maybe they would still be alive. He couldn’t allow himself to wallow though, there were things to be done, and the wizarding world expected their saviour to be on top form, he couldn’t have a breakdown over the deaths he witnessed he had to push forward.

He knew that his life would be just as busy and as complicated now that Voldemort was dead as it was when he was alive. With both Remus and Tonks gone he would be responsible for his godson, well him and Andromeda, but he was sure that the elder woman would look to him for most of Teddy’s care as she wasn’t getting any younger and the war had stolen all her family from her, it was bound to take its toll. He looked around the great hall were most people were gathered and nodded to
people as he made his way towards the Weasleys. He noticed Marcus out of the corner of his eye, talking with Oliver in a corner about something, but his thoughts were turned away from his soul mate as he soon found himself with his arms full of Ginny. The younger girl was sobbing, the rest of the family also sombre, the loss of Fred hitting them hard.

Harry hugged her to him, he didn’t know what he felt for her anymore, he was sure it wasn’t anything romantic, but she was grieving and she was still his friend. He whispered words of comfort to her, hoping that they would help her in ways that they had never helped him. For all his knowledge of loss he had no idea how to make it any better for anyone else, as he had always been the one who had lost someone. He felt Hermione at his elbow, and he pulled her into the hug, knowing without her saying anything that she too was grieving even if she hadn’t said who for, Harry had figured it out. He could feel the glare directed in his direction and looked up, wondering who it was that was angry at him this time and was surprised to find Marcus standing alone against one wall staring at him, the glare solely aimed towards Ginny. Harry just ignored him, following along with the Weasleys when they left Hogwarts that evening.
Chapter 5

Returning to Hogwarts wasn’t high on Harry’s list of things to do, but Hermione was going back and she had convinced him that he should as well. She had even used a bit of emotional blackmail saying that she needed his support going back to the place that reminded her so much of her soul mate, and the place he died. Harry had agreed at that point, he refused to not be there for Hermione when she had stuck by him through so much. He held her when she cried for Snape, unsure as to why she really would, but then again he was sure that he would grieve if Marcus had died and they had no real contact with each other except on the quiddich pitch in his younger years. Snape had been a huge part of Hermione’s life and someone who she could have become great friends with, the man was intelligent and would have been able to challenge Hermione’s intellect in ways that he and Ron would never have been able to.

Unsure about what he wanted to do with his life now that the war was over and with Hermione’s encouragement Harry had thrown himself into his studies, spending nearly all of his spare time in the library or studying in the common room with Hermione, Ron had decided not to return to the school to finish his education. Ginny tried often to get him to open up to her, or to come out and play quiddich with some of the others, but he had grown apart from her really. Although they had lived a far from sheltered life within Hogwarts under the tyranny of the Carrow siblings Harry felt that she was still too much a child to understand him. She had seen death, and lost a sibling, but she couldn’t truly understand him or what he had been through. Part of Voldemort’s soul had been within him, he had lived with it for years without knowing it was there, it had been part of him, and now it was gone, dead. It was a bit like feeling the death of a soul mate, but not quite; this was more intimate than that. Hermione understood though, but then again she had always understood, or at least tried her hardest to.

Ginny though kept trying to coax him out of a shell, believing that everything would be better once Harry began to live again. Her belief that they should get back together was something that also made him stay away from her, he couldn’t see her romantically anymore, it didn’t feel real anymore. She had mentioned that they were sure to be soul mates having been through so much together, and he had tried to explain that it didn’t work like that, but she wasn’t ready to listen yet. Her birthday came and passed with no visions of him, and he could tell that she was disappointed, but didn’t want to try and comfort her in case she took it the wrong way. A month later though he needn’t have worried when Luna flounced into the redhead’s life and began to take over.

Marcus had been to the school a few times to meet with McGonagall about something and had eventually cornered him after one of his meetings, asking him to dine with him that evening in the room of requirement. Harry was unsure, he knew that his feelings towards Marcus had changed, he didn’t just think of him as someone who could be a great friend anymore, he thought of more. He thought of the things they could have together, a home, a family. Unsure of what to do he had gone to Hermione, confessing everything, about how he had felt the shift in his feelings towards the other man when he had seen him after the battle, the other male’s jealousy of Ginny having made him feel warm inside.

Hermione convinced him to give Marcus a chance, after all if he was already developing feelings for the elder male without having spent any real time with him there was a chance that he could find something amazing with the other man if he did. Hermione’s logic was something that he had always respected so that evening he had turned up to the room of requirement, nervous and excited about what was to come. Dinner was interesting and he got to see a side of Marcus that he had never expected to see, the quiet calm and peaceful young man, a side of him that never made an appearance on the quiddich pitch or battlefield.
Harry found that he really enjoyed himself, and as he was walked back to Gryffindor tower he thought about how he would like to do it again. Marcus had kissed his cheek chastely and promised to write to him before leaving for the night, a promise that the other man kept right up to graduation. By that time Harry felt that he knew the other man much better and that he now knew what he wanted from his life. As he graduated he looked out into the crowd, ignoring all the reporters, his eyes searching for his family; Marcus was sat next to Andromeda who was holding Teddy on his lap. That was what he wanted from his future, a family; him, Marcus and Teddy, and perhaps a few more children if his soul mate was willing, after they bonded of course.

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